A Fawcett Publication

TRUE

THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

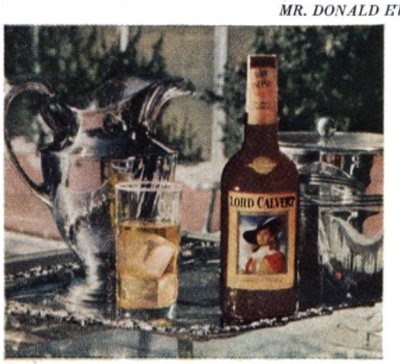
25c MAY 1955

WILLIE MAYS' OWN STORY

FORMOSA ESCAPE

Lucian Cary · Alan Hynd
Hart Stilwell

MR. DONALD HEALEY, Chairman, Donald Healey Motor Co., Ltd.... designer of Austin-Healey automobiles... Man of Distinction



Latest "M.O.D." is dean of international sports-car designers

If you haven't guessed, the car is the Austin-Healey "100". The man is Donald Healey, world famous for combining sports-car styling and performance with comfort and economy. The drink is Lord Calvert, which has an international reputation of its own. If you haven't yet tasted Lord Calvert, you've been missing a pleasurable drink that has made people say: "It's true! You can't buy a better whiskey than Lord Calvert."

LORD CALVERT...FOR MEN OF DISTINCTION

BLENDED WHISKEY. 86.8 PROOF. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT DIST. CO., N.Y.C.

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You've done it often. Call it day-dreaming if you like, but you've seen yourself in a bigger job — giving orders and making decisions — driving off in a smart new car — buying your family a fine home.

There's nothing wrong with dreams. But how about making them come true? *You can do it,* if you're willing to try!

Look around you. The men who are going places are the *trained* men. They've learned special skills that bring them better jobs and higher pay. It's the men *without* training whose dreams never come true.

What are you going to do about it? Just wait and wish? If you really *want to succeed,* you can get the training you need by studying at home in your spare time. International Correspondence Schools offer you a course in just about any field you choose, giving you the practical plus the bedrock facts and theory. No skimming or skimping! And you'll be earning while you learn. Students report better jobs and more pay within a few months.

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"I noticed that the trained men held the better jobs. That's when I decided to take an I. C. S. course. Enrolling with I. C. S. was one of the smartest things I ever did. The position as Plant Engineer I hold today is largely due to the 'know-how' derived from my I. C. S. texts. I. C. S. can help any man who will study."

L. P. S., Elkhart, Ind.

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Without cost or obligation, send me "HOW to SUCCEED" and the opportunity booklet about the field BEFORE which I have marked X (plus sample lesson):

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MAY 1955

TRUE

the man's magazine

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

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COVER PAINTING: ARABIAN HORSE BY ROBERT LOUGHEED

VOL. 35 A FAWCETT PUBLICATION No. 216

THE FACT STORY MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Frederic N. Dodge, *National Advertising Manager*

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

ROD-AND-GUN EDITOR CONFESSES!!!!!

Two years ago while fishing in western Montana, I met Ries Tuttle. Ries is Outdoors Editor of one of America's great newspapers, the Des Moines *Register and Tribune*; with his wife and two small sons he was touring the West by car—fishing the major lakes and rivers, camping at the famous national parks, and writing a series of articles for his newspaper. And while I yakked about trout tackle with Ries and his boys beside the Blackfoot river, Mrs. Tuttle snapped that picture above.

Last fall Ries sent me the snapshot and a note:

"I must confess I meant to send this a long time ago, and plumb forgot. Incidentally, I'm still driving this same '53 Nash—just got back from a duck-shooting trip to Stuttgart, and leave tomorrow for the opening of our deer season. The car has 37,000 miles on it, but it's really just getting well broken in, and I'll probably hang on to it a while yet.

"After all, it's part of the family—we literally lived in it on that western trip, with Ma and Pa sleeping in the Nash twin beds and the kids 'camping out' in a tent beside the car. Never got around to figuring how much money that bed arrangement saved us on just that one jaunt, but it must have been a tidy sum.

"Haven't heard much about the '55 models yet, but suppose they'll still have the beds and reclining seats and big luggage space that are such worthwhile fixtures for folks who like to fish, or hunt, or just get out and mosey around in the Great Outdoors."

Well, I suppose that's life for you. You meet a man and take a liking to him and about the time you get to thinking, "My, what a grand guy!" he writes you a letter and neglects to mention All-Season Air Conditioning.* **Patents applied for.*

1955 Nash Ambassador Country Club. Nash Motors Division, American Motors Corp., Detroit 32, Mich.

Truely Yours

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

Fair Enough

I've got a fine proposition for the people who cancel their subscriptions to TRUE because they don't like the whisky ads and the so-called "naughty" stories.

If these people will give me the subscriptions instead of canceling them, I'll see that appreciative men in the armed services get the magazine men like best.

As for the women canceling subscriptions to TRUE, I'm always happy to see that happen. They shouldn't be allowed to get too smart from reading an intelligent magazine.

They are hard enough to get along with as they are.

—Don Lang
11th Airborne Division
Fort Campbell, Ky.

Rubbed Out Rubi

Sounds like the vigilantes of old! You publish *Rubinstein: the Jailbird We Can't Deport* and "Bingo!" no Rubi.

Good going. Who's NEXT?!

—Joe Justis
Riverside, Calif.

Re: *Rubinstein: the Jailbird We Can't Deport*—somebody deported him, man, somebody did! What took him, or her so long?

—Mrs. C. Baker
Franklin, Ind.

In the January 1955 issue of this magazine certain uncomplimentary remarks were made concerning Mr. Romeo Muller. These remarks were made in an article entitled: "*Rubinstein: the Jailbird We Can't Deport*," and were contained in a quotation from Serge Rubinstein. This magazine desires to disassociate itself from such statements concerning Mr. Muller. Mr. Muller is, in accordance with reliable information supplied to the editor, a businessman of good reputation. TRUE Magazine regrets any inconvenience to Mr. Muller caused by this quotation from Rubinstein.

Burning Censors

Ever since there's been a Breen Office, a honey bee can't light on a film flower lest it corrupt someone's morals. Who are the censors protecting, and from what?

I'm just as much agin' filthy movies as the do-gooders, but I think it's just as bad to distort kid's values with the weird films produced under censorship. Let's have plausible, real, entertaining motion pictures.

—Joe Mason
Madera, Calif.

If the pen is mightier than the sword, the film is mightier than the pen. The people engaged in the film business have a tremendous responsibility.

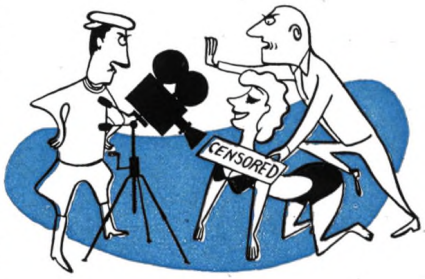
The Food and Drug Act protects us from people who desire to make fortunes on the sale of inferior, dangerous foods and medicines. There are malicious, greedy movie producers who want to make money on the sale of filthy films. We need a law to protect us from this pollution of our minds and this destruction of our morality.

No doubt there are abuses of the censorship code, but that does not mean all curbs should be dropped. "What profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul?"

Mr. Samuels is an able and effective writer and it is my prayer he someday strikes a blow for censorship rather than against it.

—Mrs. Carlyle Roundy
Joseph, Oregon

Ma'am, you must have copied that letter from page 1 of *Handbook For Blue Noses*. There are laws against obscenity, federal and state laws, which can and should be applied against dirty films. The author's point is that thoughtful people believe film producers should be permitted to make a product for normal persons, one that will take full advantage of the unsurpassed opportunity of the films for superior and worthy drama. Had a censor sat at Shakespeare's elbow, you would never have heard his name. The day Author Samuels "strikes a blow for censorship" will be the day you are debauched by a movie film.



Your article *Hollywood's Censorship Rebellion* included the Dallas Motion Picture Board of Review in the category of "Censor Boards."

We are proud of the fact we are *not* a censor board. We only classify motion pictures as to audience suitability. We leave it up to the good sense of the individual to accept or reject our classifications.

It is our feeling that censorship and negative criticism only serve to give box office appeal to questionable films.

—Genevieve P. Thomas, Chairman
Dallas Motion Picture Board of Review

[*Continued on page 6*]

☆

"I won the 1954 NASCAR Stock Car Racing Championship on the same 5-RIB CHAMPIONS we use in our family car!"

—says Lee Petty

Mrs. Petty and their sons Maurice (L.) and Richard. The family home is in Randleman, North Carolina

1954 CHAMPION—NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR STOCK CAR AUTO RACING

"Stock car racing teaches a lot of things about how spark plugs contribute to good automobile performance.

"I've found that to get the most power and economy from your car, the spark plugs must be in GOOD CONDITION, the CORRECT HEAT RANGE and INSTALLED PROPERLY. That's why you should stop in and have your Champion dealer give your spark plugs a three-way check.

"If you're not already using Champions, have the man put in a set. I've given those full-power, 5-RIB Champions all kinds of punishment in stock car racing, and they've never let me down. Try them in *your* car—I know you'll like the difference they'll make in your engine's performance."

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY, TOLEDO 1, OHIO

JACK JESSEE—DAYTONA BEACH NEWS-JOURNAL

Truely Yours

[*Continued from page* 4]

Game Preserved

It is possible to hunt buffalo in a sportsmanlike manner in their native habitat.

A rancher friend and I jointly own a herd of American bison which range on our land. We will allow sportsmen to hunt the excess bulls in the herd—and there are some fine trophy specimens available.

—Mel Vieths
Melmar Hotel
New Underwood, S. Dak.

"Sportsmanlike manner" did you say? Do you equip the bulls with wire cutters, or paint a target on their side? Can you shoot them from the hotel windows?

Sound Off!

As a veteran with twelve years' active service (four in combat), I wish to express my thanks for the article in your February issue by A. E. Hotchner, *The New Army: "More Sweat—Less Blood."*

—Sgt. O. H. Charpentier
Fort Crowder, Missouri

Bravo, Mr. Hotchner! I joined the Army just before Korea and the training was indeed too easy. It didn't prepare me at all to combat the enemy.

Let's have some discipline and the tough, military Army the United States deserves.

—Richard Stern
Spokane, Washington

I went into the Army at Ft. Dix in 1950, when A. E. Hotchner said the soldiers were treated like cream puffs. (Obscenity deleted). I had fourteen weeks of the toughest, best training possible under old-line non-coms.

When we got to Korea we fought an enemy that outnumbered us 10 to 1 at times. We could have won that way—we had the enemy on the run—but were stopped by damn fool politicians. Now this (obscenity deleted) Hotchner insinuates the poor showing in Korea was a result of poor training.

I'll wager Hotchner was never in the Army or was a captain in public relations.

—Sgt. Karl Schurr
Bowling Green, Ohio

I must have been dreaming back in 1951 when I hiked 25 miles with pack and rifle and went through the infiltration course three times. That army you describe in your story on *More Sweat—Less Blood* wasn't the one I was drafted into. The only potato peeling machine I worked was a paring knife, and dishes were washed with soap and GI brush. In Korea we ate frozen C-ration for the three meals a day.

—Frank Blair
Palmdale, Calif.

Maybe you guys who write in to tell us how tough you had it are alive now and able to write because you had it so tough. Some outfits were trained hard for survival. Today, so says the Army, everyone is.

Stab At Stabbers

I suppose the person who stabs an exhausted deer would enjoy whipping a small child. What a hellish travesty on sport you describe in *The Stag Stabbers of Chateau Touffou.*

—Fred Huntington
Billings, Montana

Don't know about the child whipping, but they might enjoy a pit fight between dogs, a cock fight, or a bull fight. Every man to his own taste might be the answer. TRUE will continue reporting odd customs and sports, but not necessarily endorsing them.

Eye on the Bull

Lucian Cary should know the perfect way of firing a perfect group. Here it is, step by step:

1) Pour a big concrete slab set in the ground.

2) Before the concrete hardens, plant a steel vise in it.

3) Lock the rifle in the vise.

4) Build fence on both sides of the line of fire to keep stray breezes out.

5) Peer through the 30-power scope mounted on the rifle and have an assistant set up the target square in the line of sight.

6) Reverently load the charges you yourself have fondly prepared.

7) Take a deep breath and think of the prize you'll win for firing the perfect group.

8) Gently, but firmly, squeeze off one round. (It will be unnecessary to fire any more rounds, because they would only go through the same hole and be wasted.)

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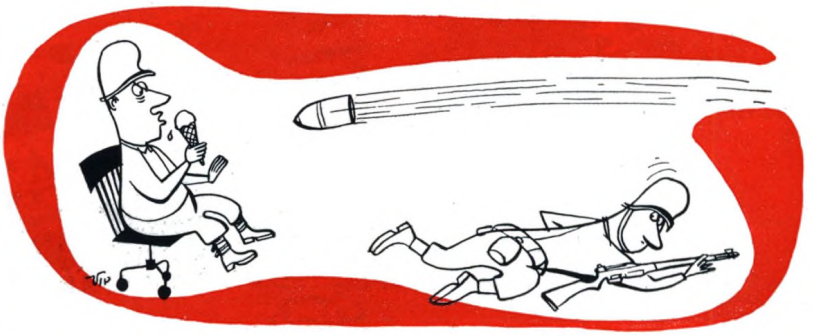


Here's what HERTZ RENT A CAR SYSTEM found out about Car-Plate –

Easiest way to put on the toughest kind of wax

EVEN AFTER 3 MONTHS – CAN YOU PICK THE CAR-PLATE WAX SIDE FROM THE HARD-RUB AUTO WAX JOB?

HERTZ RENTAL CARS have to shine like new through all weather. To see if CAR-PLATE would do the trick, Hertz picked 20 cars in cities across the U.S.A. One side of each was waxed with no-rubbing, liquid Car-Plate—the other with one of three well-known paste waxes.

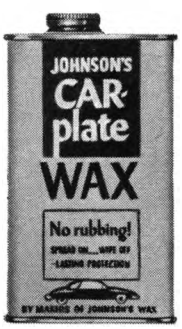
HERTZ FOUND: *Car-Plate is much easier, far faster to apply than any paste auto wax.*

After months on the road, the sides were scientifically compared for shine and wear.

HERTZ FOUND: *Car-Plate wax is as long-lasting as the most durable paste auto wax.*

The reason: with Car-Plate, you don't rub wax off as when polishing paste wax. You just *dust* off the light haze left by volatile wax-carrying liquids. The Hertz test car shown here was driven 3 months, then simply washed and photographed. If you can't tell the Car-Plate side (left) from the paste side, why waste hours rubbing?—next time, wax with Car-Plate!

Before waxing, always use Car-Plate Cleaner. It leaves a glass-smooth surface to which wax bonds perfectly in a brilliant, long-lasting finish.



JOHNSON'S CAR-PLATE WAX

Truely Yours

[*Continued from page 6*]

Another suggestion I have is to carry your special constructions of target rifles a bit further; simply build one with a barrel 200 yards long.

—*Staff Sgt. Clayton Davis*
Macdill Air Force Base, Fla.

In spite of the elaborate precautions you suggest, sergeant, your bullets would not go through the same hole; but it is fun to try, and that's where the sport comes in. Much of the accuracy and efficiency of the rifle you carry, if they trust you with one, is due to just such painstaking efforts as were detailed in *To Hell With the Bull's Eye*, TRUE, February, 1955.

Seeing Snakes

I once came upon a very large black snake lying motionless and staring hypnotically at a young squirrel about six inches from its nose. I shot the snake expecting to see the squirrel run off. Instead, the squirrel remained frozen in its trance. I even picked up the stiff little animal and carried it home where it gradually regained the powers of its senses over a period of several hours.

—*Mark G. Nichols*
Webster Springs, W. Va.

A case of mutual hypnosis, no doubt. Had you shot the squirrel and taken the snake home he might be standing in the corner yet.

Men & Women

I turn over my back copies of TRUE to the local Naval Air Station Hospital. The librarian tells me the boys like it the best of all magazines.

My wife also reports her beauty parlor always keeps TRUE on hand for its customers. Seems the gals prefer it to the usual ladies' stuff of recipes, fashions, and how to raise children.

—*Cotter Randell*
Jacksonville, Fla.

We don't know whether to be flattered or flabbergasted. Imagine it, TRUE in a beauty parlor! Maybe you'd better investigate, Cotter. The wife couldn't be spending that time in a barber shop.

Lady Killer

If the women insist on being noticed in the pages of TRUE, I propose a page for them to be called "False." It will feature the following ladies' aids: power-net girdles, elevator shoes, false eyelashes, hair dye, false hair, makeup.

The ladies may not like it, but it certainly will be TRUE.

—*Kenneth Doering*
Creve Coeur, Ill.

Let's be fair, Ken. What about men who wear toupees, padded shoulders, tummy restrainers and elevator shoes? Either sex that accepts merchandise without removing the wrapping deserves what he or she gets.

The "High" Seas

I've never, repeat never, met a sailor since I've been in the Navy who hasn't drunk hard liquor. Furthermore, if they can't get decent whisky they'll many times try what they can get (and something is always available—even if it's lighter fluid, turpentine, juice or hair tonic).

This may shock a lot of do-gooders in the States, but anyone with a lick of sense and a memory, must know prohibition will only force men to drink even more dangerously.

—*E. C. Bronner, USN*
Nagasaki, Japan

Pirate Port

During my service in the Navy I often visited Puerto Bello, Panama. Well informed guides acquainted me with the history and points of interest in the area, so I read your piece on *Bloody Henry Morgan* with great interest. Author Joseph Millard did a good job, his piece was factually correct as well as interesting.

—*Chief Bo'n C. A. Richter, USN, Ret.*
Mt. McGregor, New York

The Right Track

The cowcatcher Stan Galli depicted on your fine February cover is the best I've seen.

—*H. Boucher*
Palmyra, New Jersey

That ferocious-looking man isn't trailing man nor beast—he's just coming back from the mailroom, and is he sore it was THAT far away.

—*Larry Englehi*
Tucson, Arizona

You're wrong! That guy is looking for the editor. He has that look on his face, and he's carrying a gun.

Although your February cover snowshoer is shown in a normal walking gait, the tracks he left indicate he progressed by a series of kangaroo hops. I've never seen snowshoe tracks like those.

—*Bruce S. Wright*
Fredericton, N. B., Canada

Artist Galli goofed.

Two old shoemakers discuss the most comfortable shoes they've ever made

That's Bart Loiodice on the left. He's an inspector at an Endicott Johnson factory making Johnsonian Guide-Steps . . . been there 30 years.

On the right is Charles F. Johnson, Jr., President of the Endicott Johnson Corporation. "Mr. Charlie" has been in the shoe business 50 years. He and Bart know a lot about shoes.

Between them is a new Johnsonian Guide-Step. It's important to know that this shoe (and all the many other Guide-Steps) are brilliantly styled in the most popular patterns. But consider how comfortable they are and how they got that way: hundreds of thousands of foot measurements were made at a famous eastern medical school to see how the foot functions as it walks. And the results were used to produce Guide-Steps . . . shoes that are amazingly comfortable . . . shoes that are designed to fit the foot *in action*.

It takes years of experience to make shoes that feel and look as good as Johnsonian Guide-Steps. It also takes an immense amount of pride in the product . . . the kind Bart and Mr. Charlie have.

If you don't know where to buy these fine shoes, write to Mr. Johnson's office at Endicott, N. Y., for a free booklet and your dealer's name.

Guide-Steps cost only **$9.95** and up.

Style No. 8561

Style No. 8762

A PRODUCT OF ENDICOTT JOHNSON

Johnsonian GUIDE-STEP

Johnsonian Jr. Guide-Steps—also available in several styles.

Endicott Johnson Corporation • Endicott 1, N. Y. • St. Louis 2, Mo. • New York 13, N. Y.

the EDITOR speaking

This month's cover—an Arabian stallion painted by Robert Lougheed—shows life as it *was* on the desert not so very long ago. For a look at how life *is* in the Arab Legion today turn to page 56 for Sandy Sanderson's article, *They Fight Like Hell.* We think the color photos by George Rodger are as eye-stopping as any we've seen in a long time. Tying up the cover picture with the subject matter inside the magazine is a stunt we've been trying to accomplish for quite a while now. You can look for it more in the future. Next month, in fact, TRUE's gun expert Lucian Cary will discourse at length on the Olympic pistols pictured on the cover.

* * *

During the time we've known Alan Hynd we've never failed to be amused at some of the yarns he tells about himself. The other day we asked him to forget criminal types and write us a capsule biography. Here is Hynd's report:

"I think the most interesting things that have happened to me as a result of becoming something of a specialist in writing factual crime pieces for TRUE (and occasionally for such other magazines as *Reader's Digest, Collier's* and *The Saturday Evening Post*), is that I have made enough money to get into trouble with the Treasury Department and that I have been kidnaped once and, possibly, poisoned to the point of death. I seem always to owe the Collector of Internal Revenue anywhere between $10 and $20,000, and a nicer and more accurate bunch of fellows at figuring out interest on what they claim you owe you never have met.

"It was back in 1932 that I was kidnaped. Shortly out of knee pants at the time, I somehow found myself a staff writer for *Liberty Magazine,* then under the editorship of Fulton Oursler. The Lindberg baby had just been kidnaped and everybody and his uncle was hunting for the baby and following up every tip in the winds. Oursler got a tip that some gangsters in Washington knew where the child was but, being on the lam themselves, were afraid to go to the FBI with the information. So Oursler sent *me* to Washington to smell out the gangsters and have a talk with them—anything to get that baby back. In Washington, I learned that the gangsters had come to New York. I smelled them out there at the Cumberland Hotel, at Broadway and Fifty-fourth Street, and walked into their hideout. Nothing happened then but that they decided they had located a live one. I was held captive for five hours, during which time I contacted Oursler by phone and arranged for ransom to be paid to the goons. Oursler ordered the *Liberty* cashier to pay the ransom, I was released and the gangsters fled. To show his appreciation for my fine work, Oursler deducted the ransom from future checks I received for my writings. The FBI summoned me and had me tell my story but, so far as locating the goons, we just never got anywhere.

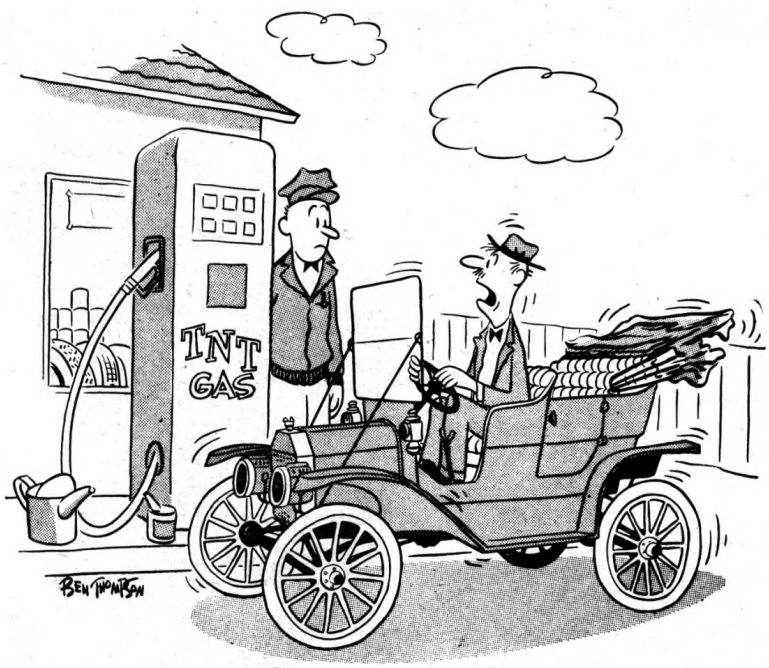
"About the possibility that I was poisoned, here are the known facts: Four years ago, I started to dig into the murder of Sir Harry Oakes down in the Bahamas—the story of which appeared in the February 1952 issue of TRUE and which is soon to appear in a Gold Medal Book titled *Violence in the Night.* Well, I had no sooner got my lines out in the Bahamas, Florida, New York and other points than I was suddenly felled by a mysterious illness. Taken to a hospital near my home in southern Connecticut, twelve doctors got into the act and I took up residence in an oxygen tent with a no-visitors sign on the door for two months. The best the doctors were able to determine was that I had been stricken by a mysterious bug indigenous to, of all places, the Bahamas. The joker was I had not yet set foot on the Bahamas.

"I was given up by eleven of the twelve doctors. All were agreed that I had probably been given a lethal Mickey by somebody in the Bahamas who had come up my way, anxious not to have me go ahead with a gloves-off treatment of the Oakes murder. But I got out of that oxygen tent and finally resumed where I had left off and did the story. I have been, of course, banned from the Bahamas for life.

"Friends of mine go down there all the time, though. Not long ago, the man I suspect of having had a hand in that lethal Mickey (a black magic practitioner who was up my way just before I got sick) got drunker than usual at his home in Nassau and told a friend of mine, "Someday I'll get that s.o.b." This, mind you, from a suspect in the Oakes murder.

"I am very happily married to my second wife, whose name was Evvy Dobbs before I beat out the competition, and we have a 14-year-old daughter and a 7-year-old son and two English cockers. Although I view with suspicion any man who neither drinks nor smokes, I must confess that I do neither."

TRUE MAGAZINE



"The strongest you've got!"

Now, if you'll turn to page 40, we think you'll enjoy Hynd's latest crime opus, *The Case of the Frustrated Killer.*

—doug kennedy

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strange but TRUE

by George R. Martin

Is it easier to bowl a perfect game of twelve consecutive strikes, or is it easier to shoot a hole-in-one in golf? Although bowling a perfect game seems easier, it is actually more than ten times as difficult as a hole-in-one. The odds against the golfer are about 30,000 to one, while the bowler faces odds of 350,000 to one. *By George Gunning, Akron, Ohio.*

Names for plants were standardized several decades ago, because up until that time there was tremendous confusion in names—even for well-known types of plants. For example, the European white water lily had 245 names. There were 15 English names for this lily, 44 French, 81 Dutch, and 105 German names. *By Lawrence Dugan, Akron, Ohio.*

About 7 o'clock, on a hot August evening in New York in 1900, a 23-year-old girl, named Katie Scharn, was seen to step out of her apartment, walk around the corner, and buy three pears at a nearby fruit stand. She was then seen eating one of the pears as she returned to her apartment a few minutes later. A neighbor happened to knock on Katie's door about 8 o'clock, but got no response. At midnight Katie's brother, who shared the apartment, returned home. He found Katie beaten to death. In spite of the thin walls and floor of the apartment, the neighbors heard no screams or sounds of struggle although Katie had fought desperately. Since the murderer had either been admitted by the girl, or had keys to the apartment, the three major suspects were: Katie's brother, her fiancé, and the owner of the building. All three suspects could account for their own actions and whereabouts every minute of the time of the murder. As a result, no one was ever indicted for the murder. The strangest aspect of this case concerned the pears Katie bought. Not a trace of them could be found in her apartment or the building—nor did the autopsy reveal a trace of the one she'd eaten. *By Harry Klinahand, Kansas City, Mo.*

Photographs are not supposed to lie, yet a focal plane shutter on a camera sometimes produces seemingly false pictures. One of the oddest examples of this phenomenon happened in England a few years ago when a British tennis star was photographed making a swift stroke at the ball. The picture plainly shows the shadow of the tennis racket, yet there is no racket visible in the player's hand. This resulted from the action of the camera's focal plane shutter, which is like a curtain covering the unexposed film. When a picture is taken, a slit in the curtain rolls up across the face of the film letting the light from the camera lens fall through the slit on the unexposed surface. Thus, in the tennis picture, the shadow of the racket was first photographed at the bottom of the film. As the shutter slit moved up to the middle of the picture, a split-thousandth of a second later, the racket had flashed forward with such speed it became invisible on the film. *By Dr. William Schaffarzick, Nashville, Tenn.*

King Edward VII of England had great affection for a pet wire-haired terrier named Caesar. The loyalty and company that Caesar gave the king earned a most unusual honor: at the king's death, Caesar was given an extraordinary post in the funeral procession. The little terrier marched with the king's favorite horse immediately behind the gun carriage bearing his beloved master. By occupying this place in the procession, Caesar technically took precedence over members of the royal family, eight kings, scores of princes, and high dignitaries from nearly every country in the world. *By Jerome Dehnert, Chicago, Ill.*

Carry Nation, the pugnacious reformer from Kansas, not only chopped up saloons with her hatchet, but knocked cigars from men's mouths. She also considered evening gowns indecent and violently rebuked women who wore them in her presence. Nothing seemed to dampen Carrie's passion for reform and criticism—nothing, that is, until she was persuaded, for a fee of $300, to do her "hatchet act" on the stage of Miner's Burlesque house on the Bowery of New York City. When she appeared on stage, she was almost buried under the heaviest barrage of eggs ever laid down by an American audience.—*By Parker Culbertson, Los Angeles, Calif.*

Throughout the centuries there have been fads for including unusual pictures and information on playing card faces. For example, songs, proverbs, and fables have accompanied the customary spades, hearts, diamonds, clubs. Even lessons in housekeeping, geography, logic, and mythology have been used. One of the strangest decks of cards gave instructions for carving fifty-two different cuts of meat. *By Howard Moore, South Bend, Ind.*

A Harvard psychology professor conducted an experiment on 1,484 students that proved we should never underestimate the power of suggestion. The professor played two records of a particular symphony to groups of students. He asked the students to indicate which record they preferred. At the same time, the professor remarked that many well known "music critics" favored the second recording. Fifty-nine percent of the students agreed with the critics' choice. Most surprising of all, however, 96 percent of the audience didn't realize the two records were identically the same. *By Dean Skinner, Cambridge, Mass.*

A Cleveland, Ohio, man, accused of murdering his wife couldn't prove his own innocence, yet the intelligent observations of a detective saved the innocent suspect from conviction. The suspected man was arrested by the police, who were attracted by the sounds of a loud quarrel followed by shooting. Upon entering the apartment, the wife was found dead, shot through the heart. The dazed husband was unhurt and claimed the wife killed herself. The weapon couldn't be found. Eventually the pistol was located ten feet from the woman, behind a trunk against a wall. Since the wife couldn't have shot herself twice through the heart then have hidden the weapon ten feet away, police scoffed at the husband's claim she was a suicide. One detective, however, was intrigued by the peculiar shape of the two bullets that had killed the woman; and, it also seemed strange there was only one wound for both shots. The detective finally determined what had happened—and it proved the husband's innocence. The wife had really turned the weapon on herself, but the slug of the first shot stuck in the barrel of the pistol. As she fired again, the second bullet forced out the first bullet—both traveling as one. The powerful recoil produced by the obstruction to the second shot violently kicked the pistol out of the woman's hand to the place behind the trunk. *By Frank Reid, Denver, Colorado.*

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

man to man answers

conducted by Robert E. Pinkerton and the staff of True

Have you been worrying about the fact that the earth wobbles a bit, or have you noticed it? Don Maxwell of San Francisco, California, seems to be one of the few, outside the scientific world, who knows the earth does wobble, and he has asked the cause. He wants also to know how the earth was measured and how accurate the measurements are.

Scientists have been concerned for more than sixty years over the fact that the earth is not as regular in its movements as was once believed. Planets, sun, moon and stars have been so regular in their courses since men first began to study them that laymen and astronomers alike accepted their movements as extremely accurate. Even the best chronometers and clocks have been considered inferior and were regularly adjusted to star time.

Then it was discovered that the earth was not keeping true time, that the lengths of days varied. The deviation was not great enough for you or your watch to be aware of, or to effect the wage scale in industrial plants, but it was enough to concern scientists. They began studying the subject at the end of the last century and since then many interesting theories have been advanced.

The latest, suggested by Dr. Walter Munk of La Jolla, California, is that high velocity winds pressing against large mountain ranges may retard the rotation of the earth sufficiently to cause a slight difference in time. It has long been known that winds of great force blow against the Himalayas, the Andes and our own Sierra Nevada and Rocky Mountains. While a mountain five miles high is a barely perceptible wrinkle on the earth's surface, it is conceivable that with great pressures they would form a fair-sized brake.

One of the first scientific achievements was measurement of our planet by astronomy. About 250 B.C., Eratosthenes, a Greek working in Egypt, birthplace of astronomy, measured the earth to within 4 percent of the circumference accepted today.

This is remarkable in view of the crudeness of his instruments. First he dug a deep well far up the Nile on what he determined to be the Tropic of Cancer and what was believed to be 500 miles south of Alexandria. This distance was measured by the rate of daily march of the Army.

On June 21 the sun shone straight down the well. At the same time a measurement was made of the shadow of an obelisk in Alexandria and, from these ascertained facts, Eratosthenes made his calculations. Although Egyptians had long known the earth was a sphere, they had not known how large it was. A few centuries later science went out of fashion and for a thousand years people resumed their old belief that the earth was flat.

Modern measurements were achieved by better instruments and mathematics. Today's accepted diameter at the equator is 7,926.68 miles. Multiply that by pi, or 3.14159265, and you get the circumference, or 24,902 miles. Since the earth is not a perfect sphere, the diameter through the poles is less, 7,900 miles.

For all its decimal points, mathematics does not give us a definite figure on smaller distances on the earth's surface. Today, with a feverish development of guided missiles, it has suddenly become necessary to know the exact distances between America and certain points in Europe, and this accounts for the intense interest of the Pentagon in last year's eclipse of the sun and the great efforts made to gain new facts from it. Scientists believed they would not only be able to compute true distances across the Atlantic but to measure the earth to within 150 feet.

Q: When were cattle first domesticated? *G. H. Williams, La Mesa, Calif.*

A: Cattle were domesticated in prehistoric times and research has never uncovered the period, although it is generally believed that the first wild cattle were tamed in Asia. Later aurochs, or urus, huge wild cattle of Europe, were domesticated. When the Romans under Caesar entered Gaul the tame cattle were considered different from the urus. Domestication had altered the type. At one time the wild urus were found in most of Europe but they later retreated until only a few remained in Poland where the last died in 1627. Between World War I and II, two German scientists undertook a revolutionary experiment. If their domestic cattle were descendants of the urus, why not breed back and bring an extinct animal to life? The astonishing thing is that the idea succeeded. By selective breeding backward, the huge wild ox of northern Europe were recreated and lived again. Strangely, the experimenters discovered that it was far easier to breed back to the original than to develop the types of cattle we have today.

Q: What would the human body be worth if broken down to its basic elements? *Harold Booth, Milwaukee, Wis.*

A: About 75 cents for an average man.

Q: Did the Kentucky rifle originate in Kentucky? *Pvt. Kenneth R. Searles, Indiantown Gap Military Reservation, Pa.*

[*Continued on page* 16]

Rocket-eye view of earth from 155 miles up. *At left:* Texas and Mexico.

WHAT A DAY . . . what a game . . . what a cigarette! Why is a Lucky so much a part of moments like this? It's the fact that Luckies *taste* better . . . rich, mellow, thoroughly pleasant. Luckies taste better, first of all, because Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Then, this tobacco is *toasted*. *"It's Toasted"* to taste even better . . . cleaner, fresher, smoother. So, light up a Lucky, the better-tasting cigarette.

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[*Continued from page* 14]

A: Before our western expansion many gunsmiths settled in Pennsylvania. In Lancaster County they produced a rifle that was later called the Pennsylvania or Kentucky rifle. It was evolved from a large bore flintlock made in Germany. This type of rifle was used by Pennsylvania riflemen in the Revolutionary War. Later it was the favorite rifle in Kentucky and in the western movement.

Q: How high can a Siamese cat jump straight up? ***John E. Phillips, Oakland, Calif.***

A: The ability of the Siamese to jump straight up from a standing position is astonishing. We saw a 6-months-old kitten rise to the top of a 6-foot fence post with no apparent effort. It was a common thing for her to leap easily to a person's shoulder. As they do not take a preliminary run, their leap seems more like an explosion.

Q: Americans in England are puzzled by the proof spirit figures on gin and whisky labels. Are they the same as in America? ***Frank Nyilas, London, England.***

A: The American system is different. What is labeled here as 100 proof, which means 50 percent alcohol, is labeled 87.5 in England. Their 70 proof liquor is equal to our 80.2 and their 100 proof would be 114.2 in this country.

Q: In Brazil I saw a postcard of a man standing beside "a 90-foot anaconda." Could this be true? ***Pvt. J. L. Avalasquez, Fort Eustis, Va.***

A: The reptile department of the American Museum of Natural History assures us that the postcard is a fake and that half the people who come back from Brazil have one. Scientists place the limit of an anaconda at 25 feet, with the possibility of a maximum 28 feet. The python, a more slender snake than the anaconda, is known to reach 33 feet.

Q: How large were the dragon ships of the Vikings? ***Ray Nelson, Gold Beach, Ore.***

A: The Vikings built ships of several sizes, ranging from the *skuta* with 30 oars to the *skeid* with 64 oars and a crew of 240. The *dreki*, or dragon ships, were even larger. One of their smaller craft, discovered in a tomb-mound near Oslo in 1880, was 78 feet long, had a beam of 16 feet 7 inches and a depth of 5 feet 9 inches. Stem and stern were high. It was clinkerbuilt of oak and had sixteen oars on each side. The mast, which held a square sail, was 40 feet high.

Q: How keen is the eyesight of birds? ***John Henry Cummings, Atlanta, Ga.***

A: This varies with the necessity of vision in their essential activities, but a bird's eyesight is more keen and can reach farther than that of any other animal. This is partly due to the structure of the eye. A third eyelid, or membrane, not only aids in keeping the eyelid moist but also acts as a shade in strong light through which the bird can still see. Also birds flying at high speeds can change focus almost instantly. And at great heights, hawks, eagles and vultures can see small prey on the ground that a human eye could not distinguish with binoculars. A bird's eyeball is not movable as is that of human beings and the eye is set in various positions. An owl looks straight ahead. Other birds to the sides, and some, as a guard against enemies, almost straight to the rear.

Q: Are sharks "cannibals"? ***Jeff Martin, Topeka, Kans.***

A: Many fish feed on other fish, and because they cannot distinguish their own young they are often cannibalistic. Sand-tiger sharks off the Florida coast furnish the most astonishing instance of this. As is true of several types of sharks, these fish are hatched in the female's body. The young, voracious even before birth, soon began to eat each other. Those that get an early start or are larger or more hungry gobble up the abundant food. When born, only two or three remain, and these are 2 to 3 feet long.

Q: What is the long distance record in water-skiing? ***A/3c Larry Larson, APO, New York, N. Y.***

A: Lyle Lee and Jim Upton of Galatia, Illinois, hold the long distance record—245 miles. On July 4, 1953 they went downstream on the Ohio River in 12 hours 45 minutes.

Q: Are tropical fish as colorful as they appear in pictures? ***Samuel G. Butterworth, Portland, Ore.***

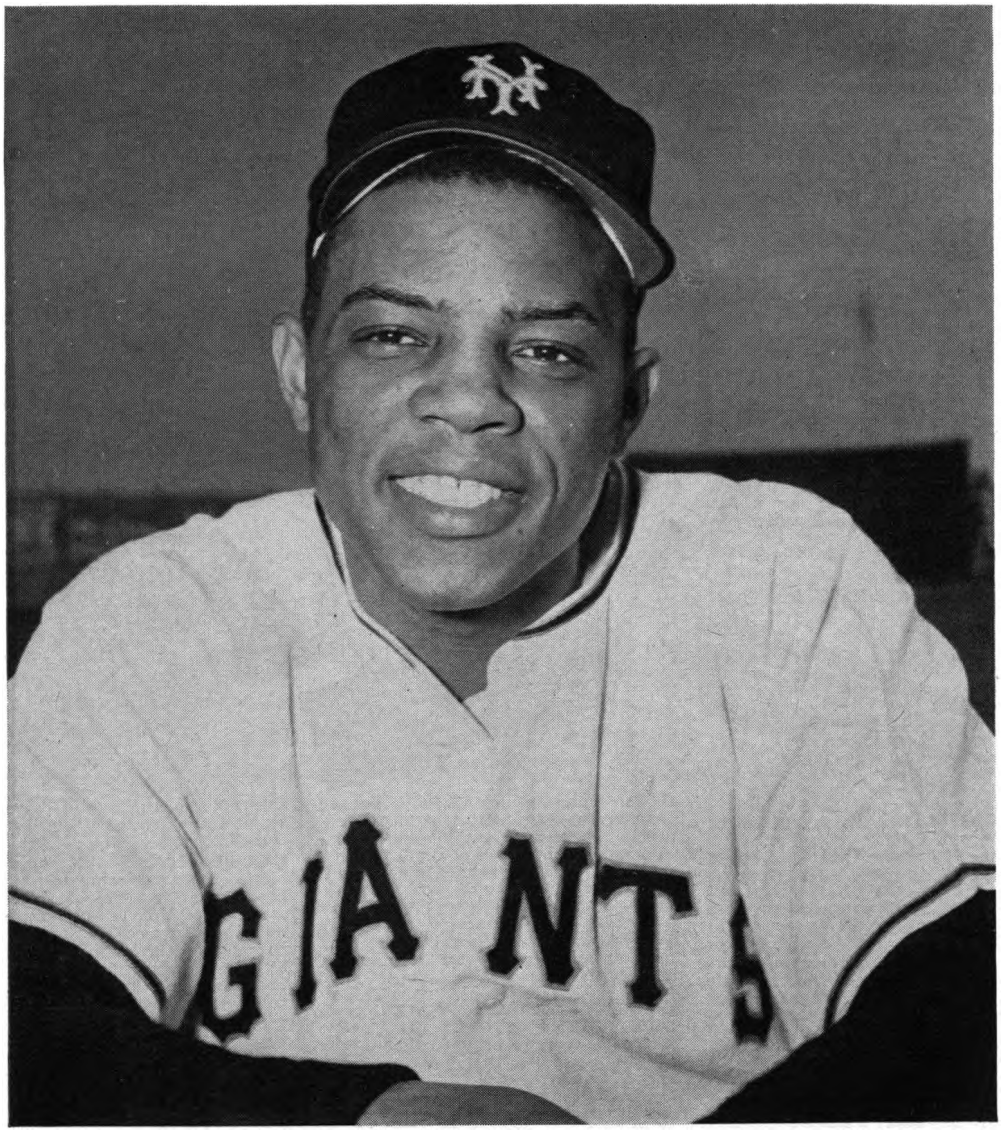
A: Yes, and they often seem far more brilliant than pictures show, but the remarkable fact about them is that man has improved on nature. Our aquariums today contain specimens that do not exist in a natural habitat, that are far more beautiful than their ancestors. Professional fish breeders, and later the amateurs, began to use Mendel's laws a half century ago, getting the idea from the enormous success of horticulturists with flowers. Many new varieties have resulted from the present craze for small tropical fish. A gorgeously hued native of southern Mexico, known as the Platy, can be found in many colors and under names not known in nature or science. The Platy and its cousin, the swordtail, have been crossed to produce a type never seen outside of an aquarium. This experimentation has been so extensive that pure blood Platys and swordtails in the United States are now in the minority.

Q: How many different makes of automobiles have we had in America? ***Paul Brehm, Franklin, Ohio.***

A: The Automobile Club of New York tells us the number is 2,900.

Q: Is the hummingbird found in Africa and Asia? ***G. H. Martin, Houston, Tex.***

[*Continued on page* 30]



The National League's Most Valuable Player and batting champion; *Sporting News* "Player of the Year"; and Associated Press "Male Athlete of the Year."

A TRUE BOOK-LENGTH FEATURE

I CAME TO PLAY

Willie Mays has been called the greatest thing to hit baseball since Abner Doubleday. Here's Willie's own story of the happy-go-lucky batting champ who still plays stickball on Harlem streets to keep his eye sharp

BY WILLIE MAYS

as told to Charles Einstein

Someday, when I'm about 80 years old, or maybe 96, I'm going to lie me down and take it easy. I'm going to find out what they mean in baseball when they say a good rest means a lot. You know—like the well-rested ball club is always the favorite in the World Series.

Well, it's a fact that since the end of the last war, the more-rested ball club lost the World Series eight out of ten times. That includes 1954, when the New York Giants, who'd finished 35 games out the season before, beat those early-clinching, record-setting Cleveland Indians in the Series. Not only beat 'em. Beat 'em four straight. Not only four straight. Beat 'em big. And we weren't rested.

It should have been a rest for us Giants, before that Series. We'd clinched the National League pennant the Monday before the season ended—a full week—when Sal Maglie beat the Dodgers 7-1 in a night game at Ebbets Field. On that night, I got three hits to take over the league batting lead from Duke Snider of Brooklyn.

Snider was being rested against left-handed pitchers, the percentage being that a left-handed hitter like the Duke does better against right-handed throwers. So Giant manager Leo Durocher planned to rest me too—just plain rest, period, and not against any particular kind of pitching, because I have never stuck much with the percentages. Two out of every three home runs I hit last season were off right-handed pitching, and I'm a right-handed hitter!

But something happened, and Durocher's best-laid plans went blooey.

What happened was that my own Giant teammate, Don Mueller, caught fire like one of those dry haystacks back in my native Alabama, and the next thing you know *he* was bucking for that league batting title, too!

"What a spot I'm in," Durocher told newsmen. "Several days ago I wouldn't have hesitated to pull Mays out of the lineup to help him clinch the batting title. The Dodgers were doing the same thing with Snider against left-handers. But with Mueller and Willie both in it I can't play any favorites. They both have to go all the way and take their chances with Snider."

So, mister, we went right down to that wire—pennant or no pennant—and nobody talked about resting. The whole Giant ball club was out there to get hits, even though we had the pennant locked up—because the more they hit, the more often Don and I would get to come to bat. The Giants played no favorites—so long as the batting champion turned out to be a Giant.

With one game to go, that final Sunday of the season, it couldn't have been closer if you'd used a waffle iron. This was the hitting picture:

	AB	H	B.A.
Mueller	613	210	.3426
Snider	581	199	.3425
Mays	561	192	.3422

And on that final day of the year, both Mueller and I were going against a young man who many people say is the best pitcher in baseball—Robin Roberts of Philadelphia. Snider, meanwhile, was hitting against a right-hander, Jake Theis of Pittsburgh.

Boy, they wouldn't let you in the ball park that final day unless you brought a slide rule with you. All of a sudden, everybody you met was a certified public accountant. They were relaying information to the Giant dugout in Philadelphia as to how Snider was doing against Pittsburgh.

He didn't make out too well—he went none for three. But both Mueller and I hit Roberts. I got three hits—a single to left, a double and a triple to right-center—and Don got two and a near-miss.

When it was all over, they spelled out the final figures:

	AB	H	B.A.
Mays	565	195	.345
Mueller	619	212	.342
Snider	584	199	.341

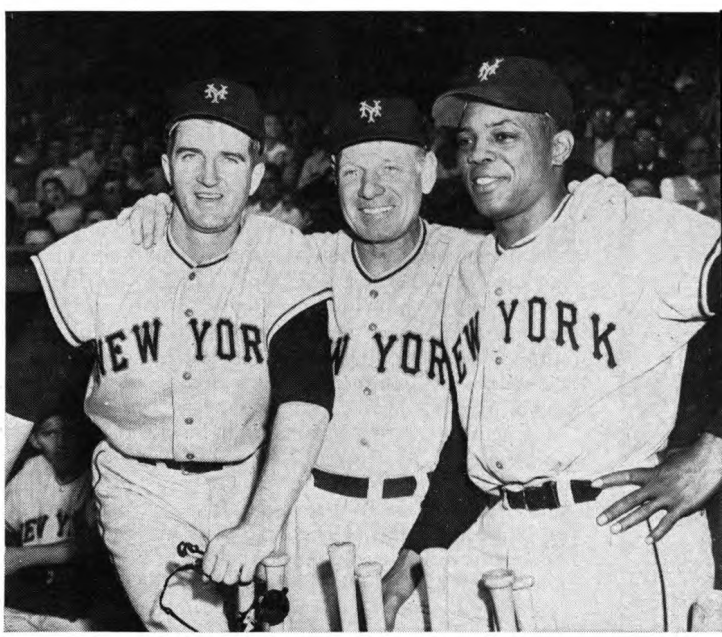
Well, there's tension to something like that—sure there is. You don't unwind right away, and it didn't help any when I went on a nationwide television show that same night and had some guy say to me right in front of everybody, "How does it feel beating out your teammate Don Mueller for the batting title?"

If you've got a smart answer to that, I'll buy it. What I did was to mutter something about if the hits had gone the other way, then Don would've beat me, and if it hadn't been me I would have liked it to be him. Something like that. I felt like hollering, "Roomie! Come over here and take care of this man!"

Roomie—that's Monte Irvin. He and I room together when the ball club's on the road. Many's the time I've hollered for him to get me out of what I'm in. Like the time we were posing for the team picture and a guy came up to me and said, "Willie, I'm Jumble from the Daily Mumble," and wanted me to predict the outcome of the World Series. I told him that was writers' business like him, making predictions. I wasn't any good at making predictions. The only prediction I remember was late in 1954 when I said I wasn't going to win the hitting title.

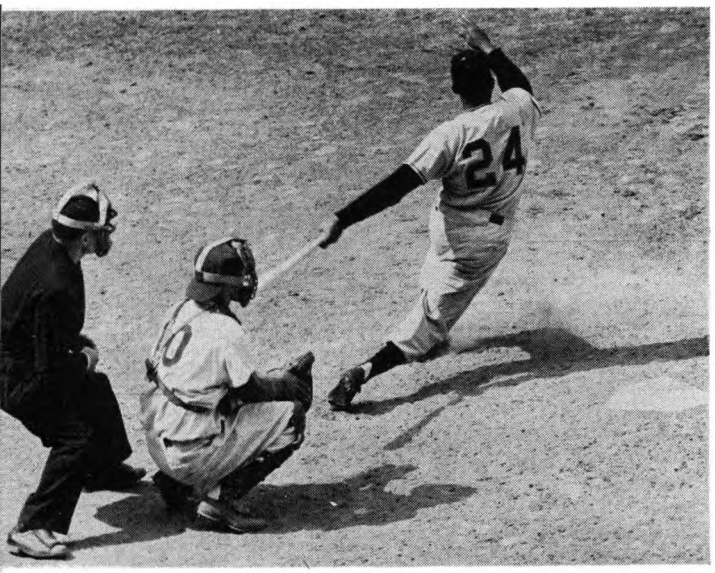
"Well," Mr. Jumble from the Daily Mumble said, "haven't you got any idea how the Series is going to go?"

"Yes," I said. "I got an idea. First two games be played at the Polo Grounds. Then we can go to Cleveland."



"Leo and the two guys who aimed to win the batting crown—providing Duke Snider didn't lick us both."

Condensed from BORN TO PLAY BALL, copyright 1955 by Charles Einstein, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.



"There's nothing I like more than slamming the ball . . .

"Listen," Jumble said. "I'm not asking these questions for fun. Asking questions is my business."

"I got a business too," I said. "Playing outfield."

"All right," he said. "Then how would you compare your outfield with theirs?"

"Roomie!" I yelled out. "Come over here and take care of this man!"

Later on, I saw Irvin on the field. He said, "Who was that guy you put onto me?"

"I don't know," I said. "Did you answer his questions?"

"He only asked me one question," Monte said. "Only question he asked me was could I get him some World Series tickets."

But I wasn't fooling when I told this man that baseball is my business. On a television show one time I was asked, "Willie, is it true you'd play ball for nothing?"

"Well," I answered, "that's how every ballplayer starts."

Baseball *is* a business—but it's like everything else. If you like the business you're in, you're bound to do better. And you don't find that other kind of player—let's call him the *well-rested* player—on the Giants. That's one thing a man named Durocher won't put up with. You'll be sitting on the bench not doing much of anything, maybe, and all of a sudden he'll point that finger at you and yell, "What kind of pitch was that?" And you'd better *know*.

I remember early when I met him, he said to me, "I like men who *come to play ball*." I guess that's why I call this story, *I Came to Play*.

In my two seasons in the majors so far, I've played on the two "miracle" teams of our time. One was the Giants of last season, with the way they came off their 1953 showing and went on to cream the lordly Indians the way they did. The other was the Giants of 1951. You remember them. They trailed Brooklyn by 13½ games on August 11. But they came on to beat the Dodgers in that playoff ended by Bobby Thomson's "home run heard round the world." In that pennant stretch the Giants won 37 out of 44 games, to overhaul a Dodger team that was playing over .500 ball!

After 1951, I had about a month and a half with the Giants in the '52 season before I was drafted. We were in first place when I left, but we didn't win the pennant that year, nor the next.

People started to say, "They can't win without Willie."

That's the way the talk grew up. But I think they were talking about the other Willie.

The way to meet me is to meet the other Willie Mays first, because that way you get to know who I'm not.

Late during the 1954 season, there was a story in a sports magazine, and the title of it was, *Is There A Willie Mays?* Along about that time, I was asking myself the same thing.

I finally decided there must be two of us.

First, shake hands with the other Willie Mays. He's Captain Video or somebody. Boy, what he can do! He socks home runs in his sleep and he can hit for seven sewers in stickball. If a fly ball is 40 feet over his head, then that's okay. Don't you worry about it, because "The Amazing Mays" is going to climb up the wall perpendicular and make the catch. And throw? Man, when he was 2 years old he could throw a baseball a quarter mile on the fly.

This other Willie Mays, he sleeps with a box of baseballs for a pillow and picks his teeth with a bat. He's either the greatest or the most.

And, brother, nobody ever had to teach him a thing.

