

REAL

the exciting magazine **FOR MEN**

25c May

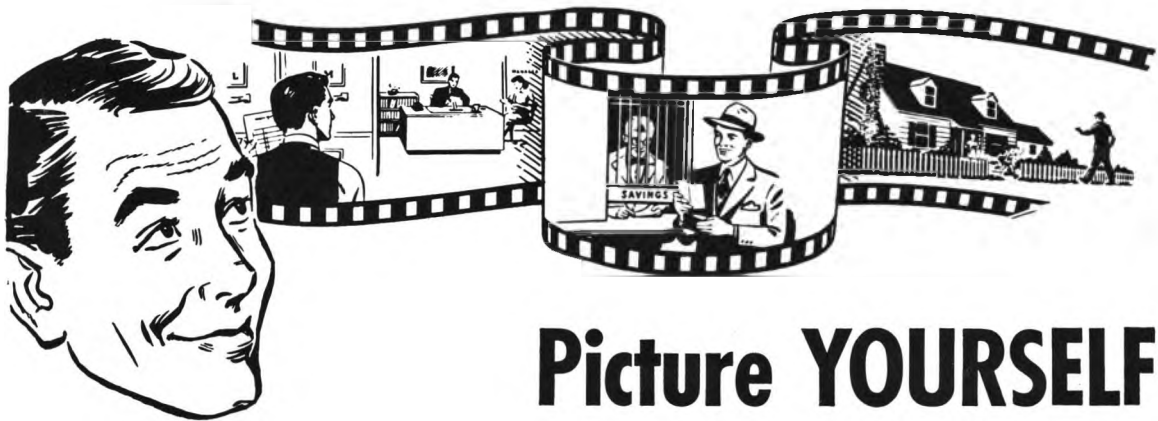
The Yankees Are Through!

by PAUL RICHARDS
Manager, Chicago White Sox

Let's Examine the Cancer Evidence:
MUST YOU
QUIT SMOKING?



HIT THE BEACH!
(PAGE 52)



Picture YOURSELF

You've done it often. Call it daydreaming 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 this year*, if you're willing.

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 flop.

What are you going to do about it? Just wait and wish for another year? If you really *want to succeed*, you can get the personalized training you need by studying at home in your spare time at your own pace. 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!

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M. A. D., SUNCOCK, N. H.

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A. R. P., South Gate, Calif.

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.

L. P. S., ELKHART, IND.

Thanks to I. C. S. training, my salary has been increased 204%.

N. E., Bellingham, Wash.

I.C.S. training qualified me for a position usually held by men older and more experienced.

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(Miss) H. B., HERKIMER, N. Y.

Because of this advanced education at I. C. S., I am a much happier person and I believe a more intelligent and consequently a more interesting person.

(Mrs.) C. E. M., Royal Oak, Mich.

My company listed employees as college and non-college graduates. Now they list them as college graduates or equivalent college graduates or equivalent and I am included in this group —thanks to my i.c.s. course in Civil Engineering.

W. J. L., Lake Jackson, Texas

I. C. S., Scranton 9, Penna.

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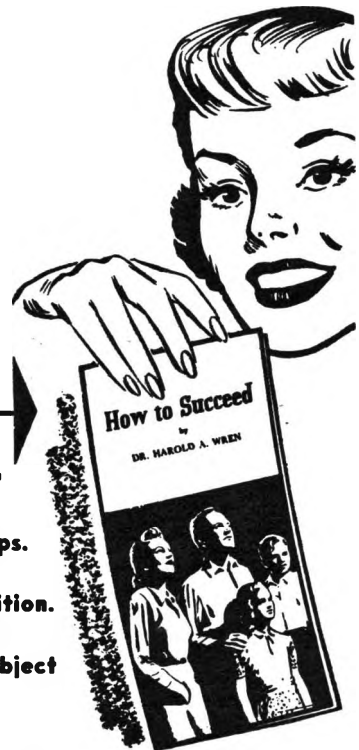
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Letters to the Editor

PISTOL-PACKIN' READERS

I can't resist a few unkind words about Major James W. Campbell, author of "Pistols—They're Not Worth A Damn." Yeh? "Even in the hands of an expert they're not effective beyond 30 yards." Yeh?

Enclosed please find a cover of the February issue which the Major can be thankful he wasn't wearing on the seat of his pants! The six bullet holes represent exactly six shots fired from a .44 Special at *exactly* 100 yards. Five witnesses were present.

My weapon was a 1950 Smith & Wesson target model .44 Special with Sanderson target grips. Load was 18½ grains of 2,400 behind a Keith solid 250-grain bullet driven at about 1,100 fps. Group was fired seated using both hands. (In a most un-military manner.)

This is decidedly not phenomenal pistol shooting! I know many pistol shots who can do better.

But it's a shame that the Major's thinking reflects an opinion shared by so many Army men today. Very few soldiers can shoot the .45 well. Very few soldiers can shoot anything well!

But it isn't just the weapons, Major. It's the instruction! You can't teach a recruit marksmanship in the time allotted under present training programs!

Sure, Major, during the last fracas there wasn't enough time for anything. We had to hit the high spots, cross our fingers and pray. But we've got time now.

I did some pistol instructing in the last war, and do you know the toughest problem I had to lick? The men didn't believe they could hit with pistols, because they'd been told they couldn't. Who told 'em? You may blush prettily. . . .

—Hal Walker, Milwaukee, Wisc.



EXAMPLE OF REAL MARKSMANSHIP

I have just finished reading Raymond R. Camp's sound article answering Major Campbell on "What Good Are Pistols?" in which Camp says that he wouldn't be without one. I have written this letter to say that I believe that Camp is right. A pistol is a very effective weapon at fairly close range. Some of the things that Major James W. Campbell said were true but I would still feel safer with a pistol.

—Richards A. Plotts, Springfield, Pa.

I wonder if Major Campbell ever carried a pistol during the night in an area in or near the front lines, or perhaps spent the night on guard in a forward area? Was it a useless feeling, that heavy pistol hanging on one's thigh? Or did it help to bolster a guy's courage when he was scared stiff?

—P. M. Knowles, Victoria, B. C.

A BETTER BIRD DOG

It was with a great deal of interest and pleasure that I read Byron Dalrymple's article, "Debunking the Bird Dogs," in *REAL* (Feb.).

I have hunted most of my life, owned all kinds of hunting dogs and agree with him 100 per cent about the setter and pointer.

I also go along with him on the good qualities of the cocker spaniel. However, there is another dog which he didn't mention which he would enjoy if he hunted over one. That dog is the English springer spaniel.

The springer, like the cocker, makes a wonderful game hunter with a minimum of yard work, and outshines him in duck retrieving.

The springer also has a better disposition.

The next time you get a chance, try out a springer.

—Bryce C. Moulton, Sharon, Mass.

GLEASON GLEANINGS

Everything in this section of the country is occurring just like Jackie Gleason said it would in his article in *REAL*. Democrats are disapproving Republicans and Republicans are approving—most highly—of Republicans, and everybody's talking about tax reduction.

Tom Rea, who emcees the "Kaleidoscope" show on this station, mentioned the article by Gleason on one of his telecasts. The article was a big hit.

The "Kaleidoscope" Show is KTVH's own version of "Omnibus," and it's getting ever-increasing public support.

—William Ritchie, Station KTVH, Hutchinson, Kan.

How come Jackie Gleason didn't predict he was going to break his leg on his

television show in his article in the January *REAL*? ("I Predict—for '54") We have a brand new crystal ball we'd like to sell him that would prevent such catastrophes.

Incidentally, Wayne Johnston, who emcees the popular "Wayne Johnston Show" on this station, told all of his listeners about Gleason's *REAL* article. Wayne's a good salesman, and the response was terrific.

—Ken McClure, Station KROD-TV, El Paso, Texas



POPULAR TV M.C. WAYNE JOHNSTON

LACKS KILLER INSTINCT

I have just completed reading the very amusing article, "I Can Whip Marciano" (*REAL*, Feb.) by Russ Hodges, CBS-TV Fight Commentator.

In referring to Dan Bucceroni as a logical contender for the heavyweight title, Mr. Hodges conclusively contradicts his "wavering" opinion when citing Bucceroni's decisive loss to Roland La Starza.

In addition to the above mentioned setback, Bucceroni's six-round loss to "now-retired" Dick Wagner, and his narrow 1953 wins over "run-of-the-mill" fighters such as Rocky Jones, Dave Davey, Wes Bascom, Tommy Harrison, and Jimmy Slade (the latter, a light-heavyweight, almost knocked him out), prove without a shadow of a doubt that the "Butcher Boy" cannot be classed as championship material. A lack of aggressiveness and killer instinct is a deciding factor. . . .

—A. N. Dragani, Bethayres, Pa.

A BIKE AND A BUCK

We enjoy your magazine here in the Southwest, and look forward to each issue. However, "Coast to Coast on a Bike and a Buck" in the January issue was a bit too far-fetched for any Southwesterner to stomach.

Timber wolves on Highway 66 and "Mexican Bandits" in Gallup might sound plausible to someone from Brooklyn, but anyone telling such a yarn around here would be laughed right out of that saloon.

—Wayne Winters, Prescott, Ariz.

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Lung removal

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—even for ordinary sickness
You can get up to \$150.00 for each

different sickness or accident for each family member, beginning with the third treatment where doctor treats you, at your home, his office —or hospital.

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"Little did I realize when I took out your Hospital Expense protection... that just a little over a month later I would be in an accident... My right leg was crushed between two mine cars. Your company to date paid me a total of \$680.00 on my claim."

Peter Zulich, St. Clair, Pa.



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when you're laid up and can't work

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(Mrs.) Sadie B. Seaton,
Goodlettsville, Tenn.

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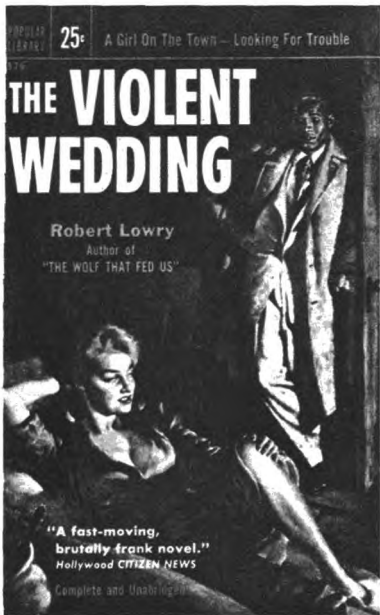
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WAR OF THE BUBBLES

YOUNG Captain John Randolph Bryan, C.S.A., personal aide to General Magruder of the Confederate Army of the Peninsula, was an angry and bitter man. Standing beside headquarters, he shook a helpless fist at the sky to the northwest where a great silver bubble hung motionless beneath the clouds.

That bubble was the Union balloon, *Intrepid*, one of

three in Union service. From its flag-draped basket the balloonist, Professor T. S. C. Lowe, was watching every move the Confederate troops made while a telegrapher, crouched beside him, flashed the information to McClellan's forces below. A few nights before General Heintzelman himself had gone up with Lowe at midnight to discover the Confederate withdrawal from Yorktown. That discovery had enabled the Federal forces to overtake the Confederate troops at Williamsburg and maul them severely.

Bryan swore hopelessly at his sky-borne enemy. All efforts to destroy it had failed. During the crucial moments when the bag was being raised or lowered, it was within range of the most intense concentration of firepower ever loosed on one target, yet it seemed to lead a charmed existence. Although the balloon occasionally was violently rocked or had some rigging cut, no serious damage was ever done.

Bryan drove an angry fist into his palm. "If we only had a balloon of our own so we could see what the Damnyankees are up to."

"It's hopeless," General Magruder told him. "The North has all the silk. We have cotton, but you can't make a balloon out of cotton."

Bryan suddenly snapped his fingers. "We have silk, sir. Our Southern women have fine silk dresses they have put away to wear when our cause is won. They'd sacrifice them if it would help."

"You may be right," Magruder agreed. "We'll try it."

The appeal went out and all through the Confederacy loyal women brought out their finest silk gowns and sent them with their tears and prayers to Richmond.

By May of 1862 the first and only Confederate balloon was completed, a startling rainbow of colors—but it held gas. Before a huge crowd, a big generator fed hydrogen into the bag until it tugged against the ropes held by lines of bearded, grinning soldiers. Johnny Bryan had begged for and been granted the dangerous honor of becoming the Confederacy's first aeronaut.

Two successful flights were made. Braving the musket balls and shrapnel of



FLIGHT almost brought disaster when line tangled soldier's feet.

the Union forces, "Balloon" Bryan, as he came to be called, made invaluable observations. Lacking a portable generator, the balloon had to be inflated in Richmond each day and rushed to the battle lines by special train.

The third flight almost brought disaster. As the bag shot up, a coil of line tangled the feet of one of the ground crew and snatched him skyward. "Cut

the line!" Bryan shouted from his basket. "Never mind me. Save that man."

A slash of a bayonet severed the rope. The soldier dropped to safety and the balloon bounded skyward, unchecked, rising two miles before the cold air chilled the gas. Powerless to direct his craft, Bryan concentrated on notes and sketches while the wind swept him down across the Union lines. Then a shift in the breeze sent him back toward his own troops.

At last, after covering an arc of some 15 miles, many of them far behind Union lines, the balloon came to rest in an orchard on the South bank. Bryan climbed from his basket, shaken but unhurt, to rush his priceless notes and sketches to General Johnson himself.

Bryan was the hero of the Confederacy. Not only had he located the Union forces and estimated their strength and plans but he had been high enough for a detailed sketch of the disposition of the Union fleet in Chesapeake Bay and the York and James Rivers. The Confederate command was jubilant. If they could not destroy the Union observation balloons, they could at least counter the spying with accurate observations of their own.

Plans were at once made for another flight to observe the Union troop movements through the opening of the Seven Days Campaign. To bring the balloon closer to the battle lines it was inflated as usual in Richmond, then transferred from the York River Railroad to a steamer on the James.

But handling the monster bag fully inflated turned out to be an enormous task. By the time it was lashed onto the ship, the tide was running out. The steamer made a frantic run but was trapped by the falling water and hung up on a mud bank. There, within sight of the raging Confederates, a Union force led by Professor Lowe himself, came out to seize the precious balloon.

"There," wrote General Longstreet, afterward, "went the last silk dress in the Confederacy. It was the dirtiest trick of the War."

—Joseph Millard

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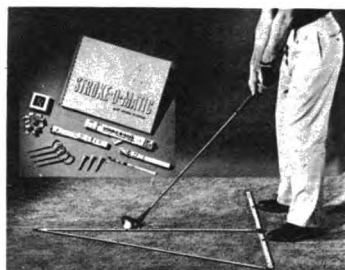
Peace officers and sportsmen! Here's the new Colt "Trooper." Rugged, accurate, it combines adjustable rear sight & quick-draw ramp-type front sight. Calibers .38—.38 special & .22—.22 long rifle; 9¼" overall; 4" barrel. \$71.50 ppd., Dept. RM, Colt's Mfg. Co., Hartford 15, Conn.



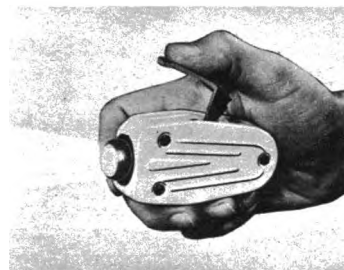
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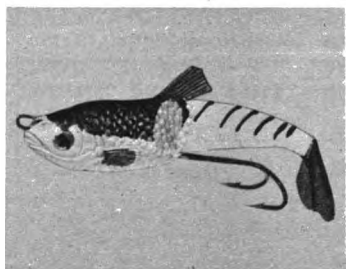
Take the pain out of paint. That's Grip-Lip to a T. Hook easy-to-hold handle to rim of pint or quart-size can to eliminate spilling. Wiper edge saves paint, keeps hands and can clean. Use as brush rest, or paint-can opener. \$1 ppd. Dept. RM, The Gadget Mart, Box 18, Wynnewood, Pa.



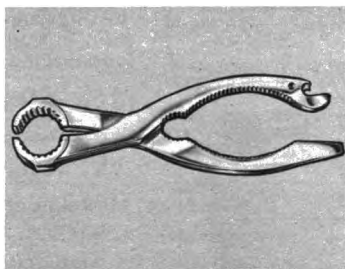
Practice scientifically, with clever Strok-O-Matic. Record correct stance and ball position for woods or irons. Helps your game. Kit has 13 sets of code-colored clips, bands, tape, tees, pins & manual. \$9.95 ppd. Dept. RM, Precision Equipment Co., 3720 Milwaukee Ave., Chicago.



Light from now to eternity—with a permanent built-in power plant instead of battery in new European import flashlight. Case enameled in white with maroon trim. Fits hand and pocket. Always ready for use anywhere. \$4.95 ppd. Dept. RM, Spencer Gifts, Atlantic City, N. J.



So help us, the Vivif Spinning Lure looks and acts like a real-life minnow, even on a slack line. Made in France by Selac, its secret is scientific design of tail. Two sizes: #1—1/6 oz.: \$1.45; #2—1/3 oz.: \$1.50, ppd., in plastic tubes. Dept. RM, Rockland Tackle, Box 539, Suffern, N. Y.



A friend in deed is this friend you need to take over household chores. It's a screw driver, hammer, wrench, and pliers; opens cans, jars, and squeezes lemons. Ami Openall is all brass, chrome plated. \$4.95 ppd. Dept. RM, Game Room, 1538 Connecticut Ave., Washington 6, D. C.



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How sound is the scientific "evidence" that cigarettes are causing lung cancer? If you're worried about the coffin nails, here's an objective report to help you make up your mind . . .

Must You Quit SMOKING?

By Sheldon Binn

NOT SO LONG AGO a real he-man would rather be caught wearing lace panties than be seen smoking through a cigaret-holder. But that's changing—and fast. In recent months, sales of holders have zoomed up—60 per cent in small towns and rural sections and 20 per cent in metropolitan areas. Considering that men rarely change their smoking habits, the holder phenomenon becomes a symbol of a startling shake-up in American life.

That deep drag on a cigaret, the hearty flavor of a cigar, the quiet contentment of a pipe—these pleasures are not easily put aside. Yet, it's almost certain that someone you know has sworn off smoking, is trying to cut down or is losing sleep trying to decide whether he should quit. Others have switched to holders or filter-tip cigarettes. What's behind this national nervousness that verges on a mild panic?

In a single puff, it stems from the rising crescendo of talk over whether there is a cause-and-effect relationship between the rapid rise in lung cancer deaths and tobacco—particularly when it is smoked in a cigaret.

In 1933, 3,400 persons died in the United States with death certificates marked "lung cancer." Last year, more than 22,000 certificates bore that epitaph.

Twenty years ago there was relatively little research in the field of lung cancer and smoking. But as the death rate began to climb, statisticians, chemists, medical men and biologists began looking for clues. And before long, some of them found not only clues, but what appeared to be definitive answers. Reports of their work started to reach the public print. What these reports added up to was: "Our nation is smoking itself to death."

Some researchers pointed to the most obvious factor in the growing mass of evidence—the parallel between the growing lung-cancer death rate and the increasing sale of cigarettes. This parallel formed the basis of an indictment against tobacco.

But that's all it was—an indictment. It wasn't a conviction. There were too many dissenting scientists. Butts, stogies and pipes were unquestionably on the scene where a crime was committed, so to speak, *but that* (Continued on page 68)

X-RAY REPRODUCED HERE SHOWS LUNG CANCER (CIRCLED). WAS IT DUE TO CIGARET SMOKING? ►



Hideout for WANTED MEN: THEY'RE

Down Mexico-way there's a new Mecca for Reds, racketeers and fugitives trying to flee U. S.

THE MAN who called himself "I. Jackson" hailed a *libre* outside Mexico City's Hotel Del Prado and in halting Spanish told the driver to take him to the Plaza de Colon. As the taxi wriggled through the maze of traffic on the broad, tree-lined Paseo de la Reforma, Jackson reached into the pocket of his trenchcoat and pulled out a dirty, crumpled piece of paper.

During the past ten days, he'd read the instructions a hundred times. He'd repeated the words over and over until he knew them as well as he knew his own name. But he had to be sure. One slip, one small detail overlooked and he'd be back in the States, facing life imprisonment. Or even death.

So far, he'd followed the instructions to the letter. One week ago, he had applied for a driver's license under the

fictitious name of Thomas Glass at the Department of Motor Vehicles in Baltimore. Then he drove down to the Mexican Consulate in El Paso where he identified himself with the phony license, paid his three dollars, and obtained a six-month visitor's permit.

Early the next morning, he drove across the International Bridge and pulled up at Mexican Customs in Juarez. He presented his permit and, following his instructions, he slipped the guard a five-dollar bill, saying he was in a hurry and would prefer not having his luggage inspected. The guard pocketed the five, grinned, and wished the "tourist" a pleasant stay in Mexico.

It was a long haul from there without sleep, but Jackson kept remembering the last words of advice he'd received in Washington: "Go straight to (*Continued on page 72*)

ALERT BUT UNDER-STAFFED CUSTOMS MEN WATCH MAINLY FOR UNDESIRABLES WHO ENTER, NOT LEAVE, U. S.



ON THE LAM

justice. Here is how they escape to this "land of enchantment" by Paul C. Benard

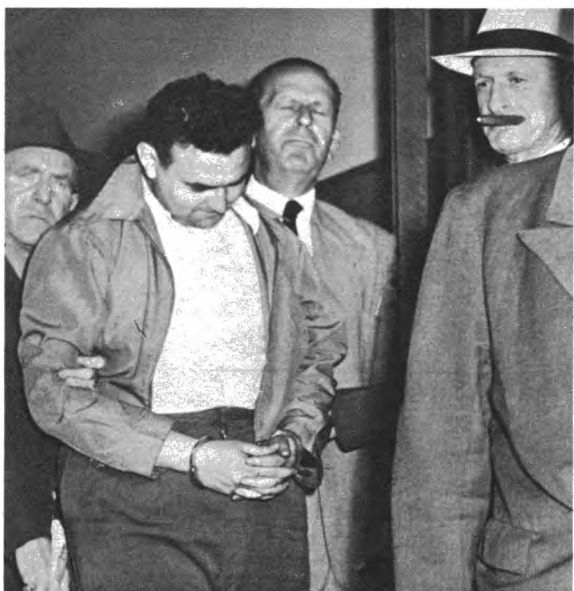


CONVICTED atom spy Morton Sobell (right) didn't make it. Mexican agents nabbed him, dumped him on U. S. border.

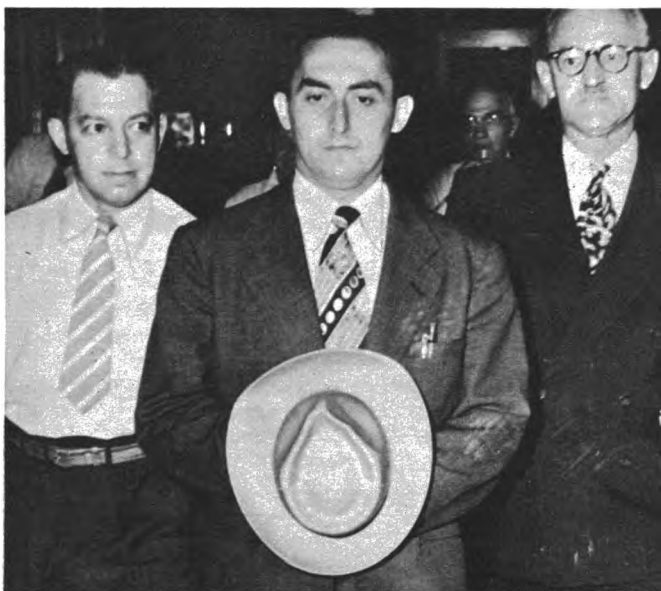


TOP REDS Gus Hall (left) and Henry Winston batted .500 on Mexico escape circuit. Hall was nailed; Winston's still free.

CONFESSED atom spy David Greenglass (handcuffed) was arrested in U. S. before he could make planned Mexico escape.



FUGITIVE Communist leader Gilbert Green (center) is believed to be in Guatemala after fleeing from U. S. to Mexico.



*In Virginia City the only
crime worse than stealing a horse
was killing a woman. Julia's
case was no ordinary murder, for
Julia was no ordinary woman*

by Freeman H. Hubbard

ILLUSTRATED BY RUDY NAPPI

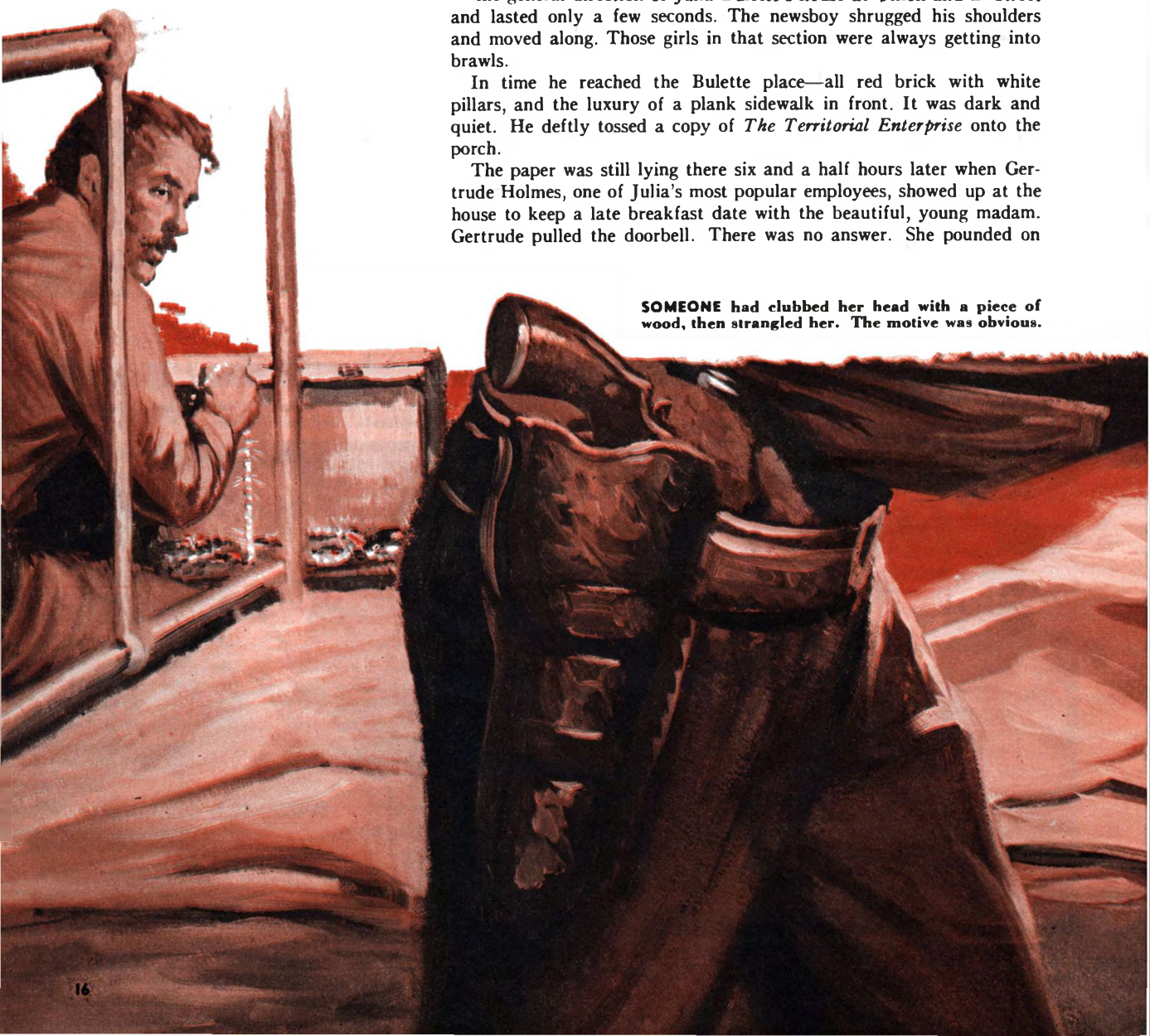
Boom Town MURDER

IT WAS FIVE O'CLOCK on a Sunday morning. A newspaper carrier making his rounds through the brooding shadows of Virginia City heard a woman's scream. He stopped and listened. It came from the general direction of Julia Bulette's house at Union and D Street and lasted only a few seconds. The newsboy shrugged his shoulders and moved along. Those girls in that section were always getting into brawls.

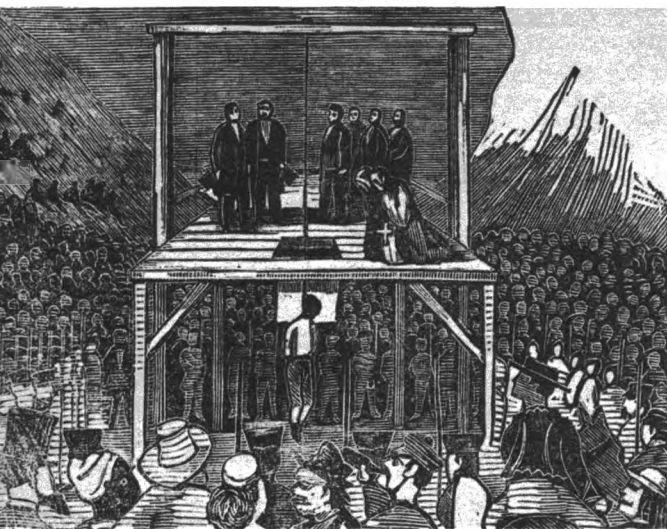
In time he reached the Bulette place—all red brick with white pillars, and the luxury of a plank sidewalk in front. It was dark and quiet. He deftly tossed a copy of *The Territorial Enterprise* onto the porch.

The paper was still lying there six and a half hours later when Gertrude Holmes, one of Julia's most popular employees, showed up at the house to keep a late breakfast date with the beautiful, young madam. Gertrude pulled the doorbell. There was no answer. She pounded on

SOMEONE had clubbed her head with a piece of wood, then strangled her. The motive was obvious.







EXECUTION of John Millain for murder of Julia Bulette was graphically portrayed in "California Police Gazette" woodcut.

the carved oak door. Then she pushed it open and walked in. Outside, the mountain air of western Nevada was nippy that day—January 20, 1867—but the flames dancing in Julia's open fireplace shed a cozy warmth.

"Hello, dearie!" Gertrude sang out. "You still sleeping?" She went straight to the gaudily furnished bedroom on the ground floor. "O, my God!"

Julia Bulette was dead. The courtesan queen of Virginia City, the toast of every gold and silver miner on the fabulously rich Comstock Lode, had been slain in her own bed!

A green silk dress, a corset, stockings and embroidered underthings were strewn over the carpeted floor, apparently just where she had carelessly dropped them the night before. Her tall shapely body, wearing a silk nightgown, lay under the covers but her bare legs were thrust out as if in a gesture of self defense. Her head rested on a pillow. Tiny wooden chips flecked her dark luxuriant hair. Blood matted her patrician forehead and right hand, while the sinister marks of a strangler could be seen about her neck.

Gertrude summoned the police. It did not take them long to decide that someone had clubbed the "fair but frail" Julia on the head with a heavy stick taken from the pile of firewood in her room and then, presumably to stifle her screams, had choked her to death. Two doctors who examined the victim agreed that she had been dead for six or eight hours.

The motive was obvious. Gertrude and other painted girls told the police that Julia had kept in her bedroom an oak chest filled with gifts from her gentlemen visitors: fine garments, sable fur pieces, jewelry and the like. The chest was missing.

Chief of Police Edwards pointed out to Mayor Currie, who had quickly reached the scene, that both pillows on Julia's double bed showed signs of having been used during the night. This fact made it all too plain that the beautiful miners' queen had spent at least part of her last night on earth with a visitor.

"Find that man," said the mayor, "and we've got the killer!"

Edwards shook his head. "Not necessarily. How do we know that some visitor didn't leave before midnight and another person enter the house afterward? Besides, the murderer must have had help. A loaded chest would be too bulky and heavy for one man to lug off by himself."

The police began combing the two bonanza towns, Virginia City and neighboring Gold Hill, for suspects.

Virginia City straggled down the side of a dusty treeless mountain so steep that a fifty-foot drop separated one street from the next. The main drag was C Street, with a gin-mill every fourth door. There, too, stood the jail, the iron-balustraded International Hotel and the red brick building that housed Virginia Engine Company Number 1—of which the saucy Julia Bulette had been the only female member for years.

Below, on D Street in an area defined by law, was Sporting Row. Every night the red gleams from this line of whitewashed and boxlike cottages could be seen far out on the desert. Until her death Julia held title to these shacks and kept them tenanted with fresh faces brought in from San Francisco by Wells Fargo stagecoaches at regular intervals.

These girls were permitted by law to enjoy the bright Nevada sunshine by sitting, but not standing, at their uncurtained windows. The Virginia City code was specific on that point. Section 2 of Ordinance 20 read: "Any female *standing* at the doors or windows of a house, or in front of the same, for the purpose of inviting prostitution, or making lascivious gestures or speeches, shall be liable, on conviction, to a fine not exceeding \$50."

Still further down the slope was the Chinese quarter, with its own red-light district and its cloying sweet odor of red poppies, and in the valley below sprawled the huts of ragged Piute and Washoe Indians. Virginia City's population of twenty thousand was mostly male. Its nearest neighbor, Gold Hill, a collection of dives and grog shops, boasted ten thousand. Neither town had a paved street.

It has been said that the Old West recognized but one crime worse than stealing a man's horse, and that was killing a woman. The Bulette case was no ordinary murder, for Julia was an established social leader and a popular heroine. Migrating from the mirrored parlor houses of Rampart Street in New Orleans, she became one of the first women to settle in the gold mining camp known as Virginia City. Men loved and admired Julia for her wit and gaiety, her gentleness and compassion, as well as her undeniable voluptuous charms.

The special darling of Virginia Engine Company often entertained the fire-fighters. Big-hearted Miss Bulette nursed their sick, sewed big pearl-gray buttons on their smart blue uniforms, and rode atop their shiny nickel-plated fire engine in every parade with her hoop skirt tilted provocatively. When fire threatened the town, Julia would serve hot coffee to the smoke-eaters and even help to man their pumps.

An epidemic swept Virginia City. She risked her life in ministering to the victims, and as more than one miner breathed his last, Julia's womanly tenderness eased his passage through the fearsome gates of death. Again and again she headed the lists of (Continued on page 76)

It was the last great legal drama of slave piracy and the unlucky captain faced the noose

BLOOD AND BLACK IVORY

by Louis B. Davidson and Eddie Doherty

THAT PART of the courtroom where the spectators sat, rows of men and women who craned forward and strained their eyes, lay in the semi-darkness of a late afternoon in November.

The sun's rays, slanting from gray, cold clouds, streamed obliquely through the high, grimy windows, lighting bleakly the railed enclosure where sat defendant and counsel, prosecutor, judge, and jurors—the stage setting of the last great legal drama of the slaver trade.

The defendant, Captain Nathaniel Gordon, had been

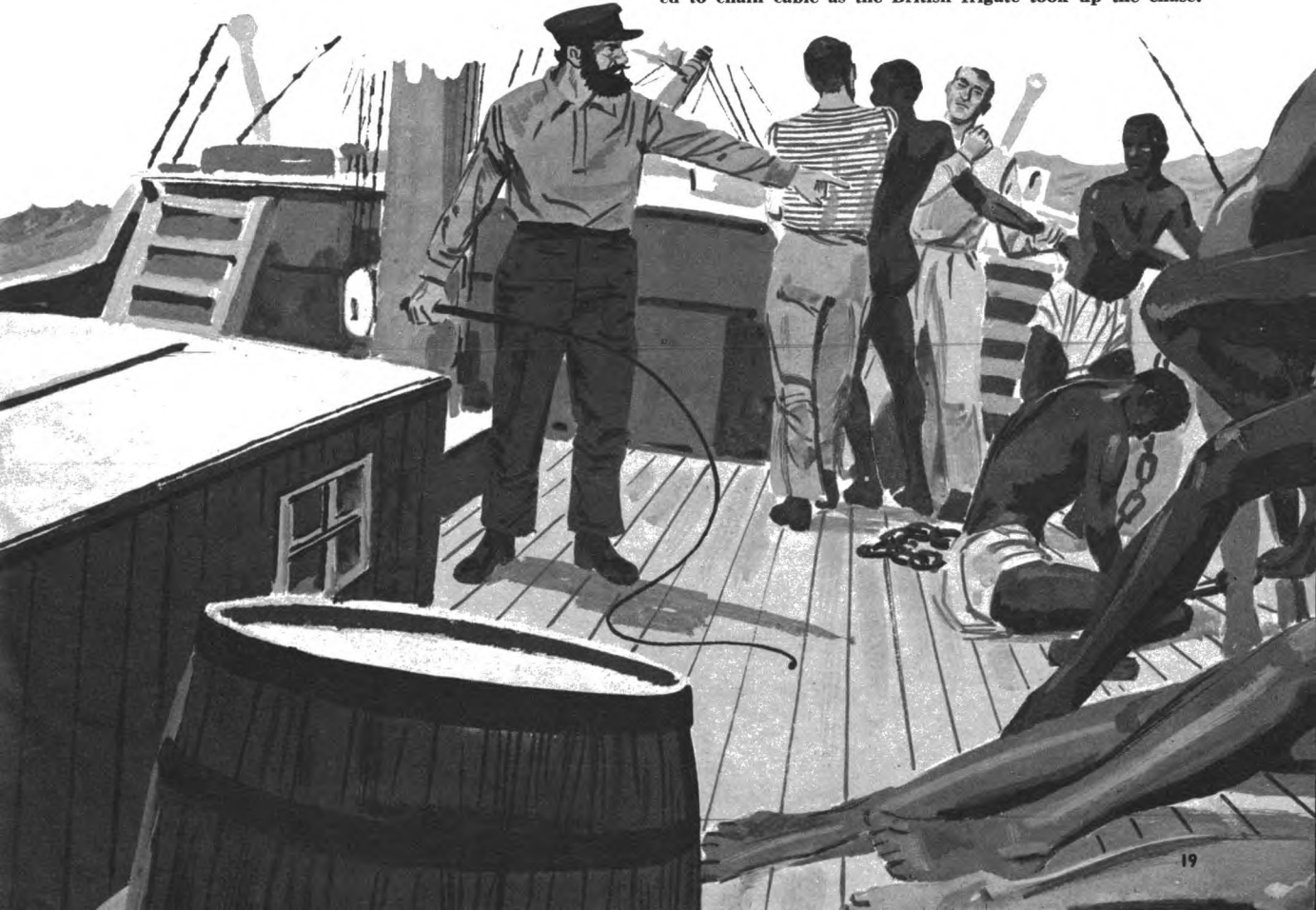
From Strange Crimes at Sea. Copyright 1954 by Louis B. Davidson and Eddie Doherty. Reprinted by permission of Thomas Y. Crowell Co.

captured aboard the *Erie* while running 800 African captives into the slave ports of the West Indies.

A law enacted in 1820 had made slave-running the equivalent of piracy, and it was on a charge of piracy that the defendant was being tried. He had been tried once before, and the jury had disagreed. But this time, in the U.S. District Court of New York, a new prosecutor was trying the case, one E. Delafield Smith, an ardent Abolitionist. And Judge Nelson, stern and unbending, was on the bench.

Former Judge Gilbert Dean and P. F. Joachimson, who had defended many slave-ship captains, sat close to the

THE SLAVES were brought up from the ship's hold and lashed to chain cable as the British frigate took up the chase.



BLOOD AND BLACK IVORY CONTINUED

defendant's chair, and sometimes whispered words of confidence to him.

Now and then the tramp of marching men sounded in the street below. Strains of martial music, the rumble of cannon wheels, the voices of men singing of John Brown's body "amolderin' in its grave," the clatter of cavalry—soldiers leaving New York for southern battlefields—penetrated the courtroom.

"The whole North's going to war to free the slaves," Gordon whispered. "What chance have I for my life?"

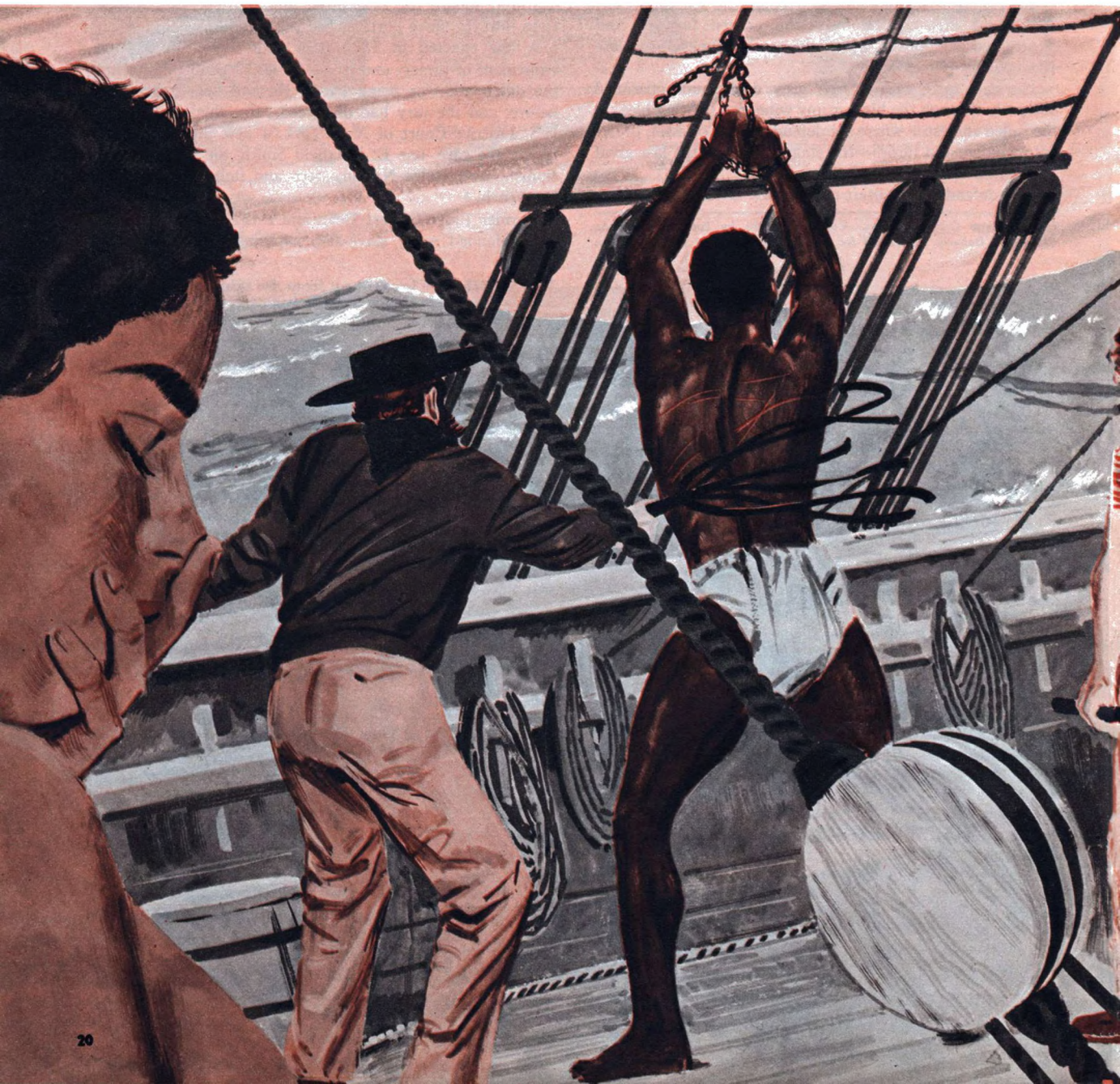
Judge Dean consoled him.

