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THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

35c MARCH 1960

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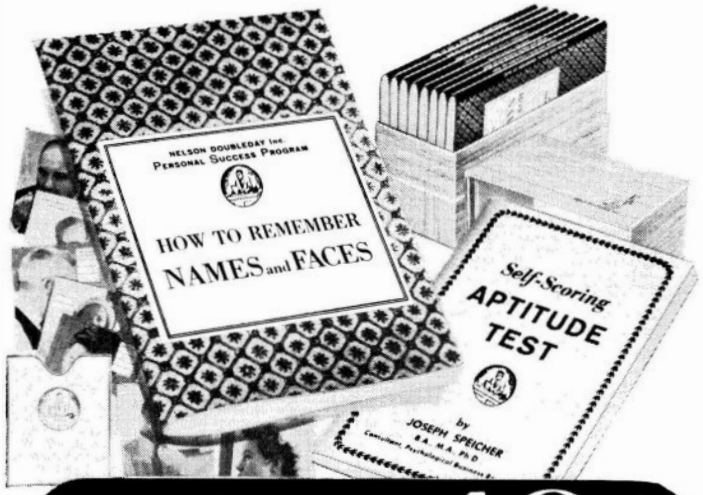

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the EDITOR speaking

Next month's cover (above) features the wild blue yonder of the Air Force, plus an inside feature on the Thunderbirds. Also on the cover: a warning to you buildword addicts that this will be your last chance to enter TRUE's $100,000 Glamor Car Contest (see page 48 for details this month).

The wild blue yonder reminds me that I'm taking off for same shortly, via Pan American World Airways jet, on a 'round-the-world flight. The Pan Am flight plan lists almost all the places in the world that most of us want to see: New York, San Francisco, Honolulu, Tokyo, Hong Kong, Bangkok, Calcutta, New Delhi, Teheran, Istanbul, Rome and back to New York. One of these days I'll be telling you what the trip was all about. It will be a nice surprise.

* * *

No surprise is the package of loot the government pilfers from your paycheck each week. Just about now we are all moaning and groaning over the annual extraction. It's income-tax time. I was reminded of this recently on reading about the death of ex-Nebraska Senator Norris Brown, the man who sponsored the 16th Amendment which was ratified in 1913. That amendment, just 30 little words, allowed Uncle Sam to bite into your paycheck. At first, Uncle was content to nibble: a married man with a net income of $5,000 (which went a helluva way in those days), paid just $10. Actually, the first $4,000 was exempt—and the rate was 1% up to $20,000. Over that, to $50,000, there was an additional 1% surtax. By 1942, when we had to start paying for the war, Uncle Sam's nibble had turned into a voracious bite—perhaps justifiable at that time.

But howinhell can it still be justifiable? Today, the married man who tries to scrape along on $5,000 (worth about $2,000 in 1914 dollars), gets bitten for a whopping $1,040—excluding any state taxes he may have to pay. Where does it all go? For Defense? Baloney! A great chunk goes to Uncle Sam's nephews and nieces: 1 out of every 9 employed persons is on government payrolls. Does it go for public works? Baloney! Huge chunks go down the drain to support the price of grain. Hell, even most enlightened farmers want an end to the outrageous price supports.

As one editorial writer put it: "By now, the income-tax law has become a monstrosity of more than a thousand pages, hopelessly complex, grossly unfair in a multitude of respects, loaded with exceptions, exemptions and gimmicks, and evaded in one form or another to the tune of many billions—estimates run from $3 billion to $10 billion."

What's the answer? Well, I can think of a damn good one: Repeal the 16th Amendment and start all over again with a sensible (and fair) tax program.

* * *

Things are popping around TRUE. Upcoming features to look for: a hilarious bonus booklet inserted in the May issue full of humor and fun, strictly for men . . . Also you can look for the first TRUE appearance of columnist-humorist Art Buchwald, who features the foibles, fables and fantasies of an American newspaperman in wonderful Paree, with Europe as his playground. . . Incidentally, Art's amusing novel, *A Gift From the Boys,* is being filmed on the Greek Island of Rhodes with Yul Brynner and Mitzi Gaynor under the title *Surprise Package*. . . . —**doug kennedy**

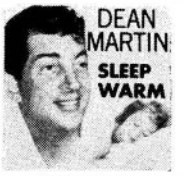
104. NAT KING COLE. Twelve great songs in the unique Nat Cole style: *The Party's Over, Just One of Those Things, Who's Sorry Now,* etc. **$4.98**

1. GERSHWIN. His most famous works—*Rhapsody in Blue* and *An American in Paris.* Leonard Pennario with the Hollywood Bowl Symphony. **$4.98**

98. THE KINGSTON TRIO. They sing their smash hit, *Tom Dooley,* and 11 more great songs in rhythms ranging from calypso to sea chanteys. **$3.98**

2. STOKOWSKI. The most celebrated living conductor performs the Landmarks of his career—works by Bach, Debussy, Strauss, Sibelius. **$4.98**

6. STAN KENTON IN HI-FI The greatest in "progressive jazz"—*Lover, Peanut Vendor, Painted Rhythm,* others—recorded in Capitol's "big sound." **$4.98**



144. DEAN MARTIN. Dean sings and Frank Sinatra conducts the orchestra in "sleepy" tunes: *Sleepy Time Gal, Let's Put Out the Lights,* 10 more. **$3.98**

147. JACKIE GLEASON. Two full string sections and Bobby Hackett's pure trumpet evoke "that moment" between boy and girl. Mood magic! **$4.98**

99. FRED WARING. Fred directs the Pennsylvanians in your favorites: *You'll Never Walk Alone, Ol' Man River, Smoke Gets in Your Eyes,* others. **$4.98**

100. GUY LOMBARDO and the Royal Canadians play forty Irving Berlin hits: *Say It Isn't So, Be Careful, It's My Heart,* many other favorites. **$3.98**

101. GEORGE SHEARING—his irresistible piano style, with lush instrumental background. Hear *What is There to Say, Black Satin,* 8 more. **$3.98**

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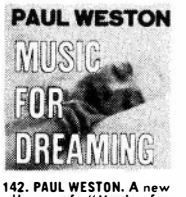
102. CAROUSEL. Movie sound track, with Gordon MacRae and Shirley Jones. They sing *If I Loved You, Mister Snow, You'll Never Walk Alone,* others. **$4.98**

103. JUMPIN' WITH JONAH. The Jonah Jones combo in a swingin' new set of tunes: *Just A Gigolo, A Kiss to Build a Dream On,* ten others. **$3.98**



142. PAUL WESTON. A new album of "Music for Dreaming". Hear *Laura, Out of Nowhere, My Blue Heaven,* nine other favorites. **$3.98**

105. TENNESSEE ERNIE sings inspiring hymns with beauty and reverence: *Now the Day is Over, Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me,* ten other favorites. **$3.98**

107. JUNE CHRISTY. June's really got rhythm in this new group of hits: *When Lights Are Low, They Can't Take That Away From Me,* nine more. **$3.98**

110. GAITE PARISIENNE. Offenbach's exuberant ballet music brilliantly performed by Felix Slatkin and the Hollywood Bowl Symphony. **$4.98**

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114. DAKOTA STATON. Jazzdom's newest hit vocalist in another thrilling album. Hear *Too Close for Comfort, Soy It Ain't So, Joe,* many more. **$3.98**

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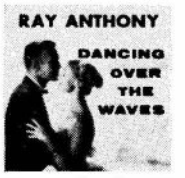
116. KEELY SMITH. Keely's smoky sound and special twinkle enhance these 12 tender tunes. *S'posin', All the Way, Cocktails for Two,* etc. **$3.98**

118. HOLLYWOOD BOWL SYMPHONY. Hear Chopin's greatest music . . . sparkling polonaises, waltzes, études in superb orchestral performances. **$4.98**

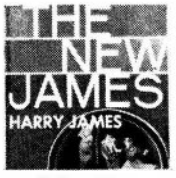
119. FELIX SLATKIN. Slatkin conducts America's favorite band music . . . *The Stars and Stripes Forever, Anchors Aweigh,* 11 other marches. **$4.98**

131. PEGGY LEE. "I Like Men", sings Peggy, in a delightful album of favorites: *Oh Johnny, So In Love, When A Woman Loves A Man,* 9 more. **$3.98**

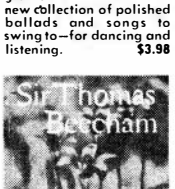
132. FOUR FRESHMEN. An even dozen love songs in the exciting "Freshmen" style: *In the Still of the Night, It Could Happen to You,* others. **$3.98**



139. RAY ANTHONY. Roy and the orchestra at their lighthearted, danceable best. They play *Dancing Over the Waves, Intermezzo, others.* **$3.98**



117. HARRY JAMES. Harry's greatest band in a brand new collection of polished ballads and songs to swing to—for dancing and listening. **$3.98**



145. SIR THOMAS BEECHAM, BART. A Panorama of Delius' music played by Sir Thomas Beecham and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. **$4.98**

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TRUELY YOURS

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Abominable Snowmannerisms

That wasn't the Abominable Snowman sighted in the wilds of California, that was Ernest Hemingway.

—Joe Orr
Morton, Wash.

Fetch poor "Bigfoot" out to this turpentined rat-race? (*The Strange Story of America's Abominable Snowman*, December 1959 TRUE.) Hell, no! Let the poor devil stay in his primitive state of happiness.

—Edward R. Bryant
Princeton, Ill.

There's no need to worry about the what's going to be done in the case of America's Abominable Snowman. Now that you've written him up, the Bureau of Internal Revenue will immediately track him down for failing to file his tax return.

—Don A. Grotemat
Grand Rapids, Mich.

When grandfather told us these stories, we didn't believe him at all. Now, after reading your article, it turns out he wasn't as big a liar as we youngsters thought he was

—John M. Weekes
Providence, R. I.

There is a "Despicable Iceman" roaming the mountains of western Montana, and I myself observed him last week. As I approached our snowed-in logging camp, the Iceman suddenly appeared beside our D-8 bulldozer. He gave the 'dozer a tremendous kick sending it end-over-end down the mountainside. He then flipped our log bunkhouse over on its roof and grabbed my fifth of Four-Star Hennessy, a calendar picture of Marilyn Monroe, and MY COPY OF TRUE. He stowed these treasures in his despicable pouch and disappeared.

—Hugh H. Magone
Superior, Mont.

Hell, Hugh, that ain't a "Despicable Iceman," that's a "Discriminating Iceman."

The Abominable Snow Job of Humboldt County insulted the intelligence of your readers. I've read TRUE since it was first published, but you ought to have your editorial heads examined for printing this. No, Mr. Editor, there are no supermen 15 feet tall running around the wilds tossing 50-gallon drums, and 250-pound tires up and down lonely ravines.

One character in the story used a shovel to fill a crock with the superman's residue. What a crock!

—Alexander Forbes
Renton, Wash.

My grandfather prospected for gold in the eighteen fifties throughout the region described as being the home of the Snowman. Upon grandfather's return to the East, he told stories of seeing hairy giants in the vicinity of Mount Shasta. These monsters had long arms, but short legs. One of them picked up a 20-foot section of sluiceway and smashed it to bits against a tree.

Human Time Bombardier

Greatly enjoyed *The Human Time Bomb* of the December issue since I was the nurse, J. M. Buchan, mentioned in the article. I thought I'd impress my 9-year-old son with this account of the unusual operation on the hospital ship off Okinawa, but all he said was, "That picture sure doesn't look like you." (Fifteen years do make changes.)

The patient, Al Stevens, was very fortunate in having Commander Sheehan as his surgeon. All of us in surgery had the utmost confidence in him.

—Mrs. Juanita Downing
Jacksonville, N. C.

Wicked, Wicked, Wayfarer

Dr. Kinsey's famous book should have been dedicated to Errol Flynn. Thanks for giving us the uncensored autobiography in the January and February issues. The errant Errol certainly didn't waste his time sleeping after he went to bed at night. He made a lot of friends, and a lot of foes; and his life made the most interesting and stimulating reading I've had for years.

—George L. Randahl
Cleveland, Ohio

Emancipation For G.I. Slaves

Let's Free Our G.I. Slaves was wonderful and every bit of it true. Hurray for Congressman Kowalski! As an N.C.O. I've experienced much of what he talks about. But the duty that burned me worst of all was having to dig a latrine for a dog show. That's right, and it took a 15-man detail.

—Sergeant's name withheld at his request
Camp Casey, Korea

Was that a ditch digging or tree planting detail? Just proves, there's no business like show business.

Since basic training we have spent two-thirds of our time on such worthless tasks as Congressman Kowalski describes in his article. We men of "D" Battery, 8th Artillery commend you for printing this factual, revealing account.

—(Signatures of 46 privates and privates, first class)
Schofield Barracks, Hawaii

If Congressman Kowalski is endeavoring to demoralize and throw confusion into the Armed Services, and at the same time gain some cheap publicity for himself, he has certainly found the right way to do it. Personally, I think his article is tragic for it must delight the Russians to see something like this—for it plays right into their hands.

—Lt. Cmdr. Milton K. Orr, USNR
Greenwich, Conn.

The commander demonstrates a favorite dodge used by "The Brass": any criticism of the military—justified or not—supposedly plays into the hands of the Russians.

[*Continued on page* 8]

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

TRUE
MAN'S MAGAZINE

Cover by Peter Barrett

CONTENTS

VOL. 41 A FAWCETT PUBLICATION NO. 274

Archers On Target

Clare Conley, author of *Butchers With Bows and Arrows*, obviously isn't as good a woodsman as he is an archer. If he can't track down a kill he doesn't belong in the woods with either a bow & arrow—or a rifle.

Naturally the bow can't compare with the rifle as a weapon, but after the sights I've seen in 40 years of hunting, his remarks can't wipe the slate clean for the hunters with firearms. There are lots of mutilated deer in the woods they have left to die a slow death. For example, the last one I saw had its lower jaw shot away and had just about starved.

—A. D. Riker
Cohoes, N. Y.

An important fact was ignored in the article on hunting with the bow. There are virtually no accidental deaths resulting from this sport, but we are all familiar with the risks run in hunting with firearms. Why in Maine alone, an average of 10 hunters a year are killed accidentally. In the million and a half hunting archers there have been only two fatalities the last three years.

—John M. York
Harwinton, Conn.

Do those "two fatalities" include the deer?

I am a Methodist minister, a bow-hunter, and I am as interested as anyone in selecting the most humane method of killing wild game. As a demonstration of the comparative effectiveness of the arrow and the bullet, I think of the days on the farm when hogs were killed in the fall. To be humane about it, the hogs were shot in the head at close range, yet the animals suffered for several minutes before dying. There was nothing quick or merciful about it at all.

After witnessing more than a hundred of these killings, an agricultural studies teacher demonstrated a better method to use. He took a thin-bladed knife about six inches long and inserted it in the hollow of the neck between the forelegs, as the pig was held on its back. The knife apparently severed the large artery above the heart. The hog got to its feet and looked around—not seeming to know it was hurt. In a few minutes it lay down and rolled over. In a few minutes more it was dead, and apparently had not suffered at all.

This example applies to bow-hunting. There is no shock from an arrow and it kills only when it has severed enough blood vessels to cause a hemorrhage. The author failed to tell about the shotgun hunter (many of our states prohibit the use of a rifle). The shotgun may puncture intestines with a few pellets and not kill the animal at the time—or within any reasonable length of time. In such a case the animal may linger for weeks with spreading infection before it finally succumbs.

No, in consideration of the evidence, I hunt with the bow and arrow and make no apologies to any man.

—Rev. James J. Spurlin
Fabens, Tex.

Pig-sticking with a sharp knife does, apparently, bring a relatively painless death. Try your bow and arrow on a 400-pound boar at 20 yards. Bring plenty of arrows, but don't get in the pen with the boar. We'll bring one .30-30 cartridge. O.K., Reverend, you preach your gospel—we'll stick to ours, and our gun.

Talk all you want about the cruelty of hunting with the bow, but look what happened this deer season in Wisconsin. I'm quoting from the *La Crosse Tribune*: "Hunters were allowed in the Necedah wildlife refuge November 27, 28 and 29 to shoot spike buck only. By the time the hunters had left, 820 does and fawns had been killed." Since only 313 bucks had been killed, this makes a ratio of approximately 2½ illegal kills for each legal kill. Archers could never match this disgusting exhibition of stupid butchery.

—John Stanville Cook
Milwaukee, Wis.

To the hundreds of angry archers firing off rebuttals to *Butchers With Bows and Arrows*, we'd like to point out, once and for all, the disasters wrought upon game by the unqualified owners of firearms in no way lessens the charges stated in our article. Statistics prove gunshot animals die more quickly (and more mercifully) than ones with arrows sticking in them.

Bustling Bedroom

That self-appointed correspondent of yours, Mary Collett of Leadville, Colo., applauds your policy of putting women where they belong: in the bedroom and kitchen. You applaud her for being a gal after your own hearts and a True woman. At the same time, you explain that Mary is an artist and writer; and, of course, Mary herself has made quite a point of being a judge of burro races. Now I suppose Mary can do some writing and painting while in bed, but isn't it a lot of work to move the furniture out of the room for those burro races?

—D. Bates
Victoria, Tex.

Mary claims it's more sporting to leave the furniture as is—those Rocky Mountain burros are very agile.

Survivor

A Man-to-Man Answer explained that a horse was the only survivor of the Custer massacre, the Battle of the Little Big Horn. The horse's name was Comanche.

I read this item with great interest since I have a photograph of the horse (enclosed), and a copy of the General Order issued by the 7th U.S. Cavalry describing the care and handling of Comanche. This is probably the only General Order issued by an American military unit pertaining to the treatment of an animal.

—Dalton C. Lewis
Flint, Mich.

Mushyrooms

The Vegetable That Drives Men Mad was intensely interesting. Your readers may be interested to know that the "Paneolus" mushroom that grows right here in America produces the following reactions: ". . . lack of control of the emotions (inordinate hilarity), incoherent or inappropriate speech. The sight is usually affected, causing the furniture to appear bent, pliable, and in motion; and there are visions of beautiful colors." There are also the reactions of giddiness, drowsiness, and the lack of muscular control. The effects are said to pass off in a few hours.

—Richard Mann
San Angelo, Tex.

Bottle and market those mushrooms, Dick. Members of the WCTU can buy them openly. That would cut sales of "tonics" considerable, and your fortune's made. Call the product "Carrie Nation Ambrosia."