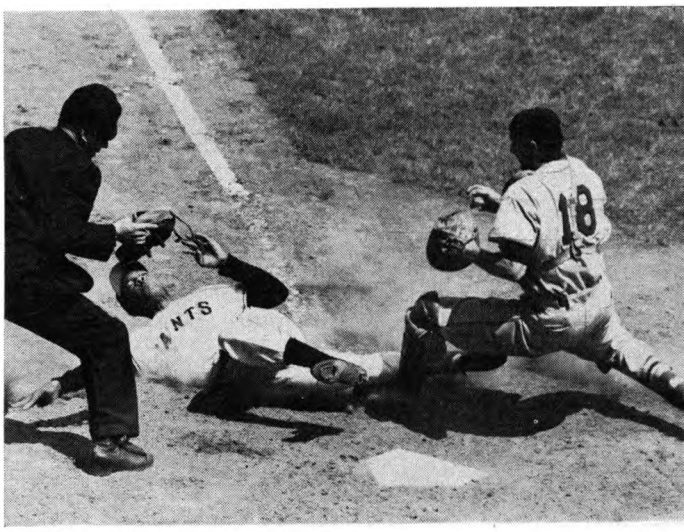
I want to tell you one thing—this guy who's got the same name as mine is all right.

You got to admire him.

I only wish it was me.

Me? It's not hard to get to know me. I mean me myself, not the other Willie. Like I say, it's not hard. I can remember what it was like just trying to get dressed for a ball game during the '54 season. Seemed like every day there'd be somebody waiting for me in front of my locker with a notebook and a pencil in his hand. He'd get up to shake hands and he'd say, "Willie, my name is Mumble from the Daily Jumble."

I'd open my mouth to say hello. He'd say, "Now, before we begin I want to tell you something. Act natural."



. . . unless it's beating the throw in to home."

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"Whenever I really take off, I always seem to lose my cap."

Well, I laugh easy, and things like that make me laugh.

"I'm serious," this Mr. Mumble would say. "I want to capture the true Willie Mays. The real you."

Well, you gotta laugh. You laugh, and Mr. Mumble from the Daily Jumble takes notes on the way you laugh. Then he says to you, "Don't get nervous. Pretend I'm not here."

I say, "It's hard to make out you're not here when you're sitting so I can't get to my locker to get dressed."

He takes more notes.

Right then and there, who comes over but Leo Durocher, the Skip. He's got a scowl on his face half a mile deep. He points a finger at me and says, "You!"

Boy, this guy Mumble from the Daily Jumble jumps like to die. This he's got to get. This is the inside stuff.

"You," Durocher says to me, talking like a district attorney or something. "I know where you were last night. What do you think of that?"

The truth is, I wasn't any place last night, but I'm not going to tell Leo that. So I say, "You don't know."

"Oh, yes I do," the Skip says.

"No, you don't," I say. "Isn't any way you could find out."

"I found out," Leo says in that big voice of his. "You know who told me?"

Henry Thompson, whose locker is alongside mine back in the corner of the clubhouse, looks up and says, "Who?"

"Roosevelt, that's who," Durocher says. Roosevelt is the name of a guy we know. He buddies around with us sometimes.

But Henry says, "Roosevelt? Never heard of him."

"You heard of him all right," the Skip says.

"Oh," Henry says, "you mean FDR."

That's the way it goes in the clubhouse with the New York Giants. But this fellow Mr. Mumble from the Daily Jumble, he doesn't know that. He's the most confused guy you ever saw. By the time he gets around to asking me some questions, he can't think of anything to ask except something like, "Tell me confidentially, Willie, who's the worst pitcher you got?"

Well, brother, that's the way it goes.

This is the Willie Mays you don't see, the one I'm talking about now. If you're looking for Captain Marvel or somebody, you're in the wrong ball park, brother. Let's face up to it.

The biggest kick I ever got from a home run came on a home run I didn't hit. Somebody else hit it.

The fielding play that brought me the biggest wallop was a routine fly ball that somebody else caught.

I'm supposed to be the life of the clubhouse, but when it came to celebrating those magic pennant victories in 1951 and 1954, I was the saddest sack you ever laid eyes on. They poured me a glass of champagne after that dramatic '51 clincher. I was just past 20 years old at the time—and I said to Henry Thompson, "What's this?"

"Champagne," Henry said.

"How do you drink it?" I said.

"Like an egg cream," Henry said, and grinned.

So I drank it down and passed out. Sicker than a dog.

Around rolled 1954, and I was grown up by now. Twenty-three years old. We clinched against the Dodgers in a night game, and there was the champagne, all ready and waiting, in the clubhouse.

Next day, Thompson said to me, "Congratulations."

"What for?" I said.

"Remember that last pennant?" he said. "You had a glass of champagne and you were on the floor."

"So what?" I said. "I was on the floor again last night, too."

"I know," Henry said, "but this time it took two glasses."

So believe me when I tell you there are two Willie Mays—the other guy you read about in the papers—and me.

Matter of fact, there used to be *another* Willie Mays, too. Back home in Fairfield, Alabama, a steel town 13 miles outside of Birmingham.

This Willie Mays had another name: Joe DiMaggio.

Joe D. was my idol in all of baseball. I had a buddy who lived down the street from me in Fairfield, a kid about my age, and a real good athlete. His name was Charles Willis. There was a neighborhood ball field, too—no Polo Grounds, but a level lot with a diamond marked out on it, one that was used so much by the neighborhood kids that it came to look like a real ball field because all the grass wore away at home plate and at the bases and in the middle of the diamond where the pitcher stood.

Afternoons after school, when we were kids, Charley Willis and I would be down at this field. I had a couple of gloves from my dad, who was an outfielder, too, and we'd throw the ball back and forth, and Charley might get up a fly ball that was over my shoulder, and I'd turn and take it going away, and he'd sing out, "Hey, DiMag!"

"That's me!" I'd yell back. "Catch 'em like that all the time!"

The summer I was 10 years old, DiMaggio hit in his record 56 straight games with the Yankees. With me it felt like every time he came up to bat, I'd be coming up to bat with him.

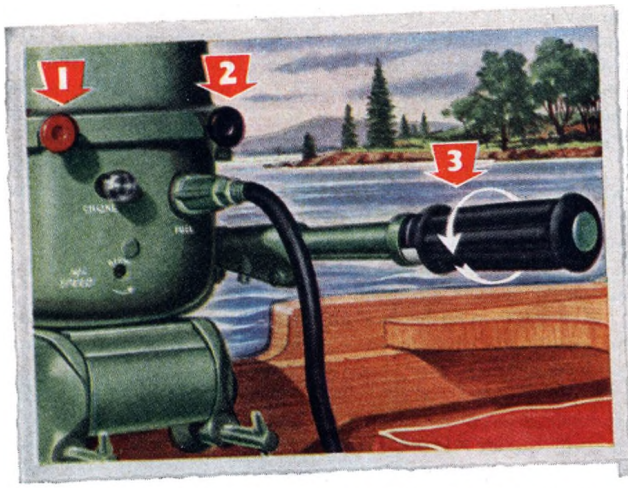
If it'd been another time when I was born and growing up, I probably would have had somebody else for an idol. But maybe I wouldn't have felt so close about it, because DiMaggio was a center fielder—the position I've always played—and he hit right-handed.

And the fact of it is, my batting stance, right down to today, is a copy of Joe DiMaggio's. I modeled my stance after his, up to a point—and then I had to get practical about it. One of the big things about your stance is the spread between your front and back foot. And your height and weight have an awful lot to do with that. DiMag was taller than I grew to be, and he weighed more, and so of course he could plant his feet farther apart.

I only saw DiMaggio play once. A number of stories about me have said that he was my idol, all right, but that I never saw him play. Don't worry, I saw him play. Played against him in the 1951 World Series (the last game of that series was Joe D.'s last game of baseball). He'd been playing ever since 1936, when I was just turned 5 years old. They said he wasn't the DiMag of old.

That didn't keep him from breaking open the World Series against us. We were leading 2 to 1 in games till he connected for a homer in the fourth game. We never led again after that.

☆



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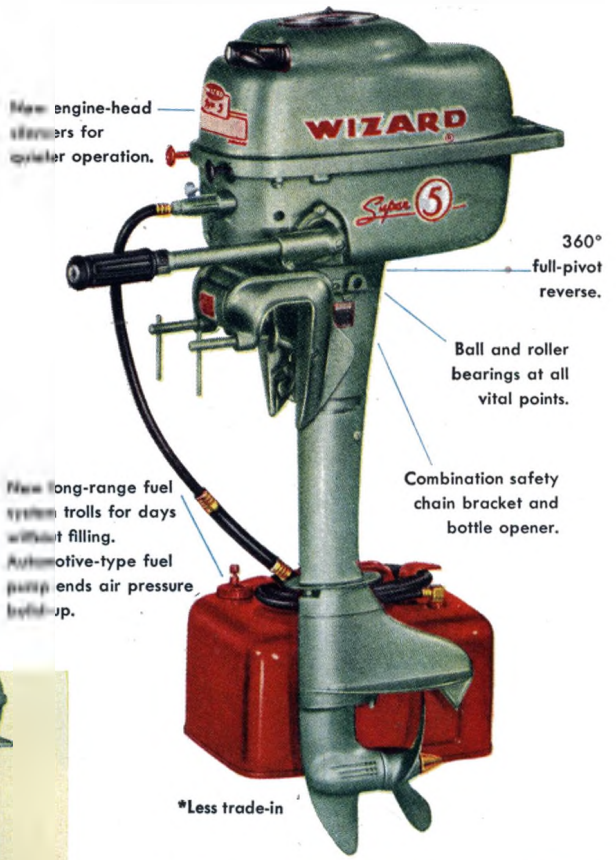

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STORES & ASSOCIATE STORES

The following winter, DiMaggio announced his retirement, and he said two things at that time, and I've always remembered what they were. One of them, I couldn't agree with less. The other, I couldn't agree with more.

DiMag said, for the first thing, that he had found the thing he disliked the most about baseball was night games. He said he'd found it took two or three years off of his career.

I've been asked my views on night baseball. Here they are—I like it best of all.

Of course, I can see where DiMaggio would take a different view. After all, he was completely used to day games before night ball became the big thing it is now. He was used to eating the same meals at the same time each day, and to not having to catch a train after a night game for a sleeper jump to another city where you'd be out playing a day game on the very next day.

So I can see where it would play hob with him, but it hasn't with me. I prefer night ball for one simple reason—you don't have to worry about the sun or the sky or the background.

Late in 1954, in a game against the Cincinnati Reds, I tied Mel Ott's former New York Giant record of 81 extra-base hits in one season. I hit a lazy fly ball straight at Gus Bell, who was playing center field for the Reds. Gus stood there waiting for it—and then just plain lost it against the daytime sky. It dropped right behind him and I was on second base with what had to be scored as a double.

That was one of the things DiMaggio talked about, the question of night baseball. The other was when somebody asked him, "Do you think a great outfielder is born with a certain instinct for baseball?" DiMaggio thought about that for a while. Then he said, "Yes, I do. I think there are some players who are born to play ball."

I think he's absolutely right. I think there's something to the idea of "a born athlete." What it is, I don't rightly know. Probably most people can *learn* to be good in most any sport. Very likely, they can *enjoy* a sport without being good at it—sure, they can, the way baseball fans do. But if you've got that instinct, you've got something nobody can ever take away from you. You're going to *be* there when that ball's hit, and there's nobody can ever teach you to do it quite that well.

Maybe I was born to play ball. Maybe I truly was. It's hard to say that without sounding like you're boasting, but it isn't a boast. I've got too much baseball yet to learn to sit back and say I'm it.

But, for one thing, sports ran in my family. My grandfather on my father's side, Walter Mays, was a pitcher back in Tuscaloosa, Alabama, along around the turn of the century. My dad loved baseball from the very start. His name was William Howard Mays (William Howard Taft was president when he was born). My name, though, is *not* William Howard Mays, Jr. I'm not a Junior. My name, my real name, is Willie.

Anyway, there's a story in our family that my grandfather wanted my dad to be a pitcher like him, only my dad said, "Uh-uh."

"Why not?" my grandfather asked him.

"I don't want 'em hitting any home runs off of me," Dad is supposed to have answered.

Dad went on to become an outfielder. And one time, when he caught me pitching in a pick-up game, he came over and said, "You know, pitchers don't get to play every day."

I did a little pitching till I was about 14 years old. That summer, I pitched a whole nine innings for a local team in a sandlot game and hit a home run to wind it up. Going across home plate, I felt my head start spinning. It had been a hot day. And I'd been playing harder than I knew.

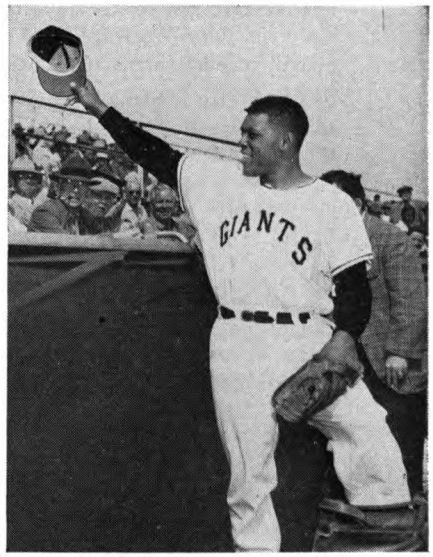
"Outfield for you," my dad said after that. And he meant it.

He himself played sandlot and semi-pro ball on a good number of teams. He could probably go out there and give it nine innings today, but he hung up his spikes shortly after I first got into the game for keeps. "One's enough in this family," he told me, laughing.

I was born on May 6, 1931. My dad was just about 18 at the time. A couple of years after that, he and my mother were divorced. My mother remarried, and I went to live with my Aunt Sarah—the wife of my father's brother—in a five-room frame house in Fairfield. I have ten half-brothers and -sisters, by my mother's second marriage, and even though we did not live together I always found myself "the big brother." It was a dark moment in our lives when my mother died from complications arising from the birth of her eleventh child in November of 1953.

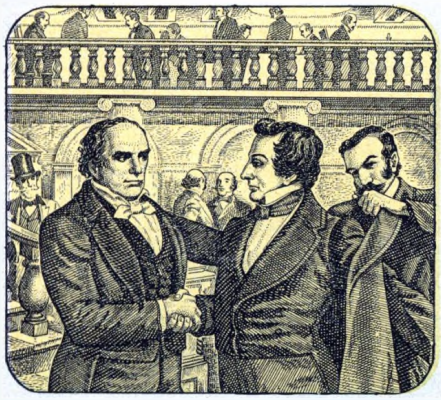
I like to think that my mother, whose name was Ann, played a part in my athletic heritage. She had been a wonderful track athlete as a young girl in school.

My Aunt Sarah is gone now too. She passed on in July of 1954. My childhood life in her house was fine and warm. It's been said of my boyhood that I had to go out and pick cotton, or work in the steel mills, or something like that to help keep everybody going. That's not the real story. I'm not old enough to remember the height of the depression. Far back as I can

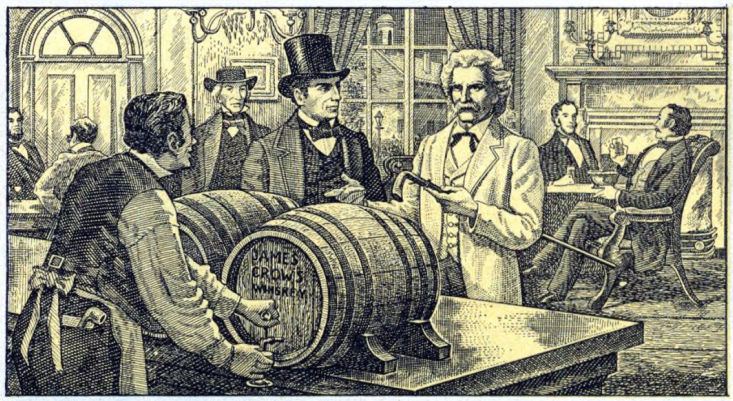


Left: "I'm playing with an Army team." *Right:* "The day I got back to the Giants. You know what I'm doing in the middle one."

A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF OLD CROW



Sen. Webster greets Washington Irving.
In such distinguished company the great American orator would often call for Old Crow.



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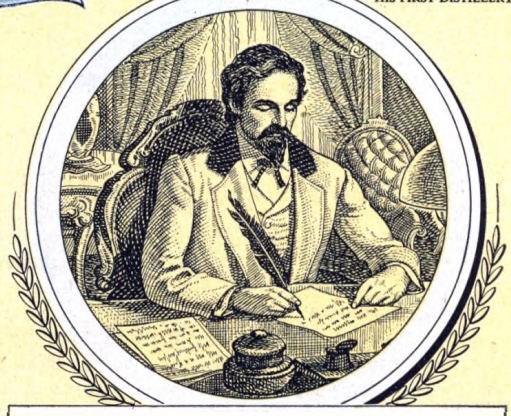
GEN. WINFIELD SCOTT AND HENRY CLAY ATTEND A DINNER.
When dining out, as he did with Gen. Scott, Sen. Clay took pleasure in introducing his guests to Old Crow.

JAMES CROW BUILDS HIS FIRST DISTILLERY



Gen. John Morgan writes of Old Crow.
The leader of Morgan's Confederate Raiders offers to send Old Crow to Dr. Henry Fox of Lex., Ky.

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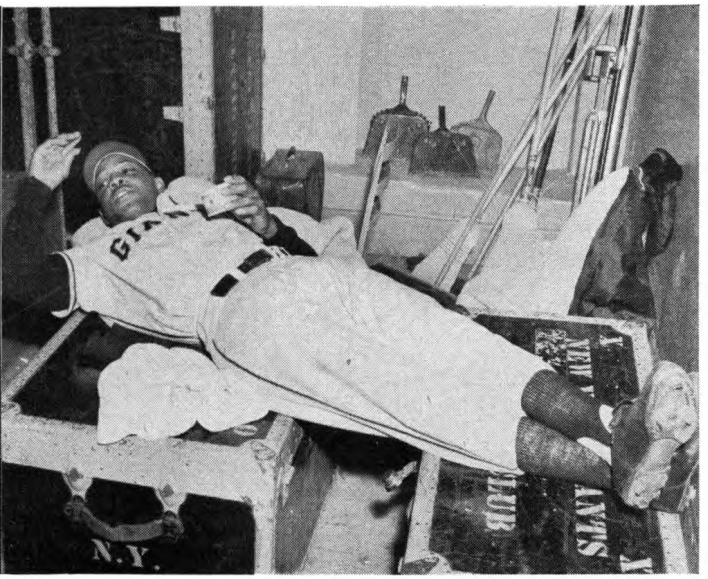

"It was raining outside. Why get excited?"

remember, Franklin D. Roosevelt was already in his second term as President. But I don't recall that we had any suffering. As far as I remember, my dad always had work in the steel mills at Fairfield. We didn't have a Cadillac, but neither did the people next door. And there was our own one-family house.

There is one big story about when I was just about a year old, and that is that my dad would come home from working at the mills and get out a rubber ball and roll it across the floor at me for hours on end. The way the story goes, I'd sit there and roll it right back at him. See? A year old and I was already playing catch! Don't ask me if it really happened that way or not.

There was one time, though, when my dad passed by the ball field in the neighborhood, and there I was, running the bases like crazy, all by myself.

"Who's that?" my dad asked me.

"DiMaggio," I said.

"Okay, DiMaggio," he said. "Let's get the bat and glove. Kitty Kat's going to show you pepper."

That was my dad's baseball nickname—Kitty Kat.

About the pepper, I didn't know what he meant.

But he showed me. I guess I was about 10 at the time. I'd throw the ball at him, standing there with a bat about fifteen feet away, and he'd tap it back at me.

"Pick it up!" he'd yell. "Pick it up!"

Or he'd say, "You're dug in like a potato plant! How can you go to the side? Bend those knees!"

Of all the training I have received in baseball, none was more valuable than this. To this day, I'll play pepper by the hour. I'll go out to shortstop between turns in the batting cage before the game, too, to field hot ground balls. Not many outfielders do this. They ought to. In a free-hitting game, you'll get as many balls on the ground as in the air out there in the outfield—maybe more. There'll be all kinds of them—balls on the roll at all kinds of angles after being hit out there on a line, ground hits through the middle, caroms off the walls.

And the purpose of that before-game fielding work isn't just to make you a better fielder, though through the years it'll do that too. The bigger purpose is to get you accustomed to all kinds of hits, so the first few shots that are hit your way in the actual game don't find you unprepared—they're really nothing more or less than what you were handling just before the game began.

Growing up around my dad, I got to meet a lot of ball players. It was a good home life. Aunt Sarah was there to see that I ate right and behaved myself and went to Sunday School regularly, and there was always baseball. It's a funny thing. In this great big wonderful country of ours, I'd be willing to bet that there's not a single young baseball player anywhere who can't make it into professional ball if he's got the stuff. Don't worry about being overlooked. If you've got the stuff, they'll find you.

Of course, that's even more so of colored baseball, which into my teens was a sort of sport in itself, where everybody either knew or had heard of everybody else. That's still true today, although Negro athletes now play in organized ball, too. And this is a good place for me to point out in passing that by the time I made it into organized ball, the color question was not a personal problem for me. Jackie Robinson had been with Montreal in 1946 and was in the big league with Brooklyn in '47. About the only thing it meant in my case was that I had several ready-made friends, like Monte Irvin on the Giants, whom I'd known already, when I finally came up to the big league.

I was a big kid, once I filled out, along about when I got to be 16. I'd never had any major illnesses as a kid—nothing more than all kids get, like colds and chicken pox and measles. But by the time I got to Fairfield Industrial High School, I was a good size. And sports—all sports—were my meat.

I couldn't promise you that baseball was my number one favorite. Our coach at Fairfield, Jim McWilliams, always claimed that football must be the biggest thing with me, because one time when I was 13, and still in grade school, I shinnied up a tree to watch Fairfield play West View in football and got so excited I fell out and broke my leg.

McWilliams used me in the backfield in football almost from the start once I got to Fairfield. My arm was a strong one, and I could pass a football for good yardage. But even if I was big for my age, some of those all-senior teams we played were a lot bigger. I got racked up pretty good from time to time. And my boyhood friend, Charles Willis, played football on the same team with me and in one game got hurt so he couldn't play the rest of the season.

If you asked me today whether I like baseball better than football, I'd say baseball—and I think what happened to Charley Willis would be one of the reasons.

I played basketball too, and I was high scorer in our county the winter I was 16.

That was my big year—the winter I was 16 and when I turned 17 the following spring. That spring, my dad got ahold of

"The fans really gave me a day last August."

☆

Announcing THE MODEL 77

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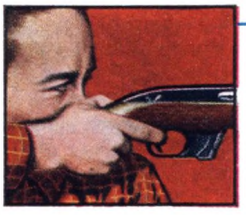

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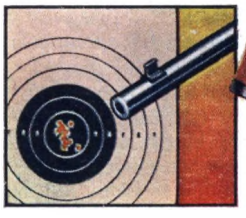

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Piper Davis, manager of the Birmingham Barons in the Negro National League.

"He knows about you," my dad said to me. "He'll give you a tryout."

There was a discussion about it. Some of the teachers at school wanted me to plan ahead for college. I'd been taking a special course in cleaning and pressing at school and there was the question of having a trade.

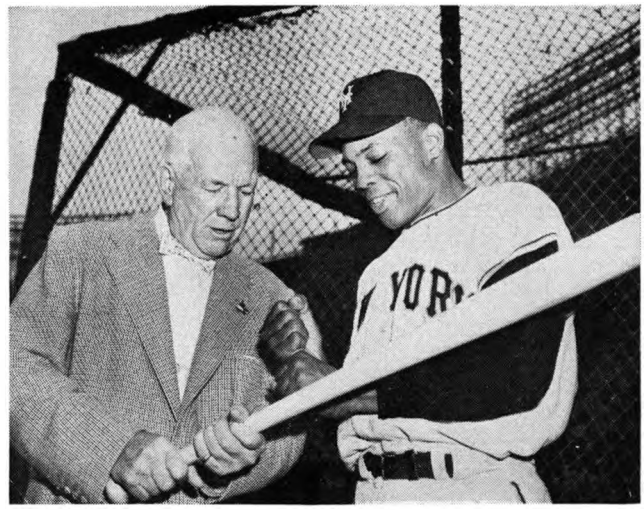
My dad said he'd leave it up to me. "Just one thing," he said. "Whatever you do, don't go down to the steel mills to work."

"It's not such bad work," I said.

"No," he said. "But once you're in it, you never get out."

We decided finally to go along with the tryout with the Barons. By the way, I got no money till I'd proved myself. Even so, I knew my high school athletic elgibility would be over, although I kept up with school through graduation.

I caught on with the Barons even though manager Davis had to teach me not to overcrowd the plate. "Aim on that pitcher!" Piper would yell. "Don't peek at him!" My first contract in baseball called for very little money, and Piper said, "I'll up it five bucks a month for every month you're over .300." I never did collect.



"There has been a lot of talk about Tris Speaker helping me, but we never met before the third game of the '54 World Series."

Piper tells the story of how I missed the bus one time when we were headed for St. Louis, because I'd got caught up in a game of pool. He's got the story right. I've always enjoyed playing pool, and this one night I got so interested I clean missed the bus and had to grab a cab to catch it on its way out of town.

I remember that trip to St. Louis for another reason. We had the Sunday off, and I went out to the ball park there to watch the Browns play the Red Sox. Don't think *that* wasn't a thrill. Not only my first major league ball game, but there was a guy named Ted Williams playing that day. I just sat with my mouth open, watching the way he cut at the ball.

I got to see a good number of big league parks, traveling with the Barons—including the Polo Grounds in New York. I got to play against and with some pretty fair ballplayers, not only while I was with the Barons, but a year or so later on, when Roy Campanella took me on for his barnstorming team during the winter months. I met Monte Irvin that way, and Henry Thompson, Curt Roberts, and—sure enough—Satchel Paige. I was 17 the first and only time I came up to hit against the great man. I got one for two off of him.

My days in the Negro National League, and with the barn stormers, led to a couple of funny happenings. One was that we played in Cleveland in the old park the Indians used to use there, League Park—a real bandbox of a place. Next time I played baseball in Cleveland was with the 1954 National League All-Star team—at giant Municipal Stadium, of course. First thing I thought of when I came up the dugout steps was, "Boy, has this place got bigger!"

Another time, when I was playing for Campanella, we were scheduled for a game in New Orleans, and I went up to Campy and said, "There's something I never told you before."

"What's that?" he said.

"I'm not an outfielder," I said, dead pan.

"I'm really a shortstop."

"Yeah?" he said.

"Sure," I said. "Start me at short today and see for yourself."

So Campy started me at shortstop. I butchered the first ball that came my way. The second ball that came my way nearly butchered me.

From back of the plate, Campanella threw off his mask and hollered for time. "Change in lineup," he said to the umpire. "The shortstop will now play center field."

Later on, Campy said to me, "You get the chair for murder in this state. That's why I got you off of shortstop."

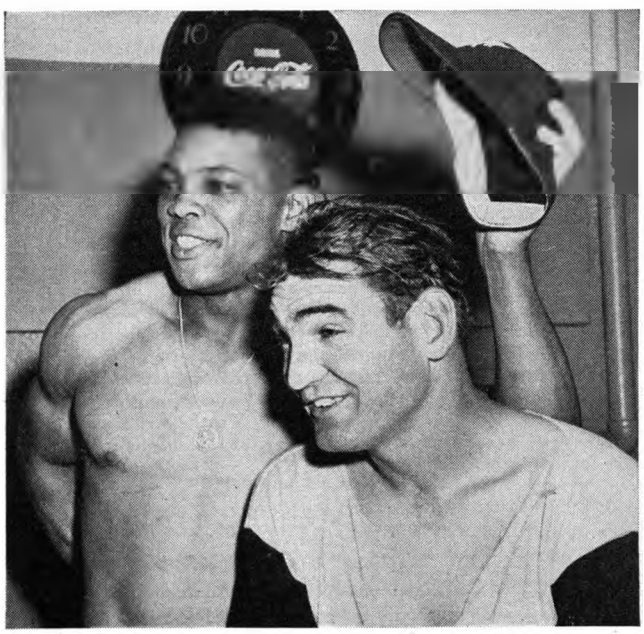
The story of how the Giants scouted me and finally signed me is better left to the people who did it. To this day, I don't know all the details. I do know that it was in 1950, and two Giant scouts, Ed Montague and Bill Harris, came down to Birmingham to take a look at Lou Perry, who was playing first base for the Barons. The Giants wanted a man, I'm told, for delivery to their Class A farm team in Sioux City, Iowa.

Anyway, Montague and Harris came and decided the guy they wanted was me. I found out later the Boston (later Milwaukee) Braves had already made the Barons an offer for my contract, but the Giant offer was better—a flat $10,000, I think it was—and besides, nobody could do anything, under baseball law, until my high school class graduated anyway.

Graduation came, and I was Giant property. I never did get to Sioux City, although one night, which I'll tell about in just a little while, I came close.

They started me out in 1950 with Trenton, New Jersey, in the Interstate League. The manager there was Bill McKechnie, Jr., son of the well-known former big league manager. The first 22 times I got up for Trenton, I made out.

I went over to Bill McKechnie and I said to him, "Bill, how am I ever going to hit this pitching?" [*Continued on page* 106]



"Me and Dusty after he broke up the Series opener."

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Man To Man Answers

[*Continued from page* 16]

A: Scientists list 400 to 650 species and subspecies of this bird and all are found in the New World, mostly in Central and South America. The ruby-throated hummingbird is the only species found in the eastern United States but 20 other varieties live in the West. Cuba has the smallest hummingbird. The largest, in the Andes, is 8½ inches long.

Q: How close can a navigator at sea establish his position? ***Craig Hansen, Seattle, Wash.***

A: The U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey tells us that he can determine it within one minute of latitude and of longitude, which is one nautical mile.

Q: How deep are the foundations of the Empire State Building? ***Nat M. Kiefer, Lafayette, La.***

A: Although this building with its television tower is 1,472 feet tall, its foundations go down only 55 feet below street level, where they are fastened to the bedrock. Because Manhattan Island is practically one solid rock, the foundations of its skyscrapers are easily secured.

Q: Is there a fish with four eyes? ***Ellsworth Smith, St. Paul, Minn.***

A: The Anableps, a genus of tropical American saltwater and freshwater fish, seem to have four eyes, and there are really two pupils on each side. Their eyes are divided into an upper and lower division by the growth of two processes of the iris across the pupil and a band of conjunctiva across the cornea. This enables the fish to see both above and below the water, as it swims along the surface.

Q: What is the formula used to determine the safe number of people in an open boat? ***William P. Catlin II, Whitehouse Station, N. J.***

A: The formula, known as Stirling's Rule, is rather complicated but it boils down to establishing a load limit of 150 pounds for each 12 cubic feet of the interior volume of the craft.

Q: When were metal horseshoes first used? ***John L. Finnicum, Needles, Calif.***

A: Research has failed to produce a definite date but the modern shoe, nailed to the hoof, is believed to have been used in 320 B.C. Some authorities place it 300 years earlier. Much later, however, the Romans used a leather boot with a metal plate on the bottom. Nero is said to have shod his thousands of mules with silver while his wife had her horses shod with gold shoes. Use of leather horseshoes was common in central Asia in ancient times and the Apaches of the Southwest placed rawhide shoes on their horses. Iron shoes were not commonly used in Europe until 1,000 years ago, though the Romans are

believed to have taken them to England about 50 B.C.

Q: What do mosquitoes feed on when humans are not around? *R. C. Evans, Maplewood, Mo.*

A: During the adult stage they feed chiefly on sap plants—they perforate the stem and extract the sap. When humans are absent the blood of any animal will suffice. One scientist has estimated that, to strengthen the family, it is necessary for one out of twenty-five generations of mosquitoes to obtain mammal blood.

Q: How did Peter Stuyvesant lose his leg? *Alan N. Airey, New York, N. Y.*

A: Before Peter Stuyvesant came to New Amsterdam, as New York was known when held by the Dutch, he was governor of Curacao, a Dutch colony off the north coast of South America. The islands had been under control of the Spaniards until 1634 and Stuyvesant lost a leg in the fighting which ensued when the Dutch took possession.

Q: What is the date of the birth of Jesus Christ? *Mrs. Sylvia Sellman, Seattle, Wash.*

A: In the sixth century a monk, Dionysius Exiguus, made calculations which placed Christ's birth on December 25 in the year 753 of the Roman calendar. Modern Biblical scholars do not accept this date, and they place Christ's birth at 4 B.C. or earlier. They have been unable to determine the month or day.

Q: When were aluminum pots and pans first sold? *W. C. Trackler, St. Louis, Mo.*

A: Not until near the end of the last century. Before that the metal cost $17 per pound and was used mostly for jewelry. At an earlier date it cost more than gold. The present process of reducing the ore was discovered simultaneously in the United States and in France in 1886 and except for refinements and enlargements is basically the same as that used today.

Q: Is there a duck known as the "Registered English Caller?" *T. L. Fuqua, New Iberia, La.*

A: "Caller," or call bird, is a term used in England to designate a domesticated duck used as a decoy. One type is known as the Registered English Caller.

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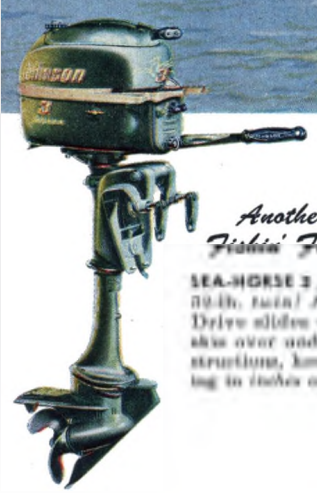

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SEA-HORSES

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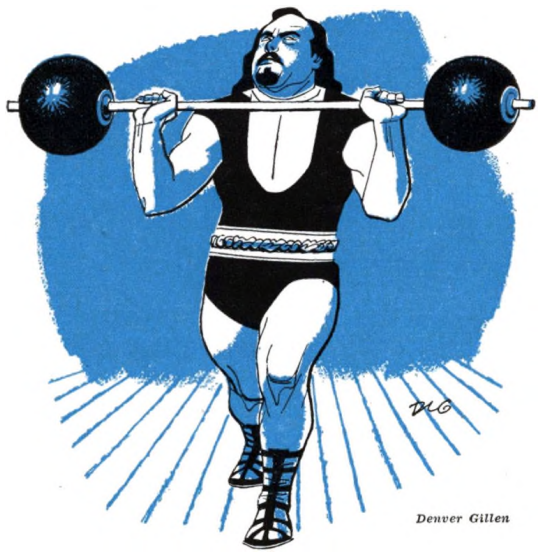


MIGHTY BUTTERBALL

Louis Cyr was the strongest man who ever lived. He could outpull four horses and lift over two tons, but he couldn't stop eating

BY HY STEIRMAN

Louis waited patiently for the waiter to bring him the eight roast-beef sandwiches he had ordered. He was hungry, all 315 pounds of him. Suddenly a commotion at the far end of the tavern caused him to forget his stomach. The beer drinkers were all gathering around a mustached giant, shaking his hand and slapping him on the tan, checkered jacket that fitted snugly across his well-muscled back.

"I can lick any man in the house," roared the Goliath. There was a nervous titter from everyone—everyone, that is, but Louis. He was just too hungry to laugh.

"The drinks are on John L. Sullivan, the greatest fighter in the world," boomed the Boston Strong Boy. Glass steins of foaming beer began to deck the oak bar. Soon everyone was drinking to the health of the great John L.—everyone, that is, but Louis. It was so obvious that the bar flies suddenly quieted down. How dare any man defy John L.? Soon they would see their hero swing into action.

John L. was not one to disappoint his drinking friends and admirers. Aware that the red-faced man with the double chin and the hair streaming to his shoulders had deliberately insulted him by refusing an invitation to drink, he bellowed, "Hey—fat man! When the great John L. drinks, everybody drinks."

"Merci, Monsieur John, but I'm afraid that I must decline the offer. You see, I'm hungry and I await my food."

Angrily, the great fighter strode up to Louis' table and ordered him to stand up. Good-natured Louis did so and extended a hand in friendship. Instead of clasping it, John L. shifted his left foot forward and brought up a clenched right fist that traveled less than 12 inches and exploded like a mule kick squarely in Louis' stomach.

Nothing happened!

The crowd and John L. gawked in amazement. Louis hadn't even blinked.

Pudgy as he was, Louis could move swiftly when the occasion demanded it. He reached out with two hands, picked up the open-mouthed heavyweight boxing champion of the world and flung him 20 feet across the room.

Sullivan gingerly picked himself up and walked back to Louis.

John L. said respectfully, "You're not a fighter, are you?"

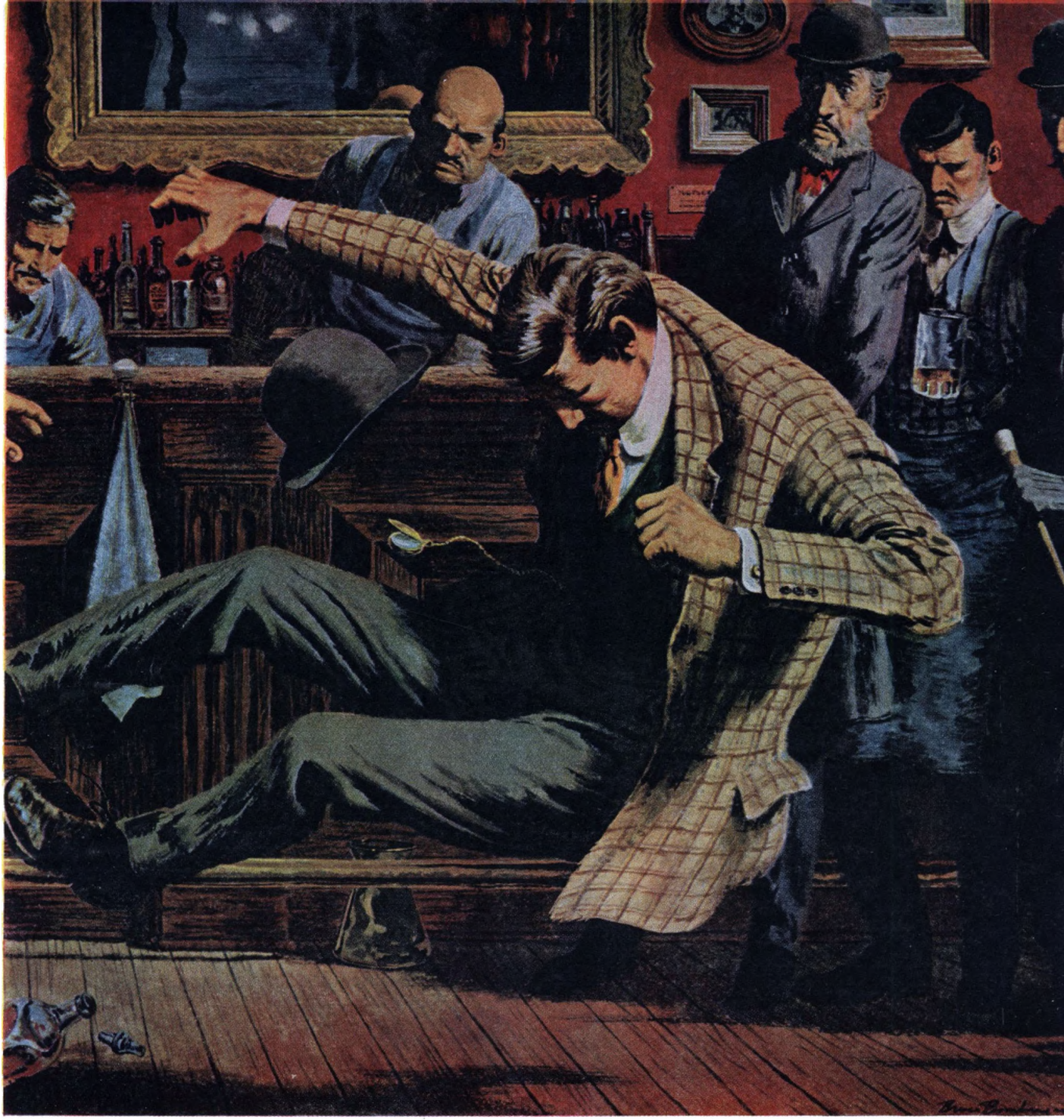
"No! I do not fight. I am Louis Cyr, the strongest man in the world." With typical Cyr gentility, he extended his right hand. "And I am happy to meet the greatest fighter in all the world." The handclasp cemented one of the strangest friendships of all time. Great sportsman that he was, John L. proclaimed before one and all that afternoon that the only man who did not have to drink with him was Louis Cyr. The only other man in history ever accorded that dubious honor was a fighting dandy, James J. Corbett.

Louis picked up John L. Sullivan, heavyweight boxing champion of the world, and threw him 20 feet across the room.

Louis Cyr was without question the strongest man in history. Who else could lift eighteen men on a platform—an official total of 4,300 pounds? Who else ever lifted with one finger a weight of 545 pounds? Or who would even have the courage to try to lift a 314-pound barrel of cement to his shoulder with one arm? Louis accomplished these trifling feats, among many others, during his colorful days as a professional strong man. He met and successfully demolished on wagers every strong man of his day. Many of his brute-strength records still stand. Because he lived in the day before weight-lifting was a science, he has today been surpassed by many in scientific lifts like the clean-and-jerk and military presses—but when it came to out-and-out, rough-and-ready lifts calling for sheer muscle, strain and stamina, Louis was the greatest.

"It's unfortunate," says Siegmung Klein, one of the greatest strong men of all time, "that Louis was never pushed. He only exerted himself just enough to beat the other fellow."

Cyr was ordinarily a gentle and soft-spoken man. Years after his famous run-in with Sullivan, a newspaperman friend got Louis to admit that a simple thing like a poke in the tummy would not have been enough to incite him to hurt Sullivan. John, it seems, had also called him an s.o.b. and Louis resented such a slur, hence the fracas. Had Cyr's mother been present, however, she could probably have



Illustrated by Bruce Bomberger

handled Sullivan herself. This French-Canadian woman weighed 267 pounds and stood over 6 feet tall.

Louis Cyr was born in the tiny French-Canadian village of St. Cyprien, Quebec, near Montreal, on October 11, 1863. In this farm community, Louis could do a man's work by the time he reached the age of 13. His father was not exceptionally strong, so it was fortunate that Louis inherited the courage, fierce pride and stamina of his Amazonian mother.

In his early teens, the fact that he could outwrestle and outlift the other young swains of St. Cyprien created little attention. He was just known as the local strong boy. His first test came when he was about 16. While walking home from a nearby town one winter's afternoon, he came upon a neighbor who was coaxing his two draft horses to pull a sled of logs out of a ditch.

"Can I help?" asked the good-natured Louis.

"No—I need either two more horses or a half a dozen strong men to get me out of here. Run and get your father."

"*Mais non, mon ami*—I, Louis Cyr, am one strong fellow. I will help you." He jumped into the gulley and began to brace himself under the wagon.

"Louis," shouted the farmer, "get out of there—you will get a rupture."

The youngster laughed and braced himself for the lift. Straining his muscles, he eased the great load of logs until the sled runners were close to the [*Continued on page* 77]

Canical whaling station at Madeira's eastern tip.

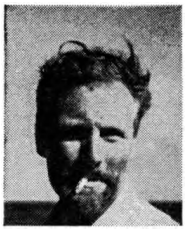
A launch tows the boats to the whaling grounds.

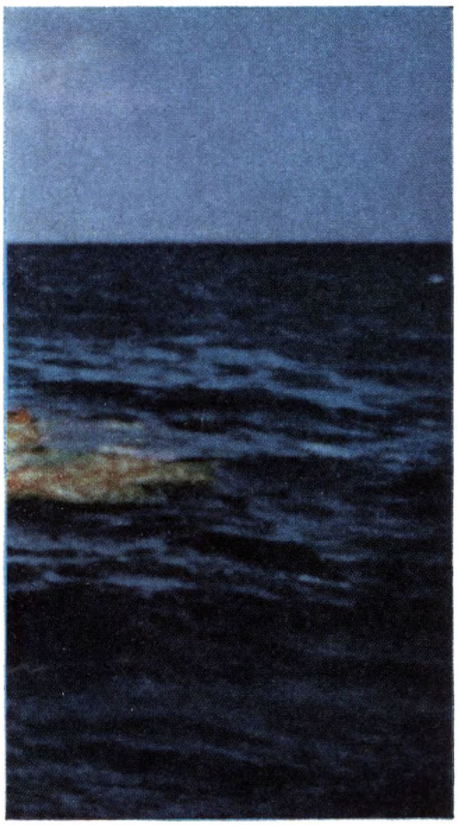
The open whaleboat, harpooner poised, moves closer to the gray monster until it almost breaches on his humped back.

Not since the days of Moby Dick a century ago have iron men chased whales in flimsy wooden ships. But just recently, near the South Atlantic island of Madeira, the author-photographer recaptured this rugged era when he found himself . . .

WHALING THE HARD WAY

By John Kruse





When movie director John Huston announced that he wanted actual men spearing actual whales from open whaleboats for the old-time whaling sequences of his new Warner Brothers' film *Moby Dick*, his friends accused him of ridiculous pipe-dreaming.

Whaling companies used factory ships now, he was told, which fired 200-pound grenade-headed harpoons at ranges of not less than fifty feet. Even the Canadian Eskimos had taken to swivel-guns and bomb-lances in recent years.

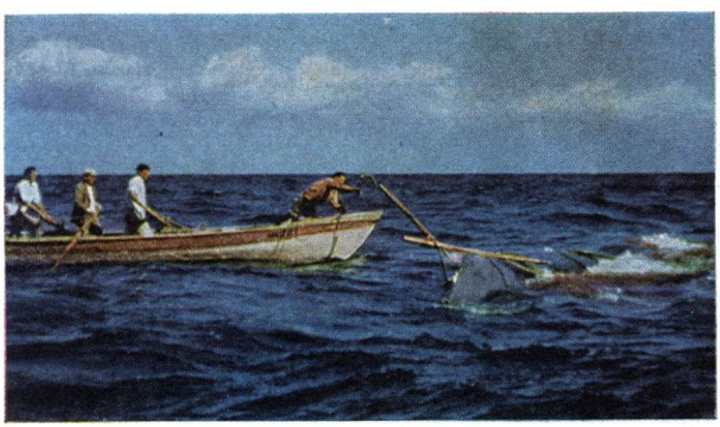
Huston was told he could have all the actual men he wanted, but the whales would have to be rubber and the ocean no more than a studio tank.

But realist Huston couldn't give up easily. He bought an armful of books and set to work to find out if there was any place left in the world where men still harpooned whales by the old method. He found his answer in Volume XXVI of *Discovery Reports*, issued by the National Institute of Oceanography, which stated that sperm whaling in the old New England tradition was still done off Madeira and the Azores in the South Atlantic. The natives had learned it from the whalers themselves, who used to put in at the Azores every season to retucker and take on recruits. The Azorians operated from shore instead of from a mother ship, but otherwise they still clung faithfully to the American tradition which their forefathers had come by two centuries before.

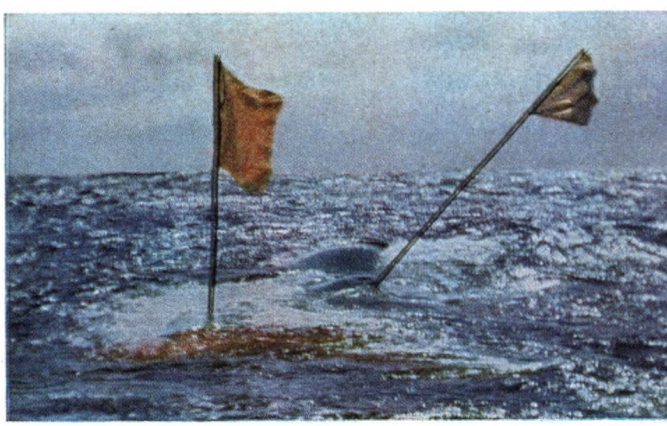
Even by Huston poker standards this was great luck.

So within three weeks we were in Funchal, Madeira—Huston, cameraman Freddie Francis, a camera crew of six which included myself, and a wardrobe man complete with three hampers of period costumes with which to outfit the unsuspecting Azorian whalers.

The port rescue launch, a 60-foot triple-diesel job, had been



The killing thrust is delivered from less than ten feet.



Waifing flags mark dead whale, waiting for towline.

The towline is attached to a gash cut in the whale's back. Next stop—the flensing station.

fitted out for us, and we went aboard to get the feel of her the first morning. We were joined by Senhor Passos Gouveia, a neat, middle-aged man with a sunburnt skin and straight-shooting eyes. He was the manager of the local whaling company, and therefore our key man.

He told us that our radio telephone was hooked up with the eight cliff lookout posts, or *vigias,* that were distributed around the island. These vigias reported over the air every half hour from 6:30 to 4 o'clock. The moment whales were sighted our crew would let us know. As a double-check there would also be a rocket fired from his headquarters boat in the harbor.

Huston questioned him about the company. It was a newish company, Gouveia said, begun in 1941. Whaling had not been attempted in Madeira before then. But it was an Azorian enterprise and it had carried on the Azorian tradition. Its owners had sent two prize crews from the Azores to Madeira to teach the local fishermen how to fish whales. The crews had coached them in every aspect of open-boat whaling till they were action-perfect, taught them how to "cut in" the whale, "try it out," and how to build the long clean-lined whaleboat that resembles no other rowboat in the world.

"You will see how well my men learned their lessons," Gouveia promised. "When we have whales you will see."

Huston rubbed his chin.

"When do you expect whales?" he asked.

"We always expect whales, Senhor Huston. But we are without them now for fifteen days. I think with the full moon perhaps. . ." That was two weeks away.

A week went by. Every morning we were up at dawn, on the boat by 6:30 to hear the first vigia report, our big Mitchell camera with its special seagoing platform mounted in the bows. There we stayed all day, moored alongside the quay with a crowd of idlers staring down at us. It grew hot. We lounged about and sweated.

Rockets would go off every so often. To begin with they made us jump; but we soon found out that letting off fireworks is the Madeiran's way of honoring his saints. On fiesta days it sounded like Omaha Beach on D-Day.

The days dragged by. On the eleventh morning we decided that if we didn't get the hell out of that harbor we would all go crazy, so we phoned Gouveia and suggested a run out to the whaling station for a look at the factory.

Inside half an hour we were at sea with Gouveia at the wheel, the big diesels piling up the water behind us. The volcanic coastline tilted in fantastic gables of basalt and ash, laced with terraces of vines and dotted with little white houses. The whaling station was at Caniçal on the extreme eastern tip of the island.

An hour's fast running brought us within sight of it—a cluster of buildings on a low bluff overlooking a deserted bay. We had almost reached the bay when a rocket fizzed up from the hill behind the station and burst above us. Gouveia stuck his head up out of the wheelhouse.

"*Baleia!*" he cried. "Whales!"

He had the radio loudspeaker in one hand and the mike in the other. We clustered round him as he fired questions at the vigias.

"There is one whale," he told us presently. "Beyond Camara de Lobos on the other side of Funchal. We must go back."

"Let's go," Huston said.

"No, Senhor," Gouveia replied. "We must wait for the whaleboats. The towing launches are away on a job. We must tow the boats ourselves."

Well, he was the skipper. We grumbled impatiently while the crew dropped anchor.

Watching the station through binoculars we saw men collecting about the jibs that overhung the bluff. Presently a long, shallow rowboat appeared above the parapet. It was lowered into the water. Seven men piled down the steps into it and rowed clear just as the second boat was swung out.

There were four whaleboats and they came over the sea toward us at amazing speed, the men hauling snap-time on 16 to 18 foot oars. As they came alongside the men stood up and doffed their caps.

They were as rugged a bunch of seamen as ever put out from New Bedford to hunt the sperm. Their feet were bare and flat, many of them bearing the scars of the flensing spade. Their clothes were practically all patches, striped pillow ticking being very popular. Their short lean jaws were unshaven and their teeth were gray and eroded.

The leading pair of boats slung towing-warps aboard us. The second pair hitched onto the first, and in a matter of minutes we were speeding southwestward, the boats skipping like surf boards in our wake.

We rounded Camara de Lobos in about two hours, marvel just the great Girau cliff, the second highest sea-cliff in the world and then hard out to sea for an hour.

Gouveia was in the wheelhouse, his ear pushed up against the radio amplifier and his eyes on the compass. With Madeira now hip-high in the sea astern of us, I couldn't believe he was still getting directions from the vigias, but this proved to be the case. Steadily, from fifteen miles away, the lookouts were talking us onto the whale.

We had our own glasses out by now, scanning the sea. Suddenly a mile to starboard a long black shape broke surface and spouted. The sudden whiteness of the exhalation, like a shell-burst, brought a cry of "Baleia" from the crew.

The launch cut round in a short arc and raced off—not at the whale but on a course parallel to it. We gained on it fast. It was a big bull sperm, ploughing through the sea with a peculiar rocking motion, now on the surface, now just beneath, blowing rhythmically each time it surfaced. The whale, in the vernacular, is "having its spoutings out"—a process lasting approximately five minutes. When its blood has been charged with sufficient oxygen it will sound, staying under for anything from ten minutes to an hour and a quarter. [*Continued on page 85*]

Workmen at factory remove blinding white spermaceti from the whale's head. Beneath it is found the purest oil in his body.

The chopped-up blubber is dragged off to have the oil extracted. The tooth-shaped object at left is whale's jawbone.


MARIO
COOPER

THE CASE OF THE
FRUSTRATED KILLER

Six times the lawyer tried to kill his wife, and six times he failed. It finally took dynamite to blow her to smithereens —and it took just three words to do the same for his alibi

BY ALAN HYND

Illustrated by Maria Cooper

As Mr. A. D. Payne sat in his little law office in Amarillo, Texas, that fine spring day in 1928, dictating to his new stenographer, his mind was not on his work. He was comparing the girl, Olive Taylor, with his wife of fifteen years. Olive was just 21 and had a yummy face and a figure that made strong men weak. His wife Eva, whom Payne had met while both were students at West Texas State Teachers College, had turned into a blowsy housewife with runs in her stockings and a preoccupation with their three children.

Payne sneaked a look at the girl's legs, cleared his throat and ventured to ask, "Do you go out with men?"

She looked up at her boss in surprise. "Once in awhile, Mr. Payne. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, nothing," replied Payne. "I was just wondering."