"Remember the *Brutus* case," he said.

The jury had been impaneled before the noon recess and in the afternoon several witnesses had testified, men of the *Erie's* crew. Their testimony had been damaging to the defense, but neither Dean nor Joachimson seemed worried.

"What about the *Brutus* case?" Gordon asked when the day was done, before he went back to the city prison.

JIM STOOD ERECT AND SCORNFUL AS THE RATLINES FELL ON HIS BACK, THE ROPE TEARING INTO HIS SKIN



Counsel related the story in a few words, and Gordon smiled for the first time since his capture. This is the story that Gordon heard:

The *Brutus*, one of New England's best-known whalers, sailed out of New Bedford in the spring of 1861—after Fort Sumter had fallen, after Lincoln had made his first call for volunteers.

She was a square-rigged bark of 350 tons or more, painted "frigate fashion," with black ports along her side; decks flush fore and aft; a brick try-works in her waist; whaleboats hanging from wooden cranes; and, high above

the crosstrees on her mainmast, two hoops in which the lookouts could stand with comparative comfort while they scanned the seas for a spout.

A great crowd had come to see her unfold her sails and dance out across the rippled sea. Among them was the owner, Abinoam Skinner—his silk hat as spotless as the whaler's decks—his wife and daughter, and many men who had invested money in the ship's "adventure."

They threw up their caps, waved hands, fluttered handkerchiefs, and cheered as the second mate, Jack Farrington, saw to the hoisting of the topsails. (Continued on page 87)

ILLUSTRATED BY DICK LOOMIS



Why the YANKEES are through

by Paul Richards
Manager, Chicago White Sox
as told to Seth Kantor

FORTY-TWO YEARS AGO, Hughie Jennings, manager of the Detroit Tigers, received a boastful letter from a young man who claimed he could strike out Ty Cobb within four pitches. Jennings was impressed. He advanced the necessary \$1.80 transportation money to bring the confident busher from a Michigan farm town to Navin Field.

Shortly after he arrived, the boastful pitcher was facing Cobb at the plate, in batting practice. Cobb rammed the first offering against the center-field wall; the second, he slammed over the fence, out of sight; the third and fourth went screaming into deep center-field. Jennings held up his hand and his face purpled angrily. He stomped out to the mound and roared:

"What in hell can you say for yourself, kid?"

The young man strained at a long look toward home plate and then sneered:

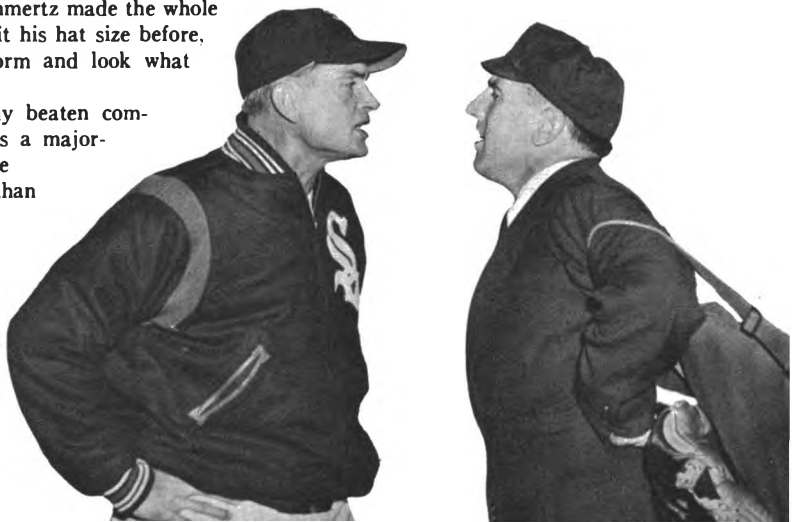
"I don't think that's Cobb up there."

Well, every April for the last five years, an echo of that episode has been resounding among most of the seven teams nestled in the American League cellar. "The Yankees?" scoff the confident ones, "Why, they haven't got a chance this year . . . they're all washed up . . . watch us take 'em this year . . . they can't stand the pressure any more . . ."

By each September, when the Yanks have again belted League pitchers into oblivion—as Cobb had belted the busher—and have again clinched the pennant, there are cries of "capitalism" and "luck" from the seven basement clubs. One official points viciously at another and says: "If you didn't trade Bucky Schmertz to the Yanks . . . Schmertz made the whole difference. Sure, Schmertz couldn't hit his hat size before, but you put him in a Yankee uniform and look what happened! It's *your* fault."

I could never quite agree with my beaten companions. I have spent three years as a major-league manager, willing to admit the Yanks were Champions, better than Chicago. I never predicted a pennant for the White Sox. I quietly had my nightmares and my indiges-

AN outspoken critic, Paul Richards
here was thumbed by Umpire Napp. ▶



tion and hoped only for the day when I could close my eyes without seeing Philip Rizzuto prancing and jumping all over the place. New York has had the best team. Year after year. Period.

But now, I've changed my mind, with good reason. The White Sox are driving all the way. And Casey Stengel's era of mechanical wizardry is at an end; his Yankees are through.

Of course, the season has just begun. New York still shows every indication of holding a lead perhaps through July. But wait until the last day of September! This analysis of the Yanks will hold up best at World Series time—when Chicago is playing.

Don't misunderstand what I say about the end of Stengel's dynasty, though. The White Sox show a greater improvement over 1953 than any other team in our League, and the Yankees have deteriorated the most. But the Yanks are still capable of fighting down to the wire and I expect their deterioration is hardly noticed by the average fan right now.

They can still beat any ball club in the world in three big ways—batting, fielding and team speed. For instance:

In the outfield: Gene Woodling, Mickey Mantle and Hank Bauer, backed up by Irv Noren, represent speed and power beyond any outfield in the League. The throwing abilities of Noren and Woodling suffer only when compared to the rifle arms of Mantle and Bauer. Head and shoulders, that's the best outfield in baseball today.

Behind the bat: One of the two major keys to five years of Yankee supremacy is the remarkable talent of Larry Berra. Yogi is the best catcher in baseball, with all due respect to Roy Campanella of the Dodgers. Campy's only advantage over Berra is that he looks human.

Yogi has the fascinating knack of throwing the White Sox and other clubs completely off guard at the most inopportune moments—inopportune for the opposition, that is. He loves to hide behind the impression that he just arrived in the Majors on a load of pumpkins. He runs slowly—when it makes no difference in the game—and then pours on fantastic speed when it counts. Behind the plate he chatters innocently at the opposition, but his mind is usually a good step ahead of anybody else's strategy. I find it impossible to get the most out of our running strategy on the bases when Berra is catching against the Sox.

He works hard at fooling sports writers into concentrating mostly on his clownish antics. But he's like an Einstein in the baggy pants of the village idiot. Berra's presence on the Yankees assures Casey Stengel that no team in baseball will quite match his in the matter of catching.

Infield, power and speed: The infield discussion must begin and end with Phil Rizzuto. That guy has managed to beat my club in almost every conceivable fashion: getting a base hit; working the pitcher for a crucial walk; stealing a base; purposely being hit by a pitched ball; pulling a squeeze bunt with a runner on third, and again with a man on third and second; and staging a hit-run single with runners moving from first and third. A special headache has been his ability to move in front of sure-fire base hits from his shortstop position.

No trade secret is revealed when I say Rizzuto is the



SYMBOL of '54 season? Chisox' Carrasquel scores on Yogi Berra—"best catcher in baseball," according to Richards.

smartest player in baseball. He makes managing the Yanks even more simple than it seems and his intelligence pays off in the performance of his teammates, too.

Last year Stengel's infield, revolving around Rizzuto, was able to work more double-plays against each team in the League than could be wrought against the Yankee batters. Besides hitting into the fewest double-plays—105—the Yanks pounded home the most runs.

In a simple analysis then, they have more batting and fielding speed, as a team, than the rest of us put together. In a relay race, they could beat every one of us, without even trying.

According to all this, then, it might appear that I think New York is somewhat better than the White Sox or any



CAN Virgil "Fire" Trucks (left), first Sox 20-game winner since '41, help extinguish Yank's aging Steady-Eddie Lopat?



RIZZUTO, "smartest player in baseball," is Yank keystone but should rest often. And Stengel has no one to match him.

other challenger, man for man, just as always. Invincible.

How in the world do I plan to beat them in 1954?

By outpitching them.

Casey Stengel will not now openly admit how deplorably weak he is in the pitching department. It doesn't show now. He's hoping to get through the summer on the prestige of what his staff once was.

But this is what I have been waiting four years to see. Chicago has been steadily, quietly, building up a fierce pitching staff to slam the Yanks in their only weak link. Pitching! The revival of hard, tight baseball. Our chance to drive for the pennant. The whole reason for Stengel's crumbling empire.

Obviously, you can't outpitch the Yanks by a slight margin and expect to offset their advantages of quick fielding, heavy batting and speed. For instance:

Sandy Consuegra and Whitey Ford were hooked up in a scoreless duel in one game last year. The Yankees finally whipped us, 1-0, in the ninth inning on John Mize's pinch single. Ford was credited with the win, but that doesn't mean he was the best pitcher that day. In my opinion, Consuegra was 20 per cent better. He had to get past New York's booming batting row, inning after inning, while the White Sox lineup gave him little support.

In other words, had Consuegra been working for the Yanks that day, and Ford for us, the final score would have been more like New York, 5 or 6, Chicago, 0.

Just how much do we have to outpitch them then? Forty per cent.

That's a lot. For one thing, though, I estimate we are at least 35 per cent better than the Yankees right now, and our lopsided advantage will grow with the heat of August's dog days.

Now, a quick comparison of the two staffs will reveal no vast, 35-per-cent difference to any baseball fan reading this, because New York pitchers are better known and more widely heralded. This stems from five consecutive World Championships, and the advantage of the spotlight.

Yet even the most rabid Yankee fans will have to admit

that our Billy Pierce and Virgil Trucks, the one-two American League strikeout leaders, will compare favorably or even surpass any two New York pitchers. And Consuegra and Bob Keegan back them up as our Big Four. With added batting punch, which we certainly have this season, Consuegra won't be losing those heart-breakers any more. His courage and stamina increase under pressure and even Ed Lopat of the Yankees can't match his control. And it's not well known, but Keegan was the hottest pitcher on our staff, if not in the American League, over the final two months of last summer. His surprising skill sews up our front-line quartet, with an extra needle for Casey Stengel—because Keegan was Yankee property, cast off without a fair chance.

Last year New York had Vic Raschi and Allie Reynolds. their combined ages equaling 72 years. They have been mainstays through the championship era, but their effectiveness drains away with each new pitching chore. Age, aches, pains. Raschi is gone. Reynolds returns a year older.

Now 36, Lopat (who I grudgingly admit has been able to charm us into a stupor with his assorted junk deliveries) can't possibly duplicate his outstanding work of 1953 ever again. True, his sixteen victories and four defeats led the League in percentage last year. But Robert Moses Grove, another old lefty, had almost the identical record in 1939—the year before old age forced him to retire. Odds against the survival of Steady-Eddie's slow mixtures will catch up to him this summer, as they did with Jim Konstanty in 1951.

That leaves Whitey Ford to share the brunt of Stengel's pitching. Behind him are a bunch of hurlers certainly inferior to championship talent, and equally inferior to Chicago's supporting cast of pitchers.

Right now, the comparison is strongly in our favor:

1. Pierce, Trucks, Consuegra and Keegan each held Chicago opposition to less than three earned runs, per game average, last summer. Only Ed Lopat could match that for New York.

2. Reynolds, Lopat and Ford, together with Raschi,

RICHARDS ON THE PENNANT RACE

Chicago is the most improved team. Boston is driving hard with great hitting power but still with a need for stiffer pitching. Washington will close the big gap much smaller, between fourth and fifth places, and will look its strongest in twenty years. Detroit is punching its way from the lower depths, too. Meanwhile, the Yanks are slipping. Cleveland's throwing staff is over-worked; a first baseman is sorely needed; Doby and Westlake must keep hitting as they did last August and September, otherwise the Indians will sink. Philadelphia is unimproved. Baltimore already has done its moving—from St. Louis.

Here's how I think the season will end:

Chicago
New York
Boston
Cleveland

Washington
Detroit
Philadelphia
Baltimore



MINOSA (right) and Rivera of White Sox together swiped 47 bases last season, 13 more than the entire Yankee squad.

pitched a total of 12 Yankee shutouts last summer. Our Pierce and Trucks together matched them.

3. White Sox pitchers held our opponents to four hits or less on 13 different occasions last summer. Yankee pitchers could do that only seven times.

Based on 1953's showing, Chicago's mound staff was some 20 per cent better than the Yankee staff. Since then New York has weakened considerably, while the Sox have improved. Therefore, it is easily within reason that we can maintain that required 40 per cent difference right along in 1954.

First of all, Casey Stengel is in desperate need of a relief specialist. Not just someone to use in relief, but a specialist, as Wilcy Moore, Johnny Murphy and Joe Page were in the three Yankee decades of championships before this. They were great firemen and difficult to duplicate. Where can Stengel find their equal?

Where is the good right arm of Johnny Sain today?

With Raschi gone, and Reynolds and Lopat presently giving way to age miseries, the Yanks must fashion at least two front-line pitchers, a fifth starter and possibly a nerveless relief artist from Jim McDonald, Bob Kuzava, Harry Byrd and Mel Wright. None of these four has shown enough dependability in the clutch to plug all the widening gaps. If arm trouble were to beset Whitey Ford, the team would flounder helplessly, despite its batting and fielding superiority.

Byrd and Wright are highly rated by Stengel and, outwardly at least, he expects them to take over where the old-timers are trailing off. Byrd tried to thumb all the leakage out of Philadelphia's dykes last year; he worked so hard he was stuck with 20 defeats. More specifically, however, he let in 5.51 earned runs per game average, which would appear as though he couldn't stand the second-division pressure. How then could he hold up in a tight pennant battle? Wright, too, is untried under fire, despite a good record last year and a strong beginning in the recent spring-training games. But he was no more than a good pitcher down at Kansas City and still has to make



PIERCE both started and relieved in '53, won 18 games. With more top Sox hurlers this year, he should really roll.

the American League rounds a couple of times before Stengel or anyone else knows how he will fare in the big time.

The myth that neat, striped New York uniforms create great ball players from average material is nonsense. The Yankees simply have bought and trained some of the best bonafide talent ever seen in any kind of baseball uniforms. Ruth, Gehrig, Ruffing, Rizzuto and Berra became great, but not merely because they breathed Bronx locker-room air. They would have been just as great in Chicago or Pittsburgh, with good teams built around them, but fat contracts and a strong farm system brought them into Yankee Stadium. So, Byrd's new suit will do nothing special for him, and Wright is still merely a rookie, subject to major-league lumps. Neither can fill all that void in Stengel's bull pen.

Below Kuzava and McDonald, Yankee pitching is too green or shaky to bolster the front-liners in a hard pennant scrap. As a result, three or four of the best are going to have to work harder than Yankee moundsmen have worked in any of the last five years, which will keep them in hot water from August on. Hot shower water.

Contrasted to all this hush-hush but hopeless plight at New York, Chicago is built into its best pitching condition in years.

Last summer, Billy Pierce worked not only as our front-line lefty, but had to take on most of the left-handed relief toil, too. Only Bob Lemon and Mike Garcia of Cleveland pitched in more innings. Despite that, Pierce stayed red hot: leading the League in strikeouts; winning eighteen games; and allowing only 2.72 runs per game average, second best in the League.

Now, for perhaps the first time since relief pitching became a specialty, the White Sox are well entrenched for late-inning pressure, which lifts a big burden from all our starters. Al Sima has come along as our left-handed fireman to work with Harry Dorish and Luis Aloma in the experienced relief corps. Out from under the relief load. Pierce is getting more rest, more (*Continued on page 63*)

"Look, Ma, no wings!" says the amazing Hubert Castle, world's most dexterous master of the tight wire

Look



CASTLE PERFORMS ballet leap, crosses one foot in front of the other five times and drops to the wire.



HEEL TRICK calls for Castle's dropping to wire five times and the crossing of his legs alternately from side to side.

Before You Leap

FEW PEOPLE can walk a straight line with the skill Hubert Castle demonstrates in his leaps on a thin steel strand way up in the air. Considered the world's greatest tight-wire artist, Castle performs some of the most incredible feats ever seen. He leaps six feet, somersaults backwards through a tiny hoop, hits the steel thread and perches there—as firmly as if he were on terra firma. Castle started his wire antics at the age of ten. He's appeared in all the major circuses and in the leading theaters and night clubs in the U. S. and Europe. A leisure-time sportsman and architect, Castle designed his own ranch home recently. Naturally, he calls it "Castle in the Air."

PHOTO STORY BY DICK MILLER

THE SPLIT has made Castle famous; he balances on the wire, crouches low, then leaps into air, gaining momentum from wire.



AT HEIGHT of a leap, Castle slips his body through a hoop with fantastic speed and calm.



END

As a professional stuntman and master of mayhem, I get blown up and beaten down—and some-

I TRADE IN

HOW MANY hundred times have you fallen from a running horse? The odds are that you very probably haven't fallen off a horse—running or stationary—even once. Right?

Well, I figure that in the past five years I've taken more than 500 falls from horses—usually at a full gallop. I'm not boasting. It's my business. As a Hollywood stuntman I make my living sticking out my neck for the star that you plunk down your money to see.

There probably isn't a pebble, stone or brick in any studio's back-lot streets that I'm not personally acquainted with. I've fallen on, been dragged across or been beaten into all of those streets over a period of years now. But I'm not complaining—each time it was for a respectable fee.

Before the war I'd played a few bit parts in motion

pictures, and had proved so self-conscious before a camera that even the poorest director with the lowest budget film in town couldn't stand my alleged acting. But three days after I got out of the Marines after the war, I was back in Hollywood. This time, however, things would be different. During those long months away, I had made up my mind that I'd settle for stunt work—that form of mayhem which a small but hardy group of Hollywoodians practice among themselves for a better-than-average living.

Stunting is good-paying but often dangerous. The trickery and fakery that you sometimes may feel is behind action scenes seldom is there at all. The biggest piece of fakery invariably is the substitution of a stuntman for the star of the film, who, although he may be able to perform the stunts and may even want to do them, isn't allowed to risk his valuable and highly insured hide. Take my word,

KICK in face by masked hero is uncomfortable for Mahoney.

CLIP on head by overhanging branch can be annoying, too.



times I can't figure why I don't break myself in half

by Jack Mahoney as told to Jack Lewis

DANGER



when a horse falls and rolls with its rider, a villain is hurled bodily down a flight of stairs or a bowman falls off the wall of a castle to somersault into the water-filled moat, it's no fake. There's a stuntman dressed in those clothes!

I learned the rudiments of stunting before the war when I was acting—or trying to act—in western films. Some of the old wranglers, who've been working pictures since Hollywood Boulevard was still a citrus enterprise, taught me most of the things I know today. Other top stunts such as Yakima Canutt, once labeled "King of Fall Guys," and Breezy Eason, now a director, have passed along a lot of trade tricks. Other tricks I had to pick up myself or, when the writer of the script went overboard on a stunt, devise means of my own to get what the cameras sought to capture.

I think the most difficult stunt I have ever been called

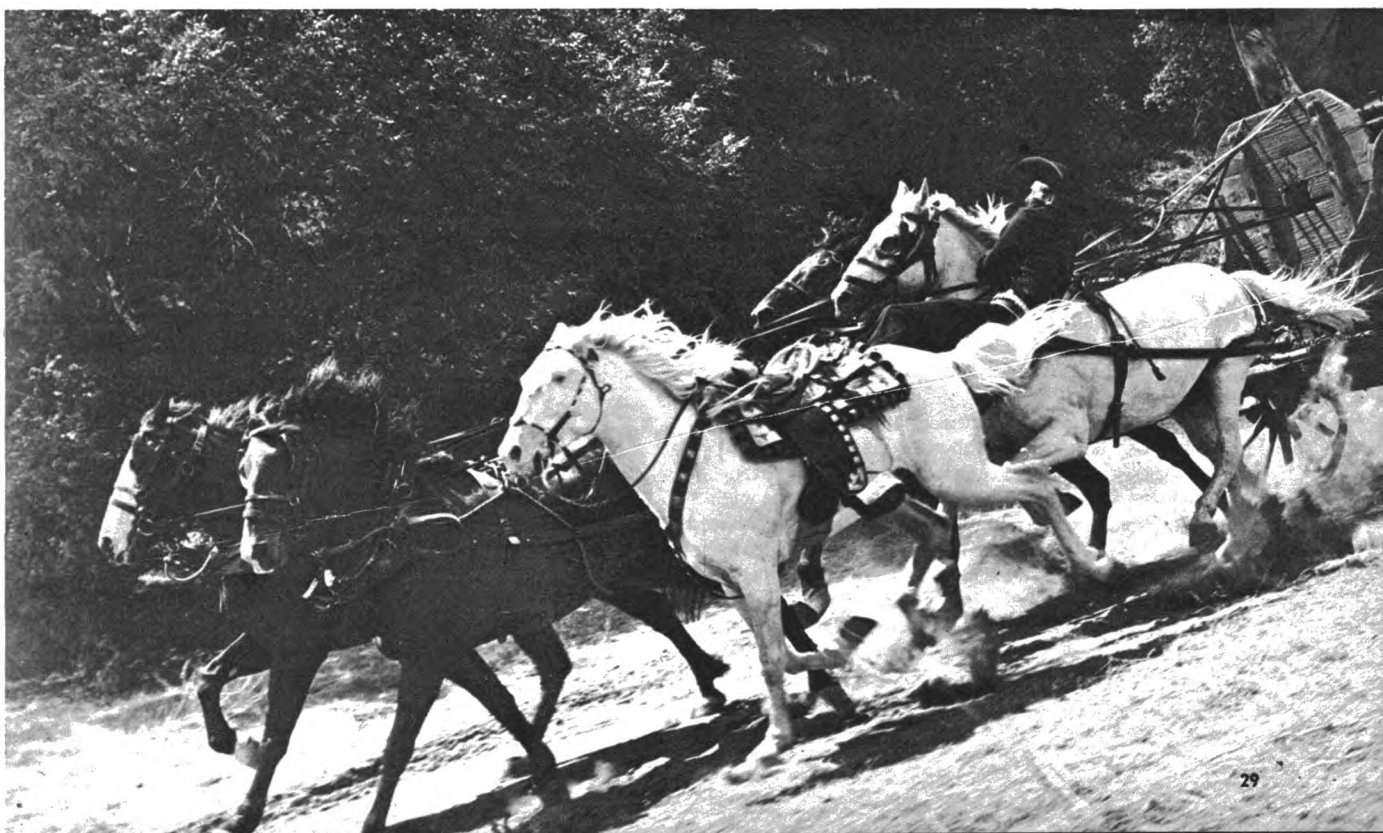
upon to perform was in one of those costume epics in which I was doubling for Errol Flynn.

The director was one of those individuals who lie awake each night to think of new ways for stunts to break their necks. This one wanted the climax scene to come when the Hero (me, actually) is at the top of a long, steep flight of stairs and spots the villain at the bottom armed with a dagger. Launching himself from the top of the flight, the hero was to make a swan dive upon the villain and the two would go down, fighting for the weapon.

The other stuntman and I figured it out and had the floor we were to work on waxed to a sheen that would compete with any dance floor in town. We worked out our timing so that, when I hit him from the top of the stairway with all my weight, he would fall and we would slide across the floor together.

(Continued on page 94)

STOPPING Runaways is stuntman's work, Mahoney says. Many stars would do job themselves but are too valuable to risk.





The Care and Feeding of HANGOVER

Comes the dawn after the night before and life is hideous. What

THE late W. C. Fields was the only man in Hollywood who could play a good game of tennis with a racket in one hand and a martini in the other.

Although he was modest about his drinking prowess and indignantly denied that he began imbibing at the age of nine ("I never touched anything stronger than beer until I was twelve," he said), the fact remains that Bill Fields was one of the most renowned tipplers of modern times. He claimed that he "seldom drank anything stronger than gin before breakfast," but the truth is that Bill's breakfast invariably consisted of two double martinis and a small glass of pineapple juice. If he was still hungry he added a piece of toast—and another martini. For lunch he would have a Mason jar of martinis and a small crab-meat salad. He estimated his daily consumption at about two quarts, mostly martinis.

That should establish Bill as an expert on that unhappy aftermath of joyous grogging, the hangover. Bill's pre-breakfast hangover cure was as follows:

"Fill a tall glass with stout or ale. Drink. Repeat until dizzy."

Fields scorned the favorite Hollywood prescription of vanilla ice cream, gin, and club soda. Tried it on a dog once, he claimed, and the dog had a convulsive fit followed by a nervous breakdown.

There is an old saw, to wit: The only time newspapermen aren't drinking is when they're waiting for the bar to open. Valid or not, newspapermen supposedly know more alleged hangover cures than any other occupational group—except actors.

One crack member of the fourth estate, columnist Henry McLemore, brings back the following hangover prescription from the rice-wine addicts of the mysterious East:

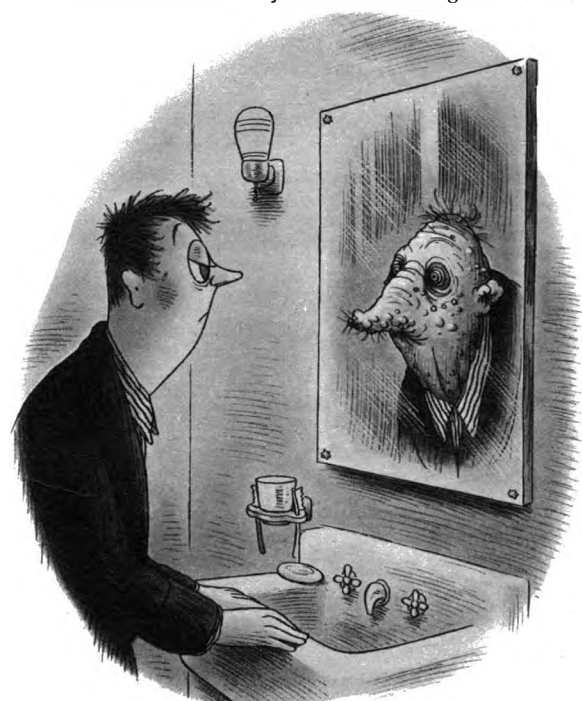
"When your head throbs from the events of the night before, strip stark naked, stand spraddle-legged on bare earth, then assume an extremely erect position with fists clenched at the small of your back. Then have somebody pour a gallon of cold water over your head. This completes the celestial circuit from heaven through man into the earth."

This formula, however, is rejected by most American newspapermen as probably originating with the Chinese

Communists, although they are not certain of the source.

These panaceas, plus the customary black coffee, tomato juice, canned tomatoes-on-ice (favored by the late gambler, "Legs" Diamond) and all the rest of the anti-hangover potions, have one thing in common—*none of them work*. Never have. And when the hangover sufferer turns from the actors and newspapermen to the doctors he has, right up to the present, received nothing but snide evaluations of his character and drinking capacity, plus a couple of aspirin tablets.

At long last, however, science has turned its attention to the hangover. At the Yale School of Alcohol Studies, Doctors Howard Haggard, E. M. Jellinek, and Giorgio Lolli have examined hundreds of vermilion-eyed, balloon-headed, skid-stomached, hungover citizens. At long last, the good doctors are able to give the long-suffering human race some solid information on just what the hangover is. why



IN ITS MORE advanced state, the hangover features some interesting delusions, like the *Who Can That Be in the Mirror?*

HORRORS

by A. J. Smith

will work the quickest cure? Here is the latest scientific dope on our big national headache

it happens, and how it should be handled. For this the doctors rate a clutch of Congressional Medals.

What is a hangover? To put it as simply as possible, it's a physical and mental condition that comes from alcohol's leaving the system. A guy not only physically feels terrible, he hates himself. He feels terrible because when the alcohol departs (through urination, perspiration, and breathing), it takes a lot of the body's water along with it and raises the devil with the metabolic system. It is this water, leaving the brain cells along with the alcohol, that makes the hungover head feel like a sackful of lead sinkers. And that queasy stomach is the result of a stiff wallop handed to the gastro-intestinal tract by John Barleycorn, said gastro-intestinal tract having thrown up most of its protecting juices early in the booze bout. On top of all this, the drinker's conscience is giving him a bad time, and he is certain he is headed for hell in a hack.

Bill Fields, the old pro, had a sly trick for parrying John Barleycorn's low stomach punch. Bill would drink a half-pint of olive oil before tying one on, to seal in the gastric juices. The bartenders at Bleek's, Costello's, and other spas favored by thirsty New Yorkers have similar gimmicks running from the downing of a quart of ice-cold milk to the eating of a pound of butter before entering upon wassail. The Yale doctors take a dim view of such evasions. The alcohol bites right through anyway, they say.

Some of the penalties of the hangover are less tangible than a booming headache and a lighter-than-air stomach. For one thing, in the midst of a hangover, one's judgment is seriously impaired. Once, when Bill Fields was resting in a sanitarium, he passed the time by surreptitiously swagging his own special brand of "martinis." He held a bottle of gin in one hand and a bottle of vermouth in the other, taking two pulls on the gin for every one on the vermouth. It was the Halloween season; the management of the sanitarium had decided to decorate the grounds for a party and had hired a corps of gardeners to hang jack-o-lanterns in the trees. Bill had dozed off and when he awoke, more than slightly hungover, he looked out the window, promptly hurled the gin bottle at the nearest palm, and screamed for the nurse.

"The trees are full of monkeys with balloons!" he shouted, pushing the panic button for the whole joint. He

ONLY the real hang-over specialist experiences the *My Feet Are on Springs*.



shakily dressed himself and departed, switching from martinis to sherry for the next three months.

Sometimes during a hangover the world seems so black that the victim is driven to desperate measures. Early in World War II, John and Lionel Barrymore, W. C. Fields, author Gene Fowler and artist John Decker felt so belligerent the day after an extended party in Hollywood that they tottered down to a Recruiting Station to enlist, although all of them were well over-age and Lionel couldn't navigate without a wheel-chair. The Barrymores, Decker and Fowler regaled the sergeant (*Continued on page 84*)

Cartoons from the book "By the Dawn's Ugly Light." Copyright, 1953, by Richard Taylor. By permission of Henry Holt & Co., Inc., New York.



Marvelous Mamie

The silver-blond doll is being hailed as a photographer's dream—no matter from what angle you shoot her, she's all curves

◀ MAMIE VAN DOREN, THE BEWITCHING BOMBSHELL

Specialists in Hollywood's facts and figures swear that the best and smoothest collection of curves there, these days, is packaged in the person of flaming Mamie Van Doren, a 21-year-old, brown-eyed dynamo who hails from South Dakota. She's the most popular pinup since the rise of Marilyn Monroe, and here are some good reasons why.

PHOTO STORY BY LARRY BARBIER



FRONT VIEW: Pert lass purses lips at camera. You may wanna kiss her, chums, but she's just practicing her diction, honest.



UPSTAIRS VIEW: Sharp angle shot brings out Mamie's curves. Obviously, she's more than a step above most dames.



DOWNSTAIRS VIEW: Mamie (real name, Joan Olander) wants to play provocative roles, shows she is equipped for the part.

BATHING SUIT view of Mamie caused studio electrician to quip: "She stirs up more electricity than all our generators." ►

END



Rough-Ridin' Rallyes

In this newest car-racing craze, you pack a slide rule and stop watch, drive like mad—and the first man in doesn't always win

by Rex Lardner

IN IDAHO, that rugged state, there's a society of car-drivers that calls itself the Brink and a Half Club. To join up with this intrepid, if damp, group, all you have to do is buy an auto, ram it into gear, and rumble along U. S. 95 where it borders the sinuous Clearwater River for 50 crooked miles. If you reach the end, fine; you're a member. If you don't—that's even better. For if your bomb happens to topple off the winding road and bounce bumpety-bump into the river—with you in it—man, you're sitting pretty!

Just force the door open, beat away the fish, and paddle your way to the rocky bank. Like as not, the president himself will be there to hand you a membership card *with a gold star on it*. One member—a nonchalant driver who is a good friend of a Boise used-car dealer—has five gold stars.

Tell the owner of an MG-TD, a Singer SMX Fiberglass tourer or a Porsche coupe about this exclusive club with its odd membership requirement, and he'll give you a perplexed look. Then he'll tick off some sound reasons why sports cars are superior to bulky, oversprung, insensitive-steering American cars. Why, American buggies require five and a half turns of the wheel to steer from left to right; European cars take only three and a half turns. Ipso facto, American cars are bathtubs, even if their skirts are lifted this year. "The best place in the world for them," you can hear him muse, "is the bottom of a river out West somewhere."

A sports car owner who indulges in road racing—America's (if not the world's) most expensive hobby—would hardly have a minute to hear about stock cars getting dunked. He'd inquire what their best 0-60 time was, and then hurry off to give his high-lift cams more height and buy extra tires, new sets of brake linings, a new clutch plate, a new throw-out bearing, a gaggle of spark plugs, and maybe a new Alfa Romeo B.A.T. (\$30,000, without radio).

But mention the Brink-and-a-Halfers to a driver who is a *rallye* enthusiast—he may crouch behind the wheel of anything from a Fordillac to an Austin-Healey, from a Dodge to a Super Snipe—

HALF-WAY up 9,080-foot Stelvio Pass in Italy, Alpine Rallye competitor faces equally hazardous run down other side into Switzerland. ➤







CROSSING "ROOF-TOPS OF EUROPE," ALPINE RALLYE DRIVERS TURN SHARPLY NEAR TOP OF PORDOI PASS

and he'll ponder a second and relate for you one or two of his own perilous experiences. U. S. 95, indeed! He'll recall how, in the '38 Monte Carlo Rallye . . .

But first he'll try to discern if you have a bewildered expression. Perhaps you're one of those people who thinks a road race and a rallye are the same thing. (As a matter of fact, most French-English dictionaries translate the original word, "rallye," to mean just that—"road race.") In a race, any kind of a race, he will then point out, the man who crosses the line first is the winner, but in a rallye, the driver has to be at a certain place at a certain definite time. If the driver shows up too early he's penalized; if he shows up too late he's penalized. A rallye is a trial of *controlled* speed—and, since the courses twist and turn, go up and down mountains, and are governed by extremely complicated route instructions, it's also a test of allied skills such as map-reading and studying a stop watch.

While a lot of rallye drivers road race and a lot of road racers enter rallyes, different sets of skills are required for each. A road race is a test of a driver's maneuvering ability, steering sensibility, shifting and accelerating technique, stamina, nerve and the ability of one's mechanics to hot up the engine. In a sense, it is also a test of the pocketbook. Basically, the road racer endeavors to

get the most speed out of his car (without wearing it out) and still remain whole.

A rallye, on the other hand, requires stamina of a little different order, personal mechanical ingenuity—baling wire is the rallye driver's best friend—mathematical ability and a great amount of patience. Teamwork, sociability and courtesy, whether essential to the sport or not, seem to be characteristic of most rallye aficionados.

The Conditions that Prevail

Patience is necessary so the driver may study, understand, and comply with the great multiplicity of rules he is always confronted with. A road racer's mental problems are simple: Stay ahead of that S.O.B. in the Jag; take Dead Man's Corner so fast that the S.O.B. in the Mercedes will snap a wheel trying to keep up. But a rallye driver, equipped with a slide rule (oblong or circular), a stop watch, a chronometer, a bag of sand, a flashlight, perhaps a winch, and so on, is beset by enough rules, instructions and warnings about penalties to make a basketball referee blush. Those, however, are the conditions that prevail.

Given a bonus at the beginning (say, 1,000 points), along with a route sheet ("Across small flat bridge and in front of gas station ninety-degree turn to Route 295"), a slip



GRUELING HAIRPIN TURNS OF STELVIO PASS WERE TYPICAL OF TORTUOUS 1,947-MILE ALPINE RALLYE

showing the distance to the next control point, and the time he must take to get there, the rallye driver is penalized for every minute he's early or every minute he's late. In some rallyes his hood is sealed and he's penalized if he breaks the seal to make a repair. If he can't do it with the spare parts he's got aboard, there's a further penalty. Sometimes he loses points if his odometer isn't accurate.

If he comes upon a crackup, he must make sure it's an emergency before he helps the victims; if it's not and he succumbs to a humanitarian impulse, he loses points. (No penalty for aiding in emergencies.) If he gets a ticket, he's penalized. At the end of the trip, his car is checked for condition. If a windshield wiper or stoplight doesn't work after the jouncing, jerking, slithering, vibrating ride, there are more penalties. And this doesn't begin to cover them. A road race can be said to be automotive poker; a rallye, with its required mental as well as physical concentration, is automotive chess. Except that you may be playing in the mud, on the brink of a precipice, or with equipment as full of holes as the president of the Bristol Tattoo Club.

In spite of penalties being strewn around like confetti, so skilled are rallye drivers and so tough are their little bugs that out of a thousand entries in a large rallye, fifty may



GREAT American Mountain Rallye ran around, over, under mountains in five states. Of 69 starting cars, 58 finished.



ACTOR Jackie Cooper, Austin-team driver, tested windshield defroster, bug deflector (to deflect snow) in American Rallye.

finish without penalties. To determine winners, runners-up and so on, further tests are schemed up for the lucky fifty. These take numerous forms. A common one is a hill climb against time. Another is a braking and acceleration test (or reliability test), which involves revving up and zooming to a point about three hundred yards away, jamming on the brakes so that your front wheels are in front of a line and your back wheels are behind it, hurtling backward, stopping short, zooming forward again, careening around a pylon, and shooting back to the starting point. The winner is the car with the lowest time.

Another is a regularity test, which is a kind of a miniature rallye; the driver has to be at a certain point at a certain time—but secret check points along the route see that he maintains a steady, exact speed. A driver may be required to compete in any one or all three of these after tying for first place in a rallye—or he may find that ingenious new tests have been thought up, like arriving at Point B, chew-



FINAL LEG of Great American ran from Vermont mountains to Poughkeepsie, N.Y. Here MG turns for fast bridge crossing.

ing a cracker and whistling, and then doing figure eights back to Point A.

Your rallye driver, afire with the news about the Brink and a Half Club and having defined his favorite sport, will now recall a few hair-raising experiences:

How, back in the '38 Monte Carlo Rallye, as co-driver he read a map with one hand and stuffed a smoked-eel sandwich into the driver's mouth with the other while the Simca was dicing a hairpin at 100 kilos an hour. How, in the Liège-Rome-Liège, a sorehead farmer kept throwing buckets of slops at each passing speedster because an early one had scared Alouette, his pig, out of a year's growth. How the legendary Maurice Gatsonides chased an Aurora Borealis for a dozen kilos in the Alps, thinking it was a cracked-up Bugatti. How, taking Europe's highest mountain pass, the Col d'Iseran, your rallye man had to stick his head through the roof and, while driving with one hand, sprinkle salt over the windshield with the other to coax the frost off. "Rather nippy at ninety-one kilos an hour," he'll tell you of the marrow-chilling, icy blasts of frigid wind that buffeted his exposed head. Rallye drivers have a modest vernacular.

He'll recall the happy, exciting time when a couple of fun-loving Italian youngsters misdirected a half-dozen hurrying rallye drivers into the middle of a slumbering Gypsy camp, resulting in wild turmoil, bursts of rare Romany profanity, and angry knife-pulling. All this done, he will probably salute you goodbye, rev up his auto, glance at the tachometer, and buzz off—going flat out, as they say—in the direction of Idaho. He'll hope fervently that the night he essays the Brink and a Half course (he wouldn't waste his time doing it by day) it will be at least foggy, cold, rainy and treacherous. His word for this combination of conditions is "interesting." If possible—as in a rallye—he would like someone to set a time for him to get from Point A to Point B. It's unlikely he'd fall in.

In a decade when most adventure is experienced vicariously—through TV, the movies or Mickey Spillane—and discomfort and inconvenience are avoided like five o'clock shadow, rallye drivers, whose numbers are growing steadily in this country, are persons of rare spirit. Today they're probably the nearest thing we have to the Knights of the Round Table. They go after thrills, hardship and tests of fortitude the way Galahad went after the Grail. They think no more of adding a leaf to their springs or personally sucking the ice out of a fuel pump than most drivers do of honking at a pedestrian.

You get the idea they cherish a sheered-off engine block or a broken axle (if acquired in a worthy cause) like a Heidelburger's duelling scar. They would rather locate and bump over a secondary road full of rocks and rills than get an income-tax refund. They would rather hunt for a hidden road fork in the dark, 5.43 miles from the last control point, than shake hands with Esther Williams. They would rather drink from a thermos than from a cut-glass bowl.

For numerous reasons—automotive, cultural and geographical—the majority of rallyes, the toughest rallyes and by far the most picturesque rallyes are European. On that continent, with its jagged mountains and twisting roads, they have the Rallye Monte-Carlo in January; the Rallye de Sestriere (Italy) in (Continued on page 63)

Those Evil Chickcharnies

Remember that "little man who wasn't there"? Well, now he's moved down to the Bahamas

by Ray Nelson

DON MCCARTHY shifted the five percent of his nonchalant body still in casual contact with the fighting chair of the *Eustanne*, and idly flicked his cigarette butt into the green crystal waters of Lyford Cay. The boat rolled gently, as if reluctant to disturb the descending quiet of the Bahamas at twilight.

I glanced at Don, red-faced in the reflection of the dying sun, and remarked, "If there's any place on earth where there are no problems, this is it."

Don smiled an effortless smile, and answered, "I think you're right. Excepting for the Chickcharnies, of course."

Chickcharnies sounded to me like something more than "of course" material, so I asked for details. And here, for the first time, is the dope on those malicious Bahamian sprites known as the Chickcharnies.

You remember the "little man who wasn't there" craze that swept this country a few years ago? Well, the Chickcharnies, who hold the Bahamas franchise, haven't been there for hundreds of years—or *have* been, depending on the way you look at it.