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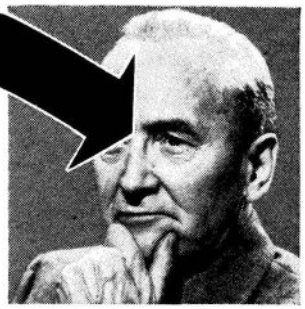

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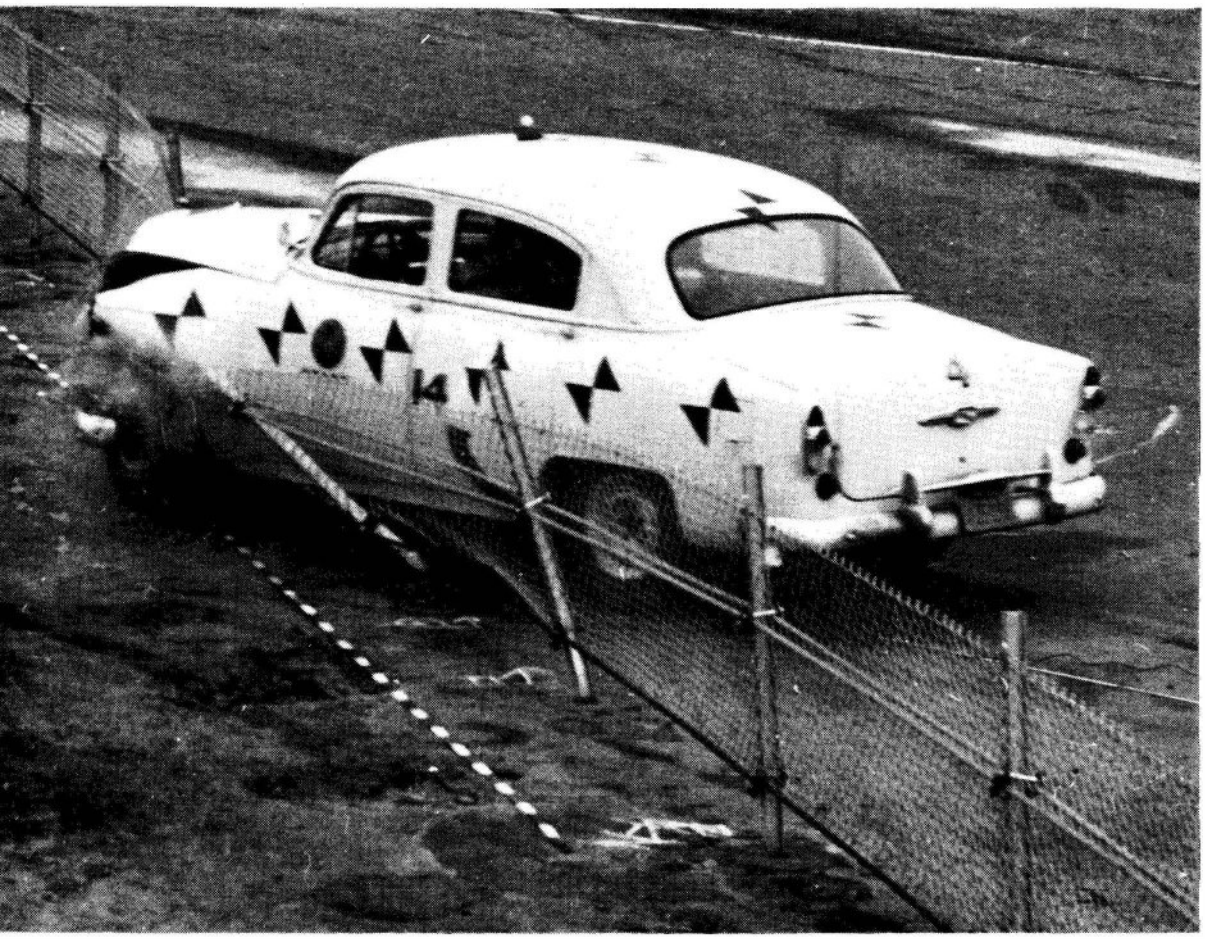


Car slams into new barrier fence at 60 mph in test to find best way to prevent head-on crashes.

NEW BUTTERFLY NET FOR RUNAWAY CARS

The head-on crash is the grisliest highway accident of all—but now there's hope that a hurtling, out-of-control car can be snared like an incoming carrier jet

BY ROBERT S. FAIRBANKS

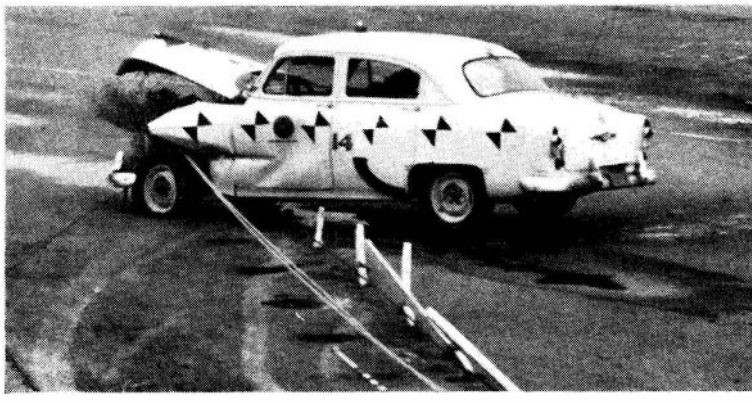
Chain-link fence snares hurtling vehicle while cables cut in above and below front wheel, keeping car in own lane.

CALIFORNIA

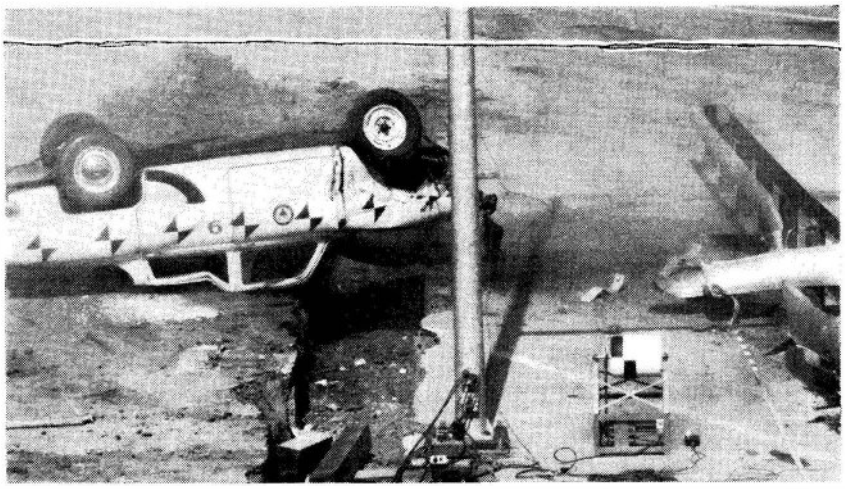
American drivers kill themselves and each other to the tune of over 35,000 each year. Worst among the crashes is the head-on variety on the open highway. Engineers of the California Division of Highways decided in 1958 to do something to keep cars from going down each other's throats.

Robert Field, the engineer who supervised the California tests, says there are three requirements for a center-strip barrier. "The barrier must be strong enough to keep a car from going through. The barrier must be flexible enough to slow down the driver without killing him, and the barrier must hold him in the center strip long enough for other cars to get out of the way."

Several types of barriers that will prevent head-on



Brought to halt after 64-foot slide, car remains in lane. Tests showed dummy driver suffered "minor bruises."



RAILS THAT FAILED include (above) rigid barrier that allowed car to climb fence and crash in other lane, and (left) a "W-section" rail that flipped car high into air, landing it upside down in middle of its own right-of-way.

NEW BUTTERFLY NET FOR RUNAWAY CARS

crashes are in use today. All are rigid or semi-rigid. Impact with a barrier of this type will either kill or maim the driver of the colliding car and his passengers —or the car will bounce and spin from the barrier so fast that following cars won't have time to get out of the way.

An abandoned Air Force flight strip near Sacramento was chosen as a test site. Robot controls were installed in 17 cars and a bus. The vehicles were backed off 2,000 feet and sent hurtling at the barriers at 60 mph. With a few planned exceptions, each vehicle hit the barriers at a 30-degree angle.

The engineers set up 25 such runs, carefully measuring impact forces with a battery of instruments. Few cars were good for more than a single crash.

Engineers tested 15 barriers, and only one, a flexible, chain-link-type fence proved feasible. The fence is four feet high and mounted on light steel posts eight feet apart. Two steel cables are hung 30 inches above the ground, a third is nine inches off the ground. The cables and fence break loose from an impacting car and the auto moves along the top cables, snarling itself in the fence. Meanwhile, the car's left front wheel has rolled over the bottom cable. As the barrier sways back, the bottom cable tightens under the car and holds it in the center strip.

Engineer Field says: "The fence is pretty good, but I suppose the best thing of all would be a big moat down the middle filled with Jello." ■

OTHER FAILURES included concrete posts (above) that permitted car to slash through, with little loss in velocity, into other lane, and (left) modified W-section rail that brutally halted car in own lane but demolished automobile.

Small wonder—with a wonderful ride!

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A magician on mileage. *Your gas dollars will now go farther . . . because the Corvair delivers miles and miles and miles per gallon.*

Four models. *Practical four-door or sleek new two-door in standard or deluxe versions.*

Trunk's up front. *Plenty of luggage space under the hood, where it's convenient to get to.*

Engine's in the rear . . . *where it belongs in a compact car . . . to give you nimbler handling, greater traction, better 4-wheel braking.*

Independent suspension at all 4 wheels. *Coil springs at each and every wheel take bumps with independent knee-action for a ride that rivals the costliest cars.*

Fold-down rear seat. *Converts into a station sedan with a total 17.6 cu. ft. of extra storage space behind front seat.*

Choice of automatic or manual transmission. *You can have Powerglide* or a smooth-shifting Synchro-Mesh standard transmission.*

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ANSWERS

Champion rat-catcher Jean Olischlager and his rare "rat-king" (left), a tool he uses to help round up catches as big as the one at right, in Abbeville. Rats breed faster than rabbits.

By Robert E. Pinkerton

Since TRUE's (November, 1959) story on the rat-catching Dalton family of England a number of readers have asked about rat-catching problems in other parts of this rat-infested earth.

In addition to Britain's famed Daltons, there lives in the Dutch city of Maastricht another rat catcher named Jean Olischlager. Olischlager has killed millions of rats; in one week alone 350,000 in one French town.

Rats, says Mr. Olischlager, have been responsible for more deaths, than all the wars that were ever fought. They brought the plague from Asia to Europe and in one century half the population of Europe died from this disease. In Paris alone during one outbreak of plague, caused by rats, 100,000 people died.

There are twice as many rats in the world as people—about five billion (400 million in the U.S.). Every 12th farm in the world produces food only to feed rats; a total of about two million average sized modern farms!

Rats multiply at a rate that makes rabbits seem barren. Theoretically two rats could have 250,000 descendants in three years, 36 trillion in 10 years!

Natives of Asia, the black rats came to Europe at the time of the Mongol invasions. They were followed about 1750 by another Asiatic species, the brown rat. The brown invaders attacked the black rats and the great rat war over the possession of Europe started. It lasted 50 odd years. Then, after killing each other off by the millions, they divided the world amongst themselves. The black rats took the dry parts, the brown rats the wet parts.

Rats often attack people and they have killed several children and old people in Europe in recent years. In World War I rats invaded the front line trenches, gorged themselves on the slain and attacked the wounded. During the Hungarian uprising, rats were seen to scale the walls of a hospital and drink the blood of the wounded. In 1945 in Germany, when there wasn't enough food even for the rats, the ravenous rodents chewed the legs off two elephants in the Hamburg Zoo.

Mr. Olischlager recently bought a "rat king," one of the 20 odd that he says exist in the world. A rat king, according to rodent lore, consists of eight to 80 rats, whose tails have been tied together by the other rats of the community. It serves, according to Mr. Olischlager, the same purpose as a queen bee—a center of procreation.

Mr. Olischlager kills rats with an American poison, impregnated with a scent prepared from the sex glands of rats and which rats of all ages and sexes seem to find irresistible. His success in nearly all European countries has been enormous. Amongst his latest orders: De-ratting a royal palace, the Louvre in Paris, the estate of the Count de Bourbon, the barracks of the Foreign Legion, the French subway system.

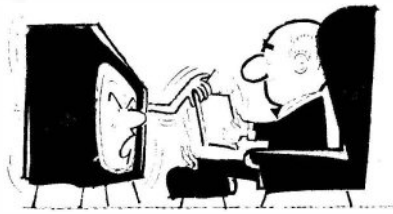
Q: Do they hire deer hunters in New Zealand? *George Bell, Portland, Ore.*

A: Yes. About 100 are at work all year and in 1958 42,000 deer were shot. For 25 years hunters have been waging war on deer with little effect. Since deer are not native to the islands, they have no natural enemies. An Englishman introduced them for sport 100 years ago and they are blamed for destroying New Zealand's forests.

Q: Does the tuatara, a large iguana-like reptile, really have three eyes? *Roger Parks, Albuquerque, N. M.*

A: Yes. About 150 million years ago, when the tuatara developed into its present form, most reptiles had third eyes. The tuatara lives only on a few islands in New Zealand where it is rigidly protected today. While nerves to the third eye have atrophied or disappeared in most lizards, they still function in the third eye of this strange animal.

Q: Are people reading more or less because of TV? *Sol Laufer, New York City.*



A: Increased book production and library circulating book figures may indicate they are reading more. Figures of the American Library Association show books circulated from public libraries in cities of 100,000 or more increased by 10 million between 1950 and 1957. Book production has also increased. One pocket book firm has sold 700 million copies in 20 years, many for as much as $1.95.

[*Continued on page* 16]

[*Continued from page* 14]

Q: Is the wild boar found in the Florida everglades? ***Jerry Sootkoos, Miami Springs, Fla.***

A: No. We have not heard of any straying so far from the North Carolina and Tennessee mountains, where they were introduced by sportsmen. However, they may also be hunted in the Santa Lucia mountains below Monterey, Calif., where they were introduced 40 years ago.

Q: What was the Laramide revolution? ***Robert Rankin, Hillsdale, N. J.***

A: In the Cretaceous geological period much of North America from Mexico to the arctic was submerged under a great shallow sea connected with both the Pacific and Atlantic oceans. At the close of the Cretaceous period a great upheaval of the earth formed the whole Rocky Mountain chain from the arctic through Mexico. At the same time the Andes were lifted in South America. This upheaval is known as the Laramide revolution. It occurred about 60 million years ago.

Q: How cold does it get at the South Pole? ***Ralph Yager, Mobile, Ala.***

A: Lowest recorded at the Amundsen-Scott IGY South Pole station in 1957 was 102.1 degrees below zero Fahrenheit. This is the coldest place known in the world. Average for the winter was minus 73. The station was 9,200 feet above sea level and there was a bitter wind, which failed to blow only 25 hours all winter. It averaged 16 mph and reached 53 in gusts. A remarkable fact discovered was a change in temperature with altitude. When it was 102.1 below at the surface it was 27 degrees warmer 30 feet above, and 1,400 feet above the surface the temperature was 72 degrees higher.

Q: What is the use of the spectroscope? ***Clayton Jones, Duluth, Minn.***

A: In studying the universe to its most distant reaches and the spaces between the nuclei of the atom, science has no more valuable tool. From Newton's prism we have advanced to diffraction gratings, thousands of lines to the inch ruled on a glass surface. After 10 years of work the Massachusetts Institute of Technology has succeeded in engraving grooves one-ten-thousandth of an inch deep and 7,500 parallel grooves to the inch. Such a tool will reveal in detail the structure of atoms and molecules and the composition of matter millions of light years distant.

TRUE will answer any reasonable questions you ask, free of charge, including questions on resorts, fishing and hunting vacations, where to go and how to get there. Every question will receive a personal reply, provided it is accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. The most interesting questions and their answers will be printed. Address your questions to TRUE Magazine, Dept. T-3, 67 West 44 St., New York 36, N. Y.

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As the weather goes, so goes your vacation. Whether it's golf or swimming, hunting or just plain sightseeing, miserable weather can put the damper on your fun more quickly than any other factor. Since most of us spend only about 2% of our normal life on vacations, we have to have good weather—or else. Perhaps no other place in the world offers such guaranteed good weather as our own great Southwest. It's a rare week indeed that doesn't produce five of six sun-drenched days. Winter or summer, you can easily plan the perfect vacation in:

ARIZONA: You'll never forget a visit to the Grand Canyon—a gigantic chasm 217 miles long, 4 to 18 miles wide, a mile deep, with the mighty Colorado rushing below. In this amazing playland state, you can water ski in the morning under a warm sun, and in the afternoon ski down a sparkling snow bowl in crisp pure air . . . . take fighting trout of record size in the fast water below Hoover and Davis Dams, or fish for bass in a massive, awe-inspiring desert canyon. Arizona's harvest time for the hunter is rich in reward—from the famous kaibab deer herd to some of the finest wing shooting in the country. Hole up in a big city like Phoenix, or strike south to old Mexico for a fiesta or a bull fight in Nogales.

NEW MEXICO: In this land of contrast are the ancient and the modern-blanketed Indians rubbing elbows with crew-cut scientists; adobe missions modeled on the same mesas with security-guarded laboratories; Indian art, centuries old, yet modern as tomorrow. There is variety in the cities too: Santa Fe, with its Spanish heritage; Taos, world known for its intact pueblo and art colony; Las Vegas, host each year to the Rough Riders, still the great "cowtown" of New Mexico; Tucumcari, gateway to Conchas Reservoir fishing; Carlsbad, home of the famous caverns.

NEVADA: Rich in natural scenery, Nevada with its mountains and lakes, streams and forests, parks and natural phenomena, offers unlimited opportunity for camping tours, hunting, fishing, hiking or prospecting. Cathedral Gorge, a masterpiece of colorful erosive sculpture . . . . the Valley of Fire in Clark County with vivid sandstone images and high cliffs plastered with thousands of mysterious pictographs . . . . the many hot springs whose health-giving properties are readily accessible . . . . old abandoned mining camps, now classified as "ghost towns," scattered throughout the state. . . . Western Nevada—rapidly becoming one of the world's foremost winter sports areas.

UTAH: Choose any season of the year to visit Utah and it will be the right one. Good fishing abounds in over 2,000 lakes and hundreds of miles of mountain streams. There are endless species of game birds. Deer are abundant in practically every section of the state, and enough man-made marshes can comfortably handle every duck hunter who comes to call. Soaring mountain ranges provide skiing comparable only to that of St. Moritz. And in these mountains are over one hundred easily accessible picnic and camp grounds. Add to this two National Parks, nine National Monuments and 21 National Forest areas, and you have a top-notch vacationland.

COLORADO: Colorful Colorado has four distinct seasons, but all have one thing in common—sunshine. Five of every six days in Colorado are sunny, the year round. Because it's America's eighth largest state, you may want to cover it by car. . . . Try Prospectors Trail, from Denver to Mt. Evans, 153 miles of scenic grandeur abundantly interwoven with the history of the Old West . . . . or tour the Black Canyon of the Gunnison, where canyon walls rise 3,000 feet—one of the most impressive sights in the world.

More information on any of the above mentioned areas is available. Write to TRUE's Travel Editor if you're interested—but *please, enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope.*

Courtesy New Mexico Tourist Bureau

I'm warning the National Hockey League–
Unchecked brutality is going to kill somebody.
Something must be done about...

ATROCITIES ON ICE

By ANDY BATHGATE as told to Dave Anderson

When this article by Andy Bathgate, star right-wing for the New York Rangers and last year's most valuable player, appeared in our Canadian edition it started a storm of controversy. Some critics and players praised Bathgate for his courage; others called him a hypocrite, a crybaby, and worse. Bathgate was ordered to appear before National Hockey League president Clarence Campbell, and was fined $500 for actions damaging to hockey. Campbell also fined New York Ranger general manager Murray Patrick for authorizing this article. TRUE attempted to pay the fines, but the offer was refused. We believe that Campbell's action was grossly unfair; that, in effect, he is condoning spearing. We do not believe that Bathgate's warning can be ignored: we hope that something positive will be done—before it is too late.—The Editors

This was in Madison Square Garden—my team, the New York Rangers against the Montreal Canadiens. From the bench, I watched our Red Sullivan stick-handle the puck up the ice and move across the Canadiens' blue line. He dropped a pass behind him, then cut for the goal. That's when Doug Harvey's stick came up. He shoved the black-taped blade into Sully's gut. It looked like Harvey was using a fixed bayonet. In hockey, we call it spearing.

Sullivan didn't scream. He just groaned, like a dog kicked in the stomach. He glided on momentum in a semi-circle toward our bench. Then he collapsed on the ice.

On the bench, we all saw Sully go down and we were yelling to the referee: "He's hurt, he's hurt." The referee, Red Storey, looked back and saw Sullivan. When Storey blew his whistle, we jumped over the boards. I was one of the first to get to him. I'll never forget his face. Usually, it's strawberry-red. This time, it was milk-white. He was doubled up, holding his gut. The black tire-tape on Harvey's stick blade had smudged his blue Ranger jersey.

"Where's Harvey?" I remember Sullivan gasping. "He speared me . . . I'll get him . . ."

Sullivan couldn't get to his feet, much less get Harvey. We lifted him up, draped one of his arms around our trainer, Frank Paice, and the other around our team physician, Dr. Kazuo Yanagisawa. They helped Red glide off the ice and staggered down the stairs to our dressing room.

It was late in the first period. In a few minutes, we were in the dressing room with Sullivan. He was sitting on the black-padded rubbing table, his legs dangling limply. Dr. Yanagisawa was talking to him.

"C'mon, Red, get undressed. Let's go to the hospital and look at you. I don't like that welt there."

"I'm okay, Doc," Red said. "I can play."

"You sure?" Phil Watson, the coach, asked. "You don't look so good—hey, what's the matter? What did you wince for?"