That night, at dinner, Payne sat looking at his wife, who gave off an odor of frying-pan grease. "What are you staring at, honey?" she asked. She always called him honey. Up until tonight, he had never minded the word; now it grated on him. "I was looking at those curlers in your hair," he said. "They're not very becoming."

"Oh, I'm sorry, honey. I've been so busy with one thing and another. Now you go ahead and eat up your stew."

"I'm not hungry," said Payne, rising from the table.

"Something wrong at the office, honey?"

Payne didn't answer.

Next morning Payne was dictating a business letter when, right in the middle of a highly commercial sentence, he found three little words slipping out of his mouth—"I love you." He could hardly believe he had spoken the words. In all his married life Payne, who came from a very strait-laced family, had never seriously thought of a woman other than his wife.

The girl, who had been jotting down what Payne said as fast as he said it, wrote down the three little words, frowned, bit her lip and looked up at her boss. He was sitting there, blushing.

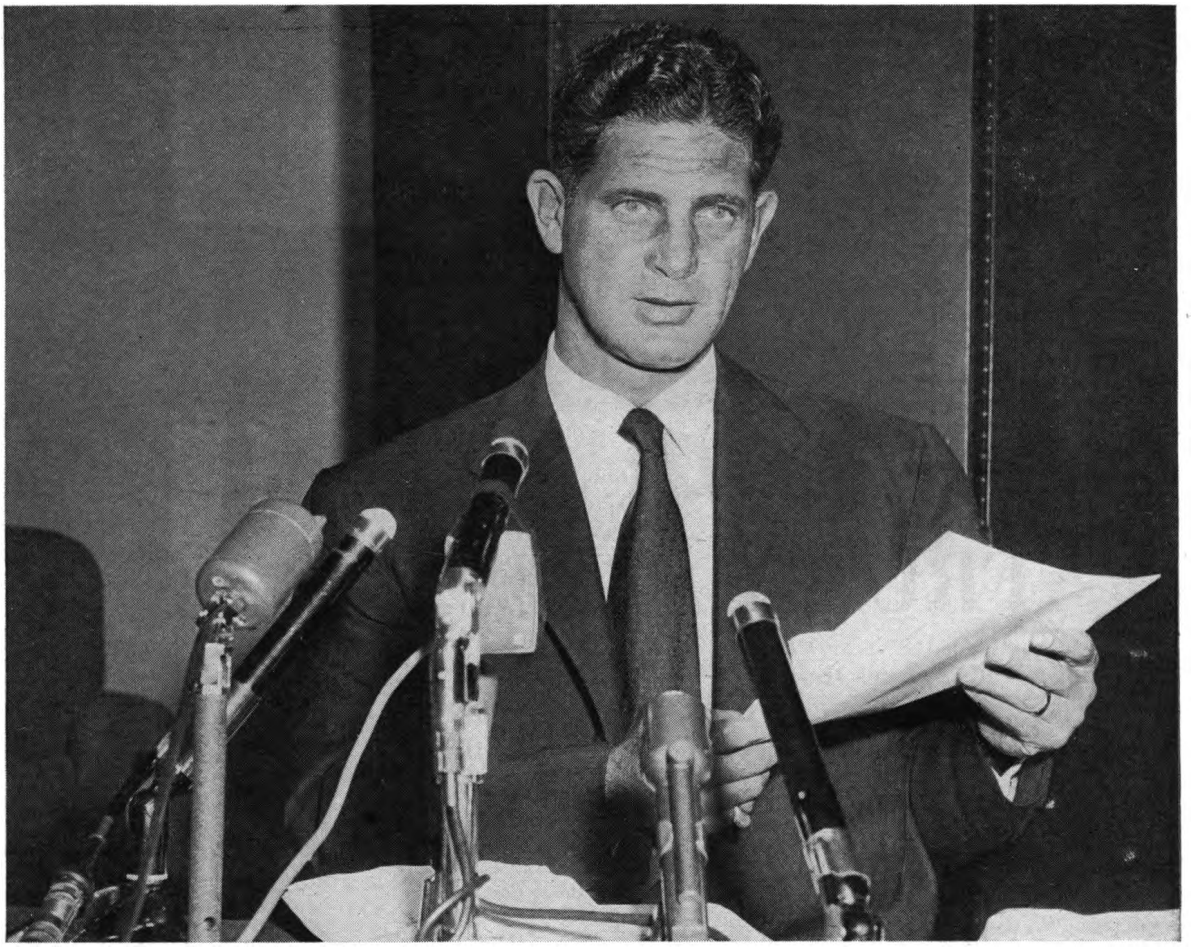
"Why, Mr. Payne," she said. "Just what does this mean?"

"It means I'm in love with you," answered Payne. "I've been in love with you since right after you came to work for me."

"But Mr. Payne, you're married. You're married and have three kids."

Payne looked off into space. "I know. But there's nothing I can do about the way I feel [*Continued on page* 98]

As he crept inside his wife's bedroom, his mind was on the other woman. Then he kneeled down and turned on the gas.



Wolfson, 43, is determined to grab control of one of the country's largest mail order houses in showdown this month.

THE MAN WHO WANTS MONKEY

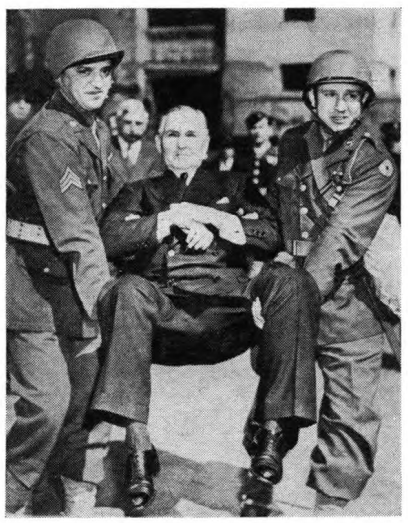
Louis Wolfson parlayed an old junkyard into a whopping fortune. Now with few financial worlds left to conquer, he is gunning for one of the biggest—Montgomery Ward

BY MAXWELL HAMILTON

Some months after he had gained control of Washington's Capital Transit Company, the public transportation system serving the nation's capital, Louis Elwood Wolfson, the former Florida junkman who hopes this month to add the billion-dollar Montgomery Ward mail-order empire to his many other holdings, had an experience which conceivably could have a bearing on the entire financial future of America, if not the rest of the world.

Wolfson, who at 43 is easily the most talked about fiscal fireball to come over the horizon since Floyd Odlum, had moved in on Capital Transit with one avowed purpose in mind—"to get everything out of it there was in it for me, Lou Wolfson." What was in it was some $5 million in cash reserves which were just lying there waiting for some bright young genius like Wolfson to come and get them. Lou and his financial associates came and got them.

In the process, Wolfson succeeded in hearing himself described in some of the most picturesque language ever employed outside a stokehole, as the irate Washingtonians seethed in a body over what seemed to them to be the biggest holdup since Jesse James raided the bank at Northfield; and these same Washingtonians now are insisting that Wolfson has the identical aim in mind for Monkey Ward, where the cash reserve totals $286 million.



Avery, now 81, was thrown out of Monkey in 1944 by the government. Wolfson will try the same thing with votes, not troops.

What the citizens of Washington may not know, however, is that, in the course of making them his enemies for life, Lou Wolfson also acquired in Washington the smoldering philosophy which today makes him want Monkey more than anything he's ever wanted in his entire career. And it has nothing to do with a desire for personal gain.

It came about during a directors' meeting at Capital. Wolfson, who'd started his fabulous financial maneuvering fifteen years earlier, in a not-altogether-shameful desire to get rich, remarked to a director of the transit system that he felt they should raise the dividends paid to the company's stockholders. The director, a nonstockholder himself, looked at Wolfson as if the latter had suggested they both run away together and join the circus.

"Why, for Pete's sake?" the director rasped, brandishing a dollar cigar. "Me, I say the hell with the stockholders."

Wolfson nodded. It hadn't been too long since he had felt pretty much the same way himself. However, he suddenly thought out loud, if the directors of every American company felt that way, wasn't it possible that eventually the stockholders would get wind of it, sell their holdings, and maybe go bury their savings in the cellar?

The other man scoffed. "There'll always be stockholders," he growled, and went back to pondering less puerile suggestions, such as raising bus fares or cutting service on some of the company's suburban lines.

But Wolfson couldn't rid himself of the idea, which soon loomed before him with crystal clarity: If the directors of too many American companies began to think as this particular Washington financier did, and began playing the country's 6.5 million stockholders for the suckers this man obviously believed they were, there *could* come a day when there'd be no stockholders at all, in *any* company, and there'd be sheer hell to pay. When that day came, Wolfson suddenly knew, investment capital would dry up, the nation's economy would collapse, and we'd all be back to trading in beads and wampum, if indeed we were trading in anything at all.

It worried Wolfson to distraction. Labor had its champions, he knew, and management had its intrenched position to buttress its stand. But the stockholders—of whom a third in the country today, incidentally, earn less than $5,000 a year in salaries—had nobody at all to carry the ball for them.

It set Wolfson to thinking—why shouldn't *he* be the stockholders' white knight?

Almost overnight, the young man readjusted his sights toward that very goal. His first move would have to be that of obtaining new stockholders: 6.5 million investors, he suddenly knew, were too damn few considering the money lying around loose in this country. If the figure could be raised, say, to three times that number, there'd be that much more money in circulation, we'd enter a period of prosperity the like of which no one ever had known before, and every company doing corporate business in the United States would find itself reaping untold profits.

It was a turning point for Lou Wolfson. Almost at once he abandoned the Floyd Odlum blueprint of getting control of a sick company, bucking it up, and then selling at a fat profit, and revised it to suit his own theory of buying the sick company, bucking it up, and then holding onto it to make even greater profits he knew to exist in a long-range pull.

That it was a sound approach became apparent in less than two years. By that time, each of the companies Wolfson had acquired had begun to show amazing profit returns. What's more, just as he'd figured, each company had more stockholders, more individual investors, than it ever had had before, and the signs were everywhere that, if people owning investment capital could be shown how to make a profit on their savings, they'd soon begin to dig it out and invest it.

There was just one drawback—a campaign such as the one Wolfson envisioned took time. It was all right for him to tell himself, as he did, that "it may take years, but maybe some day people will say that Wolfson did more than any other man to breed 20 million stockholders." What Wolfson wanted was a big showcase that would enable him to get the job done quicker.

It was then he discovered Montgomery Ward.

"Montgomery Ward can save me eight to ten years in this campaign," he said. "I could do it at Merritt-Chapman or New York Ship (two other big concerns he controls), but as Ward I can do it better [*Continued on page* 91]

The pilot went into a maneuver to come up to the raft. I thought, "Dear God, help him through these waves."

FORMOSA ESCAPE

For Charlie-Easy Seven it was to be just a simple look-see at a Red tanker. Nobody called it war, but when the guns went off everyone learned the hard way how heroes are made

BY LT. JOHN S. CARLTON, USN

as told to LT. BROOKS HONEYCUTT, USNR

Illustrated by Dewitt Whistler Jayne

The flight schedule in the ready room read: "Crew Six. Lavender Track. Full Ammo. 2,000 gallons fuel. Rations for 26. Takeoff 0830."

I sipped at a mug of coffee and thought to myself:

"Lavender Track. Down the China Coast. Down the Red China Coast."

It was not yet 0700—7 a.m.—this cold, mid-January morning on the island of Okinawa, and the wind was whipping across the airstrip as I walked outside where the duty crew was fueling my plane, Charlie-Easy Seven.

Pulling my flight-jacket collar around my neck, I waved to Lieutenant Verl Varney, my co-pilot who was waiting at the Intelligence Shack for me.

"I sure don't know when the Navy decided to nickname buildings 'shacks' but they sure must have had this fugitive from an outhouse in mind," Verl quipped.

In the Quonset hut we walked down a narrow corridor through Crew Six and took seats up forward. Then we hauled out maps of the Formosa Strait area.

"You've flown this track several times before," Lieutenant Hansen, the briefing officer, began. "So it's nothing new to you. Yellow Flight last night spotted three ships here"—he pinpointed an area on a large map on the wall showing Red China's coast and the Nationalist island of Formosa only 90 miles away. The water separating the two was Formosa Strait.

"This morning at 0630," Hansen continued, "Charlie-Easy Three reported he identified two of the three as a Panamanian. The third one could have been a British tanker, probably going into Swatow, so keep an extra eye for her. If you spot her, give us an inflight message, priority emergency."

The crew left the room briskly and Verl, myself, and the navigator followed to the plane.

"Say, Mr. Carlton," my aviation mechanic said. "We'll be back by 1630, won't we? We got a ball game late this afternoon with the Air Force."

"Sure, Smitty," I answered. "We should be touching down by 1600. You'll make the game in time."

Rations were being loaded, and we began strapping on our life vests and pistols. The time was 0820.

"She's purring like a kitten," the plane captain reported over the intercom.

I grinned at Verl. All of us liked the plane. She was a high-wing, twin-engine P2V Lockheed Neptune, the Navy's finest land-based patrol plane. She was big and comfortable, and yet every inch of space was put to good use. People turned their heads to watch when this high-tailed prissy charged down the runway on take-off.

Verl gave me a thumbs-up signal after contacting the tower and I headed the plane onto the runway. We rolled straight ahead slowly for a few seconds while we aligned the nosewheel, then we opened the throttles and she lifted into the air with pride.

I leveled her off at 1,000 feet and we settled for another patrol of the Formosa Strait.

About an hour from our base the radar operator spoke over the intercom:

"Shipping target 37 miles 20 degrees starboard, sir."

Banking the plane to a new heading I called to the navigator, "Turning 245 at 31," giving him new course and time of turn. He plotted the change.

In the after-waist hatch the cameraman was ready. He operated an aerial camera and photographed all ships steaming through the strait. Visibility was poor and we didn't spot the ship until we were about two miles from her.

"Pilot to cameraman. This will be a starboard run," I informed him.

"Aye, aye, sir," he replied as we closed in.

We passed the ship at 250 feet altitude and about 300 yards abeam on a parallel course.

"Pilot from camera; got 'er, sir."

"British," said the co-pilot.

In just seconds we had caught the name, identification type, flag she was flying, whether loaded or in ballast, tonnage, and course and speed. The navigator recorded the information along with the ship's position and time, and we continued on patrol.

This information would be turned over to flagship intelligence officers. In this manner we kept a running account of what shipping was going through the strait, where it was headed, what countries were trading with Communist China, and whether buildups of troops and military supplies were occurring any place along the Red China coast.

Contacts and approaches continued through the next three hours as we logged six more ships: three British, one Japanese and two Chinese Nationalist.

At 1250 we were about 150 miles northeast of Hong Kong and 25 miles offshore Red China, flying at 400 feet. The patrol was going according to schedule, but the weather was getting worse. My earphones cracked.

"Pilot from radar."

"Go ahead, radar."

"Sir, I have an island 7 miles 20 degrees port. There looks like a ship or something near it. Can't tell for sure."

I squinted into the haze. The outline of the island was there but that's all I could see. Verl was looking, too.

"Johnny," he said, "that could be the tanker. What do you think?"

I kept peering through the haze as we approached the island. We held our heading, letting the island drift down our port side about 6 miles off.

"Pilot to navigator. When she's 90 degrees abeam we're turning into her," I said. "What's the island's name?"

There was a brief pause, then the navigator answered.

"Pilot from navigator. Namoi Island, sir. She's Red."

"Gun stations report," I said.

"Bow ready, sir."

"Tail ready, sir."

"Keep 'em ready, fellows, but stay off those triggers. Repeat. Stay off those triggers," I warned.

The island was passing under the port wing, so we banked the Neptune steeply and headed in to see what the ship was, if there was one. The haze was getting thicker. We were about 3 miles from the island; lying a little offshore was the ship.

We closed to 1½ miles and the bow turret man cried out excitedly. "She's a tanker, Mr. Carlson!"

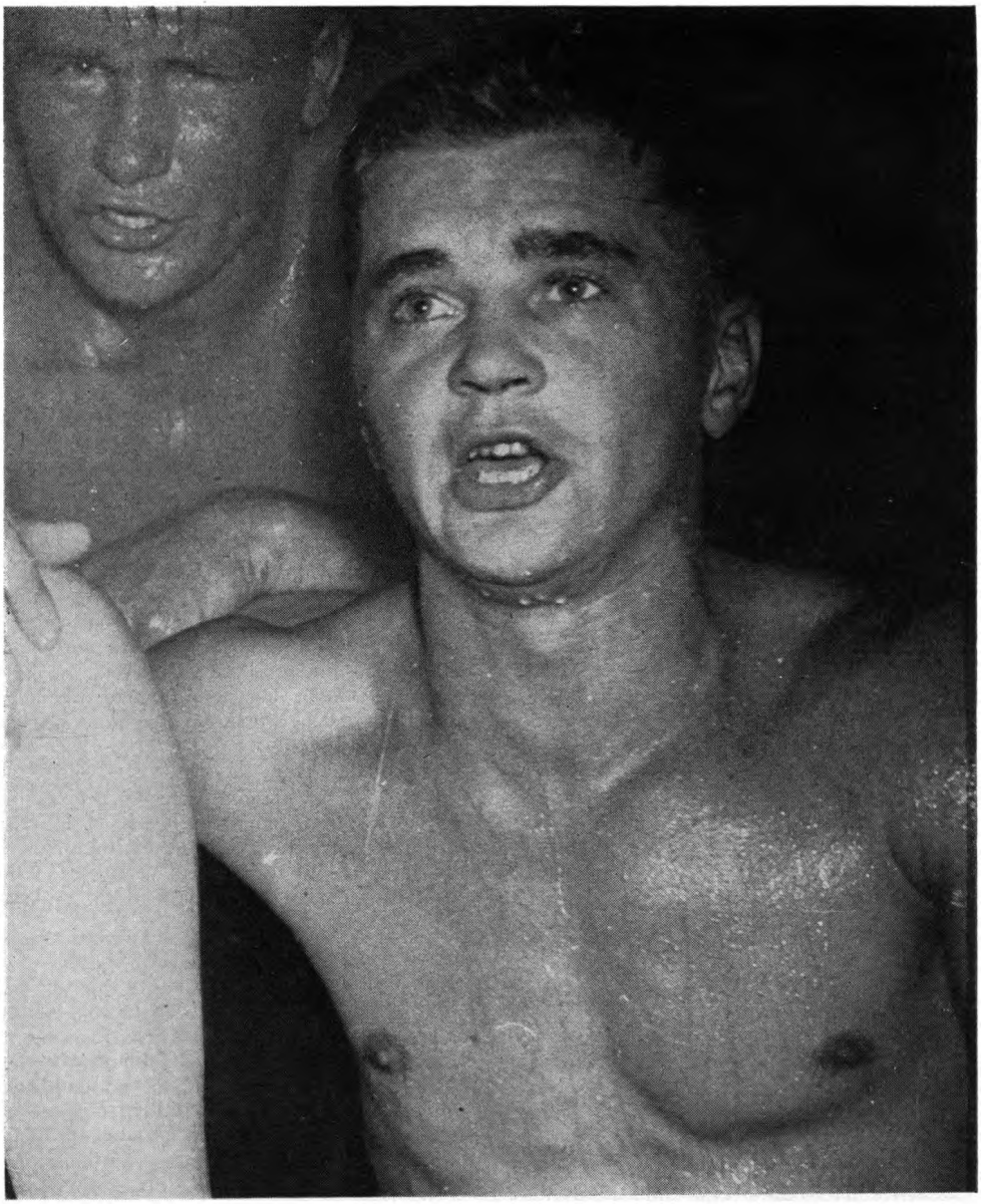
We bore in toward the island and the ship. It was a tanker for sure.

"Pilot to radio. Get off an emergency message to. . . ."

There was a crash and a sharp jolt. "I've been hit!" cried Smitty.

I yanked the yoke back hard and turned the Neptune in a fast bank away from the island, climbing steeply.

"Holy cats," howled Verl. "Look at that!" The wing was a sieve of holes. Black smoke poured from the starboard engine. But it still delivered power. [*Continued on page* 88]



NOTHING TO WEAR BUT YOUR SWEAT

About 3,500 years ago somebody in Constantinople decided that heat might cure infertility. Turkish baths have been going full steam ever since

BY MARTIN ABRAMSON

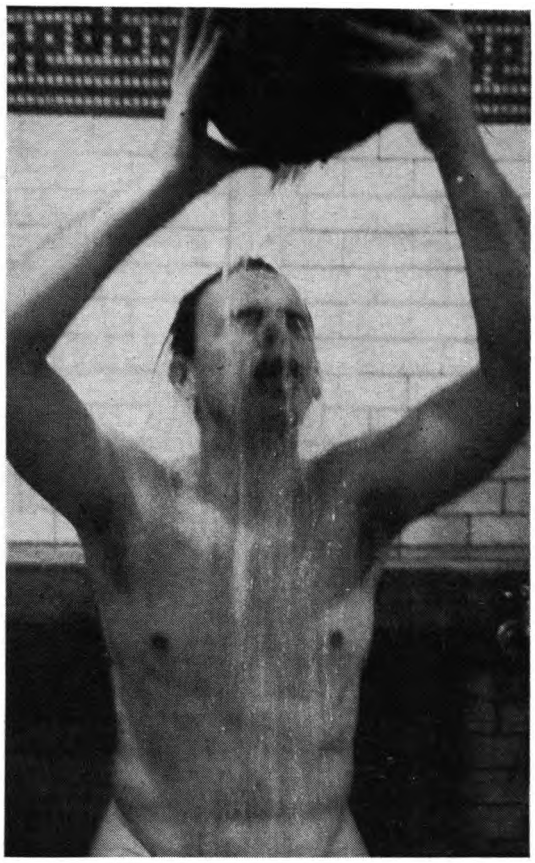
Poke back 3,500 years to the misty beginnings of that great primordial scrub called the Turkish Bath, and you will find that only two of its features have remained constant. First, it is a place where they alternately fry you and then freeze you in the name of bodily health, and second, it is the one arena of every age where stark nudity has not only been countenanced but made compulsory.

In all other respects, the Turkish Bath is a litter of fascinating contradictions. The baths have been landmarks of architectural opulence that ranked with cathedrals. They have been grimy stewpots living cheek by jowl with flophouses and hobo missions. They have sheltered bums, vagrants and mendicants; also kings, emperors, presidents, prime ministers, sultans and grand viziers.

The Turks introduced them as solariums for infertile females. In their time they served as nests of vice and debauchery, and secreted coveys of bargain-basement harlots who employed their own kind of after-scrub massage and had to be flushed out by recurring police raids.

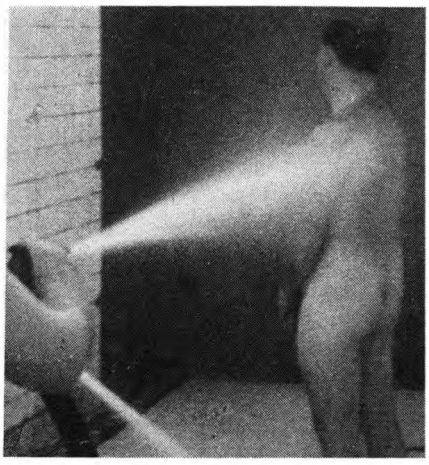
It should be noted here and now that today the Turkish Bath isn't all Turkish. Its particular pride and joy is a heavy-vapor purgatory pit which is properly called the Russian Bath or *plaitzeh*, also known as the Finnish Bath or *sauna*, also known as the Swedish Bath or *bastu*. Furthermore, even the truly Turkish segment of the baths—the "hot room" where you loll in dry heat, and the steam room where the heat is bursting with dampness—isn't real Turk at all, because the pashas and the sultans swiped a trick or two from the Romans and the Romans cribbed from somebody else, probably the ancient Hebrews.

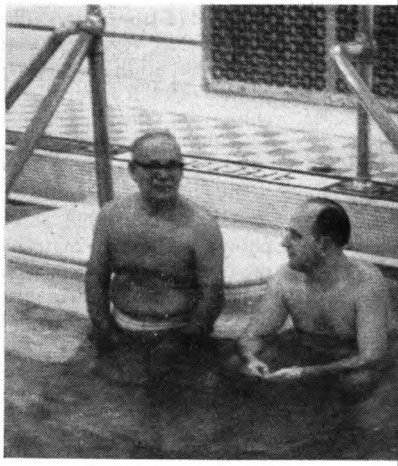
All this means nothing to the proprietors of the thousand-odd American steambaths who are currently enjoying the whiff of an economic boom and therefore wouldn't care if their product was invented by the Sioux Indians. They are still so gun shy over the sordid overtones of their past, however, that at the Luxor, just a short bunt off Times Square, a woman who pauses at the front doorway merely to blow her nose will be rushed on her way by a guard. The Luxor is the largest of the [*Continued on page* 74]



Hot-room hell: fantastically high temperatures, then jolting cold water to give the victim a fighting chance.

Photographed for* TRUE *by Robert Halmi





The *pashik's* pleasure—to scrub the customer with traditional oak-leaf cluster; to blast him with jets of almost living steam, until he beats a fast retreat to the pool. Such is life at New York's Luxor Baths, hot-bed of intriguing ablution.

THE ART OF INTELLIGENT DRINKING

Think you can drink? There's more to it than just bending an elbow or putting your trust in the myths of alcoholic folklore. Here's what men who know say about the way to enjoy your liquor and to help that hangover

BY MORTON M. HUNT

Illustrated for TRUE *by Graphics Institute*

At least 65 million Americans use alcoholic beverages. Nearly every man believes that he knows just what, how and how much to drink, and what will happen to him. Hardly any belief in existence is less justified.

Most of us are quite positive that we get sick from mixing different drinks—we well may, but not for the reasons we think. Most of us are sure what to do to sober a man up—yet scientific tests prove that only time can do the job. We all cherish a knowledge of how to cure a hangover—but no popular cure has any sound basis, and the most widely accepted may well be the worst. And we *know* beyond a doubt that a novice drinker has little capacity compared to a regular drinker—yet mountains of laboratory evidence show that the human body is almost incapable of increasing its tolerance to alcohol, no matter how thirsty the toper may have grown. Consumption ability depends on your weight, not on your previous conditioning.

In the last two decades an immense amount of scientific knowledge has been gathered on the subject of alcohol. The leading research point is the Yale University Center of Alcohol Studies at New Haven, Connecticut. By now, the library of the Center runs to hundreds of reports, the conclusions of which are frequently directly opposed to "common knowledge" about alcohol.

It is "common knowledge," for instance, that alcohol "causes" many dreadful diseases—ulcers, cirrhosis of the liver, kidney trouble, loss of mental power, insanity, impotence, deformed or feeble offspring, and so on. Some of these effects do appear among alcoholics, but they also appear among nondrinkers. Until the last few years reports were current that a heavy drinker's entire body could become so saturated with alcohol that, if touched off, he would burn like a Roman candle. The truth is, as biochemists have shown, that a concentration of alcohol in blood and tissues of less than one percent causes death. But a 15 percent wine will extinguish a match, and a 42 percent brandy (84 proof) burns only fitfully. And, of course, no drunkard, however "lit up," could possibly be ignited.

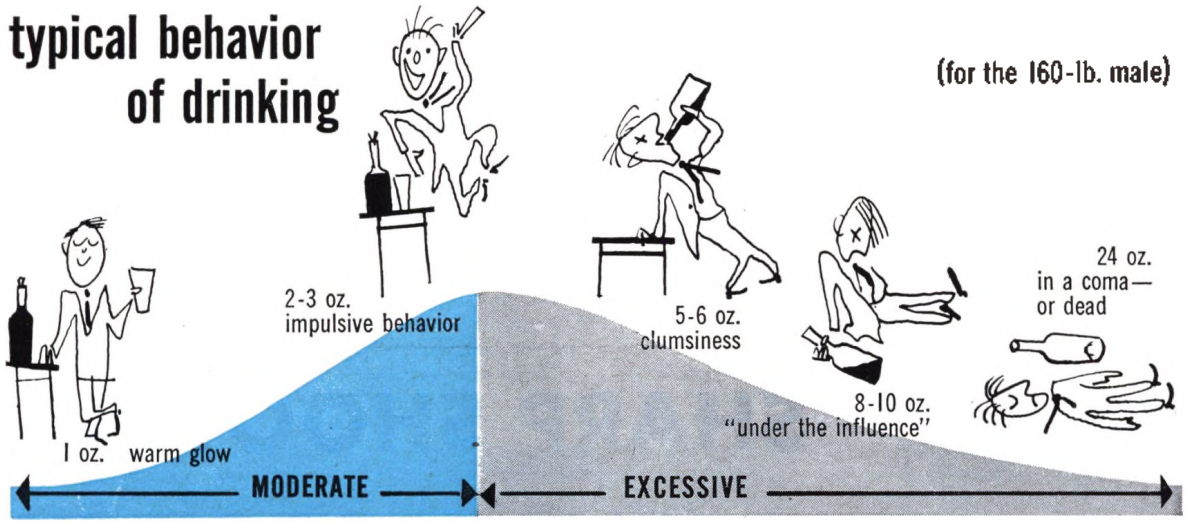
A favorite demonstration of the evil effects of drink used to consist of breaking a raw egg into a glass of alcohol. The egg coagulated and shriveled up, and the inference was that liquor does the same to the vital organs. But the organs of the drunkest drunkard are not immersed in 100 percent or 50 percent alcohol, or even in 10 percent alcohol. When the alcohol concentration in a man's body reaches about 7/10 of one percent, he is dead—dead because his nerve centers have been anesthetized, and his heartbeat and breathing, lacking stimulus, therefore petered out. But these brain and nerve centers that failed to function were not shriveled, coagulated, or structurally changed, only stupefied; had the man lived through his massive bender, his nerves, if not his memory, would have been exactly the same, after a couple of days' recuperation, as they were before the experience.

What about the effect of drinking on the sex organs? What about the feeble-minded or sickly children of alcoholic fathers? Like brain and nerves, the living sex glands can never be soaked in alcohol more concentrated than 7/10 of one percent, but that strength can't affect the sperm or sperm output. Researchers have cultured the fertilized egg cells of various animals in alcohol solutions thirty times that strong, and the eggs developed normally. "No acceptable evidence has ever been offered," says Dr. Leon Greenberg, associate director of Yale's Applied Physiology Department, "to show that acute alcoholic intoxication has any effect whatsoever on the human sperm or is the cause of any abnormality in the child."

Drys took much comfort from animal experiments of a few years ago which showed that rats fed large regular doses of alcohol produced fewer litters than normal rats. Again, the moralist finds a dreadful punishment for a dreadful crime. But more careful experiments prove that what caused the smaller litters was the malnutrition the alcoholic rats brought on themselves by improper eating. Alcohol itself did not and cannot reduce fertility. The clincher lies in the fact that among human [*Continued on page* 70]

typical behavior of drinking

(for the 160-lb. male)



most U. S. drinkers lean towards moderation

for the average drinker— more fun, fewer calories, less hangover

1. To avoid gaining weight, stay away from sweet drinks.

2. Be sure diet includes vitamins, vegetables and meat.

3. Dilute whiskey with water or soda, and let it cool.

4. Eat protein foods like meat or cheese before or with your drinks.

5. A glass of milk before a party makes a fine base.

6. Moderate drinking decreases driving ability by 25-40%

SHARP SHOOTING & THE FAST PITCH

Smart flinging will turn clay pigeons into pheasants, ducks and even rabbits —and turn you into a dead shot by fall

BY LUCIAN CARY

TRUE's Gun Expert

Life was easy in the old days. Here is a party of 50 years ago returning from the marshes, boats laden with waterfowl. A man could miss and miss in those times, and still not go hungry. Today you can't afford to let a bird go by.

Within my memory, the way that a man learned to shoot a shotgun was in the field. Depending on where you lived, you shot duck or quail or prairie chicken until you learned to lead a flying target. This is no longer possible. Mostly there isn't enough game and when there is, the bag limit stops you. You could learn to shoot ducks in Arkansas when the limit was twenty-five in a day—you can't do that now that the limit is four. And because game is so much scarcer it is more important to shoot well.

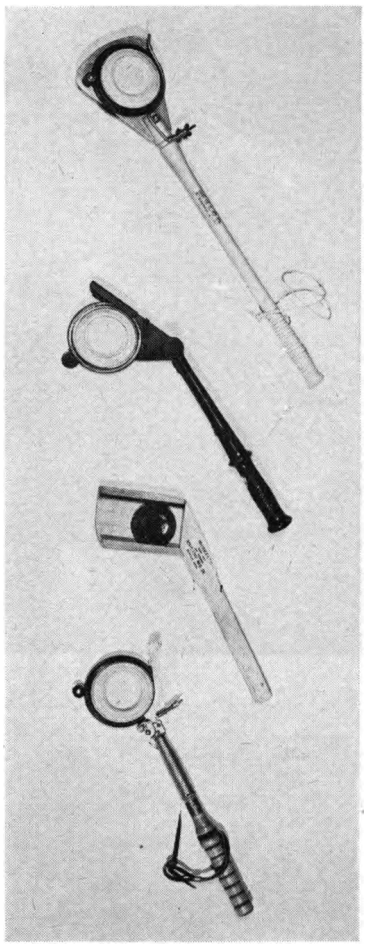
Well, maybe not. Maybe it always was important. No one likes to miss. And outdoor sport offers fewer satisfactions greater than dropping a fast flying bird at forty yards unless it is dropping several fast flying birds without a miss.

Nowadays you can shoot at clay targets thrown from a trap if you want to learn to shoot a shotgun. If you can call crows to within range you can get out-of-season practice in shooting them. And there are places in the West where there's a daily flight of magpies. But the beginner needs practice on clay targets before he's up to shooting either crows or magpies. That means the muscles and nerves which you bring into play using a shotgun must be thoroughly conditioned. Your body must be coordinated with your eye.

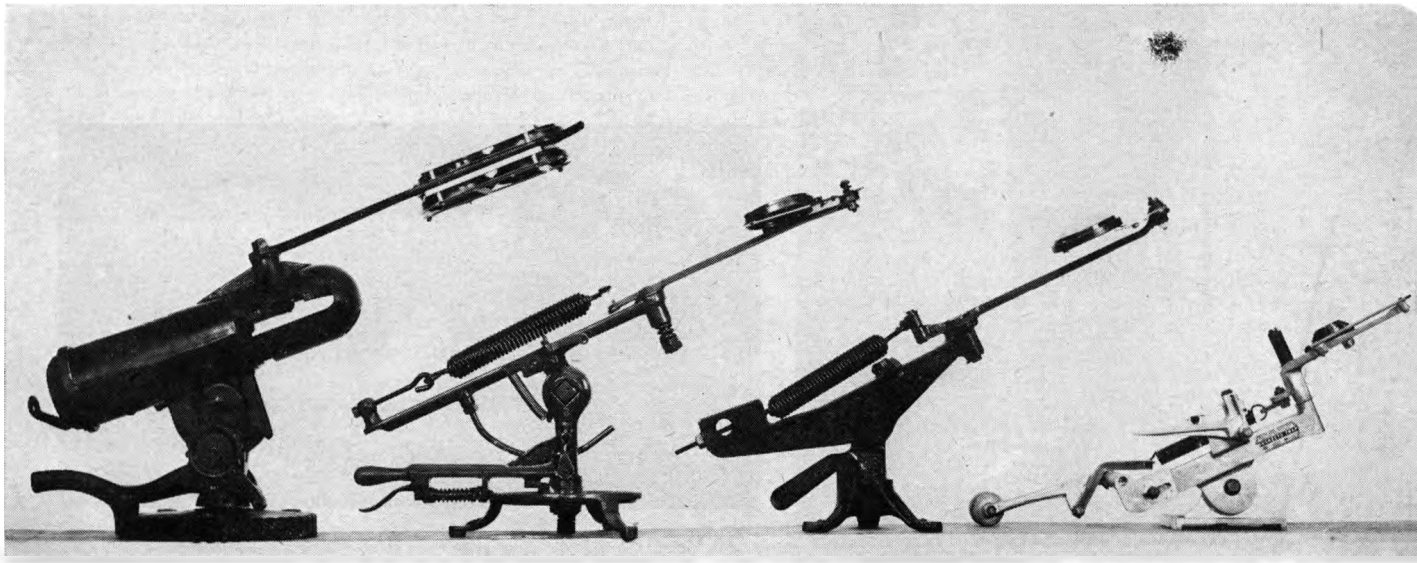
Nothing is more humiliating than the experience of having a companion bust your bird after you have missed with the contents of two shells. The time to get in shape for fall bird shooting is from now on through summer. You can do it with clay pigeons and a gadget or two to throw them. If you've played hard-ball not too far back, you can peg targets out by hand. But a mechanical trap makes life easier, and may be had for under $25. The throw is sure and long.

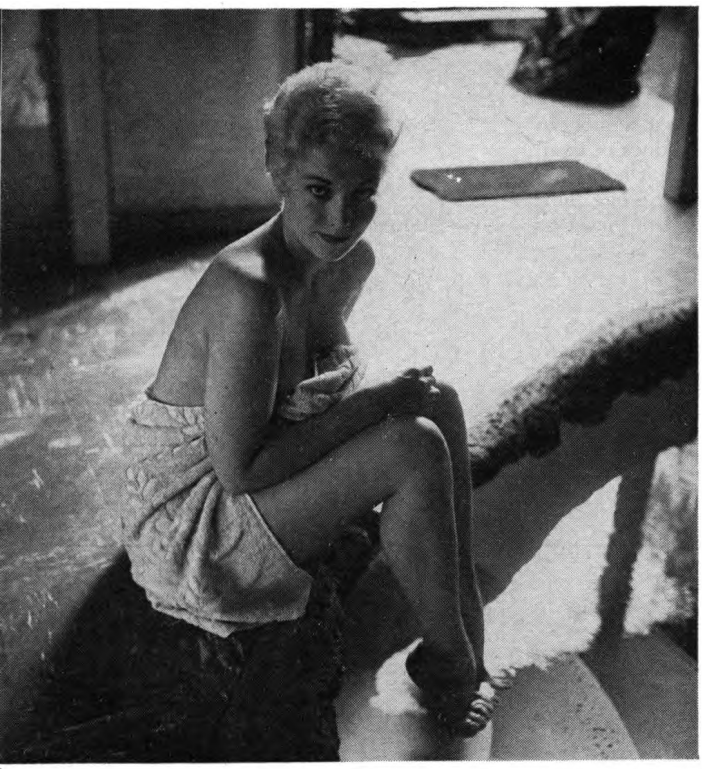
Hand-held traps (as shown at right) are convenient to transport and store, and with practice will throw well. Prices there range under $5.

Strangely, trap shooting first came about owing to the high cost of targets in the once-flourishing sport of live-pigeon shooting. And the fact that trap shooting is a substitute for live-bird shooting is plainly seen in some of the words used. An official scoring trap shooting is likely to say "dead" or "lost" according to whether the clay target is broken or missed. Remington calls its clay targets "blue rocks." Blue rock was originally the name of a particular breed of pigeon used for live-bird shooting. Western calls its clay targets "white flyers." Today when a club announces a live-pigeon shoot in this country it is careful not to speak of live pigeons. The program refers to "flyers." The word is understood by shooters but not by the general public, which has outlawed it in most states on moral grounds. [*Continued on page* 64]



The traps on this page are useful to the perfectionist shooter. On the right, from top: Melco's design for singles or doubles; Remington's cockable model for spring-driven take-off; the Moskeeto trap which throws miniature pigeons for use with .22 shot shells; Western's hand trap, with springy neck to add snap to the throw. Below, from the left: a British trap by Imperial Chemicals Industries, at about $100; Remington, Winchester and Moskeeto practice traps at around $25.

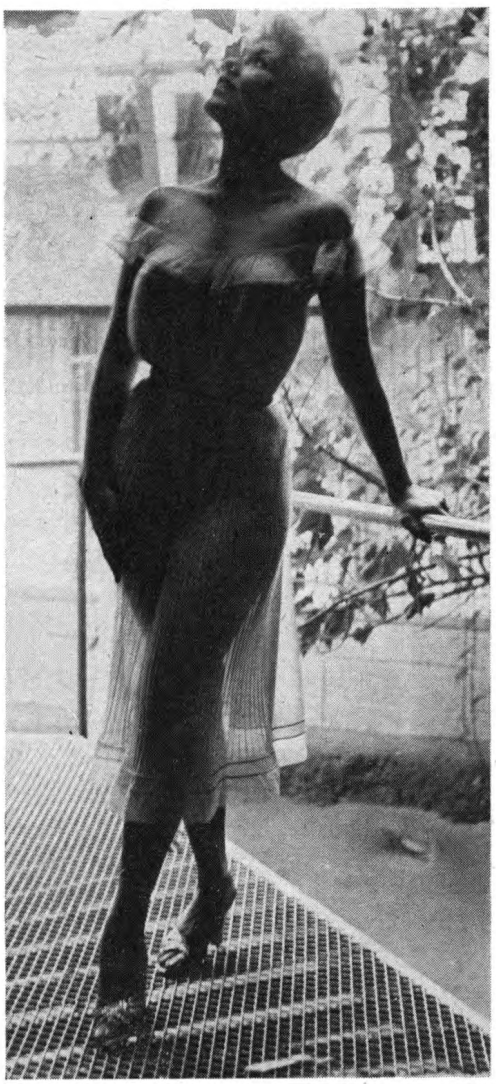


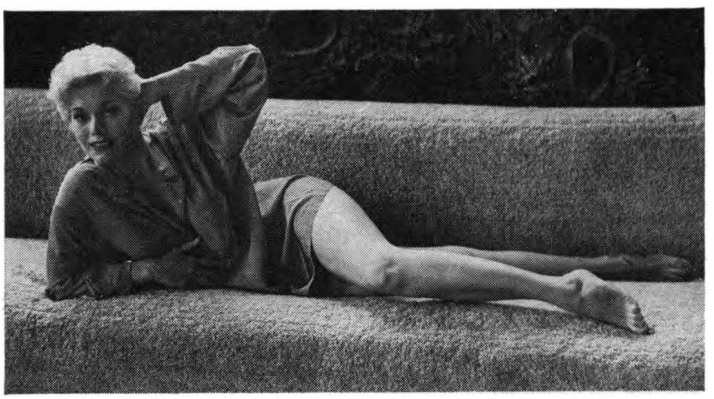


PHFFFT

Ordinarily, TRUE's editors are immune to females. We think that women, like children, should be seen and not heard. And after seeing a movie called *Phffft* recently, we have decided that TRUE's readers should see more of a female named Kim Novak. Accordingly, on these pages, we have shown you as much of Miss Novak as good taste (and the postal laws) permit.

Kim Novak, say the Hollywood press agents, was discovered while riding a bicycle, which is as unlikely a bit of malarky as we've heard in years. The press agents also say that she likes spicy food, plays the piano and measures 36 inches you-know-where. Kim is in a type-casting rut. The title of her first picture was *Pushover*. In *Phffft* Kim plays the part of a pushover.





☆

Sergeant Aten speculated. Fence-cutters—and the only way he'd ever get rid of them was to scare them out. But how?

DINAMITE ATEN AND HIS BIG BOOM

He was a good man, the sergeant was, and Ranger Headquarters had no mind to pull him off the job. But they didn't know he was so tired of chasing fence-cutters that he was ready to blow up Texas

BY HART STILWELL

Illustrated by Stan Galli

Ira Aten, sergeant of Company D, Texas Rangers, lay beside Big Spring listening to the murmur of running water and doing a little thinking. He had a lot to think about, and he had the uneasy feeling that it had something to do with his life. Here he was, in the middle of the Fence-cutter War, one of the bloodiest episodes in the history of Texas, and there didn't seem to be anything he could do about it.

Why people had to be so mean as to try to keep a man from doing his plain duty, Sergeant Aten just couldn't understand.

Now take these fence-cutters. You'd think that now, hardly more than a decade till the start of the twentieth century, people would be real civil to each other. But it wasn't so. Man owned a piece of land, he figgered he had a right to run bob wire around it. But that fence wire didn't sit right with the boys brought up on the open range, used to running their cattle where they wanted. So they cut it. Every strand, between every fence post. Riled things up something awful.

And that thought whittled Sergeant Aten's mind down to a few conclusions.

One, he was sick and tired of playing criminal in trying to trap "those rascals," the fence- [*Continued on page* 104]

Primitive beasts, modern arms. Men of the Camel Corps, aboard shaggy camels, practice marksmanship with Enfield rifles.

THEY FIGHT LIKE HELL

A cherubic-looking Englishman named Glubb made a lot of experts look silly when he trained the primitive Bedouin in the art of modern war. In combat his lean, mean soldiers often throw away the book and kill according to the merciless law of the desert

BY SANDY SANDERSON

Photographed for TRUE *by George Rodger*

In the long sweep of time since one man first raised his fist in anger against another, the world has known some remarkable fighting men. History has recorded the Tartars, the Huns and the Visigoths in varying degrees of fierceness. Chief among these men to whom battle lust is as strong as the lust for a woman are the Bedouins. The Bedouins are still in business, while the others have long since faded into limbo.

Western soldiers first learned respect for their Eastern counterparts when the Crusaders fought their way into the olive groves and rocky hills of the Holy Land. In England and in France the Crusaders had scoffed at the idea that the lowly Arab could ever give them any trouble when the swords started clashing. They changed their minds a few months later as they lay bloody and exhausted outside the walls of Acre. The Arab was, they found, a man to be reckoned with.

But by the end of the first World War the Arab was in a sorry way. He was dominated by the British, the same enemy he had so roundly thrashed in the Crusades 800 years before. Though the Arab was reduced to a nomadic state, though he had been by-passed by progress, and though there were invaders in his lands, something vital remained: the fighting spirit of the old desert Bedouin.

It was this latent fighting spirit of the Bedouin which sparked the imagination of a short, cherubic Britisher named John Bagot Glubb.

In 1924, Glubb was a young subaltern serving along the desolate outposts of the Euphrates River in Iraq. He had been there four years and had mastered the difficult task of learning to read and write Arabic fluently. Daily he watched the long-haired Bedouins in their flowing robes ride by pell-mell on their camels. He witnessed and heard tales of desert raids by the tribesmen. "God, what fighters these men are!" he said to himself. And the idea to organize these wild men of the desert into an army became an obsession.

Applying for leave, Glubb and an Arab servant bought two mangy camels and saddles for the equivalent of about $75 and set off on a 500-mile ride across the Syrian wastes from Mesopotamia to Trans-Jordan. Glubb had gained minor fame as a mediator among the warring tribes, and the desert Arabs trusted him. He was going to see King Hussein who had traveled from Saudi-Arabia to Jordan to visit his son, Emir Abdullah.

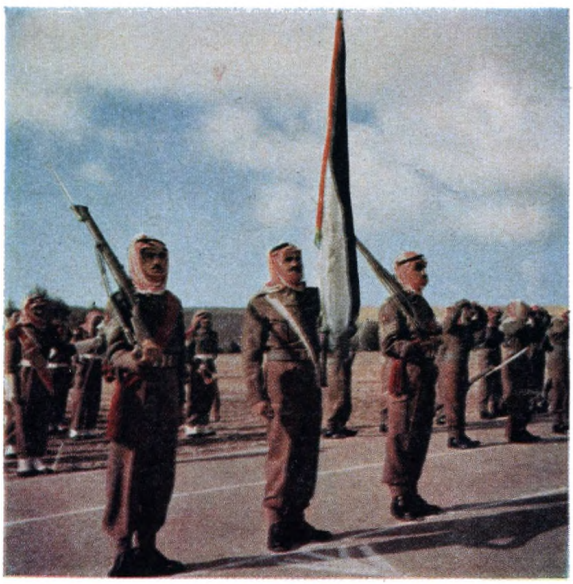
After many days of hard riding in the merciless sun Glubb and his servant rode into King Hussein's camp, thickly dotted with goat hair tents and swarming with European newspapermen and sheiks from all the tribes.

When the grizzled old king—who had known T. E. Lawrence in the vicious fighting against the Turks—granted Glubb audience, he was pleased and surprised to find that the young Britisher had come 500 miles—not by air—but astride a camel, Arab fashion. "By Allah," he cried, "this one is a Bedouin!" Emir Abdullah, standing by his father, remembered Glubb when he needed a man for a hard job six years later. By acting as an Arab among Arabs, John

Sergeant Oadeh is typical of tough, desert fighting men.

General Glubb, the man who turned bandits into troopers.

Colorful and deadly, the King's Guard mounted on Arabian stallions were hand-picked for their expert horsemanship.



After graduation ceremonies, recruits begin arduous desert patrol duty, a task they have learned since childhood.

Glubb had taken a long step toward accomplishing his goal.

In 1930, Glubb was ordered to Trans-Jordan to help establish newly-crowned King Abdullah on the throne and to put a halt to the never-ending border raids. It was an apparently impossible assignment, but Abdullah had picked the right man. Glubb knew Arabs, and he had proved his courage 15 years before at Arras and Ypres, where he received Britain's Military Cross and a disfiguring shrapnel wound that tore off half his jaw. Abdullah, with typical Arab candor, affectionately named him *Abu el Huneik*—"Father of the Little Chin."

With eloquence, patience and understanding Glubb was able to halt the border raids by the warring sheiks. But when he started his recruiting campaign for the Legion he ran into trouble. A previous attempt had met failure years before because the recruiting had been done among town Arabs, who are a far cry from their desert brethren. Nothing he could do could lure the Bedouins into the Legion, originally named the Desert Patrol.

For a time it looked as if Glubb and an escaped Saudi slave would police Trans-Jordan by themselves. But one hot spring noon, as Glubb and his trooper sat in a Buick in a desolate valley eating their lunch, two figures approached. When they were within recognition distance Glubb leaped from the car with a shout and the three embraced each other. The arrivals were two Iraqis who had served in a border patrol under Glubb along the Euphrates; they had heard what he was doing *and had walked 500 miles to join him.*

This testimonial to Glubb's leadership from two fellow Bedouins was impressive; one by one Glubb enlisted twenty more desert warriors. The Legion in Amman sent him four

Modernized, the Legion is now equipped with automatic AA weapons as well as aircraft like this one—the king's.

An armored-car regiment moves down smooth roadway, while a brother engineer battalion labors on Bailey bridge.

trucks and some machine guns; Glubb commenced training his ex-raiders for police work with all the enthusiasm of a volunteer fire chief. Arabs are never passive men; the new recruits soon caught Glubb's zest.

One bloody incident immediately established the character of the Desert Patrol.

Guarding a frontier water spot, two of his recruits were ambushed by raiders as they were lowering a third man into the almost-dry well for water. One legionnaire was killed outright, the other's leg was shattered and his rifle broken by a chance slug. He played dead. The raiders approached, pulled up the third patrolman from the well, and slit his throat.

Meanwhile the wounded man had managed to crawl away. The raiders, after examining the Legion camels, fanned out to find him. The patrolman poked his rifle over a rock as one of the searchers approached. "If you shout I'll kill you," he hissed.

The raider hesitated. The wounded man raised his barrel an inch. "Take me under your protection and save my life or you are dead!" he muttered disguising his great pain. Relieved at this easy decision the raider pledged his honor, whereupon the patrolman threw away his broken rifle.

"By Allah, were you unarmed?" asked the enemy.

The patrolman grinned. The raider shook his head in disgust. The other raiders gathered to dispute the issue. The patrolman's life hung in the balance. Finally the code of the Bedouins prevailed. An oath had been sworn by Allah: the raiders rode away. They were later identified, arrested and hanged. The Bedouins gaped in admiration, both at the prompt Legion retribution and the courage and resourcefulness of the wounded [*Continued on page* 81]

Illustrated by Howard Willard

THE STAMP THAT CHANGED HISTORY

Had it not been for a Frenchman's dream and a penny postage stamp, the Panama Canal might never have existed

RICHARD DE BROWN

One day late in December 1889, a young Frenchman named Phillippe Bunau-Varilla stared at the saddest words he had ever read. He was reading a telegram from Fredinand de Lessups, heroic builder of the Suez Canal, ordering work abandoned on his second greatest venture, the Panama Canal.

As one of the chief engineers on the ill-fated project, Bunau-Varilla regarded the canal as more than just a job. Ten years of floods, landslides, disease, corruption and mismanagement had only strengthened his desire to see the canal completed. It had become a personal battle to which he devoted his entire time and energy.

Temporarily, however, there was nothing he could do. With de Lessups' Interoceanic Canal Company in bankruptcy, a new Panama Canal Company was organized to liquidate its assets. For a purely practical reason, the new company shared Bunau-Varilla's ambition for the canal. Only by selling it to some group that would be interested in completing the work was there any hope for thousands of stockholders to get their money back.

There was only one potential buyer in sight—the United States. So on November 16, 1898, the French company addressed an offer of sale to President William McKinley.

McKinley received the proposal coolly, as did Congress and the general American public. The U. S. had not forgiven the French for occupying the Panama route in defiance of the Monroe Doctrine. Not only was there no enthusiasm for taking over the unsuccessful foreign project now, but the United States already had its own plans for "a real American canal" through the isthmus at Nicaragua.

Realizing the odds against the sale, Bunau-Varilla decided to come to Washington himself to lobby personally for the Panama Canal. There his perseverence and zeal finally convinced a few men close to the President that the Panama route should be seriously considered. So despite a report in 1899 by a U. S. government commission in favor of Nicaragua, McKinley appointed a committee to negotiate with the French.

Not until 1902 could the two groups agree upon a price for the Panama Canal—$40 million. (The French originally set the price at more than $100 million.) But Bunau-Varilla's battle was still far from won.

On January 9, 1902, the House of Representatives voted [*Continued on page* 76]

☆

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SHORT CUT TO SUMMER COMFORT

Time was, when shorts were for sissies. Nowadays, more and more men are discovering that shorts are a smart way to beat the heat

Rayon-linen Arrow shorts, a Country Life silk jacket, Esquire socks and a Dobbs hat is a smart, hot-weather business outfit.