Their home base is the north end of Andros Island, and they spread their evil influence throughout the several miles of Bahamas islands.

Everybody knows what the Chickcharnies look like, although nobody, apparently, has ever seen one for sure, which is just as well. Tradition says that the unlucky beholder would be transformed immediately into an Iguana, the huge lizards found on Andros.

Chickcharnies are three feet tall, have red hair and beards, and three digits on each of their arms and legs. They make their home in the tops of the Causarinas trees, which is a local variety of jack pine. When the natives see a clump of three trees with their tops entwined (a phenomenon attributed by the skeptical to the cross winds in the Bahamas), they know for sure that they've happened on a Chickcharny nest, and avoid the spot from there on in.

What do the Chickcharnies do? They steal clothes off the line, a serious problem in a community where a man's entire wardrobe may consist of a pair of pants and a shirt. They'll wangle your fish off the hook just as you're about to get him into the boat. Chickcharnies have been blamed for missing outboards, oars, tackle and other nautical paraphernalia, and for filling up boats that have no visible leaks.



SPORTSMAN Ray Nelson shows what a Chickcharnie did to 15-foot swordfish he'd hooked.

Old John Barr, one of Andros' venerable sages, tells visitors that his wife once saw Chickcharnies in the fields, and, as a result, has refused to do a lick of work in said fields ever since. One vivacious young woman left her husband's bed and board—and her husband—one dark night, and has never been seen since. The fact that a good looking young man in the neighborhood disappeared simultaneously is attributed not to coincidence, but to the fact that the Chickcharnies were working overtime.

Assorted malefactors have been known to fall back on the Chickcharnies as the most logical alibi. Natives from as far away as the Great Exuma Cay have attributed hitherto unnoticed rocks to the overnight work of the ever-busy Chickcharnies.

The local boy who was acting as fish tender for the piscatorial cast of "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," when it was before the Disney cameras in the waters of Lyford Bay, was having trouble with his finny charges. The fish were netted, then brought to the shallows and penned up, to wait for their big moment before the underwater cameras. The mortality rate was high, because there wasn't room to sound when the water ruffled up, and dead fish were removed daily. The reason was obvious, to the helpless attendant—the Chickcharnies were swimming in and poisoning the actors.

One resident pooh-poohed the existence of the dread creatures, and went so far as to build his house of triple pine wood, the Chickcharnie nest variety. He lived to regret his rashness; the house had termites *before* he was moved in.

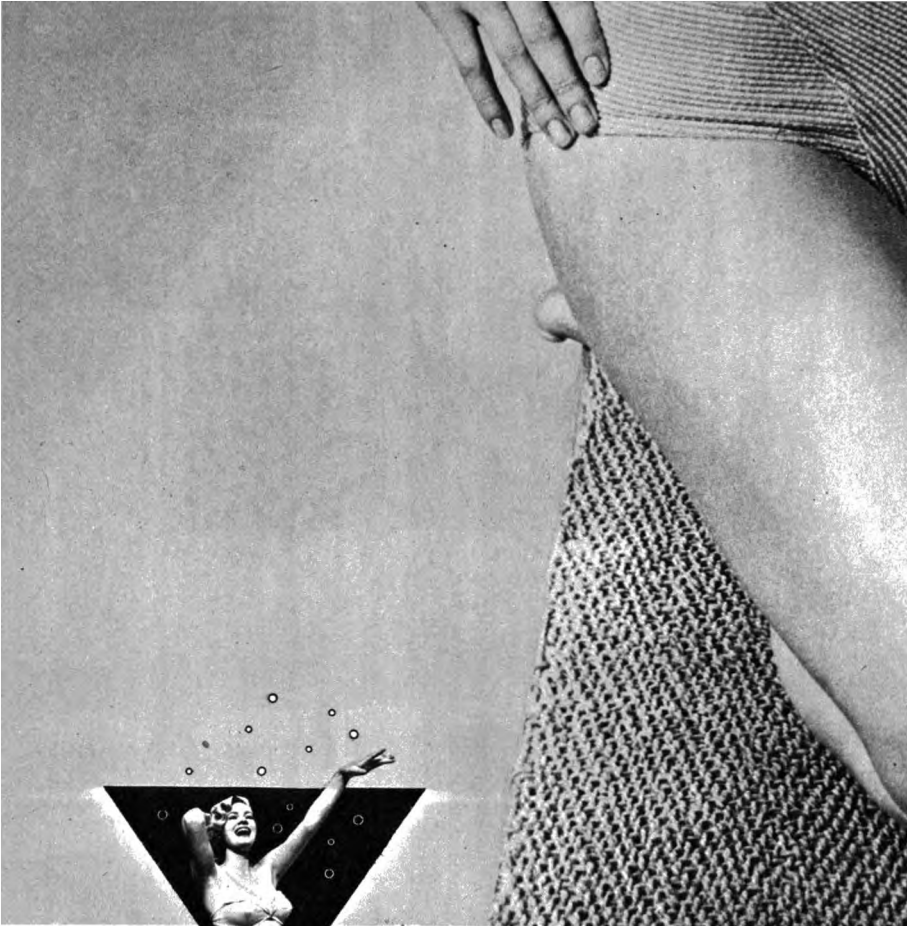
I need hardly add that those of us who have been exposed to the enlightening influences of the twentieth century are profoundly unimpressed by such island superstitions, and ridiculous talk about disappearing people and similar explainable phenomena. Ours is, rather, the common sense approach, and we scoff at . . .

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *This unfinished manuscript was found in the writer's typewriter. Has anybody seen Ray Nelson?*)

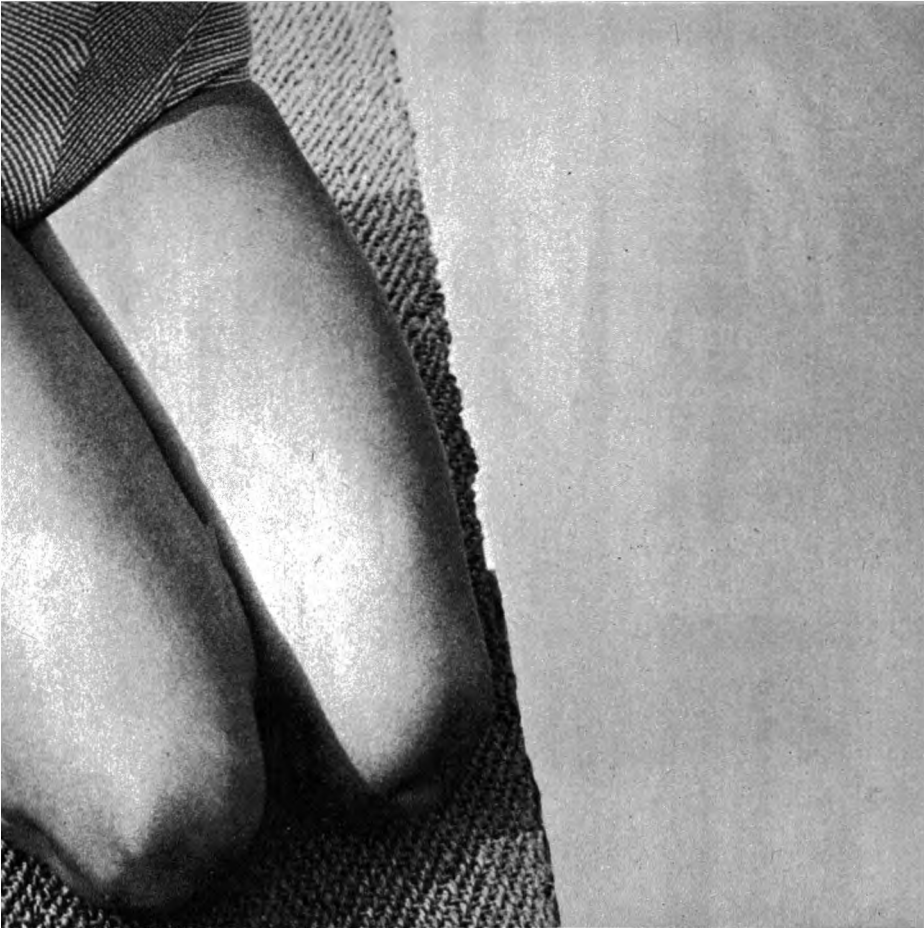
Ray Nelson, who conducts a monthly feature for REAL, is the well-known sportsman and narrator-producer of the "Rod and Gun Club of the Air," heard over the Mutual Broadcasting System every Sunday at 7:00-7:30 P.M., EDT.

FABULOUS FEMALE: ANITA EKBERG





SKOL!



REAL's toast this month is to Anita Ekberg, the erstwhile Miss Sweden whose obvious assets were bound to lead her to Hollywood. The 22-year-old, blue-eyed, blonde dish, a stand-out in any Smörgasbord of beauties, eventually turned up in "Abbott and Costello Go to Mars." Well, who wouldn't go—for a gal like Anita?

I Hunt

Not daring to look at them—a blink of an eye

THE CAVE WAS FILLED with the rank, musky smell thrown off by excited rattlesnakes. And it was pretty obvious what they were excited about. It was us—my wife, Zelta, and me.

There were a dozen or more of the diamondbacks, and all “hot”—just out of hibernation and loaded with venom. Born of reptilian fear, their odor was at once cloying, penetrating, and yet a weirdly soothing perfume—a smell of death.

We didn't mind *those* snakes; as a matter of fact, they were our game. But apparently we had been too intent on them, as they tried to escape into the lower crevices. For suddenly there was furious buzzing and hissing—*behind us*. The noise came from three fat rattlers slithering toward us, cutting off the only exit in the rock-bound vault.

Every spring the International Association of Rattlesnake Hunters—the IARH—holds a big Snake Jamboree in Okeene, Oklahoma. To catch some interesting specimens for the carnival, we had come to the gypsum hills about 15 miles outside Okeene. Here, in a natural cave beneath a huge rock, we had found our snake den. Its narrow entrance led slightly downward into a space about 9 by 12 feet, with solid rock walls and ceiling, except for cracks two and three inches wide.

The rattlesnake will run from any human being as long as he thinks he has a chance to escape; then he will turn and fight like hell. The ancient saying that he will “always give a warning rattle” is dangerous nonsense. Some will, more won't; by the time he is cornered, the rattler is not in a rattling mood. And at the moment we had some cornered—and their den-mates had us cornered.

Of those three unhappy rattlers, one squarely blocked the cave's doorway, while the other two were uncoiling on the open floor nearby. All three were moving toward us, both curious and alarmed by the commotion set up by their den-snakes.



THIS is a diamondback—not a yoyo—that Davis is holding. Record rattler is 7½ feet, 15 pounds.

"Hot" Rattlers

could attract their attention—we lay face down, motionless, and the rattlers crawled toward us

by Hugh S. Davis as told to Clyde Carley

We were using the "golf-club" type of catching stick—not the safest, perhaps, but reliable enough for cautious work. It is simply a rod bent at a right angle about four inches from the business end; with it you rake the snakes out of their holes and crevices, then pin them down with the hook pressed firmly just back of the head.

If there had been only two snakes coming toward us, we might have distracted them and caught them with our hooks. But there were three. And not one was acting as if he would await his turn to be caught. To start fighting them off, or try beating them to death with our rods in this low-roofed enclosure would have been the worst kind of folly. An aroused rattlesnake, coming straight at you, can strike with a speed that makes the cobra look pitifully slow. It seemed as if the time of the rattlesnake's revenge was at hand.

Zelta took my cue, quickly and quietly, because she knew it was the only thing to do. I already had been down nearly on my belly, coaxing out a bashful snake; now both of us dropped prone and pretended we were a couple more rocks that had just dropped in to stay. Not daring to look at them—a blink of an eye could attract their attention—we lay face down, motionless, and the rattlers crawled toward us.

My left hand, I realized too late, had dropped so that it extended a foot or so above, or in front of, my head. I didn't dare move it. And it must have been in the path of one of the rattlers, because he nudged it . . . then began crawling over it.

In all my experience, these were about the slowest snakes I ever encountered—I may have been a little impatient, I admit. Sixty seconds, I believe, would be a conservative estimate of the time we remained frozen, waiting for the three snakes to reach the crevices they valued so highly. I cannot say I was as inwardly calm or nonchalant as the telling of it may seem. But there simply wasn't anything else to do.

Once the danger was past, we raked the snakes out—one at a time—and finally had all three bagged. Then we were ready to call it a day, taking with us most of that den's population to join the reptilian revels already in progress that April Sunday in Okeene.



AUTHOR forces open jaws of diamondback. If snake gets "waspy," Davis "turns loose" of it by throwing it—head first.

Home of the Rattlesnake Roundup, the Jittery Jamboree, the annual blowout and revival of old *Smol-yakke*, legendary King of Rattlers, Okeene is the stomping ground of all that strange breed of people who simply love to hunt and catch rattlesnakes—and of the curious people who come to watch them. Normally a quiet town of 1200, Okeene on Jamboree Day is a seething Main Street smothered under the influx of 20,000 and more visitors. The automobiles, motorcycles, jeeps, scooters and trailers from more than 30 states spill out on the shoulders of the four highways entering the town.

Beneath the blare of bands, the crazily decorated floats in the street parades, the squeals of pretty girls who have just had spring-operated "buzzers" applied to their shapely forms with realistic results—beneath it all is an uncontrollable crowd-fascination, stimulated by the knowledge that as many as five persons will be bitten that day by rattlesnakes. This will happen (*Continued on page 81*)

**I****TRAP****THE GUILTY**

—that's the boast of the lie detector. Feed it pulse, sweat, breathing; ask the fateful questions; then read the damning pen scratches that so often close the gap between crime and punishment

by Col. Ralph W. Pierce, U. S. Army (Ret.)
Former Chief, Criminal Investigation Division, Corps of Military Police

HOW EFFECTIVE is the lie detector? I have been asked this question countless times during the past several years. And each time, I hesitate, wondering which of the many cases I should cite. For the polygraph (as the lie detector in most common use is called) has helped us repeatedly to bring cases to a successful conclusion, and most of these might never have been solved without its aid.

The great Kronberg jewel theft, for example, involved one of the largest jewel hauls in criminal annals. It was about the biggest case we had yet worked on, and the time was so short, the stakes so high, the odds so unfavorable. We counted heavily on the lie detector to help us, and we were not disappointed. It broke the case.

My part in the Kronberg case began late in May, 1946, when I was on duty in the Pentagon as chief of the Army Criminal Investigation Department. We received from the C. I. D. people in European headquarters at Frankfurt, Germany, an urgent request. We were asked to question a number of Army personnel, formerly on duty in Europe but since returned to the U. S., to find out if they knew anything about the theft of jewels and other family treasures from the cellar of the Hesse family's castle at Kronberg, near Frankfurt, a seat of the ancient grand duchy of Hesse.

The missing objects were worth upwards of \$1,500,000.

All of those we were to question had been associated, in one way or another, with Kronberg Castle after it had been captured by our Army and fixed up as a recreation center for officers on leave. And now all were on the verge of leaving the service. Most, in fact, were on terminal leave—civilians in all respects except that they still were subject to recall to active duty until the expiration of their leave. Afterward it would be impossible to court-martial them for any crime committed during their military service (other than frauds against the government). Following the Kronberg case the Federal law was revised to overcome this limitation, and the change is being tested at this writing.

Right away it was plain that the first person we had to find was Capt. Kathleen Nash, of the Women's Army Corps. She had been mess officer, or manager, of the recreation center at the castle early in the year when rumors had first reached the Hesses' ears that their treasure had been dug up. A member of the family, the widowed young Princess Sophia of Greece, had asked Capt. Nash about this, mentioning that she would be wanting some of the jewels for her forthcoming re-marriage in June.

Capt. Nash had replied that all the items were in safekeeping, and would be delivered in due time. When the



LIE DETECTOR test cracked famous post-World War II jewel theft case involving Col. Durant and Capt. Nash-Durant.

wedding day drew near, the princess returned for the jewels, only to be told by the WAC officer who had succeeded Capt. Nash that no jewels had been turned over to her.

In just four days, on Wednesday, May 29, Capt. Nash's terminal leave would expire, and she would be beyond our jurisdiction. Before going on leave she had given several addresses at which she might be reached, but we were not sure where she was. Telegrams were sent to each of the addresses, ordering her to report for active duty at Fort Sheridan, Ill., near Chicago, by midnight of May 29. This post was designated because it was thought most likely that she was nearby at a Hudson, Wis., address, the home of a sister.

Shortly, Capt. Nash telephoned and wired from Hudson to authorities in Washington and Fort Sheridan, saying that some mistake must have been made, that she had been released and had indicated no desire to return to active duty. And the time expired with no further news of her. Now, however, we were in a position to arrest her for being AWOL. But we still moved softly, though swiftly. Already, we felt, we had a delicate and difficult job ahead.

Col. A. C. Miller, director of the Provost Division of the Provost Marshal General's office, Maj. John D. Salb of my department, and I had gone to Chicago and set up temporary headquarters in the office of Leonarde Keeler, the noted lie-detection examiner. This was partly to evade the Washington newspapermen, who had smelled something brewing; partly to make the best use of Keeler's services and prestige as a civilian consultant, and partly to be in the center of what we rightly expected to be the main area of investigation.

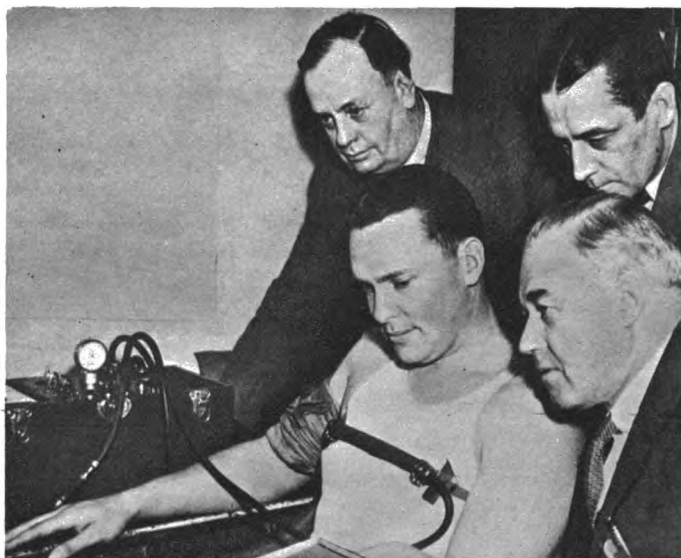
On the morning Capt. Nash became AWOL, we sent a C. I. D. agent to Hudson to find her and invite her to come in for an interview. He telephoned back that she had left her sister's home, supposedly for Minneapolis.



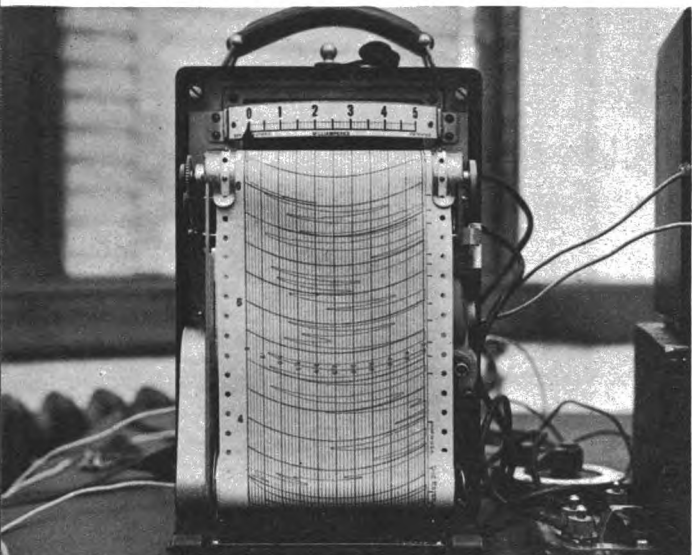
MOST of the jewels, valued at more than \$1,500,000, were recovered. Polygraph got confession from Capt. Nash-Durant.

The C. I. D. man also learned that Capt. Nash—a divorcee who had managed resort hotels in California and Arizona before the war—had, within the past two or three days, married a Col. Jack Durant. Also divorced, a peacetime member of the Washington legal staff of the Department of the Interior, Col. Durant had been a personnel officer in Frankfurt Army headquarters, and had frequently visited Kronberg Castle while Capt. Nash was in charge. He recently had begun his terminal leave and had been traveling in the Washington area and in the midwest.

After considerable cat-and-mouse play, during which the



MURDERER Jerome Selz denied slaying 58-year-old woman until detector indicated lie. He then confessed, was executed.



FIRST detector used in N. Y. courts, this one saved man from conviction in 1938. It graphed blood-pressure changes.

newlyweds dodged about by various means of transportation and checked in and out of a number of hotels, we finally confronted them in Chicago. It was about 2 A.M., Monday, June 3, and they had just entered their room in the La Salle Hotel. Military Police, who had been waiting in the next room, placed Capt. Nash-Durant under arrest and notified Col. Durant that orders had been issued terminating his leave and requiring him to report for duty at Fort Sheridan by midnight that night. (Our interference may have saved their lives, for their room was gutted in the terrible fire that swept the La Salle a day or two later.)

Capt. Nash-Durant was taken at once to Fort Sheridan



WIFE of Hauptmann, Lindbergh baby's slayer, took voluntary polygraph test with Keeler in 1935, failed to help husband.

and brought to us at Keeler's office at 9 A.M. (Col. Durant was taken to Fort Sheridan the following day.) We sat down with the WAC officer to see what we could learn—Keeler, Salb and I, and two women employees of Keeler's, one of whom, Mrs. C. M. Wilson, was a lie-detector examiner herself and a handwriting expert. Col. Miller meanwhile had returned to Washington.

"Do you know," I asked the suspect, "why you have been brought here?"

"I suppose it's because I'm AWOL," she said.

"Yes," I said. "But that is not the only reason. We wanted to talk to you about the theft of some jewelry from a castle in Germany. Do you know anything about it?"

"No," she said.

"In that case," I said, "perhaps you wouldn't mind taking a lie-detector test?"

"No, I have no objection," she said. "I have nothing to hide."

So we took her into the room where the machine was. It was a Keeler polygraph, Leonarde Keeler's model of the type of detector used by most examiners. This kind registers the subject's blood pressure, the rhythm and depth of his breathing and the electrical conductivity of the palm of his hand, and records them automatically. Thus the name—poly (many), graph (writing).

Keeler explained the device to her and seated her comfortably in a chair convenient to it. Around her arm above the elbow he wrapped the cloth bandage, called the "cuff" (which is the same sort of thing that a physician uses in taking his sphygmomanometer reading of a patient's blood pressure). Across her chest he adjusted the large-diameter rubber tube which shows, by the varying pressures on it, when the subject is breathing in a nervous, shallow way, or, when startled, he catches his breath, or when he is breathing deeply from the release of tension. To the palm of one of her hands, Keeler attached an electrode which would detect the "electrodermal responses"—that is, would reveal the sudden, perhaps invisible increases of perspiration that would be brought forth by the more disturbing questions. She was seated so that she would not see or otherwise be distracted by the polygraph. And the electrically-operated roll of graph paper with its three pens, activated by the three different detector elements, would record her emotional responses to the various questions. (Some leading examiners prefer another type of lie detector—the Pathometer is one of this kind—which registers only the electrodermal, or skin conductivity, response.)

After some further conversation, during which she repeated her statement that she knew nothing about the theft of any jewels, Keeler gave her a "general-question test," using a series of previously prepared questions, with a few irrelevant ones tucked in here and there. To all she was asked to answer "yes" or "no." (For clarity all lie-detector questions must be answerable in the affirmative or negative, categorically.)

"Is your name Kathleen?" said Keeler.

"Yes," she replied.

Keeler marked a figure 1 at the proper place on the graph, indicating where the first question had been asked. After a couple more irrelevant questions, during which the recording pens relentlessly continued their zigzagging lines, with no important changes, Keeler (*Continued on page 78*)

Turning Points in Sports:

The Champ Wore Gloves

by Al Helfer "Sports Voice" of Mutual Broadcasting System

YOU'LL still get arguments over whether any boxing champion ever hit harder than John L. Sullivan. And it's doubtful if any heavyweight, even Joe Louis with his bum-of-the-month club, ever defended his title as willingly and with such gusto as did the Boston Strong Boy at his peak. It's for sure that no champion ever consumed as much liquor during his palmy days as Sullivan did.

And yet, he was the man who did more for his sport, possibly, than any other one man ever did for any other one sport.

The crowning glory of Sullivan's heroic career came in the only clear-cut loss to mar his astounding record. It was his last fight, the one in which he took the count in the twenty-first round at the New Orleans Olympic Club, September 7, 1892. Gentleman Jim Corbett stood by, ready to pound some more truth into the old champion should he get up.

Actually, it hadn't been too great a fight. Sullivan was 34 years old, pitifully out of condition, and recklessly confident that he had enough of his old power to crush the upstart.

Gentleman Jim, on the other hand, was 26, in superb condition, the greatest student of boxing the game had ever seen, and he was hungry for the many honors and rewards that the heavyweight title carried with it.

First Blow Missed

John L. had opened the fight characteristically by rushing across the ring and throwing a left at Corbett, who ducked it easily. The overwhelmingly pro-Sullivan crowd did not realize it, but that first missed blow was the story of the fight. From then on, it was side-wheeler Sullivan versus destroyer Corbett. The old order was changing as boxer Jim danced away from flailing John.

The crowd was calling for Jim to "stand up and fight," but he had planned his course too carefully to be taunted into courting disaster from his powerful opponent. Sullivan, in turn, would not cover up, but continued wading in, round after round, swinging his ham-like fists, seldom connecting and then, only with a backpedaling Corbett. The challenger threw only a few blows in the early rounds but when he did, he concentrated on Sullivan's soft and vulnerable mid-section.



THE KING of the bare-knuckled brawlers, John L. Sullivan (left) mits Gentleman Jim Corbett before their classic fight.

By the seventh round astonished spectators realized Sullivan was tottering. The cry "he's licked" started going up. But the champion was all heart and he lasted although Corbett stepped up his attack as the older man tired.

From the seventeenth round on, it was only a matter of time. Only his determination to go out like a champ kept Sullivan going. He was very tired. His legs were trembling, his breath coming in desperate painful gulps, his arms lead-heavy, but still, he would put down his head and charge forward swinging. And Corbett, having less to fear from John's punch, now mixed it up more and increased the intensity of his own attack.

The twenty-first round opened with the one dancing to the center of the ring, the other plodding out. Jim drove the befuddled champion across the ring and drew his hands down with a quick feint at the body. His guard down, Sullivan was wide open for two fast rights to the point of the jaw. The great John L. went down and for the first time, a referee counted ten over him.

Why was this the peak of Sullivan's career? Why did this bout constitute a major contribution to the sport that had glorified him?

When the champion had bellowed his defiance to all challengers, offering to meet the first man who could raise a \$10,000 side bet, he insisted the bout be fought under Marquis of Queensberry rules. And when John L. so decreed, he gave away what might have been his greatest advantages against Corbett: the right to fall down and end a round, legalized butting, spiking, biting and wrestling. With these advantages, his 34-pound weight edge, and his still lethal punch, John L. might have won in spite of age and physical condition.

But when the champ said that the old rules "allow too much leeway for the rowdy element" he was ushering in a new era. He had excelled as a bare-knuckled brawler but he volunteered to wear gloves. He had rough-housed with the best of them, but he preferred a crowd in white ties. In his final defense gloves were used for the first time in a major title bout; there was ring discipline, and the better all-around man had a fair chance to win.

When so compelling a figure as John L. Sullivan, the idol of millions, insisted on the new rules, they were here to stay. And boxing became a respectable sport instead of a magnet for rowdies.

END



Mystery of the Finned

You haven't lived until you've been in on the whopping spring festivals marking the spawning

THE NIGHT was dark as the inside of a pair of waders. It was cold, too, as mid-spring in northern Michigan often is. Occasional nightly frosts are still legitimate that time of year, and the water temperature in the creeks barely hits 45 degrees.

We had been watching that water temperature, checking it nightly. A fairly warm rain had fallen early in the evening, and now, at ten P.M., as we zipped along U.S. 27 a few miles south of the Straits of Mackinac, we were confident that tonight was definitely the night. The road, cutting through the forest, was a lonely concrete ribbon.

"Right up ahead," one of the boys said, "just before you come to that culvert."

We slowed. There was the culvert, beneath which a tiny creek raced down to the big blue water of the Straits only 200 yards away. Tens of thousands of summer people zip across that inconsequential creek out in the forest each season, never guessing what fantastic scenes take place there annually in the spring. Our headlights picked up the outlines of possibly 50 cars parked beside the highway. We turned onto the short sand trail on the Straits side, wheeled in behind the curtain of evergreens—



ON LAKE HURON AND THE OTHER GREAT LAKES,



SMELT RUNS usually occur at night; abundance of fish and their rough-textured sides make it easy to catch them by hand.

and a noisy, startling scene seemed literally to explode before us.

More cars, by the dozen. A score of crackling, orange campfires lit the night. Everywhere flashlights winked and gas lanterns blazed. Along the stream and about the campfires, a crowd of perhaps 300 laughing, shouting people milled. The contrast to the dark, lonely forest highway was astonishing. It was like stalking a deer in the deep woods and suddenly walking out of the brush onto the raucous midway of a county fair.

Kids were scurrying and yelling, dogs barking, people splashing, pushing, running. A few people, bent over campfires, watched sizzling grease in their skillets and sniffed the delicious aroma of the cause of all this crazy activity. Everywhere dip-nets of every size and description were in evidence. Some had handles 15 feet long and heavy enough to drop an ox with one blow. Some were short-handled as a cooking pot, and made of wire. Burlap bags, buckets, kettles, big tin containers littered the stream bank.

It was a gay and somewhat preposterous wilderness

Midgets

by Byron W. Dalrymple

run of the smelt—a fantastic fish that's presented science with one of its strangest riddles



BIG DIP-NETS ARE USED TO LAND THE SMELT

festival. But the really astonishing fact was that this same scene was being endlessly repeated these nights in literally hundreds of different locations throughout the state! This was the annual festival of fun and wonderful free feeding for which Michigan had become nationally famous over the past couple of decades. And the responsibility for all of this rested, mind you, upon the scaly back of a silvery little fish not much larger than your middle finger: that fabulous finned midget, the smelt!

We hurried down toward the creek, catching the excitement loose in the nippy air. Several hip-booted gents ran out and blocked our path.

"Hold up, there, fellows, will you?" they shouted. "We're trying to get everybody to stay out of the creek for half an hour. We gotta give these fish a chance to run. Okay? The crowd was splashing so long the fish quit."

"Okay," I said. "We won't go in. Just want to take a look from the bank."

We approached the shallow, swift stream and played our lights upon the gin-clear water. The bottom of the stream

was of rock and gravel. This is the perfect kind of bottom to encourage a smelt run. It is just right for spawning, and that is the reason for these spring runs. When the water reaches 45 to 50 degrees, the urge hits the little smelt to do their bit for the species.

Their "bit" is an amazing lot. At first glance, to a tyro smelt-dipper, the bottom of our little creek would have appeared dark with slender, waving strands of weed. But no! Closer inspection through the ripples soon brought the awesome, exciting knowledge that this stream bottom was all but solidly paved with tiny, wriggling, fish making their way upstream.

The boys let out a yelp. This was a real one. It was difficult to restrain ourselves. These big runs mostly occur at night. Shortly after full dark the millions of smelt lying offshore start to work into the stream. If a crowd is there and a lot of splashing and dipping goes on, the lights and commotion disperse those in the stream and inhibit the others, holding up the run. So, a fairly orderly crowd can usually be enticed into fishing for half an hour, then resting the stream for a like period.

Now a yell went up from a (Continued on page 66)



HEAVE HO! Smelt fisherman hauls out a loaded net from a Maine stream; it takes only a few minutes to fill a dip-net.

DEVIL CAT

There in the darkness I could barely make out the swaying shape of the vicious wildcat, not ten feet from my face. He made a guttural coughing sound as if he had a sore throat. Then he struck...

by Bill Morse



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at My Throat



Author carries scars from encounter with mad bobcat.

THE NIGHT was black in the heavily timbered forest, and I had only occasional glimpses of the western sky to guide me over the rugged terrain. Except for my own measured breathing, it was quiet, but a kind of quiet that almost thundered in its intensity.

Then I heard the first shriek, like that of a wounded child, pierce the trees behind me.

I stopped dead in my tracks. My throat was tight and my heart pounded, and I felt damp. A chill breeze brushed my face, and I wiped my forehead with my mackinaw sleeve.

"Bobcat," I said to myself, and grinned to ease my nervousness. Probably a bobcat caught in a trap, or looking for a mate. I started to move on, and then I remembered. Maybe it's a loco bobcat. Maybe it's Old Tom.

I'd heard a lot of stories about Old Tom. He was a loco bobcat, they'd told me, a mean, fighting devil of a cat who roamed the Wah-Wah Range here in western Utah, and feared nothing. A swift grab at the throat, a sudden shake of the head, and Old Tom would have a dead fawn in his jaws. He was a vicious renegade, who'd left a bloody trail across the Wah-Wahs, and once, I'd heard, he'd leaped out of the night and bitten the face of a sleeping line-rider—and then made off with a chunk of meat from his pack!

I wanted nothing to do with Old Tom.

What I did want was a crack at a big, 12-point buck I'd seen a few days before, along a nearby game trail leading to a water hole. Which was why I was picking my way across the ridge, carrying a 50-pound back pack—I had the idea I would sleep out under the stars near the trail, then just sit and wait for that big buck to come by for a cool drink at dawn.

I leaned my .30-30 against a tree and reached for the makings of a cigarette.

If that was Old Tom, there was no telling what he might do. I wasn't particularly afraid he'd jump me, but you never could tell. After all, he'd been known to attack a man before. But frankly I was more concerned that he might be after that big buck, too. I knew it was crazy to think that even a husky, 60-pound cat could stand a chance with a fighting buck with sharp hooves, but Old Tom wasn't an

ordinary cat. The legends about him were proof of that.

I had just struck a match to light my cigarette when the air split again with a second ungodly scream that made the hairs along the back of my neck tingle.

This time the scream was nearer. Much nearer.

I stepped over to the pinon tree and picked up my rifle, cradling it in my arm, then listened intently for any other sound. There was nothing. I looked up through the branches of the overhanging trees and saw the familiar W-shaped constellation of Cassiopeia, figured out which way was north and then headed on across the ridge.

To hell with Old Tom, I said. Let him cry all he wants to. Maybe he's just lonesome. I tried to kid myself that I wasn't concerned, but I kept looking sideways into the dark forest.

Instinctively I threw the bolt of the rifle and slid my finger gently onto the trigger—just in case. I stepped softly, quietly over the soft pine needles and moved stealthily along my unseen trail, watching the stars.

Bobcats Can Be Ornerly

In all the years I'd hunted over the mountains of the Southwest, I'd learned that you can never tell what a wild animal will do, or how it will act. Bobcats are as different as people. Some are gentle and easy-dispositioned as a tabby cat, and others are as mean as all getout. Down at Hemet, in Southern California, I'd trapped maybe a hundred cats, and I never saw two near alike. One time, I remember, a big cat jumped a fence into my chicken yard and killed 14 hens just for orneryness, then jumped back and ran off without eating one!

I spit in my hand and put out the glowing ash of my cigarette stub. I slowly moved on over a rocky promontory, then stopped to look across the valley ahead, through an opening in the trees. It was a beautiful night, with a blanket of stars overhead and now and then a meteorite slashing across the heavens. The air was clear and sharp and the smell of the pinons and manzanita was pleasant. It was early in November, and you could feel that winter was on its way.

I stood there perhaps five minutes, looking over the dark outlines of the mountains that swept down toward sage-covered plain. I was thinking about the buck, and how I was going to hit him right over the heart, when suddenly the night split apart again with that blood-curdling scream I had heard twice before.

And this time I knew where it came from—right above me! Instinctively I looked up into the branches of a sugar pine and into the glaring eyes of (Continued on page 86)

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HIT THE

OUR RUGGED ASSAULT BOAT COXSWAINS

by Bill Kreh



THE 38-FOOT Navy LCVP leaped through the heavy sea as we headed for the shining white beach. The 225-horsepower marine diesel engine roared and spewed thick black smoke behind us as the coxswain beside me kicked her into high gear.

Ahead of us loomed the Silver Strand of Coronado, California. On both sides of our tossing LCVP (Landing Craft, Vehicle—Personnel) were other assault boats skimming toward shore like giant black water bugs. In each was a group of Navy seamen learning one of the most vitally important jobs in the Navy.

They were training to be Assault Boat Coxswains—rugged sailors responsible for getting boatload after boatload of combat troops through wild, pounding surf and onto an enemy beach. It's the most dangerous chauffeuring job in the world.

The landing forces that storm the beach may get the headlines and glory, but without the skilled seamanship and rugged courage of this elite corps of Navy men, an invasion would hardly be possible. Each is the skipper of his own landing craft. It is his job alone to get his load of fighting men into shore, back his exposed boat off the beach, and return to the transport for more troops—all in the face of enemy fire.

I was riding in with an assault wave of embryo coxswains who were in the midst of their training at Coronado's Naval Amphibious Base.

We raced toward the beach where huge waves were crashing in with a rhythmic roar. Eighty yards from shore we hit the surf zone. The spray flew high around us as the shoaling of the water turned the rolling swells into breaking combers.

Next to me in the cockpit, the young coxswain, jaw set and eyes front, took a firmer grip on the big steering wheel



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BEACH!

of the eight-ton LCVF. I pulled the hood of my waterproof windbreaker up over my head and braced myself.

We splashed through the surging surf. The coxswain skillfully maneuvered the landing craft until we were riding high behind the crest of a big four-footer. He kept us on the up-slope of the comber as it spilled rapidly toward shore. He was carefully gauging the speed of our metal-hulled boat to that of the giant swell beneath us. In we came, riding hard.

Suddenly, we surged ahead. For an instant, the keen eye of the coxswain had misjudged the wave's speed. We had climbed the huge breaker and were now riding atop it. The prow of our boat jutted out of the water like a giant surfboard. We were on the verge of plunging over into the down-slope.

If that happened, our LCVF probably would be twisted out of control, thrown sideways in the roaring surf, and broached under the cascading breaker. That would mean almost certain swamping and capsizing!

The coxswain spun hard on the rudder wheel and jerked the craft into low gear. The boat shuddered and the motor whined in protest. For an agonizing moment we hung balanced on the crest of the breaker. Then the LCVF settled back onto the up-slope of the giant wave as it car-

ried us rapidly in to shore. That was too close for comfort.

Quick, cool thinking and skilled boat-handling had saved us from broaching and capsizing in the turbulent sea. The coxswain shot a quick smile at me as I whistled a soft sigh of relief.

A few months before, an LCVF had started to do the same thing. The coxswain couldn't hold her back, though, and over she went, bottom up. Luckily, the men aboard remembered what they'd been told to do in such an emergency: they fell to the bottom of the boat, clinging tightly as she capsized on the beach. That action saved their lives, but trapped them beneath the deep-hulled boat. Rescue crews soon had them out. If the men aboard the LCVF had tried to go over the sides, they'd have been cut in two when the heavy boat turned turtle on the beach.

We raced on in and hit the sea-wash line. Our boat scraped on the bottom and skidded to a halt. Ahead of us—six feet of ankle-deep water. The coxswain struggled with the wheel, trying to keep the boat at right angles with the shoreline. Each pounding breaker that roared in tried to carry the LCVF's stern around toward the beach. It took quick twists of the rudder and skilled gunning of the engine to keep the boat under control. If one of the tremendous breakers should succeed in twisting the craft into the

COXSWAIN MUST KEEP LCVF SQUARELY AND FIRMLY BEACHED WHILE TROOPS DISEMBARK UNDER ENEMY FIRE



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HIT THE BEACH CONTINUED

beach, it would be a tough job to back the boat out to sea.

If this had been a real invasion operation, the big ramp on the LCVP would be lowered and a load of combat troops would be splashing ashore. It's the coxswain's job to keep his boat firmly on the beach until troops and their gear are safely ashore.

Now, we were ready to retract from the beach. The engine was shifted into reverse. The boat would rise and fall with each swell that passed beneath it. The coxswain waited. A breaker lifted us off the bottom, and he gunned the motor. Nothing happened. Another swell. The motor roared. We scraped the bottom a little. It took half a dozen tries, but under the skillful throttling of the coxswain, we finally pulled clear of the beach.

Our pitching and bobbing boat backed out into the surf. I glanced behind me. *Splash!* A wall of green water cas-

caded down upon me and into the cockpit. Then another—and another. Every breaker buffeted us with a roar as we backed into them. The spray flew high.

In a few rough minutes, we'd backed past the breaker-line. The coxswain idled the engine and waited until we were riding high on the crest of a swell. Then he quickly put the rudder over, shifted into forward, and gunned the engine. We did a complete turn. It was done so quickly that we took the next tremendous swell cleanly on the bow. We headed back out to sea.

I made three more landings, each with a different coxswain, before coming into the beach control point where a group of instructors were carefully observing the operations.