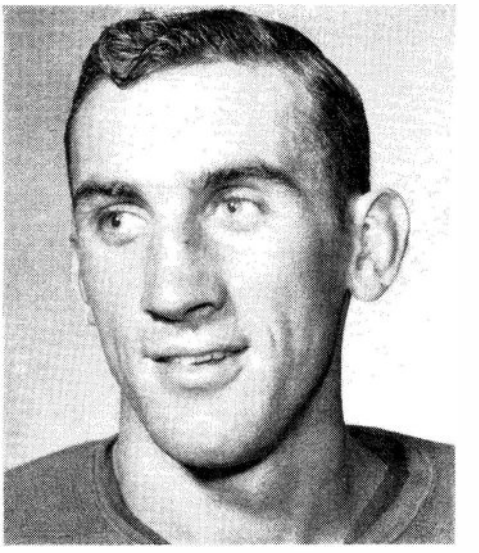
[*Continued on page* 20]


9

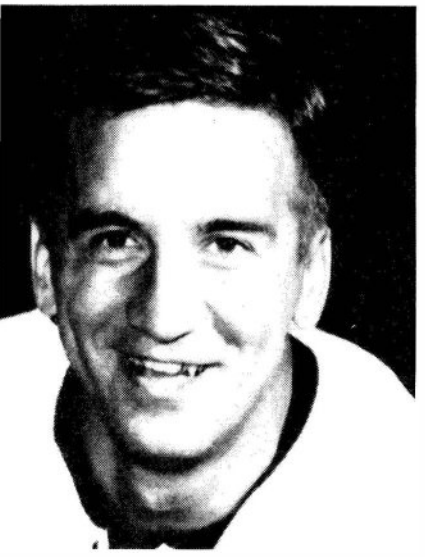
ANDY BATHGATE'S ROGUES' GALLERY

Ferny Flaman, Bruins, "he's had too many accidents to believe."

Doug Harvey, Canadiens, "lucky he doesn't have a spearing death on his conscience."

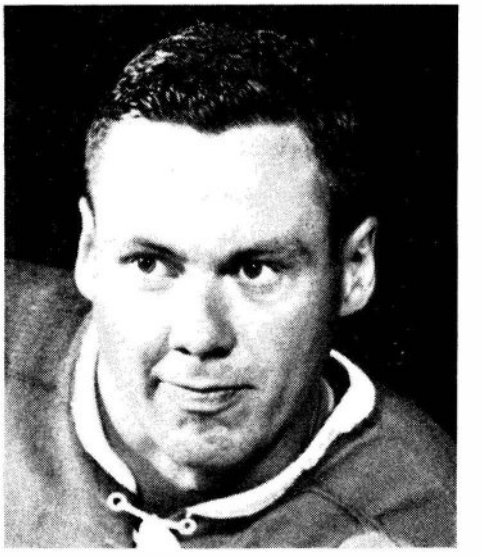


Lou Fontinato, Rangers, "likes to use the stick but uses his fists in a real fight."



Ted Lindsay, Black Hawks, "seldom drops his stick in a fight."

Gordie Howe, Red Wings, "meanest player in the league . . . uses all the tricks—plus."



Tom Johnson, Canadiens, "one of the five notorious spearing specialists in the NHL."

ATROCITIES ON ICE

"I got a pain. I couldn't breathe," Sully said, "but I'm okay. I can play. Damn it, Phil, I can play."

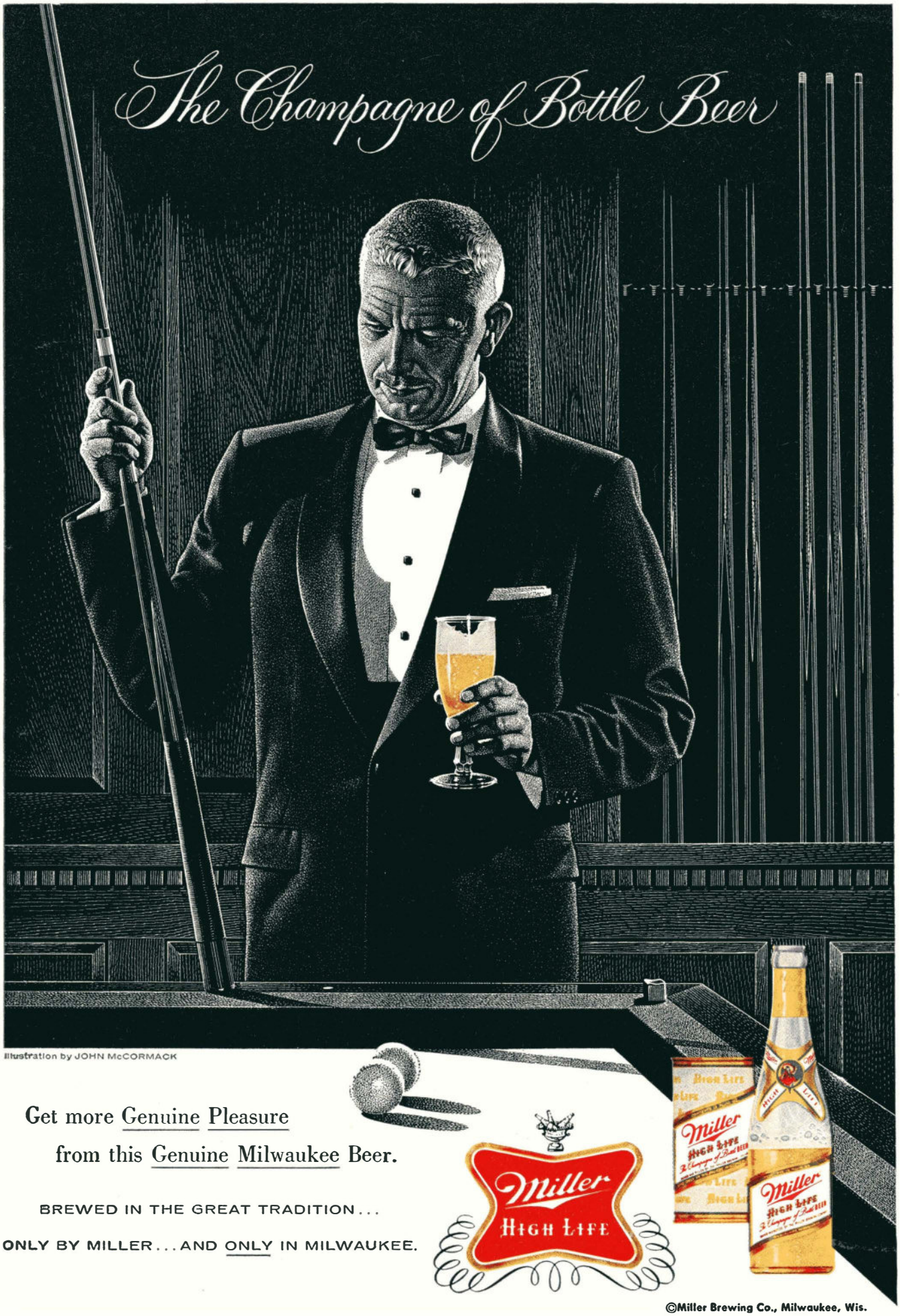
"All right," Watson said. "If you say so, give it a try anyway."

Sullivan slid off the table, grabbed his stick and stumbled out for the second period. On the bench, he was wincing and trying to get his breath. In a few minutes, Watson yelled, "Okay, Sullivan, line." Red climbed over the boards, glided up and down the ice a few times and wobbled back to the bench. He knew it was no use. Dr. Yanagisawa was waiting with a cab to take him the three blocks to St. Clare's Hospital.

When Red got there, one of the nurses whispered, "We'd better get a priest." In Catholic hospitals, it's routine to call a priest when a patient is admitted in shock. But this was no routine shock case.

At the time, though, we didn't know how bad Sullivan was hurt. Even his wife, Marion, waited until after the game to go over to the hospital. My wife and I went with her. When we got there, a nurse told us, "I'm sorry, you can't see Mr. Sullivan. He's being prepared for surgery." Just then, Dr. Yanagisawa came out.

"Mrs. Sullivan, we have to operate. It's his spleen." Then he turned and told me to "take her home and stay with



her. I'll call you as soon as I can."

About two o'clock in the morning, the phone rang. Marion picked it up. From the way she sighed, I knew Red was out of danger. Then I got on with Dr. Yanagisawa.

"Red will be all right," he said. "It was a pretty bad internal injury. Harvey's stick dug in so deeply that it severed an artery in the spleen. The blood swelled the spleen to four to five times its normal size. Usually, it's the size of two pears end to end. Red's was as big as a football with all that blood in it. Just before we cut him open, he saw the priest giving him the last rites. He looked up at us and said: 'Do a good job.'"

They did a good job—Dr. John L. Madden, the chief surgeon at St. Clare's, and Dr. Yanagisawa who assisted him. In a couple days, we were allowed in to visit Red. I'll never forget what he told me: "Andy, I thought I was going to die."

What burns me about Sullivan's near-fatal injury is that Harvey was given the lightest possible penalty in the National Hockey League rulebook: two minutes. Red was on the critical list for two days, in the hospital for two weeks and out of the lineup for three months. When he's getting into his uniform, you can see his souvenir: a 45-stitch scar across his stomach.

This is what spearing can do to a guy. It's the most savage, sneaky trick in hockey. And the most lethal. Mark my words: it's going to kill somebody.

As a kid growing up on the prairies near Winnipeg, Manitoba, I played all the sports. But hockey spearing is the most deadly weapon I've ever seen in sports. They talk about boxers giving a guy the thumb. But you can't kill a guy that way. They talk about the beanball in baseball. Sure, it's dangerous. But a batter has 60 feet to see the ball and get out of the way. He's got a helmet, too. In hockey, you've got no chance to avoid a spear job. And no protection.

The spearers aim for your stomach. This is one of the few places we're not protected by padded equipment. It would be too bulky. All we've got there is the thin uniform sweater and our long underwear. Or at least that's all the other players have. I've got my own home-made spearing shield—a six-inch square of inch-thick foam rubber.

I first used it two years ago after I almost got mine. I was speared in Boston by Buddy Boone, a rookie who was trying to make the Bruins think he belonged on their tough-guy team.

I was skating on right wing, watching the play developing in mid-ice. That's when the spearers make their move: when you can't see them coming, or when you're jammed against the boards so you can't back up to cushion it. I didn't see Boone until it was too late. I felt his stick dig in. I couldn't breathe. The pain burned across my stomach. I locked elbows with Boone and we thudded into the sideboards. By that time, I had enough wind to tell him: "If you ever do that to me again, I'll punch your head off."

Boone never said a word, never even looked at me. When we got untangled, he just kept going. When I got to the bench, I pulled up my uniform sweater. Inside, I could feel the welt. I was lucky. I wasn't on the way to the hospital. But if Boone had buried his stick another half-inch deeper, who knows?

This is no cry-baby complaint. Hockey players don't cry. We think we're the toughest group of athletes in sports. Its equipment makes hockey unique: the only sport in which each player must carry a stick and two knives. The skate blades are sharp enough to slice through the leather boot and slash our foot like a meat cleaver. There's always the danger that a player will gore somebody with his skates. But as a regular thing, it would be too obvious. Spearing is just as vicious. Just as deadly. And you can get away with it.

There are five spearing specialists in the NHL, all big-name players: Doug Harvey and Tom Johnson of the Stanley Cup champion Montreal Canadiens, Fernie Flaman of the Boston Bruins, Ted Lindsay of the Chicago Black Hawks and to prove I'm not pulling any punches, my Ranger teammate, Lou Fontinato.

Harvey is a seven-time All-Star. He's ranked with the best defensemen in history. Johnson made the All-Star team on defense last season. Flaman is another defenseman. He usually makes the second-team All-Stars. Lindsay is an eight-time All-Star left wing. He'll make the Hall of Fame. He's the third highest career goal-scorer. Fontinato is the guy the sportswriters call The Bad Man because of his penalty-minute record. He's a potential All-Star defenseman.

Around the league, it's an unwritten law: always keep an eye peeled for these five spear-carriers, just as you would for a murderer on the loose.

There are a few others—Pierre Pilote of Chicago and Leo LaBine of Boston, to name two—who spear occasionally. But none of them seems to care or realize that he'll be branded as a "hockey killer" if somebody dies. Baseball had it happen with a beanball. Ray Chapman, an infielder for the Cleveland Indians, died in 1920 after being hit in the head by a pitch from Carl Mays, a right-hander for the New York Yankees. Hockey is lucky Sullivan didn't die three years ago. Harvey is lucky it's not on his conscience.

Sullivan hasn't forgotten it. Jungle law rules hockey. If somebody gets you, then you get him. Maybe it takes a while—a year, two years, maybe as long as five years. But someday, you know you'll get your chance. I'm waiting for a shot at a couple guys myself—with my fists.

It's no secret that Sullivan is waiting to get Harvey. I thought they were going to have a war in Montreal, more than a year after Red almost died. It was the last minute of the game. Down at one end, I saw Sullivan and Harvey fencing with their sticks. The black-and-white shirted linesmen rushed over, pinned the sticks together in the air and muscled between them. Later, in our dressing room, Red was still steaming when the sportswriters asked him about it.

"It goes back a while," Red said.

"You mean the time Harvey speared you," one of the sportswriters said.

"That's it," Red said.

"What were you saying to him?"

"I just told him: 'You got one coming' and he said to me: 'Anytime you want to start.' But I told him: 'When you get it, it'll be for two minutes like you got me.' That was no time to hit him over the head with a stick—with the referee looking."

In the Montreal dressing room, they were asking Harvey about the near-fatal spearing.

"Was it an accident," one of the sportswriters said, "or did you mean to spear him?"

"Sure, I speared him," Harvey said.

To me, that's like some two-bit punk telling the police, "Yea, I stabbed the guy."

Harvey claimed he had his reasons for spearing Sullivan. He said, "Sullivan was kicking skates. He did it three times here in Montreal the game before. Then he did it once in the game in New York. So I got him." Maybe Sullivan was kicking skates. Sullivan is no angel on the ice. Skate-kicking can be dangerous. But I've had guys kick my skates out from under me in a scramble. I didn't like it. But I didn't turn around and stick a knife in the guy's belly. That's what Harvey did to Sullivan that night in New York.

Old-timers tell me that spearing is new in hockey—since World War II. Muzz Patrick, who played before the war with the Rangers and is now our general manager, says "we used to go for a guy's legs from behind with the stick blade. But that was kid stuff compared to what it's like now."

There's not any more spearing this season than last season or six seasons ago when I was a rookie. That's not the point. In baseball, they were throwing beanballs long before Ray Chapman was killed. The important thing is—the NHL is asking for trouble by shutting its eyes to the danger. The rulebook says "spearing shall mean stabbing an opponent with the point of the stick blade while the stick is being carried with one hand or both hands." But even if a player is caught spearing, it's only a two-minute penalty. That makes it no more serious than holding the puck.

The rulebook also says that if a player injures an opponent by spearing, it calls for a major five-minute penalty. This isn't stiff enough. I'd add this provision: if the speared player is injured, the spearer is automatically out of the game—and out of the lineup as long as the injured player. If it happens twice, then the spearer must post $1,000 in the NHL office that he won't do it again.

Ten years ago, a similar $1,000 bond handcuffed Kenny Reardon. He's now vice-president of the Montreal Canadiens but then he was one of their defensemen and one of the wildest, toughest players in history. One of his nicknames was "The Butcher." In New York one night in 1947, the Canadiens and Rangers got into a free-for-all and Reardon came out of it with 14 stitches across his mouth. But the mystery was—neither Reardon nor any of the Canadiens saw who clipped him with a stick. And none of the Rangers would talk.

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Tom McCahill Reports on:

The Killer—Carbon Monoxide

Any grammar school kid with an IQ of 2 knows that a typical automobile engine produces poisonous carbon monoxide fumes. This deadly gas is odorless and invisible and packs enough wallop to kill the entire population of Rhode Island on a tankful of fuel—if conditions are just right.

Yet few people worry about carbon monoxide dangers, figuring it's out the rear stack, which makes it a problem for the daisies, not them. Even an audibly leaky muffler doesn't excite the average driver too much because you rarely hear of a guy dying from leaking exhaust fumes. However, carbon monoxide can cause you to kill yourself. In the end you're just as dead either way.

The F.B.I. felt strongly enough about it to make an extensive search some years ago into the part carbon monoxide played in many unexplained accidents. They found that truck drivers on long hauls frequently fell asleep and went off the road—probably from drowsiness caused by carbon monoxide from a muffler or manifold leak.

Carbon monoxide can make you kill yourself by slowing up your reaction time to a point where the simplest emergency maneuver, such as stepping on the brake to avoid running over Aunt Nell, becomes a major chore.

To ignore a faulty exhaust system is like playing catch with a bottle of nitroglycerine. My advice is to check your muffler and exhaust system regularly—and if you find any signs of corrosion or leakage, have the faulty part replaced right away. AP mufflers and pipes are the endurance champs in their field, because they have thicker, coated steel. AP is the world's largest manufacturer of replacement mufflers and pipes, with over 100,000 dealers. Look for the red and white AP "Free Muffler Check" sign at stations everywhere. They sell mink coat mufflers and pipes at muskrat prices.

Two years later, one of the players on that Ranger team, Hal Laycoe, was traded to Montreal. When you're traded, you've got to be loyal to your new teammates.

"Remember the brawl in New York when you got the 14 stitches?" Laycoe said to Reardon. "It was Cal Gardner."

By that time, Gardner had been traded to Toronto. Reardon bided his time for a few games, then he and Gardner got in a stick-swinging battle. Gardner's jaw was broken. Reardon was cut up, too. The NHL office fined Gardner $250, Reardon $200.

"It was worth it," Reardon said, "as long as it cost him $50 more than me." But a few weeks later, Reardon was quoted as warning, "I'm going to give Gardner the 14 stitches he gave me in the mouth."

The next day, NHL president Clarence Campbell ordered Reardon to post a $1,000 personal cash bond. It was a good-conduct forfeit. He could ask for a refund when he retired. Reardon coughed up the grand. When he quit, he got it back because he behaved himself. The same thing would work with the spearers. Suddenly, there wouldn't be as many "accidents" as there are now.

The $1,000 bond would also take the referees off the spot. The refs are not to blame. The way it is, you've got to be a mind-reader to rule that a player "deliberately" tried to hurt another guy by spearing him. The refs seldom see the spearers in action. The spearers are quick and sneaky. They make sure the referee isn't looking—as Boston's Fernie Flaman did when he almost poked out my right eye with his stick-blade.

This happened two years ago in New York. Flaman is only five-ten. But he's built like a bull. We were battling for the puck behind the Bruin net. We slammed into each other and got tangled up. The Bruins got the puck and were moving up the ice. The referee, of course, was watching the puck. He forgot about Flaman and me.

Flaman moved out first. As I hustled past him, his stick suddenly was in my face. It caught me in the right eye. I could feel the stick-blade scraping the eye ball. The eye closed in pain. I grabbed it. I could feel the blood on my fingers. Even with a good left eye, I could hardly see. I weaved along the ice toward our bench and stumbled down the stairs into the dressing room.

I was lucky. The stick missed the eye itself. But I needed four stitches right under it. Later, Flaman told the sportswriters that he lost his balance and the stick flew up. "It was an accident," he said. I don't consider it an accident. He's had too many accidents to start believing him now.

Flaman and my teammate, Lou Fontinato, like to use the stick. But when they get into a man-to-man fight, they've got the guts to take off their gloves and go to it. Some of the others—such as Harvey, Johnson and Lindsay—seldom drop their stick in a fight. I think Johnson learned all his tricks from watching his hero Harvey. And maybe Harvey learned them from Lindsay who is the worst of what we call "stick-fighters."

Lindsay even went after a fan with his stick last season in New York. All during the game, this well-dressed kid about 18 was on Lindsay. He was sitting next to our bench, so we heard it all. And we could see Lindsay steaming. Finally, in the last minute of the game, the kid spit at Lindsay. He must have hit the target. Lindsay jumped up on the ledge of the white wooden sideboards. He leaned against the glass that protects the front-row fans and waved his stick at the kid who ran out of range.

"Do it again," Lindsay screamed at him. "Do it again and I'll carve you down the middle with this stick."

I'm not saying that fans should spit at hockey players. The only point I'm trying to make is this—Lindsay didn't drop his stick. Even in a word-war with a scared kid, he didn't drop his stick. That's why Lindsay has been involved in some of the bloodiest brawls in hockey history. The other guy doesn't dare drop his stick, either.

Another stick-fighter is Maurice Richard, the one they call The Rocket. He's scored more goals than anybody in history. This is his 18th season. He used to be wild. But he's mellowed since I've been in the league. Especially since he was suspended for the final three games of the regular season and all the Stanley Cup playoff games in 1955. He had punched a linesman, Cliff Thompson, after a savage stick-swinging brawl in Boston. But you never know when The Rocket might explode again.