A TRUE TESTED TREND
Approved
by
TRUE, the Man's Magazine

A GENERATION AGO Walter Hagen was wandering over the world's golf courses in knickerbockers and Big Bill Tilden was playing tennis in long white flannels. Nowadays, shorts for sports are accepted everywhere. This summer, TRUE predicts, shorts will also be accepted for office wear. If this switch to shorts seems wildly improbable to the more conservative reader, consider this fact: the U.S. Army Air Force is now designing a new summer uniform which features shorts for coolness and comfort.

Besides the plain common-sense of comfort, shorts are catching on because manufacturers are turning out an excellent array of styles and colors for every taste. These good-looking, well-tailored and business-like shorts can now become one of the most sensible and inexpensive additions to your hot-weather wardrobe.

With the right sock, shoe and short combination, any man can look well in shorts, regardless of how knobby-kneed or broad-tailed. The men on these pages, for example, give you a pretty good idea of how well shorts can fit into a formal business situation.

We don't predict that shorts will hang up every pair of men's trousers when the temperature tops 75, but if you're one of the many men wearing shorts this summer, you'll not only be cool as a Collins, but you'll LOOK AS SMART AS YOU ARE.—**Fred W. Roloff**

Here are three good examples of what you can buy in shorts. The two *(at left)* are Currick & Leiken's Bali and Scotlin, retailing for $5.95 and $17.95 respectively. The Hochenberg & Gelb cotton pair *(at right)* sell for $12.

While there may be some question about the figures in that report the boss is holding, there's no question about the taste and judgment of the two men thinking things over carefully before answering. The man *(at left)* is keeping his wits about him in a $40 Country Life cotton jacket and $10.95 Irish linen shorts. His fellow on the right has on a $40 Country Life jacket and $18 Moygashel tartan shorts. Interwoven knee-length socks complete the outfit.

If you are unable to find merchandise shown on these pages, write Fashion Editor, TRUE, the Man's Magazine, 67 W. 44 St., New York 36. We'll tell you where.

☆

IT HAPPENED IN SPORTS

BY JOHN LARDNER

LONG JOHN'S TOUR OF BERLIN

Long John Woodruff had barely finished his freshman year at Pittsburgh University when the Olympic Games of 1936 began. All he knew about running was that the winner had to get there first. How to get there—the secrets of style, pace, efficiency—were points that had eluded him. Woodruff's style was simply to put down his vast dogs one after another, wherever there was room to put them.

Hitler and the Nazi press had not been enjoying these Olympics in Berlin. The "black auxiliaries" of the U.S.A. who belonged to a lower species by Dr. Goebbels' book, had been winning too many medals. Jesse Owens had run and jumped Hitler back to his office for aspirin. But the Nazi leader expected comic relief, and delayed satisfaction, from the work of this ungainly giant with legs like bridge lamps and the grace of a milk horse.

"Get out there in front," coach Lawson Robertson told John before the 800-meter race, "or they'll box you silly." But Woodruff got off in the rear and they slipped him into a pocket. The race seemed to be over for him. The best part of a quarter mile went by. Then Woodruff invoked strategy. He stopped almost dead, the rest of the field whizzed past him, and he had his racing room.

Prancing up the outside like a homing ostrich, Woodruff grabbed the lead. At that point, he elected to slow down and get his wind back, and Phil Edwards of Canada jumped in front of him. Italy's Lanzi pulled alongside him, and Long John was in a pocket again.

As they entered the stretch, he seemed to take a sort of diagonal leap, clearing Lanzi like a hurdle, and he was on the outside again. Woodruff passed Edwards. So did Lanzi, who was now running 8 to 10 feet behind the American. Woodruff gasped and lumbered. Lanzi gained.

But Long John managed to hang onto 5 feet of ground—about the length of one of his legs—and lunged across the finish line first.

There have been faster 800-meter races run. There has never been one that covered more of Europe.

Sharp Shooting & the Fast Pitch

[*Continued from page* 51]

The clay target as we know it today was not the first inanimate target. An old-time shooter once showed me some of the targets he used to shoot at. These were brown-glass balls, larger than a golf ball but not as big as a tennis ball. Some of them had feathers inside, so the target would break to give the illusion of a shot bird.

The trap was a simple catapult. The glass ball fitted in a cup at the end of the throwing arm. The arm was cocked against a spring and released by a pull of a cord. The old-timer claimed that the glass balls were as difficult as modern clay targets.

The modern clay target is not actually made of clay. It is made of mineral pitch and sand. The makers have designed it so it will stand shipment without breaking but will usually break when hit by a shot. They are not completely successful. I have seldom opened a carton of 135 clay targets in which there were no broken ones. And I have picked up targets that had two pellet holes in them but had not broken and so were scored as misses. This is fair enough. If you don't hit a game bird with more than two pellets you're not likely to bag it.

The clay target is a hollow disc, 4¼ inches in diameter and 1 1/16 inches deep. If it flew absolutely flat it would be harder to break than it is. Actually it flies at such an angle that much more than its 1 1/16 inches of depth is exposed. Even so, it is only a fraction as big as a ruffed grouse or a duck or a pheasant.

The formal game known as skeet was originally designed to give practice for upland bird shooting. It requires the shooter to stand in succession at seven different stations located around a half circle like the numbers on a clock—and at one in the middle, the difficult #8 position. The targets come from either a high house at one end of the half circle, or from a low house at the other end, or in doubles from both at once. This gives considerable variety of shots.

Both trap and skeet have become highly competitive games and the men who go in for competition in either use highly specialized guns. A trap gun, usually full choke, is not suited to any kind of game shooting except ducks or geese.

A skeet gun is open bored so it will throw a wide pattern of shot at the short ranges of skeet. It is all right for southern quail, woodcock or ruffed grouse, which are usually shot at 25 yards or less. But men who shoot skeet in competition prefer guns heavier than most men wish to carry in field shooting.

Opinions differ as to which is the harder game and as to which is the better preparation for field shooting. The world's long-run record in *trap* shooting is held by Joe Hiestand of Hillsboro, Ohio. Hiestand broke 1,132 successive registered targets back in 1938. The long-run record at *skeet* is held by Jack Boardman of Augusta, Georgia. Boardman

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broke 1,058 successive registered targets in 1952. I don't know that this proves anything.

In standard trap shooting the shooters are 16 yards from the trap house. The angles are unknown and vary from shot to shot. But the angles are not wide. On most trap fields you never get a full right-angle crossing shot much less an incomer. Skeet provides incoming targets but none of them is like the target a duck presents when he comes in straight and high overhead. Take the shots at the No. 8 station. Here you are only a little more than 20 yards from the trap house when the target comes toward you. Under the rules you must break the target before it comes even with you. It's a tricky shot. Beginners find it tough and experienced men find it easy. But what use is it as preparation for field shooting? A field-shot hunter would not try to kill a bird coming in at 10 yards from the gun for fear he'd blow it all to pieces. The field shot would turn around and take the bird going away at 20 or 25 yards.

Incomers may be simulated by setting the trap on a roof. The release man perches on the lee side of the building for protection from stray shot. Incomers may also be thrown out of a gulley or off the backside of a hill so they'll scale into the valley on the other side.

Clay pigeons can be used to practice rabbit shooting, believe it or not. The British make a clay target the shape of an auto wheel without the tire. The thrower bowls in across level ground; the shooter must break it before it has left a prescribed shooting area. You can play this game by using two of our aerial clay targets glued together back to back, to give them rolling stability.

Some modern traps designed for trap and skeet shooting are very elaborate. A trap made by the Western Cartridge division of Olin Industries holds 75 targets in a column. An electric motor does the work. Once the magazine is filled the trap continues to throw targets as fast as an electric contact is made with a push button. Remington will have a self-loading trap on the market this spring. But nothing so fancy is necessary on the home grounds. A hand trap will go in a suitcase or the back of the car for a trip to the country. It consists of a wooden handle with a device at the end for holding a clay target. Some hand traps have a spring to aid in throwing the target and some don't. Mostly they throw a single target, but some hand traps will throw doubles. In any case, you throw the target by a motion like that of a forehand drive in tennis. This is good sport itself—making the bird fly where you want it, to fool the shooter.

Two or more men can have a lot of fun and some first rate practice with a hand trap. The shooter cannot know where the target is going unless the man with the hand trap tells him, and even the man who is doing the throwing may be more off his intention than most men are in throwing a ball. In skeet and trap shooting a man knows when the target is coming because he has called for it.

It is easy to play a game with a hand trap, walking in a field, in which the gunner does not know when the target will be thrown, or where, because the thrower is walking along *behind* him. This gives practice much like upland bird shooting. And the gunner may actually do better when surprised than he would on the trap or skeet field. The beginner may shoot with more ease than when he has to get all set and perhaps tense, and then call "pull."

A simple fixed trap, meaning one bolted to a plank or a pedestal two or three feet high, offers advantages over the hand trap. For one thing it will throw a target the same way time after time in case you want to practice a shot you find troublesome. And who doesn't find some particular shot troublesome?

A trap fastened to a plank or an angle-iron pedestal two feet high can give a great variety of shots. Most traps have a limited amount of turn in the horizontal plane so you have to move the plank or the pedestal to get full circle. An exception is the trap made by the British company, Imperial Chemicals Industries. This has a base that permits turning the trap full circle. It has several other desirable features. It is easier to cock than most since it uses the momentum of the throwing arm to bring it to half cock again after each throw. It will throw one, two, three or four targets at once.

Why throw four targets simultaneously? Because this simulates a covey getting up and taking wing as quail and Hungarian partridge so often do. It is no good shooting at the covey even when eight or ten birds seem closely bunched. You need to pick a particular bird and shoot ahead of it as if it were the only

"Shut the motor off or you'll be here forever."

bird in the air. Then if you have time you can pick another bird and maybe get a double.

One thing you can do with a trap on the home grounds that is not done on trap or skeet fields is take a second shot at a missed target. In the formal games you get only one shot at a target. In field shooting you may, missing with your first shot, whip in a second and killing shot. It is well to learn to be fast with that second barrel and there's no reason why you can't practice getting in that second shot on the home grounds.

The regulation distance for throwing clay targets is 50 yards—that is, the targets are required to travel from 48 to 52 yards. In order to travel that far targets must start from the trap at around 60 miles an hour. A beginner can adjust a trap so it does not throw targets so fast and far. Then when he is breaking his targets with some regularity he can speed up his targets.

If you want to practice shooting at high incomers, as you may if you intend to shoot ducks coming in over trees, the trap should be mounted from 25 to 40 feet above the ground. I recently saw a trap mounted on the roof of a barn and immediately began to figure what I could do with my barn. One problem, not to be neglected, is protecting the man who is loading and pulling the trap. On skeet fields the targets come out of a chute with baffles so the trap boy is protected. Either Remington Arms, Bridgeport, Connecticut, or the Arms and Ammunition Division of Olin Industries, East Alton, Illinois, will furnish detailed drawings of the construction.

If you have room to put out two or three or more traps you can enjoy the best of all informal trap games, and the one closest to actual field shooting on game. A friend of mine, a retired doctor who considers ruffed grouse shooting the noblest of all sports, owns some rough land in the Berkshire Hills of Massachusetts. He has woodland meadows grown up to juniper, a marsh and a brook. He set up twelve traps, each hidden by brush or trees or a rock. He put three of these on small rafts in the brook where they were hidden by alders. These offer the kind of shot you get when jumping ducks along a stream.

The doctor invites his friends over week ends from May until the hunting season opens. Two men walk along the course while a third man pulls the traps from behind them. The man on the right takes targets going to the right and the man on the left takes targets going to the left, same as proper sportsmen do in the field. But there is one exception to this rule. If the first man to shoot misses, the second man may shoot. And if the second man breaks the target, he gets two points instead of one. The doctor has become most popular among men who want to learn to shoot a shotgun, men who like to keep their hand in during the closed season, and men who just like to shoot.

He did recently get annoyed with a guest who was a fair enough shot but not as good as he liked to say he was. On one occasion the brag gunner broke fifteen out of the sixteen targets the course offers—eight singles and four doubles. This was

the record for the course at the time. And the brag gunner's talk about his shooting was more than the old doctor could take.

So on the following Friday the doctor and his hired man changed all the traps.

The brag gunner's first bad moment came on Saturday when the first trap in the brook was pulled. He was all set to take it going downstream. He heard the trap go but he didn't see the target until somebody yelled at him. He turned just in time to see the target dropping into the alders upstream. He made the mistake of getting mad. It's always a mistake to get mad when you miss, and go on thinking about the missed target instead of about the next one.

The end result was that the brag gunner broke only seven of the sixteen targets and was low man for the day, and he returned to his host boiling mad.

"Now, look," the doctor said calmly, "you can't ever tell which way a duck will fly—can you?"

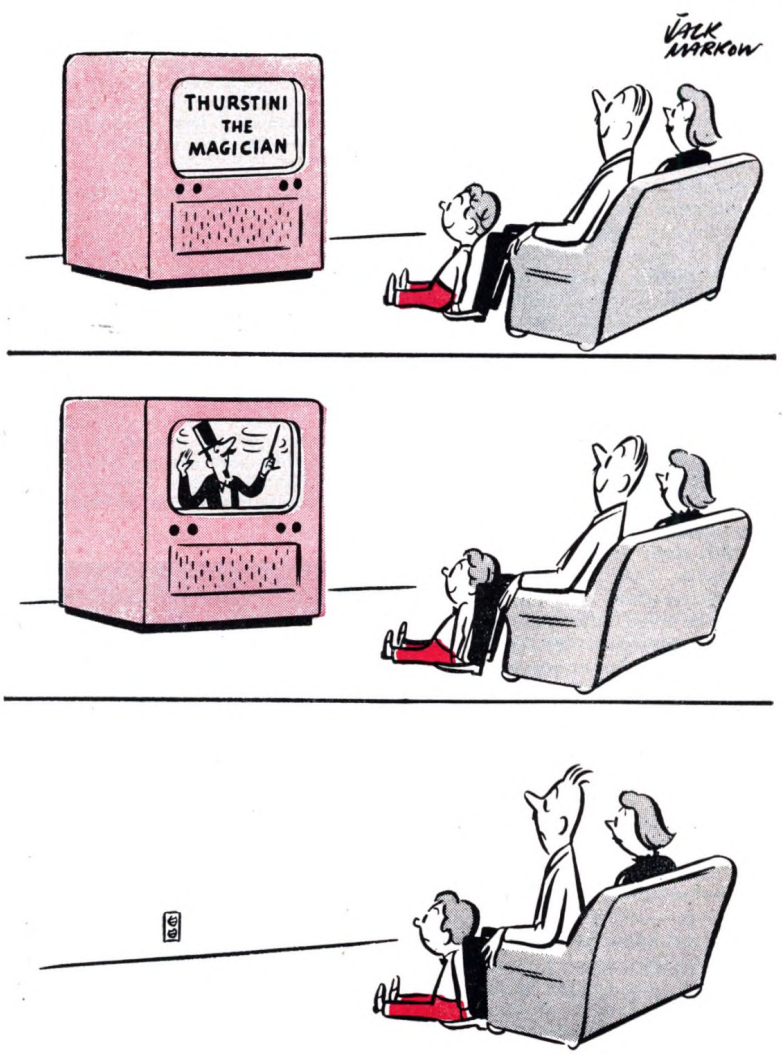
What the old doctor did in order to give an objectionable person his comeuppance is something that should be done openly and without malice whenever a target-shoot is set up. It should be varied every few days or every few weeks, depending on how much shooting is done, otherwise it loses its advantage over the formal games of trap and skeet.

I must admit that practice with a shotgun costs money. Trap loads for standard gauge guns cost 10 cents apiece and clay targets cost around 2½ cents apiece. And you have to have room. The ammunition companies say you should have 300 yards in the clear in order to be safe.

One remedy for both these difficulties is to shoot .22 shot cartridges. The arms companies furnish .22 smooth-bore guns. They are the same as their .22 caliber rifles except that the barrels are not rifled. The .22 shot cartridge contains about 125 pellets which are much smaller than any loaded in standard shotgun shells. These do not have anything like the range of larger shot—not more than 60 yards. You can use them on the Moskeeto trap, which throws a much smaller and lighter target than standard and throws it 50 feet rather than 50 yards. Such an outfit of gun and trap and target offers safe shooting where a standard shotgun would endanger the neighbors. The noise is slight. And the ammunition costs only a fraction of what standard shotgun ammunition costs. You do not have to buy a trap costing twenty-odd dollars if you are content to use the hand-trap furnished for the small targets.

How do you know how much to lead a

TRUE MAGAZINE



flying target? The answer is, you don't. The good shot knows what to do but if you ask three good shots how much they lead a particular target at skeet you're likely to get three different answers. They may all think they know how much ahead of the target they are, but they don't. There is no way of measuring the actual lead, so what a man says is pure guess work. The best of all ways to shoot a shotgun is to pick up the track of the target from behind it, swing in the track and shoot as you pass the target. The faster the target the faster your swing. If you don't stop your gun as you shoot, the lead becomes almost automatic. You're out in front because, relatively, the muzzle of your gun is moving faster than the target.

What about the elevation? That is determined by the position of your cheek on the stock, and this in turn is determined by the stock dimensions. Your eyes are, so to speak, your rear sight. If your eyes are low the gun will shoot low. If your eyes are high the gun will shoot high. The stock should be made so the gun does shoot high. This means that you can see the target over the muzzle of your gun and the gun will center the shot charge up where the target is.

One of the first things to do with a new gun is to find out where it shoots by trying it on a large paper target with some kind of mark in the middle to point at. The gun should shoot at least 4 inches high at 40 yards and better 6 or 8 inches. If the gun shoots low or to one side the stock should be corrected so it centers the shot charge where you want it. Nowadays most factory stocks fit the average man quite well. But since the stocks of one model of gun are all the same, they can't fit everybody.

There is one considerable difference between the flight of a clay target thrown from a trap and the flight of a game bird that gets off from a standing start. The clay target leaves the trap at around 60 miles an hour and loses speed until it falls to the ground. No bird can start off that fast, though a wild goose will surprise you by what it can do with one sweep of its wings. Any bird's speed increases as it gets going. Many birds can fly 30 to 40 miles an hour when in full ascending flight. Some ducks are reputed to fly 60 miles an hour when they're in level flight. You may think a dove or a snipe is flying that fast. But it isn't. It only seems to be fast because it's so small. Also it can twist and turn, which a clay target doesn't.

In spite of this difference between the flight of clay targets and the flight of game birds, anyone who takes the time and trouble can learn almost all he needs to know about game shooting by shooting at clay targets. He can learn in a few months of regular practice to outshoot nine out of ten men who go afield with a shotgun. He will not learn anything about hunting, which is another story. But he will learn what to do with the gun when a bird gets up within range. And in our time, that bird may be the only fair mark out of a day's work in the field. You damn well don't want to miss.

—Lucian Cary

The Art of Intelligent Drinking

[*Continued from page* 48]

beings—most of whom limit their reproduction, to some extent, by thoughtful action, or inaction—alcoholics have *larger* families than non-alcoholics.

But what about ulcers, cirrhosis of the liver, the swollen red nose, kidney disorders, polyneuritis (a nerve disorder), mental deterioration, pellagra, and the other diseases we all "know" are caused by prolonged heavy drinking? Dr. Norman Jolliffe of New York University and Bellevue Hospital says that medical research has slowly exonerated alcohol of guilt for each. Of direct guilt, that is. But a heavy drinker has little interest in proper eating; he starves his system for vitamins (especially the B-vitamins), proteins and minerals. Slowly he develops nutritional disorders, and the organs of his body respond with the classic diseases.

The conclusion is that moderate drinking will not cause organic disease, provided a judicious diet is maintained. This is not to say there are no ill effects to heavy drinking; but the worst effects are social and psychological. And these can be, and are (for at least a million Americans), utterly catastrophic.

The trouble with trying to maintain a good diet while using liquor is that alcohol itself is a food. An ounce of whisky yields about as many calories as four and a half teaspoons of sugar or a large slice of bread. A pint of whisky contains 1,200 to 1,600 calories, or half the daily total required by an active person. The calories provided by alcohol can be used for muscular energy as well as for heat; hence, alcohol reduces the need for other foodstuffs and permits them to be stored as fat. (Alcohol itself cannot be turned into fat by the body, but the food eaten with it can.)

So there you have a real puzzler. Drink too much, and you develop nutritional deficiencies from the failure to eat well. But eat well while you drink, and you grow fat. The solution for the moderate drinker is to avoid sweetened drinks like Old Fashions and stick to "drier" mixtures; simultaneously he should cut out enough bread, potatoes and pastry to even up for the extra calories, but he must be doubly sure not to shortchange himself on vitamin-bearing fruits and vegetables, or good protein meats.

Some of this information has imperfectly leaked through to the public, with odd results. A well-known radio executive, for instance, who loves to tie one on of a Saturday night, regularly gulps a few B-complex pills before setting out in the fond hope that they will turn away the Sunday morning piper. This is nonsense; the diseases of vitamin-lack are caused by long-term malnutrition, and the sins of Saturday night will be reckoned for as usual on Sunday morning, pang by pang.

If there have been many who think alcohol causes disease, there have been equally as many who delude themselves that it is highly medicinal. You can still hear it said that Burgundy is good for anemia, gin helpful to sluggish kidneys, whisky a preventive of colds and pneumonia during exposure, and any form of alcohol a prophylactic against infectious disease. None of these old wives' tales are borne out by current findings. It is true that one or two drinks before eating may act as a mild stimulant to the appetite, but larger amounts depress it, decrease the keenness of smell and taste, and slow down digestion.

Alcohol does have one undeniable medical use: it is one of the safest sedatives known to man. Eager beavers who rush to pour whisky into a person who has fainted are completely wrong; alcohol is not a stimulant but a depressant. The burning sensation of liquor in the mouth momentarily causes nerve reflexes which arouse the victim (smelling salts would do as well), but as soon as the alcohol enters his blood stream, it begins to work on heart, blood vessels, and nervous system as a sedative.

To most of us who know how boisterous a group of drinkers can become, this idea seems perfectly ridiculous.

But to the physiologists, there is no doubt that though alcohol does not depress our *mood,* it does depress *cortical* activity. Dr. E. M. Jellinek, research physiologist at Yale, recently recounted how some 200 psychological investigations of alcohol users had unanimously failed to show any stimulating effect on performance of either small or large doses of alcohol.

Small amounts of alcohol made sharpshooters feel more confident, but they hit fewer bull's-eyes. Typists typed away in fine fettle—and made more mistakes. Fatigued people felt relief from fatigue, but actually their muscular output was cut by 10 percent. The ability to distinguish between intensities of light and sound was cut by 50 and 30 percent respectively. Three and a half shots of whisky slowed reaction time to light signals by 34 percent, a full hour later; and even one and a half shots slowed it by 6 percent.

But while it is slowing down the functioning of the higher nervous centers, alcohol is also taking down the entire barbed-wire entanglement of inhibitions which surrounds our inner personalities. In so doing, it undoubtedly produces an illusion of stimulation, a freeing of the tongue, and a limbering up of social conduct.

It is true enough that with a drink or two, most of us act more outgoing. But is this the result of stimulation? The same impulses and desires are within us all the time, held back by shyness, worry, and conscience. Alcohol simply blunts those restraints temporarily. (The fellow who gets nasty and combative when he's drunk isn't really a swell egg who's just oddly affected by liquor; he's probably a mean bastard at heart who masterfully keeps his real nature hidden in normal life.)

Without knowing the psychiatric analysis of drinking, however, the 61 million of us who use liquor in moderation (only 6 percent drink to excess, and only one quarter of these are chronic alcoholics) recognize not only that it has

refreshment and ceremonial value, but that it permits us to blow off steam and communicate more freely. None of these effects are permanent. An evening of poker doesn't cure the way you feel about your boss, nor does a week end of hunting solve your marital problems unless you drop your gun, but each yields temporary easement. So does alcohol.

Granting, then, that you want to inhale some alcohol, what's the best way? First, consider how fast you'd like to feel its effects, how long you want to maintain them, how willing you are to be gay tonight at the price of a lousy tomorrow. These matters are not controlled solely by the amount of alcohol you drink, because several other factors, including the degree of dilution of the drink and its relationship to food consumed, are intimately concerned.

Undiluted whisky may contain as much as 50 percent alcohol (100 proof). This concentration is definitely an irritant. Some people can get away with drinking it straight as a regular practice, but others risk developing such ailments as stomach irritation (gastritis) and throat irritation (whisky tenor). Even the occasional drinker can suffer from over-strong liquor; when he piles in too much, the stomach defends the intestines by clamping shut the pylorus, the connecting valve. Nothing goes down. And the First Law of the stomach holds that "Whatever doesn't go down must come up." The operation of this law is not only physically painful, but socially disastrous. It also cuts short the fun.

So if you want to preserve social face as well as your insides, dilute your whisky nearly half-and-half with water or soda and let it cool awhile with melting ice. This achieves a double purpose: the level of dilution not only makes the whisky non-irritating, but also results in the fastest absorption, hence the quickest response. In contrast, greatly diluted stuff takes longer because of its sheer bulk, and undiluted whisky is held back until stomach juices have diluted it.

There is still another advantage to the quickly absorbed drink: it yields a maximum of relaxation with a minimum of liquor. But the peak lasts only a short while, which makes this kind of drinking perfect before the theater or a big deal, poker or otherwise.

On the other hand, if you want to acquire a glow slowly and remain able to clamp a curb bit on your tongue, remember this: whatever keeps the alcohol from passing into the intestine automatically holds its absorption back. And that means food. Stuff in a bit along with the first drink—not after it, but *with* it or *before* it—and keep tucking in more. Protein foods like meat and cheese are best.

When you're going to a party, Dr. Greenberg advises bolstering your resistance with a couple of glasses of milk just before leaving home. The hallowed notion that fats such as cream and olive oil are the best buffers isn't correct, but milk contains protein and does a fine job.

When drinking with food, however, one precaution is necessary. Don't believe those famous last words: "The stuff

doesn't touch me tonight." The man who tries after a big dinner to recapture the two-drink glow he had before it, may find himself downing six or eight. Then, despite the food he's eaten, the level of alcohol in his blood will probably keep rising long after he's quit drinking, like a skyrocket keeps zooming after its charge is burned out. And he will be intoxicated, as his wife will remind him later.

Another area of alcoholic myth concerns the question of which drinks are better (or worse) for you. About the only preferences that can be credited are those in the domain of gastronomy. An epicure might choose, for example, a Martini before dinner, a Nuits-St. Georges with the main course, a Cognac for the coffee—gin cocktail, red wine, and brandy. Yet in all three the ethyl alcohol is the same (C_2H_5OH) and acts the same in the body. Scotch, then, is no "safer" than rye, gin no more intoxicating than bourbon, alcohol no more potent in one form than in another.

In the same way, the old theories about the evils of mixing drinks have no foundation in fact. The different flavors of Manhattans, Alexanders, and beer, taken one after another, may nauseate you; but so might a goulash of boiled shrimp, pineapple cream cheese, and hot fudge sauce. Aside from that, there's only one reason why mixing different kinds of liquor should make you sick: to mix two kinds of liquor, you have to drink at least two drinks, and to mix several kinds you have to drink several drinks. A really bad attack of mixed drinks may be nothing but a case of enough liquor to bring on pylorospasm (locking of the stomach valve) and consequent rejection by the stomach of the whole mess.

Other things being equal, therefore, alcohol itself is the main thing to consider.

When alcohol in any form is drunk, it appears first in the blood. Assuming it is drunk fast enough for the liver to be unable to burn it immediately, it gets carried around the body and deposited in the tissues. One ounce of whisky will yield briefly an alcohol concentration in blood and tissues of up to 2/100 of one percent, and a faintly perceptible feeling of warmth and pleasantness. (This, and all other figures here, apply to the average 160-pound drinker. A 110-pound woman, or a small man, will obviously acquire a proportionately higher concentration from the same dose of alcohol—fly higher, you could say, on the same charge.) Two to three ounces of alcohol yield a blood concentration of about 5/100 of one percent, which affects the higher nerve centers and produces blunting of inhibitions, impulsive behavior, and "highness." Officially the man is still sober. Five to six ounces yield about 1/10 of one percent concentration and numb the motor areas of the brain, producing slurred speech, staggering gait, and clumsiness; at 15/100 of one percent the man is considered "under the influence" in most courts. At 1/5 of one percent (about ten ounces of whisky) he becomes a mumbling, nauseated, helpless lump. At ½ of one percent (about twenty-four ounces of whisky) he goes into coma; and at 6/10 to 7/10 of one percent (about thirty ounces of whisky) he gains permanent peace.

Unlike sugar and fats, alcohol can't be handled constructively by the body tissues—they can neither burn it nor turn it into fat and store it. Consequently, the blood keeps taking it back to the liver, where liver enzymes break it down. Since only small amounts of alcohol are directly excreted by the kidneys or breathed out through the lungs, about nine-tenths of all the alcohol you drink must be disposed of by the oxidation process, in which the liver is the key organ.

The liver of an average man will break down about three-eighths of an ounce of alcohol (the amount contained in three-quarters of an ounce of whisky) in one hour, and it can't be trained to do any better. This means that another branch of wassail belief is wrong. For instance, it's supposed that exercise will "work off" alcohol. It won't. The liver makes no response to exercise, and the burning of alcohol in the body therefore cannot be speeded up in that way. Nor will fresh air and deep breathing help, since only a tiny fraction of the alcohol is cast off through the lungs.

Food, a cold shower, black coffee, and a smack in the face will *awaken* an intoxicated man, and perhaps change his mood from giddy to serious. They do not sober him up. By any tests the Yale Center has ever devised, he will prove as slow, as uncoordinated, and as blurred in perception as before. Sending off such a "sobered-up" person to drive himself home is a good idea only if you don't like him very much.

On the other hand, though the liver can't be hurried, it does keep working away constantly. The old notion that a long session of slow drinking piles up and socks you need not be true; if you imbibe alcohol at no more than the liver's capacity to oxidize it, you can drink all day and all night without the mildest effect.

Drunkenness is the result of taking a lot of liquor in faster than the liver can handle it. But this, too, has limits; even the most determined drinking usually produces coma before enough alcohol is taken into the body to result in death. Maintaining an intake just short of this coma level, an average-sized man can put away about one quart in a day. More will cause unconsciousness. The old yarns about the hard-drinking three-bottle-per-day men of the 17th and 18th centuries are pure balderdash, unless the liquor they were drinking was much milder than ours. Some authenticated quart-a-day men, such as Eddie Condon, the famed jazz-band leader, do exist, however.

Even though the popular remedies for sobering up are useless, scientists have not given up searching for a way to hasten the rate at which the body unburdens itself of alcohol. Of their efforts, however, Dr. Greenberg says this:

"It's no wonder investigators keep 'finding' that various drugs and chemicals will speed up alcohol metabolism—they so badly *want* to find one that will work. To date, I'm sorry to say, none of the claims has held up. There is only one thing we have found at Yale which will sober a man up—time."

Though Harvard, Michigan and U.C.L.A. have no comparable center of alcohol study, it still takes exactly the same amount of time to sober a man up in those institutions.

But for many millions of temperate American drinkers, it is not sobering up that is the problem, but getting rid of the next day's regrets. Never do words so lightly uttered as "I'll hate myself in the morning" come true with such vengeance, or come true so often. The hangover, despite all jests about it, causes 60 million lost man-days of work every year.

The symptoms of hangover include a piercing headache, a burning and fluttering stomach, a thirst for water that seems unquenchable, fatigue, tremors, and a general sense of doom. Fundamentally, these are the end effects of having kept the brain and the nervous system under continuous sedation for some hours. The consequent failure of the nervous system to boss the body's chemistry properly results in a mysterious water shift; the body is not dried out, but some of the fluid inside the cells moves into the intercellular spaces, causing a dreadful sense of thirstiness. Yet since the body is not really dry, the water one drinks rushes right on through, and does not help the thirst, although it provides a certain amount of exercise.

Along with the cellular fluid, the essential salts in the body have drifted off into the wrong places and the entire endocrine system is temporarily out of whack. The nervous structure is so disturbed that the victim is acutely aware of his disarranged chemistry. He feels lousy, especially all over.

Ever since the hangover was discovered, men have tried to find cures for it. Pliny the Elder, in Roman times, advised remedies made of owlets' eggs, sheep's lungs, and the ashes of swallow's beak "bruised with myrrh." But milk, fruit juice, Tabasco sauce, oysters, effervescent patent remedies, fresh air, and Turkish baths are just as incapable of doing the job that only the body, and time, can do. The habitual drunkard's body may need milk or fruit juice, but the Once-in-a-Long-While Sunday-Morning American Hangover occurs in a well-nourished person whose malaise will not be eased by them.

The worst cure of all is a "hair of the dog that bit you." The only reason additional liquor makes a hangover victim feel better is that it acts as an analgesic, dulling his pain; but meanwhile it adds to the fundamental causes of that pain and slows down the body's job of getting back to normal.

In fact, the only general hangover remedy the Yale Center has found is rest and mild sedation—but not alcoholic sedation. A couple of aspirins to dull the misery, plus plenty of rest or sleep, will make the waiting period easier until the hangover dissipates. Medical science has nothing better than this to offer, and don't believe what anyone else offers.

Oddly enough, some so-called hangovers have little to do with alcohol. A person who has three drinks during a

long evening has no physiological grounds for an alcoholic hangover; but if he spends six or seven hours smoking furiously, talking, laughing, dancing, and stuffing himself with goodies, he may have a full-blown case of something painful the next day. It isn't an alcoholic hangover, though; it's what the Yale group calls an "activity or fatigue hangover." And it's almost equally unpleasant.

Of all popular ideas about alcohol, none is so widely held and so erroneous as the concept that practice in drinking "makes perfect."

Yet all studies of the liver have shown that it does not increase its speed of alcohol burning with regular drinking. You can down three ounces every evening for twenty years, but your capacity to oxidize alcohol and that of your teetotalling neighbor remain practically the same, which will surprise him, too. Both the novice and the old hand absorb alcohol with equal speed, both burn it with equal speed, both lose judgment and motor ability at almost the same alcohol concentrations in the blood.

But there *are* great differences in human behavior, given equal amounts of liquor. This the researchers concede; what they do *not* concede is that these differences represent acquired physical tolerance to alcohol. The differences between the one-drink high flier and the four-drink sobersides are, granting equal body weights and physical condition, entirely psychological. The experienced drinker knows how to control the impulses he feels (whether he wants to control them is something else); the novice is both bewildered and delighted by the relaxation of his inhibitions.

"Some people make damn fools of themselves on four drinks," says Dr. Greenberg. "Some on two, and some are damn fools without drinking."

Several years ago the Yale Center made a long study of this question. Each morning the Center's station wagon would drive down to the New Haven Skid Row, and the driver would offer its alcoholics $5 each plus all they could drink if they'd come back to the Center. By mid-morning a group of whiskery bums would be seated around a large table, each man with a fifth of whisky and a glass before him.

The bums would devotedly begin to gulp their allotments. Few talked, giggled, or did anything but drink. Sober though they seemed, after they had downed half the fifths they made miserable scores in psychological and physical tests the researchers gave them. As they worked further into the whisky, they grew stuporous, slumping lower in their chairs; in about half a day, with the fifths killed, they quietly toppled over, one by one, after which they were removed to beds to sleep it off. In all this while they had never acted "intoxicated" in the usual sense. Their feelings were familiar ones, and they were not interested in displaying moods or exploring repressed social conduct; they sought only the end point of complete escape from old guilt, sorrow and frustration.

Meanwhile, the Center also threw a number of cocktail parties for groups of generally abstemious schoolteachers, informing them that their reactions to liquor were the point of the study, and, presumably, that the results would be confidential. Bridge tables and decks of cards were set out, and drinks were mixed and served in style. "Even before we began to pour the drinks," recalls one Yale research assistant, "they were jabbering and giggling and practically crawling up the walls. After a few drinks they were really flying high." Greenberg and his assistants whisked off some of these people at their giddiest and ran tests on them—and found that the mild doses of alcohol they had drunk had scarcely depressed their abilities. The "highness" was largely induced by the occasion.

These facts may save your life. For the conviction that you can hold your liquor because you're an experienced drinker is a snare and a delusion. The man who acts sober and attempts to drive home, though he's had quite a few, is kidding himself. Some fools even believe they drive better with a few under the belt; they squeeze through tighter places, take corners closer, and make better time. The reason? Alcohol affects the judgment area of the brain, and yields a feeling of unjustified confidence.

A Swedish research team tested a number of drivers under the influence of three or four beers, which traditionally the American driver and many judges believe cannot really impair driving ability. Even with these few beers, however, the Swedish drivers showed great confidence and mediocre judgment. They knocked down markers, failed to see signs, stopped close to, but not at, marker flags, and parked badly. But they felt fine about it all. The researchers concluded that even a small amount of alcohol decreases driving performance and ability by 25 to 40 percent. An Illinois survey showed, not surprisingly, that 47 percent of drivers involved in accidents had been drinking.

This being so, a man who wants to protect his wife, children, and innocent strangers simply will not take the wheel of an automobile, no matter how sober he feels, unless enough time has passed for his body to have cleaned its alcohol out. After two ounces of whisky, he should allow at least one hour; after four ounces, at least two, and perhaps three hours. For each additional ounce, add an hour, with some adjustments made if the alcohol was taken with a lot of food.

These are a few of the firmly entrenched folk myths about drinking. The physiologists also have found, for example, that there is nothing to the old belief that drinking water makes one drunk again after a wine or champagne binge; that the only reason a boiler-maker (a shot of whisky in a glass of beer) is potent is that it has twice as much alcohol as either the whisky or the beer taken alone; and that alcohol does not create sexual desire, or potency, but simply takes the inhibitions, sometimes the performance, away from desires already present.—**Morton Hunt**

Nothing to Wear But Your Sweat

[*Continued from page* 47]

world's steameries, a counterpart of such glossy institutions as the Beverly Hills Club and Finlandia in Hollywood, the Damen-Division Baths, the Sheraton Health Club and Postl's Health Club in Chicago, the Detroit Athletic Club, and the Camak in Philadelphia. Its spiraling clouds of vapor enshroud some of the most important naked bodies in the country, including those of governors, senators, judges, ambassadors, UN delegates, vice-admirals, boxing champs, Pulitzer-prize novelists, cabinet officers, big-league ballplayers, jockeys, tycoons, tournament golfers and big-name gangsters. Yet for all its million-dollar grab-bag of names, the Luxor's most prominent personality is a jeweler from the Bronx, name of David Karp. Karp is what the rubbers, or *pashiks,* call a "fifteen-pails" man. If you have any ill-begotten notion that this is small potatoes, you might consider that such musclemen as Jack Dempsey, Gene Tunney and Barney Ross who share hot air with Karp at Luxor are strictly "three-pails" men and that Rocky Marciano hasn't even gotten past two. The *pashiks* keep things stoking in the heavy-vapor room by pitching pails of water onto white-hot stones mounted like a pyramid in a flaming oven. The impact of streaming liquid against incandescent rock sets off a crackling roar and sends a blast of searing air across the room guaranteed to roast to a turn the paying customer, even as he lays prone on a hard bench, waiting for the *pashik* to compound his felony by beating him with the traditional cluster of oak branches and leaves. With each toss of the pail, the temperature mounts. A man's resistance to heat is measured by the number of thrown pails he endures before he runs for cover.

Until the day he hit fifteen, Karp had always stopped at six, a high-water mark he shared with such diverse personalities as Bob Weitman, the executive vice-president of ABC Television-Paramount Theaters, Jim Hausman, of the Schaefer Breweries, actor Yul Brunner, and an executive of U. S. Air Conditioning Co. —the last person you'd expect to find embroiled in a torrent of sweat.

It was the sober opinion at the Luxor, however, that Karp could do better if pressed and one Sunday as they perched on the lower benches of the room watching Karp take his presumably healthful pummeling on the top bench (where the heat is much more intense), they began placing bets on just how many pails he *could* take. One bet begot another and pretty soon the gambling got as feverish as the wall thermometer. The commands kept rolling out to the *pashiks* to "throw in another pail!" At eight pails, the gasping betters scurried out of the place but they maintained their vigil at a porthole window, gesticulating angrily at the pail-thrower each time he got ready to quit. At ten pails, the thermometer cracked into a hundred pieces. Only at fifteen, when the *pashik* raced wildly out the door, did Dave Karp deign to make his exit, accept the traditional cold-water hosing that follows the test by fire, and bow to the wild huzzahs of his compatriots who never thought they'd see the day.

Since Karp manufactures jewelry, you might expect that there is something peculiar to his trade that breeds a talent for surviving in a steam bath. But Sam Braverman, the managing director of Luxor, can't remember another jeweler who ever stuck around after the second pail. Height and physique mean nothing. A hulking explorer back from climbing the Andes passed out cold in the hot room one day, whereas Herman Meyers, an undertaker who has been taking five pails daily every day for the last 26 years and distributes his professional card as a warning to all those who won't follow him, is no bigger than a semicolon.

Age is equally meaningless. Graybeards thrive while sturdy youngsters run out like singed coyotes. Athletes and militarists do only fair—nowhere near as good as gangsters.

For the Dutch Schultzes, Waxey Gordons, Legs Diamonds and Louis Lepkes, all regulars at the Luxor in palmier days, its steam-banked recesses had a strategic value that exceeded hygiene. After all, who would plant a dictaphone or a wire tap in the steam room, and where could you find a more secluded place at 5 a.m. to discuss the name of the weighted body next scheduled for deposit in the East River? In more recent years, Frank Costello, Frank Erickson, Joe Adonis, and the Anastasia boys have represented the gangster element and the removal of most of them to dank penitentiary climes is a source of discomfiture to Luxor employes. "You couldn't find better-behaved gentlemen than these fellows, believe me," a hot-room attendant confided. "And as tippers—the best, mind you, the best!"

The steambath is ideal for roasting away fluid suet (provided you don't drink any water while you're there) which is why it is favored by fighters and jockeys who have to trim to meet weight limits. Its reputation as a sober-upper is also the real McCoy.

If even one-tenth the dope that has been circulated about the therapeutic effects of Turkish Baths could be confirmed scientifically, there wouldn't be a doctor in the country with enough business to keep his shingle painted. There are supposed to be 90,000 different types of bodily ills, yet if you were to believe these Turkish fairy stories or the advertising for some of the sleazier steameries, you wouldn't be able to find a disease which couldn't be cured by a daily hot romp.

Actually, the Turkish Bath doesn't have to feed on this moonshine, for it is a sound enough physical conditioner to make it worth its admission charge most any day of the week. Heat has definite therapeutic value for rheumatics and arthritics, even if it won't make the lame walk and the blind see again. Massage will improve blood circulation and make your corpuscles sing in tune, whether you elect the battering of a *pashik's* cat-o'-nine-tails, the Turkish scrub, which is a matter of getting rubbed with soap and salt, or the more scientific Swedish massage. The frying-freezing treatment is a sound way of first opening the pores to spew out the waste products of metabolism and then closing them to prevent colds or chills. You'll probably come out of the place convinced that you are healthier, springier and younger.

The Luxor layout is a huge oblong of separate rooms, with Turkish and Russian sections divided by a 60-foot swimming pool. First stop on the Turkish side is the windowless "hot" room where dry heat fans out from mammoth wall radiators connected by pipes to a pair of ten-ton locomotive boilers in the basement. The novice recoils at the first wave of 180-degree heat, but the regular shuffles along to a row of wicker chairs, sprawls out, and carelessly accepts the cup of drinking water and wet towel an attendant will provide. Much of the novice's fear is psychological because dry heat isn't too hard to take and a seasoned customer can sit for hours.

From the hot room you pass directly to the steam room where the temperature is 40 degrees cooler, but because of the wet, heat is a lot harder to take. Saturated steam is sprayed directly into the room through a series of vents, creating a miasmic London fog and a visibility close to zero. Every ten minutes or so, an attendant goes probing through just to make sure that nobody's passed out on the tiles and is lying hidden in the misty shroud.

Bizarre meetings in the clutch of the steam clouds are not uncommon and form a part of the Luxor lore. During the course of the Kefauver Committee crime hearings, Mr. Costello and a committee staff member who'd been beating his brains out all day found themselves neighbors, both naked as jaybirds, and separated by a mere wisp of vapor.

Then there was the case of restaurant tycoon Arthur Maisel and the million-dollar idea. Ten years ago, Mr. Maisel sold radios in a Davega store and griped about his rut. "What I'd really like to do is go into the restaurant business," he announced one day to his fellow steamers. "Why not be different—open a restaurant that sells nothing but ham 'n eggs?" said a voice floating out of the mist like the deity at Sinai. Maisel seized on the idea.

He now owns a multimillion dollar string of restaurants. But has never found out the identity of his benefactor. "Sometimes I think it must have been Bernard Baruch," he says thoughtfully. "And other times, I shudder to think that it was just some janitor or shoe-shine boy pulling my leg!"

No self-respecting old Russian regular would demean himself to visit what he feels is a minor league, whereas many Turkish bathers will run in and out of the heavy-vapor room simply to prove to themselves that they have actually challenged the great inferno.

When the stones are properly ablaze, the temperature bounces around the 250 mark, and merely to step inside is to

have your feet stabbed with hot bamboo sticks, your breath snatched away from you and your vocal cords suddenly, if temporarily, strangled. As the pail of water actually hits the stones, the heat rushes at you with such force it seems to knock you backward and the pressure jams up your ears as surely as if they'd been plugged with stoppers. Eventually, the pressure lifts; you find you can hear and talk again and you stagger toward the first of an ascending row of benches. Your neighbors will caution you to sit gingerly, for the first touch is like brushing against the lid of a hot stove and many a newcomer who plunks himself down hard will find himself pole-vaulting higher than a decathlon champ.

The Russian stove extends a floor down to the basement where a coke fire is fed into an arch of steel and firebrick. More than 40 tons of rock are piled on top of the arch and it takes them six hours to fully absorb the heat of the coke. Although the Turkish segment of the baths is open on a 24-hour basis, the Russian room is shut down from about 5 a.m. to 11 to clean out the stove and start a new fire. The rocks are Maine bluestone, which hold heat for long periods of time and are difficult to crack. Even so, by the end of a year they are so chewed-up and the stove so badly charred that the whole works has to be replaced.

I have met many *pashiks* in Luxor-type baths around the country. They are usually round, ribald, wonderfully irreverent little gnomes, addicted to the strong spirits after working hours, all apparently of Russian descent and weaned in the rubbing business like their fathers before them. They have immensely powerful arms and wrists which compensates for the lack of height. The first knockout ever registered over John L. Sullivan was applied by a *pashik* at the now dormant "Lafayette Street Baths" though it must be admitted that the great John L. was in his cups at the time and so busy spraying curses around the lot he didn't see the punch coming.

The one deviation from the pattern at the Luxor is Joe Cendrosski, who is Polish, not Russian, a teetotaler and a taciturn 6-footer. Cendrosski got mixed up with steam baths by accident. He arrived in this country in 1916, saw an ad in the paper which said, "Rubbers wanted," and went down to a bathhouse thinking it was a rubber factory. He was hired at $3 a week for a 75-hour week, tossed into the hot-house before he could change his mind and has philosophically stuck to the job ever since. How does he stand it all day every day in his vaporized crematorium? "You get used to it," he shrugs.

The *pashiks* now have a union called the Russian Bath Workers Union and work 40-hour weeks. Their salary is still nominal but tips have picked up so much they make anywhere from $75 to $150 a week. Being individualistic cusses, it took them about 50 years to organize and their first union was the most outlandish labor group on record. Once a year, the workers would pass the hat to send delegates to the state capitol to lobby for better pay and shorter hours. En route, the delegates would repair to the club car for strengthening spirits, stay long enough to dissipate their sobriety and their treasury, then go back home to report that the legislators had kicked them out without a hearing.

Today's *pashiks* represent a dying race because their Americanized offspring would no sooner take a job throwing pails and whacking people around in 250-degree climate than they would take a date joy-riding across the Sahara.

"God should pray for the younger generation," my friend "Moishe" insists. "They just ain't got no stuffings in 'em." Moishe has spent 55 years in the baths, claims never to have been sick a day and naturally ascribes this to the salubrious effect of hot air. Moishe used to run his own baths on the Lower East Side of New York, which at one time was a national steam-bath capital. Women still frequented the baths in those days although they were separated from the men by a wooden partition. Moishe drilled holes at the bottom of the partition. For a small extra charge he allowed each male customer a ten-minute look per hour. Although he had women rubbers to work over the female bodies during the day, he ran a clandestine after-hours service which he personally applied to lady vaudevillians who used to sneak into his place after their last show at night.

"Everybody had so much fun in my baths," says Moishe. "I can't see vy I vent broke."

The precise origin of what we chose to call the Turkish Baths has always been something of a mystery. Students of early European history all agree that the Romans were the first to make steambathing a big-time operation. But being a bandit empire addicted to stealing things from other countries and then Romanizing them, there seems little doubt that they filched this idea along with everything else. The most primitive peoples on earth understood heat therapy and there are rituals of heat baths practiced today by African, Indian and Asiatic tribes who apparently are continuing a custom handed down through misty ages. Yet the baths of the Romans couldn't have been lifted from remote tribes with whom they never had any contact.

A recent study by Dr. Abraham Neustein, noted Talmudic scholar, indicates that it was the Hebrews who provided the brainstorm. Dr. Neustein has discovered that the Hebrews were using a form of public bath in which heat was applied, followed by purifying cold, as early as 1600 B.C. The Romans either usurped the baths directly from them, or indirectly through the Phoenicians, but in any event, once they got into the act they did it up brown. Their baths had marble and pillars, glittering domes, stained glass windows, trimmings of gold and silver and everything else you might expect to find exclusively in an emperor's diggings. Along about the sixteenth century, Michaelangelo was able to convert the hall—just the hall, mind you—of an ancient steambath into the great cathedral of Santa Maria Degli Angeli.

The basic interior layout of the Roman baths was not much different from the Luxor of today.

But mixed bathing was permitted at all times. The Roman baths got a reputation as flaming passion pits and arenas for weird sexual orgies. Christian leaders referred to the Baths as "sporting houses" and when religion took complete command in Europe, the doors on all the bath houses gradually clanged shut. All we'd have left today would be moldering relics—if the Ottoman Turks, during their own high tide of conquest, hadn't decided to import the baths just as the Europeans were giving them up.

The ironic part of all this was that steam bathing was totally alien to the Turkish character. Unlike the Romans, they regarded products of their enemies with contempt. What's more, the whole idea of getting a scrub clashed with their religious beliefs and their way of life. Their leader went for the idea for only one reason—he was worried about a fall-

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"Myrtle, look. Ain't this romantic?"

ing birth rate and somebody sold him on the sly that hot air would make females fantastically fertile.

Not to be outdone by the Romans, the Turks built baths of comparable splendor. Males were permitted to use them as well as ladies—although on different days—and pretty soon sultans, pashas and princes of the Mohammedan empire were endowing baths of infinite grandeur.

By the time the nineteenth century rolled around the Turks were getting tired of the whole business and steam bathing was falling into disuse.

Enter an English career diplomat named David Urquhart—the most wildly improbable character to bob up in the history of steam bathing, or possibly in the history of anything. Up until the day he was bitten by a steam bath, David Urquhart was a very model Englishman—courtly, monocled, insufferably dignified, insufferably conservative. He had served his country in various diplomatic posts for 30 years and never even knew what a steam bath was until a pasha steered him into one along about 1851. Urquhart came out of it a man transformed, a wild-eyed zealot suddenly dedicated to the principle that these hot-air chambers of the Turks was the end-all of man's existence. It took him some time to arrange for his retirement and his pension but from the moment he arrived back in London he spent the rest of his time doing nothing but talking, promoting, building, selling, enlarging and sitting in Turkish Baths. It was Urquhart who gave a Turkish name to the first baths he built in London in 1854, and who popularized the "Turkish Bath" identity throughout Western Europe so that even when the old Roman baths came back to Rome they were called "Turkish."

By Urquhart's account he was stricken with everything from cholera to yellow fever, always to be rescued from the eager mortician by the good old hot-air treatment. The applauding British medics bought these fables just as they were sold—apparently neglecting even to ask Urquhart why he never bothered consulting doctors—and they also signed testimonials to all kinds of magic cures which the baths were allegedly producing for the sick and the maimed all over England. Though the Turks had long since discovered the fallibility of that "female fertility" idea, this didn't deter Urquhart from continuing the hoax.

"The bath invigorates sexually and stimulates all the secretions," he reported in a British medical journal. "One woman had had four children, all of whom died at birth. She took to the bath during her next pregnancy and had a live boy. Many women who have been barren for years become patrons of the baths and bloom with child. The bath mistress at Bristol had three children at one birth—and a week later, the bath mistress at Liverpool had four children—quadruplets!"

The first American Turkish Bath was opened in Columbia Heights, Brooklyn, in 1863. Steameries popped up in New York, Baltimore, Saratoga Springs, San Francisco and Chicago. Borrowing the Urquhart formula, they billed themselves as cure-alls and did a land-office business. Jaded sophisticates on the prowl of a new hobby were its most avid customers, and the steam bath became a social requisite almost on a par with summers at Newport.

The downtrend in the roller-coaster history of the steam bath is associated with the tidal wave of Russian immigrants who swept into this country around the turn of the last century, bringing their traditional method of steaming to this country along with their tattered baggage. Eventually Russian-type baths became incorporated into our Turkish-Baths layouts.

This didn't sit too well with the Park Avenue set, who began to associate all steam baths with immigrants and poor ones at that, and to walk away from them in a huff. The rise of the American bathtub also hurt the steameries and they were banished to the slums to fester and decay. Many of the desperate bath owners tried the old Roman trick of abetting sexual orgies to entice business. Prostitutes were hired en masse out of their red-light sanctuaries and set up in back rooms at the bath houses. At first, they charged the going $2 rate to their freshly laundered male customers, but as the bath business got even tougher, the management provided $1 bargain rates for this extra service. This traffic in sex only brought the Turkish Baths more trouble and disrepute. Police wagons ran shuttle service between bath houses and the local lockups. Continuing raids and the passage of restrictive statutes finally ruled the female sex out of the steambath picture more or less permanently.