The chief instructor, Chief Boatswain W. L. Turner—a veteran of 19 years' Navy service—told me that the boats

COXSWAIN'S-EYE-VIEW OF APPROACH RUN DURING MANEUVERS: CROUCHING TROOPS, BURNING BEACHHEAD





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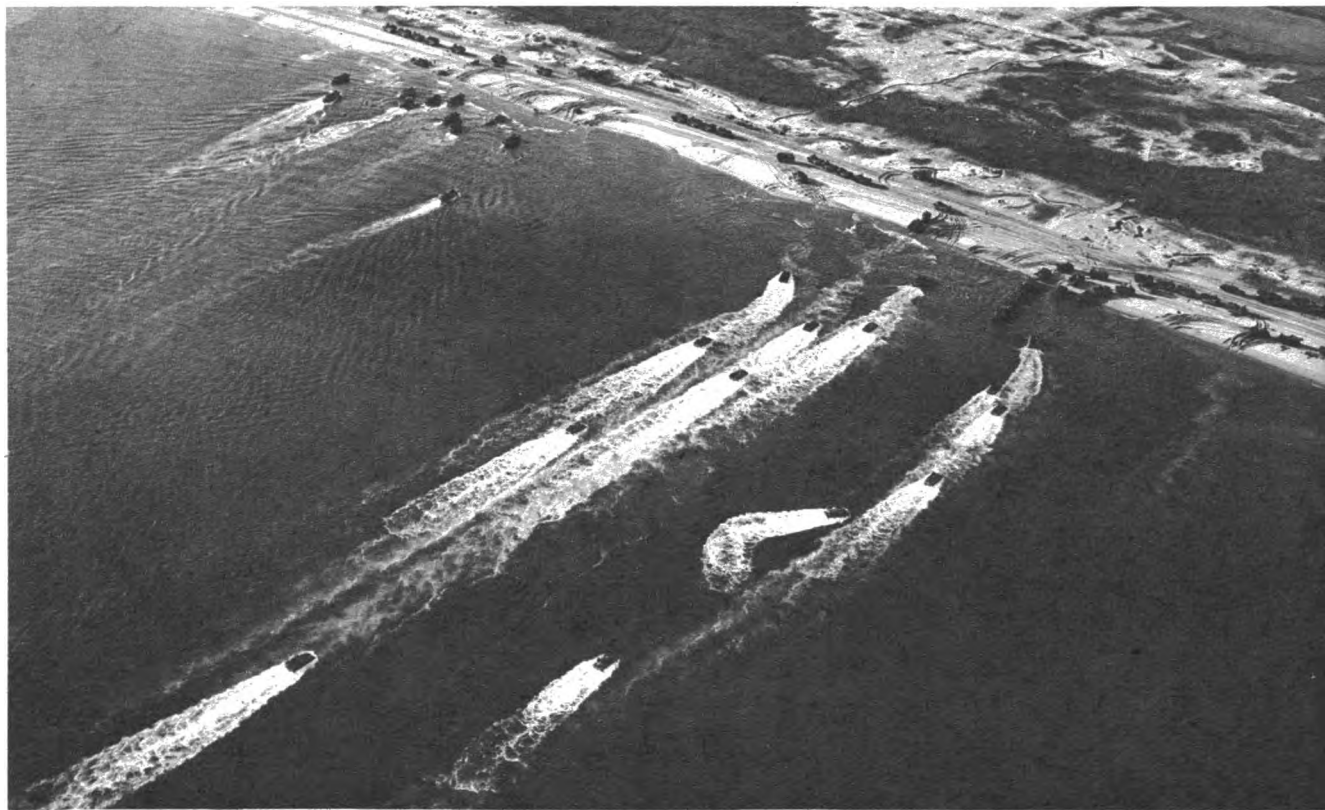
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AFTER 6-DAY WAIT WHILE 2,500 MINES WERE CLEARED, COXSWAINS LANDED MARINES AND ARMY AT WONSAN

would be out in the surf the rest of the day. The men would even eat in the boats, their lunches being brought out to them. Before the day was over, each embryo coxswain would have made at least a dozen landings, he said.

We walked over to a large radio transmitter that was sitting on a table in the sand.

"We're in constant touch with each boat out there," Turner said. "They're all equipped with two-way radio sets. That way, we know exactly what's going on all the time."

A call came in. It was Boat 78. Its motor had conked out and wouldn't start again. Turner logged the call. In a few minutes, a salvage boat was speeding towards the disabled craft. An engineer would soon have it running again.

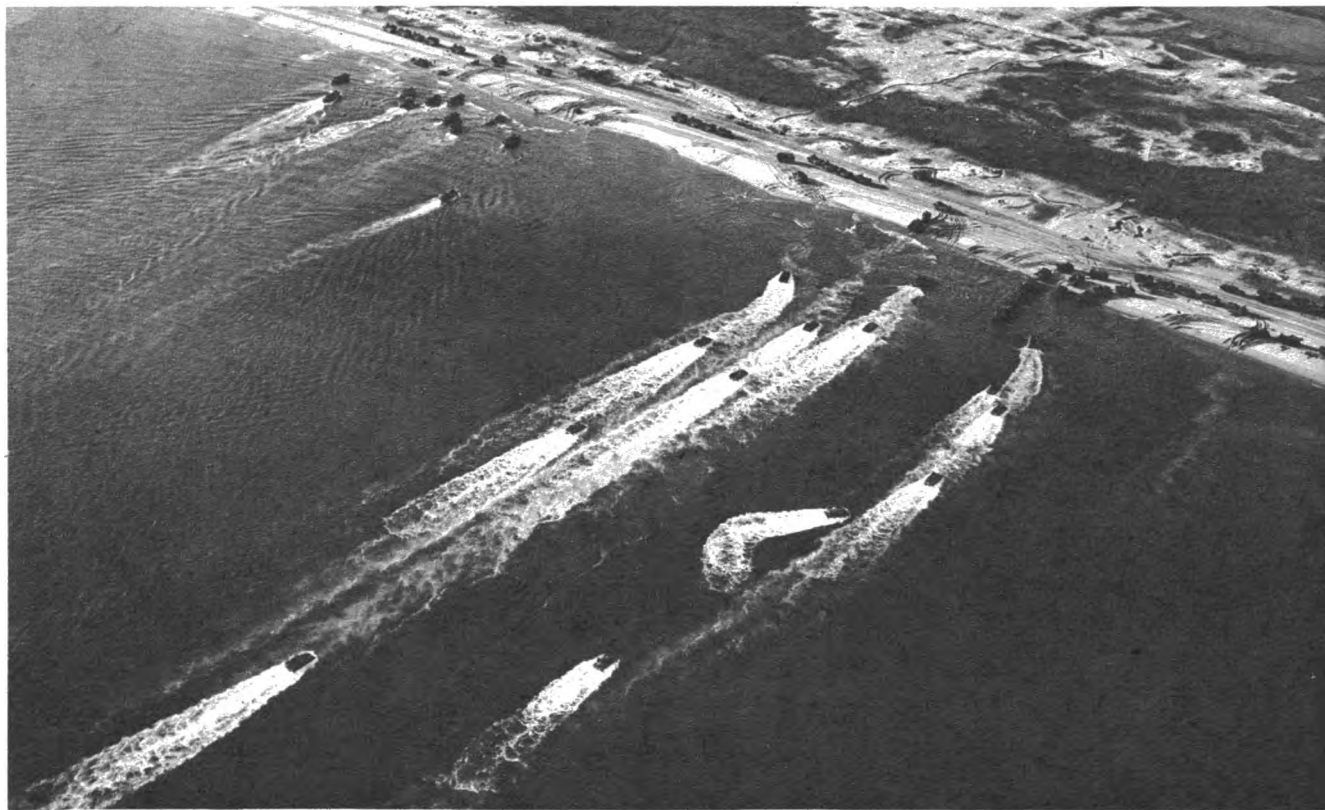
"In an actual operation," Turner told me, "each boat has its own engineer, plus one or two deckhands to lower the ramp and man the machine guns. If something happened then, the engineer would fix it on the spot. In training though, our engineers ride in the salvage boat and answer any trouble calls."

He pointed to a large, gasoline-powered "bullhorn" next to the radio. "We use that quite often instead of the radio to relay instructions to the boats over the roar of the surf. We can point out a man's mistakes much quicker and better with it than we can sometimes over the radio."

It's a rugged, month-long training course given the Assault Boat Coxswains at Coronado. The young seamen learn the intricate workings of (Continued on page 62)



STUDENT coxswain receives instruction in landing-craft operations in this dry-land boat before actual sea-going training.



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A call came in. It was Boat 78. Its motor had conked out and wouldn't start again. Turner logged the call. In a few minutes, a salvage boat was speeding towards the disabled craft. An engineer would soon have it running again.

"In an actual operation," Turner told me, "each boat has its own engineer, plus one or two deckhands to lower the ramp and man the machine guns. If something happened then, the engineer would fix it on the spot. In training though, our engineers ride in the salvage boat and answer any trouble calls."

He pointed to a large, gasoline-powered "bullhorn" next to the radio. "We use that quite often instead of the radio to relay instructions to the boats over the roar of the surf. We can point out a man's mistakes much quicker and better with it than we can sometimes over the radio."

It's a rugged, month-long training course given the Assault Boat Coxswains at Coronado. The young seamen learn the intricate workings of (Continued on page 62)



STUDENT coxswain receives instruction in landing-craft operations in this dry-land boat before actual sea-going training.

DON'T CALL ME A SUPERMAN

*"It's mighty embarrassing," says Milt Campbell, of the praise
heaped upon him. But those who've seen the Boy
Wonder call him America's greatest all-around athlete of all time*

by Chris Schenkel



THE MAGIC TOUCH that has the sports world talking is demonstrated by Campbell as he makes graceful pole vault.

PASSENGERS on a train speeding from Dayton, Ohio, to New York last year gasped incredulously when a tall, powerfully-built young man took an empty beer can from one of his reporter friends in order to prove a point.

The newspaperman, a husky himself, had been trying to crush the can between the palms of his hands and had failed. The young giant crackled the can between a couple of fingers!

"It's not tough when you concentrate on it," said Milt Campbell.

Campbell also possesses something besides concentration in his feats of derring-do. He is America's champion all-around athlete at the age of 20, and so versatile that the only person you can compare him with, in regard to his potential, is the immortal Jim Thorpe.

Yet that kind of comparison hurts the six-foot-three inch, 220-pound University of Indiana freshman, no end.

"Don't call me a superman," he says, "it's mighty embarrassing."

The embarrassing fact is, however, that the fellow who can casually knead a beer can with a few fingers is one of the rarest athletic marvels of the generation. As a 17-year-old high school junior, the boy from Plainfield, New Jersey, performed in his first decathlon (ten harrowing events in track and field) and qualified for the Olympic team at Tulare, California. He placed second in the Olympics at Helsinki, Finland. Last year, Campbell won the national A.A.U. title in his native Plainfield.

"There was much that he had to learn technically," recalls Al Post, national A.A.U. decathlon official, "but he came through on sheer ability and determination. He didn't know much about pole vaulting but he cleared approximately twelve feet by brute force and will."

By the same token, the huge footballer should not be able to flap over the high hurdles as one of the fastest men in the world. He is one of the few men to have ever defeated Olympic king and world record-holder, Harrison Dillard, a feat he accomplished in Jamaica a few seasons ago.

But what Campbell lacks in polish, he atones for in drive. He never wrestled in his life but when the high school called on him in an emergency, he downed the chap who later became New Jersey heavyweight champion. Golf requires considerable practice—yet without too much background, Campbell has slammed drives of nearly 300 yards, a distance respectable even for a Sammy Snead.

He has the magic touch in everything he attempts. He has made no special fetish of swimming, but it was his anchor leg which helped Plainfield High to a national scholastic crown. Campbell, who free-styles with the dash of a Johnny Weissmuller, was named for the All-American team. A basketball coach almost swooned with envy as he saw Milt dunking the ball through a hoop time and again.

"With his build," said Jack Liddy, Plainfield baseball coach, "he could make a major league pitching prospect."

But baseball would interfere with track and field, and that is where Campbell has set his Olympian sights for



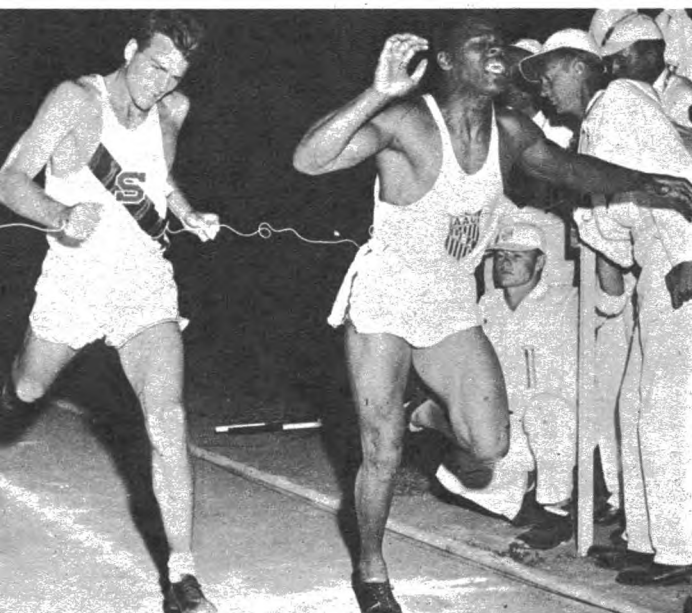
RECORD SMASHER Campbell clears final hurdle in 60-yard high hurdles race to set new National AAU mark of 7.2 seconds.

MIGHTY MILT makes shot put in 1952 Olympic Games in Helsinki; Campbell placed second to Bob Mathias in decathlon.



Chris Schenkel, popular sportscaster of track and field events, is best known for his Monday evening television show, "Boxing from Eastern Parkway" (DuMont network, 10 P.M., EDT) and for his coverage of pro football and pro basketball (WMGM, N. Y.)

DON'T CALL ME A SUPERMAN CONTINUED



DECATHLON TRIALS also saw the Plainfield wonder take second place to Mathias, but he beat Big Bob in 400-meter event.

CONCENTRATED POWER rather than top style is Milt's big asset; before Olympic trials, he'd rarely thrown a javelin.



the future. Stand by for the new track and field records!

Abe Smith, who coached the championship football team on which Campbell played for three seasons at Plainfield, praises him to the skies.

"I'm glad he stuck to football and didn't take up boxing," remarks Smith. "I've seen him with the gloves on a few times and he hits with explosive power. With training, he would be a first-class heavyweight."

That's how men who worked closely with him see the redoubtable Milt Campbell, and his record speaks for itself, although Campbell will not.

"I'm kind of bashful speaking to reporters," says Campbell, "because when I went out to Indiana last Fall they built me up out of all proportion."

You can't blame them after they viewed Milt in spring football practice. The freshmen do not play any games there, they just scrimmage with the varsity.

"I'd rather face Minnesota," growled one regular after the intense Campbell jarred him thoroughly with a defensive tackle.

One of the remarkable aspects of Campbell is that he labors on his football improvement with an almost fanatical frenzy whereas, in track and field, he literally takes things in his stride.

"I never saw a harder worker nor a greater high school player in my twenty-three years as a football coach," reports Plainfield High's Abe Smith. "In the three years that Campbell played he missed only one practice and that was to attend an Olympic dinner."

After practice, wringing wet, Campbell would still run around the field enthusiastically. He used to encourage his teammates by racing them backwards, after the manner of the late Bill Robinson—and beating them!

Against Plainfield's opposition, he ran forward, however. In one campaign he scored 140 points. The eleven won 25 games and lost two in three Central New Jersey title seasons. Campbell's final game for the school was one of his best. He was over-anxious in the first half, fumbling after a five-yard gain and, later, after a 15-yard run. He raced 40 yards for a touchdown just before the intermission, then piled up three tallies in the second half for an unbeaten Plainfield season.

Meanwhile, in track and field, Campbell never had to practice very strenuously. Smith, who also coached the hurdlers and sprinters under head coach Hal Bruguiera, thinks that Milt practiced more starts, moving with the count in the backfield, than he did on the cinder path.

"You may not believe this," says Smith, "but when Milt went to Dayton, where he finished second in the American championship high and low hurdles last season, he practiced only once!"

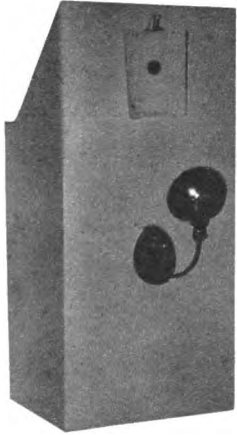
Campbell, himself, attributes much of his success to his ability to relax and his ability to concentrate under stress for the supreme effort, rather than to intensive practice. He is no Ben Hogan in this respect. Ben will practice putts till the sun goes down, even after a winning display. Hank Greenberg would pay boys to shag balls for him in the Detroit park long after a game. But Campbell, America's foremost all-around athlete, has a (Continued on page 71)

MUSCLES STRAINING in desperate effort, Milt is shown making broad jump; track and field events are his main interest. ➤



How To Build A

Like year-'round shooting? You can have your own target cabinet if you'll get a little lumber,



COMPLETED cabinet has adjustable light, tilted steel deflector.

TO BE A CRACK SHOT takes lots of good target practice. Whether you want to avoid those disappointing misses on your hunting trips, or merely to knock the dust off tin cans, you must keep in practice with your weapons, to help build up and maintain the coordination of brain, eye and hand that produces hits.

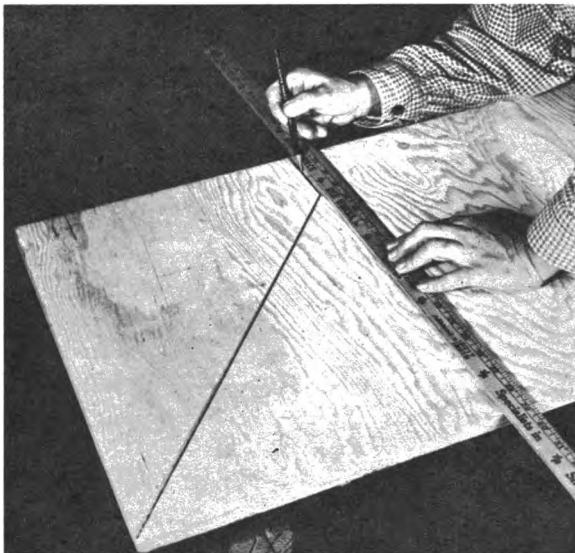
For the man living near open country, regular target practice is a simple matter, but for city or suburban dwellers it's pretty much out of the question, usually limited to occasional trips to an indoor range.

If, however, you have access to a basement, garage or attic with a 40-foot, unobstructed length, you're well on your way to having your own private target range. Your only remaining needs are, first, adequate safety precautions to prevent anyone from approaching the line of fire, and second, a suitable target cabinet.

You can keep people from unexpectedly entering the range and exposing themselves to accidents by making certain that all entrances are securely locked, and warning signs posted, when the range is in use. In addition it's a good idea, if possible, to keep a red light burning outside the doors while you're shooting.

To round out your indoor target range, build your own target cabinet, such as the one pictured on these pages. This cabinet is made of $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch plywood, heavily armored with a steel plate to prevent ricochets, and designed to hold an adjustable lamp to provide adequate lighting of the target itself. Sturdy and inexpensive, the cabinet can be made easily with ordinary hand tools. A single 4-by-7-foot panel of $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch plywood; about 14 feet of 2-by-3 lumber; a heavy steel plate, and some galvanized sheet metal are the basic materials required. Assembly details and dimensions are shown in the sketch on the following page.

In constructing the target cabinet, first cut two 18-inch widths of plywood across the 4-foot dimension of the panel, and trim the two lengths to 46 inches. At one end of each of these two lengths, which are the cabinet's sides, make angle cuts as shown, from the top corner to a setback about $3\frac{1}{4}$ -inches in, and 32 inches above the bottom. To



TARGET cabinet body is made of plywood. Sides are marked for setback angle cut which will hold the deflection plate.



FRAMING of 2-by-3's is fastened with $1\frac{1}{4}$ -inch screws to sides, $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch in from edges, to permit recessed front, back panels.

Target Range

a steel plate, some sheet metal—and follow these simple instructions

by Ralph Treves

get the right depth of the setback, put a piece of 2-by-3 on its wider side along the edge of each panel, and mark it; then add $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch, to recess the back panel.

Next, with $1\frac{1}{4}$ -inch wood screws, fasten lengths of 2-by-3 to the sides of the panels, $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch inside, and trim at the top, flush with the angle cuts.

Then cut out the front and back panels, $18\frac{1}{2}$ by 46 inches and $18\frac{1}{2}$ by 32 inches, respectively. An opening, in front of which the target will be tacked, should be cut out of the front panel. Use an official target, about 7 by $9\frac{3}{4}$ inches, and make the cutout equidistant from the sides and about 6 inches from the top, allowing a $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch overhang on all sides for the target.

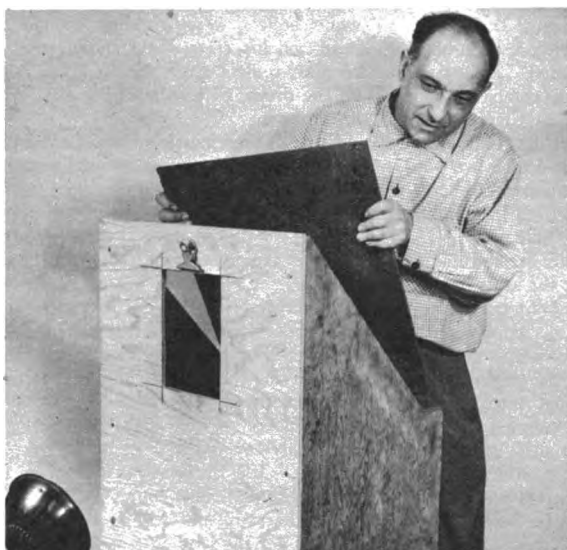
To join the front panel to the forward 2-by-3's on each side, first drill countersunk pilot holes in the plywood, then turn in $1\frac{1}{4}$ -inch wood screws. Before mounting the back panel, line the inside surfaces of the cabinet with fairly heavy-gauge galvanized sheet metal and nail in place. The back panel should then recess snugly.

The steel plate to cover the sloped opening at the back should be at least $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch, and preferably $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch, thick to insure stopping .22-caliber, and even heavier ammunition. A suitable plate can be found at a steel-fabricating plant,

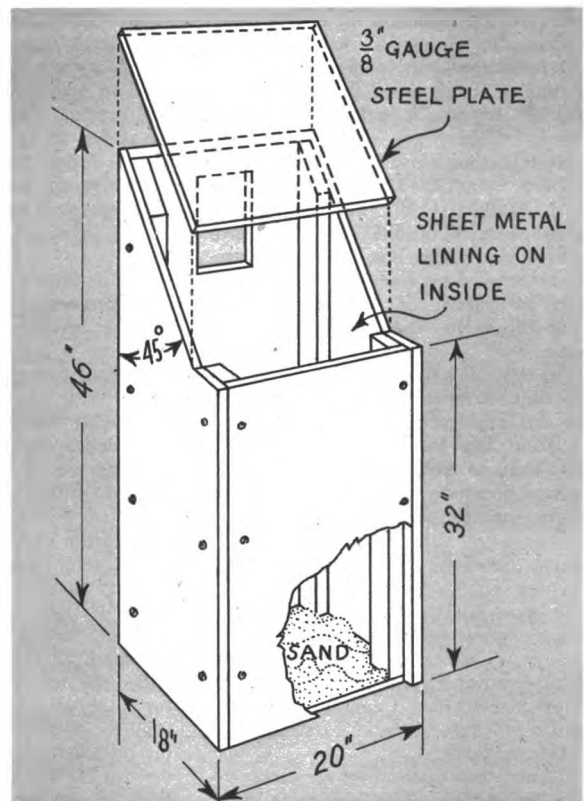
blacksmith's or scrap-metal shop; if it can't be cut to size there, try your local auto wrecking yard. You can handle the plate easily if you cut a shallow notch in the side panels at the very end of the angle cut. The plate then can be dropped into the notches and tilted forward to rest on the slope.

Place a sand-filled box in the base of the cabinet, and fit an adjustable lamp beneath the target area. A 60-watt bulb in a dimly lighted room, and a light-color paint job on the cabinet exterior, will give best visibility.

Some communities have ordinances restricting target ranges, or requiring licenses for their operation. It's a good idea to check on the local laws and regulations before setting up your own practice range. **END**



CUTOUT is made for target; front, back panels are fitted; interior is sheet-metal lined; steel plate is dropped in place.



SIMPLE design of target cabinet permits quick, inexpensive construction. You should observe safety rules when firing.



A LANDING BOAT HITS SURF HARD IN MANEUVERS AT CORONADO, CALIF.

the boat engines, clutches, and the bow ramps. They are instructed in the use of magnetic compasses, voice radio procedure, first aid, salvage operations, and towing in the surf.

The assault phases of their future job are explained by experienced instructors, and include the lowering of the assault boat from the parent ship, loading procedures, the shoreward movement, and boat handling alongside the parent ship. All this is accomplished in a rugged 30 days of fast-moving and realistic training.

Most of the course is devoted to actual operation of the LCVP and the larger LCM Landing Craft, Medium. Boat-handling starts in the calm, enclosed water of San Diego Bay. Two days are spent there where the future coxswains learn to handle the boats, maneuver, lower the ramp, and retract from the beach.

The next week, the real training begins. The trainees move to the ocean side of Coronado's Silver Strand. There, they get their first taste of the wild surf. They learn to recognize the three major types of breakers—spilling, plunging, and surging—and their pitfalls.

Surf Is Dangerous

To appreciate the dangers of surf, you have to experience the power of crashing breakers. The sea's power in this form has made a helpless hulk of many a craft. To an Assault Boat Coxswain, however, the surf proves to be the final testing point of his profession.

Mistakes and carelessness are reckoned with by nature. The coxswains who blunder in the surf find themselves wet and shivering from repeated dousings in the pounding sea and their craft piled up on the beach.

Serious accidents during the training

operations are rare. Nevertheless, the Navy keeps an ambulance and two life-guards alerted the entire time the boats are in operation.

"A main reason why we don't have many accidents here," Chief Turner told me, "is because in each boat with the trainees is an experienced, qualified coxswain. He's ready to grab the controls the instant something goes wrong."

Sailors from the Beach Group are on hand to take care of the minor mishaps that happen. Wrecked or damaged craft are picked up by a "jeheemy"—a mobile lifting device—and carried overland to nearby repair facilities. Craft that are merely shaken up are lifted by the jeheemy, refloated, and started on their way.

The month-long training of the Assault Boat Coxswains ends with a slam-bang, realistic invasion operation. An attack transport is loaded with combat troops and heads for nearby San Clemente Island. With an ear-splitting roar, guns and rocket launchers from the fire support ships, along with dozens of dive-bombing planes, open up on the landing beach to soften up the "enemy."

Assault Boat Coxswains are lowered in LCVP's and LCM's over the sides of their parent ship. Each coxswain moves his boat up to the cargo net, on which the troops scramble down the ship's side and into the landing boat. It takes skillful jockeying to get the boat into position under the net. A fast-running sea will force the small craft to drift sternward. Only by constantly varying the turns on the propeller and the degrees on the rudder can the landing boat be held in position.

Once the combat-equipped troops are loaded, the Assault Boat Coxswain joins the other landing craft that will comprise his assault wave. Together, they proceed to the line of departure, a posi-

tion marked by a small amphibious ship that serves as control vessel.

At a signal from the control vessel, the landing boats head for the beach, keeping apace of each other as they pick up speed. It's a 5,000-yard run to shore. Over the rough sea they skim, into the rolling swells and up onto the beach. The troops double-time it ashore, and the assault boats return for another load. All that's missing from the mock invasion is enemy resistance.

Knowing all there is to know about beach topography is mighty important in these operations. The coxswain must handle his boat in one manner if the beach gradient is steep, and in a different manner if it is shallow. Off-shore currents and conditions of the tide have to be reckoned with. The coxswain who ignores these factors has a swamped craft on his hands.

It's wet, cold, rugged training, but it pays off in combat. Many Assault Boat Coxswains have been commended for heroic action in Korean waters. They've played key roles at Inchon, Hungnam, Wonsan and other spots along the Korean coasts where they have served.

An Heroic Exploit

At Inchon, for example, an unidentified coxswain of an LCVP held his boat on the beach in the face of intense enemy fire, so that the 30-caliber machine guns on his assault boat could cover the troops as they stormed ashore. Later, an LCVP was being used to evacuate wounded from the beach, which was still under enemy fire. The cool coxswain kept perfect control of his boat against a strong current. He held the LCVP off the wounded men, and yet close enough so they could be lifted from the water. The coxswain then retracted his tiny craft while bullets were whizzing around his head and his crew was stamping out incendiary bullets which threatened to touch off the drums of gasoline he was carrying in the boat.

Some of these battle-seasoned coxswains are now at Coronado, passing along to students the savvy they picked up in combat.

After 30 rugged days at Coronado, the trainees are experts in the art of boat-handling. Each knows how to master his craft in all types of weather; when it is under enemy fire; while it is being hoisted or lowered by its parent vessel, and while it is driving through the surf and retracting from the beach.

Graduates of the school are awarded the highly-coveted Assault Boat Coxswain insignia. It's the Navy's way of recognizing the skill and courage of the men who are ready and willing to risk their lives to get the landing troops ashore and bring their boats back safely.

The Army and Marine landing troops can be assured that during those last few rough and wet miles from transport to beach, they'll be in good hands. **END**

THE YANKEES ARE THROUGH! (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25)

starting assignments and a good shot at winning more than 20 games.

Up front with Pierce is Virgil Trucks, the first 20-game winner for us since Thornton Lee's 1941 campaign. Trucks was dropped by two teams within eight months. He came to us last June, a has-been. But he learned to rest an extra day between assignments, to take more time between pitches and to fool around with a mysterious little pitch that I've nicknamed "the dry spitter." Within ten days, he was a new man. He didn't have the blinding speed that had scorched our League ten years earlier, but he threw five shut-outs, struck out almost as many as did Pierce, owned the third best earned-run average in the League and won fifteen games for Chicago in just the last half of the season.

Directly behind Pierce, Trucks, Consuegra and Keegan, a fifth starter will evolve from Mike Fomies or Jack Harshman and other youngsters. We have a chance to nurture, experiment and rotate. Our supporting, secondary pitchers won't face the immediate tension that is riding with the Yankees at this point.

Four Yankee Problems

More than just heavy pitching tension is sitting in with them, however.

1. Mainly, their farm system has failed to come up with dependable power. In the past there was always a DiMaggio to replace a Ruth, a Mantle to replace a DiMaggio. Gil McDougald and Whitey Ford turned up when they were most needed. But for the last two years New York's farm system has shown definite signs of decay.

2. Rizzuto, the Yankee keystone, is slowly falling prey to age. To hold up best, he needs rest. Even with days off, he still might not be at full strength when August infields start turning hard.

3. Stengel shows outward confidence in

his battery of replacements ready to spring into Rizzuto's shoes, but none can match the Scooter. Nor can any match Chico Carrasquel of the Sox or perhaps three other shortstops in the League.

4. Billy Martin's departure into military service weakens Stengel's planned structure of shifting infielders around to cover Rizzuto's fade-out. That places heavy pressure on Gerry Coleman.

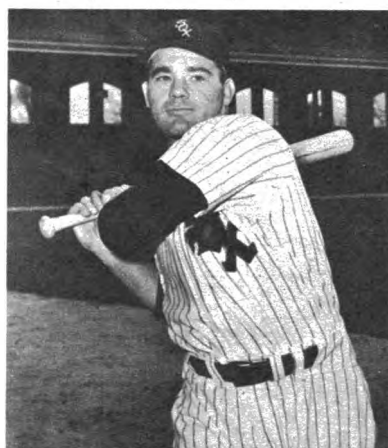
Meanwhile, there is more to the Chicago comeback—after 35 years without a pennant—than just pitching.

1. Ferris Fain at first base is clubbing his way back into the battle for League batting supremacy. After leading the League with .327 in 1952, he began pushing himself too hard last season, when he came to Chicago. He lost his composure and then 71 points from his average. But now he isn't suffering under last year's high-average pressures by any means, and he should scale back over .300.

2. Based on catching, we're toughened into pennant-contending shape at last. Always a serious baseball student, Sherm Lollar has worked hard to improve his batting eye and treatment of pitchers. During a two-man spring-training school with Coach Ray Berres, he worked hardest on his throwing arm—in the past, a glaring weakness. As a result, enemy runners are gambling a lot less these days on Lollar's defensive strength.

3. Our batting order is stronger right now than at any time in the last four years. Orestes Minoso, a constant threat in any direction, is backed up by Carrasquel, Lollar and Nellie Fox. Improvements by Fain and Jim Rivera and the addition of Willard Marshall have rounded out our distance clutch power vigorously.

4. I'm pulling out all the stops in our base-running strategy. This current Chicago club is going to be remembered as one of the most daring hit-stretching teams of modern times—notwithstanding the long-legged Cardinals of 1942 who



SLUGGER Ferris Fain is expected to bat over .300 for White Sox this year.

whipped the Yanks with their running game in the Series.

New York does have the fastest squad in baseball, man for man, but not when it comes to base thievery. Chicago's five sprinters, Minoso, Rivera, Johnny Groth, Fox and Carrasquel, can outdo Stengel's entire team and farm system in clever basepath speeding. For example:

Mantle led the Yanks in stolen bases last summer. He attempted 12, and made off with eight. The entire Yankee squad was able to steal only 34 bases.

Minoso and Rivera together attempted to steal as many bases as did the entire New York squad—78. Minoso and Rivera stole 47.

So, as the race gets closer this summer, we're planning to unleash what I hope will be surprising strategy in our hit-run and bunting attacks. I can't give it away this early in the campaign, but I can tell you that it will consist of brazen base-running—enough to bowl New York, Cleveland and Boston out of our way.

Thirty-five years is a long time between pennants.

I figure we don't have to wait any longer.

END

ROUGH-RIDIN' RALLIES (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38)

February; the Rally of Great Britain in March; the Tulpen Rallye (Holland) in April and May; the Rallye Travemunde (Germany) and the Rallye till Midnattsolen (Sweden) in June; the Criterium Internationale des Alpes (the classic Alpine rallye) in July; the Liège-Rome, Liège (Belgium) in August; the Rally-Viking (Norway) in November, and the Rallye Automovel de Lisboa (Portugal) in December. There are also hordes of smaller rallyes, including one in which the drivers all dress up like Medieval minstrels.

For all our get-up-and-go and astounding per-capita ratio of autos, this country has comparatively few rallyes and most

of those we do have are pale compared to the European routes. Among ours are the Elkhart Lake Rallye, the Pocono Mountains Rallye, the 3-D Rallye (in northern New Jersey), the International 1000-mile Rallye (in New York and Pennsylvania), and the Great American Mountain Rallye (held in the mountains of New York, Vermont, New Hampshire, Connecticut, and Massachusetts). The MG Car Club holds an annual Clover Leaf Rallye for budding experts. Rallye drivers with a sense of humor may enjoy the Car Club's summertime "Devil's Delight." At check points, the driver confronts compressed air blowers, mazes, and costumed officials. If he touches a door knob he will get an

electric shock which isn't too pleasant.

Fortunately for American enthusiasts and visitors who like to pit their skill and their cars against Americans, the Great American Mountain Rallye has been adjudged sufficiently tough to get the sanction of the A.A.A. Contest Board. It's the first American rallye to be recognized by that body—a fact which delights Robert S. Grier, president of the Motor Sports Club of America, which sponsored it, and George Hunt and George Freund, of the M.S.C.A., who laid it out. Even the aloof Fédération de l'Automobile (with headquarters in Paris) which, up to 1953, recognized only two auto competitions in the U.S. has given its sanction to the Great American Mountain Rallye. (The other two it recognizes are the 12-hour sports car race at Sebring and the round-



TOUGH GOING at Lincoln Gap forced many drivers to use their car chains.

and-round for left-turning specialists at Indianapolis.) It even allowed Europe's best and fastest woman driver, pert Sheila van Damm of the Rootes Motors team, to handle a wheel in it. (If you take part in a race the F.I.A. doesn't sanction, you lose your international competitor's license.

Lasting five days—including one day for inspection of vehicles, and one day for post-rallye tests—the Great American Mountain Rallye began in New York's chilly 79th Street Boat Basin underground parking lot on November 26. Hunt and Freund did their best to make the drivers uncomfortable.

The route—1,100 miles and the longest of any American rallye—took the drivers over, or barely skirted, the peaks of such formidable Eastern elevations as Mt. Kisco in New York; Prospect and Bushnell Mountains in Connecticut; the Massachusetts Berkshires; Lincoln, Hogback, Mansfield, Camel's Hump and Globe Mountains in Vermont, and Garnet and Carr Mountains in New Hampshire. It wound up in Poughkeepsie, where the ten winners went through regularity and reliability tests.

According to the many happily exhausted rallye drivers who bounced through the rallye, the grades are the steepest, the roads the roughest, and the bends the most treacherous of any route so far laid out in America. Sixty-eight cars started and fifty-eight finished. Since most of the route was over roads that are closed in winter—you traveled over them at your own risk—there wasn't much danger of running into oncoming traffic, always the bane of the rallye driver. One Oldsmobile driver had a slight collision with a party of lit-up deer hunters, even though he scooted into a ditch to avoid them. One driver broke his thumb. The occupants of a Morgan skidded on a gravelly corner and capsized in the middle of a farmer's potato patch. The driver and navigator of a Renault that came

upon them sent up a flare to denote an accident and spent so much time trying to revive the shaken-up Morgan driver and navigator that they had to drop out of the race.

There were dozens of frost-bitten fingers and scores of outraged tempers—a temporary condition—at the cussedness of cussed skid chains. One unfortunate pair, after getting into a small accident on the way to the rallye, were attacked by a near-sighted deer. They didn't hit the deer, the deer hit them, but the result was the same. They were out of commission.

Surprisingly, the overall rallye prize was won by a relative newcomer to rallyes—Stewart Blodgett, of Cedar Grove, New Jersey, driving an MG. His navigator was Egbert Ayers, also of Cedar Grove and, like Blodgett, an aeronautical engineer when not rallying. The pair tied for third in the rallye proper but came out first in both the Regularity and Reliability Tests. In a field that included some of Europe's best and most experienced drivers—Sheila van Damm and Lt. Col. Wojciech Kolaczowski among them—and A. E. Goldschmidt, Ecurie Yankee. Jack Cooper (the actor, who drove with the Austin team), and Sherwood Johnston of this country, Blodgett's victory was quite remarkable. His experience had been limited to a couple of local hill climbs and something called an auto slalom—a race down a steep hill against time on a zigzag course.

As winner, Blodgett got possession of the Lucas Trophy—donated by the Lucas Electrical Co. of London and New York—and his expenses paid to Europe, where he'll match his technique with the world's best drivers in the Alpine Rallye in July. He also appeared on "Wire Wheels," the Dumont TV sports car show.

Computer Pays Off

A sandy-haired, slender, quiet-spoken man, Blodgett attributed his win to the skill of his navigator, and to an invention of theirs called a computer or calculator, which was attached to his dashboard. They were the only entries in the rallye with such a device. Despite the fact that he and Ayers got stuck on the terrifically steep and slippery Lincoln Mountain Gap stretch, struggled desperately to get their chains on (they had them inside out), and nearly got killed when their car rolled back on them, Ayers' computations on the calculator qualified them for the trials.

Blodgett's and Ayers' invention would seem to be heaven-sent for the rallye enthusiast. When you compare your dashboard trip-meter reading with that of the steadily moving, electrically-operated computer trip-meter reading, the computer shows how much distance you have to make up at any particular time to arrive on schedule. In the Regularity Test—a

seven-mile jaunt near Poughkeepsie to be taken in a specified time with the driver at the wheel, after which the navigator was supposed to drive and match the driver's time—the calculator got them in first. Coordination counted, and he and Ayers were only four-tenths of a second apart. In the Reliability Trial—which consisted mainly of parking exactly on a specified line that only the navigator could see—Ayers' coaching and Blodgett's delicate touch on the brake beat out all their rivals.

Unfortunately the Blodgett-Ayers Computer, which contains, among other things, ingredients that also go into the Norden bombsight, cannot be described here. But one of the technologically-minded M.S.C.A. officials has worked out a computer that doesn't require bombsight parts and which he says is as good as, and cheaper to make than, Blodgett-Ayers'. You'll find a description of this computer on page 65.

The rallye proper was won by a New York insurance broker, A. Erwin Goldschmidt, who drove a Fordillac and is pleased with the fact that he was able to shoot up the Lincoln Mountain Pass, dodging stuck autos scattered every which way, along with piles of tools, heaped-up chains and supine motorists, blue with cold, without having to resort to chains at all. In the Regularity Trial, David Craig, Goldschmidt's navigator, made a slight miscalculation on his slide rule that dropped the pair into sixth place overall.

As in most rallyes, prizes were given out galore. There were first-ten awards, factory-team awards, sportsmanship awards, class awards, an award for coming the longest distance to participate, a hard-luck trophy, and others. Two of the first-ten winners were Sherwood Johnston and J. Richmond-Crum of the Rootes team. Rootes Motors of U.S.A. won the factory-team prize, with Austin of England and U.S.A. second and Rootes motors of Canada third. The Long Island Sports Car Association won the club team trophy, with the Westchester Sports Car Club second and the British Empire Motor Club third. Among the many class awards, Johnston and Richmond-Crum took first in the 1500-3000 cc sports class, with Jack Cooper and Roy Jackson-Moore second. Goldschmidt took first in the American Modified class. R. Sammis and E. Schmitt, who finished seventh overall, won the American Production Car class. They were in a Dodge. H. and D. Young, whose Jaguar lost the argument with the near-sighted deer, received the Worst Luck Award, and J. and D. Grassi, driving a Hudson Hornet, won the Finished Dead Last (but finished) trophy.

The European entrants, naturally enough, were a bit disappointed not to have cleaned up more of the prizes, and it's obvious they wished hard that glacial conditions had prevailed. When the rallye was done and her Sunbeam Alpine had cooled down, Sheila van Damm could recall only a few hairpin turns, a few pre-

cipitous mountain passes, and one road, full of broad, deep ditches for drainage, that were truly "delicious."

"In the British Rallye," she reflected happily, "we're promised temperatures of forty below zero."

An M.S.C.A. official might point out to Miss van Damm (who has a Coupe des Alpes for finishing the Alpine course without a penalty) that it was so cold in the mountains during the Great American Mountain Rallye that some of the control-point clocks froze in their tracks—a circumstance that resulted in some juggling of penalty points, injured feelings on the part of some of the drivers, and a small amount of confusion. The A.A.A. straightened everything out, however, and next year there will be non-freezing clocks.

Roy Jackson-Moore, who has driven in numerous English rallyes and acted as navigator with Jack Cooper in this one, backed up Miss van Damm. "The trouble with America," he said, "is that the roads are too bloomin' good. You have to hunt and hunt for a really mashed-up lane with huge holes in it, and then, like as not, it peters off onto a super-highway. You have hardly any fog at all."

Lt. Col. Kolaczowski, who drove with his wife as navigator (a rather common



COOPER AND ROY JACKSON-MOORE'S AUSTIN-HEALEY MAKES LINCOLN GAP

practice among rallye enthusiasts) and has driven in a dozen European rallyes, felt that, considering the handicaps—the comparatively low mountains, the passable roads and the speed-limit regulations—the M.S.C.A. had made the toughest rallye possible.

"The purpose of a rallye," he said, "is to break the machine to pieces and to turn the man inside out. If the machine does not break, it is a good machine. If the test turns you inside out, it is a

worthy test. A rallye driver thrives on unexpected challenges—the kingpin that breaks, the looming lorry at a blind corner, the suicidal hairpin turn in the fog. He wants his skill tested. He wants to prove himself.

You get the idea, after talking to a number of earnest and enthusiastic rallye drivers, that here is an activity that will soon become one of the country's foremost sports. If anybody's left whole enough to do it.

END

BUILD YOUR OWN RALLYE COMPUTER

MAKING YOUR COMPUTER:

Either buy a new police-type speedometer, or glom [beg, borrow or steal] a good used 1934 Ford-Waltham instrument. Which ever you use, be sure it has a trip indicator with reset knob. Purchase, or again glom, a heater motor to suit your car's voltage, preferably with a maximum of 1100 rpm.