If you take away the stick, you would solve the problem of most of this dirty hockey. Spearing is the most deadly. But there are other stick tricks almost as dangerous: butt-ending, cross-checking and twisting the stick-blade between a player's skates. Plus a few more like skate-kicking and elbowing.

Butt-ending is just that—jamming a player in the gut with the blunt butt-end of your stick. Referees almost never see this because it's almost invisible. You loosen the grip of your top hand on the stick, then use your lower hand to slide the butt-end through the loose top hand. There's no particular player you have to watch for butt-ending. Almost anybody will do it, particularly two guys in a feud who don't want to be too obvious about it.

Cross-checking can be bloody. That's when a player carries his stick horizontally chest-high or higher and comes at you. If he catches you around the face, it's a few stitches. Sometimes, a few teeth. In hockey, there aren't many guys who have their front teeth. If you've got them, you're supposed to be chicken.

All the Toronto defensemen are taught to twist the stick between your skates. You can't stride. This is part of Toronto's famous clutch-and-grab strategy. All their defensemen do it—Baun, Tim Horton, Carl Brewer, even a clean player like Allen Stanley.

Skate-kicking is dangerous, especially if somebody gets you when you're skating backwards. If somebody kicks both your skates, you can topple on your head. If you're hit on one skate, you'll only spin. It's tough to pin down a few guys

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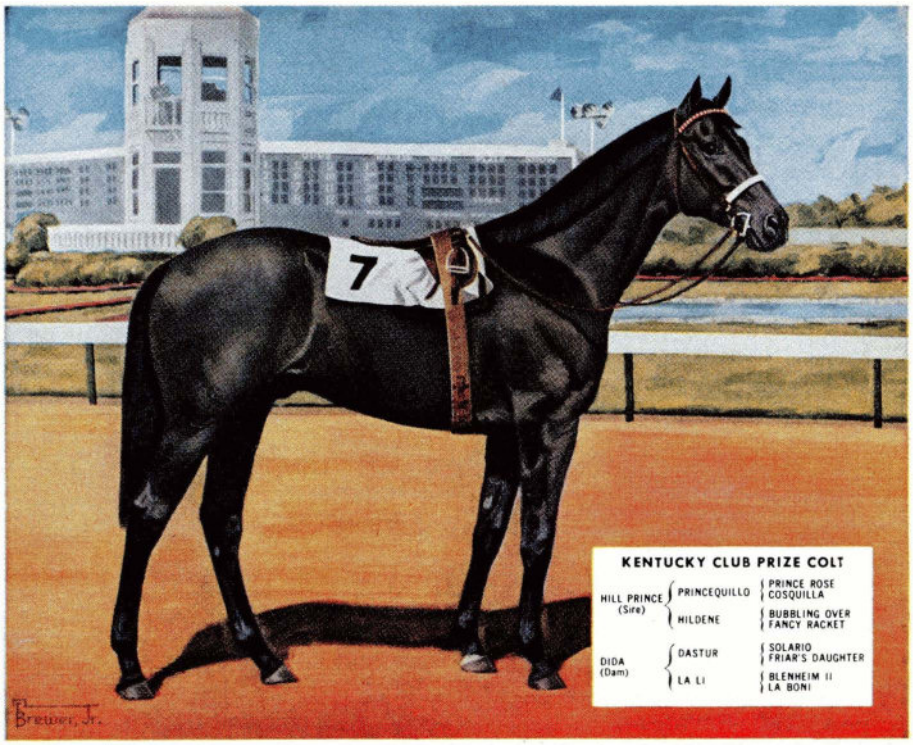

First Prize gives you this roan Thoroughbred colt plus two choice seats to 1960 Kentucky Derby—plus hotel room for four days—plus $1,000.00 for expenses and to shoot the works at the races.

THIS YEAR'S Kentucky Club Derby Day Contest brings you a golden opportunity to win a colt with top potential. His sire, *Hill Prince*, was winner of 17 races and $420,000—has sired 12 stake winners. His grandsire, *Princequillo*, sired *Round Table*, leading money winner of the world.

Just name this prize colt and he's yours. No need to worry about how you would take care of a race horse. Kentucky Club pays all expenses for board and training your prize colt by the experienced trainer, L. K. Haggin, at War Horse Place, Lexington, Ky., to July 1, 1960. Later, you can race your prize colt or sell him, as you wish. He may bring you a fortune.

IT'S EASY TO WIN. Awards will be made for the best names for this son of *Hill Prince*. For example, a name might be *Kentucky Hills*. Don't send in this name. Think of better ones.

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Each entry must be accompanied by front of outer wrapper from any of Kentucky Club's 9 brands of pipe tobacco: Aromatic Kentucky Club Mixture, London Dock, Whitehall, Brush Creek, Peper's Pouch Mixture, Crosby Square, Donniford, Kentucky Club White Burley, Willoughby Taylor. Entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, April 11, 1960. No entries returned. All become property of Kentucky Club Division of Mail Pouch Tobacco Co.

3. Prizes will be awarded as listed elsewhere on this page. Entries will be judged by the Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation on the basis of originality, aptness of thought and sincerity. Judges' decision final. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. All members of a family may compete, but only one prize to a family.

4. Everyone in United States and possessions or Canada may enter the contest except employees of the manufacturers of Kentucky Club's Tobaccos, its advertising agencies and members of their families. Entries must be the original work of contestant. Contest subject to Federal, State and local regulations.

5. Top winner will be notified in ample time to attend the Derby, other winners will be notified by mail approximately six weeks after close of contest. Prize colt will be presented to winner at Churchill Downs during Derby Day week. If, because of accident or other reason, it is necessary to withdraw the colt described above, another Thoroughbred of comparable value will be awarded. List of winning persons available to those requesting same and enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

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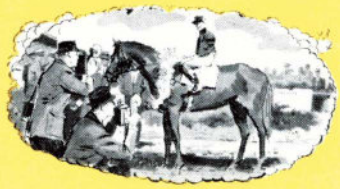

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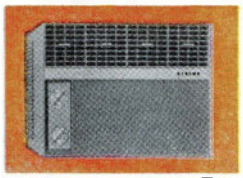

2nd TO 11th PRIZES—Famous Gibson Suburban Air Conditioner. Two H. P. Cools 3 whole rooms, yet fits small windows. Automatic thermostat. Extra dehumidification action. Total comfort cooling. Beautiful trimline cabinet finished in Baffin Beige and Antique White.

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as skate-kickers because this is one thing that can be an accident. You never know.

Then there's elbowing. This can break your jaw. I saw it happen to my pal, Red Sullivan. By now, he must sound like the guinea-pig for this story. Two years ago in the Stanley Cup playoffs with Boston, Red was skating across the blue line in New York when Vic Stasiuk swooped alongside him and rammed him in the mouth. With hard-leather elbow pads inside the jersey, that's like getting hit with an iron ball. Sully went down. Then he went to the hospital again.

At the time, our coach, Phil Watson, screamed that Stasiuk deliberately broke Sullivan's jaw. In a way, Stasiuk admitted it the next day when he at least had the class to visit Sullivan.

"Sorry about this, Red," Stasiuk said. "I didn't mean to break your jaw. But I was trying to hit you."

"If I get a good shot at you next season," Sully mumbled through his wired jaw. "I'll try to hit you, too."

Stasiuk is what we call a cruiser. Which means: don't turn your back on him. As hockey players go, Stasiuk is a big guy, 190 and six-one. The tall guys keep their elbows out—Ed Litzenberger and Eric Nesterenko of Chicago, Bert Olmstead and Frank Mahovlich of Toronto. Even a real clean player like Jean Beliveau, the All-Star center for Montreal, has his elbows out. He's six-three. So his elbows are just the right height to clip the little guys in the face. It keeps them from pestering him.

Of all the players in the league, the meanest is Gordie Howe of the Detroit Red Wings. Howe doesn't spear. But he uses all the other tricks. Plus some of his own, like lifting the puck at your face. That's a reminder to keep your distance. He caught me once on the cheek-bone with a puck. Luckily, it hit me with the flat side. I just had a bad bruise for a week. If the edge of the hard-rubber puck had caught me, it might've broken the cheek-bone.

Howe is sneaky in self-defense. Most hockey people think he's the best player in the league. I know I do. He's won the MVP award four times. He's been on the All-Star team at right-wing six times. He's won the league scoring title five times.

Because he's so good, every team concentrates on stopping him. If you can keep Howe off the scoresheet, chances are you'll beat Detroit. Other teams usually assign a player to check him closely, sometimes to make him so mad he'll blow his top and get a penalty. If he's in the penalty box, he can't score.

Howe is too smart to get trapped. Over the years, he learned to be sneaky to protect himself without getting a penalty. The important thing, though, is that Howe has the strength to back up his mean streak. Our nickname for him is Superman. He's a fist-fighter when he has to be. Maybe the best in the league. He wrecked Lou Fontinato's nose last season in the best hockey fight in my time in the NHL.

Our coach, Phil Watson, had assigned a cocky rookie, Eddie Shack, to cover Howe in mid-season. Shack did a terrific job. Howe hardly scored against us. Shack was playing him nose-to-nose. He kept him out of position to take a pass or get off a clear shot. Howe was burning. Finally, one night in New York, Howe used the handle of his stick to slice Shack's skull for three stitches. He got away with it. No penalty.

At the next face-off, Fontinato skated over to Howe. Lou fancies himself as the Ranger cop. Every team has a cop, a tough guy who keeps order by challenging the trouble-makers.

"Keep your stick to yourself," Lou told Howe. "Lay off Shack."

"What are you harping on me for?" Howe growled back. "Take off."

Howe didn't scare. Neither did Fontinato. When he got a chance, Lou barrelled into Howe against the boards. They got their gloves off faster than any two guys I've ever seen. Howe grabbed Lou by the shirt with his left hand. Both of Lou's hands were low, punching Howe in the stomach and the ribs. But all the fans could see was Howe. His right hand was free. He kept smashing it into Lou's face.

It was better than any TV fight you ever saw. It was so good, even the two linesmen—who are supposed to break up fights—stood back and watched it. So did I, for a while. Then, when I saw the linesmen weren't too anxious to get near those punches, I jumped in to break it up. Fontinato was a mess. His nose was all over his face. He was in the hospital for three days. Everybody gave the fight to Howe. But it wasn't that one-sided. The fans didn't know that Howe had a shiner on his left eye. His ribs were banged up, too.

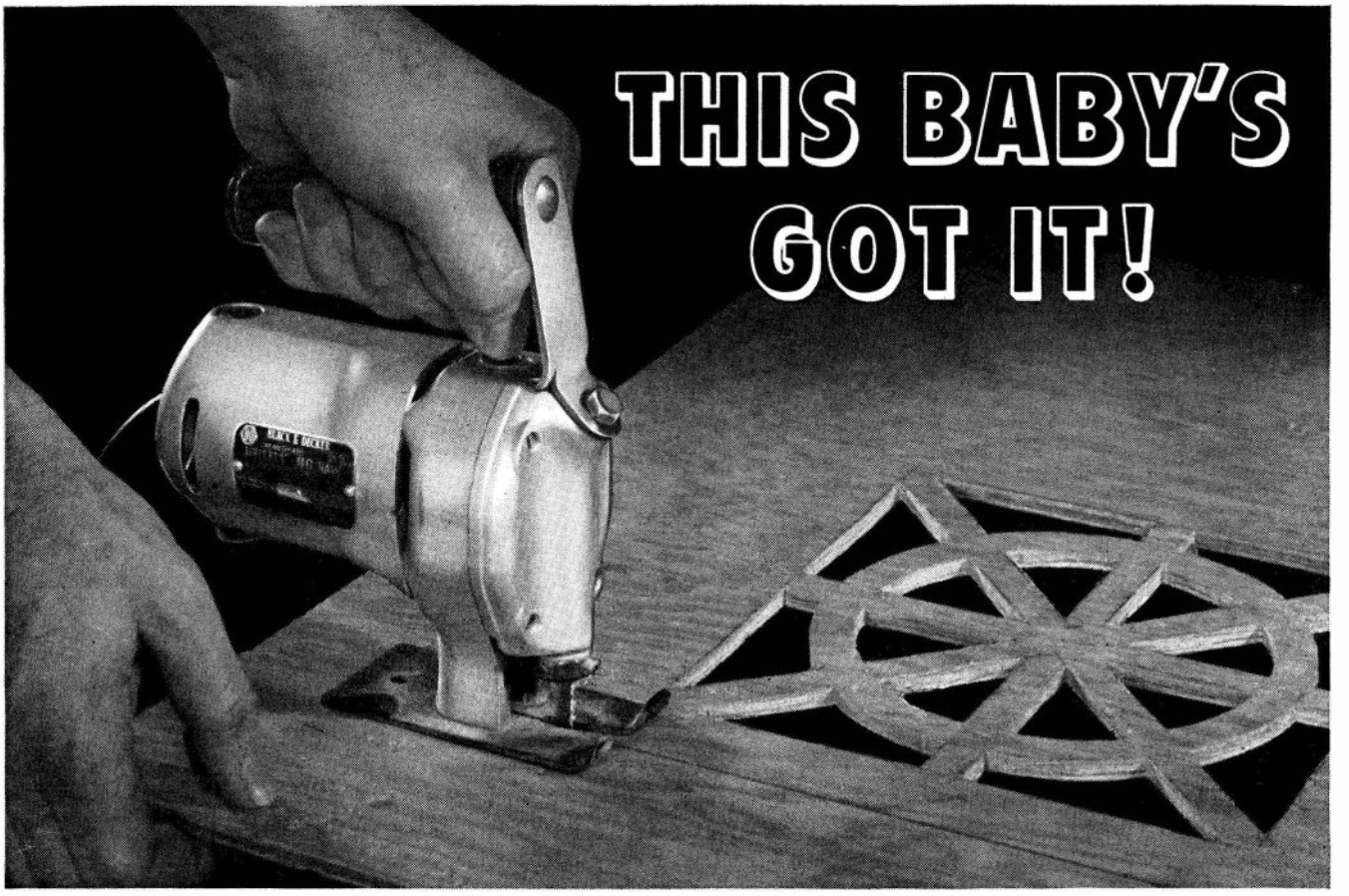
The fans didn't know something else: the reason why Fontinato picked the fight with Howe. He was carrying a grudge against Howe for two years.

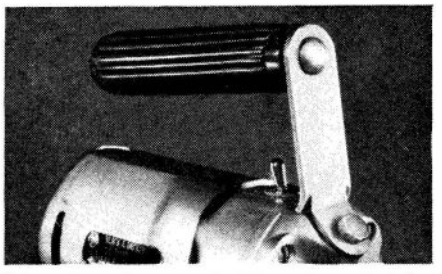
If you watch the TV game on Saturday afternoons, maybe you remember it. The game was in New York. Fontinato was slamming Howe whenever he had a chance—piling him up against the boards, crashing into him after Howe got off a shot. But he did it once too often. Howe was ready for him. As Howe shot, Lou rushed to smash-check him again. Howe flicked up his stick. The blade-tip dug into Lou's left ear—and Howe twisted the stick. It nearly gouged off the ear.

When Lou went by the bench, the ear was hanging on by a thread of skin. The blood was all over his hand. He needed 12 stitches to sew it together. For an ear, that's a lot of stitches.

The ear gradually turned into a cauliflower. In the dressing room after that, we'd needle him: "When you're through, Lou, you can go into wrestling. One ear is ready now." He'd steam and grumble something about getting Howe. As I said before, you don't forget the guys who hurt you. That's the reason for a lot of hockey fights.

In the United States you'd be surprised how many people say: "Hockey fights are phony. They're staged. Nobody gets hurt. You fight to please the fans." If nobody gets hurt, it's only because we're bad fighters. And we don't fight to please the fans. We play hockey to please the fans. They don't seem to understand the





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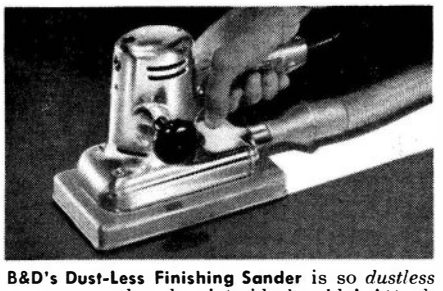

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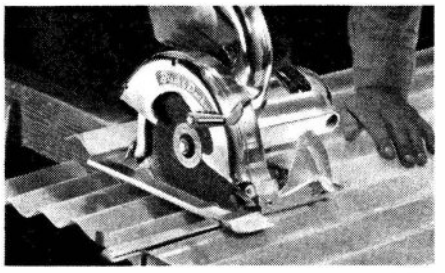

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reason why there are so many fights in hockey, compared to baseball, football or basketball.

Hockey is a game of continuous contact. Each player always has a stick in his hands. In baseball, only the batter has a bat. The only contact is an occasional collision on a tag-play. In football and basketball, nobody has a stick. The contact can be fierce, too, especially in football. But after a tackle, you've got half a minute to cool off. In hockey, the contact never stops. I read once where a psychologist compared hockey fights to spontaneous combustion.

I've had my share of fights. And I haven't been marked up too bad. The one I remember best was with Vic Stasiuk. We had two fights. After the first one, we both went to the penalty box. When we came out, I was out first and went for a loose puck in the corner. Stasiuk came up behind me. He cross-checked me with his stick across the back of my head and knocked me into the photographer's bench. I came out swinging and we had a dandy. I grabbed his jersey and pulled it up over his head. That's the trick in a hockey fight. That way, the other guy's arms are pinned and he can't punch.

I don't fight often. Mostly because I don't get paid to fight. I don't get many penalties, either. In six seasons, I've averaged about 50 minutes. But I've never considered myself a candidate for the Lady Byng Trophy.

That's an award the league has for "the player adjudged to have exhibited the best type of sportsmanship and gentlemanly conduct combined with a high standard of playing ability." I've never thought of trying to win that trophy, even though there's a $1,000 bonus with it. It would be too hard for me to win. Most of the selectors vote for the guy who has the least number of penalty-minutes and is high up in the scoring. When you're on the ice for 30 to 35 minutes a game, like I am, you're bound to make the odd mistake and run into a penalty. I've been caught for hooking or holding or tripping, even when I knew it wasn't intentional. But at least I know one thing: I've never speared anybody, even in retaliation.

I know what's coming now. Some players around the league will say: "Who's Bathgate trying to kid? He speared me once." Maybe I did. Believe me, it was an accident. Just as I know it was an accident when Red Kelly's stick grazed my gut early this season. Kelly is a six-time All-Star defenseman for Detroit. And he's the cleanest player in the league. He wouldn't spear Khrushchev.

Don't get the wrong idea. Kelly's no patsy. In the NHL, you don't last long if you're not tough. There are other tough but clean players: Henri Richard and Ralph Backstrom of Montreal; Don McKenney, Fleming Mackell and Johnny Bucyk of Boston; Dick Duff, Billy Harris and Johnny Wilson of Toronto; Alex Delvecchio and Norm Ullman of Detroit; Bobby Hull, Tod Sloan and Ron Murphy of Chicago and three of my Ranger teammates—Andy Hebenton, Camille Henry and Dean Prentice.

Two other Montreal players, Boom Boom Geoffrion and Dickie Moore, usually play it clean. But when they fly off the handle, stay clear.

Geoffrion got a bad reputation when he whacked Ron Murphy across the face with his stick six years ago. But Boom wasn't all to blame. Murphy was with the Rangers then. I saw the whole thing. Murphy asked for it. He and Geoffrion got into a stick scramble in New York. Geoffrion dropped his stick. But Murphy held onto his and kept nicking Geoffrion in the face. So Geoffrion picked up his stick. He almost took Murph's head off. It broke his jaw so bad it was sticking out like a big boil.

Moore can blow up, too. He's cocky, but he's not dirty. Not usually, anyway. He likes to needle guys. On our team, he's always on Fontinato and Jim Bartlett. We try to give it back to him. If he gets mad he forgets about hockey and just goes head-hunting. That's good for us because he's won the scoring title the last two seasons. Whenever he does blow up, we've got a nickname he hates. We call him Ding Dong.

Notice that all the players I've just mentioned are forwards. Defensemen just can't be as clean. It's their business to stop you from scoring—somehow, someway. That's why Red Kelly is such an exception. But there are still a lot of defensemen who don't play dirty: Doug Mohns and Leo Boivin of Boston, Elmer Vasko and Al Arbour of Chicago, Bob Turner and Jean-Guy Talbot of Montreal, Marcel Pronovost and Jim Morrison of Detroit and two Ranger veterans—Bill Gadsby and Harry Howell.