Came the Twenties, and the steambaths got new life. An inspired Turkish bath man named George Wishy hit on the notion of selling hot air to the literary, dramatic and intellectual sets and rang up a neat bull's-eye. "The brainbox crowd really went big for the steam idea," says Wishy, who has now retired from the sale of sweat. "They didn't care much about the physical angle, but they figured this was a new way to get mental relaxation."

The construction of sleek, well-furbished bathhouses like the Luxor to accommodate the Hamlets and the King Lears as well as the writers of deathless prose sparked a whole reflowering of this neolithic art. Steambaths once again wear the hallmark of respectability, and incidentally they've become big business, with about 3 million customers clinking the registers each year in American bathhouses.—**Martin Abramson**

The Stamp That Changed History

[*Continued from page* 60]

almost unanimously to construct the canal in Nicaragua. A few days later the New York *Herald* declared that "the national sentiment in America is unanimous for Nicaragua," and this opinion was voiced by nearly every other newspaper in the country.

In June the Senate would vote, and not even Bunau-Varilla's leading supporter there, Senator Mark Hanna of Ohio, expected that it would reverse the House decision. But on May 6, a natural catastrophe occurred which the clever Frenchman quickly interpreted to his advantage.

That day Mt. Pelée erupted violently on the island of Martinique, wiping out one-fifth of the population and leveling the chief city. While this grim news was in the headlines, Bunau-Varilla pointed out that Nicaragua was part of the same volcanic land formation as Martinique and the Lesser Antilles, while Panama's subterranean link was with the non-volcanic Greater Antilles.

He hadn't previously stressed the hazard of volcanoes in opposing the Nicaraguan canal, but he pushed this argument even harder a week later when newspapers reported that Mt. Momotombo in Nicaragua itself had erupted.

The excitement generated by this story, however, quickly faded. The President of Nicaragua telegraphed Washington, "News published about recent eruptions of volcanoes in Nicaragua entirely false." And Senator John T. Morgan reported to his colleagues categorically, "No volcano in activity exists in Nicaragua."

Once more Bunau-Varilla's hopes for the Panama Canal appeared lost.

He had one last, desperate idea. He remembered seeing a letter with a Nicaraguan postage stamp on it depicting a volcano. Hurrying to a Washington stamp dealer, he found and bought a supply of the stamps which he excitedly described as "showing a beautiful volcano belching forth in magnificent eruption."

This was a slight exaggeration, but in fact the Nicaraguan government had rashly issued a stamp that year showing a volcano plumed with smoke at its crest to mark it undeniably as still active. Furthermore, the volcano was Mt. Momotombo—which lay beside the path of the proposed canal.

Just before the Senate voted on the canal site, Bunau-Varilla mailed each senator a slip of paper bearing a copy of the stamp. Above it was typed, "Postage Stamp from the Republic of Nicaragua," and below ran the simple message, "An official witness of volcanic activity in Nicaragua."

By a narrow margin, the Senate voted to purchase the Panama Canal. Joyfully Bunau-Varilla sent each representative a copy of the stamp with the same message, and a week later the House reversed its previous vote to adopt the Panama Canal bill.

In the next 20 years the United States spent more than a half-billion dollars to complete the Panama Canal—and Bunau-Varilla had made it all happen with a penny postage stamp.

—**Richard de Brown**

The Mighty Butterball

[*Continued from page* 35]

road. "Now coax the horses," roared Louis. The dumbfounded man slapped the animals into tugging once more. Within seconds, the whole load was back on the icy road. The goggle-eyed farmer was much too overcome to even thank Louis. From that day forward, Louis Cyr never refused a challenge—or a wager on his fabulous strength.

While still in his teens, he traveled to Lowell, Massachusetts, to seek his fortune. Though he remained a scant two years, he learned to speak English and became known as the "New England Strong Man." The legend of the nickname started while Louis was working for the Boston and Maine Railroad.

As is the case in most pioneer areas, there were few forms of relaxation. The workers spent their spare hours gambling, drinking, fighting and weight-lifting—the latter in the crudest of all forms. One day Louis witnessed an exceptional feat of strength; he saw a section worker lift a 35-foot section of railroad rail and put it on a flatcar. The rail weighed 1,800 pounds.

Louis, who now weighed over 200 pounds and stood about 5 feet 8 inches tall, admired the performance. That night, he could not sleep; here was a challenge. The man who performed the feat was over 6 feet 4 and weighed 275 pounds. The challenge gnawed away at Louis. He could not bear the thought that there was a test of strength he couldn't surpass.

Every day Louis was tempted to try the feat, but every day he shied away from it, putting it off while he fought an inward struggle. One day he decided that he had nothing much to lose by trying it. He awoke early and before breakfast ran down to the flatcars. Believing no one was around, he lifted one end of an 1,800-pound rail onto his right shoulder and worked forward until he was under the midpound of balance. Then he lifted the rail and walked several feet with it.

Before he was 18 years old, love came to Louis. He met a young French-Canadian named Melina Courtois in New England. When her family returned to Quebec, Louis was not far behind. For the first time in history, science kept pace with love; when Louis returned to Canada, he took back with him several crude bar bells and a vague idea of how to lift them. The sport, now called the "iron game," was still in its infancy.

Louis' first official trial of strength came after he had exhibited his prowess at a local county fair. The fair manager took Louis aside and said, "Cyr, you are the strongest man in Canada."

"Oh, no! David Michaud holds that honor. They say he can stop a charging bull with a single blow of his fist."

"That makes a good newspaper story, no? I have seen this Michaud—you are stronger than he."

Louis shook his head and looked at the man quizzically. Inside his awkward, corpulent frame, a network of excitement sent his body tingling. Could it be that he was stronger than the great Michaud? The idea fascinated him and he knew from his first lesson with the railroad rail that the only way to find out was to try. He had nothing to lose.

With the aid of the fair manager, Louis sent out a challenge to David Michaud. It is reliably reported that when a newspaper man tossed Louis' challenge at him, Michaud turned purple.

"How dare he, a sniveling 18-year-old farm boy, challenge my championship?"

He knew, however, that he would look foolish if Louis proclaimed that Michaud refused the challenge. He had some friends check into Louis' ability secretly while publicly dismissing the youngster as an upstart. His friends reported that Cyr was quite strong, but that Michaud was stronger.

A born showman, Michaud let Louis squawk for awhile; then, when the time was ripe, Michaud accepted.

The meet took place in Quebec City. At that time, a match of strength was the most popular form of entertainment, ranking even above the art of fisticuffs. Out of the mines, the lumber camps and the sophisticated environs of Montreal came the curious spectators. There were no balanced Olympic bars and weights, for this was an ordeal of sheer animal strength; instead, huge boulders were tugged out of the mountains by horses and brought to the fair grounds.

Michaud was not distressed at the sight of Louis, who by now had eaten his way up to over 250 pounds and resembled a ball of lard. Louis' thick legs were like tree trunks, but his arms and chest had no rippling muscles, no signs of muscular strength. As was the case in those days, the Canadian champion first lifted a weight and the challenger then tried to duplicate the feat.

Michaud was truly a strong man and looked the part. He stepped forward and gracefully lifted the first stone. Eager and overanxious, Cyr grabbed the stone and duplicated Michaud's feat, though he almost tripped doing so. The crowd went wild. Michaud, realizing he was in for a bitter test of strength, skipped over the next two boulders and stood before a rock weighing an estimated 400 pounds. He straddled the sheer dead weight and hoisted it off the ground. The round and firm and fully packed young man, working more deliberately now, did likewise.

There was a hushed sense of excitement throughout the crowd. Michaud, getting a little annoyed, passed the next boulder and approached the largest rock, which weighed well over 500 pounds. Straddling it, he bent forward and began to tug. Nothing happened. Again he struggled, water streaming from his straining face. But it was no use, he could not lift it. He went to the second largest rock and with a mighty effort lifted it. The crowd cheered. Michaud turned to Louis and gave him a look which said, "Try to equal this lift, my young fool."

Louis, never one to refuse a challenge, went to the largest stone and straddled it. He wiped his perspiring hands on his pants and his thick fingers searched the underside of the rock for a good gripping place. Then he strained. It didn't budge.

There was a titter in the crowd, for if Michaud could not lift the stone, surely Louis would never be able to do it.

Calling on some extra reserve of strength and stamina from deep in the inner fibers of his roly-poly body, Louis struggled again. He quivered, his big body trembling in a mighty effort. Slowly up the boulder went. The judges could see over 6 inches of daylight under it as the crowd began to shriek. Just in case there might be any question, Louis gnashed his teeth and continued to struggle until he straightened out; then he swung the stone away in a half toss. There was no question about it, Louis had earned the title "The Strongest Man in Canada." The only one who couldn't believe it was Michaud. Years later Louis had to defeat him again to prove it.

The exhausted and excited young Hercules returned to his home in St. Jean de Mathia and went back to his work as a logger. In January 1882, a few months after winning the Canadian title, Louis wed Mademoiselle Melina, who at the time of her marriage weighed a little more than 90 pounds and was never to weigh more than 100 pounds during her lifetime.

Cyr was a sincerely devoted husband. With his new reputation, he was able to visit towns in the French province and give strong-man demonstrations to earn some extra cash. The taste of show business thrilled him; when he decided to try and earn a living at it, his wife abided by the decision. After the first experiment, however, traveling expenses proved too high to keep them at it on a regular basis. He returned to Montreal convinced that he had reached the summit of his career.

Louis Cyr, however, reckoned without destiny. There are at least fifteen versions of the next incident in his life—his brief career as a policeman. His job on the force came after Louis gave an exhibition of weight-lifting at Lafontaine Park in the East End of Montreal. On that occasion, he successfully lifted on a platform 3,536 pounds of pig iron—all dead weight. So amazing was he in his demonstration that the mayor of Montreal asked him to join the police force.

The young man, now 22, weighing over 300 pounds, with a head of curly black hair, was intrigued with the idea. That night he mentioned it to Melina, who said she had no objections but one: "Maybe he was only joking," she said quietly. She was quite realistic and didn't want Louis building up false hopes of getting such a desirable position.

Several days later, young Cyr had occasion to meet the superintendent of police, Mr. Paget, and once more he was asked to join the force. Louis agreed. The only obstacle was that he had to know how to fight. As a test, he was ordered to grapple the precinct wrestling champion. The battle lasted but three minutes. Louis rushed his opponent, pinned the man's arms behind his back and tossed him to the ground; then Louis sat on him—and that ended that.

As a policeman, Louis caused a stir among the local citizenry. One night, a fight started in a saloon. The tavern owner called the cops and the sergeant sent Louis.

Arriving at the scene of mayhem, Louis found two well-known hoodlums rolling on the sawdust floor with onlookers making side bets on the outcome. Louis easily tore them apart. Both men drew ugly knives from their jackets. Louis was going to have to pay the penalty for interfering in a private argument between two friendly Frenchmen. They made a dash for him. He put up his arms for protection and they crashed into the two stalwart boughs of brawn, which completely knocked the wind out of them. After pocketing their knives, Louis scooped the pair up like little dolls, though each man weighed over 180 pounds, tucked them under his arms and strolled the half-mile to the police station. He wasn't even winded when he flung the culprits in jail.

This magnificent feat received such prominent newspaper mention throughout Canada and the United States that Louis left the force and once again embarked upon a career as a strong man. With a big wagon load of weights and strongman paraphernalia, he and his father traveled around the old French-Canadian villages, where he gave exhibitions, often donating part of his earnings to local charities and churches.

Louis started to learn—the hard way—which feats pleased the onlookers. He was surprised to discover that quite often it wasn't his most strenuous exertion that was the crowd pleaser. While he didn't believe in gimmicks, he did have a natural flair for the dramatic. On one occasion, he pressed a 200-pound bar bell (lifted it from the floor, brought it to rest on his chest, then hoisted it over his head) with one hand and received scant applause for it. On another day, as a joke, he lifted a 200-pound man up to his shoulder and then did a slow press; much to his delight, the audience went beserk. Needless to say, he substituted a man for the bar bell from that day on.

The cast-iron colossus learned several other crowd-pleasing tricks. Usually on a bet, he would harness his two horses, face them away from each other and grasp one pair of traces in each hand; then his father would slap and coax the horses, trying to force Louis to lose his grip. Without fail, the horses could not be pried from him, for with just plain brute muscle he held them in check. At one village, a wealthy farmer offered him $200 if he could perform the same trick with the farmer's two best horses. Louis agreed and then paled when a farmhand brought in two Percherons, which are among the strongest draft horses in the world. The two dapple grays strained and tugged and were even whipped, but Louis never released his grip. Showman that he was, he then had the farmer place one of the horses on his wagon and Louis lifted the wagon and the horse—and estimated total of close to 2,500 pounds.

By now, Louis, who was beginning to develop a real touch of ham, had begun to let his hair grow and noise around the myth that Samson was his idol. This colorful stunt did little, of course, to harm his bookings.

He was now on the threshold of the big time. In 1886, he challenged Richard Pennell to a test of strength. Pennell, an American, was one of several men to hold the unofficial title of "World's Strongest Man." The match was unfair from our point of view today because Pennell, although a brilliant performer, weighed but 178 pounds. Still, Pennell held a title Louis wanted. Louis was 23 years old, Pennell was 40. The match was held under the old-fashioned rules: one man selected a particular lift and the other had to duplicate or exceed it.

Pennell was dramatically beaten in every lift. When he did a one-arm press of 200 pounds, Louis duplicated it with ease. To gain a psychological advantage, Louis did a similar press with his own bar bell. The judges, believing it was hollow, put it on a scale. Pennell almost had a stroke when he learned it weighed 253 pounds. Pennell then curled 102

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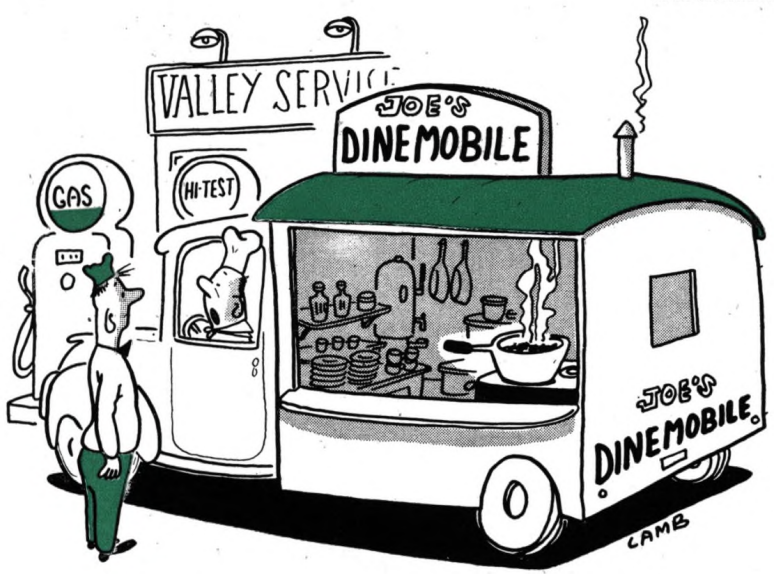


"Check the oil, battery, tires, and put some water in the stew."

pounds, so Louis added 25 pounds to the weights and did the same curl. (This difficult lift is no longer recognized in weight-lifting circles.)

Realizing he had a tremendous advantage, Cyr did not overdo his act, but lifted just enough to wrest the title from Pennell.

Louis was at this point in his career nearly at his peak both as a weight-lifter and as a trencherman. If ever a man measured close to the hero of the song *Mr. Five by Five,* it was he. His chest, unexpanded, was close to 60 inches and he stood 5 feet 10½ inches high; his biceps measured 22½ inches—as much as the pretty waist of a high-fashion New York model today; his thigh measured 33 inches—as much as the waist of a normal 175-pound man; and his waist was 47 inches—before a meal.

With the strongest-man title tucked in his vest pocket, Louis returned triumphantly to Montreal. He opened a tavern and did a landslide business from the beginning. Like the proverbial musician who never hesitated to sit down and play the piano whether or not he was asked, Louis performed his magical feats of strength daily by tossing around 300-pound kegs of beer and lifting bar bells for customers. He was not above taking wagers on his strength. Because of one such bet, Louis learned for the first time that he was slightly handicapped. A sharp gambler from San Francisco visited the strong man, studied him for awhile and then said, "I'll bet you $100 that you can't place two of those barrels of beer on your shoulders and do a squat with them."

Louis jumped at what seemed to him to be a sucker bet. He hoisted two barrels on the bar, leaned forward and placed a shoulder against each one and then easily straightened up, an arm curled about each barrel of beer. He then tried to squat down with the 600 pounds on his shoulders, but found he couldn't. It wasn't that he didn't have the strength to do it, but his thighs and calves were so huge that he couldn't bend his legs. He had never really noticed this before.

The loss did Louis a good turn, for in later matches he steered clear of lifts that required him to bend his knees.

It is quite probable that Louis held another title—that of the world's biggest eater. When not accepting wagers at his saloon to perform acts of strength, he took on all comers in eating contests. A "normal" repast for the massive muscleman consisted of a dozen boiled eggs, two chickens, a small ham, a whole loaf of bread and two quarts of stout or ale.

Many years later, during an eating contest with his protege, Horace Barre, each man sat down before a suckling pig that had been roasted on a spit. Louis was finished with his 25-pound offering and sucking the spit stick before the choking Barre was a third of the way through. With Falstaffian humor, Louis regally condescended to help Barre finish the second suckling.

Slowly, but surely, news of Louis' prowess spread. Often he'd leave his tavern and go out on tour for several months. His manager, Monsieur Labadie, had a standing offer of $100 to any man who could duplicate any one of Cyr's feats. The records show that only one man ever collected this prize. One night in Detroit, a young giant named Therrien duplicated a one-arm press made by Louis. He was given the $100 and he walked out of the hall before Louis or his manager could get over their amazement.

By 1890, strong men all over the world were captivating the populace. In England, a young, handsome German, Karl Frederick Mueller, better known to the world as Eugene Sandow, astonished everyone with his feats of strength and his magnificently proportioned body. He defeated such strong-man greats as Sampson and Cyclops and became the rage of Europe.

Sampson and Cyclops were strong men of the truck-horse variety, a class in which Cyr fitted easily. Louis appeared clumsy, was awkward in appearance and was so immense he had to step through a doorway sideways. He even required two chairs to sit on.

After his defeat by Sandow, Cyclops decided that North America was ripe for the plucking. Picking a time when Louis was away on tour in New England, Cyclops and Montgomery Irving, who called himself "Sandowe" and is usually referred to as the false Sandowe, appeared in a Montreal theater.

Knowing that Cyr was out of town, Cyclops threw out a challenge: "Where is your Louis? He heard we were coming, so he left town. I could beat him as though he were a child." The resultant publicity brought crowds to the theater and Cyclops and the false Sandowe began to reap the benefits of the boast.

A friend got in touch with Louis and told him about the invasion. For the first time in his life, he was angry. He quickly left his own show and came home, arriving just in time to rush into the theater as the curtain went up. Cyclops came on stage and restated his claims. "I'm the strongest man in the world," he shouted. "Cyr left Montreal when he heard I, the great Cyclops, was coming to challenge him."

Cyclops then very dramatically cried, "Where is Louis Cyr?"

Louis stood up and in the hush that fell over the crowd simply answered, "Here I am."

As he strode up the aisle to the stage, Cyclops and Sandowe blanched. Louis was familiar with one of Cyclops' tricks —the two-handed overhead lift of a 275½-pound bell.

"Let me see you lift the big bell," said Louis.

His composure regained, Cyclops lifted the thick-handled bell with two hands and raised it overhead. He had encountered no man in Europe or America who had been able to duplicate that feat; so he almost fainted when Louis, still fully clothed, grabbed the bell with two hands, raised it to shoulder height, then transferred it to one hand and easily pressed overhead. By the time Louis had lowered the bar bell, Cyclops and Sandowe had disappeared from the stage.

Both men rechallenged Cyr the next day, but when Louis appeared on stage

that night and publicly offered Cyclops $1,000 if he could duplicate but one-half of Cyr's feats, Cyclops turned timid and refused. He was booed off the stage. It spelled finis with frills to the careers of Cyclops and Sandowe, the latter leaving the strong-man arena to open a gym in New York.

The defeat of Cyclops established Louis internationally. His only obstacle now was Sandow in England. European offers came pouring in. Richard K. Fox, the colorful publisher of the *Police Gazette*, invited Louis and his petite wife to New York to put on a "command performance." So completely captivated was Fox by Louis' strength, character and personality that the publisher devoted a long article to him in the following issue of the *Gazette*, proclaiming him the strongest man in the world.

As a result of the publicity, Louis became the most-talked-about strong man in the country. Fox offered any man $500 who could duplicate Louis' feats. Cyr went on a tour of the United States under Fox's sponsorship and met and easily defeated any and all comers.

He was now eager to go to Europe. His one ambition was to defeat Sandow; so he formed a troupe, which included his protege, Horace Barre, and, under the sponsorship of the *Police Gazette* and several friends, set sail for England on January 1, 1892.

News of Louis' fabulous feats of strength preceded him. Crowds met him at Waterloo Station in London. "Can you beat our Sandow?" they all asked. Louis just smiled.

The genial Canadian heard through the grapevine that Eugene Sandow was eager to show him up as a "fake." On January 19, 1892, Louis made his debut at the Royal Aquarium. Aware that there were many phonies in the game, he decided to authenticate his honesty; so he asked a committee of statesmen and aristocrats to supervise the weighing of his weights before each act of strength. Unknown to Louis, Sandow was in the audience.

Labadie, Louis' manager, stood before the audience of 5,000 people and said, "On behalf of the *Police Gazette* of New York, we have deposited with *Sporting Life Magazine* £1,000 to be given to any man who can defeat Louis Cyr. Any man who claims the title of the strongest man in the world must either accept this challenge or forever give up claim to this title."

Louis then began to exhibit his prowess. Here are a few of his more spectacular tests of strength: lifting 273¼ pounds with two arms to shoulder height, then with one arm over head; lifting with his *little* finger a barrel of cement weighing 551 pounds; lifting with his back sixteen men on the platform (total weight —3,635 pounds) and holding the weight for 20 seconds; holding two pairs of draft horses in check. The latter act differed from his earlier efforts. Lines attached to the horses' harness ended in loops that fitted around Louis' arms. His arms were crossed over so that the horses on the left pulled his right arm and vice versa. If he lost his grip, his arms would be pulled out of their sockets. It was a magnificent show as he successfully held back the full hauling strength of the four horses.

Eugene Sandow, having witnessed these feats, slipped quietly out of the hall and never challenged or even met Cyr during his stay.

England became Louis' oyster. He was feted by the Prince of Wales, later to be King Edward VII; a half-dozen honors were heaped on him by Queen Victoria, with whom he discussed the affairs of French Canada; the Marquis of Queensbury invited him to his estate for a private exhibition before the most noted sportsmen of the day.

The marquis, a practical joker who knew about Louis' tremendous appetite, kept him performing all afternoon without food, promising him a banquet at night. After putting on a tremendous show, Louis was asked to perform one more feat before getting any food.

The marquis brought up two thoroughbred driving grays and asked Louis to hold them apart. Though his other horse tests had been with big draft animals, the thoroughbreds proved to be his toughest test. "It felt like a terrible fire was burning through my shoulders and arms," he said later. He managed to do it, however, before the amazed assembly of aristocrats. The marquis then gave him one of the horses. Only then did Louis get anything to eat—and he was ready to eat the horse.

Back in America, Louis was once and for all hailed as the strongest man in the world and was awarded the *Police Gazette* diamond belt as the world champion.

On May 27, 1895, Louis performed, literally, a back-breaking feat. At Austin and Stones Museum in Boston, he lifted 4,300 pounds on his back. This is an official record. Unofficially, the very next night, for a $10 bet, Louis lifted 4,480 pounds. With whom did he bet? Why, his friend John L., who had gotten lost the night before and so wasn't able to witness the first performance.

In 1896, the real Sandow appeared in New York, claiming the title as the world's strongest man. Louis, angered for the second time in his life, strode into a newspaper office and slammed down $500 and his diamond *Police Gazette* belt as a bet if Sandow would meet his challenge. Sandow refused and was never considered a threat as a strong man again. Still, the beautifully proportioned man had his gorgeous physique parlayed into a million dollars by Florenz Ziegfeld at the Chicago World's Fair and later in Ziegfeld's *Follies*.

The last great strong man to meet Louis was August Johnson. On March 31, 1896, the night before meeting Johnson, Louis made a two-arm, clean-and-jerk record of 347 pounds. As he couldn't bend his knees, this feat is one of the greatest in his career for he just leaned over from the waist, tossed up the bar bell and heaved it over his head.

In Chicago on April 1, Johnson and Cyr battled, using crude, dead weights and doing a weird assortment of original lifts never seen before or since. Starting at 8 p.m., the men pitted muscle for muscle, weight for weight, until 1 a.m., when Johnson conceded defeat. Johnson had been beaten in every one of the lifts and his hands were badly swollen and blistered. Cyr admitted he couldn't have continued much longer as his own hands were blistered, open and bleeding. Louis lost 18 pounds in that match. Johnson, who had traveled all over the world defeating all competitors, flatly stated that Louis was the strongest man in history.

Louis rested for two weeks and then went into training. On May 7 and 8, he showed the world once and for all how strong he was. This is what he accomplished:

1. With his right hand, he lifted from the floor and brought out to arm's length a 185-pound dumbbell.

2. He took a 97¼-pound dumbbell in his right hand and an 88-pound dumbbell in his left, raised both weights and held his arms outstretched for 8 seconds. This feat, which is called a correct crucifix, has never been approached.

3. With his little finger, he lifted a stone weighing 558 pounds off the floor to a height of 6 inches.

4. He twice in one night did a back lift of 4,133 pounds.

5. He shouldered with one arm a barrel of iron and gravel weighing 445 pounds.

6. He did a clean to shoulder and a slow press upward with a 343-pound bar bell.

7. He did a hand-and-thigh lift of 1,897¼ pounds.

8. He did a one-hand dead lift of 988 pounds. (It is generally believed that while Louis held the bar bell solely with his right hand, he gripped his right wrist with his left hand for assistance.)

9. With one hand he pressed a 273¼-pound bar bell over head.

Louis then returned to his tavern and later retired to his farm. He came out of retirement just once, to beat Hector Decarie in 1906. It was great exertion for the then flabby-fat, 350-pound man.

On November 10, 1912, as the result of too much eating and the years of over exertion, 48-year-old Louis died.

Just how great was Cyr? Leo Gaudreau, whose life has been spent in research and writing on strong men stated: "Louis Cyr was without a doubt, along with Swoboda, Steinbach and Apollon, one of the four strongest men who ever lived."

Bob Hoffman, coach of the 1952 U. S. Olympic team, owner of the York Barbell Co., and publisher of the weight-lifter's fan magazine *Strength & Health*, points out, "Although some of our best middleweights can better Cyr in certain lifts because of improved techniques, balanced weights and precision-made bar bells, there's no question in my mind that he's unbeatable in his specialties."

Jim Murray, who edits Hoffman's magazine and has written two textbooks on the science of weight lifting, believes that only one present-day weight lifter has a chance to exceed any of Cyr's marks —a young man named Paul Anderson. "But," adds Jim, "Paul will have to train for a long time first." Until then, Cyr remains without a peer.—**Hy Steirman**

They Fight Like Hell

[*Continued from page 59*]

Patrolman. Other proofs of the Legion's new stature followed, and the trickle of recruits swelled to a steady stream. Within a few months even the sons of the sheiks were asking to be taken in, and Glubb had to close his enlistments. "The Bedouin's chief pleasure," Glubb says, "is to bear arms. The abolition of raiding drove the most gallant and enterprising young men into our service."

The uniform was impressive: a long khaki robe, white sleeves, red sash and red revolver lanyard, a belt and ammunition bandolier and a silver dagger in the belt. Soon the prettiest girls would have only Desert Patrolmen for lovers, Glubb says, and the tradition has persisted to this day.

In the beginning Glubb tried to make his Legionnaires model citizens first and soldiers second. Grizzled—but illiterate—veterans of raids and battles sat around campfires night after night laboriously tracing out the Arabic alphabet with a stub of a pencil. They also learned first aid, public sanitation, and the essentials of farming. Legion posts adopted orphans and contributed part of their pay to famine victims. The Legion became policeman, judge, teacher, farm extension agent, doctor and general confessor of the desert people in Trans-Jordan. (It still is, especially among the distressed Arab refugees from Palestine.)

A sign hung over each desert fort: "The reason for the existence of the Desert Patrol is to increase the prosperity of the Arabs." Again and again, Glubb says, when a Legionnaire gathered local tribesmen around a campfire for a cup of bitter Arab tea and talk about some joint problem, more than one man wiped tears from his eyes. "It was pathetic to realize that they could be moved to tears by the mere idea of a government devoted to their interests."

On this basis Glubb built an army of citizens who would fight—because they had something to fight for.

He then set about training his men for war. He had no need to concern himself with individual patrolling, survival in the desert, physical conditioning, or rifle marksmanship. Map-reading, too, was unnecessary; the Bedouins had mapped in their minds thousands of square miles of what seemed to the European utterly featureless desert.

But there were trucks and armored cars to learn to drive and maintain, machine guns and mortars to assemble and fire, tactics and finally even a few light artillery pieces to understand. The Legion leaped enthusiastically into the task of transforming itself from a primitive to a modern army.

When war came in 1939, Glubb and his men were not caught napping. They had been on a war footing for several months, and King Abdullah immediately offered his entire army to the British. Jordan was the only non-empire nation to stand with the English in the dark, early days—and Glubb never lets the people at home forget it.

The Legion fought a lightninglike war against the pro-Nazi Iraqis, got badly mauled by Messerschmitts in the beginning, but went on and stormed several Iraqi forts. Within a month the campaign was over and the Iraqis were back in the Allied fold.

Then the Legion was sent to Syria to fight the Vichy French. With them were the Aussies and the British. The fighting was rugged and primitive. With blood in their eyes and a tribesman's yell in their throats, Glubb's troops repeatedly charged the French to engage in hand-to-hand combat—a thing the Bedouin dearly loves. Glubb was in the thick of the fighting, chasing the enemy at breakneck speeds and shouting encouragement to his men. When it was all over, the French had been soundly thrashed and the Legion's fighting ability was well established.

Glubb wanted to take his men to fight in Europe. But he was balked, and for the rest of the war the Legion did guard duty throughout the Middle East.

The guard duty was dull; but it was performed with a will by the fanatically devoted men of Glubb. Lance Corporal Hamed al Huda is typical of these men: *tough* Huda stands like a fullback, 6 feet tall and 190 pounds, and walks like the outdoorsman he is, with a long catlike stride on the balls of his feet. His face is burnt bronze by the stinging desert wind. He has four-inch black mustache, which curls upward at the ends like a Turk's, and a thin fringe of beard, which runs up the chin line on either side for about three inches. Dressed in an immaculate British-type battledress, with the flowing Arab headdress, Huda would be a handsome character if it weren't for his teeth, which are in bad shape. He is 31 years old now and has been in the Legion for fifteen years.

Huda was a ragged desert herd boy of 16 who had never seen an automobile when he enlisted (volunteers only in the Legion). He signed up because his father owed a debt of gratitude to Glubb. Out driving in his Buick one day in the early 30's, Glubb came upon the tents of an isolated sheik of the Ruwalla tribe; the sheik was slowly going blind with an eye disease which Glubb knew was easily curable. He wrote out a chit to be presented at the hospital in Amman. Three years later the sheik sent his much-cherished youngest son to serve Glubb: debts are always paid in the desert.

Huda trained with two other recruits

at a small desert fort near his home. He learned fast because the lessons were hard; once when he was found with a spot on his uniform he had to run around the fort 100 times holding five rifles over his head. Although he could see no sense in close-order drill he and his fellow recruits took turns shouting commands to each other far into the night so that they would make no mistakes the following day. Learning to write was another foolishness that Huda put up with; he did so with great dignity because he did not think of himself as a recruit but as a Bedouin, a natural-born soldier.

And, in fact, there wasn't much about tracking or patrolling or desert life that the Legion could teach him; the desert had schooled him since birth. With two other Legionnaires only a year later he raced nonstop 150 miles into Syria after a band of raiders, fought a pitched battle and brought the stolen flocks home. It was a border violation, but it taught the Syrian tribesmen respect for the Legion.

Because he was good at training camels, Huda became a member of a crack camel troop. He remembers with a pleased grin how the troop dumbfounded visiting Ibn Saud of Saudi Arabia, who thought he had seen everything that camels could be made to do. Dressed in yellow khaki with scarlet sashes, and with blue and scarlet tassels swinging from the saddles, the troop advanced in a straight line. On a single command, the camels dropped their heads while the riders got off two quick shots. At another command the camels knelt motionless while the riders scrambled ahead as skirmishers. Another word and the camels rolled on their sides; the line then retreated to the animals, using them as shields and firing over their backs. Ibn Saud apparently never got over this mass disciplining of the orneriest of all beasts.

During World War II, Huda did sentry duty at the great dumps at Musaiyib, 40 miles south of Baghdad. Stripped-naked Iraqi tribesmen sometimes took their chances at night crawling through a live-wire fence, across a belt of mines and through another fence in the hope of stealing weapons or ammunition. As he was making his rounds early one morning a shot out of the dark dropped Huda with a wound in the stomach. When he woke up he could hear the raiders whispering just outside the wire, collecting their loot. Disregarding the mines Huda crawled through the minefield, mowed down two of the raiders with his Tommy gun and held two more prisoner. Another guard arrived and took over just as he fainted from loss of blood.

In the Israel war they tell another story about Huda. It was a dark night and raining hard, several miles outside of Jerusalem. Huda, on sentry duty, was sitting in a tree when he saw a patrol approaching from the Israel lines. Four men. Huda let them slip through the Arab lines, but followed them. Moving through a patch of brush he slipped up behind the last man, silently slit his throat and dragged him away. Fifteen minutes later he got the second man in the same way. The two remaining men began to search for their two comrades. They ventured too far apart; Huda took No. 3. A moment later the fourth man came upon his body, dropped his rifle and ran for the Israel lines. Huda dashed after him, threw him to the ground and dragged him off screaming hysterically to a Legion guardpost where he talked freely about troop dispositions while Huda stood over him scowling.

It is not quite accurate to think of Huda as a bloodthirsty killer, however. Like other Legionnaires he merely fights a total kind of war, sparing neither himself nor the enemy. And this is basically the measure of the Arab Legion's effectiveness.

Huda himself is a fairly gentle man in his personal relations. His wife and three children (the only pinup pictures over his cot) remain in the black desert tents of his father. Huda talks of them constantly but sees them about three months at a time only every two years. In Amman he is apt to pick up a child under each arm and carry them squirming to the nearest sugar cane vendor, where he buys treats for all. Like most desert people Huda is also a seriously religious man, neither smokes nor drinks. Five times a day, no matter where he is, he puts down his cloak and kneels to the East in prayer.

Huda nowadays serves with the armored cars. As a lance corporal he has charge of maintaining three Ford-built vehicles. Although he himself knows little about repair work, he has three Palestinian Arabs under him who do. One morning one of the three cars failed to start. Huda forced the mechanic to run around the car 100 times holding a Bren gun over his head.

"Tomorrow morning the car will start," said Huda. It did, too.

Corporal Huda is a member of one of the elite armies of the world. Drawing pay of some $17 a month, he is far better off than most desert herders, where a whole family may realize as little as $40 a year in cash. The Legion gives him honor, glory and sustenance. Huda wants nothing more.

There is some indication that Britain may be trying to reinforce the toughest anti-Communist army in the Middle East with some of her troops from the Suez Canal Zone.

In any case, says Lance Corporal Huda as he revs up his armored car, "The Legion will be ready when *Abu el Huneik* calls for the Brave Ones to fight. For Glubb Pasha is our Father, and are we not Bedouins?"—**Sandy Sanderson**

Too Good To Be True

"You don't need an overhaul . . . just a new spark-plug wire. That'll be 45 cents, please."

TRUE MAGAZINE

Whaling the Hard Way

[*Continued from page 39*]

according to size. When the whale is on the run and not simply idling through the water, these five minutes are all the time a whale crew has for making an approach run and setting the harpoon.

And this whale wasn't idling. He was moving at about 8 knots—heading for Brazil. As the launch pulled up level with him he curved his back like a giant porpoise, turned up his flukes and sounded.

It was then 2:15.

The launch immediately slowed down and began dropping off the whaleboats at 400-yard intervals along the whale's probable course.

As soon as his boat was cast off, each boatheader shipped his rudder and replaced it with the archaic and picturesque steering-oar of the American tradition. Twenty-two feet in length, this type of oar alone can provide the maneuverability necessary when working close in to a whale.

The launch then raced ahead, cutting across the whale's path in an effort to turn it with the sound of its engines. We ringed the whole area, kept on ringing it.

Half an hour dragged into an hour. The whale crews were standing up in their boats now, watching the sea. Suddenly everyone was pointing.

"There she blows!" About two miles to the south of us we could just make out the puffs of whiteness against the sea. I checked my watch at 3:25. He'd been submerged for an hour and ten minutes!

The boats leaped in pursuit, knifing through the sea, the boatheaders steering one-handed and throwing their weight against the nearest oar with the other. Five minutes was all they had. They ate up that gap so fast it almost looked as if they could do it. A good crew can do ten knots for ten minutes. After that they gradually drop down to five, which they can keep up for the rest of the day if they have to.

They must have been nibbling at the ten mark now, but the nearest boat was still a quarter mile away when the whale up-fluked and sounded.

"Are whales always as wild as this?" I asked Gouveia.

"Not as a rule, Senhor. I don't understand it. He is very frightened. And big," he added. "Maybe sixteen meters. Worth around $1,500." He crammed the triple throttles practically through the windshield. "We have got to turn him." We had been churning around for nearly fifteen minutes when someone yelled, "There he is!"

We started round to see a huge fin cutting through the waves off our port beam. It ripped past us like a big black scythe, curving five feet up out of the water.

"Killer whale!" Gouveia muttered. "So that's the reason. Now we'll never catch him."

Sperms are terrified of killer whales. Packs of them have been known to force open a sperm's mouth and tear out its tongue.

On the way back to Funchal, Huston announced that we'd have to take the

cameras into the whaleboats themselves. The launch was too high for good pictures, and it couldn't get close enough to photograph the harpooning without scaring the whale. Huston told Gouveia his decision. His eyes twinkled, but his words carried a warning. "It will be dangerous," Gouveia said, "but with a little practice it might be done."

So we practiced. The following morning the boats were lined up for us at the whaling station, fully equipped and crewed. We were each allocated a boat and shown where to sit.

Whaleboats are crammed with gear. First there are the harpoons and lances, half a dozen of each strapped to either ceiling, a number of waifing flags. God knows how many cuddy boxes for the men's food, emergency tack, water, a 20-foot mast and sail unstepped and lain along the thwarts, the 50-yard towing warp and two tubs each containing 230 yards of coiled whale-line.

The whale-line Gouveia stressed, and *not* the whale was our greatest danger. This line is not stored forward as one might expect, but amidships, and it runs first aft, passing around a loggerhead in the stern and then forward down the center of the boat to the harpooner in the bows. This distributes the pull of the whale over the whole boat.

When the whale is harpooned and running this line whips through the boat and anything, or anyone, fouling it would be snatched straight overboard and down.

To encourage us, Gouveia told us about a boat in 1948 that was dragged under because of a knot in the line. The crew tried to jump clear, but two of them got caught by the line—one by the leg, the other by the throat. The whale towed them down for several fathoms, but fortunately it changed course and surfaced. The men were both rescued, though one lost his leg.

The whale crewmen were great guys. Very simple and respectful, with a strictly elementary sense of humor. I guess they need it. Doing the job they do for the equivalent of $28 a month needs just about all the humor there is.

Gouveia told us that he had a lot of trouble with them a few years back, before the government put the tax on *aguadente*. *Aguadente* is a local cane spirit, a toe-curler if ever there was one, and it sold in those days for around 15 cents a gallon. Since the tax though, the cost of the drink had risen beyond their pockets. Only the rich people in Madeira get drunk now.

After another day of training in the whaleboats, we were ready to meet the whales on their own level. We tanked up on *aguadente* that night, and raised hell until 4 in the morning. At 6:30 the rocket went up. We staggered out, tumbled down the quay steps onto the launch and were at sea and heading east before we really woke up.

Gouveia was at the wheel. *"Bon di',"* he called out. "Good news! Today we have a school. The boats are there already. They have made one kill."

We soon found out how the boats had managed to get there so fast. The whales were practically in Caniçal Bay. As we rounded Santa Katarina Island the whole whaling panorama was spread before us, like an old-fashioned print.

It was a magnificent sight—whales everywhere, idling through the sea in families of five and ten and twenty, with here and there the clean whiteness of a whaleboat, either in pursuit or already fastened. Two waifing flags blinked amongst the waves showing that a second kill had been added to the first.

These were the school whales—the cows, the calves and yearlings—as different from the lone bull we had encountered as pleasure steamers from a warship. They were smaller (the females rarely exceeding 35 feet), less alert, and when they sounded did so for only a few minutes at a time. This was possibly for the benefit of the calves.

Not much is known about the mating habits of whales, though I have met seamen who claim to have seen them pressed vertically together in the water with their blowholes just breaking the surface. Certainly they are polygamous, one or two bulls to a school.

A cow produces one or two calves at a time, suckling her offspring like any other mammal. The nipples are waterproofed inside a sort of envelope into which the calf thrusts its head.

Suddenly we saw a whaleboat speeding like an arrow over the calm water, its oars making no sound in their corded rowlocks.

There are two traditional methods of going on the whale, either to go on the flukes or head and head. These are the two directions in which the whale is least able to see. Even from sideways on it can see very little, due partially to the smallness of the eye which is constructed to withstand the immense depth-pressures at which it feeds. (A 45-foot sperm whale was found entangled in a submarine cable off Columbia by a repair ship in 1932. The cable was brought up from 3,240 feet.)

The whaleboat now was going in on the flukes. When it was within thirty yards of the last whale the harpooner boated his oar and got forward. With a quick check to make sure the line wasn't fouling anything he braced himself against the thigh-board and leveled the harpoon, holding it halfway along the shaft with his left hand and cupping his right hand over the end of the butt—as if to push rather than throw it.

The boat drew level with the whale, but the harpooner made no move. One of the oars actually thudded the whale as the boat swept by and on into the main body of whales until it was surrounded by them. Still he did not strike.

The boatheader was up on the standing-cleats craning his neck to get a longer view, putting the boat beautifully between the closely massed backs. In a few seconds they had passed up through the "family," emerging almost on the back of the leading cow. Only then did the harpooner strike.

The iron bedded deep in the big back slightly forward of the hump. In one smooth movement the whale rounded out and sounded. The harpooner almost lazily tossed overboard the box-line—a few fathoms of whale-line which give slack to the whale to allow the crew time to reorganize.

The men peaked their oars so that they lay across the boat and faced the bows, the whale-line just then beginning to run. They leaned across it casually to light each other's cigarettes, talking and laughing.

When the big cow sounded the whole family followed her so that now there was nothing to be seen on the surface but their slicks—pools of oily smoothness. The whale-line whined out over the bow chocks and straight down into the water like a dropped anchor cable.

Presently the line's angle in the water told the harpooner that the whale had finished sounding and was now running. So he signaled the boatheader, who snubbed the line around the stern loggerhead.

Immediately the boat began to move at about 10 knots, slowing a little, jerking forward again, as the whale ran and hesitated, puzzled by this new weight that had suddenly been added to her. Finally she surfaced, still swimming strongly and with her family still about her.

The whalers, smoking patiently, let her run with only the boatheader working at his oar. They knew she would soon exhaust herself. When her condition was right they began hauling on the line, the tub and stern oarsmen coiling the dripping hemp neatly on the boatheader's platform as it came aboard, until the boat was within twenty feet of the whale. The harpooner stood ready in the bows holding his lance—a 5-foot steel-headed spear mounted on a 6-foot pole.

The crew rowed in the last twenty feet. The harpooner balanced his lance and struck, yanking it out immediately by the short line attached to it. He struck again. This time the head of the lance came back bent and he had to straighten it between the bow chocks before striking again. The whale sounded.

The lancing process went on for some time, becoming less daring and cruder as the whale weakened, until the harpooner was running the weapon into her side carelessly, saving his strength for the fresh whales that would come later.

She began to spout blood—a sign that the lance had started internal bleeding of the lungs. All lancing is aimed at this and the resulting "chimney afire" is the signal to give the whale its head, as its final contortions are near.

The final contortions are called the "flurry" and they conform to an invariable pattern. The whale's flukes go down, the head comes up and she runs in a circle, jaws working, reaching toward the sun. She feels herself drowning and she is fighting toward the light and air that she believes must lie above her.

Gradually the flurry becomes more labored, till at last she sinks back into the water. A few kicks perhaps, but she is dead and presently her side will come up whitely breaking the surface and the whalemen will haul up to her cautiously and plant their flag.

They made a few sharp nicks with a flensing spade, jammed in the white flag,

and it was over. They pulled away slowly, recoiling their whale-line, disentangling the lancing warps, preoccupied with the technicalities of their strange trade.

The crews had killed twenty whales, Gouveia told us. That seemed worth a drink, so we opened up the first-aid locker and passed the medicinal brandy around.

"Just how many whales do you take in a year on an average?" Huston asked him.

"Perhaps a hundred and fifty, Senhor."

"How many barrels of oil would that represent?" Huston wanted to know.

Gouveia calculated about 3,000 barrels a year. The oil was used for the manufacture of soap, face creams and the lubrication of machinery, the treating of wool. They exported it to the U.S., Great Britain and most of Europe. It fetched 5 escudos a kilo. On that basis, they had netted around $12,000 on that day alone.

The blood, flesh and bones of the whale were all ground into fertilizer. Every single part of the whale was utilized except the flukes. The largest whale they had ever caught was 62 feet, 4 inches. The largest finback 67 feet, 3 inches. That's a lot of whale. We asked why they had stuck to the old whaling methods. Gouveia explained that they had worked out the economics carefully, and proved that they would lose money by using steam catchers.

"Now may I ask you a question?" Gouveia added, smiling. "Did you get enough pictures today? Have you finished in Madeira now?"

"Finished!" Huston yelped. "Hell, man, we only just started!"

The next day we saw the flensing. It was a smelly, gory business and bore little resemblance to the old-fashioned method which was done at sea alongside the whaling ship. Briefly, the whale corpses are detached one by one from their anchorage in Caniçal bay and towed, flukes first, up a slipway by steam-winch into the whaling station yard where the whale crews, their bare feet now black with blood, set to work on them with flensing spades (not unlike long, razor-sharp hoes). They decapitate the whale and tow the head, or "case," clear; then strip off the blubber from the remaining trunk, cut it into easily handled hunks and pass it into machinery that minces it and extracts the oil.

The case contains spermaceti, from which the whale derives its name. The whale has the most inexpressive looking head in the world—something like the hood of a prewar Cord automobile in shape. The eyes are practically invisible and set where you would least expect to see them—sometimes as much as 16 feet back from the snout, and low down. The jaw, despite its forty to fifty-two ferocious-looking 5-pound teeth, is little more than a foot wide and looks more like the puny clip on a fox fur than the mouth of a living creature. Add to this a pint-sized brain and you wonder just what the creature is doing with a head nearly 20 feet long, 9 feet high and weighing around 5 tons.

The answer is that the head is little more than a receptacle containing up to 500 gallons of spermaceti. Spermaceti is a wax used in making candles and ointments. When the fibrous case that contains it is first opened up the wax looks like strange, blinding white foam. Beneath the foam is the purest oil in the whale's body.

Just what is the function of the contents of this case no one seems quite sure; but the theory is that its buoyancy assists the enormous weight of the whale to surface after a dive.

Another curious substance found occasionally in the sperm whale is ambergris, a stony concretion which collects in the bull's gut. It looks like rock, but is lighter, crumbly, often ingrained with the half-digested beaks of squid, and has an acrid stink all of its own. Because of the peculiar lasting quality of this smell it is used as a base for the manufacture of perfumes, and fetches approximately $15 a pound.

Huston had to leave for Ireland and the first shooting of *Moby Dick*, but he left us to carry on and get the most spectacular whale shots we could—if possible, whales breaching or leaping out of the water. Not many people have seen this awe-inspiring sight. A sport fisherman told us that the bulls do it after mating. They come up out of the water with a rush, flip their flukes and fall smash back onto their bellies with a report like a 75-pounder going off in Grand Central Station.

We asked the fisherman how often he had seen this happen.

"Only once," he admitted. "And I have been sea fishing most of my life." His age was about 46. We didn't have that kind of time.

Then we remembered the story Gouveia had told us about their experiments with electrically charged harpoons, which had failed to kill the whale but had made them tail-walk like a marlin. They would have tried higher voltages, but quit out of fear that they would electrocute themselves because the water made the harpoon wire "alive." We decided to try it, however, and hired a generator and had it installed amidships of the launch. We then rigged up 400 yards of whale-line cored with rubberized electric cable plus an ordinary hand harpoon thickly insulated so the current wouldn't dissipate in the water. The method we worked out was to plant two harpoons—the first to fasten the whale in the ordinary way, and the second to be planted after the launch had pulled alongside.

Everything went as planned until the electric harpoon was darted into the whale and the switch thrown. Instead of breaching, the whale just sank. We tried a more powerful generator, but it was no go. And then on our third experiment, the thing we had been scared of happened. The whale doubled back and hit us. The launch shuddered as though a depth-charge had gone off in the water, lifted slightly, staggered sideways. Everyone started yelling. Gouveia crashed the diesels into reverse.

We limped astern in a half-circle like a winged duck, the engines vibrating alarmingly, Gouveia slamming the controls about with a worried frown. We

shot more juice into the whale but he sank again, and we finally had to harpoon him in the normal manner. Why Gouveia's whale had jumped about the way he described remains a mystery, although it seems likely that his harpoon happened to lodge in a nerve center or in contact with the spine—a coincidence that we couldn't hope to duplicate.

So there we were, with no breaching whale and a partially disabled boat, the collision having sheared off our center propeller and our port rudder and left us with a vibration that suggested a bent shaft as well. The trip that had started out so well had gone bad on us. The way it looked, the boat would have to go into dry dock. That meant maybe a week out of action.

The next morning at 7 o'clock the rocket went up, and we tumbled out of bed before we remembered the boat. Everybody but Freddie tumbled back in again. He got on the phone to Gouveia. "How about it?" he asked. "Would it be possible, if we took it slowly, to go out after the whales?"

"I strongly advise you to go nowhere in the boat until she has been inspected," Gouveia said. "That is my official advice as a pilot."

"Don't give me that pilot stuff," Freddie said. "Can you handle her the way she is?"

Gouveia chuckled. "Yes. I can handle her. More or less. By steering with the engines."

"See you down there," Freddie said.

We should have anticipated trouble from the moment we heard that the whales were on the north side of the island. When the sea is calm in the south it is nearly always rough in the north, and as we shuddered out of harbor the South Sea was like stretched plastic.

We took the eastern run, giving Caniçal a wide berth and cutting up through the Fora gap—a 200-yard-wide passage split through the volcanic eastern headland by a thousand centuries of angry seas. Beloved of barracuda fishermen for its sudden depth and powerful tide races, the Fora gap is no place for a limping boat; and today the sea was gushing through it like dam-water through a sluice. With our diesels rattling our teeth we took it at a run. The first wave stopped us like a blow to the midsection. We toppled down the back of it, floundered for a moment, and gained a few yards before the next wave hit us.

We bucked through the gap one yard at a time, yelling epitaphs at each other through the spray that had begun to rake our decks. Then we were through. The northern sea surged around us like shattered blue crystal, dazzling in the wind-sharpened sunlight.

The boats were under sail, and spread over an area of maybe 10 square miles, chasing a split-up school of eight whales. They were having plenty of trouble with the rough sea. Every whitecap looked like a blow, and once a whale had sounded it was mighty hard to pick it up again.

Stuffing a deck of sandwiches in one pocket and a bottle of beer in the other, we jumped across into the plunging whaleboats as the launch maneuvered clumsily alongside. My whaleboat pulled away a little and hoisted sail. Presently we were lifting and smacking through the waves and with every smack spray swept in over the gunwales and drenched the camera. The crew were huddled aft under their coats, smoking cupped cigarettes, taking it easy until the wind dropped and they had to start rowing again.

The harpooner alone kept his feet, hanging onto the halyards and shading his eyes. Suddenly he shouted and we jerked around to see a white plume dissolving in the air between us and the dark Madeiran cliffs.

The boatheader swung the helm around and we beat toward it.

"A monster!" the harpooner said, jumping forward to check his iron and lines.

We closed with the big gray whale rapidly. The crew was on its feet now. As we bore in close they struck the jibsail to give the harpooner more darting space, while he threw off his cap and balanced his harpoon. And then the whale's flukes slapped the water and he was gone.

We made several more abortive runs, and then the whale made his first mistake—surfacing just to our starboard. We were almost on his back when the harpooner threw his iron, and the next moment we hit him. We lifted about three feet out of the water as he rounded out, slid off with a splash as he sounded in a boil of foam. The line whined out over the bow chocks straight down into the water—100 yards . . . 150 . . . 200. The first tub was empty inside of a minute and the line already leaping out of the second. Smoke was rising from the chocks, and the harpooner threw water on them to keep them from catching fire. As the second tub emptied, everyone got his knife ready, watching the line shrink down in the tub. "Cut!" the boatheader shouted, and the harpooner's knife flashed. The tail of the severed line snapped overboard and vanished into the sea, amid shouted curses from the crew.