Square off the end of the motor shaft to fit the speedometer cable socket, allowing a little slop at this joint to care for any misalignment. Mount the heater motor directly on the back of the speedometer, using two sheet metal brackets bent to fit, securing the brackets to the motor with the through bolts of the motor case, and to the speedometer with its mechanism-securing bolts. (If these are not readily accessible, remove the works and drill two holes to suit the motor-mounting bracket. Be sure that the heads of the bolts will not foul the works.) Button the whole thing together.

At your local radio store, get a potentiometer of sufficient capacity to vary the speed of the motor from 0 to maximum rpm. If you take the motor to your local radiotician, he'll help you on this.

Then mount the variable resistor in the line, between the motor and battery, and mount a toggle switch between the battery and the potentiometer. Now mount the whole business in your dash, or on a board or where-have-you.

Set the trip indicator to 000.0, and the indicating needle to, say, 30 mph. Start the motor, and at the same time a stop watch. Let the computer run for half an hour. The trip indicator should now read 15.0 miles; if it reads more or less, adjustment is necessary.

Inside the speedometer there is a hair-spring adjustment arm, similar to that in a

clock. Make your adjustments in very small increments, patiently keeping at it until the needle reads exactly 30 and the trip indicator exactly 15.0 at the end of 30 minutes' running.

Your computer is now ready for use. It will indicate your relative position as compared to the average indicated in the rallye sheet. But remember: it won't keep you on the right road.

OPERATING YOUR COMPUTER:

1. Turn on power, making contact with the toggle switch.

2. Turn potentiometer knob to regulate speed; when motor is up to speed, set it until the speedometer needle is resting exactly on the average speed to be maintained.

3. Turn off power.

4. Reset both computer and car-speedometer trip indicators to 000.0.

5. Turn on main power at precisely the moment the car enters the leg on which the average is to be held.

6. As you drive, some adjustment may be needed to hold the computer on your average speed; this adjustment, however, should be slight, and your navigator can do it with the potentiometer.

7. By direct comparison between your car's odometer trip mileage and the computer's you will know exactly where you should be in your car. If the computer reads, say, 21 miles and your speedometer 22, you should slow down until the computer catches the car; if the car is behind, it's time to pour on the coal.

A word of warning: Do not try to make up more than two miles in eight minutes. It can be done, provided the original average was low; if the original average was more than 35, however, you will answer to the law for

speeding. You can prove this mathematically; there's no need to try it in practice.

The steps for each leg's average are the same, and you will find after practice that you will be able to keep your time and speed right with the computer. Actually it's advisable to have your car lead the computer by 0.2 at all times. This will give you a few seconds to play with. The higher the average to be held, the more lead the car should have over the indicator. Thus, as you approach a check point, you will do so with time in hand, and can regulate your speed to be exactly on time.

Unfortunately your computer can give only the theoretically proper place on the correct road. Thus, whenever you have a choice of two roads, your navigator should note the dashboard trip-meter reading at the intersection. Then, if you get lost, return immediately to the turn-off point, and put your navigator to work.

He must subtract the distance traveled on the wrong road from the dashboard trip-meter reading. Then he subtracts that from the mileage that the computer has been merrily ticking off. This gives you the amount of mileage you must make up. Then, as you boil along the highway, he keeps subtracting the wrong-road figure from the dashboard trip-meter figure; eventually the corrected dashboard figure will match the computer figure—if the springs hold out and the motor-cycle cop is reasonable. But then why did you take the wrong road in the first place?

And remember: If you do get lost and get back on course, please do not kill yourself trying to catch the computer. Just blame it on your navigator.

—Rex Lardner

nearby campfire. The stampede was on; the fish-crazy crowd splashed into the stream. We grabbed our nets and buckets.

One lad with a big dip-net was zig-zagging it along the bottom, working it up against the current. Presently he lifted it, grunting. He was heaving some 50-odd pounds of fish that go as high as 20 fish to the pound! His entire operation had taken no more than five minutes. The dipper swung his net to the bank, dumped out the whole works.

Fish by the dozens were flipping back into the stream from the dumped pile. Everyone laughed. No one tried to stop them. What did it matter? More could be had where those came from. Several people began sorting the tiny fish from the gravel and stones brought up with the fish.

I tossed my net aside, lay on my belly on the gravel bank of the creek. Holding my flashlight in my left hand, and rolling up my right sleeve, I started grabbing smelt. Think this is a slippery job? Not on your life? It's a simple matter, when they're thick, to reach in and come up with a handful, with fish sticking out from between each pair of fingers. Smelt aren't slimy or slippery. Especially the males, which grow tiny tubercles all over their bodies during spawning and feel as rough as sandpaper.

The other boys made a couple of dips. Their take easily filled the buckets. We estimated that there were 25 pounds of smelt for each of us dipped up in just that brief period of time. A few grabs barehanded in that cold water had me satisfied. And certainly 25 pounds of smelt was plenty to clean! With our strike made, we mingled with the crowd to watch the fun.

I tried not to think about the cleaning part, which would come long after midnight, when we'd be home. It isn't difficult to clean a smelt. It's just that there are so many of 'em. The scales—if you bother to scale them—are very lightly attached. A couple of swipes from a toothbrush will take them off. Then we use scissors to snip off the head, and the skin of the belly. Another swipe with the toothbrush inside the body cavity cleans out the innards. That's all there is to it. Incidentally, the body-cavity lining in a smelt is jet black. Tyros have been known, upon seeing this, to think something's wrong with their fish.

Smelt are best, to my notion, fried to a crisp in the same manner as you'd make french-fried spuds. Plenty of fat, smoking hot. Roll the smelt in corn meal and toss them in. Of course you eat them bones and all—and if you're smart you'll not try to get the old walllopers in the run, some of which are ten inches long, and have bones too hard to swallow. Stick to the six-inchers.

I realize that many persons have eaten smelt from the market, or frozen smelt.

but until you've had them right out of the creek, well, bub, you just ain't lived. Many gourmets have attempted—with-out success—to describe their mysterious, delicate flavor.

Indeed, half the sport of this most pleasant of springtime occupations is in the eating. For example, the night described above we brought our haul back home and went straight to the basement, where everyone pitched in to do the cleaning. This chore completed, we lit into the cooking, with a huge grease kettle under a full head of steam and the smelt coming out of it by dozens. A man who can't eat 50 should hide his head. Smelt, a salt shaker, and a cold bottle—



DIPPER DUMPS smelt out of his boot, proving that anything will catch 'em.

need I say more? That is really living.

How do you keep a big batch for future reference? We've found that ordinary wrapping and freezing is not in the best interest of later eating. Even though this is the method used by commercial concerns, thawed smelt thus preserved have a slightly fishy taste, and are nothing like the fresh article. However, by pouring a "layer" of water in ice-cube trays, freezing it, then putting in a layer of smelt, covering them with water, and freezing the whole, so that the smelt turn out actually frozen into blocks of ice—well, then you've really got something. These blocks can be loosened in the trays, taken out, wrapped, and put down. When the fish are melted free, you have smelt which taste exactly as when fresh.

We could have taken a thousand pounds of smelt that night from that tiny creek. Before morning, I have no doubt, several thousand pounds had been removed. It seemed fantastic when one thought about it. I picked up one of the diminutive fish and examined it closely. Plain little thing, silvery on the sides and belly, darker on the back; streamlined, reminiscent in shape of a trout or salmon: the fins trout-like in shape, number and placement, the head a trout's head, the

mouth with needle-sharp teeth for catching tiny minnows. The smelt, in fact, is very closely related to both trout and salmon, odd as it seems.

I wondered as I walked among the hilarious smelt dippers just how many were familiar with the astonishing smelt story. How many realized what devious, curious, and coincidental paths the life history of these tiny delicacies had followed, to bring them here to this Michigan creek?

In the interior Great Lakes—Superior, Michigan, Huron—where today untold billions of smelt reside, only a few short decades back there were—none. Odd? You haven't heard anything yet. Centuries ago—no one knows how many—the tiny fish known nowadays to science as *Osmerus mordax* swam by billions in the Atlantic Ocean, ranging along the coast from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to what is now Virginia. He still does swim there, of course. But way back then, little *Mordax* was strictly a saltwater species. There were none of his kind living in the fresh water of this continent.

But *Mordax* was one of those peculiar fishes which live in salt water but lay their eggs in fresh water. Each spring he ran up coastal streams to spawn. At some time during the unknown centuries, some members of the smelt legions which made spawning runs into New England streams—failed to return to the sea. Perhaps changed water levels, or abrupt land changes were responsible. No one knows. At any rate, smelt here and there became land-locked, trapped in fresh water lakes where their spawning streams headed, and year-'round freshwater residence didn't seem to bother them. They even spawned, running up inlet streams from the lakes. Curiously, the smelt is one of the very few of the world's fishes which has been able to lead a successful double life: as both a salt and fresh water species.

Pioneer New Englanders knew *Mordax* well. They caught him on his spring spawning runs; they fished for him through the ice in winter; they used him as the top bait for the Atlantic salmon and landlocked salmon. Smelt were, in fact, one of the mainstays of the salmon diet.

During the first decade of this century, some Michigan enthusiasts of eastern salmon fishing transplanted land-locked salmon from New England to Michigan's Crystal Lake. This big, clear lake is connected to Lake Michigan. The salmon didn't do well. Someone reasoned that perhaps the introduction of their favorite New England smelt would keep them happy. Some smelt were brought in.

The idea was better than the results. The salmon soon disappeared completely. But lo and behold, in a few years the smelt had just as completely taken over Crystal Lake!

Later still, fisheries men awoke with an uneasy start to the fact that smelt had found their way into Lake Michigan, and

were becoming common over a wide area. In a short time, every commercial fisherman for scores of miles along the big lake was mad at this upstart nuisance. Biologists were alarmed at the affect the rampaging new species might have on the food and living room of native commercial fish. It was especially alarming, because the tiny smelt, were, so it was thought, worthless.

One spring night a man at the small village of Beulah flashed a light upon the waters of a tiny creek, and did a double take. The creek was packed with small fish. He scooped up some, and decided to try them. *Mordax* was on the way.

I remember vividly when we Michiganders began to know where Beulah was. Spring smelt runs had put it on the map. People were soon flocking to try this novelty, not only at Beulah, but at other locations along Lake Michigan where the smelt had found spawning streams.

Fishermen Were Alarmed

Before anyone realized quite what was happening, smelt runs were occurring all along the Lake Michigan shore. Then smelt turned up in the Straits; then in Lake Huron. And finally, way up in Lake Superior!

It can hardly be imagined in what quantity smelt were appearing. There were billions upon billions of them. They had become an alarming nuisance to commercial fishermen whose nets they fouled. In desperation, a few smelt were tried on the market. They made a hit at once. In a very few years, Great Lakes smelt were under glass in markets from coast to coast.

I remember crossing the big Menominee River in Michigan's Upper Peninsula one spring during that period. An upstream dam concentrated running smelt near the main highway crossing. Trucks were lined up. Huge crank nets capable of bringing up a thousand pounds at a time were being lowered time after time into the water. Each time a net was cranked up, it was brimming full of smelt. The fish were dumped at the edge of and upon the highway, which was soon slippery as ice. State Police regulated traffic while men working like ditch diggers with shovels scooped up the fish and loaded them into iced trucks. A mere ten thousand pounds of smelt was nothing, just a couple of hours' work!

I recall, too, the beginning of the now common "smelt festivals" throughout the state. A village located on a good smelt-run stream would advertise widely, and a regular fair took place each spring, with visitors from hundreds of miles away coming to get in on the fun and entertainment. The smelt had become a big tourist business as well as a big commercial-fisheries business.

Then the lightning struck. From up at Green Bay, Wisconsin, during the winter of 1942, a report came down that somebody had cut a hole in the ice and sev-



BIG MIDNIGHT CROWDS GIVE CARNIVAL ATMOSPHERE TO SMOELT FISHING

eral dead smelt had shown up in it. Similar reports filtered in from fishermen in Lake Huron, and at numerous points along the Lake Michigan shore. At first the reports seemed only strange. But presently they became alarming. Dead smelt by the thousands were coming up wherever a hole was chiseled through the ice. And no live smelt were being taken either in nets below the ice, or by hook and line.

When the ice began to go out of the lakes, great windrows of dead smelt formed along the shores, washed up by waves. Billions of the tiny fish, stacked like the excavation from a ditch, ran for mile after mile along the big lakes. Fish and Wildlife Service's Dr. Van Oosten termed it the greatest catastrophe ever to befall any United States fish life. He hurried out to see what was wrong. A horde of scientists gathered. People waited for the spring run that didn't come. The commercial catch dropped from millions of pounds to absolute zero. The big smelt story of the Great Lakes had ended with a sickening crash, and everyone agreed that the smelt were done.

The best scientific brains in the wildlife biology business worked on the dead smelt. They could not find a single thing wrong. No disease, no parasites. Each fresh-dead smelt looked in top shape. It was one of the most dramatic wildlife mysteries that has ever been turned up. To this day, no one can say why the smelt died. Theories by dozens have been advanced. None has ever been proved.

It would be high drama to have the epic of the smelt end right there, with an unsolved mystery and the extinction of the smelt. But those who predicted this reckoned without the stubborn little fish whose females deposit as many as 25,000 eggs each. For a couple of years nobody expected to see a Great Lakes smelt again. Then one spring a few appeared. The next spring more came. And today, along the big lakes, you can easily fill your freezer by putting out a couple hours' effort when the run is at its peak.

We Michiganders; however, are not the only ones to whom little *Mordax* is important. I may have given the impression that we claim sole ownership. That's sim-

ply because, living in Michigan, I see the story from my side of the border. On the Canadian side of the lakes, however, the smelt is just as avidly pursued. In fact, he has long been something of an ambassador of good will shared by our two nations.

I have a friend, for example, who owns a commercial fishery in Michigan's Upper Peninsula. His take of smelt runs into awesome poundage figures. Most of it goes directly to a plant in Ontario which has learned how to clean, pack, and quick-freeze the hard-to-handle delicacy on a swift assembly-line basis. These smelt go to stores all over the U. S. and Canada.

The history of the smelt on the Canadian side of the border is exactly like its U. S. history, with all the dramatic ups and downs. And the little fish has long been just as popular with spring dippers. Especially along the Canadian side of the Straits of Mackinaw, and on around the long Lake Huron shore southward through the Province of Ontario, the spring nights are ablaze with warming fires and the probing beams of flashlights and gas lanterns winking at their U. S. neighbors who are likewise winking back.

I recall with a chuckle what happened in a little Ontario town where I happened to be one spring a few seasons back. Four local fishermen sneaked off one night to look at a certain little stream. It was early for a run, but they had a hunch. In two hours they had filled tubs with over 400 pounds of smelt!

When they drove into town, the back of their car sagged, springs flat. At getting-up time they were hawking their smelt around town—free, of course. By the time they got through, everybody in town was having a big helping of smelt for dinner.

That did it. A stampede started that night. But all of us failed to take into account that everybody else would be going. Each of us came home loaded. Each of us tried desperately to give smelt away. It was no go. Everybody was hip deep in the little blighters. There was a smelt cleaning bee in town that night that no one will ever forget—or ever remember, believe me, without squirming and feeling a little bit scaly!

did not prove conclusively they did it.

One wag put it this way: The number of marriages and the sale of shotgun shells is rising in Arkansas, but that doesn't prove there are more shotgun weddings!

If a "guilty" tag is to be hung on tobacco, the case must be proved, to use the language of the courts, beyond a reasonable doubt. As things stand now, a good proportion of reputable researchers feel that the case against tobacco is *not conclusive*—not by a long shot.

It's about time we shake loose and examine the evidence, honestly and soberly. Here, ye lovers of the weed, are some of the more "reasonable doubts."

1. Although more than a dozen researchers have concluded that there is a connection between lung cancer and heavy smoking, the variety of their conclusions points up how much work lies ahead for those who are studying the field.

A Difficult Decision

Dr. Ernest L. Wynder, of the Memorial Center for Cancer and Allied Diseases in New York, claims there is a positive association between lung cancer and cigar, cigar and pipe smoking. He says the degree varies, and accounts for it on the basis of the assumption that cigaret smokers inhale much more than pipe and cigar men.

Yet, studies by two English doctors, Richard Doll and A. Bradford Hill, could find *no* distinct association between smoke inhalation and lung cancer.

2. One of the outstanding men in the field of lung cancer, Dr. W. C. Hueper of the National Cancer Institute in Bethesda, Md., has cited a big hole in the evidence. Lung cancer patients who *don't* smoke ranged in various surveys from 1.3 to 14.6 percent of those persons in a given group. This suggests, if nothing more, that the basic human material studied by the different researchers dif-

fered greatly in many significant respects.

Dr. Hueper concluded that the *"existing evidence neither proves nor strongly indicates that tobacco smoking . . . represents a major, or even predominating causal, factor . . . in lung cancer."*

3. The gimmick that may account for the various discrepancies in all the statistical studies made to date may be that all these studies are what is known as the backward type. This describes studies made in which a person is questioned about his smoking and related habits *after* he has contracted lung cancer.

For a number of sound technical reasons, these studies aren't too satisfactory. Said Dr. E. Cuyler Hammond of the American Cancer Society's statistical research section: "The disadvantages of the method are manifold, so much so that some statisticians believe it leads to erroneous conclusions more often than to correct conclusions."

The ACS is going to iron out the difficulty. It has already questioned some 204,000 healthy men aged 50 to 69, and recorded vital medical information, including the details of their smoking habits. As these men die, the society is recording the cause of death and correlating it with the information in its files. In about a year, the ACS will publish its findings. What it reports will go a long way toward settling the smoking-versus-cancer fracas.

4. And while we're still talking statistics, it ought to be mentioned that there are some researchers who question whether lung cancer *is* on the upswing. Admittedly, these people are in the minority, but here's what they say:

Writing in the British Journal of Cancer, one scientist declared that "up to the present time the general mortality statistics are so unprecise that they must be used with great reservation as a base for study of the actual occurrences of lung cancer."

Researchers at the experimental pathology laboratory at the University of Texas said that in their opinion "the data available today does not justify the conclusion that the increase in the frequency of cancer of the lung is the result of cigaret smoking. The statement that . . . [lung cancer] has actually increased, in our opinion, is open to question."

These statements are partly based on the simple fact that diagnostic techniques have been improving by leaps and bounds in recent years. Many a lung cancer of yesteryear was probably chalked up to pneumonia or just plain, undefined "lung disease." Today, with the widespread use of X-ray photographs, as well as devices which permit a physician to obtain and examine lung tissue, a goodly number of cases of what would have been called "lung disease" are now accurately called "lung cancer."

Another reason for the questioning of whether lung-cancer deaths are actually climbing so rapidly rests in the fact that ours is an aging population. Lung cancer is a disease which strikes heavily at those over 50 years of age. Thus the question arises: Are people dying more often of lung cancer because they are living longer? Sounds paradoxical, but 200 years ago the life span was a lot shorter, and most people didn't live long enough to get cancer of the lung.

Killer Hits Lungs

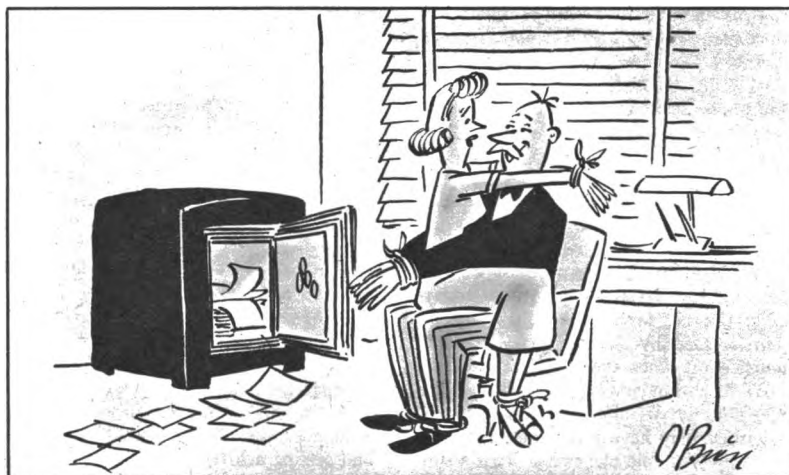
5. Cancer kills as it spreads from a single diseased cell to other parts of the body. One of the favorite spots for a spreading cancer to hit is the lungs. Now, when MD's report deaths from lung cancer, they indicate on the death certificate whether it was primary lung cancer or lung cancer not specified as primary.

Primary means the cancer started in the lung. Unspecified means the patient died as a result of the cancer in the lung, but the medico wasn't certain that's where it started.

Now look at this. In New York City in 1952, 1188 persons died of lung cancer—but only 36 of those cases were specified as primary. In other words, in all but 36 cases, the reporting physician wasn't sure whether the cancer was born in the lung, or whether it migrated from some other part of the body to become a killer in the spongy tissue of the victim's breathing apparatus.

6. And before we finish with the statistics, here's one more. Insurance companies make their profits by predicting how long their policy holders will live. They are as sensitive as any group in this country to what might shorten a man's life. Yet despite the growing evidence against tobacco as a life-shortener, *no insurance company in this country is known to ask a prospective policy holder if he smokes.*

7. While the statisticians beat out a steady tattoo on their adding machines, the doctors, chemists and biologists are busy clinking test tubes and dabbing to-



bacco tars on the backs of little white mice.

What exactly have they done and what have they found out? All animal experimentation up to now has been made in two general directions. The one that has earned the headlines concerns the production of skin cancers by painting the shaved backs of mice with tobacco tars condensed from cigaret smoke. Drs. Everts Graham, of Washington University in St. Louis, and Wynder (of the Memorial Institute) made page one when they reported that 44 percent of 81 mice so treated contracted skin cancer.

This, coupled with the statistical evidence, proved the guilt of tobacco, they declared. But did it? Experts in their own right countered with some of those "reasonable doubts."

To start with, it was pointed out that many researchers before Wynder and Graham had tried to induce skin cancer in mice via the painting technique and had, at best, wishy-washy results. And even admitting that tobacco smoke contained a carcinogen (cancer-producing agent), the Wynder and Graham tests proved only that it was cancer producing only relative to the *skin of mice*—this, and nothing more.

Previous tests, you see, had shown that known carcinogens which produced skin cancers in mice had *no effect* on monkeys, rats or rabbits treated in the same manner—and vice versa. (It has also been demonstrated that what causes skin cancer in a given animal will not necessarily have the same effect when injected under the skin.) This had to be considered.

The Doubting Doctor

And a Grade A "reasonable doubt" was raised by Dr. Harry S. Greene of Yale University. One of the favorite techniques for determining the cancer-producing properties of a chemical is to put the chemical, along with a piece of tissue from an unborn mouse, into the armpit of a live mouse. The Yale doctor tried this with tobacco tars—and the little white mice just looked up and smiled. Not a single cancerous cell appeared!

8. Instead of painting mice with tobacco tars to produce skin cancers, some researchers have tried to induce lung cancers directly by exposing the mice to smoke. Scientists at the National Cancer Institute, of the U.S. Public Health Service in Bethesda, Md., rigged up a Rube Goldberg-type device that exposed the mice to smoke-filled air four hours daily, except Sunday, for as long as 300 days.

The pink-eyed little critters who had to breathe in the smoke were bred of a strain most susceptible to lung cancer. These smoked-up mice smelled of tobacco, but showed *no special tendency to develop lung cancers*.

While the USPHS men didn't have too much success, Dr. J. M. Essenberg of the Chicago Medical School, did a little ro-



DR. J. M. ESSENBERG CHECKS MICE IN MECHANICAL CIGARET PUFFER

dent-smoking himself, also using mice with a hereditary tendency toward lung tumors. Day after day for 14 months he smoked his mice once an hour for 12 out of the 24. The Chicago MD found that he could increase the number of lung cancers, stunt the growth and nix the reproductive powers of his mice—but hastened to point out that he was drawing absolutely no conclusions about *human beings*.

Until more work is done with smoked mice, conclusions will simply have to wait.

9. While the mice have been taking a beating at the hands of the doctors and biologists, the chemists have been hunting for the answers to lung cancer in their own way. Rigging up weird smoking machines, they are consuming cigarets at a prodigious rate and condensing the smoke.

They are analyzing the evil-smelling gunk for certain known cancer-producing chemicals. Such chemicals have been found in certain petroleum products. They have been found in the blue clouds of smoke belching forth from gasoline and diesel trucks and buses. They have been identified in the black smoke spewing forth from coal burning chimneys. They have *not* yet been found in tobacco smoke.

And in case you are wondering about nicotine—the one chemical in cigaret smoke everyone knows—it's just about been given a clean bill of health as far as lung cancer is concerned.

But before you jump at conclusions and open another pack, read a little further.

The so-called prosecutors in the case against tobacco aren't shysters. They are reputable men of science who have made some serious charges and have a lot of evidence to back them up.

For example. At the Institute of Industrial Medicine of New York University, the researchers have teamed up on the chemical and biological aspects of the problem. Down in the institute's basement in an old building near the East River, their smoking machine is burning up 15 cartons of cigarets a day.

The chemists are breaking the con-

densed smoke into several basic, component parts and the biologists are painting the mice's backs. The NYU men are certain they'll be able to duplicate Wynder and Graham's work although others have failed. Wynder and Graham were successful, they say, because they were diligent and therefore the NYU men will follow their pattern, painting the mice once a day for six months.

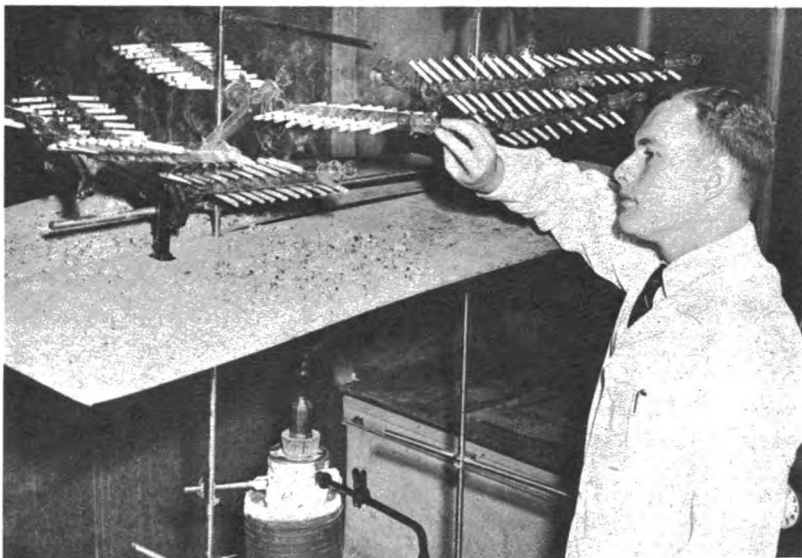
Once they find which basic component causes skin cancer in mice, they'll break it down into individual compounds and these in turn will be tested on the mice, one by one, until the culprit is nailed.

Well, even if they are successful, what does it prove? We know that what causes skin cancer in mice doesn't necessarily cause it in other animals. And skin cancer produced by painting a concentrated chemical on the dry skin is a far cry from smoke passing over lung tissue.

Nevertheless, the NYU researchers look at it this way: If the guilty chemical is found, it is possible that it can be removed from the smoke. Then you'll be able to smoke—and feel a lot better about it.

While the scientists are hunting for a carcinogen in cigaret smoke, a lot of smokers have taken to filter-tip cigarets on the assumption that if there is a cancer-producing agent in cigaret smoke, the filter might remove it. (Official figures show that filter-tips doubled their share of cigaret sales last year, jumping from 1.5 per cent to better than 3 per cent.) Well, maybe the filter does the job—and maybe it doesn't. Until the carcinogen is found (if one exists), there obviously is no way of knowing if the filter is filtering the right thing. There seems to be one safe bet, though—the filter can't hurt you.

Meanwhile the nation's leading tobacco companies are stepping up their studies of the weed and its effect on health. Recently they announced the formation of a Tobacco Industry Research Committee, which, they declared, wanted to cooperate



"DEMON" SMOKES 15 CARTONS DAILY IN THE SEARCH FOR CANCER AGENT

with those safeguarding the public health.

One industry spokesman is certain that if and when a cancer-producing agent should be discovered in tobacco smoke, the industry will be able to remove it—no matter what it turns out to be. He predicted confidently that no more than a week to ten days would be needed to remove the carcinogen from cigarettes in production. "And within seven weeks," he added, "there won't be a cigarette on the shelves of the nation's dealers which contains the bad actor."

Despite this confidence, however, some chemists point out that the culprit—if it exists—might well be such an integral part of the smoke that it could not be removed without removing the tobacco itself.

If that should turn out to be the case, then you and 56 million other cigarette smokers would be faced with a real dilemma. Should you go on smoking, knowing that the smoke contains something which can cause lung cancer—if only in mice?

On the basis of this suggestive and circumstantial evidence a number of top-flight scientists and organizations have drawn some pretty disturbing conclusions. Here are just a few:

Dr. Alton Ochsner, who is the head of surgery at the School of Medicine at Tulane University, has declared flatly that the Wynder-Graham work "proves beyond any doubt that in tobacco tar there is an agent which produces cancer."

And, looking into the future, he goes so far as to predict:

"Since cancer of the lung is more common in men than in women, our prediction is that in 1960 one out of every two or three men with cancer will have cancer of the lung and that one out of every 10 or 15 men living in the United States will have cancer of the lung. Because of the

definite parallelism between the sale of cigarettes in the United States and the increased incidence of cancer of the lung, and because it has been shown experimentally that there is a cancer-producing factor in tar derived from the smoking of cigarettes, it is our conviction that the unprecedented increase in the incidence of cancer of the lung is due to the cancer-producing factor in cigarette smoking."

The Medical Research Council of England and Wales conducted an investigation which, it said, indicated that above the age of 45, "the risk of developing the disease (lung cancer) increases in simple proportion with the amount smoked, and it may be approximately 50 times as great among those who smoke 25 cigarettes a day as among non-smokers."

Dr. Hammond of the American Cancer Society said that "almost all evidence presented up to the present time does seem to indicate that cigarette smoking increases to some degree the probability that an individual will develop lung cancer." This ACS man feels that the finger of suspicion in lung cancer would seem to point straight at no less than three factors. They are air pollution from coal and oil burning furnaces, exhaust fumes from automobiles, and cigarette smoking.

After a symposium on the whole subject, the World Health Organization of the United Nations adopted the following statement as an expression of its opinion on the subject: "While it is impossible to accept cigarette smoking as the only cause of cancer of the lung, there is now evidence of an association between cigarette smoking and cancer of the lung and this association is in general proportion to the total consumption."

Thus it is obvious that the talk against tobacco is not born of blue-nosed moral-

ists. It comes from reputable scientists who are convinced in their own minds of the correctness of their statements.

To complete the picture, it is only fair to mention briefly some of the highlights of the evidence cited by Dr. Hammond, which points an accusing finger at air pollution.

In autopsies medical examiners have often laid open the lungs of a corpse to find them black, instead of a healthy pink. This "black lung" is not a disease. It is a peculiar symbol of 20th century industrialization. But what is most important, it is a particular affliction of the city dweller.

And while there is no specific connection between black lung and lung disease, there are a number of studies which show a distinctly higher lung cancer rate in urban areas as compared with rural sections of our country. For instance, in industrialized New York, the lung cancer death rate is four times that of clean-aided Idaho.

In England, Dr. Percy Stocks made a detailed analysis of death certificates and discovered that the number of deaths from lung cancer in British towns increased in proportion to the number of chimneys per acre. On an experimental basis, lung tumors were produced in mice who were made to breathe soot collected from the air of an English city.

Much Conflicting Evidence

What conclusions, then, shall John Q. Smoker draw from the mass of conflicting evidence? John Q. knows that even the most militant defenders of the cigarette-lung cancer theory concede that "predisposition" plays a large part in the problem. You must be predisposed, the doctors say (for lack of a better word), before you will be stricken by a specific type of cancer. Unfortunately, at this time there is no way to chart this predisposition.

Dr. Walter Martin, president-elect of the American Medical Society, a man of science but a smoker also, feels they haven't proved the case against tobacco. As for himself, he said, "I've smoked long enough to have incurred all the possible dangers and don't think I should stop now."

To keep your mind at ease, the suggestion of the Cancer Society—that you have your chest X-rayed at least once every six months, and perhaps more often if you're over 40—is a good one. Your own doctor can probably give you the best answer as far as you are concerned. He knows your problems best, and his advice should be followed.

Until science cracks the riddle of cancer (and that seems a long way off), you, your conscience and your doctor will have to decide what to do about Sir Walter Raleigh's gift to Western civilization . . . a gift called "coffin nails" by some and one of man's true pleasures by millions of others.

END

habit of wrestling around with his track mates or of just walking on his hands like a born acrobat. He has uncanny balance. But one would not think that these performances would tune him up for the top tests.

He has a tremendous confidence in himself, although he does not flaunt it. While he was the leading high jumper at Plainfield, the rules did not permit him to enter more than three state title events at one time. So Milt excelled in the high and low hurdles and the shot-put one year. Meanwhile, the second best high jumper in the school won the state title that afternoon with a leap of six feet, two inches, missing at six feet, three inches. Campbell, who had just completed the third of his three events, passed near the high jump bar in his bare feet. Without drawing an extra breath, he cleared it.

"Just to prove to himself that he could win that, too," says Smith.

If they could ever inspire Campbell to study the technique of various track and field events, he would unquestionably smash Bob Mathias' world mark of 7,387 points by a wide margin. In a sport as technical as track is, it is almost unbelievable that the self-made Campbell has come as far as he has.

His older brother, Tom, had been a hurdler at Plainfield High and one summer the latter took home some hurdles for practice. Milt, who emulated everything Tom did, worked out with him. Without any special training in this event, he developed his own style.

A Great Hurdler

"All that I taught Milt," recalls Abe Smith, "was to change his starting mark. He used to take nine steps to the first hurdle and I advised him to take seven, same as Dillard."

With this for a blueprint, Milt Campbell has become one of the best hurdlers in the world, capable of qualifying for the 1956 Olympic team in this event alone. He also feels that he could make the squad in the 200-meter dash.

"Sometimes he looks like a bullfrog charging down the track," observes one critic, "but oh, what power and speed!"

Campbell, with his unbelievable swiftness, should be outstanding in the weight events. He has thrown the 16-pound shot 46 feet, 6 inches.

"If he would bother to learn something about the shot, he would be near the world mark," ventures Smith, "but, it seems, that in track he has to set his own pace."

Another exceptional quality in Campbell is that he is one of the few track men who dovetails beautifully as a football player. Mathias was exceptional at Stanford but he never exhibited the line-crushing savagery of Campbell. Jim

Fuchs, the former world champion shot putter and a splendid athlete at Yale, unconsciously favored his legs, as do most track men, when they play football. But Campbell, who doesn't even run like most track men—he places his feet wide—can shift, start quickly, or make the fiercest sort of contact on a football field.

Learned the Hard Way

He was brought up the hard way, which accounts for much of his inner drive. His path to glory isn't strewn with roses now, either. Many football players of Campbell's talents earn scholarships which ease the way—some huskies in the Southwest and elsewhere accidentally find themselves with Cadillacs and large weekly stipends. Campbell's scholarship at Indiana has been no sweepstakes victory. During the recent Christmas holidays, he returned to Plainfield from Bloomington and worked hard as an errand boy to help augment his mother's income.

Four men have had a highly influential part in a career which may make Milt Campbell America's finest all-around athlete of all time. His father, Tom, had been a Plainfield football player, and later a semi-pro, himself. The father would see to it that his lads, Tom, Jr. and Milt, would run around the house ten times a day for wind exercise and he would insist on daily push-ups. Milt eventually did 45 a night. From his father, Milt inherited his massive physique—from his brother, he got his love for track and field.

"But Tom is a wonderful back, too," says Milt, "one of the best. Now that he is out of the Army, I have been trying to get him to go to Indiana. Then, maybe, we will have two Campbells in the backfield."

Milt Campbell will laud others to the sky, while saying little about himself. That is why he was elected captain of the Plainfield football team and why none of his mates resented an underprivileged kid who was winning all of the headlines and scoring so many points.

"He carried the ball fifty per cent of the time," recalls quarterback Dave Walker, "and practically always within the enemy's fifteen-yard line. But I guess he made about fifty per cent of the tackles also when the chips were down."

Hal Bruguiere, Plainfield's track and field coach, is the third of the individuals behind Milt Campbell's rise. If Bruguiere, who is seriously ill today, had not been reading a magazine one afternoon, Campbell's star might never have risen.

Bruguiere, peering at a magazine contrasting the achievements of Jim Thorpe and Bob Mathias, suddenly exclaimed,

"Why, Milt Campbell could beat both of these guys! All he needs is some training."

Bruguiere was aware, of course, that

READING for ADVENTURE

CHOICE book-reading is around these days for men with a lusty appetite and a yen for gusty action via the printed page. Here are a few new titles you should not pass up:

Most unusual book of the month is **BANDOOLA** (Doubleday, \$3.50), the biography of an elephant, by J. H. Williams. In this tale of jungle lore, you'll read about elephant trunks during monsoons, pachyderm feats during the war in Burma, and the amazing story of a mighty tusker who, though he killed a man, was not really a killer.



ROBERT LOWRY

For a top-flight story of the prize ring, with some terrific inside dope on trainers and fighters, read Robert Lowry's **VIOLENT WEDDING** (Popular Library, 25¢). Lowry is a master of stark realism in handling high-tension emotional scenes, and the affair in this great novel packs a powerful one-two punch. When a Harlem champion gets together with a sensation-seeking Greenwich Village girl—well, find out for yourself!

Hard-boiled and fast-moving, **THE DEAD TREE GIVES NO SHELTER** by Virgil Scott (Popular Library, 25¢) is the tough story of a delinquent who becomes a gangster's hood at 17. His wild ride to ruin—with some help from the mobster's moll—makes a savage, suspense-packed tale. For those who like 'em rough, Mr. Scott lays it on the line.

Although it's a novel about a woman, Richard McMullen's **COUNTRY GIRL** (Popular Library, 25¢) is sure to find favor with male readers. Cheryl is a fun-loving girl, restlessly searching for love and excitement in a prairie town of tough ranch hands and married men. In a story of frustration and violence, she is plunged inevitably into sordid, brutal tragedy.

Western fans know Philip Ketchum by such hell-for-leather tales as **THE SADDLE BUM** and **TEXAN ON THE PROUD**. Ketchum has a brand-new six-shooter out this month, **THE TEXAS GUN** (Popular Library, 25¢), in which a hard-bitten rancher blazes his way through a bitter range war to save a kidnaped girl and her grazeland. Plenty of suspense, gunplay and driving action put **THE TEXAS GUN** right up there with Ketchum's best.

—Tom Edwards



MILT CAMPBELL poises just before releasing discus in '52 Olympic Games.

Campbell swam, wrestled, golfed, jitterbugged, picked up any pastime he wanted to, in short order. But was it possible, asked some critics, that the boy could learn pole vaulting, the discus and javelin throws, broad jumping and master the 400-meter and 1,500-meter runs—events he had never seriously attempted before—less than half a year before the tryouts? They underestimated his genius for intensive concentration.

Friendly experts, specialist coaches from other Eastern schools, taught Campbell some of the intricacies of his un-

tested events. If there were any doubt as to the shape and the mental attitude he was in, it was dispelled when he competed in London six weeks before the Olympic trials. Campbell was one of five Americans invited to a Decoration Day meet. The most youthful member on the squad, he did best of all—winning both the high hurdles and the dash before 35,000 spectators.

Plainfield became so excited about Campbell that, although most of the folks did not know whether the decathlon was a new type of nylon or not, they raised \$1,500 to send him on to the Olympic tests in California. Campbell was now ready for sports' severest ordeal: the 100-meter dash, broad jump, shot put, high jump, 400-meter run, 110-meter high hurdles, discus, pole vault, javelin and 1,500-meter run, all waged in two days of intensive rivalry. And you compete, not only against rivals, but against mythical world records, better than the actual world records, in each event!

Youngest on Team

At Tulare, Campbell registered 7,055 points in the decathlon, placing second to Mathias to become the youngest member and only high school contestant on the 1952 Olympic team.

Campbell himself is a warm, friendly young fellow. He told his ailing coach, Bruguiere, after the Olympics that some day he would have a statue built for him. When Milt won the national A. A. U. decathlon title last July, leading the second man, Preacher Bob Richards, by almost

600 points, he declared simply. "I won this one for Coach Bruguiere."

Abe Smith, the football coach, is the fourth man who helped shape Campbell's career. Smith, who headed a recreation center in Plainfield, knew Milt as a boy of 10 or 12.

"College already has done wonders for him," says Smith. "He is more sure of himself than he has ever been."

It was not certain that Campbell would ever qualify for college. Although about sixty wanted him, some of his marks were low. Immersed in athletics, forced to take odd jobs to support his family, Milt's time for study was always rather limited.

By dint of much self-imposed discipline and his unquestionable intelligence, however, Campbell finally achieved the marks necessary for admission to the University of Indiana. While being tutored in English for the entrance exams, a Plainfield tutor asked him for a definition of will power.

"Will power," said Milt Campbell, "is what gets me here every Tuesday and Friday."

It was will power which enabled Milt Campbell to run a 9.6 hundred, a 20.7 furlong and a 14.1 high hurdles last year—all of which efforts were recorded as among the best American performances for 1953. Will power will be much in evidence as Campbell defends his American all-around title at Atlantic City this July and it will be apparent in the 1956 Olympics which Milt should enter as a favorite.

"But if he adds technique to will power," concludes Abe Smith, "he will surpass Jim Thorpe and Mathias. Wait and see."

END

THEY'RE ON THE LAM (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14)

Mexico City and don't waste any time." In Durango and Aguascalientes, he was tempted to stop over for the night, but he thought better of it, took another benza-drine, and kept on driving.

Thirty-five hours after he left the border, he checked into the lush Del Prado. The room was comfortable, the bed tempting. But he knew that sleep would have to wait. He consulted the slip of paper again, then went to the desk to complete the next step of his instructions. He wrote a short letter to Mikhail K. Samoilov, Soviet Commercial Attache, c/o the Russian Embassy, Mexico City, in which he praised the Soviet's proposal to outlaw atomic weapons. He signed the letter "I. Jackson," went down to the lobby, and dropped it in the mail slot. . .

Now, three days after he mailed the letter to Samoilov, Jackson was in *libre* on his way to the Plaza de Colon. Again he studied the slip of paper. The taxi screeched to a stop. "Plaza de Colon," announced the *chofer*. The man who

called himself "I. Jackson" glanced out the window. There it was. A small circular park in the middle of the boulevard and the pigeon-stained statue of Christopher Columbus. Hastily, he paid the driver and stepped out of the cab.