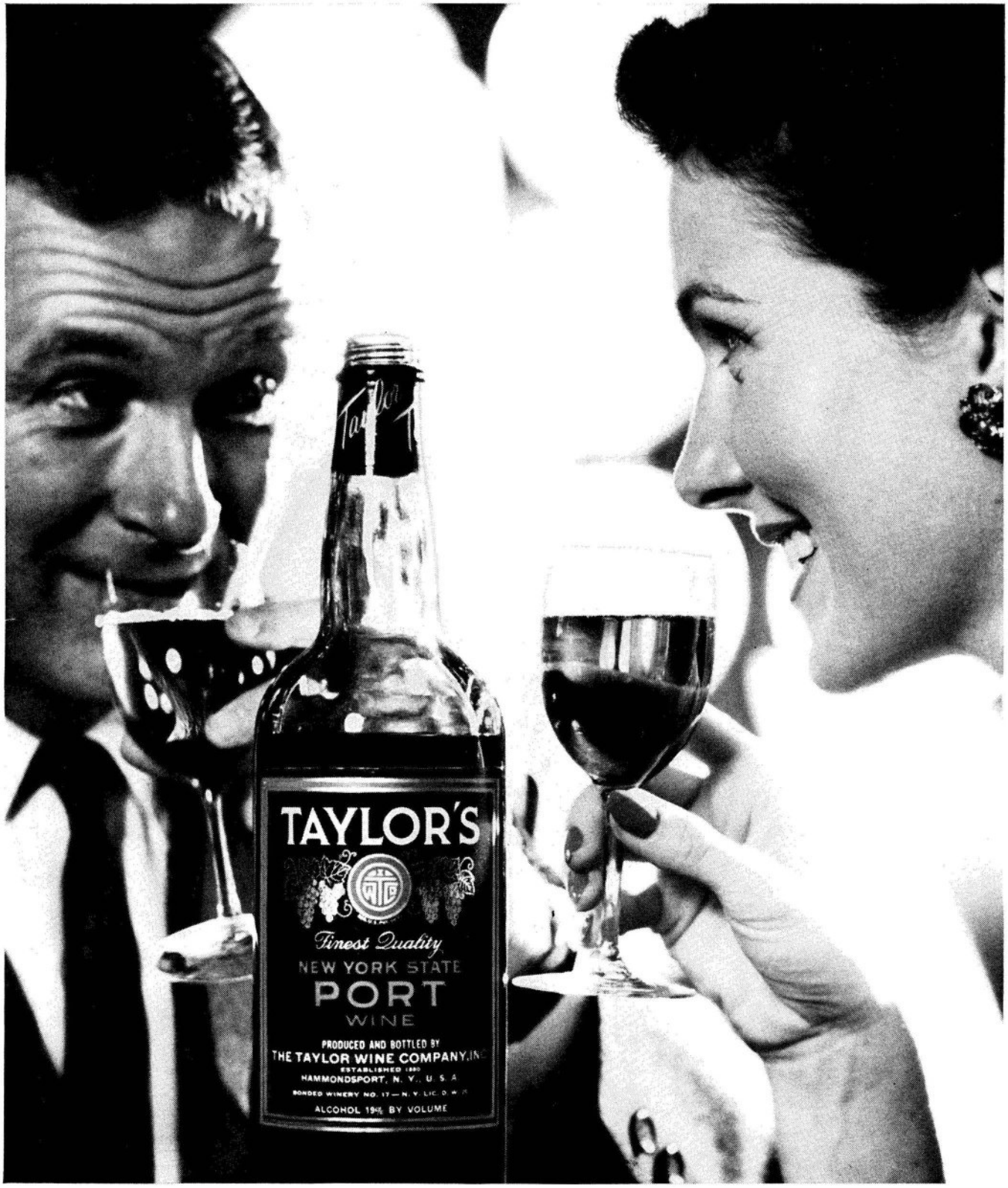
Of all the defensemen in the league, just about the toughest is Jack Evans. He used to be with the Rangers but he's with Chicago now. I never saw him lose a fight. And I never saw anybody pick a fight with him twice. Evans doesn't spear. He's not a stick-fighter, either. That's why we couldn't believe it when Evans swung his stick like an axe two years ago at Bronco Horvath. He caught Horvath on the back of the head.

Horvath looked like he was dead. He was out cold, flat on his back. There was a red puddle around his head. They lifted him onto a stretcher and took him to the hospital. Luckily, he only had a concussion. But the fans in Boston didn't know that. They were yelling "We Want Evans . . . We Want Evans . . ." like they were a lynch mob.

But Evans didn't start it. I'll never forget what he told the sportswriters after the game: "You want to know what happened, here—look at this. Take a good look at this." He was pointing to a foot-long red welt across his chest. "Horvath speared me, that's what happened. He shot, then he brought his stick up to spear me. I'll chop down anybody who spears me. Maybe it'll stop him and all the others. We gotta stop 'em somehow."

Hockey spears are double-edged. Red Sullivan was speared—and could've been killed. Bronco Horvath speared somebody else—and could've been killed in retaliation. But I guess nothing will be done about it until somebody is killed. Then it'll be too late.

—Andy Bathgate and Dave Anderson



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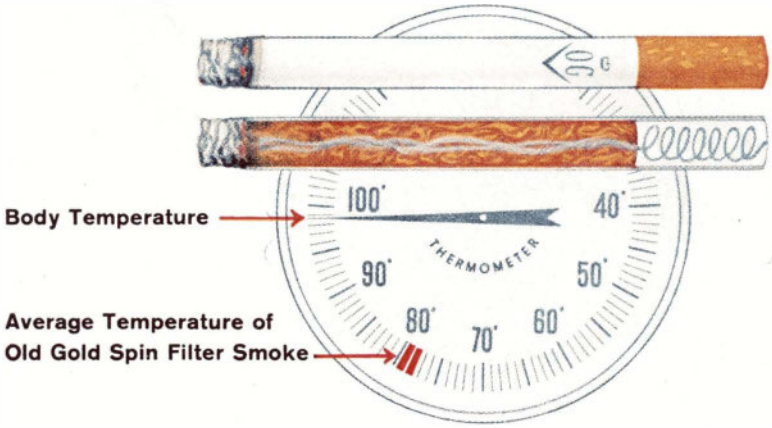

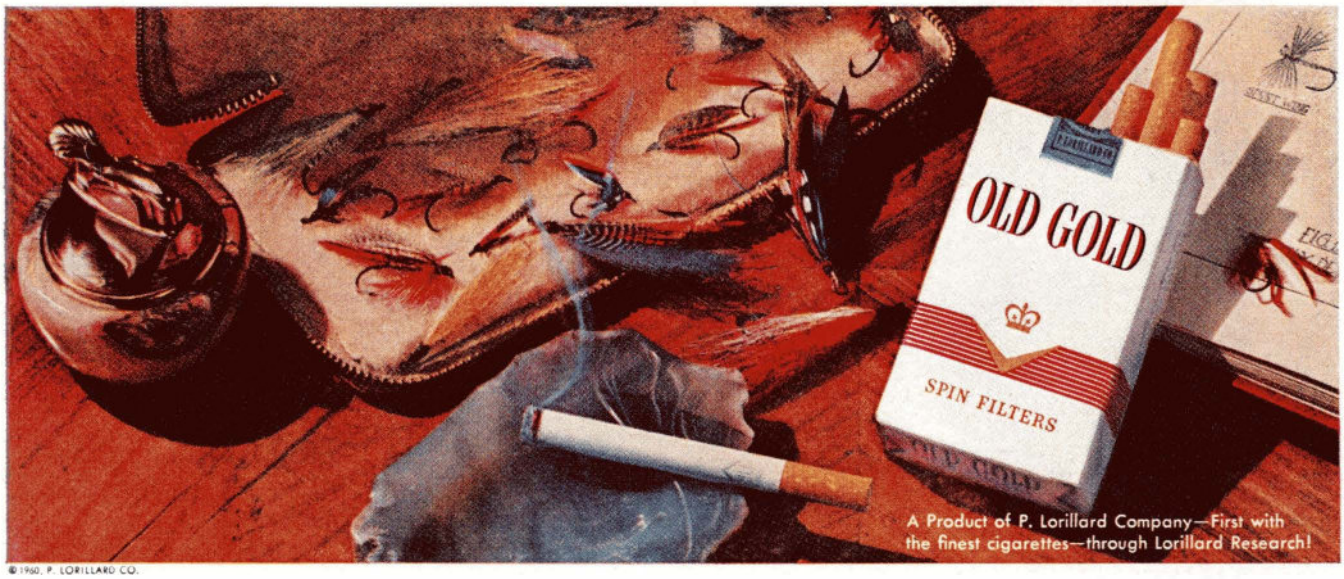

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TRUE
MAR.

Father Noyes and His Fabulous Flock

John Noyes' devoted followers practiced what he preached: true communal life, selective breeding without marriage. For 40 years his Perfectionism was one of America's most controversial experiments in living

By DONOVAN FITZPATRICK

On a spring evening in 1834, John Humphrey Noyes, one of the most amazing men ever to enliven the American scene, was loudly haranguing a group of fellow students in his dormitory room at the Yale Divinity School. His voice shook the walls as the tall, gaunt 23-year-old thundered his scorn and denunciation of the clergy and their teachings.

"The doctrine our professors teach is all wrong!" he declared. "Christ does not sanction alternate sinning and repentance—He demands perfection here on earth! And that means a sinner cannot be a Christian!"

One student asked slyly, trying to trap the rebel, "So what does that make you, John?"

"Perfect!" John Noyes retorted. The sudden enormity of the thought transfixed him for a moment, his long arms raised heavenward. "Yes, perfect! I am without sin!"

It was all a big joke to the students, but the faculty did not find this heresy in the least hilarious. All over the campus the young heretic was discussed. "Noyes says he's perfect . . . Noyes is crazy. Noyes is mad."

It was not the last time John

Illustrated by TOM LOVELL

Father Noyes and His Fabulous Flock

Noyes was to be called madman or worse. But even then he had a magnificent indifference to the opinions of others. "I was beginning to be an outcast," he later wrote, "with the reputation of a fanatic. But I rejoiced and leaped for joy at this."

Had he been one to retreat in the face of violent opposition, he never could have started the strange new religion he called Perfectionism. And certainly he never would have dared to found the famous—or infamous—Oneida Community, the little village in central New York State which was to become the scene of the boldest and most revolutionary experiments in sex ever attempted in the United States to this country's knowledge.

In the Oneida Community, John Noyes and his Perfectionist followers set out to establish a paradise on earth—a self-contained community free from vice, greed, jealousy and the evils of private ownership. But in an earthly paradise, some attention must be given to the problem of sex, which inevitably rears its head. The Shaker sect, for instance, solved the problem by prohibiting sex completely. Not so John Noyes. He approved of sex, but not in its conventional forms. His ideas on love and marriage were, in fact, so unorthodox that they kept the press, clergy and professional bluenoses in a state of

AMERICANA

The girl was plucked at gunpoint from the local Sodom and hustled out of town . . . and all hell broke loose.

outrage for years. John Noyes made people's blood boil.

When Noyes developed his Perfectionist system of group marriage, in which members could cohabit with each other as they pleased, the newspapers labeled it "free love" and attacked it as depraved. His refinements on the techniques of intercourse were damned by the clergy as vile. And when he instituted the practice of selective breeding as a method of improving the human race, voices of protest rose from the Pacific Coast to Europe.

Yet in spite of all attacks Noyes' Perfectionists thrived and prospered for more than 30 years. Of the scores of unusual utopias that blossomed in America during the last century, the Oneida Community was by all odds the most successful. "If they have missed perfection," wrote H. G. Wells after a visit to Oneida, "it is by the narrowest of margins." Records show that the Perfectionists were not only financially successful but were also uncommonly healthy, happy and serene in their unusual way of life.

All of the credit for this remarkable achievement must go to John Humphrey Noyes. Called heroically good by some and diabolically bad by others, Noyes was born in 1811 in Brattleboro, Vermont, a region that seems to have bred more than its share of eccentrics and radical movements. Unlike many religious leaders of the day, however, Noyes came from a respectable, well-to-do family. His father was a successful businessman and a member of the Vermont Congress. On his mother's side he was a cousin of Rutherford B. Hayes, the 19th President of the U.S.

A brilliant student, Noyes graduated from Dartmouth at 19. He took up law, but shortly, [*Continued on page* 68]

FARM FALLOUT

In the headlong race to kill every bug and weed in sight, chemists are spreading a blanket of mysterious death over the land

By HART STILWELL

CAN KILL YOU!

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Last Thanksgiving the U.S. got a little scare—poisoned cranberries. Remember? A sprayed weed killer had left a residue that was a "carcinogen," a substance that might cause cancer. The case of the deadly cranberries, though dealt with quickly, was actually far more important than the public ever guessed, for it was the first national indication of a frightening situation —we and our unborn children, together with much of our fish and game—face a future of sterility, deformity and a possible tremendous upsurge of cancer, because of poisons being flung almost heedlessly about the country.

I recently visited an area that had been sprayed with a poison from planes under the guiding hand of the U. S. Department of Agriculture to check an insect pest. It was as if an invisible H-bomb had struck.

Nothing moved. All was silence. There were no rabbits, squirrels or quail. No song birds, even. No worms alive in the ground. No fish in the ponds. The land lay in sterile death. When

FARM FALLOUT CAN KILL YOU!

I left I cut the laces of the shoes I'd worn and threw away the shoes and the knife. And I am still scared that some of this evil stuff may have invaded me. . . .

I had encountered the effects of a new kind of poison, a delayed-action, indestructible chemical monster called a chlorinated hydrocarbon. It goes under various trade names: Dieldrin, Heptachlor, Chlordane, Lindane, Aldrin and many others—and DDT, which is mild in comparison. They are used mostly as sprays; from planes, trucks and spray-can "bombs." And the chances are 60 to 1 that everyone in the U.S. is moderately well loaded with at least one of these poisons.

These odds are based on biopsies made by the U.S. Public Health Service which, in 1954 and 1955, analyzed slivers of fat from 113 persons picked at random across the country. Only two showed no stored-up chlorinated hydrocarbon (the average was 4.9 parts per million).

Now, the Public Health Service may still claim that this test doesn't prove much, since it was for DDT which has been labeled "harmless." Whether this is so is uncertain; many doctors and other men of science believe it is about as harmless as cancer. The point is, the output of new chlorinated hydrocarbons is outstripping DDT and *they* lodge in the system and stay there, mainly in the fat, liver, kidneys, spleen, sex organs, heart and brain.

Let's look at one more Public Health Service test, which found 291 parts per million in the body fat of a man working with DDT. A year later, after staying away from the stuff and living on a selected diet, he still had 230 parts per million.

Maybe no damage is apparent for years. Or maybe the damage is attributed to some other cause. A poison-laden crop duster went to his doctor recently complaining of heart palpitations and was told he had better ease off on smoking, no less.

Few doctors know much about these poisons.

Maybe nothing will happen but mutation of genes. Then you make your contribution toward an increasing number of congenital monsters (we're now producing one of these every 15 minutes).

Or the new chemicals may do nothing more than make you sterile.

Think I'm still talking scare stuff? Well, this scare is based on experiments with quail and pheasants. Birds fed a regular but "nonlethal" dose of chlorinated hydrocarbons, including "harmless" DDT, showed these reactions: Poisoned hens produced only 35 percent as many chicks. The number of malformed chicks was 10 times normal. The number of these chicks that died within 10 days was 20 times normal. And if the surviving chicks of poisoned parents were fed chlorinated hydrocarbons, it was impossible to produce a third generation.

These experiments were conducted at the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service research center at Patuxent, Maryland.

The most frightening part of all is that we can't escape these poisons. Maybe cigarettes cause lung cancer—but we don't *have* to smoke them. However, the chlorinated hydrocarbons are in the food we eat, in a lot of the air we breathe, and on many things we touch. And these poisons have a weird knack of seeping through the skin.

Again I go to Public Health Service records. In 1954 the Service, working out of its center at Wenatchee, Washington, found it impossible to buy a meal in a restaurant in the area that had no DDT in it.

We are staging a preview of a real strontium 90 fallout, for the reaction of these poisons on people is quite similar —blood cancer, bone-marrow degeneration, liver ailment, mental illness. . . .

We got into this fix because we make a fetish of living in a bug-free world.

In a paper entitled *Chemicals in Food,* issued by the U.S. Government printing office in 1958, J. S. Dendy reported finding DDT up to 13.8 parts per million in milk bought in the open market in Texas, as high as 68.5 in fat meat, and up to *2,000 parts per million in butter.*

These poisons settle in abnormal quantities in the sex organs of women, and are present in large amounts in milk. Since children are far more susceptible to them than adults, the danger is obvious. The Health Service has set the tolerance level of DDT in milk for babies at zero. A nice thought —how do you go about putting it into effect?

"We are," Congressman Lee Metcalf of Montana told his colleagues, "lowering the physical and mental strength of our nation day by day until we may soon reach a point of no return. We are unfitting the unborn."

Congressman Metcalf mentioned that studies at the Harvard Medical School showed that the genetic results of these poisons may be catastrophic.

We've gone poison crazy. Little Johnnie eating his apple a day to keep the doctor away is probably being poisoned. Most fruit is sprayed, and these poisons won't rub off or wash off.

The mother nursing her precious baby may be poisoning it. Anyone having his home debugged is probably poisoning himself and his family.

Poisoning blossomed into big business soon after World War II. Thousands of pilots were without jobs, tens of thousands of military planes were available for peanuts, and we had that wonderful insecticide, DDT. Then we fell heir to the I. G. Farben patents in Germany, and here came parathion, first cousin of the deadly German nerve gas. It was the first, and deadliest, of the organic phosphate poisons to be dumped on our land, and if you'd like to know how deadly it is, spill a spoonful on your arm and try to rub it off. You'll probably die within six hours.

Later came other, and not nearly so lethal, organic phosphates whose worst threat is to the men spreading the stuff. These poisons do not store in the body, and they dissipate rapidly. The damage that they might do to us if we are repeatedly exposed to them, even in minute amounts, is not known. Like so much else in this sea of chemicals, it's a guess.

But the threat that we can not ignore is that of the poisons that stay put on what we eat and accumulate in our bodies.

About a billion pounds of poison are dumped annually on our land in and around our homes. DDT still rides strong with an output of about 140 million pounds, but the other chlorinated hydrocarbons are passing it. Organic phosphates are making a strong bid (especially Malathion and Diazinon) and may soon take the lead. Metallic poisons are fading out, particularly arsenic. [*Continued on page* 76]

FIRST OF A SERIES:

TRUE Goes Hunting With Famous Men

STAG HUNT WITH TITO

In Yugoslavian dawn, President Tito stands ready to lead TRUE's hunting party into the fabulous Belje forest, the haunt of Europe's nobility since 1600 and only recently opened to the public. Belje has world's biggest stags.

CARRIAGES transport hunters quietly through forest as Tito, in front, examines stags critically. A trophy may be shot from carriage, if close by, or stalked on foot. Tower at right is a blind—one of many at Belje—from which to observe, photograph and shoot game.

LISTENING to stags fighting unseen on solid ground behind a wall of high reeds, Tito asks, "Can we get to them that way?" But the swamp is too deep, and so Tito gives instructions that a path be put in for use on another day. Most stags are found in more open cover.

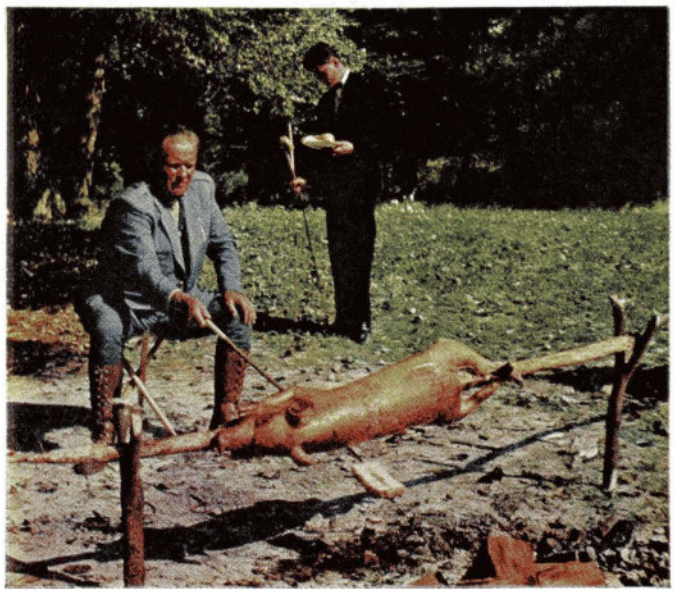
ANGRY STAG, aroused by a challenge from huntsman's horn, charged out of the forest, hooked the grass with his rack and stared uncomprehendingly at hunters in carriage 30 yards away, their scent masked by that of the horses. Hunt was in mid-September, when rutting stags fight each other.