We exchanged our empty line tubs for two full ones, but before we had finished the whale was sighted again, and we nearly turned over getting after it. He was lying quietly on the surface, probably puzzled by the drag of the 400-yard line. We closed fast but another boat was closer, and they got their harpoon in first. With a great twist the whale submerged, and suddenly their boat began to zigzag through the sea at a rapid rate, with the harpooner trying to cleat the line, the boatheader scooping the stern around with harsh, desperate movements that told even an inexperienced onlooker like myself that they would never be able to handle such a monster alone.

We rowed hard, but they were moving at nearly 25 knots, the water sheeting up from their keel like a speedboat. The whale suddenly broke surface. With his nose tilted at the sky, he ploughed round in a half circle and came straight at us. Our boatheader trued up our course head on head and yelled to the men to stop rowing. The harpooner snatched up his iron and waited.

A few yards from our bows he veered to port. With a sweep of his oar the boatheader panned our head round with him, shouting to the harpooner to dart his iron.

It was the longest dart I have ever seen—about three fathoms. The harpoon sank into the gray flank just as the creature sounded. Away went the box-line.

The ensuing run was something I shall remember for a very long time. It was like being under tow from a launch that could turn on a dime and dive and roll. The old-timers used to call it a Nantucket sleigh ride. Only the boatheaders saved us, turning us as the whale turned, bowing-on so that the two boats wouldn't collide. It lasted maybe two hours before the whale began to tire.

Then bit by bit we crept up on him till we were less than ten feet away on either side, so that the harpooners could lance him between them as he ran.

Our harpooner used two lances on two separate warps, darting them alternately,

"Don't believe a word he tells you."

tugging them free, darting again, while beyond him from across the whale the other harpooner was doing the same thing. The creature showered us with spray.

As the whale began to weaken, the boats drew in closer and the harpooners began to ram their lances home by hand, stirring them about with a circular motion. Then ours did something that amazed me. He placed his lance against the bull's side and leaned on it, hammering the weapon in up to its socket with his straightening mallet.

The red mist from the creature's blowhole darkened and the crew began to give him his head. He tried to sound, floundered under our boat, scraped up the far side of it. His head came up out of the water like a log breaking free from under a falls, and he spouted blood.

The great beast was choking in its own blood, rolling over and over, blowing with the resonance of sea-filled caves. The ridiculous mouth opened and closed, vomiting squid, more and more till the sea was littered with them. The inadequate fin lifted and it heaved over on its flank.

"*Muerta,*" the harpooner grunted. Dead. He bowed his head, picking a splinter out of his hand.

But our troubles weren't over yet. As evening came on we boarded the launch again and started for home—and then the crippled boat began to sink!

We were four miles offshore of the most inaccessible cliffs on the island, in a high sea, with night falling. There was nowhere we could beach. The crew tore up the flooring in the saloon to find out where the leak was; but with the bilges brimful of water they couldn't see a thing.

"We must run for it," Gouveia said, "and hope to reach Caniçal." He throttled up and got going while the rest of us pumped. Hell, how we pumped! We had 4,000 feet of unrepeatable negative on board which we could never hope to get to shore on the flimsy raft we carried. We had to save the boat or nothing.

But though we pumped like crazy the water gained on us steadily. Our stern sank lower and lower in the sea, drugging our speed. We found later that the vibration of the bent shaft had loosened the hull bolts. They had finally dropped out and the water was welling up through the bolt holes.

At last with desperate inspiration we tore off the roof of the saloon, so that in addition to pumping we could chain the water up out of the bilges by bucket.

And that did the trick. We arrested the inflow and made the Fora gap on our beam ends, tilted on the leading edge of a huge wave.

After that we were in protected water, with the lights of the whaling station looking like stilettos in Caniçal Bay.

We had made it.

That's about all there was to the location. When Huston saw the "rushes" in London he wired us to say that we had made up for missing the breaching shot —plus! The message ended: RETURN SOONEST STOP WORK PILING UP THIS END STOP HOLIDAY OVER STOP JOHN.

—John Kruse

Formosa Escape

[*Continued from page* 45]

"Pilot to plane captain. Check Smitty's wounds. Pilot to radio. Emergency message as follows: 'Hit by Communist shore batteries. Moderate damage. Amplifying report follows.' Add longitude and latitude."

"Aye, aye, sir," came the reply.

The plane shot above the overcast and sped along at 2,500 feet.

"Pilot to radio. Send second emergency message as follows: 'Unidentified tanker at anchor quarter-mile south Namoi Island.' "

"Aye, aye, sir."

Verl and I looked at the holes in the starboard wing. He turned and eyed the instruments. "Looks okay," he said.

"Verl," I yelled, "the port wing. Engine on fire!"

In seconds the port engine and wing were ablaze, with the fire blowing hot against the fuselage. On the other side heavy black smoke still poured from the starboard engine cowling.

At once I shut off all fuel to the port engine, and we began to feather its propeller. The fire was spreading rapidly.

"Pilot from radio. Have lost contact, sir."

I studied the wing fire for a couple of seconds and turned to Verl. He was shaking his head.

"Pilot to crew. Prepare to ditch. Prepare to ditch. How's Smitty?"

"I'm okay, Mr. Carlton," Smitty answered. "Just a nick in the neck and shoulder. I'm okay."

The plane was slowly losing altitude. We were down to 900 feet and breaking out below the overcast. The crew rushed to ditching stations.

At 700 feet. In the clear, but hazy.

I glanced at my watch, 1305—a little after 1 in the afternoon.

At 300 feet Verl reached up and pulled an emergency lever which jettisoned the top of the canopy.

At 200 feet. We were lucky. The wing was still on but burning violently. We tightened our shoulder harnesses.

At 100 feet. Swells were about 15 feet high, water rough. Wind strong, estimated about 30 knots.

At 50 feet. Verl was following through on the controls, not actually touching them, but ready to grab if necessary. We leveled at 25 feet, chopped the starboard engine, and waited for the touchdown.

As Charlie-Easy Seven settled to the water, I eased back on the controls. She bounced when the swells hit her. We smacked the water after one bounce and I thought surely the wing would fall off. It was still burning.

The crew scrambled for their assigned exits. I stood up in my seat and was almost slapped back by a wave pouring through the open canopy.

The navigator had already reached the wing. He threw the pouch which held confidential information over the side. The lead-weighted bag dropped out of sight as soon as it hit the water.

We were in the water, too, and as we climbed into a raft, the plane began to sink.

I counted nine heads behind us bobbing in the high swells. Two fellows were missing. Rolling over, I looked back toward where the plane had been. One of the mechanics and a photographer were in trouble. They'd sink beneath the swells and then fight to the surface again.

"I can't get the Mae West inflated," the photographer cried. "Help me!"

"Tread water," I yelled to the cameraman. "We'll get you."

But before I finished he went down and didn't come up.

The mechanic sank a couple of seconds later.

A second raft was to our right, but it was burning.

Smitty was pulled into the raft and six other men crawled in with him. Four of us stayed in the water and hung on the sides. We took turns in and out.

Smitty's wounds looked all right; the bleeding had stopped and he said he felt weak but otherwise okay.

The wind was chilling and the height of the waves increased. The temperature of the water wasn't bad, but the wind was much colder.

When the swells pushed the raft up we could see the island where the gunfire had come from. We could also see the mainland of Red China. We wondered whether the Commies would send out a boat or small ship to pick us up. I didn't tell the rest of the gang but I felt it much better if they didn't.

Heaven only knew what they would do to us. Anyway, I was sure our own standby rescue planes plus the Coast Guard would be out soon. And we had destroyers constantly patrolling the area. All we had to do was wait, be patient, and stay in good spirits.

"Relax, Smitty," I said. "You could still make that ball game today."

"Sure, Mr. Carlton, sure," he mumbled weakly.

I looked at my watch. It was 1415. We had been in the water over an hour.

For another hour we kept holding onto the raft and floundering around in the swells. Smitty said his shoulder was beginning to hurt. We checked his wounds again but there was little we could do for him. It was getting colder.

"What's wrong?" cried one of the men. "Where the hell are those rescue planes?"

The wind was blowing us toward the island. That wasn't good. The four of us in the water started kicking with our feet and the others paddled with their hands to try pushing the raft farther out into the strait. Then we heard the engines of a plane.

"They're coming!" someone bawled.

Suddenly we spotted the plane through the haze. It was about 600 feet up and three miles east of us. We began waving and yelling. The yelling was useless, but what the hell.

Verl grabbed a smoke flare from his life vest and yanked off the top. It spewed out a thick cloud, but the strong wind just blew the smoke across the tops of the waves.

The pilot circled us twice at about 100 feet. Then he started off.

"Hey, come back here!" one of the men screamed.

The plane, another Neptune from our squadron, flew straight away for about a mile and made a 180-degree turn. Slowing down, it headed right for us at about 50 feet.

As it neared us, a big bundle fell out the side and landed about 200 feet downwind. It was a raft, but we couldn't reach it. To attempt to swim that far would have been suicide. We were bushed. Wind swells carried it away.

The plane climbed to about 500 feet. Flying in a wide circle, it kept us in view. We could see it clearly all the time.

"It's tough about the raft," I told the men, "but it won't be long now."

I looked at my watch. It was 1500. We had been floating nearly two hours.

"Smitty, guess you'll miss the game today," I said.

"Yes, sir," he replied, and added, "Look, Mr. Carlton, you fellows have been in long enough. Let's change places." He started to climb out of the raft.

"Sit down, Smitty," I said.

Another hour passed. The cold bit in deeper. Overhead the plane circled.

Suddenly the Neptune broke the circle and passed over us, turned around and passed again. Then we saw a second plane. It was a silver seaplane with Coast Guard yellow rescue bands on wings and fuselage.

The silver angel kept coming. It made several passes over us. The other plane resumed its circling, above the seaplane. We were too weak to wave. We just hung on and watched.

It was nearly dark by now. I thought: "Dear God, if he is going to come down and get us, help him through."

The pilot straightened into his landing approach. He was going to land parallel to the sea and across the wind, so he could set down in a trough where it would be momentarily smooth. I'm no seaplane pilot, but I saw this boy knew his business. The Coast Guard is tops when it comes to open-sea landings.

The plane hit the water about 100 yards in front and slightly to the side of us. With the propellers reversed, it slowed down quickly.

The pilot immediately went into a maneuver to come up to the raft. He was having trouble taxiing with the strong swells and high winds fouling up his approaches. Finally he pulled alongside and cut the engines. The crewmen began hauling us into the plane. We were too weak to help. First they lifted Smitty and started bandaging his wounds. He was bleeding and was unconscious.

The pilot spotted us around to distribute weight for the take-off. Counting the eight Coast Guard men, there were nineteen of us aboard. Five went up on the flight deck area, five to the waist area, five were in the forward bunkroom, and the other four moved to the after bunkroom.

Meanwhile, crewmen were attaching JATO bottles (Jet Assisted Take Off) to the sides of the seaplane. When they were finished, the pilot turned and said, "Okay, let's go."

Everyone braced for the lunging run through the seas. Despite our exhausted condition, we felt good. We had been shot down at sea and rescued. We had to feel good. We were alive. We were weak, but alive.

For a short spell the plane stayed on the water accelerating, and then the JATO was fired. The noise cracked in our ears and we hung on as the plane bounded forward, apparently in the clear.

Suddenly it swerved violently to the left. I thought a wave had hit us. Almost instantly the plane flipped over and I heard a loud explosion.

The next thing I remember I was in the water again. I don't have the least idea how I got clear of the plane. I must have been blown out. I saw four other heads and a floating mattress. We all started swimming to it. Verl was in the group, but at first I couldn't tell who the other fellows were.

The fire was hot as hell and I could see very little.

Then there were heads bobbing up and down all over the area. The five of us, all from my crew, reached the mattress. We spotted a raft and made out several men swimming toward it. One was the Coast Guard pilot. He tried to inflate the raft when he reached it, then he sagged back. The CO_2 bottle didn't inflate.

He spotted another raft and told the others to head for it. Three of the men started out and the pilot went back to get the two others to follow. One of the men was injured, and he screamed when the pilot tried to get him to swim and pushed the pilot away. So the pilot left him and went over to the other coast guardsman.

"I'm too tired," the guardsman said. "I just can't make it. Go ahead. Soon as I get my breath I'll start over." He had a nasty-looking gash across his forehead.

"All right, but don't wait too long. These waves will separate us fast," the pilot warned him.

The three men who had gone for the raft missed it. The pilot called that he would get it and told the men to swim cross wind.

I saw the Coast Guard pilot latch onto the raft and inflate it. He climbed aboard and two of my crewmen near-by yelled to be picked up. The pilot grabbed them as the raft drifted by. He yanked both aboard, and the three tried to paddle toward the men in the water. The wind and sea made this impossible.

Another of our squadron Neptunes came over now in the gloom of the ending day and made a low pass, dropping another raft. The five of us on the mattress managed to reach it and crawl aboard. Two other men in life vests came from nowhere and swam to it. They were coast guardsmen, and we helped them in.

Five of my crew were in my raft. In the second raft with the Coast Guard pilot were two more. Smitty was among those missing.

"Eleven out of thirteen," I muttered to myself. "Seven out of eleven."

And then I thought of the Coast Guard crew—pilot in the raft, two here with us, five floating in the water, somewhere out in the twilight.

So ten of us out of an original twenty-one airmen reached rafts.

Regularly into the night we fired flares, first our raft, then the other. The planes kept circling overhead. We could see their engine exhausts.

In the rafts we sat huddled close to one another, riding the swells, waiting. I faced the facts and I was scared. Real scared. I just didn't see how anyone could find two stinking little rubber rafts this close to Communist China in the middle of the night.

I thought of my wife and three kids waiting in Honolulu. I thought of the tanker, my wet wallet, my neighbors' gardenias. I huddled closer.

A big wave smacked us. We grabbed the sides of the raft and waited. We came up—still floating.

I thought of my wife opening the telegram: "It is with deep regret that I inform you Lieutenant John S. Carlton is missing in action. . . ."

I guess the rest of the fellows were thinking about the same things, because no one said anything. We just rode the swells and kept getting drenched.

We fired a flare.

About ten minutes later the other raft sent one up.

In another ten minutes we fired one.

This routine kept up for hours. There were two things we didn't have a shortage of: flares and water.

It must have been about 8 p.m. when

we saw ship lights. We started firing flares left and right, and the other raft immediately joined in. By now we didn't give a damn whose ship it was—Uncle Sam's or Communist China's. We wanted to get out of the rafts and out of the swells. Now.

The ship's searchlights cut through the black darkness. We could see them searching north of us. They played back and forth across the water.

"Oh God," I thought, "let them find us. Turn that light down this way. Please!"

Finally, the searchlight hit us in our faces, and each time we rose the light was still there.

Slowly the ship kept coming. One light stayed on us, while the rest swept the water looking for other rafts.

And at last the ship was alongside—an American destroyer! It looked as big as an aircraft carrier. The men on board tossed us lines and pulled the raft alongside, then helped us up.

At least seven of us were safe.

"There's another raft out there," I said to an officer.

"We spotted the other raft and lost it," the officer replied. "We'll keep looking."

The pharmacist's mate took us to sick bay and patched us up. Another sailor brought us dry clothing. We all took double shots of brandy, and drank coffee and soup.

I sent word to the skipper asking if I could watch on the bridge. A couple of minutes later a sailor returned, smiling.

"The captain said come on up."

On the bridge I introduced myself. The skipper shook my hand warmly as he said, "Glad to have you aboard."

He then turned abruptly and continued with his duties.

"Life raft 10 degrees port 300 yards," came a cry from one of the lookouts. I looked at the chronometer. It was 2055.

The searchlights focused on the raft.

The destroyer commander began issuing instructions to the helmsman.

I was popping inside with anxiety. The commander seemed completely at ease. His crew carried out his instructions precisely.

At 2105 we were alongside the raft.

Empty.

"Oh, Lord!" I cried.

"Keep searching," the captain said.

Once again the lights started sweeping the area. Back and forth. Back and forth.

"Unidentified object 5 degrees starboard," came a cry.

I identified it as a wing float from the Coast Guard seaplane. The skipper ordered the gunnery officer to sink it with small arms' fire. About fifteen rounds punched through it and it went down immediately.

The navigator walked in with a chart.

"Captain, we're in dangerous waters," he said. "Sonar just picked up a reef. Here's the chart."

The skipper and the navigator poured over the depth markings as the searchlights kept piercing the blackness.

"Leave the chart here and give me soundings every fifteen seconds," the captain finally said.

The ship stayed on course, with all eyes searching. At 2300 a flare was spotted.

The captain studied his chart, made a couple of pencil notations, and turned his ship toward the flare.

Now the destroyer was hardly moving. The navigator's assistant was calling off fathometer readings every fifteen seconds.

"Give me soundings every five seconds," the skipper ordered.

The ship crept toward the area where the flare had been seen, responding almost imperceptibly to the skipper's instructions.

About five minutes after we spotted the flare the entire area was lit up by a string of parachute flares dropped by a plane. The flares were blinding, turning blackness into daylight. For about a minute they clearly showed the raft's position. It was less than 200 yards from the Communist island of Namoi.

The skipper checked his chart again. Three men—against his ship. He glanced at the raft. The flares were burning out.

Calmly he issued his instructions and the destroyer deftly edged toward the raft. The searchlights all pointed to it.

There was a loud *boom* and a volley of water leaped skyward about 50 yards off the starboard bow. The Reds were either warning us to stay off or trying to hit us.

Steadily pressing toward the raft, the ship came alongside it at 2335. We didn't know who was in it. I ran off the bridge and down a ladder to the main deck. They had pulled two of the men aboard and I could see the Coast Guard pilot stepping woodenly onto the deck. He was glassy-eyed and staring into space.

I ran over and put my arms around the other two men—my crewmen. My crewmen of Charlie-Easy Seven. They were crying.

At 0704 the next morning the ten of us were transferred by ship's boat to a seaplane tender, the task force commander's flagship. I learned that the admiral himself had stayed up all night to direct the search.

Other planes were now on the scene, too, and would cover every inch.

Throughout the search the afternoon and night of the crash, I was told, a total of three United States warships, two British ships, and seven Navy and Coast Guard planes plus a British Air Force plane from Hong Kong had participated.

We stayed aboard the flagship until it finally returned to a port on Formosa late that night. On the way the Coast Guard pilot told us he had lost all power in his port engine just as the big plane became airborne, and his port wing had dug into the water when he attempted to land again. It was a lousy break.

The next day one of our squadron planes came to return us to our home base at Okinawa. We landed about 1600 and were driven to our huts. Across the street Verl and I saw a baseball game under way. We looked at each other but said nothing. We were thinking the same thing.

Smitty's baseball days were over.

—Lt. John S. Carlton, USN

The Man Who Wants Monkey

[*Continued from page* 43]

and faster." Whether he can or not will be determined in Chicago, on the 22nd of this month, when the annual Ward stockholders meeting will be held and the votes counted in Wolfson's year-long battle to wrest control of the giant mail-order firm from its present board chairman, the fiery, 81-year-old Sewell Avery. Unquestionably, it will be a contest whose outcome will be watched by literally every American businessman, with the drama mounting steadily until the showdown day arrives.

En route to his present titanic struggle to add Monkey Ward to his bag, Wolfson has, in addition to Capital Transit, become president and chairman of the board of Merritt-Chapman & Scott, the world-wide marine salvage and construction firm; president and chairman of the board of Newport Steel; chairman of the board of New York Shipbuilding Corporation—the nation's third largest—and chairman of the board of Devoe & Raynolds, the 200-year-old paint company.

With these latter chores using up but a part of his normal 18-hour-a-day, 7-day-week schedule, Wolfson also controls Fitz Simons & Connell Dredge & Dock Company, Southern Pipe & Supply Company, The Highway Trailer Company, Somerville Iron Works, Tennessee Products & Chemical Corporation, Utah Radio Products, Milton Steel Products, and Marion Power Shovel Company.

As if this were not enough, Wolfson is involved in insurance, movie producing, theater operation, the packaging of radio and television programs, amusement parks, real estate, philanthropy, and investment trusts. These latter, which he operates with his family—his four brothers have gotten rich themselves just trying to keep up with Lou—are handled in such varied Wolfson enterprises as the B & S Company, Bay Theaters, Bailey's 81 Theaters, the Carver Atlanta Corporation, Continental Enterprises, Allied Enterprises, Foundation Associates, Jay Enterprises, M.L.&S. Corporation, National Theater Enterprises, Products Suppliers, Various Products Agency, Inc., and the Wolfson Family Foundation, Inc., a $10 million investment trust concerned mainly with the various Wolfson philanthropies.

Regardless of his avowed inability to understand the *laissez-faire* theory of economics while a student at Georgia, it now must be patently obvious that here was a guy who had something else in his make-up that compensated for his lack of interests in textbooks. According to his friends, this compensating factor was an uncanny early ability to read character.

As an example they cite an incident that occurred a short time after Wolfson had quit college and started hustling scrap in his father's Jacksonville yard. Since the elder Wolfson, an immigrant from Russia, had even more trouble with the printed word than his son Lou, the latter, at the age of 21, more or less took over the active management of the junk

yard. Hence, when a veteran employe was discovered one day to have been dipping his hand in the till for small amounts of spending money, the disposition of his case was given to Lou.

Not that it was a crime involving Solomon-esque judicial pondering; the thief was guilty without a doubt, and the only problem for young Louis was to decide whether to fire the guy or call in the cops. Lou Wolfson wasted no time.

The pilferer lowered his eyes and admitted he'd taken the dough because he needed it to solve a pressing personal financial burden. Okay, Wolfson said, consider the stolen money a loan, and in the future, when extra money is needed, come and ask for it. Now get back to work and forget the matter. The astonished thief did just that, and has been a trusted and honest Wolfson employe ever since.

Those who know Lou Wolfson insist that this was the tip-off, even then, to his future ability to judge a man on face value and to accept the latter's word in preference to the longest and most astutely-written contract. Indeed, he since has made deals involving millions on the basis of nothing more than a handshake, basing his action on his own fundamental theory on meeting a man, namely, "If you like me as much as I like you, then I want you with me on this."

Wolfson makes no bones of the fact that he inherited this philosophy from his father, whom Lou and his brothers literally idolized. The elder Wolfson, who'd married a Baltimore girl soon after his arrival at a youthful age from some place called Posville, Russia, and who had migrated to Jacksonville, via St. Louis, when Lou was 14 months old, was something of a wandering minstrel type who began M. Wolfson & Co., in Jacksonville, for want of something better to do. It was listed as "dealers in scrap metal," i.e. junk, but it never was what you might call a resounding success.

Instead, since he was quite a strapping figure—and reputedly once had thrown the immortal wrestler, Frank Gotch, in a friendly bout—Wolfson's father seems to have spent most of his time enjoying the business of selling junk, and concentrating his best efforts on rearing his sons so as to give them the same love for athletics that he had. As for the three daughters who made up the rest of the Morris' family of eight, since they weren't wrestlers, they seem to have been consigned to the care of their mother.

The one on whom this training in athletics seems to have had the greatest effect was Lou. Beginning by learning the game of golf as a caddy on Jacksonville courses—which also comprised his first earned income—Lou went on to Jacksonville's Andrew Jackson High, where he earned letters as a guard on the basketball team, a shotputter on the track squad, and an end on the football team. He also did some boxing—"Most of it on my back"—and once stepped two fast rounds with the late Georgia heavyweight, Young Stribling, when the latter happened to pass through Jacksonville en route to his Miami bout with Jack Sharkey. "He said I did pretty good," Wolfson now says, shyly.

Regardless of his ability with his fists, however, it was football which was, and still is, Wolfson's greatest athletic love, and some understanding of this devotion can be seen from the fact that it was his choice as All Southern High School End which won him his scholarship to Georgia. As to the report that he used his older brother Sam's marks to enable him to pass the Georgia entrance requirements, Wolfson now merely smiles and remains noncommittal.

It was while sorting brake drums, bent axles and rusted boilers in the junkyard, however, that Lou figured out something he'd never learned in school, namely that the way to learn to do something was to study the way others before you had done it. Accordingly, he visited the Jacksonville library and took out all the books he could find on other men who had been successful in piling up huge fortunes. It was his first real brush with reading, and he admits even now that he still reads nothing else but this same brand of literature.

One book he came upon at that time, *The Age of the Moguls*, Wolfson plowed through four times; and a second, on the life and times of chain-store magnate J. C. Penney, he digested twice, with certain chapters in both tomes having been absorbed as many as fifteen times. These latter were the ones which recounted the mistakes his predecessors had made, and Wolfson virtually memorized these lines "so as to be sure I never made the same mistakes myself."

In the category of errors to be avoided at any cost, Wolfson rates William H. Vanderbilt's reply to a newspaper reporter, "The public be damned," as just about tops on his personal horror list, and it explains his present philosophy of feeling that "I can see more and more how important public relations is in the management of publicly-owned companies."

But, even with his reading, it still was to be football that really started Lou Wolfson on his fantastic spiral to financial heights. A former Georgia player, and hence a pigskin fanatic, was Harold Hirsch, general counsel to the Coca Cola company in Atlanta, whose own son, the non-football type, had been a classmate of Wolfson's at Georgia, and Hirsch had taken a liking to Wolfson. Enough, in fact, to suggest to Lou that, if he went on and obtained his law degree, Hirsch would see that he got a job on the Coca Cola legal staff.

At about the same time, a man named Alexander Brest, who had done occasional business with M. Wolfson & Co., and hence had run into young Lou, came up with another suggestion, that the Wolfsons get out of scrap and into new metals as a means of jacking up business in the struggling yard.

Armed with these two bits of advice, Wolfson braced his father with the ultimatum, "Get out of scrap and into new metal, and I'll go with you; stick to scrap and I'll go along with Hirsch."

Although Morris could see no future in new metal, he liked the thought of losing his son Lou even less, and he agreed to give up junk.

Wolfson was ready to launch his career. The big question, of course, was how? There was no cash for expansion in M. Wolfson & Co.; this was 1933 and the depths of the depression. Accordingly, Lou braced his friend Hirsch and secured a loan from the Atlantan of $5,000. He picked up another five grand by borrowing on his own life insurance and that of any other member of the family "who'd throw money into the pot," and, with this capital, founded Florida Pipe & Supply Co., the first of the Wolfson enterprises. He was then just 22.

At about that same time, Brest tipped off Lou to two things: one that a big boom was in the offing in the chemical, oil and natural gas industries, with these companies needing vast amounts of pipe to transport their products across the country, and secondly that there was, on the Florida estate of J. C. Penney—an ironical twist, in view of young Lou's reading—a supply of pipe and building materials which could be snapped up cheap. Lou got it for $275.

If Lou needed any final clincher to his belief that there was an easier way to make money than playing pro football he got it in the disposition of that material he'd bought from the Penney estate, for, within two years, he'd disposed of it—an order here, an order there—for a total of $100,000.

Often pressed for details on the manner in which he picked up such a fantastic profit on so small an investment, Wolfson remarked to a reporter, regarding the Penney deal, that "it involved many, many sales, over a period of two years, and I recall vividly only one of them. This was one of some $5,000 and concerned a shipment of lead which was sold to Federated Metals, a subsidiary of American Smelting & Refining Company. It was a full carload shipment, and was perhaps typical of the kind of deals we were able to make with that Penney stock."

Regardless of how they all were accomplished, the many transactions added up to a mighty neat profit, and Wolfson rubbed his hands and moved on to bigger things.

The first of these latter came quickly. With the war on the horizon, Wolfson agreed with his friend, Brest, that should ever large amounts of men be put into military training, the South would be the place to do it, and that training camps would have to be built to accommodate them. Accordingly, Florida Pipe & Supply began to buy up large amounts of the materials such construction inevitably would demand, selling it wherever there was a demand in the minor boom that accompanied the late 1930's. By the time the draft went into force in 1940, Florida Pipe was doing an annual business of close to $4 million.

Wolfson was draft exempt—there was the bum shoulder, and a kidney ailment besides—but his four brothers all eventually went into service, and even the father, Morris, as well as Lou himself, pulled every wire they knew to make it possible for the entire male wing of the Wolfson clan to get into uniform. Morris, having seen what a young man with ambition could do in the United States, was almost fanatically patriotic, and said before his death in 1947, "The greatest day of my life was the day I obtained my United States citizenship." But Uncle Sam was having none of a gent his age, and even less with a lad with Lou's disabilities; so there was nothing left for the two of them to do but stay home and get rich.

The evidence of how his draft exemption preyed on Lou, however, is seen in the reports of his associates, who told of how he almost was ashamed to appear in public during the war. When he did, it was to watch for every chance to do an unobtrusive bit as his share in the war effort.

While waiting for a train one night in the Washington railroad station, Wolfson put two $100 bills in an envelope and gave them to a soldier who was standing forlornly with his wife and family at the end of the platform, and before the soldier knew even what he was getting Wolfson had disappeared.

By working his normal 18-hour day, he had boomed Florida Pipe's annual gross to $4½ million by 1949, which time he figured was the proper one to liquidate and go on to other things. He got out of Florida Pipe for a sale price of $2.5 million, which again was not a bad turnover on an original investment of $10,000, all of it borrowed.

But, with the end of the war in the offing, Wolfson wanted to see what he could do when he didn't have the military boom to take some of the luster off his accomplishments, and it was his first venture along this line that really put him into the big money.

The government had built the vast St. John's River Shipyard, at Jacksonville during the war at a cost of $19.5 million. Uncle Sam now was ready to get out of shipbuilding, and called for bids on the yard. The stipulation was, however, that the bidders had to be operators now in the shipbuilding business, men who planned to keep the yard going as a postwar shot-in-the-arm to the American merchant marine.

Wolfson was not a shipbuilder. Accordingly, he picked up another smaller yard, the Tampa Shipbuilding Company, several days before bids on the St. John's yard were due, paying $1 million for it. It put him into the shipyard business in time to enter a successful bid of $1,926,500 for the St. John's River property. (He later sold the Tampa company for four times what he'd paid for it, after building several dredges and other vessels in it—at a profit, of course.)

It was his shipyard manipulation that taught Wolfson one thing, namely that it's easier to make a million dollars than it is to make a hundred or even a thousand; you have far less competition when you get into those higher brackets. It also taught him that such big deals attract even bigger investigations almost as surely as a blonde in a Bikini attracts admirers, and the St. John's-Tampa negotiation hardly had been consummated before the lawyers started pawing through the statutes.

Specifically, a federal grand jury wanted to know how come Wolfson's bid

on the St. John's property had come so close—it was exactly $292 above—to the amount the government secretly had set as the price at which it would sell the yard, and was there any truth to the rumor that the then Florida Senator Claude Pepper had been in collusion with Wolfson on the deal, and maybe tipped him off on the proper bid? But Wolfson was able to come up with the right answers—that he'd bid for the yard exactly what he thought it was worth—and the jury ended by finding no evidence of fraud or collusion.

When the Kefauver crime-busting committee then moved in to find out if maybe there was mob money behind Wolfson, the end was almost identical; the senator came away convinced Wolfson was on the level, and probably hated mobs as much as did Kefauver himself. It was then the senator invited Wolfson to join his campaign committee, an honor Wolfson declined.

For one thing, he had had his fill of politics after contributing $150,000 to the campaign expenses of Florida's Fuller Warren in the latter's successful bid for the governorship (Wolfson had been impressed with Warren's desire to drive the mobs out of Florida, and thus make it a better, lusher state for the honest businessman). For another, Wolfson had heard that there was even more money to be made among the thrifty Yankees up N'oth, and he already had begun to shop around for a money-making deal in the colder climes.

Wolfson set his sights on Merritt-Chapman & Scott, the big marine salvage firm. While not exactly sick—M-C & S was doing a gross annual business of around $40 million at the time—still the firm was not reaping the rewards it seemed capable of, and its directors and stockholders had begun to grumble somewhat. The company was wide open for a bright, eager and dynamic leader.

Wolfson was that. The trouble was, he also was a Jew, and no Jew had ever gained a top position in the construction field, and, if certain powers had their way, none ever would. In addition, Captain Thomas A. Scott, M-C & S's 77-year-old chairman of the board, in the words of Wolfson, "did his best to close the doors to me." As a result, Wolfson was on the verge of saying the hell with the whole thing and looking elsewhere when several of the Scott directors managed to persuade him to keep on with his purchases of stock. He did, and, in 1951, gained control and became the company's chairman, taking over the presidency in addition about a year ago.

Meanwhile, Captain Scott, the honorary chairman of the board—for all he may have opposed Wolfson originally—now lights up like a pinball machine when the young genius's name is mentioned, telling all who will listen that "I can't speak highly enough of him."

The captain has grounds for his change of heart. Taking no salary himself the first year, Wolfson still insisted that Scott receive his regular fee of $40,000 a year. In addition, the young Floridian so radically supercharged the 94-year-old company that its profits for the first nine months of 1953 were exactly 192 percent ahead of the same period for 1952, and the year's net of $3,494,698 (compared to $778,000 in 1949) represented the greatest return in the company's history. It was no wonder that the M-C & S directors almost knocked each other down trying to vote Wolfson a bonus of $60,000 for his work, a bonus, incidentally, which Wolfson declined.

"I could have held onto but $6,000 of the amount," Wolfson explains, pointing out that his income tax structure is such as to make him blanch at the very thought of earning anything but capital gains. Instead, he suggested that the $60,000 be distributed among the employes, which got him a fine reputation for being a nice guy. Wolfson, however, while not denying that he tries to be a good fellow to his employes, still knew a good thing when he saw it—the employes, winding up with the sixty grand to whack up among them, damn near turned themselves inside out trying to increase production to a new record high in 1954!

"That," says Wolfson calmly, "is just good business."

Meanwhile, the budding Rockefeller was not idle on other fronts. Taking a flyer in Hollywood film production, he invested $400,000 in Monogram Pictures—a real sick dog at the time—and produced a number of films, including *The Babe Ruth Story*, and got out with a net profit of $850,000. (His conclusions about Hollywood? "You can say," he growled, "that I am completely opposed, from top to bottom, with Hollywood's way of doing business.")

Prior to the Monogram deal, he'd bought a chain of movie houses down South which catered to the Negro trade, has since expanded and added to these, and of course is making money on them at a time when other theater operators still aren't sure that television hasn't sounded their death knell.

Then, with the Merritt-Chapman deal wrapped up, Wolfson turned again to shipyards, having been studying the none-too-salubrious record of the New York Shipbuilding Corporation, which had been losing money for a long time. Wolfson promptly proceeded to buy into it until he had control, and the company, which had lost $194,000 in 1952, turned around in 1953, under Wolfson management, and earned an eye-opening net profit of $3,200,000.

The N.Y. Ship deal was followed by the one which brought Wolfson the Somerville Iron Works, at Chattanooga; Nesco, a light metals firm in Milwaukee; Fitz Simons & Connell, the dredge and dock outfit, and Devoe and Raynolds. All have since begun to make money as they never made it before.

As is natural in the case of a man with a genius for injecting new life into wavering businesses, Wolfson gets as many as a hundred letters a month, many from corporation executives who write him in secret and tell him about the horrors of the way their particular firm is being managed, and begging him to move in. At the moment, however, Wolfson is much too preoccupied with the Montgomery Ward fight to have time for any others. As has been shown, his philosophy

has changed somewhat from what it was before he got control of the Washington transportation system.

Although Wolfson and his associates netted some $6 million (mostly on paper) in the Capital deal, after scraping together the $2,250,000 needed to acquire control in the first place, the unexpected reaction of the Washingtonians—as well as the capital's newspapers, who regard Wolfson as almost as big a target as Clark Griffith's diamond operatives or any of the statesmen on Capitol Hill—have made Wolfson wary of any similar deals in the future. Besides, he has his present pitch on behalf of the stockholders to occupy his mind, and on that he shows no signs of weakening.

"It's an amazing thing," he told this writer, speaking in the soft drawl peculiar to his native Florida heath, "but if you gave me $20,000 to hold for you while you went to Europe, that money, man, would burn a hole in my pocket, and I'd be scared to death I'd lose it or spend it. I think I'd actually die till you came back and took it off my hands.

"But, somehow, when you give a man $20,000 of your own money to use in his company, he doesn't feel that way at all about it. He votes himself a big cut of it as his salary for holding it, and whether you ever get any return on it, or even get your original twenty back, doesn't bother him a bit."

To Wolfson, this has become suddenly terribly and importantly wrong, and his pitch on behalf of the stockholders in any company which he controls has become almost an obsession with him.

Although he already claims to own more than 500,000 of the 6,502,378 shares of Ward's stock outstanding, he has been spending the winter beating across country in a series of meetings with the other known shareholders in an attempt to win them over to voting for his side. He expressed little doubt that this could be accomplished.

Wolfson's chances have been considerably enhanced by a decision in a Chicago court in February that made Avery's stagger system of voting in directors unconstitutional. Under the present system, only three of the nine directors came up for re-election each time. And, under that setup, even had Wolfson managed to oust the three Avery men, the remaining six could have voted him down. But now that the setup has been declared unconstitutional, all nine directors will be elected at the meeting on the 22nd of this month. Needless to say, Wolfson rubbed his hands together in glee when he learned of the decision, as he had started the suit in the first place.

But suppose Wolfson moves in and gains control of Ward's, what was to stop you or any other bright lad from doing the same thing? Answering this last, Wolfson said it was possible, but that he knew of no such third party, or at least none who was buying Ward stock in large blocks. Yet hardly had these words bounced off the walls of the modest office Wolfson maintains at Merritt-Chapman, for use during his periodic visits to New York, than a newspaper ad appeared addressed to "former Ward executives" who had been fired by Avery (the woods are full of them), urging them to contact a midwesterner, identified only by a post office box number, for the purposes of unseating Avery and at the same time preventing Wolfson from getting control. A few days later, the mysterious midwesterner was identified; it was Fred M. Saigh, ex-owner of the St. Louis Cardinals, now back in the running after a stretch in the pokey on a tax rap.

Soon after Saigh's entry was announced, another Wolfson, Isaac by name—who is a British financier and no kin of the present contestant—announced

"Dry enough?"

that he, too, was planning to leap into the fight for Ward's. On top of that, there were rumors, as 1954 came to its clamorous close, that Avery's ace in the hole was a plan to announce his sudden and dramatic retirement, conceivably with the thought that such a move would pull all the teeth from Wolfson's argument that all Ward's needed was a change to a younger and more virile management.

Thus, anyone owning Ward stock presumably has spent an interesting winter being importuned by Avery forces on the one hand, two separate Wolfsons on the other, and Saigh on the other. It was, in short, a year to own Ward stock, depending on how much you like being left alone.

If it gave you a chance to meet Wolfson, however, all other drawbacks to being a Ward stockholder could be dismissed. Tall (6'2), with his football build still neatly packaged in an even 200 pounds of solid muscle, Wolfson hardly resembles the traditional bloated, suety wizard of finance. Instead, darkly tanned as befits his Florida background, with black wavy hair parted in the middle as if with a razor, Wolfson looks more like a Hollywood actor or agent than he does a man of money.

He admits his shoulder injury prevents his even playing golf any more (he used to shoot in the low 80's), and he confesses that he hires a masseur to come in daily to keep his muscles toned up. If he exercises at all, it is to have a catch each day when he's home in Miami with his eldest son, 13-year-old Steve, or to romp on his spacious lawn with the other Wolfson offspring, Marcia, 17, Gary, 7, or Martin, 3½. "This is my real wealth," he says. "My wife and children."

His wife, a Montgomery, Alabama, girl whom he married in 1936, is content to remain in the background on their spacious Miami Beach estate, and it's just as well she is. For Wolfson rarely has a moment alone with her, and his social life reaches its zenith when he takes her and the kids to an infrequent, early-evening movie, preferably one that doesn't require his rapt concentration. Since he neither smokes nor drinks ("When I have to take a cocktail at a business party or meeting, I look for the nearest plant in which to pour it"), Wolfson thus has no distractions whatever from a full day at his desk.

"I can't recall a single day of my life," he will tell you, "when I can remember getting up later than 7:30 in the morning, regardless of how late I've been out the night before, and I'd guess that at least a third of the time I'm up by 6:30."

That this sounds like the truth could have been seen by the fact that Wolfson scheduled an interview with this writer for 9 in the morning, and he already had been at work for more than an hour by the time he sat back from his modern, comma-shaped desk and started talking. Originally a shy and wooden interview, Wolfson now chats easily and fluidly, and the mass press conference, which used to frighten him more than anything in his daily routine, now is handled, if not with finesse at least with an outward absence of jitters.

Except for the several days each month when his various interests require his being in New York—and, of course, this past winter, when he was always on the go—Wolfson spends virtually all of his time in a wing of his Miami Beach home, where he locks himself in with his voluminous market reports and scratch pads. He has another office in Jacksonville, but he rarely goes to it, preferring to work at home.

On one thing he insists, that he always have breakfast with his family when he is home, and he tries to make this a meal which belongs to his wife and children exclusively. At lunch or dinner, his mind is more than apt to be off somewhere on one of his various projects, and his oldest daughter Marcia's oft-repeated complaint during these meals is apt to be, "Daddy, you aren't listening!"

Indeed he isn't, as who would be whose long distance phone schedule runs to between 50 and 100 calls a day, several of which are conference hook-ups, by prearrangement, with his key aids in New York, Atlanta, Jacksonville, Washington and Chicago.

Particularly close to Wolfson are his brothers, Sam, who is three years his senior; Saul, 38, Cecil, 35, and Nathan, 25, who is just winding up a four-year hitch in the Navy. Although he never goes to night clubs in Miami, he does occasionally dine at the Little Club, in New York, or Leone's, a hang-out for sports figures in the same city, and he will gladly break his own rule against frivolous and lengthy meals away from home if he happens to run into one of his brothers in the same town. In that case, they virtually stage what, for Wolfson, is a real party.

Probably closest to Wolfson, in a business sense, is Mrs. Monteen Clements Tomberlin, a beauteous, titian-haired Southern charmer who is listed officially as his secretary but whom Wolfson refers to as the brains of his organization. "Miz Clements," as he always refers to her (he will quickly call a male acquaintance by his first name, never does it with a woman), came to work for Wolfson when she was 15 and still in high school, and, although she now is 34 and the mother of a child, she still devotes more time to her job than she does to her housekeeping.

Wolfson's sense of humor, never overly-developed, pretty much has been suppressed in recent years due to the pressure of his position, although it never got much beyond the stage of calling a pal by a name of his own choice rather than the one bestowed on the fellow by his parents. Wolfson also extended this admittedly-not-hilarious custom to titles, and you might become "Chief" or "Mr. President" or some other such lofty personage, if Wolfson felt you fitted it. He dropped this practice as not being so funny, however, when, after he'd referred to Alex Brest for years as "our Chairman of the Board," because of Brest's good advice on Wolfson deals, an investigating body moved in on Brest to see how big a piece he had of the Wolfson empire, and he had a time proving he had none.

But, naturally, the question arises: If he seemingly has little or no sense of

humor, if he was so dense he couldn't even pass freshman history, if even his own fellow football players—a group rarely compared with the rest of the student body when it came to savvy—felt he was so hopeless they called him Axel, why, for pete's sake, has it been so easy for him to spiral to the top in the dizzy, dog-eat-dog world of big business?

To this question, there are some easily spotted answers: For one thing, Wolfson is one of those rare individuals who has found his niche; he regards juggling figures on a deal, for days at a time, as more fun than the average man has in his favorite form of recreation. For a second, Wolfson works at it—or any job before him—literally to the exclusion of everything else, including food, sleep, or what have you. For a third, Wolfson has a system that is just about unbeatable.

The latter is simple, relatively. Either from his own intense studies of the financial status of America's top firms, or from the mountain of reports he receives about them from his aides, Wolfson probably knows more about your business right now than you know yourself. From an examination of these facts—often for several years at a time—and after having his aides talk to everyone who'll give with information about a company (even if it means hanging out in their favorite bars), Wolfson decides if it meets with his specifications. If it does, he is more than apt to pass the word to start buying in.

As to these specifications, if the dollar productivity—sales compared to the cost of producing the company's product—is low; if the profit level is below the indicated average for other firms in the same field; if the company is operating with outmoded equipment; if the dividend policy is low, or nonexistent, while the salaries of top officers are high—then, and only then, does Wolfson see a chance to buy in, get control, and start the business rolling toward the top. In the case of Wards, every one of these specifications was met to Wolfson's satisfaction, just as it was in his other deals. Yet, despite public statements to the contrary, he gives evidence of not being sure of his success, and for the first time in his life.

"I feel if I fail in this one," he says, "that I won't try the same thing again anywhere else. I've set my heart on this, and for the first time not because of a desire to make money—I have all the money I could ever possibly want. But if I fail, I'm afraid I'll have to quit. I just won't have the spirit for any further battles."

Wolfson is particularly suspicious of a company whose stock is selling below the indicated value, which has a poor record of paying dividends, and which still manages to keep the pay of its executives high. Which is one reason he now insists that every officer, in each of his companies, must purchase stock equal in value to his annual salary. To him that's just common sense, and he likens it to an airlines pilot who is sure to do his best to bring the plane down safely so long as he knows his own life will be lost, as well as those of his passengers, if he doesn't. Similarly, an officer of a company who owns stock in that company will do his best to protect that company's interests if he knows he'll lose money if he shirks.

"I know this works," he smiled. "And if you went to work for me tomorrow at $50,000 a year, I'd expect you to buy $50,000 worth of stock within a reasonable time. If you didn't have the money, we'd lend it to you, but we'd expect you to buy that stock."

That this has been a policy that has paid off need hardly be repeated; every company in which he's bought control has begun to prosper almost immediately after Wolfson took the reins, and the philosophy even has begun to spread to minor workmen in his plants—even his chauffeur who drove Wolfson from the hotel to this interview had told his boss he was religiously buying Merritt-Chapman stock.

Faced with a record of having made one fabulous deal after another, each of which seemingly outshone its predecessor in the requirement of superlatives to describe it adequately, Wolfson was asked what he felt was his most important deal of all those he has made. Unhesitatingly, he answered, "The purchase of Tampa Shipbuilding Corporation."

Wolfson feels the Tampa maneuver was his most significant because it had been a shipyard operated by local men during the war, on a cost-plus-fixed-fee basis and without any ability to accept any work on a competitive basis. Thus it presented a genuine gambling challenge to anyone who hoped to take it over and compete in its operation with the nation's top shipyards, who already had most of the bigger business deals nicely sewed up. The Wolfsons took it over, ran it for almost three years, and came out with a net profit of $3 million.

As to his *biggest* operation, Wolfson cites Merritt-Chapman & Scott's acquisition of New York Ship, Devoe & Raynolds and Tennessee Products. Collectively, these corporations have total gross assets of roughly $200,800,000, and a net worth of approximately $129 million. Their gross revenues in 1953 alone totaled more than $400 million, which is a stack of blue chips on *anybody's* board and enough to put Wolfson in the very top bracket when it came to picking America's most fabulous financial operators.

The result has been that Wolfson has just about achieved one goal he set for himself even before he got out of high school—he longed to be a champion at something. When he had to give up sports, the longing stayed with him, and he eventually was to learn that big business was the toughest sport of all, with no advantage going to the guy with the big biceps or the sharp reflexes. In time, he came to set his sights on a new type of championship, that of the business world. That he has come close to succeeding appears to Wolfson to be wrapped up in the words of his friend, Frank Leahy:

"Knute Rockne, to me, was the champion football coach. Lou Wolfson, as I see him, is the Rockne of big business."

That's good enough for Lou Wolfson—and never mind what happens on the 22nd of this month.—**Maxwell Hamilton**

The Case of the Frustrated Killer

[*Continued from page* 41]

about you." The girl uncrossed her legs and said, "Why don't we go on with the dictation? Then perhaps we can talk about this other thing some other time." So Payne went right on dictating until lunch time. Then he clapped on his hat and said, "I won't be back today. I wish you would think about what I said. We can discuss things tomorrow morning."

Divorce was, Payne knew, out of the question. He had heard his wife sound off on the subject of divorce many times. She was simply dead against it. Anyway, Payne, as a lawyer, knew that he had no grounds for divorce.

During the next few days the tension in Payne's little office was thick enough to be sliced by a knife. Neither Payne nor the girl mentioned what was in their mind. Then one morning Payne, boldened by the sex urge, broke the ice. "Look here," he said. "What's wrong with us just *pretending* that we're married? What's a marriage ceremony, anyway, but a preacher mumbling some words out of a book?"

Payne was in for a surprise. The young girl informed him that he could look but he could not touch. A close friend of hers had fallen for sweet wolf talk and wound up with a little bundle of illegitimate joy. It was marriage the girl wanted—marriage or nothing.

Payne didn't press the matter. But, as he would sit there dictating, looking at those legs of hers, he almost went out of his mind. "All right," he said. "I'll *demand* a divorce from my wife."

Thus it came to pass that A. D. Payne, with that legal mind of his, hit upon a plan that would not only clear the way for his new marriage but which would, at the same time, resolve another difficulty. Payne was in bad shape financially. He had been handling both civil and criminal matters. But the civil stuff—drawing wills, making up leases and plucking the and/ors and whereases out of contracts—was unremunerative. The criminals Payne defended were either dead broke or dead beats. So Payne, driven by an urge over which he had no control, decided to insure his wife and murder her.

"Dearest," Payne said to his wife one night, "there's an insurance doctor coming to examine you tomorrow."

"Why?" asked Eva Payne. "There's nothing the matter with me."

"And I hope there never will be, dearest," answered Payne. "But I'm going to take insurance out on both of us just so the children will be taken care of in case anything ever happens to us."

"Just as you say, honey."

So Payne took out $10,000 in insurance on his wife, naming himself as beneficiary, and an equal amount on himself, naming her as beneficiary. He saw to it that each policy carried double indemnity for accidental death. He waited impatiently a few months, so as not to excite suspicion. Then in December he got busy.

The Paynes occupied adjoining bedrooms connected by a door. There was a gas jet as well as electricity in each bedroom. Mrs. Payne, a foregetful woman, often turned on the gas to heat a hair curler but forgot to light the jet. Her absentmindedness in this respect was well known to friends of the Paynes. The setup was made to order for Payne.

Mrs. Payne happened to be a very sound sleeper, addicted to loud snoring. One night when Payne heard her snoring he slipped into her bedroom, turned on the gas, and went back to bed.

Payne lay there in the darkness, awaiting developments. In about twenty minutes, he heard his wife coughing. Then he heard her moaning. Then he heard her footsteps and her voice calling, "Honey! Honey!"

He decided to just lie there in bed and pretend that he didn't hear anything. Eva had awakened, but the gas would certainly consign her to unconsciousness. Then it would just be a matter of time.

"Daddy!" The voice came from another direction. It was that of one of the children. "Daddy! I smell *gas!*" Payne was trying to decide what to do when the child's voice came nearer. The child—an 8-year-old boy—was standing in the doorway. "Wake up, Daddy! I smell gas!"

Payne had no choice now. He snapped on a bed light, pretended to rub the sleep out of his eyes, then said to the child, "My God! Your Mother has left the gas jet open again!"

Payne was about to open the connecting door but it opened before he touched it. There was Eva. She collapsed in his arms. He laid her on his bed, then rushed into her bedroom, turned off the gas and raised the windows.

When she revived, she said, "Oh, honey, what a silly woman I am. I must have turned the gas jet on by mistake."

"It's all right," said Payne. "Just so you're all right. That's all that matters."

Payne was disappointed but not discouraged. He couldn't, however, get to work on his wife right away without running the risk of arousing her suspicions.

It was toward the middle of February, two months after his first failure, that opportunity knocked on Payne's door. His wife fell ill with the flu. Payne, solicitous as ever, called the family doctor and the sawbones wrote out a prescription.

One morning, just after the kids had left for school, Payne went to the medicine closet in his wife's bedroom and took out a box filled with morphine tablets. The medication had been prescribed for Eva Payne on the occasion of a previous illness, but it hadn't been used up. The dosage was two tablets. Payne had once handled a legal case concerning morphine and he knew that four of these tablets were likely to prove fatal to a person in a weakened condition. So, to make assurance doubly sure, he dissolved eight of the tablets in a glass of water and took the glass to his wife's bedside. "Here, darling," he said. "I thought I'd give you your medicine before I left for the office."

Mrs. Payne took a sip of the stuff and made a wry face.

"Drink it down," said Payne. "I'm late for the office." So Eva drained the glass. In twenty minutes she was in a stupor.

Payne wiped the glass clean of fingerprints. Then, holding it with a handkerchief, he impressed his wife's prints on it. Thus if she was found dead, it would appear that she had died unexpectedly after taking her medicine.

Payne hung around the house for about an hour. The woman's breathing became more labored and her pulse weaker and slower. He was smiling to himself as he clapped on his hat and left for the office.

Payne skipped lunch, which he usually ate at a downtown greasy spoon, and drove home. He was disappointed, but not too surprised, to find Eva still breathing. But her breathing was more labored now than it had been in the morning and she had practically no pulse.

Late that afternoon Payne waited for his office phone to ring. He figured one of the children would call him when they returned from school, let themselves in, and found their mother dead.

But the phone never rang. Payne reached home about 5:30.

"How's your mother?" he asked the kids.

"All right, I guess," said the elder son. "She's asleep."

Payne found his wife breathing more normally than at noontime. He had dinner with the kids, then went upstairs to sit by Eva's bed. As the evening wore on, her breathing and pulse became normal.

Toward dawn, when Payne was lying in bed half asleep, he heard his wife calling to him. When he went into her room she looked up at him with glazed eyes. "My," she said, "but I've had a good sleep, honey. What time is it?"

Payne told her the time. "I feel kind of dopey," she said. "Gosh, but that medicine's strong."

Payne patted her head, then leaned over and kissed her. "You're going to be all right now, darling," he said. The administration of morphine, Payne decided, was an inexact science.

Now Payne got busy with his third try for his wife's life. Years before, when the two were studying at college together, at Canyon, which was only about 20 miles from Amarillo, they had done their spooning on the shores of a body of water called Bishop's Lake. Payne now recalled that a car, parked on an incline on the shore of the lake, had once plunged into the waters. One night, he went out to the lake to look around for a spot where the family sedan could roll into deep water. He found the ideal place—a remote incline at the lake's edge.