The tiny park was deserted. Before he stepped off the curb, he reached into his pocket again. This time he took out a guidebook. Placing his middle finger between the pages as if to keep his place, he hurried across the busy boulevard to the statue.

He stood there a few moments, waiting. He couldn't resist the temptation to look at his watch: 11 A.M. on the nose. If everything was to happen according to schedule, this was the precise moment when—

"You are admiring our Columbus." Jackson's muscles tightened. His fingers clutched the guidebook. The voice behind him was so quiet and expressionless that he couldn't tell whether someone was actually speaking or whether he was re-

viewing the familiar words in his own mind for the thousandth time. Slowly, he turned around. He hadn't been hearing things.

The man facing him was short, stocky, otherwise nondescript. For a moment, Jackson couldn't speak. Then he remembered his instructions. "Isn't it a magnificent statue?" he said evenly. "I come from Oklahoma and we have no such statues there." As he spoke, he couldn't help wondering if his voice sounded casual or if he was betraying the fact that he'd rehearsed these words all the way from Washington, D. C.

"There are more beautiful statues in Paris," the stranger said, staring at Jackson's finger which was still inserted between the pages of the guidebook. The contact had been made, according to schedule.

But there was something else Jackson wanted. Without a word, he held out his hand. In it, the stranger placed a small package wrapped in brown paper and tied firmly with white cord. Before Jackson could say "thank you," the little man turned and hurried across the street.

Back in his room at the Del Prado, Jackson cursed the shaking fingers that struggled with the knotted string. With an angry gesture, he ripped open the package. The bills fluttered silently to the floor. But the money wasn't what he was looking for. He'd need it later, of course, but right now there was something more important. He dropped the wrappings on the desk and fumbled with the small hard-bound booklet with the word "Passport" engraved on its cover. Trembling, he opened it to see his own face staring up at him.

Jackson glanced at the calendar on the desk and calculated rapidly. In two days, he would be in Guatemala and, in three, on his way to Europe—another Soviet agent who had successfully evaded the U.S. authorities via the intricate but almost-foolproof Mexican escape route. Even if things took a bad turn and the Mexican police started looking for him, he stood a good chance of finding haven here in Mexico City until things blew over. Dozens of agents before him had managed it.

Two days later I. Jackson disappeared from Mexico, never to be seen again.

The Escape Plan

Precisely this escape plan, via the same runaway route, had been set up for David Greenglass, brother of atomic spy Ethel Rosenberg. The elaborate machinery had been prepared, ready to be put into action. His instructions had been outlined carefully. The Soviet Embassy in Mexico had been alerted. The date for his first move—the application for a driver's license under an alias in Baltimore—had been fixed. But Greenglass decided to wait; his wife was eight months pregnant and he figured that 30 days more or less wouldn't make any difference.

Greenglass figured wrong. On June 15, 1952, he was arrested in his New York apartment and charged with passing atomic secrets. At his trial, he described in minute detail the complicated escape plan worked out for him and testified that innumerable Soviet agents have used it successfully since the early '40's.

Greenglass' plan of escape wasn't particularly original. Since the early 1900's, the 2569 miles of U. S.-Mexico border which extends from San Diego, California, to Brownsville, Texas, have beckoned to thousands of U. S. citizens on the lam.

The long, lonely miles of rugged mountain terrain and sunparched desert which zigzag along the southern boundaries of California, Arizona, New Mexico and Texas are patrolled chiefly by two U. S. agencies, the Bureau of Customs and the Immigration Patrol, with headquarters at 15 official ports of entry along the border. In addition to supervising the main entrances to Mexico, Customs and Immigration also patrol the vast areas of almost-uninhabited country which extends for miles between the border towns. They



LAREDO, TEXAS, IS FAVORITE CROSSING POINT BETWEEN U.S. AND MEXICO

work by car and by plane, on foot and on horseback, and in speedboats and outboards. But despite their vigilance, literally thousands of top U. S. Reds, big-time racketeers and criminals, embarrassed political figures, income tax dodgers, and a hodgepodge of petty crooks have escaped prosecution by crossing the U. S.-Mexico border.

The fingerprints of 84,000 deported aliens and fugitives are on file at the border stations. Officials are reluctant to admit what percentage of the 84,000 are deported aliens and what percentage are fugitives on the lam, but the evidence shows that the "on-the-lammers" far outnumber the aliens. And there are many more than these known 84,000 lamsters and deportees hiding in Mexico.

When REAL assigned me to prepare this report on fugitives who successfully make a getaway to Mexico, I attempted to find out exactly how much red tape is involved in crossing the international boundary line. Three times within the past two years, acting as if I, too, were on the lam, I've made trips to Mexico as a tourist. Following the advice of more seasoned travellers, I've always managed to avoid the inconvenience of having my luggage checked by paying a small bribe to the Mexican customs agent. But this time I decided to carry no luggage and see what my luck would be.

I drove from San Diego to Tijuana. As I approached Mexican Customs, the patrolman came out and glanced into the back seat. "Nada?" he asked. "Nothing," I replied. He waved me on and went back to "inspect" the cars which were waiting behind me. It was that easy. If I'd been carrying a bigtime racketeer in the trunk compartment, it would have been easy, too.

At Nogales, Arizona, I walked over to Nogales, Sonora. I wasn't stopped by Mexican Customs. I wasn't questioned. In fact, I don't think they even noticed me. I base this opinion on the fact that I walked back and forth across the border seven times in a half hour. Each time I walked back into Arizona, the U.S.

Customs agent asked me where I was born. The same agent asked me the same question seven times and each time I gave him a different place of birth. And I got away with it.

In El Paso, Texas, I boarded a streetcar marked "Juarez" and rode across the border without being questioned. The streetcar didn't stop until it was on the Mexican side. I travelled from the U.S. to Mexico and back again 17 times in one afternoon. My pockets could have been bulging with stolen bonds and securities and the authorities wouldn't have bothered me.

At Laredo, Texas, I went over to Nuevo Laredo by taxi. The Mexican Customs agent greeted the cab driver, but he paid no attention to me. Coming back to the States, American Customs asked me the birthplace question. I replied truthfully, "Lowell, Massachusetts."

No One Suspected

That morning, I went from one country to the other and back again nine times in one hour in the same taxi with the same driver. Apparently, no one thought there was anything suspicious or peculiar about my actions. I repeated the same procedure at Brownsville, Texas, in a local bus. Twelve times in one morning.

It was that simple. I wanted to cross the border. So I crossed it. Forty-six times without identifying myself. And each time I passed U. S. and Mexican Customs, I carried no identification. No birth certificate, no driver's license, no passport, not even the six-month tourist permit which, according to regulations, is required of all U. S. citizens who plan to visit Mexico.

When I asked C. A. Emerick, Deputy Commissioner of the U. S. Bureau of Customs, about this situation, I was surprised to find that, technically, I had acted within the law. "No regulations of this Government require American citizens departing for Mexico to obtain United States passports," he told me;



BORDER PATROL FOLLOWS TRACKS OF MAN SUSPECTED OF ILLEGAL ENTRY

"Mexican regulations permit American citizens to cross the border and enter the Mexican cities along the border without documentation." In Emerick's statement lie the two principal reasons why thousands of runaway U. S. citizens, from Soviet agents to errant husbands, choose Mexico as the safest and most reliable channel of escape.

The Soviets discovered the loopholes in U. S.-Mexico border regulations back in 1943 and decided to take advantage of them. Under the supervision of a squat, unattractive female "scientist," who is an able Soviet agent, an intricate escape network was established with Mexico, Guatemala, Switzerland and Czechoslovakia as the main stop-over points before the comparatively "permanent" safety of the Soviet Union's borders.

Opened Secret Routes

Posing as an archaeologist, the Commie agent roamed through the more remote areas of Mexico, opening up safe, back-country routes with the cooperation of Mexican Communists and small-town officials with an eye for a fast peso. Through the Russian Embassy in Mexico City, she arranged to supply lamming agents with forged passports and, with the help of Indians who thought she was looking for the remains of a lost civilization, she had trails hacked out through the unexplored jungle regions of southern Mexico and across the border into Guatemala.

Soviet agents on the run have used this escape route successfully during the past ten years. They still use it today. On the eve of their arrest, the Rosenbergs were preparing to leave for Mexico. The complicated escape scheme which had been worked out for David Greenglass has already been cited. Morton Sobell, the neurotic radar expert who conspired with the Rosenbergs, managed to escape to Mexico City by plane. But after shuttling back and forth between the

Mexican capital and Vera Cruz for seven weeks under seven different aliases, he was arrested by Mexican undercover agents. Acting on a tip, they broke into Sobell's Mexico City apartment and whisked him to Nuevo Laredo where they dumped him half-way across the international bridge. American agents were waiting for him.

Prominent U. S. Reds who get into trouble in the States are popping up with increasing frequency south of the border, according to UP foreign correspondent Joseph U. Hinshaw, who recently completed a survey on Communist influence in Latin America. A large colony of American Communists on the lam operates openly in and out of Cuernavaca, a fashionable resort town just outside Mexico City. Gilbert Green, former district organizer for the Communist Party in New York, and Henry Winston, former high-ranking member of the U. S. Politburo, two of the 11 defendants in the 1949 conspiracy trials, escaped to and found refuge in Mexico. According to Hinshaw's survey, Green and Winston have moved south and are now operating in Guatemala.

The American Communist Party has worked out an escape procedure almost as dependable as the route of the Soviet agents. Members of the Party in good standing are planted in small towns along the border on the U. S. side where they live for several years, establishing themselves as local tradesmen. After they gain the respect of the community, they begin to establish a pattern of border-crossing on the pretext of buying merchandise. After a time, the border agents come to recognize them as "regulars," giving them no more than a friendly word of greeting as they drive from one country to the other. When the crossing pattern has been definitely established, the contact agents are ready to go to work for the Cause, shuttling Party big wheels from the U. S. to Mexico in the trunk compartments of their cars.

Laredo, Texas, is the favorite crossing point for this carefully-planned "trunk route."

When things get too hot for runaway Reds in and around Mexico City, they head south across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec to Chiapas, Mexico's most southerly state. There, in the city of San Cristobal de las Casas (Cuidad de las Casas), they pay a visit to a certain merchant. This seemingly respectable export-import house in the heart of the tropics is, in reality, the jumping-off place for Guatemala. It is all very effective.

Head for Guatemala

If the scurrying subversive figures that things will cool off in Mexico, the merchant obligingly leads them to one of several nearby jungle villages, far from the main highway, where they are comparatively safe from the long arm of the law. Once they get as far as Chiapas, however, most Reds on the lam prefer to go on to Guatemala, where 50 of the 56 members of President Jacobo Arbenz Guzman's Congress are members of pro-Communist parties or groups, making extradition to the U. S. a highly remote possibility.

Actually, U. S. Reds and Soviet agents didn't invent the Mexico escape route. They merely improved and perfected it. Ever since the roaring '20's, big-time racketeers and criminals have been using Mexico as the easiest way out, especially the wide-open town of Juarez.

To facilitate their escape from the U. S.—and to provide an ace-up-the-sleeve, if they're stopped—the racket boys have perfected a "divorce route" to Mexico. In one of the U. S. border towns an innocent attorney is selected at random. The fugitive, using an alias, visits the attorney to whom he whines about a fictitious nagging wife. The attorney, accustomed to this kind of complaint by now, doesn't ask too many questions. He draws up the preliminary papers for a Mexican divorce, accepts his fee, and wishes his suffering client the best of luck.

PHOTO CREDITS

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A few hours later, the "husband" crosses the border. If the odds are against him and Mexican Customs gives him a routine questioning, he produces the divorce papers, proving beyond doubt that he's on his way to a routine hearing in the nearest Mexican town. "Operation Divorce" costs the racketeers about \$170, a small price to pay for another chance.

Mexican Government regulations make it impossible for U. S. citizens to go into business on their own—officially. Hundreds of Americans manage to operate profitable small businesses on an undercover basis, however, by setting up a secret partnership with a cooperative Mexican citizen as a "front," while the American pulls the strings in the background.

Racketeers on the run manage to resume operations in Mexico on the same basis. They become the brains behind Mexico City's gambling houses. They operate hotels and night clubs in lush resort areas, principally Acapulco. Through Mexican intermediaries, they manage to work themselves into the huge gambling syndicates which control jai alai and horseracing in and around Mexico City.

Not All Are Dangerous

Certainly not all the American citizens who seek and find refuge in Mexico can be classified as dangerous criminals and subversives. There are hundreds who fall into the general category of victims of circumstances. Their guilt is questionable, but rather than fight out their cases in a court of law, they flee to Mexico, thereby avoiding the discomforts of a trial and possible prosecution. The Fundamentalists, whose religious philosophy is based on polygamy, fall into this category.

When Governor Howard Pyle of Arizona ordered the state militia to crack down on the polygamist colony at Short Creek, national sympathy was mixed. Some citizens were outraged to learn that in 1953, polygamy was being practiced openly. Others felt that the democratic precept of freedom of religion was being threatened by Governor Pyle. But Fundamentalist colonies all over the U. S. didn't wait to see what the decision of the courts in the Short Creek case would be. They followed the example of former Fundamentalist leaders who had escaped to Mexico in 1945.

When the sect's top officials walked out of Utah State Prison on December 15, 1945, they immediately jumped parole and went to Mexico where they pitched their tents and established the first American polygamist colony south of the border. Today, at least a dozen similar colonies of expatriated Fundamentalists live peacefully in Mexico, out of the reach of U. S. authorities and unmolested by Mexican officials.

The Mexican people—and in most cases, the Mexican government, too—have adopted an almost-benevolent atti-

tude toward U. S. citizens on the lam. They secretly admire the fugitives for being able to get away with it. Their adulation for William O'Dwyer presents a perfect example.

It is not REAL's intention to take sides in the controversial O'Dwyer case. Whether or not the ex-mayor of New York is a fugitive in the exact sense of the word is beside the point. The fact that he has been probed by New York and Brooklyn grand juries, a Senate Crime Investigating Committee, the New York State Crime Commission, and the Intelligence Unit of the Department of Internal Revenue merely adds to his glamor in the eyes of the Mexican man in the street. He knows that O'Dwyer maintains a plush penthouse apartment, a Cadillac complete with chauffeur, and a five-room office suite in the Edificio Nacional, despite the fact that the ex-Ambassador claimed he had practically no means. So the average Mexican snickers at the apparent weakness of the U. S. when matched against the apparent wits of one of its citizens. Without question, William O'Dwyer is the most popular *gringo* in Mexico today. The fact that he may be on the lam has enhanced his reputation a hundredfold.

Mexicans don't seem to be concerned about Soviet agents and U. S. Reds on the run. Mexican Communists move about freely and express their views openly. Some of the country's foremost personalities, like artist Diego Rivera, are self-admitted Communists. As a result, the Mexican people aren't as worried or troubled about the Red menace as we are, a fortunate state of affairs for U. S. Commies on the lam.

Many Places to Hide

The large communities, such as Mexico City and Vera Cruz, offer plenty of opportunity for the fugitive to get lost. Hundreds of obscure sidestreets hotels and *pensiones* cater exclusively to a host of nameless transients. With the exception of a very few expensive establishments, the hotel register is a formality which Mexicans consider an invasion of privacy. You pay your rent and that's it. No questions asked. No curiosity about who you are or where you came from.

In the small towns, hiding out is even simpler. Almost every out-of-the-way village has its handful of mysterious *gringos*. In some cases, the American outsider is nothing more dangerous or subversive than an artist or a writer seeking seclusion and inspiration. But usually, he's a fugitive whose fingerprints are on file in Washington. The stranger who arrives in a Mexican village asking about Americans who live in the neighborhood is greeted with typical stoic, tight-lipped silence. The Mexican Indian resents outsiders who pry into his own personal life and he demands the same consideration for everyone else.

But the general attitude of the Mexican

YANKEE FROM ALABAMA



VOICE OF THE YANKEES

MEL ALLEN, the Voice of the N. Y. Yankees, is the guy who took three ordinary words—"how," "about" and "that"—and transformed them into a catch phrase that rings through every baseball orchard in the country.

One of his favorite people is Yogi Berra, the Yankee catcher.

One day in the off-season, Mel ran into Yogi on the street. They exchanged a few words, then Berra said:

"I've gotta run, kid—why don't you telephone me some time?"

"I'd like to, Yogi," Mel replied, "but you don't have a phone."

"I know," Yogi yelled, disappearing in the crowd, "but you do!"

Anyone in doubt about Mel Allen's astute knowledge of baseball need only talk to Mickey Mantle. Once, when Mickey was in a slump, Allen discovered he was pulling his bat a little too far back. Allen sought out Mantle, told him about it. In the very next game, Mantle broke out of his slump with a home run and a double.

Allen is from the deep, deep South, as anyone can guess who's ever heard his "Well, haaw about thaat?" He spent his first two years in a metropolis called Johns (pop. 404), near Birmingham, Ala. A brilliant student, Mel won a law degree in 1936, but his gift of gab and love for sport led him into radio. He won his first favorable notice when he had to ad lib for 52 minutes when rain held up a big auto race. Soon he was doing baseball, and today he broadcasts all Yankee games.

Equally fond of football, Allen likes to tell of an incident that occurred a few days before the last Rose Bowl game between Michigan State and USC. Mel, who did the play-by-play, was having a late snack with Biggie Munn, Michigan State coach, at the team's hotel, when a man rushed in and gasped:

"Biggie! There's a fire on the sixth floor, where the team's sleeping!"

Mel and Munn dashed to an elevator. At the sixth floor, Munn ran out into the corridor, roaring:

"Substitutes, jump! Varsity, take the fire escapes!"

—Ron Carlisle

people toward U. S. lawbreakers on the lam is merely a secondary reason for the popularity of the Mexico escape route. The principal fault lies at the border itself.

The laxity of Mexican Customs officers is partly responsible for the vast number of American fugitives who choose flight to Mexico in preference to Canada where border restrictions are tighter and enforcement more rigid. But the disinterested manner in which Mexican Customs approaches its responsibilities is only a contributing factor. Much of the responsibility must be placed with the several U. S. agencies that patrol the international boundary line.

The Bureau of Customs and the Immigration Border Patrol, the two principal border agencies, are dangerously understaffed. An incredible maze of overlapping duties seriously hamper the various government bureaus that function at the border. And no individual agency has sufficient responsibility to cope with the problem of persons crossing the border illegally without resorting to almost-endless red tape.

At El Paso, it is estimated that 45,000 persons cross the border to and from Mexico during an average week-end. This district includes not only the main port of entry between El Paso and Juarez, but in addition, 650 miles of adjacent border country. Yet only an average of 20 U. S. Customs inspectors have been assigned to the El Paso area during the past ten years.

In addition to Customs and Immigration, other government agencies such as the Secret Service are concerned with criminals and subversives who cross the

border illegally. Each of these agencies is authorized to question and arrest only those fugitives whose crime falls under its special jurisdiction. The powers of each agency concerned with patrol of the border are slanted entirely toward preventing undesirable persons from entering the U. S.

One high official sums it up this way:

"It is the responsibility of individual agencies to take whatever action is necessary in cases involving violations of law coming within their jurisdiction. This includes requests for extradition in connection with fugitives."

Hard Recapturing Fugitives

Once a criminal on the lam has crossed the border, the business of getting him back to the United States becomes another problem, seriously bogged down by complicated inter-departmental procedures. U. E. Baugham, Chief of the U. S. Secret Service, gave REAL this example:

"If the Secret Service should obtain an indictment of an American charged with counterfeiting, and if that person should be residing in Mexico, then the Secret Service would, through the Secretary of the Treasury, seek extradition through the Department of State."

While all this inter-agency negotiation is being worked out, the law enforcement agencies charged with apprehending the fugitive are, in effect, giving him ample time to get out of Mexico into another foreign country where the tangled machinery for extradition has to be put into motion all over again.

When Gus Hall, one of the 11 convicted

Communist conspirators, jumped his \$50,000 bail in July, 1951, and took off for points unknown, it was suspected that he was in Mexico. But extradition proceedings against him couldn't be started until it was definitely established that he was below the border. When Mexican undergovern spotted him driving to Mexico City in October, 1951, Hall was arrested on the grounds that his papers weren't in order. If his papers had been properly processed, there would have been no actual grounds on which to detain him until the complicated extradition machinery had been completed. As it was, Hall was returned to the U. S.—not as an escaped conspirator, but as an American citizen in Mexico without proper credentials.

The situation at the U. S.-Mexico border is extremely serious. Each year, hundreds of criminals, racketeers, and subversives select the Mexico route as the most efficient way of eluding the law. Until the operating budgets of the various border agencies are expanded sufficiently to increase the number of agents and inspectors, or until each individual agency is granted authority to apprehend criminals regardless of the nature of their offenses, or until a new and separate border patrol is organized which is primarily concerned with American citizens leaving the United States, fugitives of every description, big fry and small, will continue to cross the border by car, by street-car and taxi; on foot or in trunk compartments.

They will continue to crawl under fences and wade rivers and follow secret mountain trails under cover of night to find asylum in Mexico, where a man who can say "I'm on the lam" is more to be admired than censured. **END**

BOOM TOWN MURDER (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18) 18



donors to funds being raised for widows and orphans of men killed in the mines, some as deep as 1200 feet below the surface, and she personally took food and clothing to poor families of the Comstock Lode.

But with all this generosity, Julia had a keen eye for business. When each new batch of her hurdy-gurdy girls breezed in from the Barbary Coast she would introduce them to the boys at the Crystal Bar.

famed for its huge cut-glass chandelier and its choice liquors. And on special occasions such as passing parades she would line them up, alluringly dressed, on the ornate balustrades outside the International Hotel to titillate the crowds.

Julia herself would take the air behind a pair of matched bays in a lacquered brougham, emblazoned with a heraldic device of four aces. This vehicle was a showpiece. It had been freighted across the Isthmus of Panama, then along the Pacific Coast in a windjammer, and finally hauled by Wells Fargo over the Washoe Mountains and up the long and steep Geiger Grade into Virginia City—a costly gift, indeed, from a gentleman friend!

She also owned quite a chunk of a gold mine that bore her name. No other mining shares in the world have ever shown such wide fluctuations in market price as those of the Comstock Lode. It was a violent era when men took their fun, like their whisky. raw. When Julia went to the

Opera House for a melodramatic play or a dog-and-badger fight on the arm of her favorite lover, the fire chief Tom Peasley, she glittered with diamonds and she flaunted laces, silks and sables, the like of which the Comstock had never seen before. No wonder she was envied and hated by the married women of Virginia City who trod the strait and narrow. Few of them, it would seem, could stand the competition.

The Virginia & Truckee Railroad, that highballed nearly a billion dollars worth of gold and silver from the Comstock, named a plushy parlor car for the queen of the courtesans, but the painter who lettered its sides in gilt misspelled her name. (That car is now a prop of Paramount Pictures; you have probably seen it often, minus the original lettering, in the movies.)

Julia was slain at the age of thirty-five. The best saloons in Virginia City and Gold Hill displayed mourning wreaths and the whole facade of her adopted firehouse became a mass of black crepe. Both of the bonanza towns declared a holiday

for the funeral. Mine hoists stood still. Even schools and saloons were closed. Every carriage for miles around was pressed into service.

A brass band playing a dirge led the long cortege from St. Mary's Church to the Flower Hill Cemetery. Next in line came the hearse with its glass walls and black plumes and a gleaming silver-plated coffin. The fire-ladders marched in full dress uniform, each man stiffly holding a helmet in one hand and a bugle in the other, followed by almost the entire male population of Virginia City and Gold Hill, the hurdy-gurdy girls, and a few children. The wives, conspicuously absent, watched the procession from behind curtained windows.

Virginia City never saw a grander funeral. After the mourners had buried Julia in a mountain grave, leaving her to sleep out eternity beneath a wilderness of flowers, the band played a lilting tune, *The Girl I Left Behind Me*, and they two-stepped back to the gin mills, clamoring for vengeance. Police questioned the newsboy who had left a paper on the murdered woman's porch. He admitted having heard a scream while he was in the neighborhood.

"But," he added, "I couldn't tell for sure where it came from, nor did I hear or see anything else unusual."

Saw Nothing Unusual

Another suspect was Julia's Chinese handy man. He disclaimed all knowledge of the crime. He said he had toted an armload of wood into Miss Bulette's house as usual that morning at about eleven o'clock, had built a fire in the fireplace in her darkened bedroom, and had seen the lady herself, apparently asleep in bed, but had gone away without disturbing her.

Three months passed. The Lode, with its clattering stamps, the hollow thunder of its hoists, its whining machines, jangling bells and screaming whistles, seemed to have forgotten that a defenseless girl of easy morals and great personal charm had been strangled to death in her bed. But one day a diamond stickpin, identified as having belonged to Julia Bulette, turned up at the Nye jewelry store in Virginia City.

"Where did you get this pin?" a detective asked.

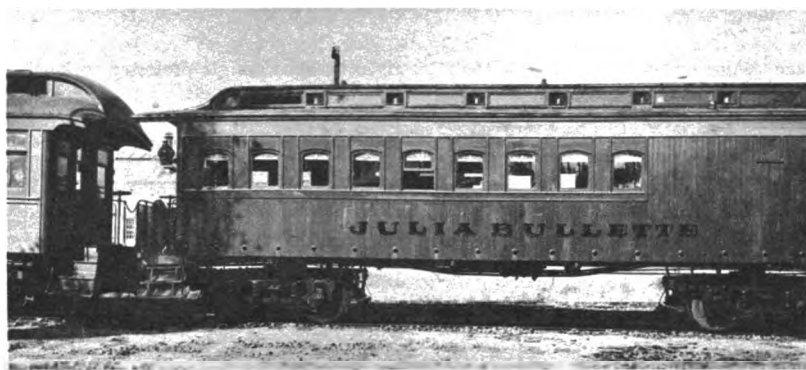
"Bought it," replied Mr. Nye, "from a fellow named John Millain."

Immediately, the cry went up: "Get Millain!"

But before John Millain could be picked up he had fled the city with two other men, Douglas and Dillon. A posse was mobilized without delay, and the hunt was on. Hours later, far out on the desert, the three men were trapped; Millain was captured, while his two companions were shot and killed.

Before Dillon died, he confessed to a part in the crime.

"I had gone to visit Julia that night," he said, "and after she was asleep I got



THE PARLOR CAR OF VIRGINIA & TRUCKEE R.R. WAS NAMED FOR JULIA

up quietly and let Millain into the house. Millain tried to knock the woman unconscious with a heavy stick from the fireplace, but she made so much noise that he strangled her. Then Douglas came in and helped us to carry away the loot. We carried Julia's chest right past the police station."

Police found the treasure chest in the rear of a bakery shop on D Street in the red-light district. The baker said that Millain had left it in his care. An inspection of the contents revealed such items as a pair of red stockings, a black silk dress, sable cape and muff and wristlets, a silk and velvet opera hood, and a glittering collection of men's and women's gold watches, rings, diamond pins and other jewelry.

Millain was a jack-of-all-trades, tall and handsome, with black hair and mustache and a scar above one eye. He offered an alibi to the effect that Dillon and Douglas had hired him to act as a lookout man at the Bulette house on the night of January 19th.

"I thought it was just a burglary," he stated. "I didn't know anything about the murder until the next day."

He said he felt so shocked over what had happened that he attended Julia's wake, sitting up all night beside the corpse, and later went to the funeral. District Attorney Bishop had him indicted on a first-degree murder charge and placed him on trial in June.

A procession of bawds from all over the Comstock Lode took the stand, one at a time, to testify against the defendant. They identified as Julia's property many of the valuables found in Millain's possession. At least a dozen girls gave evidence that Millain and his two accomplices had made the rounds of "the district" houses just before the murder and had commented on the value of Julia Bulette's furs and jewelry. Among the more reputable witnesses for the prosecution was Hank Monk, a famous stage driver of the Sierras.

After the D. A.'s summing up, in which he eulogized Julia "for her many acts of kindness and charity," the jury brought in a verdict of guilty.

Millain waited in jail for months be-

fore the Supreme Court of Nevada turned down his appeal for a retrial. During that time, the respectable ladies of the Comstock Lode visited his cell and brought him books, cigars, cigarettes, candy, toilet water, jellies, wines, roasts and other delicacies. They commended him as a martyr who had rid the community of a wicked Jezebel.

Nevertheless, John Millain was hanged on April 24, 1868. As on the occasion of Julia's funeral, the two bonanza towns declared a holiday. Flags and bunting flew from second-story windows all over the Comstock. The gallows was set up in a natural amphitheater just outside of Virginia City and the entire community turned out—miners, crib girls, barkeepers, Chinese wearing long cues, Indian squaws with paposes strapped to their backs. The picture was pageant-like.

His Last Mile

Millain rode his last mile in a closed carriage, surrounded by the sheriff's posse, mounted, armed with rifles and dressed in gay uniforms. A company of regular soldiers fell in line behind the carriage. Other vehicles carried society folk, officials, clergymen, doctors and newspaper reporters. The members of Virginia Engine Company marched behind a hearse containing an empty coffin—the same hearse that had borne the courtesan queen to her last resting place. In the rear trailed virtually the entire population of Virginia City and Gold Hill.

Millain climbed up the scaffold steps with a jaunty air. He made a brief speech in French, maintaining his innocence and berating the prosecutor for having condemned him on the testimony of hurdy-gurdy girls. Finally, in English, he thanked the good ladies who had visited him in jail. Then he turned to the sheriff and blithely remarked:

"I am ready."

After the hanging, thousands of spectators opened their lunch baskets, strewing the mountain side with egg shells, wrapping paper, chicken bones and empty bottles.

The murder of Julia Bulette was avenged.

END

began asking questions about the theft of the jewels from Kronberg Castle. At these questions, significant changes began to occur in the graph. The breathing pattern, which had been fairly normal, flattened out, and the blood-pressure-pulse pattern described a series of peaks and showed a noticeable increase in the pulse rate.

"Do you know," Keeler continued in a quiet, easy manner, "who stole the jewels from Kronberg Castle?"

"No," Capt. Nash-Durant replied, but the changes in respiration and the other physiological signs became even more marked, indicating the answer was a lie.

The questioning continued slowly—"Do you know where the jewels are now?"—"Did you participate in the theft?"—and so on, to the end of the list. Capt. Nash-Durant showed significant reactions to all the questions concerning the theft of the treasure.

The same test was run again, verbatim, for a double check—and showed the same results. Then the WAC officer was asked a list of questions containing significant ones which followed logically from the results of the first list. She was asked, for instance, if she had hidden some of the loot at her sister's home in Hudson. This produced a negative reply but a very suspicious emotional response.

The Captain Confessed

After about 45 minutes of interrogation, Capt. Nash-Durant confessed, saying that she and her accomplices had agreed to keep the treasure hidden for several years before disposing of it. Besides her husband, Jack, who already was on the list to be questioned, Kathleen Nash-Durant named two fellow-conspirators whose complicity previously had been unsuspected—Maj. David F. Watson, who had been an assistant of Durant's at Frankfort headquarters and still was there, and a sergeant who already had returned to civilian life (and thus was never tried). I took a formal statement from the woman, and had a WAC captain there to take it down in shorthand as she spoke.

This, like our use of the services of the civilian lie detector expert, Keeler, as a consultant, was an extra precaution taken because of the extraordinary nature of the case. I wanted someone of the prisoner's own sex and rank to take down her confession, as a possible safeguard against charges of duress, unkept promises, threats and the like. No WAC had ever been tried by a general court-martial, to my knowledge, and I wanted to be prepared for anything.

I sent a C. I. D. agent to bring in Col. Jack Durant, and he arrived about 4 P.M. I discussed the Kronberg case with him and showed him the statement

given by his wife. He professed to know nothing about the theft.

"Have you any objection to taking a lie detector test?" I asked.

"No, not if you think it would help." He was nervous but agreeable.

We ran three tests on him. He showed specific reactions to questions concerning the theft in the castle and to those relating to the jewels' whereabouts, such as "Do you have some hidden in Virginia?" and "Do you have some hidden in Illinois?" These locations were mentioned because he had a brother living at Falls Church, Va., near Washington, at whose home he frequently visited, and because his home town was Chicago, where his divorced wife and two children still lived. When his suspicious reactions were pointed out to him, he would admit nothing. Instead, he refused to take any more tests, and thereafter we had to depend on ordinary interrogation.

Meantime, Durant's bride had told us that some of the jewels were in her possession, some in Durant's and some she knew not where. She had given us a note to her sister in Hudson, containing a previously-agreed-upon code word and orders to turn the booty there over to us. Maj. Salb flew to Hudson in a special plane (provided us by Major General Walton Walker, commanding the Fifth Army Area, Chicago, who later was killed in Korea), and brought the stolen goods back that night.

So far as the main outlines were concerned, Capt. Nash-Durant's lie-detector examination broke the Kronberg case. But by getting married, the colonel and the captain had fixed it so that neither could be called to testify against the other. More plunder—much more—had to be found, and more confessions obtained, if possible. We continued to interrogate Durant.

He had been ignorant of the lie detector's effectiveness—like many lawyers

who, surprising as it may seem, are as misinformed and vague about it as the general public is. Even so, Durant's refusal to go on with the tests, when he saw how revealing they could be, did not save him from further damage from the polygraph. Consider the tremendous moral advantage we had over him in the simple fact that the machine had shown us his guilt—and *he knew we knew it*. It gave him a trapped, hopeless feeling.

Once, as I returned to a question at which I had been hammering without success, he said to me, "You told me I didn't have to answer," and I replied:

"That's true. You don't have to answer any of my questions, if the answers would tend to incriminate or degrade you, but there isn't anything that says I can't keep on asking them."

Sometimes, during our repetitive questioning in the days that followed the lie detector test, we felt sorry for him. But we could not forget his wanton destruction of historic treasures—saving only the gems and somehow disposing of the incriminating mountings—and his apparent lack of concern for the people he had wronged and the uniform he wore.

As the week wore on, Durant told various false stories that kept Salb and me on tenterhooks, and almost made me give up the interrogation in disgust. Finally, on Friday, as a last resort, I tried the big-brother, friendly-advice approach. Without explanation to the Durants, I gave orders that they be brought in from Fort Sheridan with their bags packed. Then I sat down with them in a quiet room in Keeler's office.

"Jack," I said, placing a hand on the colonel's knee, "look here. Let's just forget for a while that we're in the Army, and that I'm an investigator trying to find out something, and that you're a suspect trying to keep me from finding out. I want to give you some sincere advice, just as if I were your brother.

"If I were your brother, Jack, I would say, 'The thing to do now is to make a clean breast of the whole business and



correct this wrong that has been done."

He looked at me thoughtfully for a while, probably considering that the packed bags meant a change and wondering if the change wouldn't be for the worse. He took a deep breath.

"All right," he said. "I'll help you. I'll have to make a telephone call, in privacy."

He had been making such apparently confidential telephone calls nearly all week, with no purpose but delay, as it turned out. But now there were results. He said he would be called back at a public telephone in a certain restaurant at 8:30 p.m. The call came on schedule, and after he had talked to someone we went to a railroad-station locker and took out a shoebox containing many packets of precious stones.

That finished the investigation for most practical purposes. He never told us who the accomplices were he talked to on the telephone, but he did tell us that he had been double-crossed, that some of the largest gems were missing from the box.

Burden Was Heavy

When I asked why he finally decided to turn over the jewels, he said that the strain of deceit had become too heavy. But his mental burden might have been lighter if we hadn't had the lie detector to assist us.

The successful prosecution of the fantastic ocean-hopping trials—some sessions being held in Germany and others in Washington—is now history. The WAC and Durant and Watson have all been dishonorably discharged, sent to prison for terms of varying lengths, and finally paroled. And the lie detector chalked up one more case marked *Closed*.

The lie detector often proves itself superior to eye witnesses. Such an occasion occurred on a case on which I was called in while at Frankfort for the K'onberg case trials.

One night while walking on a dark square in the American-occupied German village of Wildburg, a U. S. Army captain hailed an American soldier, wanting to know why the man was out after the barracks bed-check hour. The soldier thereupon shot the captain seven times. The assailant dropped a bag of food he had been carrying and ran, discarding his weapon—a German Luger automatic pistol—a few blocks away, where C. I. D. men found it.

The officer, who miraculously survived, said that the gunman was a Negro, with no particularly individualistic features except a head of very bushy hair. Another unusual characteristic was the man's marksmanship. He had fired the full load of his automatic from a distance of 30 or 40 feet, and every round had taken effect. When I was asked to help in the case, the investigators—who had employed conventional procedures with great skill but without much result—were at an impasse. The questioning was being concentrated

on one or two bushy-haired men who worked in a mess hall, it being known that the food in the bag dropped by the fugitive had been stolen from there.

I asked if the mess hall had been broken into. The answer was "no." I asked who had keys to the mess hall and was told that two persons had—the mess officer, a Caucasian, and the mess sergeant, a Negro. I asked that the mess sergeant be brought in, so that he could be questioned and submitted to a lie detector test. His commanding officer remonstrated, saying the sergeant was a soldier with a fine record, an "Old Army" man above suspicion and, furthermore, far from bushy-haired. I insisted on seeing both him and his personnel record. The personnel file showed that the sergeant had won the highest rating (Expert) as a pistol shot.

A type of polygraph test given this suspect (which he agreed to take) was the peak-of-tension test which, whenever the circumstances permit its use, many examiners prefer over the general-question test. For the peak-of-tension test you need to have knowledge of some significant fact or facts that an innocent subject could not know. Then you place a yes-or-no question concerning this fact among questions about irrelevant but similar matters. You show him or read him the list before testing him.

Watch the Peaks

If his emotional tension mounts until it reaches a peak at the significant question and then drops off afterward, you can be pretty sure you've got hold of a man with guilty knowledge. The mess sergeant—as well as other suspects—was given this list of questions, among others:

"Did you shoot the captain with an American Colt?"

"Did you shoot the captain with an Italian Berretta?"

"Did you shoot the captain with a German Luger?"

"Did you shoot the captain with a Swiss Sauer?"

"Did you shoot the captain with a German P-38?"

The sergeant consistently "peaked" at the question about the Luger. He reacted similarly to peak-of-tension tests concerning the weapon's caliber, its disposition and other facts of which he could not have had knowledge and been ignorant of the crime, as he claimed to be.

The detector test indicated that the sergeant had shot the captain while on his way to give the stolen food to a girl friend. Faced with the evidence of the polygraph, he confessed.

A technique just as ingenious is the hidden-key, or one-relevant-question, test. This is an exploratory device, employed where investigators are almost without clues to the particular information being sought. A classic example of its use is found in the Bassett case.

Some years ago, a young Navy officer

SLANGUAGE

. . . of Television



THE television industry made its bow just 14 years ago with public demonstrations at New York's World Fair. But during those few brief years the argot of this new craft has already made a deep impression upon the language of the country. For instance "gimmick"—one of TV's favorite words—is now used widely outside the profession. The same goes for the word, "yak." By the same token, TV has picked up many of its language words and phrases from other mediums. Typical is the word, "tip," the video term for an audience. It comes directly from the carnival midway.

Here are some other terms used in TV:

- Able:** any TV talent who is tops in ability.
- Arsenic:** spot or program that is disagreeable or boring.
- Beard:** any mistake.
- Bankroller:** the sponsor.
- Belcher:** performer with a frog in his throat.
- Blizzard head:** any blonde.
- Bullfrog:** a TV performer with a deep voice.
- Cherry Pie:** extra-money earned by TV talent for doing something other than their ordinary work.
- Cow-Catcher:** an isolated commercial at the start of a show which advertises a product of the sponsor not mentioned on the program itself.
- Dawn Patrol:** engineers, announcers, talent, etc. who put on the morning programs.
- Dog:** a hackneyed piece of writing or music.
- Drooling:** padding a show with unimportant talk or skits to fill out the allotted time.
- Fairy Godmother:** an unimaginative musical director.
- Fish Bowl:** client's observation booth.
- Flagship:** home station of a TV network.
- Hot Canary:** a telegenic female singer.
- In the Mud:** a lifeless delivery of lines.
- Lady MacBeth:** emotional, over-acted tragicienne performance.
- Lock Jaw:** a tired, uninspiring, lifeless singer.
- Madame Cadenza:** a flighty female singer.
- Madame LaZonga:** female who moves, dances nervously, especially on camera.
- Nut:** complete cost of a TV show.
- Old Cow Hand:** experienced personnel.
- Out in the Alley:** out of camera range.
- Tip:** the TV audience.
- Town Crier:** vocalist who sings too loudly.
- Walla Walla:** ad lib mumble repeated over and over again in crowd scenes.
- Yak:** a lot of talk classified as unnecessary.
- Yuk:** a big laugh.
- Zlich:** anyone who walks into a TV studio and whose name is not known.

—James H. Winchester

named James E. Bassett, stationed at Annapolis, received orders reassigning him to duty in the Philippines. He set out for Seattle, his embarkation port, in his new blue Chrysler roadster. He arrived in Seattle but never appeared aboard the ship on which he should have sailed.

What happened was that he had fallen prey to the most unsavory mother-and-son team that ever operated in the Western United States. He had advertised his car for sale, and a man giving the alias of De Castro Earl Mayer (actually the well-known thief and indubitable murderer, William Donald Mayer) turned up and expressed interest. Mayer said he wanted his "aunt" to see the automobile. The last seen of Bassett, he was driving in his roadster with Mayer toward the town of Bothell, 18 miles from Seattle, where Mayer was living with his equally criminal mother, known as "Shoebbox Annie" from her system of carrying her contraband in a shoebox in the days when she was a small-time bootlegger.

About a week after that, an Oakland, Calif., policeman who had heard a broadcast description of the missing officer's Chrysler, spotted the vehicle and arrested the man and the woman riding in it, who turned out to be Donald Mayer and Shoebbox Annie. The two said they knew nothing of what had happened to Bassett, though they had his cuff links, watch and pocketbook in their possession. Other interesting items found in the car included a rifle fitted with a silencer, cartridges in which the powder charges had been reduced (another means of cutting down on noise), a weapon made for firing gas, some cans of chloroform and a heavy pair of tongs, believed to have been used to break bones.

All this caused Mayer especially to look very much like a murderer, but he had been in similar situations before and had avoided prosecution for homicide because of the failure of the police to find the victim's body. Secure in the feeling that Bassett's remains were well disposed of and that it would be almost impossible to prove a case of murder without them, Mayer, on being returned to Seattle, coolly agreed to undergo a lie-detector test proposed by the authorities there. Keeler was sent for, and he employed, for the first time on record, the hidden-key test.

By the time Keeler arrived, investigators had learned that Mayer had driven the car in Washington and Oregon, as well as in California. The main thing that Keeler had to learn was where Mayer had gotten rid of the body. The fact that Keeler had to find one small spot in a three-state area didn't discourage him. He began to whittle down the significant territory as rapidly, almost, as if he had been playing a game of Twenty Questions. After some initial questioning which revealed that he had disposed of the body by burying it, Mayer, feeling somewhat

shaken, decided just to sit still and say nothing. This, of course, couldn't suppress the evidence of his emotions.