DYING STAG raises its head for a final breath, shudders and is still. Mortally wounded, it had run full tilt for 50 yards before falling. Animal is the male European red deer, brought to a state of unusual plenty in Yugoslavia by Tito's conservation measures.

Photographed for TRUE
by ROBERT HALMI

BLOOD RITUAL is performed upon the killing of a stag in the cathedral gloom of dawn by Tito. Mirko Muzinic, chief *jaeger* (hunter), goes to dip sprig of oak leaves in blood. He then tendered the sprig to Tito, who put it in his hat band, and accepted congratulations for kill.

INITIATION into society of stag shooters —three whacks on the rear—is given Leo Mates, Secretary General to the President, upon the killing of his first stag at Belje. Tito looks on with a grin, said: "Hit hard!"



APPETIZER is made as Tito holds bread to catch succulent drippings of roasting pig. Two helpings did not spoil his zest for the lunch served later under huge oak tree.

CHESS GAME under the trees was played hard during wait for lunch by Vice President Rankovic (left) and General Zezelj. After general's two victories, Tito wisecracked that he had beaten the government.

STAG HUNT WITH TITO

No American pursuit of game is anything like this— you pay $100 for every shot you miss . . .

By PETER BARRETT **TRUE's Outdoors Editor**

YUGOSLAVIA

You could not see them, but the stags were so close you could hear them snorting. Then came crash after crash, as though monster swordsmen fought with steel upon steel.

Tito looked around with a big grin and in silent pantomime drove his hands together before his chest so that the spread fingers meshed roughly. Two stags were fighting behind the tall reeds only a few yards away, bulling at each other with a clashing of antlers that kept all eyes turned toward them even though they were invisible in the swamp.

Tito the hunter stood quietly and with his rifle ready. The dawn's mist swirled like a cape about his powerful, alert figure savoring the sounds of combat. The vanquished stag might break from the reeds at any second.

But presently one of the fighters ran off unseen and Tito turned away with a shrug. The 12-foot-high reeds could not be penetrated without frightening the victor. It was only a moment's excitement in a day that was filled with the extraordinary. . . .

We had been invited to Yugoslavia—Ralph Daigh, Robert Halmi and I—to preview this country's revitalized hunting now available to all sportsmen; hunting that is virtually unknown outside Europe. The last four world-record stags were shot in Yugoslavia, for instance, and it was this hunting that Tito wanted to show us personally. And so we had flown from New York to Paris and Belgrade, then drove west and north to the forests of Belje, only a few miles from the Hungarian border. Here we met President Tito in his hunting lodge.

Josip Broz Tito is rugged and virile. He stands 5 feet 7 and with his big chest and erect shoulders he is a figure of considerable physical power. His brown hair is untouched by gray. Tito is 67, but he looks 50. He can become as stern as a statue, as we quickly found.

As guests of the head of a government, it was fitting that we bring a present. We had just been introduced, and stood about at the end of a huge room with several members of Tito's cabinet, including Leo Mates who was Ambassador to the U.S. recently and now has the title of Secretary-General to the President of the Republic.

"Americans know of four Yugoslavian heroes—" Ralph Daigh began apropos of presenting the gift.

Instantly the room fell silent. Tito's eyes became a chill gray. Leo Mates' face went blank. What was this—sacrilege?

"We know of Tito the Soldier—" The eyes gave the barest flicker. Who had not heard of Tito's long struggle in World War II to free his country from the Italians and Germans? But I wondered what Ralph was up to.

"And Tito the Diplomat—" A chair scraped.

"Everyone of course knows Tito the President—" Our host's face began to thaw and Leo Mates brightened, loosened and looked as if he might actually breathe again.

"Finally there is Tito the Hunter. It is for him that we have brought a uniquely American gift."

Everyone's face broke into hearty smiles. Someone's breath escaped in a long sigh.

Ralph handed him a Boyt leather gun case from which Tito withdrew a glittering .300 Weatherby Magnum rifle with 4-power scope in one of those fold-aside mounts that permit quick use of the regular sights in an emergency. Tito's eyes lit up like a kid's at Christmas. He folded aside the scope and took a quick sight at a chandelier and grinned. He hefted the rifle. He worked the bolt. He tested the trigger pull. And he admired the decoration of pieces of abalone shell set into the stock in a pattern of leaves.

TRUE's gift of .300 Weatherby Magnum rifle inlaid with abalone shell and gold is admired by Tito in hunting lodge.

I knew Tito was a real hunter when he turned to me, pointed at the boxes of ammunition I was holding, and asked for the weight of the bullets. I told him they were 180-grains.

"Perfect for stag," Tito said happily. "Come, let us go in to dinner and talk about hunting." [*Continued on page* 79]

A New Look at
AMERICA'S MYSTERY GIANT

Just across the border from California's Bigfoot country the Canadian's have their own Abominable Snowmen—the *Sasquatch.* Indians have been warning us about them for centuries—and finally we're starting to listen

■ *Following his now-famous report on America's Abominable Snowman (TRUE, Dec. 1959) author Sanderson went up to British Columbia to personally investigate the centuries-old stories of the* Sasquatch. *Instead of old legends, he found a story as current as tomorrow's headlines. Sanderson is, in addition to being a highly respected research scientist, a zoologist, explorer, animal collector and author of numerous books and articles. As one of the foremost experts in the field of obscure animals, his report on Canada's "Snowman" is of particular interest.*

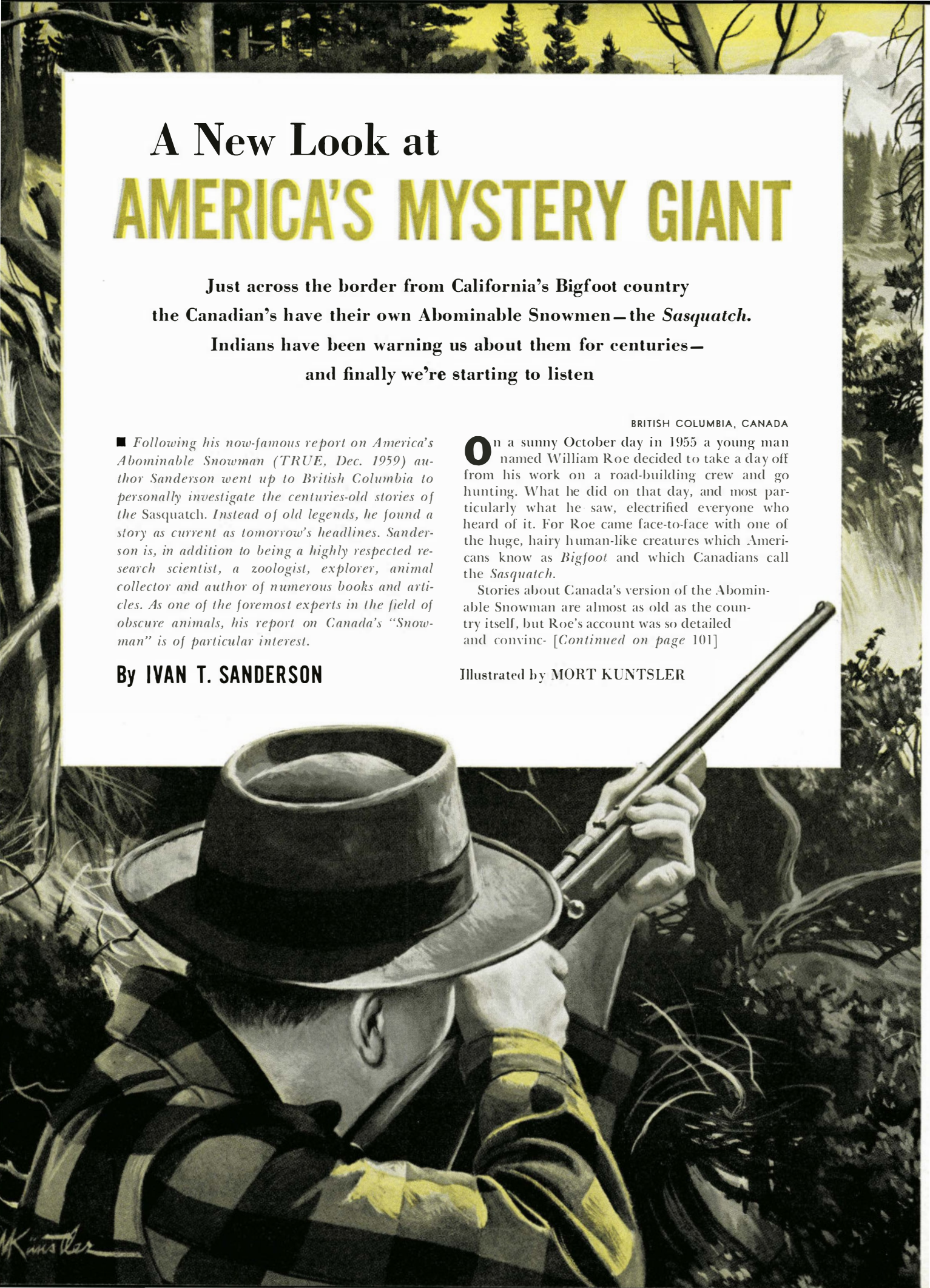
By IVAN T. SANDERSON

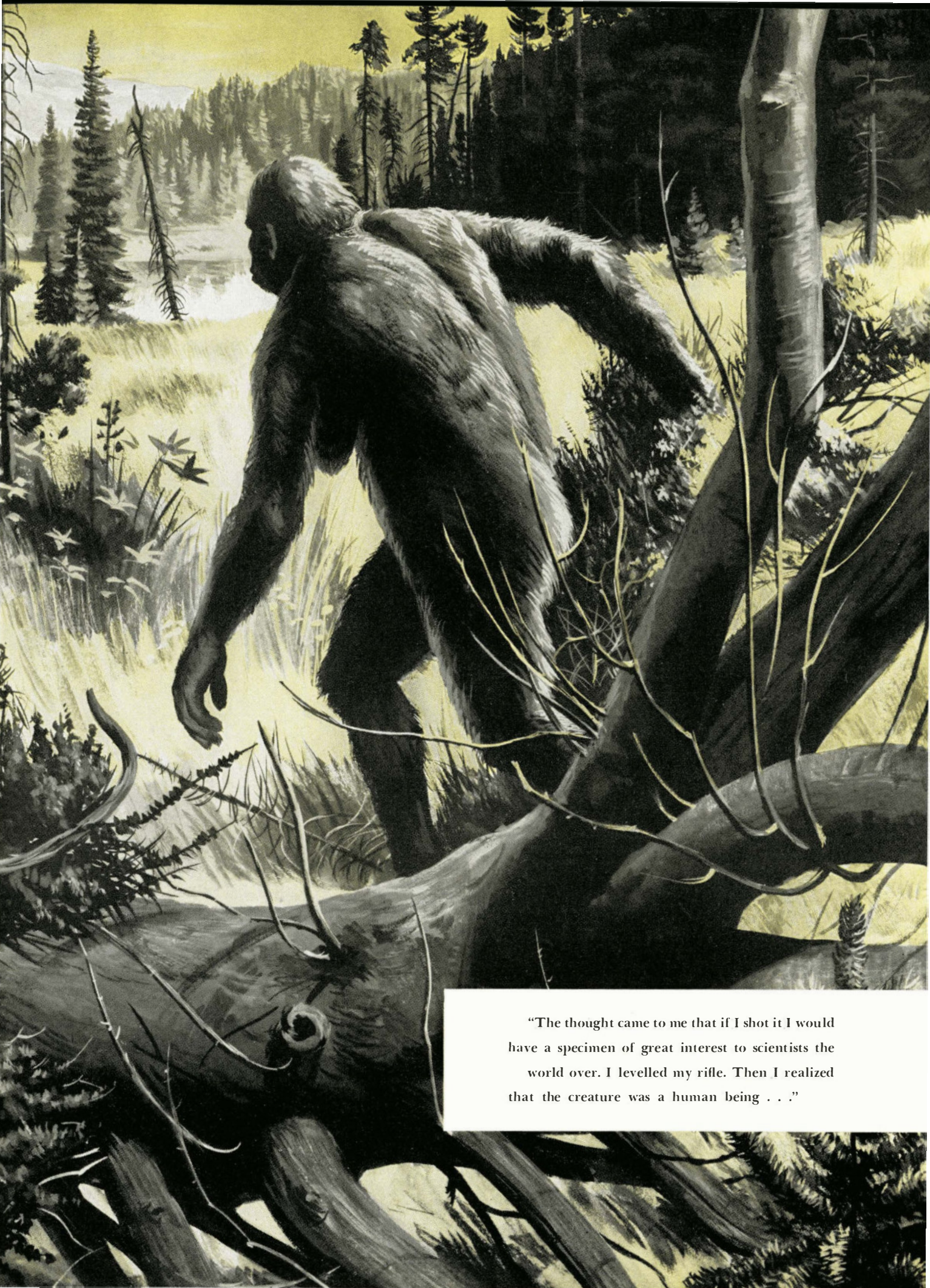
BRITISH COLUMBIA, CANADA

On a sunny October day in 1955 a young man named William Roe decided to take a day off from his work on a road-building crew and go hunting. What he did on that day, and most particularly what he saw, electrified everyone who heard of it. For Roe came face-to-face with one of the huge, hairy human-like creatures which Americans know as *Bigfoot* and which Canadians call the *Sasquatch.*

Stories about Canada's version of the Abominable Snowman are almost as old as the country itself, but Roe's account was so detailed and convinc- [*Continued on page* 101]

Illustrated by MORT KUNTSLER





"The thought came to me that if I shot it I would have a specimen of great interest to scientists the world over. I levelled my rifle. Then I realized that the creature was a human being . . ."

TWISTED TRACKDOWN OF THE TRAIN ROBBERS

Chief Postal Inspector Simmons knew the $2 million mail holdup had to be an inside job. But when he assigned his top cop he found out how *far* inside it was

By ALAN HYND and JOSEPH MILLARD

On Thursday evening, June 12, 1924, the greatest mail-train robbery in postal history brought a shattering climax to a long series of such crimes. Chief Inspector Rush D. Simmons of the United States Post Office Department got the bad news a few minutes before midnight over the bedside phone in his suburban Washington home. The clipped voice of Inspector William Fahy, ace sleuth of the department's Chicago division, gave it to him straight.

"Chief, I'm phoning from a farmhouse near Rondout, Illinois, about 32 miles north of Chicago. We've been hit again, and hard. A gang held up the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul's Mail Train No. 57 at 9:30 tonight."

Simmons was instantly awake and grabbing for pad and pencil. "How bad?" he demanded.

"They made a grand slam," [*Continued on page* 85]

Illustrated by BRUCE BOMBERGER

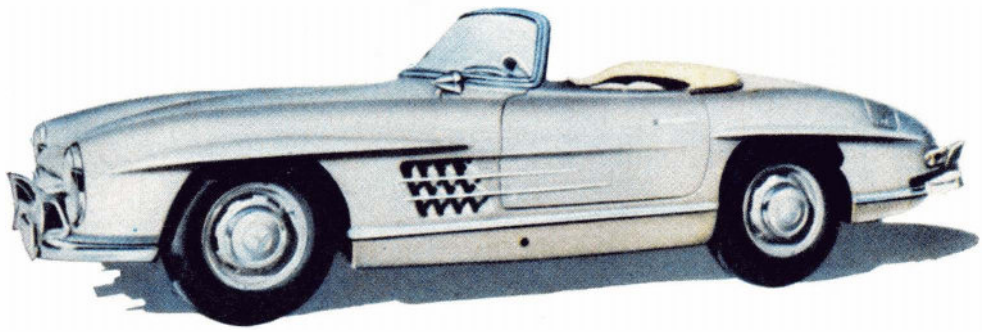
The gang leader peered toward the engine. "Who is it?" he yelled, and blasted loose without waiting for an answer. His target fell heavily.

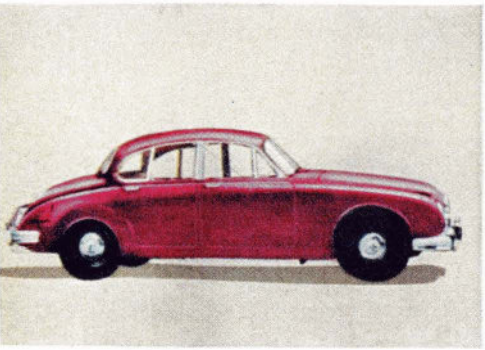
ENTER NOW—

TRUE'S $100,000

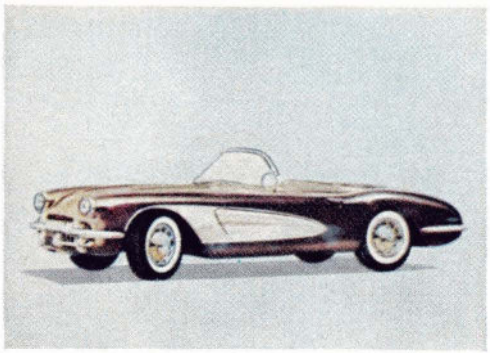
1st GRAND PRIZE

Mercedes-Benz 300-SL sports convertible, internationally famous competition car, 240-hp, inclined, fuel-injection six-cylinder engine, $10,950.