And so one fine moonlight night in April, Payne said to his wife, "Darling, I have a great idea. Why don't we go out to Bishop's Lake and look at the moon?"

"Why," said Mrs. Payne, "what a romantic idea, honey."

Payne told the kids that their mother was dropping him off at his office, where he had to go over some papers, and was going out to Bishop's Lake to sit in the car until it was time to call back at the office and pick him up. Thus he was removing himself, in advance, from the scene of the murder.

Payne drove the car into the desolate spot at the water's edge, put it in gear and pulled on the emergency brake. In a little while, Payne got out of the car. "Where are you going, honey?" his wife asked him.

"I'm going to put a couple of boulders in front of the rear wheels," he answered. "Just want to make sure we don't roll into the Lake."

After putting the boulders under the wheels, Payne got back into the car. He began to spout wolf talk to his wife. While his wife's mind was on love; Payne released the emergency brake. Then he got out of the car again. "Just want to make sure those boulders are holding okay," he explained.

While Eva Payne sat there in the front seat, he kicked the first boulder from in front of the right rear wheel. Now he walked around the rear of the car and started to kick the other boulder—the one remaining obstacle to the car's journey into the water.

As he kicked at the boulder, he jounced the car. "What are you doing back there, honey?" his wife called.

"Just making sure this boulder's in place," Payne answered.

"I'm scared, honey," said his wife.

"There's nothing to worry about," he answered.

When Payne kicked the boulder free of the car, he stood there waiting for the car to move, but it didn't budge. He got behind it and started shoving it. Still it didn't budge. He shoved it still harder. Nothing doing.

"What are you *doing* there, honey?" called Mrs. Payne. He didn't answer. There was a noise in the near distance—the noise of an approaching car.

The other car began to slow down. Then, the driver apparently not seeing Payne's car, pulled into the edge of the lake, on the other side of a clump of bushes, not 20 feet from Payne's car.

When Payne got back into the car, his wife said, "Honey, you forgot to put the car in gear. So I put it in gear." Payne just sat there for a little while, hoping the occupants of the other car wouldn't stay long. But apparently they were devoting themselves to a project that they wanted to prolong. So Payne started up his own car and, cursing to himself, drove home.

Quietly desperate now, Payne got right to work on another try to liquidate his wife. The man was something of a hunter and owned a fine shotgun. He usually kept the weapon in his bedroom. But now he put it in his wife's broom closet.

One night, when Eva and the kids were asleep, Payne rigged up a Rube Goldberg-type contraption, consisting of a couple of pulleys and some strong black thread attached to the trigger. Thus when his wife opened the door the trigger would be pulled and a fatal blast of buckshot would plow right into her face.

In the morning, after the kids left for school, Payne didn't go off to work as usual. "Why aren't you leaving for the office?" his wife asked.

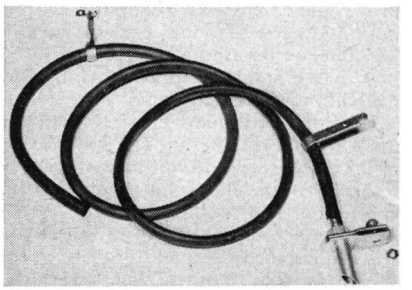
"I have a few phone calls to make here first," he said. "You go ahead with your housework."

Payne went into a room next to where the broom closet was and stood there

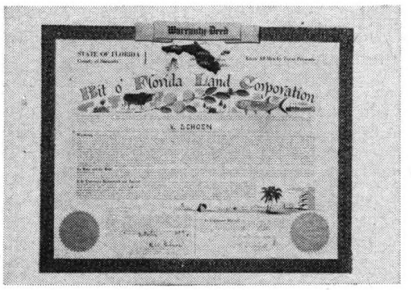
[*Continued on page* 102]

TRUE

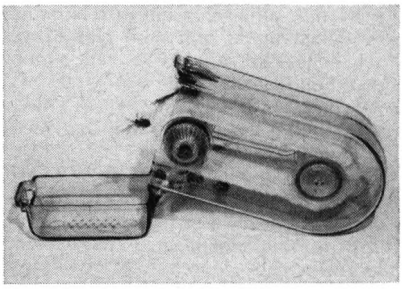
The Ameco Auto Trav-ler Kit is a compact way to whip up hot coffee, soup, etc., on the road. The pot plugs into either house current or the lighter socket of any (6 or 12-volt) car system. The kit includes cups, saucers, sample quantities of instant coffee and beef broth plus plaid case. $19.95 ppd. from American Electrical Appliances Corp., 1060 Washington Ave., Bronx 56, N. Y.



It's hard to tell from the picture, but this gadget provides a simple, fast way to rig any outboard with an automatic power bailer. The bailer mounts aft of the propeller, the clamps hold the hose and the faster the boat moves the better the end siphons the bilge. It causes less drag than a finger. $2.95 brings it ppd. from Jet Power Bailer, Inc., 220 Center St., Cedarsburg, Wis.

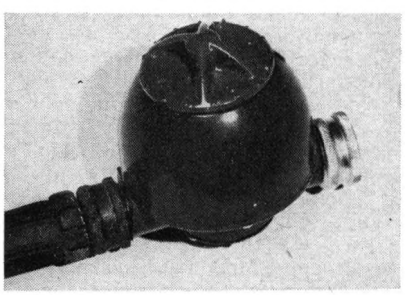


Here's your chance to own a chunk of Florida—though it may be in a swamp for all we know. This three-color parchment deed, properly signed and notarized, legally grants you one sunny square foot. A fun gift for anyone who's always dreaming of a little place in the South. $1 buys it ppd. from Florida Gifts & Gadgets, 1356 Main St., Sarasota, Fla.



Fly fishermen will find this Fly-Bank a simple and secure way to carry their favorite Cahills and Hackles. The Tenite case holds a lamb's wool conveyor belt and a twist of the dial brings the right fly to the top of the case for fast removal. The Fly-Bank, incidentally, is moistureproof, snaps on belt, waders. $1.95 ppd. Paul-Reed, Inc., 19429 James Couzens Highway, Detroit 35, Mich.

WHAT CAN YOU LOSE? Items shown in True Goes Shopping are sold on a moneyback guarantee. If you are not satisfied with what you get, send it back, pal.

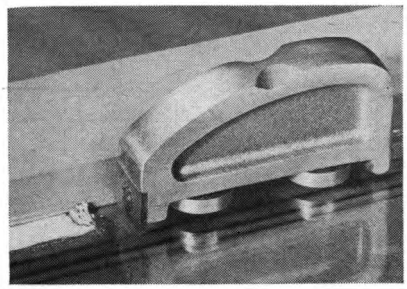


Want to leave your lawn sprinkler on for, say, two hours after you leave the house? Just set the timer clock on this cast-aluminum shut-off gadget and it'll stop the flow gently and without pipe hammer on the minute. Mounts between faucet and hose, can be set for any interval up to 4 hours. $10.95 brings the automatic timer ppd. from Aqua-Timer Co., Box 4, Barrington, R. I.

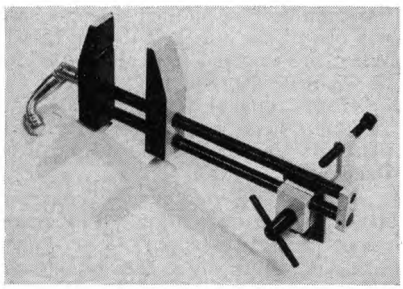
goes shopping

This department is not composed of paid advertising. The items shown represent the most interesting new products True has seen this month. They are believed to be good values. The stores listed guarantee immediate refund of your money if you are not satisfied.

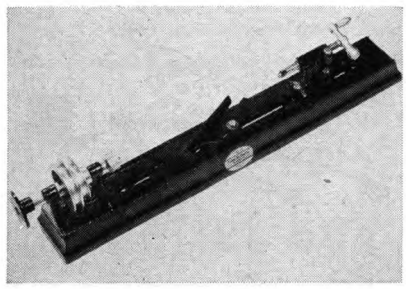
This Weller soldering kit makes short work of the 100-and-one jobs that can be done with a soldering iron. The metal carrying case contains a 250-watt soldering gun, a supply of solder, three tips, a double-end wrench and two instruction booklets. Does everything from hi-fi work to sealing freezer packages, $14.95 ppd. from the House of Schiller, 180 N. Wacker Drive, Chicago 6, Ill.



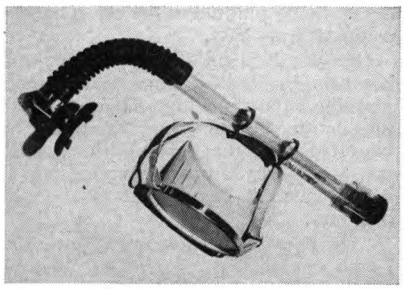
Here's a simple and effective way to get paint streaks off window glass after the sash has been painted. Kwik-Skrape saves your fingers and your patience, the hardened tool-steel blade whisks off the paint, leaves a clean, straight, neat paint line. $1 ppd., and extra blades are five for $1 from Leyton Enterprises, Dept. LB, Box 17234, Foy Station, Los Angeles 17, Calif.



This new vise holds work locked between its jaws yet can be "floated" into a variety of positions on the work bench, saw table, drill press table, etc. Mity 7 can even be used as a large pipe wrench. A solid grip comes from the 10-thread per inch screw which opens jaws to seven inches. $9.98 from Float-Lock Corp., AMF Building, 261 Madison Ave., New York 16, New York.



This rugged, cast-iron lathe is an inexpensive woodworking tool for beginners. Bolts to bench, is driven from either top or rear with two-speed pulley from ¼-h.p. motor (not included). Spindle is 7/16" diameter and will handle work up to 3¾" x 14". The back of the spindle, incidentally, is for sanding, grinding, etc. $12.95 ppd. from Covering the Field, 17 West 60th St., N. Y. 23, N. Y.



Whether you're a fervid spear-fisherman or just like to float on the surface and see what's going on below, you'll like this new Capewell Explorer snorkel which attaches firmly to any face-plate strap, has a rubber shock-absorber between tube and mouthpiece for comfort and safety. The plastic, brass and rubber Capewell is $7.50 ppd. from Capewell Mfg. Co., Hartford 2, Conn.

[*Continued from page 99*]

listening. His wife was humming. He heard her turning the knob of the door that opened the broom closet. Then he held his breath for the sound of the blast.

Boom! Payne rushed to the closet. There was his wife lying on the floor, but holding her right hand.

Payne looked at his wife's hand. Some of the buckshot had grazed it. But that was all. He had miscalculated again. The aim of the gun had been wide and low. He took her upstairs and bathed her hand and insisted that she lie down for awhile.

Then Payne went downstairs to the closet and removed the thread from the gun and took the pulleys from the closet wall.

By now, after Payne's fourth frustration, Olive Taylor was growing impatient. She began to put the heat on Payne to get the divorce proceedings started. She was still defending her honor, even though Payne did chase her around the desk once in awhile, stopping only when she threatened to run away for good.

Payne's fifth plot to do away with his wife was so perfect, he told himself, that it couldn't fail. Eva Payne was to be killed in a grade-crossing accident. He would contrive a set of circumstances whereby she would be sitting in the Payne car, fast asleep, while it was parked in the path of an oncoming express train.

One night, after dinner, Payne said to his wife, "I've got to call on a client at his home tonight, dear. Why don't you come with me for the ride?" Eva Payne was delighted. Before the children went to bed, Payne told them that he had to work in his office until late that night and that their mother was going to drop him off, visit some friends, and pick him up on the way home. Thus he was establishing a reason for her being alone at the grade crossing at a late hour.

After leaving the house, Payne said to his wife, "Drop me at the office a minute, Eva. I have to pick up some papers." While Eva Payne waited in the car, Payne went inside. He made it a point to speak to the janitor who was sweeping up the lobby. "Working tonight?" the janitor asked Payne. "Yes," said the lawyer. "I'll be in my office until after midnight. My wife's going to pick me up. See that nobody disturbs me."

Payne snapped on the lights in his office and slipped back out of the building. Rejoining his wife in the car, he said, "Good news. I just phoned that client and the appointment is off until tomorrow. Suppose we take a nice, long ride."

It was now a little after 9 o'clock. Payne had three hours to kill. So they rode and they rode and they rode. Toward 11 o'clock they dropped into a crowded speakeasy outside of Amarillo where neither was known. Eva Payne had two drinks. The woman couldn't take one drink without getting drowsy. Two, Payne knew, would practically knock her out.

"I'm sleepy," said Mrs. Payne when they got back in the car.

By midnight Mrs. Payne was not only asleep, but snoring. Payne was now within a mile of where he was going to leave the car on the grade crossing, lift his wife over to the wheel, and then hitchhike a ride back to Amarillo. Then he would sneak into his office and, along toward 2 o'clock, when his wife didn't show up, start inquiring about her.

Payne was within a quarter of a mile of the grade crossing in a dark and desolate section, when he heard a sputtering sound from the motor. The blood rushed to Payne's head as the sputtering grew in frequency and intensity. He had overlooked one vital thing: gasoline. He was out of gas.

Poor Payne. He had tried asphyxiation, morphine, the lake, the shotgun and the railroad crossing—and nothing had worked. So next he hit upon another scheme—electrocution.

TRUE MAGAZINE

HARRY LYONS

"I'll concede it!"

The lawyer, ever solicitous of his wife's welfare, suggested to her that she begin taking hot baths for her health. So that she would not catch a chill, he put an electric heater on a little platform over the rear of the tub. The plot was that he would stand outside the bathroom some night while she was in the tub, pound on the wall while pretending to drive in a nail to hang a picture, and produce enough vibration to cause the heater to walk off the platform, drop into the tub, and electrocute the woman.

On the night set for his sixth try at murder, Payne ran a tub for his wife, then plugged in the heater. "Have a nice bath, Eva," he said. "I'll be right outside, hanging a picture."

Payne waited until he heard his wife splashing in the tub. Then he gave the wall a few stout socks. He listened for a moment, heard the splashing, then began to pound on the wall. He must have hit the wall twenty times before he stopped to listen. Everything was quiet. "Eva," he called, hoping to get no answer, "are you all right?"

"Just fine, honey," she called back. "Just fine."

What could have happened? Muttering to himself, he attacked the wall again. When he stopped, everything was quiet within. "Are you all right, darling?" he called.

"Just fine, honey." The woman's voice was coming from another direction: she was out of the tub and drying herself. When she emerged from the bathroom, he was really hanging the picture.

"How was the heater?" he asked.

"Fine. Only it was too hot on that little platform. So I took it off and put it on the floor."

The next blow fell when his secretary handed in her resignation. "Why, what's wrong?" asked Payne.

"I don't think you're ever going to get a divorce," she replied.

By now distraught, Payne came up with an idea so sound, so basic, and so plausible that he wondered why he hadn't thought of it before. He would plant an infernal device in the family car, lend the car to his wife for shopping, and the woman would be blown to pieces.

First, though, Payne would have to create a plausible reason for an infernal device being planted in the car. That was comparatively easy.

One day Payne went into a telephone booth and called his office. Having once played a villain in a high-school dramatic production, he knew how to change his voice from one that was mild to one that was ominously rasping. "Lemme talk to A. D. Payne!" Payne said to the new secretary.

"Mr. Payne is not here right now. May I take a message?"

"Yeah. Tell the jerk he ain't got long to live."

Payne reported the call to the Amarillo police. A detective questioned him but, since Payne had no idea of the caller's identity, there was nothing the dick could do.

A couple of nights later, Payne phoned his wife and gave her the same message.

When his wife told him about it, he phoned the police again. But again the police were stumped.

Next Payne fashioned a threatening anonymous letter to himself out of words and letters cut from a newspaper. After turning the letter over to the police, he figured he had laid sufficient groundwork for the murder.

Payne had some legal business to attend to in San Antonio, and while in the city he did some shopping. He bought some batteries, wire and fuses in a hardware store and he bought some dynamite from a construction company. Then he went home and fashioned an infernal device.

On the morning of June 27, 1929—a year after Payne had first begun his plotting—Payne said to his wife, "You can use the car today. I think I'll walk to the office. I need the exercise."

Payne was in his office later that morning when the police phoned him. Eva Payne had been blown to bits.

Amarillo was outraged. A. D. Payne was practically devastated by grief.

The cops showed every symptom of kicking the case around until it got lost. Then a young reporter on the Amarillo *Globe*—fellow by the name of Gene Howe—decided to take a hand in the case. He had a talk with Payne and asked him for permission to take a stenographer into his office and go through the lawyer's stenographic books.

"Why?" asked Payne.

"Maybe there's something in some letter you dictated that might put me onto something," said Howe.

"That's a good idea," said Payne. "You have my permission."

Gene Howe sat in Payne's office day after day while a stenographer started reading aloud through Payne's stenographic books. Late one afternoon she was reading a letter that had been dictated more than a year previously when, in the midst of some legal jargon, she spouted the three words: "I love you."

Howe stiffened.

"What did you just say?" he asked the girl.

"Just what it says here," she replied. "The stenographer who took this dictation wrote down the words, 'I love you,' but she didn't cross them out."

The police had already questioned the secretary and she had been unable to help them. Now Gene Howe took a crack at the girl.

"What happened," Howe asked, "that day when Payne told you he loved you?"

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"You don't? You wrote down the words, 'I love you,' in your notebook when he was dictating to you. I just saw those three words in your shorthand notes."

Knowing Howe had her, the girl spilled her story. It didn't square with Payne's protestations of grief over the loss of his wife. So Howe began to hang around the man's house, just to see what gave.

One night, while Howe was loitering in the shadows, Payne had a visitor—a man. The man was in the house for about an hour. When he came out, Howe approached him, identified himself, and asked who he was. The man was a representative of an insurance company.

Howe, shrewd reporter that he was, began to bargain with the insurance man. He would give him a piece of information if the insurance man would give *him* some. It was a deal. Payne had been in love with his secretary and had wanted to marry her. Payne had, a year before his wife's death, taken out a $10,000 policy on his wife with double indemnity in case of accident. He now stood to collect twenty grand. "You better hold everything," Howe told the insurance man, "until I do a little more digging." The insurance man agreed.

Now Howe put himself in Payne's place. Where would a cagey cookie like Payne have purchased the component parts of an infernal device? Not in Amarillo, certainly. Out of town, then. But where out of town?

Howe sought out Payne's new secretary. "Your boss on any out-of-town trips lately?"

Yes. Payne had gone to San Antonio on business a week before the murder. Next stop for Howe, naturally: San Antonio. By this time the whole of Texas was talking about the Payne case. Howe knew that memories were still fresh. He made the rounds of construction companies in San Antonio, flashing a photograph of Payne. "Ever sold any dynamite to this man?"

"Sure," said one construction man.

When? During the time that Payne had been in San Antonio on business.

Next, Howe made the rounds of hardware stores. He found the one where Payne had bought the wire, the batteries and the fuses.

Howe rushed back to Amarillo and laid his evidence before the district attorney. Payne, howling his innocence, was clapped in jail, charged with his wife's murder.

That night Payne sent for the district attorney. "Things didn't turn out the way I figured they would," he said. "So I might as well confess the whole thing." And that's how the details of Payne's many plots became known.

A few days later, Payne, still plotting in jail, somehow managed to lay his hands on the component parts of another explosive device. This time he blew *himself* up. How he got hold of the materials was not known and still remains a mystery to the Amarillo police.

Gene Howe was sitting at his typewriter in the news room when a reporter in the jail house phoned him to tell him of the suicide of A. D. Payne.

"You don't sound very surprised, Gene," said the reporter.

"No," said Howe. "I *advised* the jerk to kill himself."

What happened to Howe? This bright young man went on to become the editor of the *Globe* and author of a column called *The Tactless Texan*, famous all over the Southwest. And strangely enough, it was almost 23 years to the day after Payne had killed himself that Gene Howe—taking the advice he had given the frustrated killer—was found dead in Amarillo. He, too, had committed suicide.—**Alan Hynd**

Dinamite Aten and his Big Boom

[*Continued from page* 55]

cutters. Two, his frequent comments in reports to Ranger headquarters in Austin that "you may hear of a killing up here," evidently weren't going to get him what he wanted—a transfer to other work. He would have to think up something more drastic.

He did. He also settled the war.

Between chews at the end of his pencil, and in the light of the flickering campfire, he composed another letter to Austin. After a brief summation of his activities to his superior, Captain L. P. Sieker, he got down to what was on his mind.

"Should I fail to get these rascals by watching the fence," he said, "I am going to try to get these fellows to try my *dinamite boom* racket. I can't explain it to you by writing but don't you forget but what it can be done if a man can get the dinamite in the right shape. I think it would be against the law to use it, but I wouldn't mind going to the penitentiary for a few years just to get to know some of these *villians* had got caught up with in their rascality.

"I wish you would look up the law, Captain, and see if a man has the right or not to put dinamite on his own fence and his own land for its protection. It seems a man ought to have that right whether the law gives it to him or not. Don't get frightened—for I haven't invested any money in dinamite yet, but I have invested some money in about 15 cartridges each loaded with buckshot and they will be better than dinamite booms if the rascals will only go to work as they have done heretofore.

"I don't want to lay on a fence two or three years just to catch a few villians while dinamite booms would always be there ready for them whenever they took a notion to cut. But I haven't got the dinamite in the right shape and don't know how I could get it unless I go up to Chicago and join the anarchists and get them to fix it up for me."

Austin headquarters was a quiet place where clear-eyed officers methodically went through Ranger reports and made logical decisions. Captain Sieker was both clear-eyed and logical, until he read Sergeant Aten's letter. As if in slow motion, the sergeant's "dinamite boom" exploded, first in Sieker's office, then through headquarters, then all over Austin. Regrettably only Aten's side of the correspondence with Sieker has been kept. It is enough.

The fence-cutters had become so bold they even held indignation meetings and worked openly in gangs. As Sergeant Aten wrote in an early report: "Many (landowners) have took their wire down and rolled it up to save it from being cut etc. The fence-cutters themselves have told me that while a man was putting his fence up in a hollow a crowd of wire-cutters was cutting it back behind him in another hollow."

When the landowners poured pleas for help in on the governor, he sent a few Rangers to the worst spots.

Novarro County, in northeast Texas, got Sergeant Aten and Ranger Jim King. In Novarro the fence-cutters were practically in control.

Sergeant Aten began his letters.

In his first, after describing their plan to act as laborers and try to worm their way into the confidence of the fence-cutters, he relates that he and King drove through a little Novarro town asking for directions they had no intention of following. "However," he continued, "our wagon tyre run off about a mile on the other side of Richland and in a little rough place our wagon wheel broke down. After our wagon broke down soon came along another wagon and the man helped us to move our wagon out of the road and sympathize with us very much owing to it looking so reasonable of breaking itself down. However, I had a hard time pounding off the tyre and then had to break the wheel with an ax."

Still, Sergeant Aten didn't like the work at all. He knew how dangerous it was. "When they once suspicion us they will no doubt try and murder us," he wrote. That didn't disturb him much. It was the lies, "ten thousand lies," that he didn't like.

So he started his campaign to get assigned another job.

First Aten wrote, "I will ask it as a special favor of the Adjutant General's office never to ask me to work after fence-cutters again under any and all circumstances for it is the most disagreeable work in the world and I think I have already done my share of it for the State of Texas and her people."

Then came the refrain, "You may hear of a killing if everything works right up here."

Sergeant Aten knew how sensitive headquarters was to the killing of citizens. Aten was a shrewd man.

No recall.

In his next letter he told of working his way into the confidence of the fence-cutters and described their operations. "The fence-cutters here are what I would call cowboys, or small cow men that own from 15 head all the way up to perhaps 200 head of cattle and a few ponies etc. Some have 100 acres of land and some more and some not so much and perhaps a little field in cultivation etc. They hate the Grangers (or farmers) that have the pastures. In fact they hate anybody that will fence land. They are a hard lot of men in here and they are thieves as well as fence-cutters. They are talking about going to Corsicana in arms and taking them fence-cutters out of jail.

"These are my last fence-cutters whether I catch them or not. We have had to tell ten thousand lies already and I know we won't get away without telling a million. Hereafter it will take more than $50 per month to get me to go out and see how many lies I can tell or be placed in a position so that I will have to tell them to keep from being murdered."

Then the inevitable refrain, the punch line in all of Sergeant Aten's letters.

"Nothing will do any good here but a first-class killing and I am the little boy that will give it to them."

No recall. At headquarters the first shock of his threats was over. They figured Aten for a level-headed officer. But the sergeant knew all the correspondence went into the record and he was building up for the big blow.

Meanwhile, he had to find a ranchman who would go to the expense of putting up his fence again, knowing the wire would be thoroughly cut. And just when he had things arranged, a careless remark by a local officer ruined it all.

The fence-cutters "suspicioned us," he wrote. The ten thousand lies were of no avail. Aten began staying out every night, watching the fences, ready to use those fifteen cartridges loaded with buckshot.

"We have a double-barrel shotgun apiece and if the villians cut the fence we are guarding and they don't surrender when called upon somebody will most likely go away with their hand on their belly.

"If such a thing is possible I want to take the villians without killing them but I think a little more of my life than theirs and I will stand trial for murder before I will stand up and be shot down like a fool.

"I expect some of these days to stand up before a fire and shake off my six-shooter and Winchester, kick them in and watch them burn and go up in the Panhandle and settle down upon a little farm, go to nesting, be a better boy, and read my Bible more."

Still no recall.

It was now time, Sergeant Aten decided, to spring his "dinamite boom" on headquarters, whether he ever sprang it on a fenceline.

He got off the letter on October 8, 1888. "I have only one more chance with any hopes of stopping fence-cutting in this section," he wrote, "and that is with my dynamite boom as I call it."

In Austin a chill ran up and down the spine of Captain Sieker as he saw how that word "dynamite" had changed. Little things tell a lot.

"I have had the law examined," Aten continued, "and it don't say anything about a man having the right to protect his property by the use of dynamite or by the use of a shotgun either. So I have come to the conclusion if it was not against the law to guard a fence with a shotgun to protect the property, it certainly would not be against the law to use dynamite for the same purpose. Therefore I have invested some money in dynamite and will in a few days set my dynamite booms upon the few fences that have been put up recently."

The correction in "dynamite" was the tip-off—Aten undoubtedly learned from a label how to spell the word. He must have bought some of the stuff.

"The dynamite boom is entirely safe unless the wire is cut or fence is torn entirely down. Stock rubbing against the post will not explode the boom, but should they break all the wires where the boom is then of course it will explode.

"I can not explain the workings of my boom thoroughly but can give you an idea of how it works, etc. It is simply taking an old shotgun or musket, put some powder in it as if for shooting, then slide down a dynamite cap on the powder

and then the dynamite on top of cap until you think you have enough. Put cap on gun ready for shooting, fasten wire to trigger and then to the bottom of a post that is not in the ground, place gun in a box made for the special purpose and place the box just under the ground and cover up so it can't be seen. Of course cock the gun when you put it in the box.

"So you see by this post being very crooked and not in the ground when wires are cut or torn down the post will fall and the end will fly up giving the wire at the bottom end of the post a jerk sufficient to shoot the gun off.

"The powder explodes the dynamite cap and the cap explodes the dynamite and then small pieces of shotgun will be found all over Novarro Co.

"Well, if it don't kill the parties that cut the fence, it will scare them so bad they will never cut another fence, thinking it was a mere scratch that they did not get killed. When one of my booms once explodes all fence-cutters will hear of it most likely and then all a pasture man has got to say to secure the safety of his fence against these midnight depredations is: 'I have dynamite booms on my fence.'

"We have quit guarding the fence and now I am going to put on my boom and see what success I can have in that way."

At this point Sergeant Aten, the master psychologist, undoubtedly remembered all the complaining he had done in previous letters, and he decided to pour it on a little heavy just to convince headquarters of his sincerity.

"In my last letter," he said, "I wrote you that I would not work after fence-cutters after this time. Well, I take that back if you let me work my boom racket at the start. I would just as soon set dynamite booms the rest of my ranging days (which are numbered) as do anything else."

Then came the final touch of Aten humor.

"Keep your ears pricked," he warned, "you may hear my dynamite boom clear down there. I will use the greatest precaution and see that no innocent man gets hurt with them. They are dangerous in setting unless a man is awful careful. However, if I get blowed up, you will know I was doing a good cause.

"Not necessary to write."

Sergeant Aten was eminently correct in that last statement, if he meant it to apply to himself. It wasn't necessary for him to write any more. But he did. And from his last letter it is possible to judge the nature of Captain Sieker's comment when he received the warning, "Keep your ears pricked." It must have been straight down the line.

"Your letter was very much appreciated," Sergeant Aten replied, "as you have written exactly what I wanted you to, first because I have showed these pasture men how my boom racket can be worked to a perfection and now they know how to work as well as I do, but as long as I am here and no excuse for leaving they expect me to buy everything and take all the responsibility, etc.

"Now I have your order to show them that I am forbidden to set booms, etc., but they will go ahead and do it themselves and not be like the farmer who waited upon his neighbors to come and harvest his grain. They know this is a sure plan. Of course I am forbidden having anything to do with the dynamite boom directly and the order will be strictly obeyed.

"I do not consider that it closes my mouth and forbids me from writing and stating how my dynamite boom can be worked."

But there wasn't much time left, Aten's letter indicates, for he wound up with a businesslike summary: "I have sold my outfit. . . ." And he must have been grinning from ear to ear as he wrote it.

Contrary to the estimate of Ranger headquarters, Aten's work in Novarro County proved to be highly effective. Though there is no record of the setting off of a dynamite boom in the Fence-cutter War, the evidence proves that the sergeant was a major factor in bringing about just what he said would happen—"Put a quietus on fence-cutting and it will soon enter into history."

For when word of the sergeant's dynamite boom got around there were almost immediate results. And Aten saw that word did get around—he gave every reporter he could find the story of his boom, along with instructions on how it could be made and set. Almost at once fence-cutting began to fizzle out, and a murderous episode in history ended.

No doubt Sergeant Aten was pleased with that. But one thing pleased him more.

He had got his recall.—**Hart Stilwell**

I CAME TO PLAY

[*Continued from page* 28]

"Don't worry about it," he said. "You don't strike me as being the worrying kind."

"I'm not," I said.

"Well, don't start in now," he said. "Just go up there and take your swings."

Don't think that was just offhand advice. It meant a lot to me, just as similar advice from Leo Durocher meant in seasons to come.

I did what McKechnie said, and pretty soon I was hitting the ball. In 81 games for Trenton in '50, I hit .353. I had 76 singles, 20 doubles, eight triples and four homers. I stole seven bases, knocked in 55 runs, scored 50.

The next season I was promoted to Minneapolis of the American Association—class AAA. Tommy Heath was the manager, and we had our spring training at Sanford, Florida. Just before one exhibition game there, Heath brought a well-dressed, athletic-looking man over to say hello to me.

"Say, hey!" I said, and shook hands.

"Heard a lot about you," the man said. "Maybe I'll be seeing you around."

"Sure thing," I said.

That was about all there was to my first meeting with Leo Durocher.

I would never have guessed how soon we were going to meet again.

It was late in May, and so far in the 1951 season I'd been going great for Minneapolis. In 35 games, I'd hit eight home runs and scored 38 runs. My hitting average was 71 for 149, or .477.

In New York, though, the parent Giants weren't happy about things. The New York club had lost its first game of the season, then won its next game, then lost eleven in a row!

We had a schedule break in Minneapolis, and the next day we were supposed to play an exhibition game in Sioux City (that's why I say I nearly got there after all). But now it was the night before, and I was indulging in one of my favoritest time-off habits, which is going to a good movie.

Now, for some reason that I just can't explain, of all the things I've seen printed about me, this one story never came out till now. It's not a secret, or anything, but nobody up to now has pointed out that I didn't want to come to the major leagues!

I was sitting in this movie, and they knew where I was, because the manager of the theater came out on the stage and said for me to get in touch with manager Tommy Heath of the Millers at the hotel.

I got over to the hotel and Heath was in the room there holding his hand out and grinning.

"Congratulations!" he said.

"What for?" I said.

"You're going up to the big league."

"Who said so?"

"Leo," Heath said.

"Not me," I said. "Call up Leo and tell him I'm not coming."

Heath looked at me like I was crazy or something. Then I guess he figured I meant it, because he got on the phone and put through a long distance call to Durocher in New York.

He and Durocher talked for a couple of minutes, and then Heath said into the phone, "I don't know. I can't do anything with him. I'll put him on. You talk to him."

I found myself talking to an awful mad Leo Durocher.

"What do you mean, you're not coming up?" he yelled.

"I mean it," I said. "I can't play that kind of ball."

"What do you mean by that exactly? What can't you do?"

"Hitting," I said.

"What are you hitting for Minneapolis now?"

".477."

There was a silence on the phone.

Then, in sort of a subdued voice, Leo said, "Do you think maybe you can hit .250 for me?"

".250?" I said. "I can try."

"Then come on up here!" he shouted.

That's how I came to play.

I joined the Giants in Philadelphia on May 25, 1951. We were playing the Phillies that night at what was then Shibe Park (since that time, it's been renamed Connie Mack Stadium). Some of the Giants—Monte Irvin and Henry Thompson—I already knew, and I'd met Durocher briefly in Florida.

But all of them had heard about me—thanks in the main to the New York press, which in the week previous had given me quite a buildup. I don't think all of this, by any means, was caused by me. The Giants had started very slowly, and when you have a team that should be playing better than it is playing, then you're liable to hail any newcomer as the logical fellow to untrack the ball club and set it going.

I met the other players only briefly that first day. Eddie Stanky, playing second base, said to me, "How do you run the bases?"

"I don't know," I said. "I guess I could be better."

"Watch him," he said, and pointed across the clubhouse at Monte Irvin. "He'll show you some things. Last game we played, he stole home."

"That's pretty good," I said.

"*Pretty* good?" Stanky said. "He stole home on a left-handed hitter!"

I think that was just about the first of the "little" things I've learned about baseball since I came to the majors—that, nine times out of ten, a man who steals home does so only when there's a right-handed hitter at bat, because then the batter's body blocks the catcher's view. Just think for a minute what that Irvin did—he came 90 feet to score in full view of the catcher all the way!

To this day, I've never ceased to marvel over the number of things there are to learn about baseball—and about the learning I've still got to do.

I can remember the third or fourth game I was with the Giants. I had come down the clubhouse steps at the Polo Grounds and was on my way to the bench for the start of batting practice before the game when I heard a voice behind me:

"Hey, Hubbell!"

I turned around. It was Leo Durocher.

I said, "What'd you call me?"

"Hubbell," the Skip said.

"Carl Hubbell?"

"That's right."

"What for?"

"Because of the way you wear your pants," Durocher said. And it was true. I had the habit of wearing my baseball pants long and low, the legs going down well past the knees, the way Hubbell wore his.

Well, I laughed a little and started walking to the dugout again. But again, I heard Leo's voice behind me:

"Hey, Hubbell."

"What now?" I said.

"Pull the pants higher. Get the legs up."

"What for?" I said.

"Shorten your strike zone," Leo said.

And he was right, of course. The strike zone is between the shoulder and the knee. A guy who wears his pants so low you can't tell where the knees are may find an umpire calling a strike on a low pitch.

But would you have thought of something like that?

Another day I was talking to someone—I think it was Monte

Irvin, our left fielder—about throws from the outfield. There's been a lot said and written about the way I throw. Tris Speaker is supposed to have met me in Dallas during spring training in 1954 and he's supposed to have told me I was throwing too high—throwing balls that couldn't be cut off, in other words. And the story is that as a result of his advice, I lowered my throws to the point where Durocher had to tell me to get them up again.

A nice story, but I never even met Speaker till before the third game of the '54 World Series, where they posed us together at Municipal Stadium in Cleveland.

No, this conversation with Irvin took place three years before that. He said to me, "Ever notice how that cut-off man stands in a straight line between you and where you're throwing?"

"Sure," I said. "Where else would he stand?"

Monte shook his head. "The point is," he said, "he's made to order for your throw. *Aim on him!* Then if he wants to cut it off, he's got it. If he wants to let it ride through, the catcher's got it. Or the third baseman."

I said, "What's wrong with aiming on the catcher to begin with?"

"Nothing," Monte said. "Except you're taking target practice with a .22. Which would you rather have? A close target or a far target?"

"Close," I said.

"There's your answer," he said.

The result of that has been some throws that otherwise I wouldn't have made. When I made my throw on Billy Cox of Brooklyn in 1951, a throw they still talk about, I came out of a turn and saw Whitey Lockman and threw at him. Lockman was the cut-off man. He just stepped to one side, let the ball ride through to the plate, and we had Cox.

I might as well quit stalling—I didn't get a hit in my first three games with the Giants as a rookie in 1951. But we won all three games to go over the .500 mark.

Now it was back to New York to face the Boston Braves. It wasn't my first time in the Polo Grounds, but it was my first as a Giant. When my name was announced as part of the batting order, it seemed like my backbone went cold all over. The fans gave me a nice hand, and that made it feel even worse. After all, here I was—up 12 times, down 12 times and hitting tonight against a pretty fair hand named Warren Spahn.

Spahn threw me a fast ball that first time I came up against him, and I guess I must have been looking for it. I hit it on a line over the left field roof. The ball really went. I heard later that Russ Hodges, the Giants' broadcaster who has a habit of saying "Bye-bye Baby!" when a home run goes into the stands or out of the park, took one look at that ball I hit and just plain said, "G'bye!"

So my first major-league hit was a home run. The other players whooped it up for me as I came to the dugout. We were ahead 1 to 0. But I didn't get another hit in the game, and Boston won it 4 to 1.

Matter of fact, my average after a couple more games stood at a stout .039. That home run stood as my only hit in 26 major league at-bats.

The story is I went to Leo Durocher with tears in my eyes and begged him to send me back to the minor leagues.

I'm not sure about whether there were any tears in my eyes or not, but I sure as heck went to him.

"Get me out of here," I said.

"Why?" he said.

"I'm not hitting, that's why."

"No?" he said.

"No," I said. "Just like I told you over the phone from Minneapolis."

"Pitching any different?"

I thought about that for a minute. "No," I said, finally. "There's not that much difference in the pitching."

"Okay," he said, as if that settled it.

"But I'm still not hitting," I said. "If it's not the pitching, then it must just be I'm in a slump. That still doesn't mean I'm helping you any."

"Listen," the Skipper said. "You can slump at Minneapolis as easy as you can slump up here. Have we been winning ball games since you came up?"

"Most of them," I admitted.

"Then you're my center fielder," he said. "That's that."

"I broke one hundred! I broke one hundred!"

I CAME TO PLAY

I've said it a thousand times, but I'll say it again, right here and now—if you can't play ball for Leo Durocher, you can't play ball for anybody.

One hit for 26 at-bats to begin with. An average of .039.

Then I got nine hits in my next 24 times up—a .375 clip!

In the middle of June, we were still far, far back of the league-leading Brooklyn Dodgers; but their Pee Wee Reese told one of the newspapermen: "The Giants are still the team to beat in this league." He was to prove quite some prophet.

I'd found a home in New York in Harlem, near the ball park, living with some friends from Birmingham. My off-the-field life wasn't much to write home about—of course, it shouldn't be. About the most exciting thing I did was go to movies. But the papers wanted to find some colorful copy about me, and they finally came up with some long stories about how come I always ran out from under my hat.

It's true. Running fast, either on the bases or in the field, I always seem to lose my cap, and then when the play's over I always have to call time to go get it. When I was in Minneapolis, the papers there went the New York papers one better. They got together and offered a reward for finding a way to keep my cap on my head. Nobody's collected that reward to this day.

I got my share of ribbing through the league, too. One day against the Dodgers, Preacher Roe was pitching and I was hitting, and Roe threw a terrific strike, and Roy Campanella, catching for Brooklyn, said to me, "You think he's a pretty good pitcher?"

"Sort of," I said.

"Wait till you see Newcombe tomorrow," Campy said.

Next time I came to bat, Campy started another conversation. This time I cut him short. "Durocher just told me not to talk to you," I told him.

I got needled by my teammates too. Before the games, I was always after them to have a catch or play pepper or something, and they were always after me, too. Going to the clubhouse in center field after practice one day, Earl Rapp said to me, "Race you the rest of the way for five bucks."

"You're on," I told him, and we raced, and I beat him a good 15 feet. "Okay," he says, panting and holding out his hand. "Let's have the five."

"For what?" I said to him. "*I* beat *you*."

"Wasn't anything in the bet about anybody *beating* anybody," he said. "I just said I'd *race* you."

I threw up my hands. Sal Maglie was standing there, laughing fit to bust. "Hey, Sal," I said to him. "What do you do with a man like this?"

Maglie turned poker-face. "Pay him," he said.

All the way through July of '51, the Giants were still getting untracked. On July 20, Leo made his big move, transforming Bobby Thomson from an outfielder into a third baseman. That gave us two former outfielders (Thomson at third and Lockman at first) in our infield. Our second base combination was set—Dark at short and Stanky at second. Stanky was spelled occasionally by a young man named Davey Williams, who today is probably the best second baseman in the National League.

In the outfield, it was pretty regularly Irvin in left, myself in center, and Don Mueller in right. Wes Westrum handled the catching. Sal Maglie, Larry Jansen, Dave Koslo, Jim Hearn, and George Spencer were carrying the main pitching load.

At one point, as July wore into August, I had six hits in a row that were home runs—I don't mean six homers in six at-bats; I mean that out of six hits I got, six were homers. But I would have settled for strikeouts if it could have improved the team's chances any. I'd come to play winning baseball, if I could—and baseball's a game where they don't pay off on second place.

Oh, by now we were in second place, all right. But we were so far back of Brooklyn it wasn't even funny.

Show you how bad it was. On August 11, we were shut out by the Phillies, 4 to 0, while Brooklyn was beating Boston 8 to 1 in the first game of a double header. If anybody's taken the trouble to figure the standings at that point—and later on lots of people figured it was worth the trouble—they would have read like this:

	W	L	G.B.
Brooklyn	70	35	——
New York	59	51	13½

Thirteen and a half games back with only seven weeks to go!

Brooklyn lost the second game of that day's double header to the Braves by a score of 8 to 4.

The next day we beat the Phillies 3 to 2. It was Maglie's 16th victory of the season. Then Al Corwin, who was to be an important addition to the Giant pitching staff, pitched a four-hitter and we won 2 to 1.

That was a good double header to win. As one of the papers put it, "The Giants had better do some winning if they want to finish second."

On August 13, Larry Jansen won his 15th, beating the Phils 5 to 2. I made a catch in that game that I still remember—a diving shoestring nab on a sinking liner from the bat of Willie Jones. Yup. My cap flew off.

We went on to take three in a row from the Dodgers, and we were scheduled to come up against the Phillies for three games next. Spencer got the win as we took the first game 8 to 5. Then Jansen got off a four-hitter of his own to shut Philadelphia out 2 to 0, beating Robin Roberts in the bargain.

That was on August 19. We got to the clubhouse after the game, and somebody said, "What'd the Dodgers do?"

We got ahold of the Brooklyn score. Brooklyn had lost to Boston.

"What was their score?" somebody asked.

"Thirteen to 4," was the answer.

We looked at one another.

Al Dark said, "That means now we're eight games out of first."

Somebody else said, "That score—13 to 4—that's some way for a pennant club to lose to the Braves!"

And somebody else said, "How many we got in a row now?"

I knew the answer to that. "Eight," I said.

"Well," they said, "if we can just sort of go along like this for maybe another week . . ."

I guess you know the old joke where one guy says to another guy, "Are you superstitious?" And the other guy says, "Heck, no! Anybody knows that's bad luck."

Well, as a ballplayer personally, and as a ball club generally, we Giants were probably no more superstitious than the next man. Couple of little things—we'd use the same warm-up ball in practice each day, and what have you. And a couple of the guys took to wearing the same sweatshirt or the same socks.

Not that it was going to do any good. Eight in a row, and then, out to sweep the series against the Phillies, we found ourselves trailing 4 to 0 in the seventh inning.

What happened? Oh, we scored five runs and won it 5 to 4.

Then the western clubs came in to the Polo Grounds.

We swept Cincinnati to build the winning streak up to 11.

St. Louis came in for a single-game stand, and led 5 to 4 going into the last of the ninth. The Giants scored twice and won it 6 to 5.

The baseball world was on its ear now. The fans were watching a winning streak of more than modest size, and that's

always something to watch, but this was something more. In our case, they were watching a hot ball club make its move.

What we had coming up now were four games with the Cubs. The Cubs weren't the toughest club in the league, but they could beat you—especially when, as was the case here, those four games were to be played in the form of double headers on two consecutive days.

We won that first double header, 5 to 4 and 5 to 1. Fourteen in a row now.

And now we were going for 15—and the ball game, the first game of our second straight double header, went into extra innings, with the score tied at 3 to 3.

Larry Jansen was pitching, going all the way, for us, but by now the strain on the ball club was tremendous. Something had to give.

It did give—it gave in the top of the 12th, when the Cubs scored to go ahead 4 to 3.

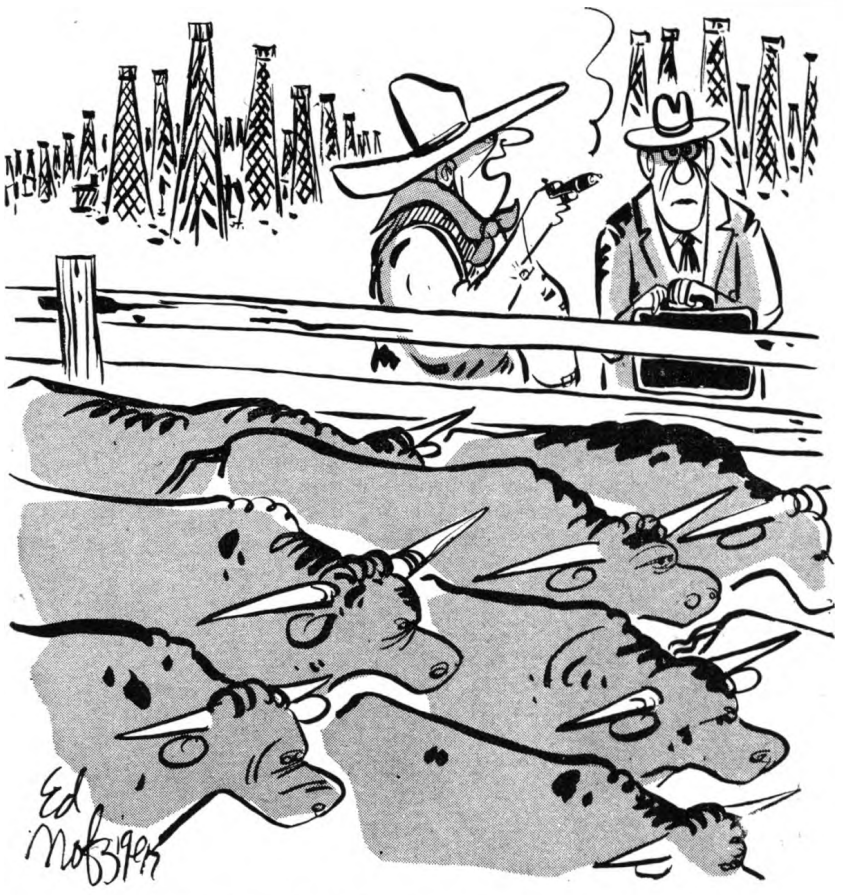
But there was one thing we had overlooked. And that is that a club on a winning streak is not the only one to feel the stress. The team that's trying to beat you feels it too.

Like Chicago. Their defense lapsed. Not much. Just enough to help us push over two runs in the bottom of the twelfth and win it 5 to 4!

Al Corwin had it all the way in beating the Cubs 6 to 3 in the second game.

We'd won sixteen in a row. It was the longest winning streak in the National League in 16 years, ever since back in 1935, when I was 4 years old!

And we'd cut eight games off the Dodger lead in the course of that streak.



"We don't brand them—we have them engraved."

Pittsburgh came in to beat us 2 to 0. That finished the streak, but not the Giants. We just kept on winning—even though, in one of the few games we lost, a fellow named Willie Mays almost became an all-time goat by forgetting to touch third base on what should have been an inside-the-park homer!

We split our final series with the Dodgers. The gap was down to five and a half games now. But it was mid-September. Time was running out.

"All right," Durocher said in the clubhouse one day, with still more than a week to go in the pennant race. "What do I do now?"

Ed Stanky said, "What's the problem?"

"I can't eat, that's the problem," the Skip said. "I can't keep any food on my stomach." And he barged on into his private office.

At one point, we'd won 29 out of 35 games. Jansen beat the Braves 4 to 1 for his 21st win of the year. We beat the Braves again, 4 to 3 this time, and now we trailed the Dodgers by two and a half games.

The 34th Giant victory in 41 games was a 5 to 1 win over the Phillies on September 25.

Then the news came in from Boston.

The Dodgers had lost a double header!

There were three days left in the season. We had to win another. We did. The Dodgers had to lose another. They did.

And going into the final Saturday we were tied for the lead.

The Yankees had already clinched their pennant in the American League, so it would be an all-New York World Series no matter what—but at this point the big town blew its top.

Baseball writer Howard Sigmand said it all in a roundup story, starting it off with: "They closed the Brooklyn Bridge today—at both ends."

That final week of the season was just unbelievable. Even the quiet New York *Times* started slapping the ball scores on page one. At the Pep-Saddler title fight at the Polo Grounds, on a night we were winning at Philadelphia, they announced the inning scores between rounds, and it got a bigger yell than the fight did. On that final Saturday, we beat the Braves 3 to 0. Maglie won his 23rd. On one baserunning sequence, I stole second, then third.

The Dodgers won too, but now we weren't worried. We could *win* this pennant. All we had to do was beat Boston on Sunday and hope Brooklyn lost to Philadelphia. If Brooklyn won its game, then we had a head-on crack at them in a best-out-of-three playoff series.

Well, we won that game in Boston, won it 3 to 2 for Jansen's 22nd. And that was the game where I got the greatest fielding thrill of my career. (Brooklyn was losing—losing bad—to Philadelphia.) Boston had its last chance in the ninth inning, and with two out, the hitter—I think it was Sid Gordon—lifted an easy fly ball toward Monte Irvin in straightaway left field.

I went racing over from center as fast as my legs would go. I still don't know what I thought I was going to do about anything. Monte was there, waiting. I shouted at him. He patted his glove a couple of times. I shouted some more. Then Monte made the catch. I jumped on him out of just plain joy.

By the time we got to the train going back to New York, Brooklyn was losing to Philadelphia by five or six runs, and it was long about the eighth inning.

We got periodic bulletins on the train. Some way, somehow,

Brooklyn had tied the score. Then the game went into extra innings. The Phils loaded the bases with none out. Brooklyn got out of it. Jackie Robinson made one of the most fantastic plays of his career, going sprawling to snatch a line drive out of the air. Then, in the top of the 14th inning, that same Robinson hit a home run, and Brooklyn won the game.

That meant we'd have a playoff.

And the Giants were no worse than even money.

It had been uphill all the way, beginning with an eleven-game losing streak at the very start of the season, but now we were going like a runaway freight. Thomson and Irvin homered as Jim Hearn beat Brooklyn 3 to 1 in the playoff opener at Ebbets Field. Then it was back to the Polo Grounds, where Clem Labine, a pitcher we hadn't seen before, went for Brooklyn—and pasted our ears back, 10 to 0!

So it all came down to the rubber game Wednesday, with Maglie going for us, Don Newcombe going for them. The Dodgers grabbed a run in the first. Some faulty baserunning cost us a shot at scoring in an early inning, and it wasn't till the seventh that we scored off of Newcombe to get even.

Score tied 1-1 now, but it didn't stay that way long. Helped by a couple of line hits down the third base line and into that tricky left field corner at the Polo Grounds, the Dodgers scored three times in the top of the eighth.

We didn't score in our half of the eighth. With Larry Jansen in to spell Maglie, they didn't score in the top of the ninth.

The twin scoreboards in right and left fields both told the same story:

Brooklyn	100	000	030
New York	000	000	10

Monte Irvin and I were the last ones in to the dugout from the field as the teams changed sides, left and center fields being the farthest away from the Giant dugout at the Polo Grounds. Usually by the time I got in to the bench from center field, Durocher already was on his way out to the third base coaching box.

This time, though, he was standing on the dugout steps, waiting till everybody got in.

Then he turned around and faced us, leaning in on us with one hand up on the roof of the dugout, and looking from one face to the next. I never saw a calmer-looking guy.

"Well," he said, sort of reflectively, "you've come this far. It's an awful long way to come. And you've still got a chance to hit." And then he went on out to the coaching box, with that number 2 still looking big and jaunty on his back.

Alvin Dark led off for us and slapped a hard grounder to the right side. Second baseman Jackie Robinson and first baseman Gil Hodges scissored across, Robinson the deep man, and for an instant we couldn't tell what would happen. But the ball was through between them and out into the right field for a single.

Now Don Mueller stepped in. He hit an almost identical shot—a little more to the right, maybe, but Hodges was playing him over that way, so the difference was the same. Again Robinson gave it the deep try and again the ball was through. Dark stopped at second, taking no chances with the score 4 to 1 against us in the last of the ninth.

Irvin, our big hitter, came to bat now. Out in the Dodger bullpen, three pitchers were working it hot. A home run now—well, it was crazy even to think about it, but it would tie the score.

But Monte put up a meek foul fly to the right side, and there was one out. You should have seen the way Irvin slammed that bat down. He was sick over it.

That brought Lockman to bat. And for the third time in the game he sliced a double to left field. This one zipped past Cox at third. Dark tore around to score from second. Mueller, facing a potential play at third, slid so hard into third base that he sprained his ankle—so severe a sprain that he had to be carried from the field on a stretcher.

Red Smith wrote in his column the next day that the scene at that point—stretcher bearers—seemed the perfect final touch.

Clint Hartung went in to run for Mueller, so he was leading off third, Lockman off second, as Bobby Thomson stepped to the plate.

We were behind 4 to 2 now, with one out and the tying runs lush in scoring position.