"Did you bury the body in California?" Keeler asked.

The pens scribbled along normally.

"Did you bury the body in Oregon?"

Still there was no unusual response.

"Did you bury it in Washington?"

Signs of emotional disturbance appeared on the graph.

By the same means, Keeler proceeded to narrow down the search area within Washington, until he had traced the murderer's route into one county and had then begun to focus it, township by township, until he mentioned a certain township—and the ordinarily impassive-seeming Mayer leaped up and smashed the machine's instrument panel with his fists.

Protested His Innocence

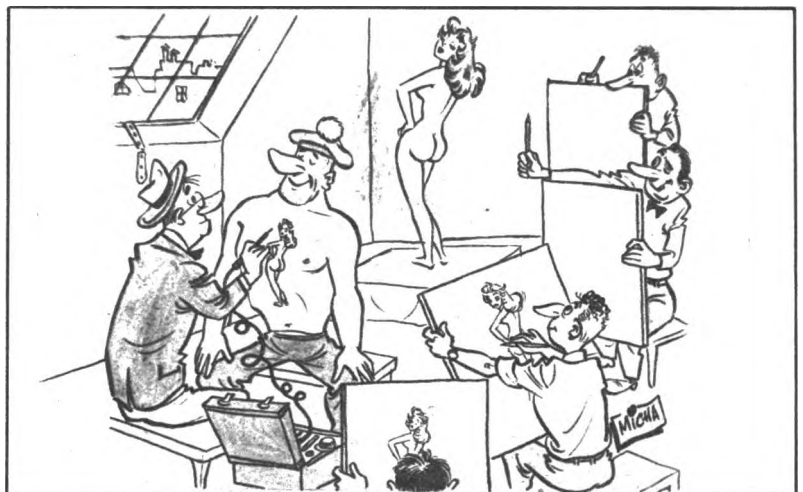
Mayer refused to submit to any more testing and would not talk at all except to swear he was innocent, but Shoebbox Annie was so unnerved on being informed of her son's unintentional revelations that she gave a confession telling how she and Donald killed the young officer, cut him up and buried him in a graveyard vault in the area to which Keeler had narrowed the search with the aid of the lie detector. Mayer committed suicide as he waited to be tried for the murder. Annie was sent to prison.

It may safely be said that many people who oppose the use of the lie detector, and often with righteous speeches, have themselves something to hide. I believe polygraph tests would quickly have cleared matters up in the lengthy and costly Nixon committee investigation of the charges and denials in the Chambers-Hiss dispute. Had Chambers known Hiss as a Communist agent, or not? As I understand it, both men consented to be

examined by the polygraph. The Leonarde Keeler company was preparing to conduct the tests. Then Hiss backed out, saying that he had made inquiries and found that the lie detector wasn't yet sufficiently reliable. Perhaps what he had learned was that it was *too* reliable.

The lie detector is here to stay and is gradually overcoming the ignorance and prejudice that oppose it. Dr. Herbert Lyle of Cincinnati, president of our professional organization, the International Society for the Detection of Deception, has argued that the chief need to bring about general acceptance of the lie detector is recognition by a reputable university, for the thing that hostile courts always advert to is "scientific recognition." Now such university backing has come. New York University inaugurated this past September a one-year, post-graduate course for qualified criminal investigators, psychologists and lawyers in the medical, psychological and legal principles, as well as the various techniques, involved in the instrumental detection of deception. The instructor in charge is Donal E. J. Mac Namara, a former C. I. D. man. Other instructors are Dr. Fabian L. Rourke, who is associate professor of psychology, Manhattan College, as well as president of Lie Detector Consultants of New York, and myself.

The lie detector is an invaluable aid to the investigator, not only to assist him to obtain confessions, but to protect the innocent; not only to help check and screen the statements of various witnesses as well as suspects, but also as a means of obtaining additional leads which may expedite the solution of a case. Our tradition-bound courts seldom admit lie detector evidence, and then usually only when all parties consent. We lie-detector examiners will be just as well pleased that this should remain so, until the necessary controls are established to keep charlatans out of our profession, and until the ethics and professional standards are raised to the point where scientific and legal acceptance can no longer be denied. **END**



I HUNT "HOT" RATTLES

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43)

despite all precautions take by the sponsoring IARH.

Zelta, who fears nothing but spiders, does a snake-handling act at almost every spring roundup, both at the afternoon street carnival and at the evening banquet of the IARH (which features "aged selected rattlesnake steak and rattle-snake-meat salad," delicacies somewhat like chicken). That day, for the afternoon act, Zelta was in the pen with 15 or 20 freshly caught and excitable snakes, both poisonous and non-poisonous—rattlers, a moccasin or two, plus coachwhips and other venomless types.

"Fake!" a woman spectator yelled. "They're all de-fanged!"

She Grabbed a Snake

Zelta grabbed a large rattlesnake, pried its mouth open. It was a hot one, heavily loaded with venom.

The ringside fang expert pulled in her horns a bit, so to speak, groping for words with which to explain away these sheathed fangs. Then the rattlesnake, a five-foot diamondback, decided to settle all disputes over its potency. Zelta's knuckles were white with the strain of subduing its lashings with one hand, while holding the lethal head and neck with the other, forcing its jaws open—a manipulation which in effect left the business end of the rattler to the strength of three fingers.

The snake's tail set up a steady electric buzzing as it writhed in Zelta's slim hands. I seldom worry about her ability to handle any snake, but now I saw her eyebrows tightening, a slight furrow between them—the give-away when Zelta is beginning to figure out just how she will "turn loose" of a double handful of "waspy," or over-excited, snake.

The woman critic stared at the snake's vicious head. Now she was silent, her heckling forgotten.

Suddenly the snake whipped madly. Zelta's hand shook with its lunge. The head actually moved only a few inches, but the flashing fangs were unsheathed. Twin jets of crystal fluid shot straight at the woman's eyes. The woman screamed but for a moment didn't move, paralyzed with fright.

The spray of venom struck her forehead and—with fantastic luck—her eyeglasses. When the woman fainted (and this she soon did), she crumpled to the ground sideways, so that none of the venom dripped into her eyes. If it had, blindness of uncertain duration would have resulted, along with the usual results of rattlesnake bite.

Later, when the woman was revived, she said that her forehead where the poison struck stung fiercely. She left the festivities at Okeene immediately, but I have seen her there since, usually in about



HUGH AND ZELTA DAVIS WORK THEIR RATTLESNAKES IN DEN OF DEATH

the tenth row back, and most conspicuous by her silence.

Zelta meanwhile tossed the rattler to the floor, head first and some distance away, and concluded the act without further incident. This, by the way, is the practical way to turn loose of a hot snake, and one that will occur to a rank amateur, I'm sure, if ever he finds himself holding a rattler without previous planning. *Throw it away.*

My wife is not easily rattled by rattlers. But that devil had pulled a trick new to both of us. It's a general belief of many experienced with snakes that the spitting cobra is the only reptile that can spray its venom. The diamondback, however, sufficiently excited—and sometimes when being pursued—can and will do it. So chalk up one more reason you can never trust a rattler.

A Rare Performance

This one was keyed up to another rare performance: the use of both fangs. I have administered first-aid measures in connection with 23 rattler bites (including one rattlesnake bite for myself, as well as a cottonmouth moccasin and a copperhead), and in only one case have I found a double-fang bite. The rattlesnake's fangs are brittle, fragile, used sparingly and only to paralyze his prey for food, or to protect himself. The snake controls both the swinging action of the fangs (and their protective membranous sheathing) and the quantity of venom ejected. Its bite is normally inflicted with the mouth wide open, jaws almost perpendicular, and a single fang extended almost straight outward.

Unless highly disturbed, as in some rare cases (which have been photographed) when the snake saw no chance of biting anything alive and finally struck in pure fury, the rattler will hold in reserve one fang and a goodly dose of poison. "Three drops to kill"—that's the common expression. Ordinarily a snake injects less than three drops in a bite. But the massive misery resulting from

this minute quantity will convince you that it's not bumblebee venom the rattler carries in his sac.

Aside from the fact that about 75 airplanes of various sizes brought participants and visitors to Okeene's Jamboree last spring, the airplane has figured in several snake adventures in recent years.

At present, Chief Rattler of the IARH is Joe Durham, a member of the Flying Farmers of America, and an able pilot. Joe had to be more than just able a few years ago, when he was first getting accustomed to the ways of the wily rattler.

That Sunday afternoon Joe flew his Piper Cub out to the hunting field, landing on one of the flat areas, to pick up a sack of just-caught rattlers. He was to rush them back some 20 miles to a special ceremony involving some politicians and photographers.

Joe and his passenger, a fellow even less experienced with any kind of snake, had picked up the sack loaded with hot rattlers and, after a smooth take-off, were cruising along about a thousand feet in the air, thinking of anything but what the passenger suddenly discovered.

"One of those snakes is loose!"

Joe glanced around and saw a four-foot rattler moving away from the sack which they had carelessly tossed to the rear of the cockpit. The other snakes seemed secure enough; at least they weren't loose yet.

The four-footer was considerably stirred up, and when Joe's companion grabbed up a metal catching iron and dealt it a sideswipe body blow, it only served to enrage the rattler thoroughly. It coiled and struck whiplike at the bruising iron. Joe's passenger decided that the snake took up too much of the scant room in that Piper Cub's cabin; he climbed out on the gangway and held onto a wing-strut with one hand while beating at the snake with the other, when he could reach it through the window.

Joe had his hands full, not to mention his feet, in order to control the plane. He had very little hope, he told me later,

but what the snake would bite him at least once and possibly several times before he could find a landing place. If he gave the snake too much attention (if there could be such a thing as "too much"), his piloting of the plane suffered. They had already dropped about 500 feet.

His only defense was to dip the right wing of the plane and pull the nose up. On the smooth floor this stopped the rattlesnake's traction toward him, and the snake slid back into the far corner.

Hold Tight!

"Don't hit at him any more!" Joe yelled to the man on the wing. "Just hold on—tight!"

The belaboring of the snake ceased, but it was still wild to bite something. And you cannot point the nose of a Piper Cub skyward indefinitely. Next time the snake lunged at him, Joe had to dip the wing and tip the nose down. The snake slid into a less-than-neutral corner, dangerously close.

They were less than 300 feet above the ground when Joe realized he was near a wheat field on the edge of the gyp-hills hunting grounds. He gave the plane one more upward flip, tossing the snake out of range again, then just before the plane stalled—and keeping the right wing down until they were less than 20 feet off the ground—he swerved in for a dead-stick landing and leaped out of his seat just as the rattler moved within striking distance again. Joe and his passenger then enticed the bruised snake out of the plane and killed it, tightened the draw-string on the sack containing the remainder of the catch and flew on to the Okeene landing field.

Back in May of 1951, Joe and Ed Lamle, another FFA member, demonstrated for Army officers at Vance Air Force Base near Enid, Oklahoma, another snake-and-airplane combination—this one planned and somewhat better controlled. I don't recall who originated the idea, but it was dubbed Operation Para-snake. The idea was to drop hot rattlesnakes via special small parachutes behind the enemy lines in Korea and put a sudden end to the war.

The parachutes were to be of six-foot size for any snake over four feet in length, and three-foot size for all smaller snakes. They were attached at two points on the snake's body by running nooses which tightened with the snake's weight. When the chute hit the ground, the nooses lacked a firm knot, enabling the snake to quickly wriggle free and be ready to stab anyone handy for the recent indignity it had suffered. The parachuted snakes were carried on the wing of the plane in a large bucket, the bottom of which could be released by a cord inside the plane. The whole operation

worked remarkably well in several demonstrations at Enid and Okeene.

"Snakebite causes a lot of consternation," as Joe put it, in an understatement that could come only from the IARH Chief Rattler, and that was the basic principle of this new weapon. Orientals are extremely superstitious about snakes, a fact that would add to the consternation of the Chinese Reds when they realized they were being "bombed" with poisonous reptiles. The Army put Operation Para-snake "into channels" and no more was heard from it. Maybe it smacked too much of germ warfare.

An odd fact about the Rattler Round-up is that only one snakebite of record has occurred in the hunting field, through-



DIAMONDBACK is milked for its venom; snake often ejects half a teaspoonful.

out its history, while each spring there has been from one to five people bitten in the town of Okeene during the marketing and handling.

I witnessed one other bite in the field, but it was largely the fault of the hunter, who should have remained in town with the "spiritual" members who are expected to furnish moral support only. This was a tall, lanky cowboy from the 101 Ranch near Pawnee, Oklahoma, or so he said. Complete with cowboy boots, Levis and 15-gallon hat, he elected to hunt with Zelta.

"Have you been on a hunt before?" Zelta asked him, watching the ground closely as they wandered warily over the gyp hills.

"Oh, sure!" said the cowhand airily. "Had lots of fun with rattlesnakes on the 101 Ranch." His tone indicated that rattlers were playthings to him, and he paid more attention to Zelta than to the ground.

"Did you see *that* one?" Zelta asked calmly.

"Which one?" A new tone of surprise.

"The one you just stepped over."

The cowboy who was buddy-buddy

with snakes turned as white-faced as any heifer he ever rounded up, and he jumped a good six feet, flatfooted.

Zelta offered to catch the snake, but the cowboy was game and pinned it down himself. But it got away. Then Zelta caught it. The cowboy held the sack for her.

Procedure here calls for the one holding the snake to thrust it into the sack head-first, give it a shove down (which Zelta did); the person holding the sack must then give it a good shaking to be sure the snake goes to the bottom. The cowboy, still protesting that he was familiar with snake hunts, failed to give it the required "shake-down," and the snake nailed him. It was only a "snag" bite, with little venom, and first-aid was all the victim needed. A few days later that same cowboy applied to me for a job with the Mohawk Zoo's snake collection, but I had seen enough of his work.

Some non-poisonous snakes have teeth, and very sharp ones. The spreading adder, for example, has small fangs which are used to deflate toads that puff up defensively, not wanting to be swallowed. But these fangs are not the hypodermic type and are harmless to the extent that a pin or nail is harmless.

A Trickle of Blood

A couple of years ago, just after the IARH Jamboree banquet, Zelta was exhibiting a double-armful of non-poisonous specimens to the audience. Her right hand and arm were occupied in keeping a large bullsnake from joining the spectators, and she didn't pay much attention to a smaller variety of grass snake which was engaged in swallowing the middle finger of her left hand. While aware of it, she knew its swallowing capacity would end abruptly at the finger's third joint; then she could easily choke it off. What she didn't realize was that the grass snake was scratching with its teeth, bringing a trickle of blood. And working busily at swallowing that finger. A woman in the audience (who certainly looked strong enough to watch, if Zelta furnished the finger) sank slowly to the floor with her eyes still trained on the swallowing snake and fainted dead away.

This broke up the show and Zelta went to the powder room to wash the tiny wounds. Near the door was a telephone, at that moment in use by an Oklahoma City newspaper reporter.

"Hold it, man!" he shouted into the phone as he caught sight of Zelta with the dripping finger. "Here comes one of the snakebite victims now!"

He described her, but she pushed past him with a laugh when he wanted her name. The "hot flash" was put on the press wires and got out on several local radio news bulletins, which bothered us because of our folks at home listening. But their alarm was considerably less than what spread in the banquet hall with the fainting woman and Zelta's exit to

stop any possible infection in the scratches. A national magazine's photographer standing near the reporter was so horrified that he forgot to snap a picture of the only blood drawn that day.

The International Association of Rattlesnake Hunters, now sparked largely by the Junior Chamber of Commerce at Okeene, was organized 15 years ago, and one of the alleged reasons for the hunts or snake round-ups was to thin out the snakes because they were killing cattle. This is dubious, although still seen in print often enough. The rattler bite, of itself, is not powerful enough to kill a healthy cow or steer.

Snake Man's Heaven

Two years before the IARH got going, a group of about ten of us from Tulsa's zoo, including private citizens who simply like to hunt snakes, made an expedition to the gypsum hills about 15 miles west of Okeene and in the Salt Creek canyons, where all the hunting still is done. We first stopped at Hitchcock, Okla., and inquired, because you can walk your legs off looking for the *Crotalidae* unless you have sound ideas on where to look. We were directed to the inevitable Old Settler; this one made his living as a trapper—nice seasonal work in this section—and his specialty was skunks. Where the polecat can find his fare of rodents, rabbits, frogs, gophers and squirrels, there too you will probably find the rattlesnake. We hired the Old Settler as guide, and he led us into the gyp hills and a herpetologist's heaven where we caught 54 rattlesnakes in one day. (A party of four from Tulsa next year caught 120 in one day.) It was the first organized hunt around there, to my knowledge, although I'm sure many other people in the area knew it was great country for snakes. They just hadn't figured out what to do with them.

Orville von Gulker, a local newspaper man with imagination, knew that lots of people like to hunt snakes and that even more people like to watch the hunting in hopes they will see someone get bitten, or maybe just "a little bit bitten." So he wrote "Old Smoky," based on the legend told by the Cheyenne Indians in Blaine county of *Smol-yakke*—the Paul Bunyan of all rattlers and one whose least accomplishment, by his lightning strike and speed across the prairies, left in his sizzling path a blue haze of smoke. Remarkable, indeed, amongst the normally sluggish rattlesnake family.

Anyway, the IARH was off like a windmill blade, with O. von Gulker as Chief Rattler and the allied Universal Institute of Amiable Liars yapping at his heels. There was some friendly rivalry in earlier years as our Tulsa crew continued their forays and threatened to take the bulk of the catch straight to the Mobawk Park Zoo rather than join the Okeene celebration; in the compromise all Tulsans were made honorary members and officials of the IARH, for free.



THREE RATTLESNAKE HUNTERS UNLOAD A TRUNK FULL OF DIAMONDBACKS

Zelta and I seldom miss one of these hoedowns with the IARH. The Jaycees stage a street show, banquet and crowning of a queen, then buy the day's catch (50 cents a pound top) after weighing ceremonies. Last year's prize catch was a 78½-inch diamondback, a fat rascal weighing just under 15 pounds. The all-time record is 7½ feet, 15 pounds.

Catching sticks range from plain forked limbs to the "hook" (which is all it is), the "grabber" (an auto radius rod jiggered to work like your groceryman's top-shelf reacher) and the "golf-stick" type already described. Some also use a stout hollow bamboo or cane pole, or pipe, with a running loop to be drawn tight about the snake's neck.

Catch Is Important

The catch is sold (live) to carnivals, circuses, sideshows, collectors and zoos; extracted venom goes to medical laboratories to become the basis of antivenom. In addition, I understand it figures importantly today in research on cancer, a treatment for epileptics as well as for various eye troubles, and has been converted into one of the new blood coagulants. Two other markets now are canning companies that will take all the rattlesnake meat offered, and makers of shoes, purses and belts who buy the snakeskins. The novelty market for the rattles is slow but growing. Severed heads go for school and college displays.

The largest "official" tally I've witnessed for one Sunday at Okeene was a total catch of 650 snakes, averaging about three pounds each and three feet in length. Nobody can make much money at 50 cents a pound, although some of the "pros" extend their hunting to about three weeks in the spring. Only as they emerge from hibernation in the spring, and again as cool weather slows them down in the fall of the year, are the

rattlers sufficiently lethargic for reasonably "safe" hunting. Temperatures under 72° F. don't appeal to rattlers. Fall is the safer time, if there be such a thing, because the snakes are not apt to be so hot with venom by then. With just a few minutes in a warm sun, however, they can be remarkably lively and unsafe at any time.

The IARH has enrolled more than 5,000 members (usually about 1500 get into the actual hunting, and many of those not too seriously). Its more exclusive Order of the White Fang is restricted to people who have survived a bona-fide rattlesnake bite, and 110 certificate-diplomas have been issued. The fraternity exchanges experiences and does little else; anyone trying to dream up a scary initiation rite for this Order would be a fool—they've had it.

The latest rattlesnake fandango at Okeene was held on April 11. Catching sticks and experienced guides were available for anyone wishing to try his luck. If you've never fenced with a rattlesnake, this event is guaranteed as an excellent way to suddenly break the laxative habit.

Some day, I fear, the rattlesnakes will have their revenge—when there simply are not any rattlers left. With hunting so well organized now, the rattlesnake actually may soon be mighty scarce if not wiped out, although the supply is holding up amazingly well year after year in Okeene's gyp hills.

Like any zoologist, I'm concerned with the "Balance of Nature," and it follows that if the hunters do succeed in making rattlers unusually scarce, the rats, mice, rabbits and other pests upon which the snakes feed will undoubtedly flourish a thousandfold. Many a farmer may some day be praying for a few rattlesnakes to help save his crops. But perhaps by then a more pleasant substitute for the rattler will be found.

END

CARE AND FEEDING OF HANGOVERS (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31)

in charge with gaudy accounts of their military prowess, while Fields loudly demanded assignment to a commando unit. The sergeant let them fill out the required forms and then tore them up, saying sarcastically:

"Who the hell sent you guys down here? The enemy?"

Another peril of the hangover was demonstrated in Peru not long ago when a group of American correspondents and photographers, after a night-long party, were unexpectedly summoned to the Presidential Palace at Lima for an interview. One of the most hungover of the group was a photographer for a New York agency who had been intrigued, the night before, by the small boys passing out printed cards advertising the attractions of Lima's leading bordellos. The photographer had made a collection of these cards, just for kicks, and stuffed them in the handkerchief pocket of his tweed jacket. In the throes of the morning-after hangover, he donned the same jacket for the trip to the palace, and during the interview with the presidential party he pulled out his handkerchief. A dozen of the bordello cards fluttered to the floor. The President of Peru gravely bent down, picked them up, and handed them to the photographer. The latter, feverishly casting about for an explanation, accepted the cards and stuttered:

"Thanks . . . I, uh . . . this is my hobby . . ." The poor guy then went on the wagon for a year.

Truthful with a Snootful

Straggly enough, the doctors say there is a positive side to the hangover, outrageous as that may seem around 7, on the morning after tying one on. They claim that most excessive drinking is due to emotional problems, mostly sexual, and that when they can catch a patient in the throes of a hangover they are more likely to get the unvarnished truth out of him than when he is cold sober and on guard. A man with a hangover feels too awful to make up lies. This gives scientific backing to the motto that old "Hinky-Dink" Kenna used to have hanging over his bar on South Clark Street in Chicago: *In Vino Veritas*. It means, said the Hink, that when you get a snootful you'll tell your right name. The doctors call this "discharge phenomena."

A good illustration of the value of the hangover is the case of George G—, 49 years old, who had been coming to the Yale Clinic off and on for some time. Treatment didn't seem to be doing George much good. He drank a lot and was subject to nervous depression, but he denied having any serious emotional problems and the doctors were about ready to give up on him when he staggered into the clinic after a long spree. His physical examination, as usual, was entirely nega-

tive, but in the course of a routine review of his case the doctor mentioned George's wife. This had happened a number of times before without eliciting any special response from George, but now his red eyes lit up like a railroad crossing signal. He burst into a storm of abuse against his wife, cursed her ("adjectival assault," the doctors called it), and cried like a baby as he told of his suffering in the blessed state of matrimony. His blood pressure rose from 130/80 to 180/100. He was given a sedative, calmed down, and sent home. But he had finally provided the key that unlocked the door to his drinking problem, and when he returned to the clinic the following week he was able to carry on a calm discussion with the psychiatrist about his marital situation. If he hadn't been caught with his stomach down in the middle of a hangover, he probably never would have told the truth about what was troubling him.

The Big Question

So, if your libido is bothering you, take it to a psychiatrist while you have a hangover. That way you won't take a total loss on the money you spent for liquor.

But, valuable or not, the average Joe will sell his hangover cheap. How to get rid of it—that's the question. The most widespread and popular answer, of course, is a little "hair-of-the-dog." In other words, more of same. Eddie Condon, the great jazz musician, sums up this tradition:

"For a hangover, take the juice of two quarts of whisky."

A prominent businessman swears by a water-glass full of gin and champagne in equal parts and well stirred. No self-respecting hangover, he claims, will stand still for this. A prescription consisting of

three parts tomato juice, one part gin, juice of half a lemon, and a sprinkling of Worcestershire sauce has many advocates along San Francisco's Mason Street. Raw egg and ale also has its devotees, chiefly in Boston, while the French Riviera swears by lemon juice, absinthe and sherry.

One trouble with the hair-of-the-dog cure is that you usually got all the hair the dog had the night before, and there's nothing left for morning-after medicinal purposes. A good example of the peril of relying on the dog's hair is found in the case of a war correspondent who was working with the late Ernie Pyle at Air Force Press HQ in Naples. This lad awoke one morning with a shattering hangover and realized, to his dismay, that the only medicinal spirits anywhere around was a bottle of cognac in Ernie's possession. Ernie was a very moderate drinker and frowned on the alcoholic excesses of his fellow correspondents. Our hangover victim approached Ernie warily, working cautiously up to the subject by praising all of Ernie's writing, concluding with "Ernie, your story, 'The Death of Captain Wascoc,' is one of the greatest ever written in the English language."

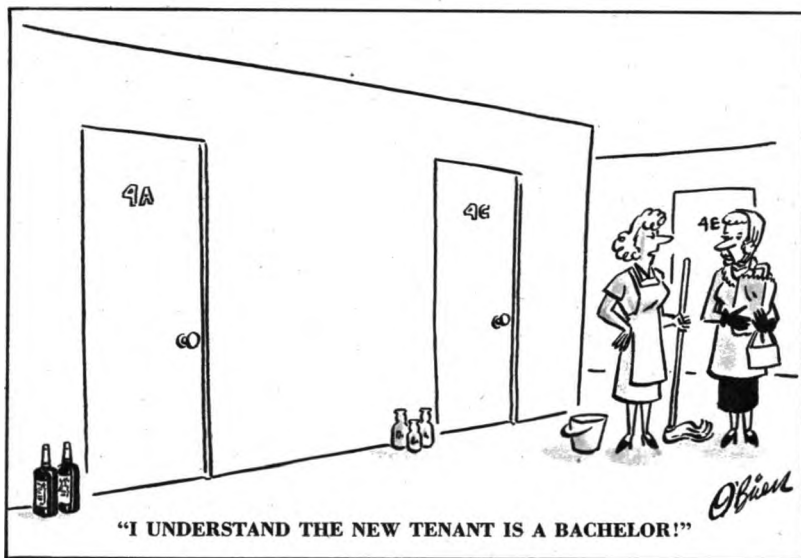
Anything for a Drink

He waited. Ernie nodded, kept on reading the overseas edition of *Time* Magazine. The overhung correspondent piled on more praise until he finally got the courage to ask:

"How about a drink, Ernie?"

Ernie took the precious bottle and fondled it lovingly. "You know," he said, "*Time* thought so much of that story that they printed it in full. Now, if you really admire it as much as you say, you can read it aloud for me."

With his head feeling as if it were being bounced at the end of a springy wire, the unhappy correspondent read the *Time* story seven times before Ernie unbent



and let him have a slug. This cruel and inhuman treatment was only Ernie's way of reproving his colleague for the previous night's excesses, but it illustrates the hazards of relying on the hair-of-the-dog.

Another trouble with the hair-of-the-dog theory is that it doesn't work. Dr. Lolli of the Yale School says:

"More alcohol, even if given in ever-decreasing doses, is no remedy for the psychological and physiological disturbances caused by the excessive use of alcohol." Moreover, warn the Yale doctors, anybody who is even tempted to drink while in the middle of a hangover is already well down the road to chronic alcoholism.

The hangover problem, of course, isn't new. Men have been trying to solve it ever since that distant day that a primitive ancestor accidentally drank some of the juice from a mess of rotten grapes. For that morning-after feeling the Biblical Assyrians ate a powder made of ground-up swallow's beaks mingled with sweet-smelling herbs. In 150 B.C. the Roman politician, Cato, munched on a bowl full of stewed cabbage topped with raw bitter almonds. Two hundred years later the historian, Pliny, suggested that considerable relief might be obtained from a toddy made of screech-owl eggs, roasted boar's lung and powdered pumice stone. The ancient Magyars stoically chewed a mixture of bird dung and grape leaves. But there is no record that any of these exotic formulas worked any better than the hair-of-the-dog.

The Bulldog's Report

What *does* work? Here it is, straight from the bulldog's mouth—the gruesome symptoms and how to handle them, as set forth by the Yale School of Alcohol Studies:

1. *Thirst.* Your mouth feels like the inside of a motorman's glove because your internal plumbing is out of whack. Drink lots of water, and nothing but water. This primes the pump and replenishes the body's water supply.

2. *Headache.* Man, what an understatement! You have that horror because the normal water in your brain has eloped with the departing alcohol, and because that part of the brain that controls the dilation and constriction of blood vessels is temporarily out of whack. There isn't any quick cure, but if you put an ice pack on your dome, take a few aspirin, and try not to worry, you'll feel better. If this doesn't work your doctor may prescribe a mild drug, usually one of the barbiturates.

3. *Fatigue.* Being the life of the party runs you down; you don't get enough sleep, food, or water. Take a warm bath, eat a good meal, and go to sleep if you can. Stay in bed as long as possible.

4. *Stomach-ache and nausea.* The how-did-I-swallow-that-anvil-and-what-makes-it-come-up-so-easy feeling. The best treatment here is preventive—if you must

drink, drink beer, wine or other beverages low in alcoholic content. Avoid straight drinks. Don't drink without eating; food will absorb some of the alcohol and keep the stomach membrane from absorbing the full wallop. If you're a real lush, prepare beforehand by getting a prescription for an anti-nausea drug from your doctor and dose yourself with it before flowing into bed.

5. *The shakes.* There's an old joke about the two confirmed drunks in the doctor's waiting room. Both have the violent shakes. The first one says: "How much (hic!) do you drink a day?" The second one replies: "Oh, (hic!) about a quart." "Shucks," says the first lush, "I spill more than that."

Shakes Are Temporary

The shakes are really violent tremors, more or less limited to the hands and fingers, and may last for several days. They are only temporary and nothing to worry about unless you are a confirmed alcoholic, in which case the only cure is to quit drinking altogether.

In the midst of the horrors of the hangover it is easy for the victim to believe that he has done irreparable damage to his body, mind and soul. Probably not, say the Yale doctors, although long-continued excessive drinking does affect the personality. But usually the unpleasant symptoms pass when all the alcohol is withdrawn from the body and enough food, water and sleep taken aboard to replenish the body's resources.

Excessive drinking apparently doesn't cause cirrhosis of the liver or gastric ulcer, and the stomach is a rugged organ quite capable of taking on the Demon Rum in a finish fight. At Bellevue Hospital in New York, autopsies on Bowery winos showed that their stomachs were as pink and healthy as those of non-drinkers. But if anyone *has* cirrhosis or gastric ulcer, heavy drinking is bound to make it worse.

So, while the victim of the hangover can be assured that his brain cells are not permanently damaged, that his liver is not shriveling up, that he is not acquiring a flock of ulcers, and that no lasting damage is being done to his stomach, he *should* realize that long-continued excessive drinking, and the failure to eat properly that usually goes along with it, will in the long run seriously affect his body. And, while the life expectancy of the occasional drinker is about the same as that of the non-drinker, the insurance companies figure the lush to kick off several years before his time.

In other words, an occasional hangover, terrible as it seems while it is on, is, nothing to worry about. Forget the fanciful panaceas, the black coffee, the tomato juice, the raw eggs and all the rest. But do drink lots of water, eat well, take a warm bath, swallow a light sedative or a mild anti-nausea drug, and get some sleep.

And don't let it happen again. *This means you.*

END

MAN BEHIND THE MIKE



ATLANTA'S JOHNNY MURRAY

WE'RE ALL familiar with the legend of the dese-dams-and-doze dame, born in Brooklyn, who suddenly shows up on Park Avenue with a delightful Southern accent. She goes on to captivate blasé café society with a series of cute little you-alls, honeychiles and hush-mah-mouths.

Well, Johnny Murray, Atlanta, Ga.'s top disk jockey, provides an interesting switch on this story—with the important difference that Johnny is no phony. For John is a young fellow born 30 minutes out of Brooklyn—Glen Cove, Long Island, to be exact—who for almost a decade has been charming the hell out of Southern radio audiences with his enchanting New Yorkese.

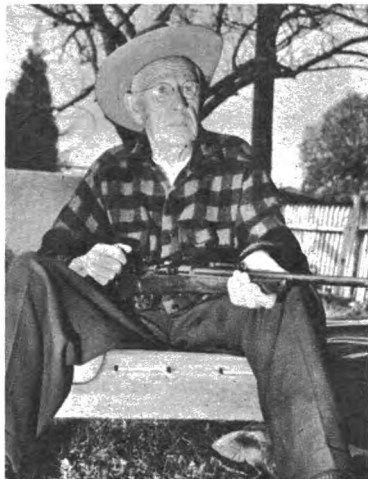
It was the double-barreled combination of coincidence and hunger that hurled Murray into the South. Fresh out of the Army, he was faced with the same problem we all have had to confront at one time or another—how to make a living. He decided he'd try to convert the drill-sergeant voice he had used as a Link-trainer instructor to peacetime use as a radio announcer.

Idly thumbing a radio trade magazine, Johnny found a classified ad for an announcer in Gulfport, Miss. He answered the ad and got the job. Two months later Murray competed against a more experienced group of talkers for a choice spot as all-night disk jockey on WDSU in New Orleans. To his amazement, he won that job, as well. It was good for three and a half years, during which Johnny built up a huge following of listeners throughout the entire area.

Murray's Northern accent made him such a familiar figure that practically everybody in town knew him—by ear. He worked for a grocer who specialized in giving things away—not big things like cars, but stuff like bunches of bananas, pounds of coffee, dog food. It got so that every time Johnny phoned a winner to announce his success, the victim would not say "Hello." He'd just say, "What do I get?"

Today Johnny's "Murray-Go-Round," which goes on Atlanta's WQXI for four hours every night, is just about the top show in town. One reason for this, I'm sure, is that he hasn't yet let loose with a single you-all or honeychile.

—Carl H. Winston



BILL MORSE, holding his favorite rifle, had to take on Old Tom unarmed.

Old Tom! I knew it was he—it had to be. No other wildcat in the whole range would be crazy enough to follow a man along a trail and then overtake him.

My gun was lying there on the rocks beside me, but I was afraid to reach down and get it. If Old Tom was rabid, he might spring at me. Any movement might bring this package of dynamite flying down on top of me.

I strained to penetrate the darkness and see this wildcat, see how he was crouched there on the branch, see whether he was in a position to spring. I could barely make out his supple shape, moving with a swaying motion, back and forth, his tail held close to his body, his head flattened on the branch, not ten feet from my face!

Then He Struck

He made a guttural coughing sound, as if he had a sore throat. And then he struck.

He shot straight at my face, his tense muscles releasing like a tightly wound mainspring that suddenly snaps. Down he came from the black shadows, a flying demon driven by some wild, savage passion.

Instinctively I threw my arm across my face and half turned in time to take the full blow of Old Tom's attack on my right shoulder. The impact knocked me flat to the ground, and for a wild moment I was grabbing fur and feeling the sting of sharp claws raking across my cheek and neck.

Over and over Old Tom and I rolled together, across that barren rock, the cat making unearthly savage yowls as his sharp teeth snapped and slashed, trying to sink into my flesh. He was sprawled across my back, his sharp claws digging into my side and my arm, as I fought to disengage him.

As Old Tom clawed and bit, tearing

pain shot through my body at a dozen points, but I thought only of getting a death grip on the lithe beast. We rolled back and forth across the big rock for I don't know how long, and I played hell with Old Tom, beating and slugging at his tense body to break him free. But he was mostly behind me and apparently intended to stay there until the battle was over.

I thought about my .30-30, but in the dark I didn't know how to reach for it.

My head began to swim, and for a moment I was afraid I was going to pass out. Old Tom and I were fighting, scratching, rolling and squirming in as fantastic an engagement as you could imagine. He had a tight grip on my back and wasn't about to let go. And I wasn't about to lie still and let him chew me to bits—my only plan at the moment was to roll over and over and somehow get free of this hellish beast and then kill him.

Gripped by Fear

Suddenly I felt us rolling down the rock, over the edge of a steep dropoff. I didn't know how far it was to solid ground, but with sudden fear I remembered seeing a 100-foot precipice in the area the last time I had crossed the ridge. If that was what we were slipping over, it would probably be the end of both me and Old Tom!

I threw my arms wide to protect myself in the fall as we went spinning off crazily into space, and then, with a jarring crash, Old Tom and I slammed into manzanita scrub at the base of the rocky promontory and everything began to spin. I blacked out.

I must have been unconscious for only moments for the sudden pain of sharp teeth tearing at my shoulder brought me out of it. My clouded brain told me I had to keep fighting or be chewed to death by this unbelievably ferocious, loco cat.

With my last ounce of strength, I reached behind me with my left hand and dug my fingers into the animal's middle and yanked. The pain I felt made me wince, but Old Tom came free, and thudded to the ground beside me, feet kicking the air frantically. Too weak and exhausted to go on, I wanted to get up and run from this beast, but I knew he would be on me again before I could even stand up. So, with a prayer on my lips, I somehow dragged my torn and bleeding right arm, numb with pain, over on top of Old Tom and pressed down, while I shot my left hand up to his throat and squeezed hard.

The cat's throat vibrated with an ugly, low bubbly sound as I tightened my grip. Then, with an effort, I got to my knees. Old Tom was squirming and fighting my hold on his throat, but I held on grimly. At last I was able to pull one foot up onto Old Tom's body and plant it firmly on his back.

With a final effort, I circled the animal's throat with both hands and lifted his snarling, snapping head upward. Slowly I pulled on the fighting beast, and with a short, final jerk I bent his body back until I heard a sharp *crack!*

I had broken Old Tom's back.

The beast shuddered, emitted a low moan and dropped back to the ground, dead. I sat there a long time, and stared at that fantastic animal, that wild-hearted bobcat who had gone completely savage, back to the beginning of time.

When my wind returned, I stood up and stripped off my mackinaw and shirt. I was bleeding badly from deep scratches across my back and neck and cheek, and I knew I had to get help quickly.

I stumbled back around the rocky promontory to get my rifle, then half slid back down to where Old Tom lay still.

I slung Old Tom around my neck like a sack of flour, then followed a game trail down into a ravine and stumbled on down that. I was going to prove to my family that the old man could take care of himself in a fight—even with a wildcat!

I finally reached water and bathed my wounds, drank deeply and staggered on down the canyon until, as gray dawn began to break, I could see the outlines of a cabin in the mountain foothills.

I roused the couple who lived there, and after they looked at me and Old Tom in amazement they patched me up as best they could. After a day's rest and some food, they drove me back to my jeep in their wagon, and Old Tom and I left the Wah-Wah Mountains for good.

Sometime, I'm going back there and sit on that rock in the night, listening to the soft wind and watching the stars, and thinking maybe about Old Tom.

And then I'm going down to sit on that trail and wait for that big buck! **END**



"I tell you, Pete, I have a feeling we're being followed!"



"Greasy luck!" they called out loudly. "Short voyage, and plenty of oil."

They moved away, talking of Captain Samuel Quogg, of sperm whales, of the war, of Lincoln, of the slaves who might now be freed through battle. Rather, Abinoam Skinner talked and his audience listened as to a learned man, a respected man, a rich man, a Christian gentleman who had given great sums of money to the anti-slavery cause.

Only one person remained at the wharf until the white sails of the whaler had faded into the gray-blue of the sky—a girl with a glass to her eye—Jack Farrington's sweetheart.

Then, when the *Brutus* was out of sight of land, Captain Quogg mustered the crew aft and divided them into two watches. He studied them, each man in turn, his shrewd, pale blue eyes narrowed; his sharp nose tried to smell out weakness.

If he had intended to make a speech, he deferred it until the *Brutus* was several days at sea.

"You may have noticed," he said then, addressing both watches, "that I've sent no men to the hoops, lowered no boats, held no whale drills. You might as well know now we're not going after whales."

A Confident Captain

The captain was not an impressive figure. He was of medium stature, red-faced, wide-shouldered, portly. A straggling black brush covered his chin and gave him something of the look of a goat. He was untidy and rumpled and unkempt. But he was sure of himself, and he was in command.

The men listened attentively, gazing from the captain to the mate, Tom Thill, an angular man who wore two guns.

"We're bound for Africa," the captain continued, "for a cargo of slaves. Any who don't care to go with me will be set ashore."

Some of the men began to protest. Quogg watched them with contemptuous eyes. The mate drew a step nearer to the skipper, and his hands crept toward his guns.

"All hands that stand by will get double lays and the best of grub. You don't have to decide now. I'll give you twenty-four hours. In any event, remember that

I'm the captain on this ship, and I'll tolerate no mutinous conduct—not even grumbling."

Some of the crew were willing enough to become slavers. Only Farrington, the second mate, and half a dozen others found the idea abhorrent. But they were helpless, they felt. They didn't want to be marooned on some desert island or barren coast. They might never get home. And Farrington wasn't the only one who had a girl waiting for him in New Bedford.

"We'll go along," they decided. "But we'll desert as soon as we touch at any port where we can get a ship or find white men."

The bark sailed on peacefully, standing off from all other sail, sneaking her way across the Atlantic to the Gulf of Guinea.

Dealers in Flesh

For hundreds of years the slave ships of white men had plied between the Gulf of Guinea and the ports of the western world. Millions of Africans had been carried into slavery. Hundreds of thousands of them had died in the stinking holds of sailing ships. Their bones made a path across the bottom of the sea.

Slavers had gone openly to the "market place," carrying trade goods, calicoes, cheap knives and guns, beads, liquor and tobacco. With these, they had bought men and women and children. Native chiefs had made war upon each other and sold their captives to the white traders. Often they had sold their own people into slavery for a few casks of rum, a bolt of calico, and a gun that wouldn't shoot.

The trade was open and protected and without shame. The profits were enormous, even though a high percentage of the slaves died in transit. Moralists claimed that even the slaves had benefited because they learned of the white man's ways and the white man's God.

But early in the nineteenth century, sentiment began to turn against the traffic; and eventually it was condemned and outlawed.

British and American men-o-war scoured the seas, looking for "blackbirders"; they hovered about the ports of slave states and followed the traffic lanes between the Black Ivory Coast and the West Indies.

The law that made slavers guilty of piracy had little effect at first. There were not so many cruisers policing the seas, and the price of slaves was mounting higher and higher. The danger was comparatively little; the profits comparatively great.

Many New England whalers entered the trade. It took three or four years to fill a ship with whale oil, three or four months to load up a cargo of slaves. And slaves sold better than oil.

Before the *Brutus* had gone far on her furtive way, the crew had cut fresh pine

boards into lengths and placed them in the blubber room between decks. On these boards the slaves would lie from sunset to sunup, one board for every man.

"Pretty cozy," Quogg said, inspecting the place. He was bent almost double so that he would not hit his head against the ceiling. Mate Thill stood at the entrance, an oil lamp in his hands.