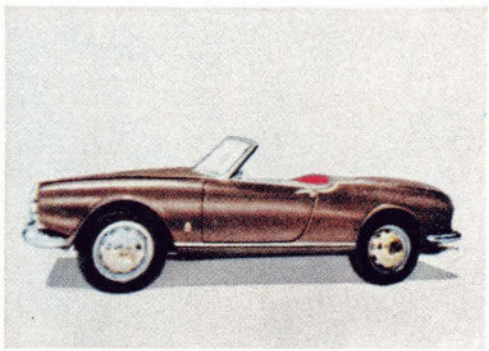




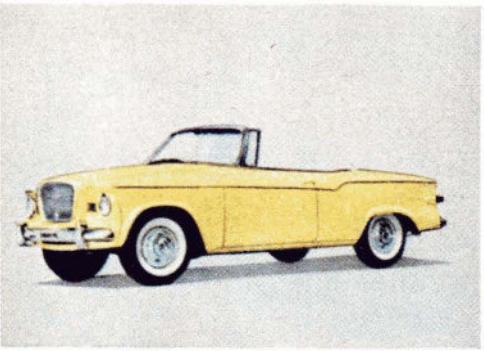
2 Jaguar 3.8, a four-door, five-passenger luxury sedan with 225-hp six-cylinder engine, $4,895



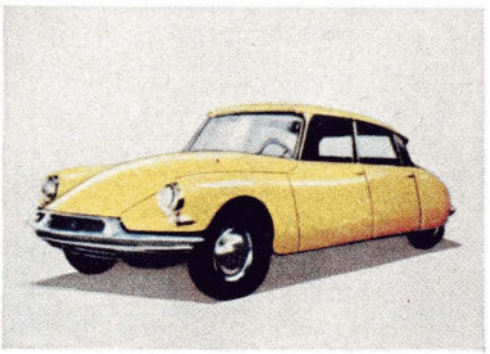
3 Corvette, only true sports car made in the U.S., body is molded fiber glass, 230-hp, $3,872



4 Alfa Romeo Giulietta Spider two seater sports convertible styled by Pinin Farina, $3,469



8 Lark V-8 convertible, only soft top American made car in its class, very maneuverable, $2,756



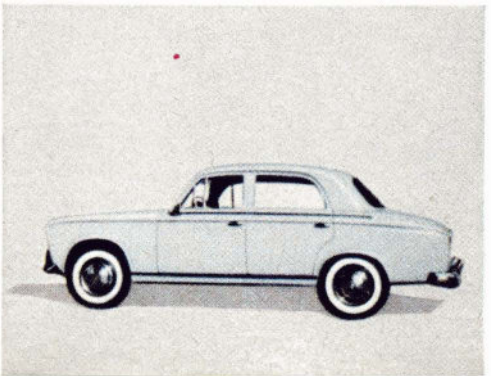
9 Citroen ID 19 sedan with air-oil suspension for extra smooth ride, disc brakes, $2,740

10 Sunbeam Alpine, 83.5-hp engine, aluminum cylinder head, twin carburetors, $2,599

14 Morris Oxford, 55-hp engine, pile carpets, folding arm rests, padded crash panel, $2,259

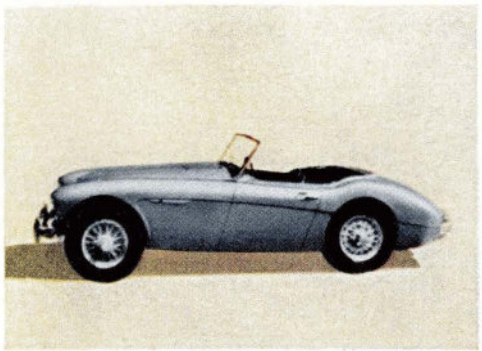
15 Peugeot 403 sedan, four doors, 105-inch wheelbase, 65-hp engine, sun roof, heater, $2,250

16 Austin A-55, styled by Farina, 53-hp, unitized construction with fully stressed skin, $2,198

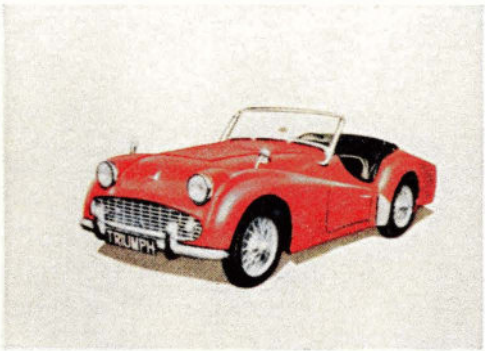


GLAMOR CAR CONTEST

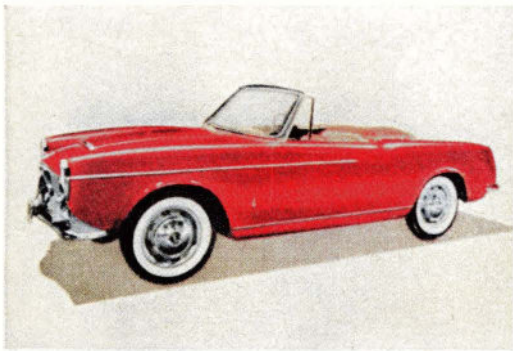
It's easy—it's fun! Win a brand new sports or compact car! Prizes are all pictured! 41 of the world's most glamorous cars! See rules page 70.



5 Austin-Healey 3000 deluxe, 130-hp six-cylinder engine, Girling disc brakes in front, $3,371



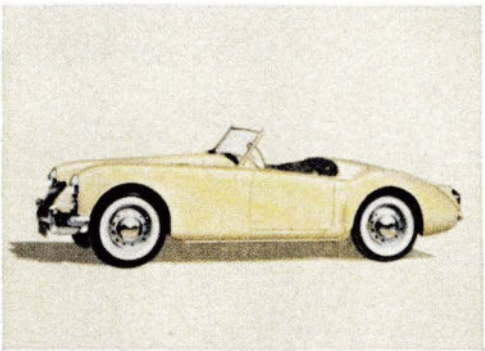
6 Triumph TR-3 sports roadster with 100-hp engine, wire wheels, heater, overdrive, $3,045



7 Fiat 1200 Spider Roadster with 63-hp engine, sleek Italian styling, two seater, $2,812

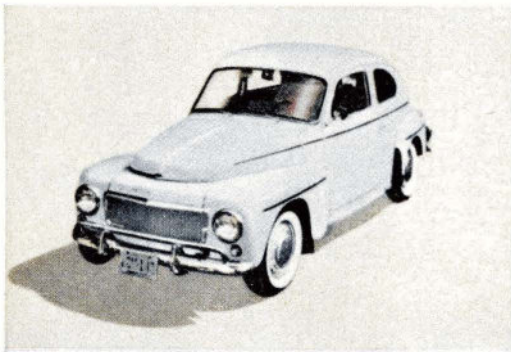
11 Borgward Isabella two-door sedan, comfortable, roomy with smooth 66-hp engine, $2,495

17 Lark V-8 deluxe sedan, only 14½ feet long but carries six passengers comfortably, $2,181



12 MGA 1600 roadster, 79.5-hp, rack and pinion steering, and Lockheed disc brakes, $2,456

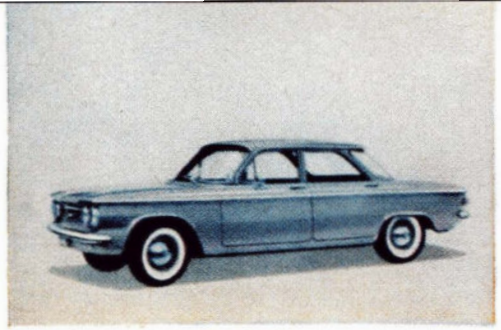
18 Hillman Minx convertible with low, sleek look, 56-hp, top can be set as town car, $2,149



13 Volvo PV 544 two-door sedan with 85-hp engine, heater, Swedish "family sports car," $2,342

19 Valiant four-door sedan, Chrysler's compact with 101-hp slanted Six, big trunk space, $2,130

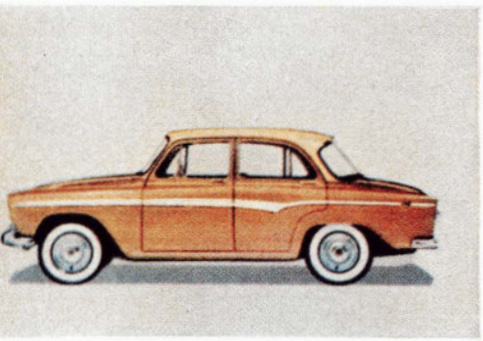
LOOK AT THESE WONDERFUL PRIZES!



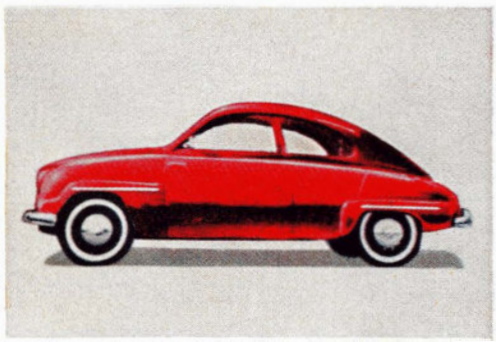
20 Corvair 700 four-door, 80-hp, air-cooled aluminum rear engine, 108-inch wheelbase, $2,103

21 Opel Rekord, made in Germany by GM, 100-inch wheelbase, 57-hp, heater, defroster, $1,987

TRUE'S $100,000



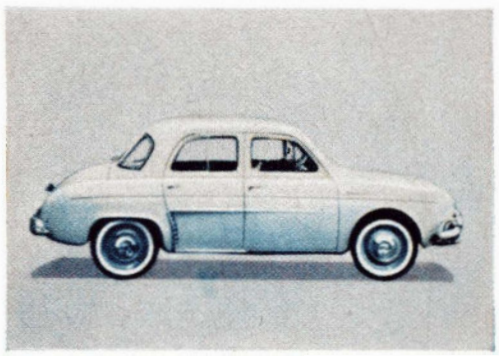
25 Simca Elysee, five-passenger sedan by Chrysler out of France, four-speed box, $1,898



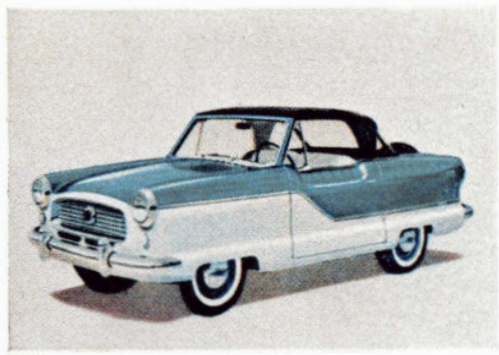
26 Saab 93 with three-cylinder, engine with only seven moving parts, front-wheel drive, $1,895

27 Austin-Healy Sprite sports car, 48-hp, 948-cc displacement, rack and pinion steering, $1,795

31 DAF Dutch five-passenger sedan with automatic clutch and transmission, V-belt drive, $1,650



32 Renault Dauphine, the all-purpose economy car with 32-hp water-cooled engine, $1,645

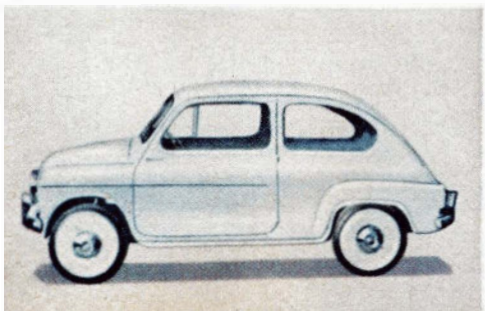


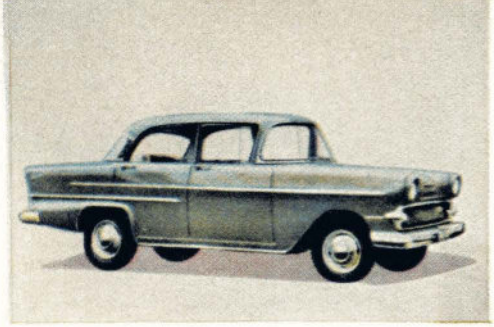
33 Metropolitan hardtop, British-made for American Motors, has dependable Austin engine, $1,626

37 Fiat 600 four-passenger sedan from Italy, water-cooled rear engine, top speed 60 m.p.h., $1,398

38 NSU Prinz, from Germany, has aluminum, air-cooled engine, is noted for economy, $1,398

39 BMW 600, carries five passengers, roomy for its size, reliable air-cooled engine, $1,398





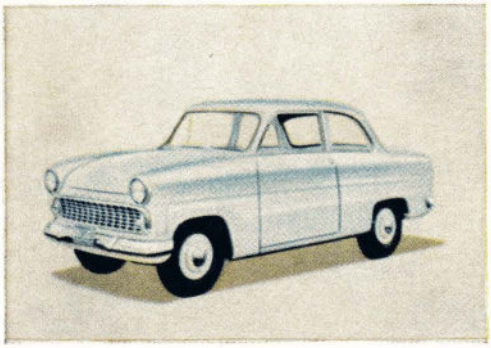
22 Vauxhall Super four-door sedan, 98-inch wheelbase, 55-hp engine, English-made, $1,987

23 Falcon four-door sedan with 109.5-inch wheelbase, 90-hp, six-cylinder engine, roomy, $1,974

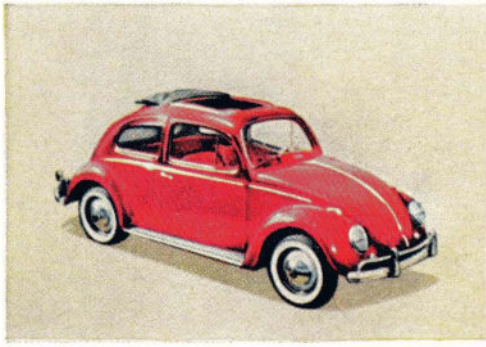
24 Rambler American four-door sedan, famed as the car that started the compact car boom, $1,929

GLAMOR CAR CONTEST

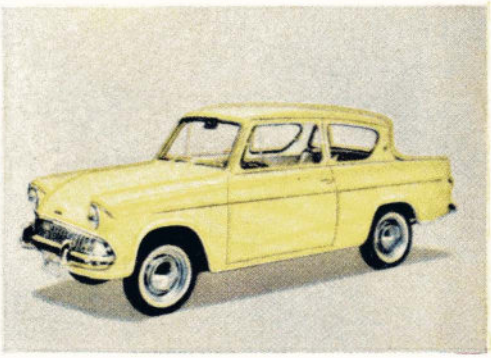
28 DKW 750 with two-cycle three-cylinder engine, front-wheel drive, automatic clutch, about $1,700



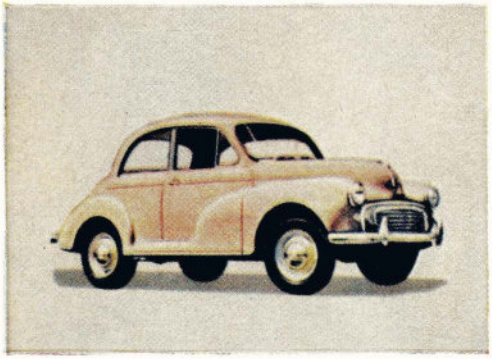
29 Taunus 12M sedan, made in Germany by Ford, with 98-inch wheelbase, 43-hp, about $1,685



30 Volkswagen sun roof sedan, the original imported economy car, air-cooled 36-hp engine, $1,655



34 Anglia, sporty new two-door sedan made by Ford in England, perky 41-hp engine, $1,583

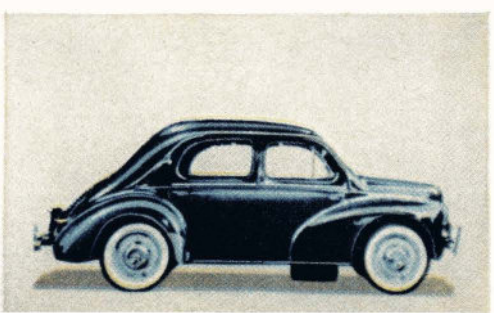


35 Morris 1000 two-door, dependable English car with torsion bar front suspension, 37-hp, $1,495

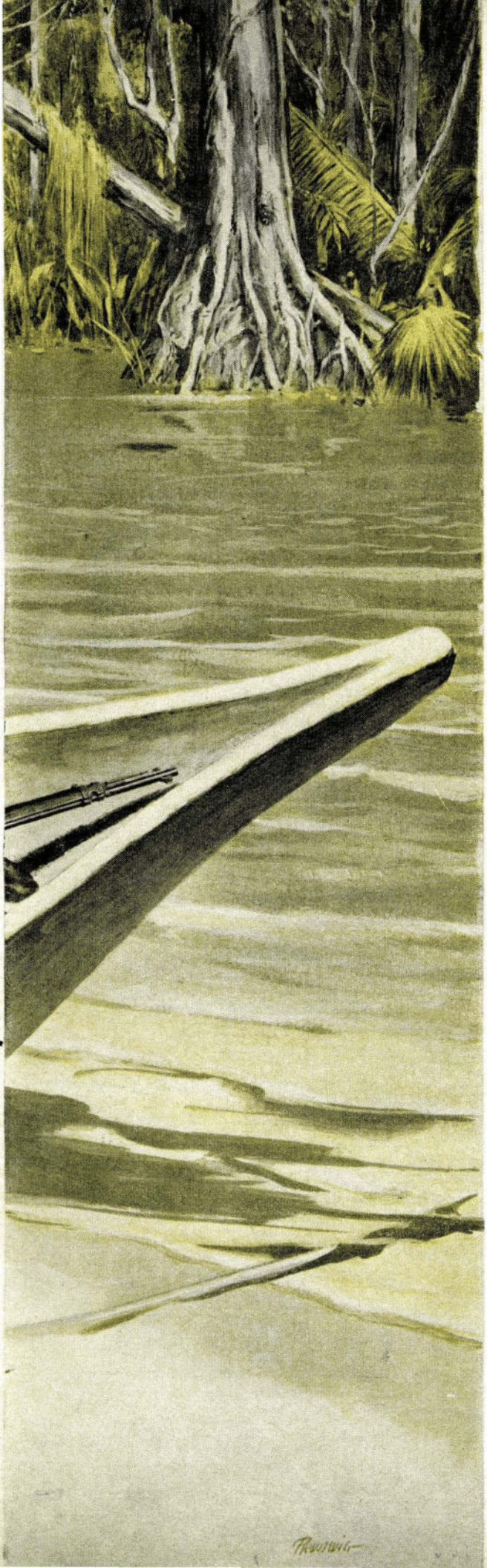
36 Goggomobil T-400 sports coupe, with air-cooled engine, five moving parts, 22-hp, $1,495

40 Renault 4CV sedan with 83-inch wheelbase, 28-hp four-cylinder, water-cooled engine, $1,345

41 BMW Isetta 300 with "in-and-out" front door, seats two, parks nose to the curb, $1,048



ENTER NOW—
RULES AND ENTRY BLANK ON PAGES 70 & 71



A TRUE BOOK-LENGTH FEATURE

I was 24 years on Devil's Island.
I was beaten, shot and starved.
But they couldn't break my spirit,
and on my 22nd attempt I made...

MY ESCAPE FROM HELL

By HENRI de BOUYN

Today there are those who would like to think Devil's Island is a forgotten thing, a sort of nightmare best overlooked now that the hell-hole has been abandoned forever. It is a nice thought, and probably comforting to those officials who made it a prime example of man's inhumanity to man, but to those of us who were prisoners there, it can never be forgotten. They called it the island of no escape, and they were right, those monsters. I escaped 22 times, but scarcely a night passes that I do not find myself still there, my legs swollen in folds over my heavy shackles.

I was only 22 when I first saw Devil's Island from the deck of the convict ship, *La Loire*, a 10-year sentence for a freak killing hanging over me. A 10-year sentence, and nearly 35 were to pass before I made good my final break for freedom.

Looking back, I am struck with a sort of wry wonder at the way every event in my life prepared me for the next disaster. There is a distinct pattern to it in which the same experiences that prepare other men for success enabled me to cope with catastrophe, and remain, proudly, still human. That in itself, as you will see, is quite a victory.

Until I was 17, and in my third year at the French Agricultural College in Algeria, I thought only that I was preparing myself to take over the management of my father's large vineyards and wineries just east of the city of Algiers. Then one day, toying with some soil samples, I worked a ball of clay into a small statue of a crouching lion. That casual event changed my whole life. [*Continued on next page*]

Illustrated by WILLIAM REUSSWIG

Natives found me, and my life was saved—but the day would come, back in prison, when I would wish they had let me die.

MY ESCAPE FROM HELL

Solitary wrecks both your mind and body, and ages you past the power of man to measure.

I immediately left college and enrolled at the *Art Et Meteur* in Algiers to study sculpture. My father was disappointed, and to justify myself, I worked as long as 18 hours a day, sometimes in clay but more often directly in marble and granite. When my right wrist tired, I would transfer the short, heavy hammer to my left hand, and keep right on hewing. By the end of my third year I found myself not only enormously powerful in both arms, but ambidextrous as well. In my work I stood second in a class of 220, with a scholarship for two more years of study in Paris.

Then came the first hint that the world was not made to my order. To get to Paris, I had to have a passport. I can still remember my astonishment when I discovered I was a man without a country. Time and again that legal quirk was to return to haunt me, and twice I served 60 days in solitary confinement because no country would come to my rescue after my escapes from Devil's Island.

In his youth my father had been the Marquis Paul de Bouyn, but he had backed the wrong side in an Irish uprising, and though he had escaped with his life, he had been deprived of citizenship, and his estate on the River Boyne had been confiscated. In Spain he had married the Contesse de St. Justine of Alicante against the wishes of her parents, and when he fled with her to Algeria, she, too, was deprived of her citizenship. When I was born in 1887 the French colony bureaucrats were too confused by my citizenship status to do more than put me down as a man without a country, twice removed.

Yet I was determined to continue my art studies at any cost. When a baffled official suggested I join the French Foreign Legion and earn my citizenship in four years, I accepted the opportunity eagerly.

You may think an art student would be oddly out of place in the Legion made up of desperate characters from all over the world, but as I have said, events had prepared me well for disaster. As a native son of North Africa, the heat and vastness of the Sahara that broke so many tough men held no terrors for me. My talent as a sculptor allowed me to enjoy thousands of idle hours that drove other men insane with boredom. I gained considerable popularity by modeling the heads of my comrades in clay, baking the models in the sun, and presenting them as gifts.

But what gained me my greatest popularity and a life of comparative ease was my ambidexterity and the power in my arms. I, who had never had a fight in my life, suddenly found myself touring the Legion outposts as the light-heavyweight champion of North Africa. Instead of being confined in one blistering fort for months at a time on poor food and worse water, I was seeing the world, and training on the best of foods and wines.