Time was held up now as the Dodgers changed pitchers. Manager Dressen consulted with his bullpen coach by phone and then gave Branca the wave. Newcombe shook Branca's hand solemnly and then was cheered as he made the long walk to the clubhouse in center field.

This change of pitchers, by the way, was the only managerial move in the inning. And now there were men on second and third with one down, a situation that frequently calls for the intentional base on balls, but the Dodgers weren't going to put that winning run on base.

I don't know if they were looking past Thomson or not. If they had been, then they knew that the next man in the batting order was Willie Mays.

As it was, I was down on one knee there in the on-deck circle as Branca finished his warm-up throws and Thompson stepped in to face him.

Bobby didn't offer at the first pitch, which cut the center of the plate. Umpire Lou Jorda, back of the plate, sang out, "Strike one!"

From where I was, the next pitch didn't look quite so good as the first one, but Thomson swung anyway. He socked it out toward left field, and I remember thinking, *This'll get the run in from third.* I watched leftfielder Pafko as he went back to the wall and turned.

And Pafko just stood there, back to the wall.

I think maybe I was the last man in that whole ball park to realize the ball was a home run.

The next thing I knew, seemed like the whole Giant team had rushed past me so they could all group around home plate, waiting for Bobby to get there. I still hadn't moved.

I started saying to myself, *It's the pennant! It's the pennant!* Maybe I still didn't believe it.

But then I got a look at the Dodgers walking off the field.

And brother, then I believed it.

I still don't know how Thomson managed to get off that field alive. The fans just plain came cascading out of the stands. It was the wildest mob scene you ever laid eyes on. Even after we got to the clubhouse the fans, a great big crowd of them, stayed on the field outside the clubhouse windows and kept on hollering and cheering, and finally Bobby went out to the top of the clubhouse steps to wave to them. They'd be there yet if he hadn't.

The biggest thrill I ever got from a home run? That was it right there. I never got a bigger kick from a homer in my life than from that one I watched from the on-deck circle.

And, like I said before, my biggest fielding thrill was that routine fly ball that Irvin caught in that final game of the regular season up in Boston. In the clubhouse after we finally took the pennant, a newspaperman came up to me and said, "I've been meaning to ask you. What was it you were yelling at Irvin while he was waiting for that fly ball to come down in that Boston game? You were running toward him and hollering your head off."

"Gee," I told him, "I haven't got the slightest idea. Why don't you ask Irvin?"

The reporter called Monte over and asked him. Monte started to laugh.

"He yelled out, 'Catch it!' " Monte said. " 'Catch it or I'll kill you!' "

I said, "You caught it, didn't you?"

"Doggone right," Monte said.

You can see that right about then the Giants were feeling no pain. People who said we were scared of having to face the Yankees in the World Series just didn't know the score. We rode a crest into that Series. Even if we'd felt like being scared, we wouldn't have had time. The Series opener at Yankee Stadium was barely 20 hours after Thomson smacked that ball.

If we were "down" at all for that Series, it was a physical thing —Mueller couldn't play. Even so, in the very first inning of that first Series game, we gave the mighty Yankees a jolt when Monte Irvin stole home on Allie Reynolds. We won that game, lost the second, won the third. And we might have won the fourth game and gone on to win the Series if it hadn't been that it rained. Going into the fourth game, the Yanks' pitching rotation was down to where they had to rely on Johnny Sain in that fourth game. The Yankees had picked Sain up from the Braves late in the season. So we Giants would have had pitching that we were familiar with. But rain gave Casey Stengel the extra day he needed, and we never did see Sain except for a two-inning relief bit. And that was a real switch on the famous formula that won the pennant for the Braves back in 1948—"Spahn and Sain and a day of rain."

The way it turned out, DiMaggio homered to break open the fourth game for the Yanks, and Ed Lopat picked up his second pitching win of the Series as they won again in the fifth. Fellow named Willie Mays wasn't having much of a Series, by the way. Over the six-game set, I got four hits, all singles in 22 at-bats.

We were down three games to two in the Series now, and we were destined to go down fighting. We lost the sixth game of the Series 4 to 3. Hank Bauer made a good on-his-knees catch of a liner by pinch-hitter Sal Yvars to end our last threat in the ninth inning. The same Bauer had tripled for three runs to clinch it for the Yanks.

I'll never forget the late inning in which Stengel sent a pinch-runner in for DiMaggio, who was on third base. I think the fans must have realized the truth—that this was DiMag's last game of baseball. They stood and gave him a tremendous ovation as he walked to the dugout.

Going home to Birmingham was quite an experience. I wanted to see the family, and also I had a date with my draft board on October 20, after which I planned to do some barnstorming.

For a time, it looked like I wouldn't be going in the Army. There was a question of an aptitude test, which I had to re take, and then the question of dependents. By now I was contributing regularly to the support of my father, my Aunt Sarah, and my half-brothers and sisters. When it was all over, though, I was scheduled for induction anyway. I was glad I'd be going in at the age of 21 (actually, I was drafted two days short of my 21st birthday). That meant I'd be drafted young, instead of, say, in the middle of a baseball career. Other fellows didn't have it so lucky.

I didn't go into the Army until May 29, 1952, which meant I had both spring training and the first 34 games of the regular season under my belt. I'd just as soon forget that spring training. We were playing the Indians in an exhibition game at Denver when Monte Irvin, going from first to third when I singled behind him, broke his ankle sliding into third base.

I was so upset about that it made me sick. Monte and I were more than good friends—we were roommates on the road. Still are.

Like Frank Forbes, the New York athletic official who sort of took me under his wing and showed me the ropes, and Mrs. David Goosby, who was sort of my house-mother in 1954—I had a room in her five-room apartment in Harlem and she'd look out to see I was getting enough sleep and not reading too many comic books. Like them, that's how Monte was.

He's married, and kind of a steady, quiet guy. All through the 1954 season, we played "Boss of the Room" when we were on

I CAME TO PLAY

the road. The guy who got the most base hits that day was Boss of the Room till the next day. He had to buy all the soda for the other guy, only the other guy had to drink it all up. No putting it off till the next day.

Monte would always make out like he hated me because I wouldn't let him sleep in the morning, but that's just because he's unusual. Me, I like to sleep as much as anybody. Eight hours a night. And after a night game, that means I wouldn't necessarily be getting up very early in the morning. Only thing was, I'd get up ahead of Irvin.

First year I was up with the Giants, when I was living in a seven-room railroad flat with some friends I'd known from back in Alabama, I got me a Pontiac because that's what Irvin drove. Then in 1954 I got me a Lincoln Capri. I bought my dad a car with part of my World Series money. I like to drive. I kept a car in the Army, but of course there wasn't as much use for it there, so it sort of became the company car and anybody drove it who was off.

On the road, too, Irvin always pretended he was sore about me always matching him to see who paid for dinner, because he said I eat more than he does. I'm pretty strictly meat-and-potato, but I do like to eat. Especially in the season when you're generally limited to two big meals a day—bacon, eggs, potatoes and milk for breakfast, and then, either afternoon before a night game or supper-time after a day game, another big meal; a steak or a nice chicken or some chops. And Irvin was always yelling at me about I liked to go to too many movies, or I was playing too many King Cole records on the portable phonograph I take around on trips, or I packed too many clothes because I didn't want to wear anything that had a spot on it or was mussed up or like that.

First thing Monte said to me when I joined the Giants, coming up from Minneapolis in 1951, was, "You play golf?"

That's because I'd walked in the clubhouse with a golf bag that the Minneapolis fans had given me for a going-away present. I had to un-zip the golf bag and show him that I was using it to carry my bats in. I stick to one kind of bat, by the way. It's an Adirondack model, made by McLaughlin Millard, 35 inches in length, 34 ounces in weight. I hold it pretty much down at the end.

"Well," Irvin said, "where do you keep your golf clubs?"

"I don't play golf," I said.

"What do you play besides baseball?"

"Knock rummy," I said, "and pool. And pinball."

Monte started to laugh. "You any good at pinball?"

"They call me No Tilt Willie," I told him.

Irvin always had a word of advice or two about girls, too, whenever I had any problems. In '51 and '54 I dated a good bit, but never going steady with any one girl. One time Frank Forbes got wind of an older woman who decided she was going to latch on for me and went into an ice cream parlor where she knew I came in a lot and waited for me there. Forbes came in the place just after I got there and knocked the woman's ice cream into her lap.

"I was just doing it for your sake," he said later. "You're not sore, are you?"

"No," I said, "but I can't get over it. I never saw such a mess in all my born days."

If Irvin didn't have a house in New Jersey where he lives when the team's playing at home, I'd have him playing stickball on St. Nicholas Place in Harlem. Stickball is strictly a New York game. You use a tough little rubber ball, like a handball, and the pitcher throws it on the bounce and what you usually hit it with is a broomstick. You run bases like in baseball. You usually use a hydrant or the fender of a parked car for the bases. Distance is measured in manhole covers (or, as we call them, sewers). Nights during the summer, when it stays light till after 8 o'clock, I can almost always pick up a game with some of the kids on the block. It's not only fun, it's good for the batting eye, swinging with that thin stick at that tiny ball.

Anyway, I got talking about this because I was talking about Monte Irvin, and I got talking about Monte because of when he broke his leg. He was out most of that season.

I did my Army hitch at Camp Eustis, Virginia, where we had a ball club and I got to play in about 180 games. We had some good men—Vern Law, a pitcher with Pittsburgh, and Carl Olson, a Red Sox outfielder, were among them. And playing against another Army team, I got to look at a pretty fair pitcher—young fellow named Johnny Antonelli. On our team, too, was Jimmy Ludtka, a second baseman from the Piedmont League, who became a good buddy of mine.

I was assigned to the physical training department at Camp Eustis and did a lot of instruction work. While I was at it, there was something I taught myself. One of the big things with me is trying to get the ball back to the infield as fast as possible once I make a catch. Most outfielders make their throws from the back-of-the-ear position. Most of my throws, though, are made from lower down and farther out from the body, tending toward the sidearm. It occurred to me I could save a fraction of time by catching the ball even lower down.

That was when I started to work on my "basket" or "vest-pocket" catch where, instead of having the hands up in front of the face, thumbs in, I held them at midriff height, thumbs out.

At the same time, I worked to perfect a first baseman-type hold on my glove. That divides the glove into two parts—the thumb part and the rest of the mitt. The thumb and the rest of the fingers hold their parts in a sort of pincer grip, at the very heel of the glove. The rest of the hand isn't in the glove at all. That means the hand is used only to control the glove. The pocket where the ball hits doesn't have any of me in it at all.

The purpose of this isn't to keep my hand from hurting when a hard liner smacks in there. The purpose is, instead, to add two or three inches of reach onto my gloved hand.

That's the way I do it. I don't definitely recommend either that kind of grip or the "basket" kind of catch as a general thing for outfielders. You may find that you field grounders much more easily by having your hand in the glove the regular way. And the way you throw will make the difference as to the way you should make a catch.

As time went on in the Army, the Giants were having their troubles. Second place in 1952, they fell to fifth in '53, losing 44 of their final 64 games and ending up 35 games off the pennant. I was itching to get back. When the following March came and I was mustered out, Frank Forbes was there waiting for me at the gate to drive to Washington and from there to fly to our spring training quarters in Arizona. It was an unexpectedly cold day, and Forbes lent me his overcoat and then stuffed a couple of newspapers up inside his shirt to keep himself warm.

At Phoenix, there were many changes waiting for me. That guy Antonelli was pitching for us now! Gone was Bobby Thomson, traded to Milwaukee, but pitcher Don Liddle was there, and another pitcher named Windy McCall. Marv Grissom was new to me, and I was introduced to a real good guy named Dusty Rhodes who, I was told, went absolutely crazy with a bat every now and again.

There wasn't a place on the face of the earth I'd have rather been than that Giant clubhouse, but Leo Durocher didn't even say hello to me. He just stared at me dead-pan and said, "Intra-camp game today. You ready?"

"No curve balls," I said.

"Nothing *but* curve balls," he said.

Then Bobby Hofman came over and said, "Hi, there. You been away?"

"Cut it out," I said.

"New pitching in the league," Sal Maglie said. "You better find somebody to fill you in."

"*You* fill me in," I said.

"I'm too busy getting in shape," Sal said.

"Boy," I said, "what a bunch of guys you are."

Well, I went outside and belted one over the fence first time up. It was like coming home again.

What *wasn't* like coming home was that overnight, it seemed, I had become a celebrity. Actually, it was a buildup that ran past the first half of the '54 season, because I was hitting a lot of home runs. I was the new Babe Ruth. I was going to beat his record of 60 home runs in a season. I was 'way out in front of Ruth's 60-homer pace in 1927. So that proved it.

I had an idea I *wasn't* going to beat Babe Ruth's record, but there wasn't any use telling anybody that. They'd say, "Oh, you're being modest," or they'd say, "Mays is playing it safe," or, "Mays is playing it cute."

"Look," I'd say. "I'm not out to break Babe Ruth's record."

"Maybe not," they'd say, like they didn't believe me, "but you're still running ahead of him, aren't you? What do you expect us to think?"

I don't know. Sometimes you got no answers at all.

But I'm getting ahead of myself.

Opening day of '54 I hit a home run against the Dodgers. I hit it off of Erskine, 440 feet into Section 35—one of my favorite places at the Polo Grounds. It's upstairs in deep left field. The homer came in the last of the sixth inning and broke a 3-to-3 tie, and we won the game 4 to 3.

I was pretty pleased. I don't remember what I thought exactly as I came around the bases. But I certainly wasn't saying to myself, "Okay, Willie, that's number one—59 more to tie the Babe."

Actually, despite my own early-season clip, the Giants didn't start making their big move until early June. At St. Louis on June 3, we beat the Cards 13 to 8. I got two home runs and Henry Thompson got three. I batted in five runs and he batted in eight. We went on to sweep Milwaukee four straight. The fourth of those games was a wowser. In the seventh inning, I made a throw I'll remember for a long time, getting Henry Aaron at home after Bill Bruton had hit a long fly with bases loaded. The score was 0-0 at the time.

The game went to the tenth, and then Bill Taylor pinch-hit a home run for us. It was one of the longest clouts I ever saw. I think it must have traveled 500 feet.

By now we were neck and neck with the Dodgers for the league lead. I hit my 17th homer as Maglie and Hoyt Wilhelm combined to blank the Cubs, 5 to 0, and then we came back to the Polo Grounds. It was mid-June by now, and the Giant fans were in for a solid month of red-hot baseball play which to my mind exceeded even our 16-game winning streak in 1951. We didn't win any 16 in a row this time, but we won most of our games—and you should have seen the way we won them.

In one stretch there, I'd hit six home runs in five games and five times in a row I'd homered my first time at bat. But the big clouts belonged to everybody. We were winning them the fantastic way—with pinch-hit homers after it seemed all hope was lost. We were nosing ahead of the Dodgers in the pennant race—and we had six games with them coming up.

The first of those six, opening a three-game set at the Polo Grounds, may have been the most exciting ball game of the season. We were leading in the standings by one game.

Maglie was ahead in that opener by a score of 2 to 1, with two out in the ninth and bases empty and a jampacked crowd rooting him on. Sal went ahead of Roy Campanella, no balls and two strikes. He wasted one inside. Then Campy caught the curve and rode it into the left field stands for the game-tying home run.

We went that way to the 13th inning. Then, in an identical situation—two out, none on, a 1-and-2 count—Don Hoak homered to put Brooklyn ahead 3 to 2.

By this time Wes Westrum had been replaced by Ray Katt as Giant catcher. But we got three walks to load the bases with two out in our half of the 13th, and Leo unhesitatingly called for Dusty Rhodes to hit for Katt.

And Dusty went to a 1-and-2 count, too. Then he slammed a base hit to center field.

Don Mueller was on third at the time. I was on second. Mueller would score the tying run, of course. If I didn't score the winning run behind him, we'd go into the 14th inning—without a catcher left!

Boy, you never saw anybody run so fast in your life as I did. I made it home, and we had the game 4 to 3.

I make a point out of this, because it illustrates Durocher's thinking as a manager.

A reporter said to him in the clubhouse after the game, "That was some gamble you took, pinch-hitting for your last catcher. Suppose you hadn't won it and the game had gone into the 14th inning?"

"Who was thinking of the 14th?" Leo responded.

The next day, John Antonelli, with Hoyt Wilhelm in relief, beat the Dodgers 5 to 2. The day after that, the score was tied 2 to 2 in the last of the eighth when, to the consternation of apparently everybody, Leo sent Rhodes up to hit for—of all people—Monte Irvin.

Rhodes promptly whacked a two-run single, and we went on to sweep the series with a 5-to-2 win. The Dodgers were very vocal about that move Leo had made. "Any time they have to pinch-hit for Irvin, they must really be hurting," Roy Campanella said. I think they were a little sore because they just hadn't expected to see a left-handed hitter at that point, and as a result they had only right-handed pitchers in action—one on the mound and two in the bullpen. They were helpless to counteract Leo's sudden percentage move.

We ran our winning streak to eight in a row in our next game as we got five runs in the seventh inning to beat Pittsburgh 9 to 5. I had two doubles in that game. In the next game I hit my 25th home run, but the Pirates ended the streak with a 6-4 win.

Back to Ebbets Field now for three more with the Dodgers. I hit my 27th home run in the first game, my 28th in the second,

my 29th and 30th in the third. We won them 5-2, 10-2 and 11-2. We led the league by 6½ games.

Against the Pirates on July 11th, we again had a six-home-run splurge. I got one to raise my total to 31. That was our last game before the All-Star Game break.

It was along about this time that a bunch of photographers got out a big piece of cardboard and pasted on it pictures of Babe Ruth (with the number 60 written in), Jimmy Foxx 58, Hank Greenberg 58, Hack Wilson 56, and Ralph Kiner 54. Those, of course, were the top single-season home-run hitters of our time. Then they had me sit there like that statue of The Thinker, staring at those pictures and numbers.

It got so you couldn't take a shower without having a reporter or a photographer in there with you. The magazines started going to town on me. They even sent a team of photographers out to snap me in a stickball game with some kids on a street in Harlem.

My income was going up, of course. Television appearances and testimonials.

They wrote some songs about me. My puss showed up on the cover of *Time* magazine.

One day, Frank Forbes said to me, "Well, boy, you finally made it."

"What do you mean?" I said.

"You're a real celebrity now," he said. "One of the gossip columnists says you're about to get married."

I achieved another kind of fame too. One day I hit a home run at the Polo Grounds and they announced it over the loudspeaker at Ebbets Field. "Ladies and gentlemen," the announcer said, in a voice of doom, "just thought you'd like to know—Willie Mays just hit another one."

That didn't make much of a hit with either the Dodgers or the Dodger fans. After all, they had a pretty good center fielder of their own, guy named Duke Snider, and according to the fans' own votes he and not Willie Mays was the starting center fielder for the National League in the All-Star Game.

With all this going on, I think the Giants themselves did more to keep me on an even keel than anyone. On one of the home runs I hit, I got back to the bench and Leo suddenly turned his back on me and walked down to the water cooler at the other end of the dugout. I said to one of the other players, "What's the matter with him?"

"The bunt signal was on," the guy said. "Leo's mad as all get out."

Another time, I hit a homer and nobody on the whole bench would talk to me.

"It's all right," I said in a loud voice. "I know I hit one."

Then everybody busted out laughing.

Right after the All-Star Game, in which, by the way, I played part-way and didn't do much of anything, we shut out the Cards 4 to 0 back of Don Liddle while Brooklyn was losing a double header to the Milwaukee Braves. Our lead was up to 7½ games.

In our next game against the Cards, I hit my 32nd home run. But it was destined to be a bad road trip—for personal reasons, too. We lost that game 5 to 4. I left the lineup before the game was over. Word had come that my Aunt Sarah had passed away after a lingering illness.

Frank Forbes accompanied me back to Alabama for the funeral. I shut myself into a room at Aunt Sarah's house, because there was a whole crowd of people there, and I think some of them were just curiosity seekers.

I rejoined the club in Milwaukee. Frank and I grabbed a cab at the airport in an effort to get to the ball park before the game there ended. It was at night, and either that cab driver was a Milwaukee fan or it's an awful long piece from the airport to County Stadium. Or maybe both. Anyway, I got there too late to do any playing. Just as I was getting dressed in the clubhouse, my old friend Bobby Thomson was hitting a pinch single to beat the Giants 3 to 2 in the ninth.

We lost three in a row to the Braves, then came back to New York and got beat 9 to 1 by the Dodgers. Our lead was down to three games.

On July 27, we lost to St. Louis 7 to 4. That game stands out in my memory because it was the occasion of what was probably the longest home run I ever hit. I couldn't tell how far upstairs it landed, but at the base of the wall there it's about 440 feet.

And the thing about it was, Harvey Haddix threw me a change-up! It's tough enough to hit a fast ball a long distance. When you do it to a slower pitch, you've really done something.

That shot off Haddix was my 35th home run. But now our lead over Brooklyn was down to two games.

The next day I hit my 36th homer as Antonelli beat the Cardinals. They say that right-handed hitters are less effective against right-handed pitching, but of those 36 homers, 24 came off of right-handers. But that's not as strange as it sounds. The percentage of batters against pitchers is based on typical weakness against curve balls, and in that department I really had come along. I wasn't so hot on curves back in 1951. By now I could hit them.

St. Louis beat us 8 to 0 the game after that, and a real storm let loose in the New York papers. Manager Durocher yanked Whitey Lockman out of the game and Whitey didn't like it and threw a couple of towels around. That's literally all there was to it. We'd been losing a little too much and nobody felt very happy about it, and it was one of those things that blow over almost before they even start.

But you should have seen the papers!

They said the Lockman episode was just one sign of the dissension that was running through the club. They hinted that Durocher wasn't even talking to two other players on the club. They said the Giants had fallen apart. At least one columnist came out and said flatly Brooklyn would win the pennant.

What happened next? We ripped off a six-game winning streak, including one against Cincinnati that Rhodes won for Johnny Antonelli with a pinch-hit home run.

At the start of that winning streak, Durocher came to me and said, "Look, we've been losing and I'm putting you fourth in the batting order. You can get your average up if you'll start hitting to right field."

That was just about all there was to the conversation. But right there is the reason I hit 36 home runs up to then and only five more (and two of those were inside-the-park) the rest of the season.

Most people thought Durocher had told me just to "meet" the ball because by swinging hard I was striking out too much. He told me to "meet" it all right, but strikeouts had nothing to do with it. Being fourth in the batting order meant two things—first, I'd come to bat more often than I did when I was hitting sixth; and second, I'd have heavy hitters coming up behind me. The thing to do, very logically, in this new situation was to concentrate on getting on base. By swinging a lot for right field, I'd increase my chances because the defense would have more area to set against and worry about.

I believe that over a full season, the ability to hit to all fields can add 100 points to your batting average. I really do.

Meanwhile, though, we had a pennant to worry about. Major league pennant races can be wonderful things to sit back and watch. Sometimes they look like long drawn-out horse races. In 1950, for example, the front-runner (the Phillies) was obviously tiring and staggering at the finish, but just did hold on to win. In 1951, it was a hot horse (the Giants) coming from behind in the stretch to close with a dead heat.

And in 1954, all of a sudden, it was a three-horse race.

The Milwaukee Braves, 15 games out of it, suddenly couldn't lose for winning. We'd seen our lead trimmed to two games, you remember, only to step out again with a six-game winning streak. While we were winning, the Dodgers were dropping an entire series to the suddenly-hot Braves. In one of those games, Joe Adcock of the Braves hit four home runs. He also got beaned by an inside pitch, and only his protective helmet saved him from what might have been a critical injury.

I feel the way most ballplayers feel about the inside pitch. I think there is a definite difference between the pitch designed to keep the hitter from overcrowding the plate and the pitch designed to hit him, or even "low bridge" him. The difference lies completely, of course, in what the pitcher intends to do. Even the best pitchers can be off a little in their control. Even if you passed a rule that no pitch could be inside, lack of control would result in inside pitches. It's part of baseball. For awhile, every time I came to bat I could count on the first or second pitch being so close I'd have to jump back. The pitcher hopes that once that's happened, the hitter won't stand quite so close to the plate, won't dig in quite so solidly, for the next pitch. The good hitter will go right back to his regular stance. Unless you're an out-and-out sucker for curve balls, any pitch that drives you back will be a ball, not a strike.

I remember that particular part of the season for another reason, August 8 was Willie Mays day at the Polo Grounds!

The fans really gave me a day. Among the gifts were a deed for a suburban homesite, plus a covering check for $1,000; another check for $500; two sharp clothing outfits; an air-conditioning unit; three sets of luggage; a watch and other jewelry; a television set; the Ray Hickok athlete-of-the-month award; and a plaque from the *Amsterdam News*, which sponsored the event. The Polo Grounds ushers chipped in and presented me with a portable radio. And my teammates gave me a record cutter. They knew my weakness for anything that had to do with a phonograph.

That didn't help our lead in the standings, though. Didn't hurt it either, of course, but the facts of life were these—on August 13, we led Brooklyn by only 3½ games. And Milwaukee was still closing in.

We went into Ebbets Field for a three-game series. In the first game, I singled for one run and scored another. But we lost the game 3 to 2.

We lost the next one 6 to 5, and the one after that 9 to 4. I wasted a ninth-inning homer in that last game.

We'd now lost four straight to Brooklyn—a 9-1 single game after the All-Star Game (which was, by the way, the first time Maglie had ever been beaten at Ebbets Field), and now these three in a row.

And our league lead was down to half a game.

That night, I had to go on television and do a happy dance while a bunch of guys sang one of the Willie Mays songs. I went through with it. I never was more miserable in my life.

What happened then? I got four hits as we beat the Phillies 8 to 3. We went on to sweep the Philadelphia series. I didn't get a single ball out of the infield in a long, tough double header against the Pirates. But we won both games, 5 to 4 and 5 to 3—Bill Taylor pinch-hit the winning run across in the first game—and while that was happening, the Dodgers were losing two games to the Phillies! That marked the end of a 21-game hitting streak for me but I couldn't have been happier. I wasn't worried about a slump. We started our final tour of the West and in our first game, at Chicago, we beat the Cubs 5 to 1 for our seventh straight win. I got two triples and a double in that game.

We won more than we lost on the trip, and neither the Dodgers nor the Braves could hit a really hot streak. Coming back to the East, we had six games left with the Dodgers, three with the Braves. We were pretty happy about it. If we couldn't beat those two teams, we didn't deserve to win the pennant—and we figured we had the club that could win. Don Mueller and I both were beginning to move in on Duke Snider's league hitting lead.

Our lead over Brooklyn was three games as we started our last series with them at the Polo Grounds. Wilhelm won his own game with a single in that opener—a 7 to 4 victory for the Giants.

The game after that, we wrecked the Dodgers as Henry Thompson homered with bases loaded. They won the third game of the series, but now we led by four games with only three weeks to go.

In the two weeks that followed, the Dodgers were beaten four straight times by the Pirates! The Pirates may have been dead last in the standings, but they never looked better than the way they handled the Brooklyns. And when the Braves, who'd actually been in second place for a day or so, came into the Polo Grounds for their final three games with us, we won all three.

We needed a victory over Brooklyn—just one—in the final series we played them at Ebbets Field starting on the last Monday night of the season.

Sal Maglie pitched one of the great games of his career that night. He went all the way. Only a bloop hit by Gil Hodges that I just missed catching (and I should have had it—I started late on the wet grass and even then just missed holding onto it) kept Maglie from a shut out. We won the game 7 to 1.

By that stage of the season, of course, we all knew we were going to win the pennant. I sensed it the night Wilhelm won his own game with that single against the Dodgers—that was September 3.

Between our final game of the year and the start of the World

Series on the succeeding Wednesday, it seemed like we didn't have a minute to ourselves. All New York was happy about the Giant victory. We had a ticker-tape parade up lower Broadway to City Hall. Durocher refused to ride in the lead car of the parade, giving that honor instead to Al Dark and myself. "I never pitched a ball or hit one all season long," he told that huge crowd at City Hall. "All of these guys did it." He referred to me as "the greatest ballplayer I ever laid eyes on." I could have busted for being happy when he said that.

But there was not only the parade—there were a couple of clubhouse sessions on "booking" the Indian hitters and pitchers, and there was the taking of the team photograph, and there was the signing of endless baseballs as souvenirs, and there must have been 500 television programs. Coming back from Philadelphia after the final game there, I went on the Ed Sullivan show, then raced in a cab over to the NBC studios to go on the Colgate program which was the same hour as the Sullivan show. At 7:30 the next morning I was on the *Today* show and at 12:15 that night I was on the *Tonight* show.

There was one advantage to those television appearances. I didn't have to worry about what to wear. I like colorful clothes, but with a conservative cut—not "zooty"—and I like to wear button-down shirts without a tie. I really dislike wearing ties. There was always a problem whether I ought to wear one on TV, but it almost always was solved, because the television people almost always requested me to show up wearing my Giants' uniform. So it was a double pleasure. I not only like to wear the uniform, but I didn't have to worry about a tie.

The funny thing about those shows was, though, that almost everywhere you went you got the feeling that people were feeling a little sorry for you.

After all, we Giants were the poor lambs being led to the slaughter. We had to play those terrible, horrible, man-eating Cleveland Indians in the World Series.

They were supposed to have better pitching and better hitting, and they were especially favored because it would be a short Series.

I remember Leo Durocher coming up to me before the Series began. He said, "Willie, I want to tell you one thing. They're going to be laying for you."

"I know it," I said.

"Play your game," he said, "and don't worry about anything."

"I got enough to worry about to start worrying about worrying," I said.

Oh, we were 8-to-5 underdogs, all right. Among friends, it was 2 to 1.

But don't forget, we knew those Indians. The Giants and Cleveland have been kissin' kin in the springtime ever since the year one. Every spring they come North together from training quarters, playing exhibition games all the way up.

So we'd seen those Indians. Matter of fact, we'd beat 'em pretty good in the spring.

Leo sent Maglie in the first game of the Series at the Polo Grounds September 29. There was a big house there—a record for World Series in the Giant park—52,751, it came to.

There was all the color and the music and the flags and the excitement. I got posed sixty-leven times with Bob Avila of the Indians before the first game. Avila had won the hitting title in the other league, and I was told this was only the third time in all the history of the World Series that the two league batting champions had met head-on in the Series. Cobb and Wagner faced off in 1909, Chick Hafey and Al Simmons in '31.

The way Avila went his first time at bat, I had no reason to doubt he'd won his title. For Maglie, that first inning was a Maglie first inning. At that, despite having runners on, he almost beat it without getting scored on.

He went 3-and-0 on Al Smith, Cleveland's leadoff man, and then hit him with ball four. Avila got a single to right, and when the ball bobbed away from Don Mueller, Avila went to second and Smith to third.

Sal got Cleveland's big men, Doby and Rosen, to pop up to the infield, but then Wertz drilled a long ball to right-center, just when it looked like Maglie was out of the inning. The hit went for three bases and Cleveland had a 2 to 0 lead.

We didn't score till the third. Then Whitey Lockman opened with a single and went to third when Dark singled through the middle. Whitey scored while Mueller was hitting into a force play, and after I'd walked on four straight pitches, Henry Thompson rammed the score-tying single to right.

And that was it—a 2 to 2 ball game, inning after inning. They were hitting Maglie, but they weren't scoring.

Then, in the top of the eighth, Doby walked to lead it off for Cleveland and Rosen beat out an infield hit.

Up stepped Mr. Wertz, who'd tripled in the first, singled in the fourth, singled again in the sixth.

Leo relieved Maglie with Don Liddle, and the minute I saw Wertz's bat come around on Liddle's pitch, I was running. It was a whale of a ball. I had my back to the plate, running for the bleachers in dead center. The arc of the ball brought it down about ten feet or less short of the bleacher wall—probably less if it'd been allowed to fall to the ground. My glove was up and I had it, on the dead run, 460 feet from home plate. Red Smith wrote the next day that I'd been running for five minutes—and it seemed that way.

The big thing here was to turn and get the ball away. Luckily, I was able to do that before I went sprawling. Davey Williams took my throw back of second and held Doby to a one-base advance. We got out of the inning.

It was in our half of the ninth that Durocher made a move characteristic of Leo as a manager. The pitcher—by this time Grissom—was first at bat. Any other home-team manager might well have gone for the pinch hitter—especially if, like Durocher, he had the pick of the bench, with no one having been sent up to hit for anyone else so far.

But Leo whacked Grissom on the seat of his pants and sent him out there to hit for himself.

We didn't score that inning, but, maybe strange to tell, we had something of a vision on our club along about then. We had a feeling it was going to go our way.

If it hadn't, it would have been strictly my fault. That same Vic Wertz was leading off for the Indians in the top of the tenth, and, watching from center field, I could see Grissom pitching him carefully, all the time on the outside. Wertz got one real mean foul to the wrong field, out to left.

I should have known to move over from right-center, but I didn't, and Wertz then slammed one up the left-center alley.

It was the toughest chance I had all World Series long. That ball was mean as it hopped on the ground, and I had to play it at an angle. I speared it one-handed and held Wertz to a double with my throw.

The sacrifice moved him to third, and now Grissom walked Pope to put on the force and get at the right-handed Hegan. Lopez sent up Glynn to hit instead, and Grissom struck him out swinging.

Again, Durocher made a move. Lockman, at first, was holding Pope close. Leo came to the steps of the dugout and waved Whitey a few steps off the bag—and Lemon lined the ball right smack into Lockman's hands for the third out.

There was one out in the bottom of the tenth when I came up. I'd noted that Mickey Grasso, who went in to catch for Cleveland in place of Hegan, had taken only one warm-up throw to second base. (Later, the papers quoted me as saying Grasso hadn't thrown to second at all, which is incorrect.) Anyway, that one throw he took was on the bounce. So I asked Leo if

it would be all right to try to steal if I got on. He said sure.

I did get on. I got a walk off of Lemon. Sure enough, I went down on the steal, and sure enough, Grasso's throw bounced in and I had it beat.

Now, Lopez decided to put the force on by handing an intentional walk to Thompson. That gave us men on first and second with one out and Monte Irvin due up.

Leo didn't hesitate an instant. Here came Dusty Rhodes. Here came Lemon's pitch. There went the ball—a pull fly ball that just did land in the near right field lower deck.

Tagging up on second, I saw Larry Napp, the umpire, signal the homer, and I guess I must have looked a little silly coming around the bases. First, I jumped up and down, clapping my hands, and then, thinking that maybe Thompson hadn't seen Napp's sign—the ball had bounced off a fan's chest and back onto the playing field—I started signaling to Henry like a traffic cop as me and him and Dusty came around the bases.

We had the opener, 5 to 2. Funny, though, it didn't convince anybody of anything. The Giants still were no better than even money for the Series, and everybody was talking about Rhodes' "Chinese" homer—a kind of talk that might have been okay if it wasn't for the fact that we hadn't needed a home run at all. A single would have won it for us just as well.

In the Cleveland dressing room, Al Lopez said the catch I'd made off Wertz in the eighth was "the greatest catch I ever saw," but he was just using the old sheep dip, maybe like by way of saying that it took the greatest catch he ever saw to beat his team. Next day, he was saying maybe it wasn't the greatest catch he ever saw.

Nobody said anything, though, about the way I played Wertz's double in the tenth—nobody except Maglie, who came over in the clubhouse after the game and said, laughing-like, "How come you didn't catch that one, too?" I said, "I'm sorry, Sal," and I meant it. I should have had it.

The Indians had left 13 men stranded in that first game. Confident of our chances though I was, if anybody had come to me and said the Indians were going to leave 13 more the next day, I would have told them they were wacky.

Johnny Antonelli went for us, Early Wynn for them in the second game. A misty, overcast held the crowd "down" to 49,099.

Right away, we were back in trouble. Al Smith hit Johnny's first pitch for a home run.

In a way, it was good for us that it happened that way—simply because it happened so fast. It had sort of an unreal quality to it, like it hadn't really taken place. Antonelli took care of the next two hitters in fine style.

He was pitching carefully, though, and he lost the next two hitters—Rosen and Wertz—on bases on balls. Up stepped Wally Westlake, and rammed a hard single to center. I charged it, took it gloved-handed, and threw head-high to Westrum at the plate. The crowd went "Ooooh!", and after the game was over, Lopez again paid me a tribute. He said my play on Westlake's hit, which caused third base coach Tony Cuccinello to have Rosen stop at third base, was the "key play." I don't know. For one thing, Antonelli pitched out of the inning by getting Strickland, the next man, to pop to Lockman. For another, Rosen was hobbled by a bad hip and just couldn't run. There's no second-guessing whether or not my throw would have had a fast man, though Lopez swore no one could have beat it.

We trailed 1 to 0 till the last of the fifth. We'd been twelve up and twelve down against Wynn up till then, and I was leading off—and I got a walk.

Talk about cashing your opportunities. Henry Thompson instantly smashed out our first hit, a rifle single to right, that sent me to third.

And, batting for Monte Irvin, here came Dusty Rhodes!

He blooped the ball back of second. Watching it, watching Larry Doby as he came in, I knew it was going to fall in, and I took off, scoring the tying run without a play. There was a play on Thompson legging it to third, but he beat the throw. Rosen immediately whipped the ball back to second, but Rhodes, running all the way, beat *that* throw.

It was a real picture-book play for Giant fans.

Wynn bore down to get the next man, and then the Indians played it by the book, walking Westrum to load the bases and get at Antonelli. It almost worked, for Johnny hit a double-play grounder at Avila. But he was a step ahead of the relay throw at first base, and Thompson scored the run that put us ahead 2 to 1.

We were feeling pretty good on our bench along about that time. Leo, who'd been pacing up and down like a caged lion, stopping at the water cooler every four minutes for a drink, allowed himself to grin all around like a happy cat or something.

We had this ball game. Rhodes homered next time up and we won it 3-0.

We got to Cleveland for the third game, and the shoe was supposed to be on the other foot. We were playing in the Indians' ball park, and it was their crowd yelling at us, and things were going to be different.

By golly, things were different—about as different as they could be.

We'd won those first two games hard in New York. In Cleveland, we won the last two easy.

The Indians had scored in the first inning of the first game

TRUE MAGAZINE

"I feel like a heel. Today is Mother's Day."

I CAME TO PLAY

and again in the first inning of the second. So maybe it was a jinx that we scored our first time at bat in the third game at Municipal Stadium. But that big crowd—it was 71,555—didn't seem to think so. And let me tell you a secret. Neither did we.

Least of all me, because I finally got me a hit. Lockman singled off of Mike Garcia's opening pitch. Al Dark went down swinging, but Strickland, playing short for the Indians, hurried a double-play throw to first on Don Mueller's ground ball to Avila. The ball went by Wertz, and Don was on second with two out.

I got a late-swing to right for my first Series hit, and Don rode around to score.

So we were ahead 1 to 0. Came the top of the third and Dark led off for us. Mike Garcia wasn't going to strike him out two times hand-running. Alvin singled to left center.

Then came a play that was as beautiful to watch as any in the entire Series. Cleveland could remember how, in the first inning of the first game at the Polo Grounds, Alvin and Don Mueller had pulled the hit-and-run, with Mueller hitting the ball back of Dark and into right field.

The Indians weren't having any of that this time. Dark lit out for second on Garcia's pitch, and this time second baseman Avila stayed right where he was, letting Strickland go over from short to take the catcher's throw. In addition, Garcia had the pitch outside, so Mueller couldn't pull it to right.

Mueller didn't. He slapped it to left, right through the hole vacated by Strickland.

It was the hit-and-run with the ball going *ahead* of the runner! And the Indians were so flabbergasted they didn't even have a play on Dark steaming into third.

As base runners go, they don't make them any better than Al Dark. He proved this on the very next pitch—Garcia's first pitch to me, which I hit hard, but on the bounce square into the hands of Al Rosen at third.

Dark was caught off third base, an easy rundown victim. But Al didn't run. He made them come to him. He danced between fielders along that third base line long enough for Mueller to make it to third and me to second—both of us standing up without a play.

Men on second and third, one out—that called for the automatic walk to Thompson to load the bases. And, just like it was an act, that's what the Indians did and bang!—here came Dusty Rhodes out of the dugout to hit for Irvin.

All Dusty did was to slam Garcia's first pitch to right field for a two-run single! We won it, 6-2, back of Ruben Gomez.

In the clubhouse, Durocher didn't have much to say after that third game. To one newspaperman who was congratulating him loudly, the Skip said. "How many games to win the World Series?"

"Four," the guy said.

"We've won three," Leo said.

And he was right, of course. No matter how jubilant we felt like acting, we still had another ball game to win. It would take four losses in a row for us to drop the Series—but we'd lost four in a row during the season. We knew it could be done.

The best way to keep it from happening now was to win the fourth game.

The crowd was pulling for a miracle now—a miracle for the Indians, just as three short days before Giant fans were pulling for a miracle for us.

And the crowd wasn't left in doubt very long.

Henry Thompson walked to lead off the second inning for us. The Cleveland crowd—whose biggest yell of joy had come the previous day when Dusty Rhodes, who'd stayed in the game after his pinch single, finally struck out—was expecting Dusty.

But they saw Monte Irvin, batting for himself, instead. And Monte rammed a double to left-center.

We gradually moved out in front 7 to 0, but we got a little careless in the Indians' fifth. With two out, there were two errors, setting the stage for a pinch homer by Majeski that gave them three runs. And they got another in the seventh on three singles.

After the third single, Leo relieved Liddle with Wilhelm, who got Dave Pope to end the inning with a ground ball back to the mound.

And then there happened one of the strangest sights in a World Series game or any other game of baseball—a pitcher actually was taken out of the game because he was too good!

It happened in the Cleveland half of the eighth inning. Wilhelm started off by striking out Avila. At the point where Avila swung and missed at the third strike, the ball was in the strike zone. At the point three feet farther where Wes Westrum was waiting for it, it was so high over Westrum's head that Avila not only made it easily to first base—but the official scorer had to give the error not to the catcher but to Wilhelm, the pitcher!

Doby then flied out to me in center, and here Rosen got a looping single to left.

There was nothing wrong with Wilhelm's stuff—except that now there were two runners on, and a passed ball could mean real trouble. And as great a fielding catcher as Wes Westrum had to confess he was having trouble holding that knuckler.

Durocher had Antonelli and Grissom both ready in the bullpen. The Skip and Al Dark talked it over, along with Westrum and Wilhelm, and the call went out to the left-hander, Antonelli, to face Vic Wertz.

Face him? Antonelli struck him out swinging.

Westlake up now. Two out.

Called strike three.

Westlake knew it, too. Never said a word.

Just for good measure, with one out in the ninth, Johnny struck out pinch-hitter Dave Philley, too.

Dale Mitchell, a real favorite with the Cleveland fans, batted for Pope with two out in the Cleveland ninth.

And he popped a little foul up the third base line.

Henry Thompson came tearing for it so fast he lost his cap—something I do all the time, but he does rarely. Out in center field, I was saying to myself they couldn't have hit it to a righter man to end the World Series. Henry had scored six times in the Series, more than any other man. He'd fielded like a madman—including one sensational start of a round-the-horn double play in this final game, back in the third inning.

Henry didn't catch that final ball. He squoze it. He hung onto it, not even wanting to open his glove and look to see if it was really there.

Everybody's always after me to list my "greatest this" and my "greatest that," even when I tell them it's not my business to set up like a judge in a courtroom. I'm a little young to be giving advice, too, though if I had to talk about how to play outfield, I'd boil it down to five essentials:

1. *Be alert.* An outfielder moving on a play is a key defensive asset, not only because of what he can help stop the hitting team from doing but because of what they decide not to try.

2. *Keep your eye on the ball.* Take your eye off it and you'll drop it. Even on long runs, where you have to turn your back, you'll look back to get the ball with your eye before making the

catch. And by the way—always use two hands whenever possible. Not so much because it's safer, but because you want your throwing hand where the ball is.

3. *Anticipate your play.* Figure in advance what you'll do with a ball if it's hit to you. I've *overdone* this on occasion—like in the '54 World Series, when I'd made up my mind to throw home, I heard somebody yell "Third base!" instead, and didn't get anybody.

4. *Know your hitter.* A defense that can set for a hitter is the toughest single barrier he can face.

5. *Get rid of the ball!* Baseball's played in the infield. That's where the runners are. Get that ball back there!

If you are close enough in so that your throw can be made either on the fly or on one bounce, throw on the fly. If there is no cut-off play in the works, it doesn't make much difference. I know a lot of baseball men feel that it is easier to handle a throw on one bounce than on the fly (for one thing, they say a bounce will come in lower, as a rule, against a sliding runner), but I think a good throw on the fly has no reason not to come in just as low, and you're protected against a bad bounce or skip. As a general rule, though, if a ball is deep enough for a runner to try for an extra base, you'll be throwing on the bounce just out of distance alone.

With the cut-off in operation, though, it's a different thing. You'll be throwing on the fly for the cut-off man, if you can reach him that way, and if he lets the ball ride through to third base or the plate, then it will get to the third baseman or catcher on the bounce. When the cut-off is a possibility, *never* throw for the distant base on the fly. It will make your throw too high for the cut-off man to handle if that's what he decides to do. Maybe he can get it by jumping for it, but if he has to go through contortions to bring the ball down he'll probably be too late to make the cut-off work. I stick to the advice I got early in my major-league career—I aim on the cut-off man, knowing that he's right in a line between me and the far man.

The fielding of balls on the ground is most important. Balls that are hopping and skipping by the time they get to the outfielder are the hardest to get away fast. Fly balls or hits on the big bounce are, as a rule, easily handled. The ones that handcuff you are the grounders—not only because they're tough to play but because frequently you're not in position to throw.

The best position to be in for a throw is to be moving forward at the time you get the ball. You are not only in good position, but your body momentum adds zip to the throw (on flies and hits where you can get in front of the ball before it gets to you, you'll frequently see outfielders go a step or two farther back than necessary and then come forward to meet the ball, so they'll be throwing on their forward momentum). Personally, I don't often use the classic outfielding stance for fielding a ground ball, which is down on one knee. The theory behind this is sound. You are using your body to block the ball going through, because there's nobody behind you to backstop. Maybe this became a popular thing with outfielders after the legendary experience of Smead Jolley, an outfielder with the old Red Sox, who had a hit go through his legs and rebound off the wall behind him. Jolley wheeled around to field the rebound and then the ball went through his legs coming back.

My best play in the field? I don't know. I made a play in Pittsburgh that was along the same lines and just as much of a long run as the catch I made off of Wertz in the World Series. The throw on Cox in '51 was a big one. I remember, too, a ball Solly Hemus of the Cardinals hit in St. Louis late in 1954. We were tied in the last of the ninth, and the Cards had Joe Cunningham, a pretty fast man, on first base with two out and Hemus hit one off the wall in right over Don Mueller's head. I came over and got the ball off the wall and got the long throw to the plate on one bounce in time to get Cunningham. That was a real game-saver except for one little thing—we went on to lose the game.

That's baseball, of course. And baseball's been good to me. When you counted up salary and World Series money and testimonials and appearances and royalties, this young fellow from Fairfield, Alabama, did nicely in 1954. Everyone, from President Horace Stoneham of the Giants on down, treated me fine. Once the Series was over, we Giants split up a record melon in which the full individual shares came to $11,147.90 apiece. For four games of baseball.

Boy, it was some autumn. Tallulah Bankhead wrote a magazine piece about me and Bill Corum wrote that I was the greatest natural ballplayer he ever saw, all in the same week.

As time went on, there was the Most Valuable Player award in the National League, the *Sporting News* award as Major-League Player of the Year, and the Associated Press poll naming me "Male Athlete of the Year."

Wow!

I'd agreed to play for a team our coach, Herman Franks, had organized in Santurce, Puerto Rico, once the season was over. First, though, I took time off to go home for a few days and see the family.

Since the death of my mother, my half-sister, Anna Pearl, has become "the mother." All told I have eight half-sisters and three half-brothers. Helping them out, seeing that they get the schooling they want, is part of my job.

Of course, we didn't talk about that much. Mostly, the kids wanted to know what about breaking Babe Ruth's home run record.

I think Babe Ruth's record will be broken, the same way they broke the four-minute mile. I don't understand baseball men who say it's impossible for someone to hit 60 home runs—or 61—in a season. It can't be impossible, for otherwise how would you explain the fact that so many have come so close? Foxx and Greenberg had 58 each, Wilson had 56, Kiner 54.

As to whether I'll break Babe Ruth's record, well, it would come as a terrific surprise to me if I did. The 1954 season illustrates that I was more effective swinging for all fields instead of pulling for the fence. It's true that as a right-handed hitter, many people think of me as being at a disadvantage. My 41 homers in '54 set a new Giant record for the number of home runs by a right-handed swinger. The old record was 35, set by Walker Cooper. But the reason a right-handed hitter is supposed to be at a disadvantage is mainly that he faces mostly right-handed pitching. In my case, though, the great majority of my home runs in 1954 came off of right-handed pitching. They say, too, that left-handed hitters have an advantage in the home-run distances in most ball parks. Ruth was a left-handed hitter.

Well, Foxx and Greenberg were both right-handed hitters. Prove something?

I think the one thing that will make Babe Ruth's record stand up the longest is the pressure it puts on the man who's trying to break it. The pressure is tremendous, not only on the field, but in the stands and in the newspapers. One New York paper was running a box score on me vs. Babe Ruth in 1954 before the season was even half over. And I don't care how relaxed you are, you're bound to be effected by something like that.

I go for the way Leo Durocher puts it: "Swing for the base hits. The home runs will come."

Relaxation is, I think, the one key to going good in baseball—in most other things, too. It will help you most when you find you're not hitting as much as you should—it'll be a big thing, in other words, in bringing you out of a slump.

It may sound corny, but I'd have to say, too, that living right is a very important thing. I don't like to drink or smoke. I do like to sleep. I don't have to watch my diet—I gained only five pounds while I was in the Army. *Feeling* good is important.

And you have to *want* to play baseball. I did.

I came to play.—Willie Mays

A True Book-Length Feature

THIS

funny life

I was provost marshal of the troopship going to my last overseas Air Force assignment. My assistant was a brand-new second lieutenant, fresh from Officer Cadet School, who tried desperately to look very dignified and matured. His attempts at a stiff military bearing were handicapped by a smooth young face and a physique more suitable for a Boy Scout's uniform than the one he wore.

At our first staff meeting, I introduced the young lieutenant to the veteran noncommissioned officers who were to be our military policemen for the voyage. I then dismissed the lieutenant and told him to make a familiarization round of the ship's decks and quarters.

I continued my meeting and discussion with the noncoms, then asked if any of them had any questions. "Yessir," spoke up a grizzled six-striper. "When we meet your new assistant on deck, do you want us to salute him—or burp him?"

—1st Lt. William Buchanan, USAF
St. Albans, Vt.

A Navy jet fighter plane was hit by fragments of antiaircraft fire on a particularly rough strike in Korea. The pilot was unhurt, but the plane's compass and all navigational equipment had been knocked out. This left the pilot in a predicament about finding his way back to the aircraft carrier.

The pilot thought quickly and radioed the carrier to use their radar search devices to locate him; then the pilot asked the carrier to give him instructions on which direction to fly in order to reach the carrier.

This scheme would have worked fine except the pilot's radio receiving set wasn't working very well, and he wasn't receiving many of the directions the ship sent out. As a result, the pilot jammed the air with almost continuous excited requests for directions from the carrier.

After many tense minutes of radio conversation from the groping pilot, another voice came on the air from one of the other planes in the area. The pilot of this other plane had obviously heard all the lost pilot's frantic requests for directions. His tired voice interrupted the excited queries of the lost pilot with a terse suggestion: "Just orbit in your present position, and we'll drive the whole damn fleet under you."

—Lt. Jack Hansen
Naval Air Station
San Diego, Calif.

As I was boarding a bus the other day, a lady ahead of me was arguing with the driver. It seems she didn't want to pay a fare for the small boy with her. She claimed that the child was only 4.

The driver turned to the boy and asked, "How old are you, sonny?"

"Four years old," quickly answered the boy.

The driver calmly said to the woman, "Okay, I'll let him ride free this time, but I bet I know what he's going to be when he grows up."

"What?" asked the startled woman.

"Either a liar or a giant!" shot back the driver.

—Edward Biller
New York, N. Y.

Indian Charlie's weather predictions are judged more trustworthy in our town than the opinions of the Weather Bureau. Consequently, everyone took notice when Indian Charlie suddenly appeared in town gloomily describing the long, hard winter we were in for.

A young easterner, who had recently moved to town, was deeply impressed by Charlie's uncanny foresight, and respectfully listened to the old Indian's detailed prophecies. Finally, the easterner remarked that Charlie was certainly an observant student of nature and must have traveled far to collect such a wealth of nature lore.

Charlie pondered this observation, then spoke: "Yes, me travel much. Me go to city last month. Me see everywhere white man put heap coal in cellar. Me know long, cold winter come soon."

—Del Pickens
Missoula, Mont.

Last Saturday the telephone rang in the office of the bus station here in Monterey, California, and a man's voice asked when the next bus would leave for Salinas. After being given the departure time for the bus, the man explained he was a stranger in Monterey and wanted to know where the bus station was located.

The agent in the bus office asked, "Where are you now?"

The man gave the names of the streets at the corner where he was telephoning.

"Well, then," patiently replied the agent, "you just look out of the phone booth, and I'll wave at you."

—Rex White
Monterey, Calif.

I was chatting over the fence with my next-door neighbor recently. She is an attractive young mother with a lively 5-year-old son. As we were talking, the little boy raced up to us wildly waving a brassiere over his head. "Look what I found, Mom!" the little fellow shouted excitedly. "A double-barreled slingshot!"

—Mary Ann Henderson
Monroe, La.

While working part time as a mechanic in a garage in Ennis, Montana, an elderly lady drove her car in one day. She said she needed repairs on her automobile and asked if I would take care of it.

I asked her just what she thought was the trouble. She replied in all innocence: "Well, my husband told me it could be fixed up fine if I just bought a new head for the driver."

—Harry Daems
Kelso, Wash.

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