"No sanitation," he observed.

The captain snorted.

"What do you want for slaves? Four-poster beds and bathrooms?"

"They'll smell, sir—smell like goats."

"Let 'em smell. There's no money in violets."

"And no ventilation," the mate persisted.

"You can come down and fan them. Mr. Thill, if you're so concerned about it."

"But a lot of them will die, Captain. Especially if we have storms and they have to stay here two, three days."

That was an argument the captain could understand. A dead slave meant a loss of \$100 or more.

He shrugged his shoulders and frowned.

"The Lord's will be done," he said.

"This is the best we can do."

The blubber room was redolent of bilge water, and the smoke of whale-oil lanterns, and the dried blubber of many a long-dead whale. The aromatic sweetness of the pine boards was altogether lost.

Slaver's Diary

Farrington wrote in his diary:

We raised the land last night and stood off and on until daylight. Stood in for the river under fore and main topsails, jib and spanker, and came to anchor in eight fathoms inside the bar. Captain lowered and we pulled up river about six miles to a small village of huts with a fence of logs about it.

The head man, or governor, had a long talk with the captain. He says we will get 580 slaves. Crew engaged discharging casks and stores from 'tween decks and stowing in hold. Sent two boats ashore with casks to raft water.

Sunday the 2nd. No rest this day. All hands engaged rafting water aboard and stowing and fitting 'tween decks for the slaves. Four canoes came alongside with plantains, yams and vegetables. Took on 20 sacks of meal and sixty barrels casava for the slaves.

Monday the 3rd. This day commenced rainy and hot. Middle part rain, latter part clearing, but very hot. If we stay here long we will all be on sick list, I think. All ready now for the cargo. One boat lowered and sent to the mouth of the river to keep a lookout for ships. The captain is nervous. I heard him tell the mate a British ship had been seen off the coast.

At noon the first slaves came aboard. They are a sorry lot, mostly men, but some women and children, all very thin and dirty. The captain ordered them washed down before putting them below. Two more ca-

noes came alongside this P.M. with 48 slaves. These even worse than the first lot. All naked, and many with cuts and ulcers."

They came out of the barracoon, naked, chained together, driven by men with whips and guns. They came sighing and screaming and wet with tears. They came singing.

"Damn poor cattle," Quogg remarked.

The trader rubbed his sweaty hands in a conciliatory manner.

"The best we have, Captain," he said. "They've come a long way, and they've been pushed pretty fast. They haven't been here but a few days—it isn't safe now to keep them very long—and they haven't had time to get well and fat. But you're getting a bargain. We've shaded the price to you."

"I know," and Quogg frowned and tugged at his beard. "But many of them are bound to die on the way out."

Many Jumped Overboard

On Wednesday the last of the cargo came aboard and were stowed in the blubber room, each man on a pine board, each man chained, at wrist and ankle, to his neighbor.

"Jam 'em closer," the mate ordered. "Bellies to backs. Lay 'em like spoons. On their left sides, blast you—not on their backs."

The women were thrust in with the men. Later, after the ship was far out on her journey, they would be allowed on deck. Not until then. So many, many women had jumped overboard on seeing the land slip away from them.

Thursday the 6th, [Farrington records] "commenct calm. Latter part fresh breeze from S. Lowered L. and W. boats and towed out of the river at daybreak. Picked up the boat on

watch, and got under weigh under plain sail. No ships in sight. At six bells had the slaves up for an airing in lots of twenty and washed them down with sea water and cleaned 'tween decks. The men will not do this, so made the slaves do it. It is worse than whaling. They make so much noise in the night, moneing and groneing, I cannot sleep."

Farrington went below, the first night out, "to see why they were groneing."

The blubber room was lit with smoky lanterns that swayed as the ship swayed. The air was close, stifling, hot, freighted with foul breaths and the smell of perspiration. The light gleamed on moist ebony sides, on sweaty flanks, on links of bright steel chain, on tossing limbs, on wet kinky hair. It made grotesque shadows on port and starboard walls.

Some of the cargo were snoring, some were moaning, some were praying to their tribal gods. Some—frightened and sick and in pain—were sobbing aloud.

One man, close to Farrington, began to cough. Others wakened and screamed, remembering the sorrows sleep had blotted out.

Captain Quogg and the mate came quickly down the companionway.

"Who's making all this rumpus?" the skipper demanded.

He snatched up Farrington's lantern and thrust it forward at the man who had coughed, a powerful man too long for the plank assigned him. He was propped up on his left elbow, his head raised.

"I have a cold, sir," he said. "Can't stop coughing, sir!"

The captain was amazed.

"You know English?"

"Yes sir, I do. I am a free slave. I have been a harpooner on a whaling vessel in my day sir."

"Jumped ship, did you?"

"No. I went south to get my wife, and they caught me. They whipped me. Whipped me until I couldn't stand up. And they sold me to a slaving captain. The captain brought me back to Africa and sold me to a trader. The trader sold me to you."

All during his explanation the Negro was coughing.

"What's your name?" Quogg asked.

"Jim, sir. Just Jim."

"Fifty lashes for Jim," Quogg said.

Farrington protested.

"He can't help it, Captain," he said.

"He has a cold."

"Cold, eh?" the captain sneered. "I'll warm him. These people need discipline. See they get it, Mr. Thill."

Early in the morning, the east rioting with color, the human cargo was brought on deck and stood in a wide semi-circle about the cathead. Jim's chains were taken from him, and he was led forward and bound to the cat.

"I meant no harm," he explained gently.

"I didn't mean to wake nobody. I just couldn't help but cough."

He was not defiant. He was humble. And though his eyes rolled uneasily in his seamed and leathery face, he stood erect, unflinching, the tallest man on the ship.

White Man's Justice

The naked and shackled men and women looked on, silent and afraid, waiting to see the white man's justice. An eerie light lay under the square sails. The ship rocked gently from side to side, dipped her nose, dipped her stern. White foam flecked the running sea. A breeze made faint music in ropes and shrouds.

"Lay on," Quogg said.

As the ratlines fell on Jim's back, the captives broke into a weird clamor—and in their outcries Farrington thought he heard the sound of far-off native drums.

Jim stood erect and scornful while the ropes raised blisters on his flesh. He did not whimper. He did not wince. He had been whipped before. He might be whipped again. It was the white man's law, and there was naught a black man could do about it save to suffer or to die.

Quogg stood silently by, making no comment until the 50 lashes had been inflicted.

"Take him below," he said then, "and you, Mr. Thill, distribute the presents among the women."

It was considered good business to give the women bits of looking-glass, strings of beads, bright feathers, strips of cloth and other gimcracks, although the women sometimes fought each other bitterly because of them.

These things cost little, and they tended to take a woman's mind from her miseries, to make her see that the white man was a kind and generous master, to make her obedient and cheerful.

If the women were content they could cheer up the men. Cheerful cargo meant more money and less trouble than any



"YOU'VE BEEN PLAYING POKER!"

other kind. These were important factors, of course.

But Farrington was sorry now for Jim. "You can use that man, Captain," he suggested. "If you gain his confidence he might prove valuable in keeping the other slaves in order and making them clean up their dirt."

The captain thought that over, and called Jim up from the hold.

"How'd you like to be overseer of these slaves, Jim?" he asked.

Jim said nothing. A Negro overseer on a slave ship was usually hated by those of his own color and despised by the crew.

"I might even decide not to sell you with the others," the captain continued, studying the Negro's face.

"How'd you like to go harpooning again—with me?"

Jim's eyes lit with excitement. His flattened face glowed. He bent his head. Thereafter he was a man of consequence in the ship's company.

On the morning of the second day a worn and emaciated slave slumped down when the hose was turned on him. The ship's doctor felt his pulse.

"No use washing him," he said.

"Heave him overboard," the captain ordered.

Captain Quogg had read the burial service over many seamen in his day, pronouncing the words with a pious unction that touched all those who heard him. He was known as a religious man. Often, in the sanctity of his cabin, one might hear him singing his favorite hymn:

"Not for the dead in Christ we weep;

Their sorrows now are o'er.

The sea is calm, the tempest past,

On that eternal shore."

But he held no services for dead Negroes. For them there was only the low moaning chant of untaught African tribes, the heartsick, homesick plaint of slaves in exile—only a splash and a rush of fins.

Friday the 14th [Farrington's diary reads]. Engaged getting slaves on deck for airing and cleaning ship. They do not mope so much now, but seem very seasick. Four more have died so far. The sharks seem to know we have them aboard and are at all times in sight.

Every day the men were brought up in groups of 20 and made to exercise. Jim made them run, made them dance. After 15 or 20 minutes of this, they were washed with hoses and taken back to the airless dungeon and the chains.

The women were better treated. They had more liberty, more privileges. They were allotted space on deck, and sailors sometimes crept into their quarters at night with presents of food and drink. One of the women, a comely mulatto girl, was occasionally allowed the shelter of the captain's cabin.

On the evening of the eighth day, on a calm sea under a starry sky, a child was born to a woman lying in chains.

He was ugly and undersized and pitifully frail; but his birth was attended with more joy than gloom. It was the



EVERY important discovery relating to mind power, sound thinking and cause and effect, as applied to self-advancement, was known centuries ago, before the masses could read and write.

Much has been written about the wise men of old. A popular fallacy has it that their secrets of personal power and successful living were lost to the world. Knowledge of nature's laws, accumulated through the ages, is never lost. At times the great truths possessed by the sages were hidden from unscrupulous men in high places, but never destroyed.

Why Were Their Secrets Closely Guarded?

Only recently, as time is measured; not more than twenty generations ago, less than 1/100th of 1% of the earth's people were thought capable of receiving basic knowledge about the laws of life, for it is an elementary truism that knowledge is power and that power cannot be entrusted to the ignorant and the unworthy.

Wisdom is not readily attainable by the general public; nor recognized when right within reach. The average person absorbs a multitude of details about things, but goes through life without ever knowing where and how to acquire mastery of the fundamentals of the inner mind—that mysterious silent something which "whispers" to you from within.

Fundamental Laws of Nature

Your habits, accomplishments and weaknesses are the effects of causes. Your thoughts and actions are governed by fundamental laws. Example: The law of compensation is as fundamental

as the laws of breathing, eating and sleeping. All fixed laws of nature are as fascinating to study as they are vital to understand for success in life.

You can learn to find and follow every basic law of life. You can begin at any time to discover a whole new world of interesting truths. You can start at once to awaken your inner powers of self-understanding and self-advancement. You can learn from one of the world's oldest institutions, first known in America in 1694. Enjoying the high regard of hundreds of leaders, thinkers and teachers, the organization is known as the Rosicrucian Order. Its complete name is the "Ancient and Mystical Order Rosae Crucis," abbreviated by the initials "AMORC." The teachings of the Order are not sold, for it is not a commercial organization, nor is it a religious sect. It is a non-profit fraternity, a brotherhood in the true sense.

Not For General Distribution

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first decent human event that had occurred during the voyage; and the strange excitement it evoked was welcome.

The ship's surgeon attended the woman and spanked life into the baby. The mother's chains were removed that she might nurse the child in comfort.

All the humanity and tenderness aboard went out to the infant. Captain Quogg gave the mother some pieces of baby-blue silk. Seamen furnished blankets for its warmth, and the sail-maker, with the best of intentions, cut some diapers out of old cloths.

Jim helped the ship's carpenter make a cradle out of a whale-oil barrel; and the seamen vied with the slave women for their turns at rocking the baby and crooning him to sleep.

Then, after much discussion with Mate Thill, the captain decided to call the baby Cinder, "because if it were a girl her name would have been Cinderella." Cinder—with a full moon for his pumpkin-coach, and a slave ship for his fairy godmother!

Early on the morning of the tenth day, a Sunday, the lookout in the starboard hoop sighted a sail on the port horizon.

Danger on the Horizon

"Call all hands," the captain bade the mate. "Get out the chain and affix lashings to it at a distance of every two feet."

The chain cable was hauled out through the hawespipe, piled up, and stretched around the ship outside the rail by means of slender stops. Spare lengths of chain were taken from the chain locker, and linked together, and made fast to the cable, and stretched along the length and breadth of the ship.

In the afternoon the sail dropped out of sight, but soon another appeared astern, growing with the wind.

"A British frigate," the captain guessed.

"Or a Yankee," said the mate. "One's as bad as the other."

"Cram on every rag!"

The mate hurried off to give his orders. The captain looked at the barometer. The glass was falling; the wind was blowing stronger.

The *Brutus* increased her pace; but the pursuing sail was creeping up, and presently the British ensign could be seen fluttering from her foremast.

"Get all the slaves on deck," the captain roared.

Those who were not needed on deck or aloft went below, taking Jim with them.

The cargo came up in batches of twenty. They hadn't been fed all day because of the excitement of the chase. They had had no water. The violence of the sea had dashed them from side to side, so that they had injured one another. They were sick and frightened; their chains had cut into their flesh. They whimpered and wept and moaned.

Quickly they were lashed to the chain cable, strong cords connecting wrist irons and chain links. Their bodies were bent over the rail. Their eyes were blinded by spray and the occasional combers that leaped the rail.

The sea grew rougher as darkness came; and the Britisher was a light that rose and fell on the waters astern, a soaring, swooping, erratic will-o'-the-wisp that constantly drew nearer.

"Faster with those slaves," the captain shouted. "Bring 'em up in fifties!"

Chains of 50's came struggling up the companionway to be lashed alongside their fellows. Some of them fought and were beaten with fists and marlinspikes and lengths of chain.

The rails were hidden with their bodies, but more and more came up to be fastened at ankles and wrists to the chains that lay on the deck.

After the men were thus prepared to be dropped into the sea, the women were made ready.

"The mulatto girl, too?" Thill asked.

"Her, too," the captain said. "And Jim."

The mate sprang to obey.

"Gag any slaves that scream," the captain shouted after him.

He was not afraid that the screams would carry to the frigate—not in this howling wind, not in this roaring sea. But screams were pleas for mercy, and mercy he could not afford.

"What about the baby, sir?" asked Farrington.

The captain turned away from him: but Farrington, desperate and sick at heart, pulled at his arm and whirled him around.

"You can't do this, sir," he cried. "You can't."

The captain swore and freed his arm with a jerk.

"Are you mad?" he asked. "Don't you

know we'll hang if that frigate finds a single slave aboard us? That's the law! But even if they see us dump them overboard, they can't do anything. The evidence is gone. Isn't it bad enough to lose the cargo? Nearly a hundred thousand dollars! Does a man throw that much money into the sea unless it weighs him down?"

"But the baby—can you drown a baby, Captain?"

"I'm as much against it as you. But you can't hide a crying baby. And he'll die anyway, without his mother. I'll not—hang all of us for a slave's brat. It isn't Christian!"

Quogg strode abruptly to the cradle, took up the baby—handling him gently and wrapping him snug—and placed him in the mother's arms.

The mulatto girl reached out a shackled hand and touched the hem of the skipper's oilskin coat.

"Master," she said—the only word of English she had learned.

He brushed her aside and hurried aft.

"Fasten the anchor to the women's end of the chain," he ordered.

The women would go first. Perhaps there was mercy in that.

He Laughed Wildly

"Stand by. When I give the word, heave anchor!"

Farrington burst into wild mad laughter.

"Women and children first!" he cried. "The law of the sea! A woman with a baby in her arms. And a woman who loved you."

The captain struck him to his knees, and he stayed there.

The Negroes who were not gagged began to sing, a few at first, then more, and then a mighty chorus. They made a sound akin to the fury of the sea, and the wind in the rigging, and the creaking and roaring of the vessel's timbers. And again there was in their voices, Farrington fancied, the beat of savage drums.

"Beaten, fettered, sick, half-smothered, half-drowned—they sing! Great God, don't let them die," he prayed.

"Weight them down," the captain called. "Lash lead and iron to their legs."

Hours passed. Lightning cracked the black sky and lit the black tumbling waters with lurid light. Thunder rolled above and below. The light of the cruiser vanished, reappeared, vanished, shone again. Presently it dimmed and faded into the night.

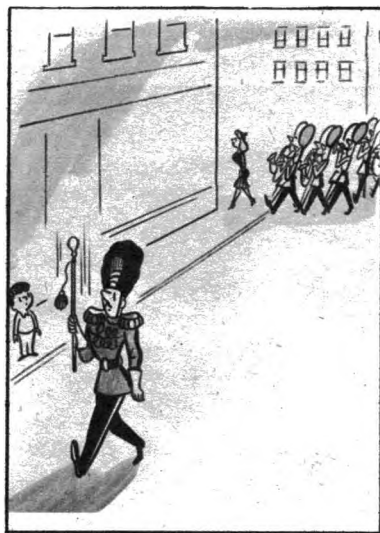
"Another woman in childbirth, sir," an old salt reported.

"Have the doctor attend her."

"Shall I have her unloosed, sir?"

"Certainly not."

When morning dawned there was no other sail in the sea, only the pitching whaler in a world of gray sky and water, and men and women half dead in chains, and two babies sleeping in a cradle. That day Farrington wrote in his diary: "Thus



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far have lost seventeen slaves, mostly women and children, but some men. The sharks have plenty to eat. The smell of the run is rotten. I hope we do not all have a plague from it."

The storm subsided, the wind died, and the ship lay still on a glazed jade pond. Her hold reeked with pestilence. Her people lay on the deck and gasped for air. Hoses played all day, wetting down the deck, wetting down the slaves.

A terrible day [reported Farrington]. No wind and flat sea and fearful hot. If this calm continues we will lose many, I think. The crew engaged mostly in trying to keep cool. God grant, I never go on a slave ship again.

The slaves were going blind, and dying. Many of the crew caught their disease. The doctor worked night and day. Body after body was thrown into the sea. The sharks surrounded the ship. Three days they waited for a wind. But sickness kept pace with them all the way.

Sailor Went Blind

"Mother, your darling sailor boy has been blind for the past twelve days," a 17-year-old boy wrote home when the *Brutus* touched at a tiny island and took on water and provisions.

It was on this island, a Portuguese possession, that Farrington deserted, leaving behind his chest of clothes and his gold watch, but taking his diary with him.

Captain Quogg branded him as "a dog of a deserter," auctioned off his effects, and put into Havana, where he sold his human cargo—all but Jim.

"And now," the captain said, "we'll bring some oil back to New England. It will look suspicious if we don't. And remember, men, when you go ashore, keep your blubber money in one pocket, and your black ivory profits in the other."

The *Brutus* turned her nose to the north, and her crew worked diligently to rid her of her smell. The pine boards that had heard so many sighs and groans, that had been wet with so many tears, were thrown overboard. The decks were scrubbed to a spotless white. Everything was done that could be done, but the smell of the slaves remained.

"He will take out that nuisance," Mate Thill said, "greasy blubber ile."

"We'll flood the blubber room with it then," Quogg promised.

It was Jim, high up in the hoop, who sighted the first whale.

"A blow! A blo-o-o-w!" he shouted.

"Where away?"

"Two miles off the weather beam. A gam o' sparm, sir."

"Lower away," the captain ordered.

Jim came scampering down, dropping halfway to the deck. The boats were lowered, and Jim scrambled into the harpooner's place in the mate's boat and began to row.

As they neared the whales, the mate ordered the sail set; and the boat drifted, making no noise.

The whale sounded before they reached him. The mate cursed him. Jim laughed good naturedly. He laughed at everything these days.

"Whales is like that," he said. "Give him time and he'll come up spouting and already for the barb. I'll tickle him, Mister. I'll tickle him good."

"Hush," the mate bade him. "I know a little about whales myself. Stand by with that harpoon. Lower that sail."

The whale breached close by. Jim was ready. The iron flew. It sank deep into the great black side. Jim hurled the second iron and laughed as it went true.

"Starn all," Thill shouted.

Oars pushed against the slapping wet whale. Oars splashed. The boat shot back. a line holding it to its catch.

The whale lay as if stunned for several moments. Then he plunged straight down, his mighty flukes rising high out of the white water.

The line ran out of the boat at terrific speed. It roared, it smoked; one of the men kept dousing it with water. It began to slow; it hung slack.

"Pull up," Thill cried.

Jim stood erect, his lance poised for the kill. The others began to haul in the rope and coil it.

"Starn all," the mate said suddenly, fright making his voice little more than a whisper.

"Starn, starn! Out oars and pull!"

It was too late.

The great monster came surging out of the depths, still full of life despite the irons in him. His tail came up beneath the boat and sent it skyward, dripping oars and rope and men.

The Whale Was Victorious

High up went those dreadful flukes, then swiftly down, beating the water white and red—and leaving but a few shattered planks drifting on an otherwise empty sea.

Late in the fall the *Brutus* came plowing into Boston, her sails begrimed and sooty, the smell of whale oil and minced blubber permeating her.

A great crowd met her—fish peddlers and bank clerks, boat menders, blacksmiths, bellboys, idlers, tinsmiths, girls, men who had invested money in her "adventure." Among the crowd were the owner, Abinoam Skinner; his wife and his daughter; some of his friends; and a man from the United States Attorney's office, with a warrant in his hand for the arrest of owner and skipper and mate and crew.

Farrington had arrived in Boston before the *Brutus* and had told his story and shown his diary.

"A dirty skunk, that second mate," Captain Nathaniel Gordon said when he had heard the story. "A yellow-bellied so and so! Well, was anybody hanged?"

Judge Dean shook his head and smiled.

"The captain and crew were arrested, lodged in the Leverett Street jail, and finally tried," he said. "The owner was tried with them. There was a lot of excitement because Skinner and Quogg had been such ardent Abolitionists; not like you, Gordon, who never tried to pose as something you are not. The people of Boston acted as if the government had captured Captain Kidd, and the police had all they could do to keep the mob from lynching the prisoners."

"Did they hang, I asked you," Gordon interrupted testily.

"They were tried. The evidence was against them. Some of the crew turned state's evidence. The skipper and owner were found guilty—and what do you think they got?"

"The rope!"

"Don't be a fool. Skinner got five years



at hard labor at Taunton, and a thousand dollar fine. Quogg got five years without the fine. Nobody else was held."

Captain Gordon laughed.

"Thanks," he said. "I feel better already."

On the following day the prosecution rested its case. It had proved that Gordon was Captain of the *Erie* on its voyage to Africa. He was on board the vessel when it was captured with 800 slaves in the hold.

The defense relied almost solely on technicalities.

They contended first, that the court had no jurisdiction in this case inasmuch as the offense, if any, occurred on the African coast and on the high seas.

In the second place, they maintained, even if the court had jurisdiction, it could not try Captain Gordon, for he was not an American citizen; and although he had commanded the vessel on its voyage to Africa he was not in command on its return.

The ship had been sold by its American owners before it left Havana, counsel declared. Gordon had taken it to the new owners and returned with it merely as a passenger. They were unable, however, to show that it was owned entirely by foreigners. Neither could they prove that Gordon was not an American citizen.

The Prosecution's Witnesses

They brought out the fact that he was the son of a sea captain and asserted that he might have been born on his father's ship, in some foreign port. They did not say he was but that he *might* have been so born. Thereupon the prosecution brought witnesses to the stand who swore that Gordon's parents lived in Portland, Maine, and that Gordon had been reared in that city.

Gordon himself did not take the stand. On Friday, November 8, both sides finished their summation, and Judge Nelson delivered his charge to the jury. The jury returned in 20 minutes. They had found Captain Gordon guilty on the first ballot! Gordon showed no emotion, but his attorneys were so shocked they could not speak.

Guilty! That meant hanging! But the *Brutus* case! True, no slaves had been found on the *Brutus*, but there had been direct testimony given by the second mate and others in the *Brutus* case; and they got only five years!

On November 30, Judge Nelson denied a motion for a new trial, bade Gordon rise, and asked him if he had anything to say before sentence was passed. Gordon stood on unsteady feet. His face was pale.

He tried to talk but gave it up. He shook his head.

Judge Nelson analyzed the facts as presented in the evidence and declared the jury could have brought in no other verdict.

"It is therefore the order of this court that you be confined to prison until February 7, 1862, on which day, between the

hours of twelve and three in the afternoon, you are to be taken to a place of execution and there hanged by the neck until you are dead."

"Appeal to the Supreme Court," Gordon begged his attorneys. "If they didn't hang in the *Brutus* case, why should I?"

A plea was made to the Circuit Court of Appeals which upheld Judge Nelson. It wasn't necessary for the prosecution to prove Gordon an American citizen, that court held. The burden of proof was on the defendant, and inasmuch as he had not proved himself to be foreign-born, and since his father and mother were Americans, his American citizenship was taken for granted.

Counsel then appealed to the Supreme Court and was again denied. Chief Justice Taney, who wrote the famous opinion of the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case—one of the decisions that hastened the Civil War—now wrote the decision dooming Gordon.

President Lincoln had given the prisoner a two weeks' respite in order that the Supreme Court might have time to act.

"There's no hope now, Mr. Murray?"

Gordon asked of the marshal when news of the court's decision was brought to him.

"Not the slightest," the marshal answered.

"I wish to God I'd thrown all those slaves overboard before that cruiser caught me," Gordon cried. "It isn't fair that I should die and other men go free."

Efforts were made to save the condemned slave-pirate—foolish and frenzied and violent efforts. And threats were made that a rescuing mob would storm the jail.

To guard the prisoner, 80 marines came over the river from the Brooklyn Navy Yard, rifles loaded and bayonets fixed. The attempts at rescue did not materialize.

Until one o'clock in the morning of his last day on earth Gordon sat in his cell writing letters. Then he fell asleep, but he awoke in a few hours and swallowed a phial of poison some sympathizer had passed him through the bars. He must have carried it secretly for weeks.

"I've cheated you!" he shouted. "I've cheated you all."

But he spoke too soon. Physicians managed to save him.

Then, as noon approached, a crowd surrounded the jail—wounded and convalescent soldiers, mothers and fathers of soldiers, men who had hired substitutes to fight for them, men too old to fight, boys too young to enlist—hundreds of people who hated slavery. A minister led them in song.

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;

He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored.

He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword;

His truth is marching on."

Inside the prison the marshal walked

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HARRY SLATER,
Business Manager.
Born to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1953.
EUGENE WECHLER,
(My commission expires March 30, 1954)

slowly up to Gordon's cell. He read the death warrant.

"Have you anything to say now?" he asked.

Gordon sputtered and spat. He began to talk.

"My conscience is clear," he began. He spoke resentfully of his imprisonment and the prosecution of his trial. He ranted about the prosecutor and the judge. He mentioned the *Brutus* case and the outcome of it.

And then the sound of singing came to his ears, the sound of many voices singing

the song of the blue troops marching against the gray, marching to make the slaves forever free.

"John Brown's body lies amolderin'

in the grave,

John Brown's body lies amolderin'

in the grave,

John Brown's body lies amolderin'

in the grave,

But his soul goes marching on!"

Captain Nathaniel Gordon stopped talking. His teeth chattered. His shoulders bent. The march to the gallows began.

From the New York Tribune, February 22, 1862:

"He was deathly pale with terror; his head hung over his shoulder, and his limbs almost refused their office. He tottered as he stood beneath the fatal beam; he had to be supported. At a given signal the cord was snapped asunder by the executioner's axe. Nathaniel Gordon was hoisted aloft in mid-air; a few convulsive twitches of the body followed; the veins of his neck and hands swelled and stood out hard; then the limbs lost their rigidity and the flesh assumed a livid blue. And the slave trader who was now a lump of dishonored clay, swung slowly to and fro in the frosty air."

END

I TRADE IN DANGER (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29)

The stunt went off as planned. We slid across the waxed floor like a human toboggan, rocketing the full length of the stage to end up in a mass of heavy equipment. A bit of bad timing on the part of either of us and I could have buried my head in the floor of the sound stage. The other man, in turn, could have suffered a broken back when my two hundred-odd pounds hit him.

That's the kind of cooperation it takes to put a stunt across. One of the best men I know to work with is Yakima Canutt, who has given up stunting now in favor of directing outdoor action sequences. Yak is what is referred to as a "stuntman's director." On location, he'll pick out the best possible spot for the stunt to be

performed, and will cooperate as best he can to get a terrific scene on film and still not kill his stunters.

Probably one of the most spectacular stunts of all time was devised by Yak for the picture that made John Wayne a star—"Stagecoach." The script called for Canutt (doubling for Wayne) to jump from the seat of a runaway stagecoach to the back of the rear team of horses. Then, leaping forward from team to team, he reaches the leaders. Here he was to fall between the horses, allow them and the other four animals to run over him, allow the coach to pass over him, too, catch the rear of the vehicle, and climb back over the top and repeat the stunt. That was literally a stunt to end all others.

Anyone who qualifies as an all-around stuntman, of course, has become acquainted with horses in a rather personal way. These animals have been a basic ingredient of the film industry since the "Great Train Robbery," the first picture featuring a plot. More money has admittedly been made out of action-type pictures than all the bedroom, parlor and bath opuses ever put together.

A Lot of Work

A lot of work goes into the filming of a scene in which a horse is made to fall before the camera, throwing his rider clear. For the most part the work goes into seeing that the horse will not suffer injury. It's often up to the rider to take care of himself as best he's able. It used to be that a rope was rigged to trip the horse at a specific spot before the cameras. This arrangement, known as *Running-W'*, has been outlawed by the American Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The result has been for wranglers to train horses so they would fall upon a given signal, such as a sharp slap on the neck. For this, a flat saddle is usually used as a precaution against the rider's not being able to get off the animal in the fall. A regular stock saddle could result in his becoming entangled in the trappings. The saddle is fitted with a rubber stirrup so that it will not injure the horse.

A perfect example of what can happen in making such action scenes is illustrated in the record of one stunter who, although he's taken several hundred such falls, never has injured a horse. He has, however, broken most of the major bones in his body at one time or another. Other film stunters can offer similar, though possibly not such spectacular, evidence of the rigors of our profession.

Of course, the studios carry huge amounts of insurance on stuntmen during the making of a picture. The stunters don't always take advantage of this, though. They often become extremists in their efforts to keep on the job and get a scene on film. An accident can hold up production, costing untold sums of money.

DOUBLING FOR RANDOLPH SCOTT, JACK FIGHTS A ROUGH SHOVEL DUEL



Jimmie Martin, a stuntman who also plays bits in westerns, once was hired to do a fall from a running horse. He dived from the back of the animal as directed but the producer didn't like it. So, Jimmie took three more falls, finally getting what was desired on celluloid. Only then did he go to the hospital with the broken arm he had suffered on the first fall. He could have complained of the injury but, instead, he kept quiet until the scene had been shot. He knew the producer was working on a limited budget and couldn't afford the delay that would have resulted had another man been called to replace him.

Canutt, incidentally, had a similar experience in the famous "Stagecoach" sequence described earlier. Yak wrenched his shoulder on the first try but went back and repeated the stunt when the director was dissatisfied with the first take.

Most of the horses used in these scenes are rented from a string of stables in Hollywood. Despite this, most stuntmen come to know which animals are to be depended upon for certain stunts and will ask the director to provide these mounts. One of my own favorites was used in a sequence in "The Nevadan," when I was supposed to be pursuing the heroine through the brush. In the shot, she was to jump her horse over a huge log. Following, I was to jump my animal, too, but an overhanging limb was to catch me in the face, knocking me from the saddle. The dead limb was to break off the tree as I struck it literally head-on.

It Was Late

It was getting late in the day and time was important. There soon wouldn't be enough light left to get the action on the color film. The director was praying that the first take would be good—and I prayed with him. I was doubtful about being hit full in the face by the tree limb—even if it was a break-away affair fashioned from balsa wood.

The chase began and I was close behind the girl, when she went over the fallen tree trunk, ducking the protruding limb. My own mount was halfway over the log when the limb hit me and I started to throw myself from the saddle as called for in the script. It was somewhere in mid-air that I suddenly realized what *might* have happened if the horse had hesitated in his jump. I'd have started my fall and probably ended up splattered all over the log.

Film fights are usually staged, since few men have the stamina required to carry on a real brawl for as long as is required to pick up three or four minutes of film running time. Also, the rehearsed fight offers more action than would an actual fight in which the participants simply stand toe to toe and try to kill each other. Nevertheless, screen fights can still be dangerous and men often get hurt.

One of the chief dangers of a saloon fight or similar scene is the extra who in-

sists upon "getting into the act." More than one stuntman has been knocked loose from his teeth by the overzealous extra who, in his excitement, picks up a chair and hurls it across the room. The hero of the piece may have just had his skull used to shatter a break-away model of balsa, but that doesn't protect him from going down for the count or even a trip to the hospital when the real article comes sailing his way.

The blows in such fights often are real, but stunters learn to roll with the punches and serious hurts seldom result. It takes know-how, too, to dive upon an assailant from a stairway or to be knocked off a balcony to land on a pool table, or to pull off one of the dozens of similar stunts that have become stock sequences for successful action dramas.

One's state of mind can have lots to do with how a stunt comes off. One of the simplest pieces of work I've ever done was still, in my mind, the most dangerous. It may seem silly but I still feel that way about it. I was doubling for an actor in a hanging scene. In the shot, I was to be dropped through the trap with the noose about my neck. I had rigged all the equipment myself for the sequence. Yet, standing over the trap with the black hood pulled over my head as required by the script, I wondered if a knot might slip, or if something else might go wrong. Ropes were tied about my body to support me and keep the hangman's knot from snapping my neck. But I still worried.

I heard the director shout, "Action! Camera!" The trap was sprung and I plummeted downward, holding my breath, my body stiff. I think I was trembling as the crew cut me down and someone shouted that the scene was okay.

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JACK'S LEAP TO FLATCAR WAS FOLLOWED BY A FALL DOWN EMBANKMENT

Nothing went wrong, but it's a stunt I wouldn't care to repeat often. Not for half the fair State of California!

But don't get the idea that things can't go wrong. I was on location in Arizona for the shooting of "Sante Fe," a Randolph Scott film, when I came as close to death as I probably ever will—I hope.

The scene called for me to leap from the top of a boxcar to a flatcar on a moving train. There I would grapple with the hero, trying to stab him. In the fight, he was to knock me off the train and I was to roll down the side of a steep, rock-strewn embankment. I made a point of clearing the slope where I intended to fall, moving out the rocks and boulders that might cause me injury in my tumble.

Something Happened

But when the time came for me to be knocked off the train, something happened. I took the dive before I was suppose to, with the result that I left the flatcar some 20 feet from the cleared spot. I bounced from rock to rock down the full length of the embankment, falling the last 18 feet down the face of a perpendicular cliff. I landed flat on my back, but I don't remember it. I was out cold.

I've looked at that embankment since. I still can't figure how I kept from breaking myself in half. Luck, I guess.

When writers or directors devise a stunt and put it up to the stuntman, they're usually willing to accept his judg-

ment if he says it can't be done. He is usually right. There are plenty of cases on file to prove this. One, though, took place back in the silent era when a director wanted one of the industry's top

fall guys to double for Doug Fairbanks, Sr. in a scene. The idea was for the man to swing on a suspended rope from a high ledge, passing over a wide open area, then drop to a flight of steps nearly twenty feet below. There, he would meet the villain in a sword duel.

The stuntman turned down the job, pointing out that if the double failed to land just right on the steep stairway, anything could happen.

The director pleaded and urged, but there wasn't a man in town, according to the story, who would touch the job. To them, it just didn't look right. Finally, in desperation, the director declared he would perform the feat himself. He did it, and he got the scene on film. In his attempt to prove the professionals wrong, however, he also broke his back.

The Impossible Stunt

There is one stunt I've heard termed "impossible" that I'd like to try. A script writer wrote it into "Sante Fe," and it was later cut out as being "too dangerous." I was set to do the job and was disappointed when it was cancelled.

The trick was for the hero to run along the top of a moving train only to be shot by one of the villains. The hero was to fall between the cars and land beneath the train, between the rails. The entire train then passes over him. As the caboose reaches him, however, he catches the car as it passes over his head and makes his way back to the top of the train.

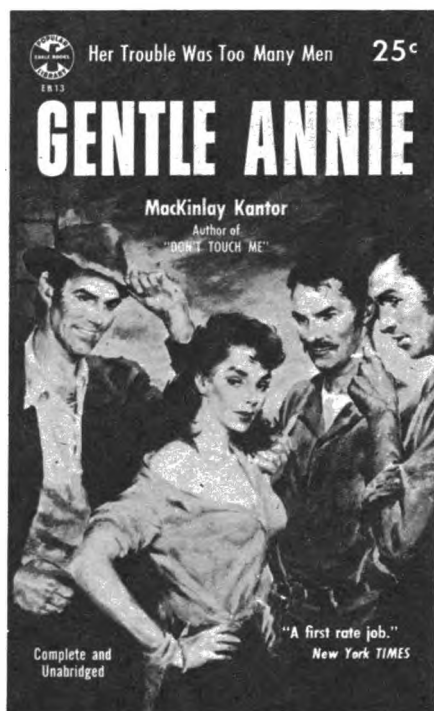
I still think the stunt can be done. Maybe someday I'll get a chance.

END



MAHONEY FIRES SIX-GUN IN MID-AIR, LANDS ON FEET READY TO RUN

could Annie's beauty bring her love?



Annie Lingen was beautiful. The women hated her and secretly wished that Nature had been as good to them. And the town's three most important men loved her. No one was prepared for the violence brought on by Annie's extraordinary beauty. The town couldn't forget her, and neither will you after reading this novel.

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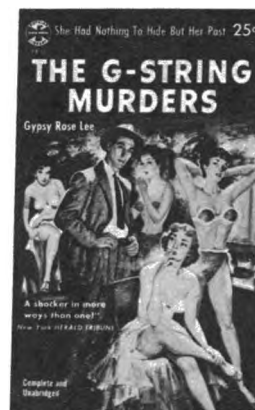
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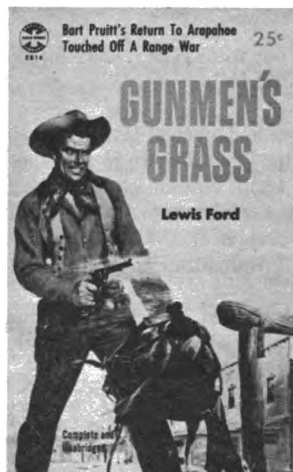
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the REAL McCoy

WE OUGHT to warn you right off about the risk you run in leaving this issue of *REAL* within reach of your wife. Certain impressionable women are apt to glance at that X-ray on page 13 and not bother to read Sheldon Binn's objective report, "Must You Stop Smoking?" You might find that your cigarets, pipes and tobacco have mysteriously vanished. In our case, our good spouse read the Binn article in manuscript and promptly made a monumental decision. Hereafter, cigarets will be available around our house—but only the darned filter type.

We asked Binn, who's a *New York World-Telegram and Sun* staff writer, whether his extensive research on smoking and lung cancer has led him to give up the weed. He grinned a bit sheepishly. "Maybe cut down two or three a day, that's all." Told us that while he interviewed scientists who indicted cigarets, he carefully refrained from smoking; when he talked to skeptical scientists, he chain-smoked. Flexible reporter, Binn.

WE DON'T expect a single reader to go on the wagon after reading the hangover article on page 30. Some of you, though, may get a few ideas. Reminds us of the fellow who barged into a party and asked for a martini, then for a glass of champagne.

"I never," he explained, "drink on an empty stomach."



HVASTA COMES HOME

JOHNNY HVASTA is home at last. Johnny is the young U. S. Navy veteran who was arrested in 1948 by the Czech Reds, sentenced to 10 years, made a dramatic escape from Leopoldov Prison and hid in the underground, defying the Communists for 21 months.

Last August, *REAL* broke the story—the only national magazine to carry it—in a bang-up article by Rep. Peter W. Rodino of New Jersey. Two months later, Johnny walked into the U. S. Embassy in Prague, where he was kept out of the hands of the Czech authorities until negotiations for his release were completed.

When he finally arrived here in February, Johnny's home town, Hillside, N. J., brought out the brass bands and staged a parade for him. Makes a rattling good yarn, and we're moderately proud that *REAL* had it first.

SEEMS TO us that our low-down on runaway Reds and racketeers ("They're on the Lam," page 14) ought to provide material for a couple of Hollywood thrillers. Matter of fact, it was written by a guy who's on the lam from Hollywood. Paul C. Benard has been an actor, director and scenario writer. Fed up with the rat-race, he hopped into a '40 Chevy and is bouncing over the U. S. and Mexican highways picking up copy for magazine articles. Last we heard, Benard was in Sonora, Mexico, D. F., and headed for the hinterlands.



BENARD LEAVES HOME

RATTLESNAKE hunters are quite a clan. Hugh Davis ("I Hunt 'Hot' Rattlers," page 42) sends along a membership card in the International Association of Rattlesnake Hunters. It certifies that the member "has more intestinal fortitude than horse-sense and has been initiated into this famed association of He-men who participate in and promote the world's most hazardous, most dangerous hunting activity: Catching Man-Killing Rattlers Alive." Membership, the card indicates, is of three types: Executive, Social and Spiritual.

Davis also holds the Order of the White Fang—"national recognition to a victim who has survived the death-dealing strike of a vicious, man-killing rattlesnake and who has undergone the terrible torture and agonizing pain of venomous reptile poisoning."

You're all invited to come out to Okeene, Okla., for the next roundup. Anyone for rattlers?

FOLLOW-UP on *REAL*'s crusade, launched last March, in defense of the American Male: latest insults to male-ness are fur cuff links, in Persian lamb, Hudson seal, broadtail and mink. Also on the-market, a mink cummerbund. Call it to the attention of your local chapter of ASPIM (American Society for the Prevention of Indignities to Men).

REAL's cover this month hails Armed Forces Day, Saturday, May 15. It's our salute to all our readers in the nation's uniforms, in all the states and overseas.

Ted Irwin

NOW! The Greatest Invention In Television History!

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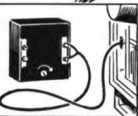
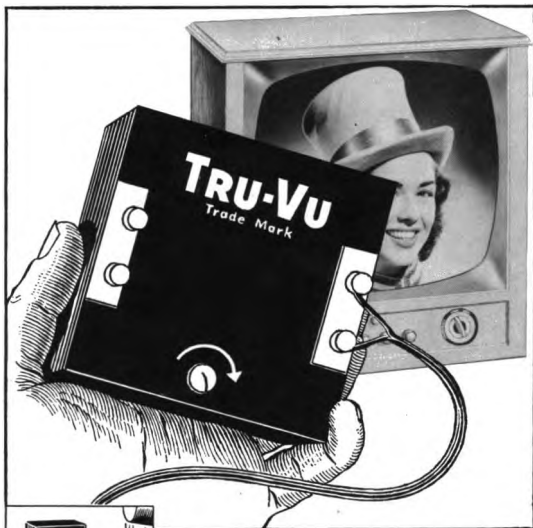
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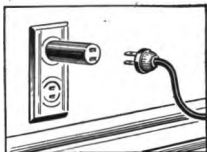
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