Most of those I fought felt as I did—we knew we had a good thing. As long as we put on a good show, we saw no need in killing each other off. But there were some who were just naturally vicious, and in the spring of 1909 I found myself matched with one of these at the fort just outside the city of Mecharia. It was just an exhibition bout, but somewhere along about the fifth round with this Sergeant Tecourth, I realized he was out to finish me. He opened a cut over my eye, and then continued to hammer at it in spite of my urgings to take it easy. I saw what I had to do; in the end, I knocked him out.

There was no crime in that. In the ring there was no rank, and a private could knock out a sergeant without fear of consequences. I left immediately after the bout, and an hour later I was in the best cafe in Mecharia. With me, because there were few to challenge the light-heavyweight champion, was the most beautiful entertainer in the place. Her name, which I will never forget because she was the last woman I was to meet for years, was Corita.

We had a few drinks, very few, when we were interrupted by the arrival of Sergeant Tecourth. It was obvious that his seconds had restored him well with cognac because now drunkenness was adding to his viciousness. He no sooner saw me than he staggered up to my table, demanding both the table and my girl by virtue of his rank.

We were both in uniform. I was in no position to argue with him. I was starting to get up when, with the same domineering voice, he started to pull his rank on Corita. It was the wrong move. Rank was something that impressed Corita only when it meant more money.

"Carrion!" she spit at him. I can hear her yet.

He let out a yell of rage, and dashed a glass of wine into her face. Maybe that is all he intended to do, but in his drunken condition he lurched too far. The glass struck her forehead, shattered, and drew a spurt of blood.

It was too much for me. Only a short time had elapsed since I had knocked out this man in the ring, and the fever of battle does not subside quickly. The readiness to hit him was still there, aggravated beyond control by the sight of blood on Corita's face. I swung, for the first time in my life swinging in uncontrolled fury. I caught him flush on the jaw. I felt bone crush under my bare knuckles. I saw him fall.

But I could not believe I had killed him. He was dead when he hit the floor.

I was arrested on the spot, and the rest was inevitable. Whether I was justified or not—and a score of witnesses testified at my court-martial that I was justified—I, a private, had killed a sergeant. I was given the mildest sentence possible: 10 years on Devil's Island. At least the presiding

judges thought it the mildest sentence. I am not so sure.

I was sent to the dreaded prison in the heart of Algiers called the *Maison Carree* to await transfer to Devil's Island in the prison ship, *La Loire*. It had just departed, so at first I had a three-tiered cell block almost to myself, and a good thing it was. New convicts arrived every week from all the French colonies. These were men whose crimes left them short of the guillotine, but who were considered, nevertheless, to be unfit for the worst prisons to be found from French West Africa to French Indo-China. Devil's Island meat is what they were, the lowest class of people to be found in the world. Had I been thrust suddenly into their midst, as one young man was just before the *La Loire* arrived, I might have dived head first to the rock courtyard from the third tier as he did. As it was, I became accustomed to them gradually, and was able to learn slowly that human foulness, like human goodness, is a matter of degree. One man to help me in this adjustment was a mild-mannered Eurasian cannibal from Indo-China who had murdered only because he was hungry. He found prison life wonderful because he got some attention, and the food was free.

The cells became crowded, but I was left severely alone—as the light-heavyweight champion of North Africa and a murderer who could kill with a single blow, I was a man to be placated, but never molested.

I had one experience in the *Maison Carree* that shook me beyond all others. My father, having used his influence with the higher authorities and bribed the guards, got in to see me. He couldn't actually blame me for my plight. I now think he really understood that I had not struck with intent to kill. But at the same time he felt more bitter about being known as the father of a Devil's Island convict than he did about the fate that awaited me. I had disgraced the family name, he felt—forgetting his own hasty departure from Ireland. When he left, his only parting remark was, "Better you had been born dead."

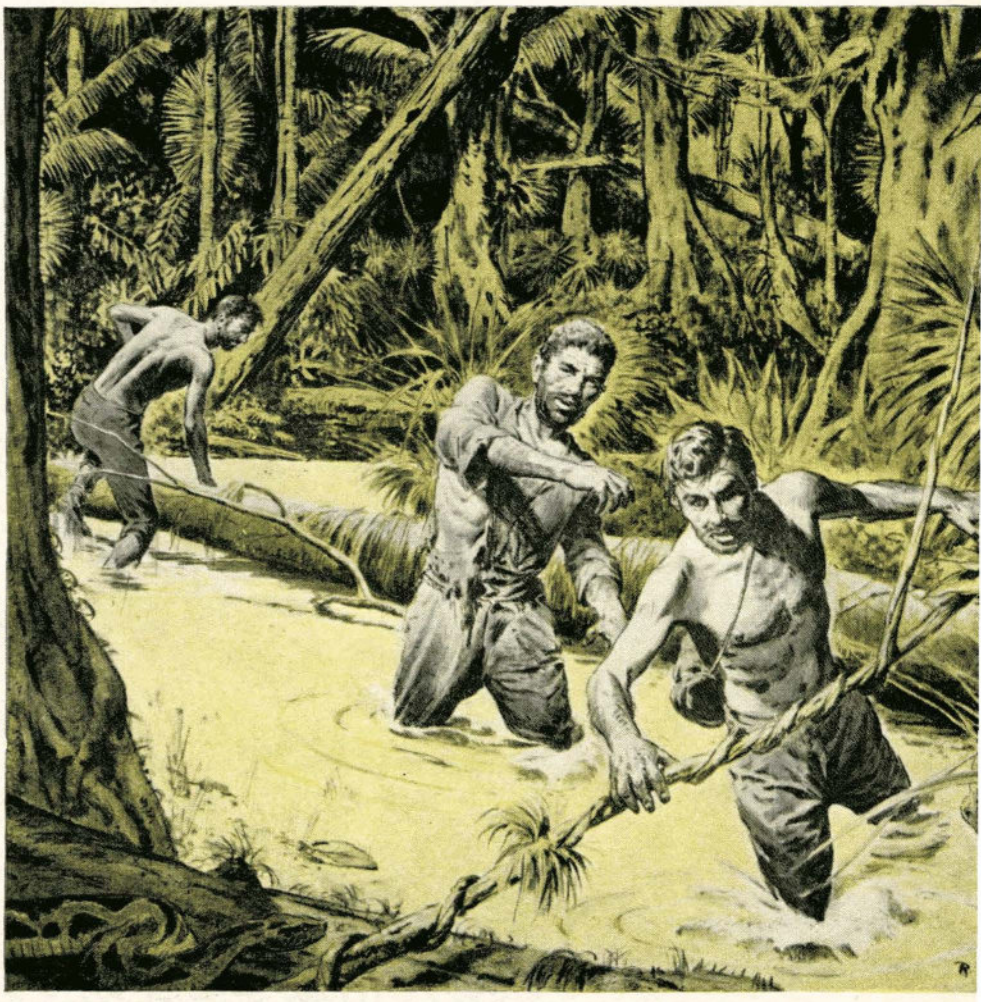
The remark was to haunt me for years. He was thinking of himself when he said it, but he didn't know how right he was.

Brooding, I welcomed the arrival of the *La Loire*. For the other convicts, the prison ship meant the beginning of the end. For me it meant a chance to get away from Africa and start over. That misguided attitude provided me with just enough hope to survive the long voyage in better shape than those already sodden with despair. The 400 of us marched aboard at Algiers, joining 200 convicts deported from France. The 15 cages that filled the hold of the ship were crammed with 40 prisoners each. The space in them would not provide sleeping room for eight. Slop is the only word for the food, and our water must have been drawn from the bilge.

Between seasickness and dysentery, the hold became one vast cesspool in which many men died. Each day, the dead were thrown overboard; the ship was halted for a few moments during the dumping so the corpses would not foul the propeller.

Despite our misery, there were no riots: a perforated steam pipe running the length of the hold quelled them quite effectively. It was said that enough live steam could be pumped into the hold in 30 minutes to boil us all, and I know from experience that five minutes was enough to subdue the toughest rioter. We had but to hear the first hiss of escaping steam to find our food delicious and our lot a happy one.

After a month in the hold, some 60 of us were brought up to stand blinking in the sunshine while our layers of filth were hosed off with sea water. Only gradually was I aware that we were steaming into a harbor. To my weakened eyes, it looked like a tropical paradise. That illusion lasted but an hour. Then the 60 of us were herded to the dock, and marched between guards to what I thought was the prison on Devil's Island. It was, in fact, the Cayenne Prison on the mainland of French [*Continued on page* 104]



We faced a thousand dangers in our desperate flight from the rock pile, but at least they could not follow us with bloodhounds through the swamps.

"I CAN FIX IT FOR YOU WHOLESALE"

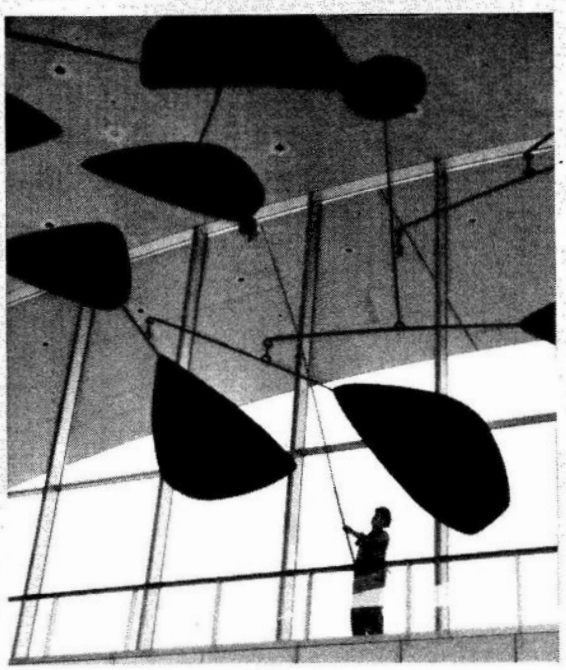
Dan Fraad employs a 6,000-man army to polish the finest buildings and sports arenas, fuel up airliners, and do repairs that make your Mr. Fixit look like old tumblefingers

By RUFUS JARMAN

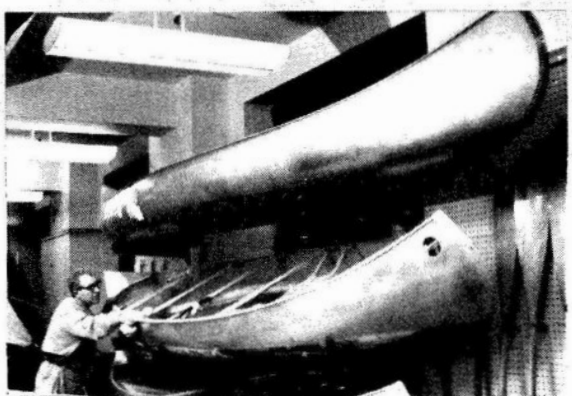
Photographed for TRUE by HANS KNOPF

REPAIRING AIRCRAFT...

MARKING GROUND LINES...



DUSTING A MOBILE...



CLEANING CANOES...

GARDENING AN AIRPORT...

WASHING A SKYSCRAPER...

MOPPING BIG FLOORS...

POLISHING AN ELEPHANT...

FREIGHTING THE DEAD...

When Daniel Fraad, Jr., president of the Allied Maintenance Corporation of New York, attempts to describe the varied complications involved in being the world's largest janitor, he often relies on a series of events that he calls: "The Day We Shot the Fox, and the Polar Bear Caught on Fire."

Fraad is a vast and volatile man of 45, known to his friends, business associates and working force as "Junior." His firm has 6,000 regular employes and grosses over $20 million a year by providing an improbable array of services. These range from tending the turf, handling the crowds and cleaning the stands at Yankee Stadium to deicing the exteriors, cleaning the interiors, washing the dishes and even repairing the ailing engines of the trans-Atlantic airliners that stop for extra gas and a mechanical check at Gander International Airport in Newfoundland.

It was at widely separated Yankee Stadium and the Gander airport that the remarkable events concerning the burning bear and the shooting of the fox took place.

The fox, as wild as nature made it, appeared in the Yankee baseball park one recent autumn. Nobody is sure how it arrived, but Fraad thinks it crept unseen into a truck being loaded with football gear at West Point for an Army game in New York. At any rate, the fox got into the stadium. It skulked among the bleacher seats, sunned itself in the solitudes of the dugouts, and subsisted upon unwary pigeons while the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals resisted Junior's announced [*Continued on page* 94]

Basketball's Bumptious

Right after bourbon whisky, the biggest thing in Kentucky is a basketball coach named Adolph Rupp. And if you don't think he's the greatest one who ever lived, just ask him

LEXINGTON, KY.

A man who coaches a college sport works with kids, and what he does for their characters is supposed to be the most important thing of all. But let him lose games while he is being a good influence on these kids, and they call for a moving van and tell him to leave town. This is a result country and there is time only for the winner.

It is this way in any sport played on the big, bust-out level of major colleges, and that's why Adolph Rupp of the University of Kentucky is the best coach of basketball in the history of the sport. In 29 seasons at Kentucky, Rupp's teams have won 609 games and lost only 108 and won four national championships. The record makes him the perfect college coach. He is, simply, a guy who wins. Rupp, the person, is acutely aware of the value of winning. He is a big, intense, 58-year-old man who has one thought in life: win tomorrow night before a sellout house.

After 29 wildly successful seasons, Rupp's philosophy stands firm: "The hell with how you played the game. They still keep score, don't they?"

"I'm not in the public relations business," he tells you. "I'm paid to win basketball games and the national championship. And I win more than anybody else in the country. I know I have a lot of enemies, but I'd rather be the most hated winning coach in the country than the most popular loser.

"Now you know that stuff about building character when you lose? Damn, that's silly. There was that thing that sportswriter wrote. He said: 'And when the last great scorer comes to write against your name, He writes not if you won or lost, but how you played the game.'

"Well, everybody just loved that and quoted it all over. See, they even got me to rememberin' it. But it's a joke. The hell with how you played the game. They still keep score, don't they?"

More than a few of the coaches Rupp murders year after year say he is a man with a box score for a heart. This is not quite correct, but only because Rupp's success drive isn't restricted to basketball. The Baron, as they call him in Kentucky, is one of the richest men in sports through his Hereford cattle and tobacco interests. And, as is always the case with a winner in this country, he is immensely popular. His name has a fantastic draw on people from every walk of life in Kentucky. Whether you are in the governor's office at Frankfort or a diner in Lexington, people talk of "Ole Adolph" in words normally used for the President of the United States or maybe Robert E. Lee.

Baron

By BILL SURFACE and JIMMY BRESLIN

He speaks with a nasal, bottled-in-dear-old-Kaintucky twang which he made sure to acquire when he came to the school from the Midwest. And when he does talk, he feels more comfortable telling you about himself and his basketball team than anything else.

"So you're going to write a story?" Rupp will say to a sportswriter he knows. "Why, that's just fine. We'll sit down together and make this a great story. I'll tell you how we'll do it. Let's brag on me and my team. Write up something real good about us. People will love it."

He means it, too. For this modest opening is followed immediately by a thorough discourse on how fine a coaching job Adolph Rupp does and why the University of Kentucky basketball team is so good because of it. "Now don't you say I said this," Rupp will say. "You say it yourself. It'll look a bit better than if you have me boosting myself."

He attacks basketball games with a bit less worry about the niceties. In the 1954-55 season his Kentucky team won 23 out of 25 games. Both losses came to Georgia Tech, which was incredible. They just don't play basketball well at Tech, and Kentucky had beaten them as a matter of course for years.

But on January 8, 1955, Tech broke a streak of 129 straight home court victories for Rupp's Kentucky teams with a 57-56 victory which was not easy to believe.

The next day was Sunday, but Rupp scheduled a practice, anyway. The kids showed up, frightened half to death of what was going to happen to them. But instead of screaming, Rupp walked calmly onto the court and called the jittery team around him.

"Now I want you boys to listen to me carefully," he began. "I want you to go out and buy

Basketball's Bumptious Baron

a copy of the paper with the headline saying, 'Georgia Tech Beats Kentucky.' Then I want you to tuck it away safe someplace so's it won't ever be lost. It is a famous clipping.

"There have been two catastrophes of our time," he concluded slowly. "One was Pearl Harbor and the other was last night."

But Rupp uses no emotion in his approach to plotting out a game. He is a cold master at figuring how to knock your brains out. In the 1958 National Collegiate Athletic Association championship tournament, Kentucky destroyed Miami of Ohio by 24 points and Notre Dame by 33 on its way to the final—for the college championship—against Seattle University. Seattle's big man was Elgin Baylor, the 6-5 high-jumping kid who now is practically unstoppable in the professional National Basketball Association.

Rupp and his assistant, Harry Lancaster, started working out a system to use against Seattle at 7:30 in the morning. By lunchtime their mimeographed diagrams were distributed to the team. But Rupp is a man who thinks basketball constantly and by 5:30, when it was time for dinner, he had decided to change everything. So three hours before gametime he locked his team in the dressing room and announced that every defensive assignment which had been given out should be ignored.

"The scouting report says Elgin Baylor is the finest defensive man in the country," Rupp began. "Well, Harry and I questioned that. We don't think so. We are going to prove it, too. We are going to throw everything at Baylor. I believe we can get him to foul out of there and then we'll be home free."

When the teams took the floor for the tip-off, Baylor broke out of the Seattle huddle and walked over to shake hands with John Crigler, Kentucky's forward. He was going to guard Crigler and Rupp's kid took a deep breath. He was going to be in for most of the work.

A Rupp-trained basketball team plays the game automatically. The kids all have the same style. They work their plays with a simple but flawless style, and they follow orders as if they were in the Army.

So Kentucky immediately set up its pick-offs and weaves and cuts and the other things basketball teams do with the single purpose of getting Crigler the ball. Crigler, moving to the corner, would take a pass from outside and then drive along the base line of the court toward the basket. It is a difficult play for the defensive man because it is too easy to foul a man. Crigler made it easier for Baylor. He drove through and then went up for twisting under-the-basket lay-ups. Baylor fouled him three times at the start and the game was virtually over right there.

Seattle's coach, John Castellani, had to order a time-out and then instruct his team to go into a sagging zone defense in order to protect Baylor from picking up a fourth foul, which would put him in jeopardy. If you collect five fouls in college basketball, you also get a hand from the crowd after the referee tells you to leave the game.

Kentucky got hot against the zone—a defense which gives the team with the ball good chances for outside shooting. Vernon Hatton and Johnny Cox, a couple of lean, crew-cut kids with those fantastic eyes college basketball players have, tossed up a couple from outside and they hit. Seattle had to go back into a man-to-man defense at those prices and that's when Kentucky went to work on Baylor again.

Rupp's kids started to work their guard-around plays. This is a pick-off play worked methodically by any Rupp team. Down at Lexington, they say, "The schedule for any basketball game is: Star Spangled Banner, tipoff, number seven and eight guard-around." It is an uncomplicated play but worked to perfection it is murder to stop.

Everytime they set up a guard-around it was with the idea of getting Bayor to grab somebody and foul out. Don Mills, a 6-7½ center, found Baylor on him and Mills went up to shoot and Elgin hit him on the elbow with his arm. That was the fourth foul. Now Baylor couldn't afford to touch anybody, so Kentucky set up plays that would have Hatton, the team's best shot, coming through on Baylor. The big kid from Seattle couldn't touch him and Hatton scored 30 points and Kentucky went on to win the national title easily.

Rupp loved it. "When we got the four fouls on Baylor we had him at our mercy, boys," he chortled after it.

It is this type of winning—murdering you is closer to it—that has made Rupp anything but popular with coaches in the Southeastern Conference (Tulane, Mississippi, LSU, Georgia, Mississippi State). In fact, perhaps the oldest joke told in the area concerns the time a report got around that Rupp had died. A coach immediately asked his athletic director for permission to go to Kentucky for the funeral. The athletic director thought it was a fine gesture.

"Tain't no gesture," the coach said. "I just want to make damn sure he's dead."

Rupp is quite certain that playing basketball his way is the most important business in the world. He made that rather plain the day Artur Rubenstein, the concert pianist, arrived in Lexington for an appearance. Rubenstein was to give his concert on the movable stage of the university's gleaming, 14,000-seat coliseum which is listed as a "War Memorial," but actually is Rupp's basketball building. At a little after 3 o'clock in the afternoon, Rubenstein, flexing his fingers, walked onto the stage to rehearse for the evening's concert.

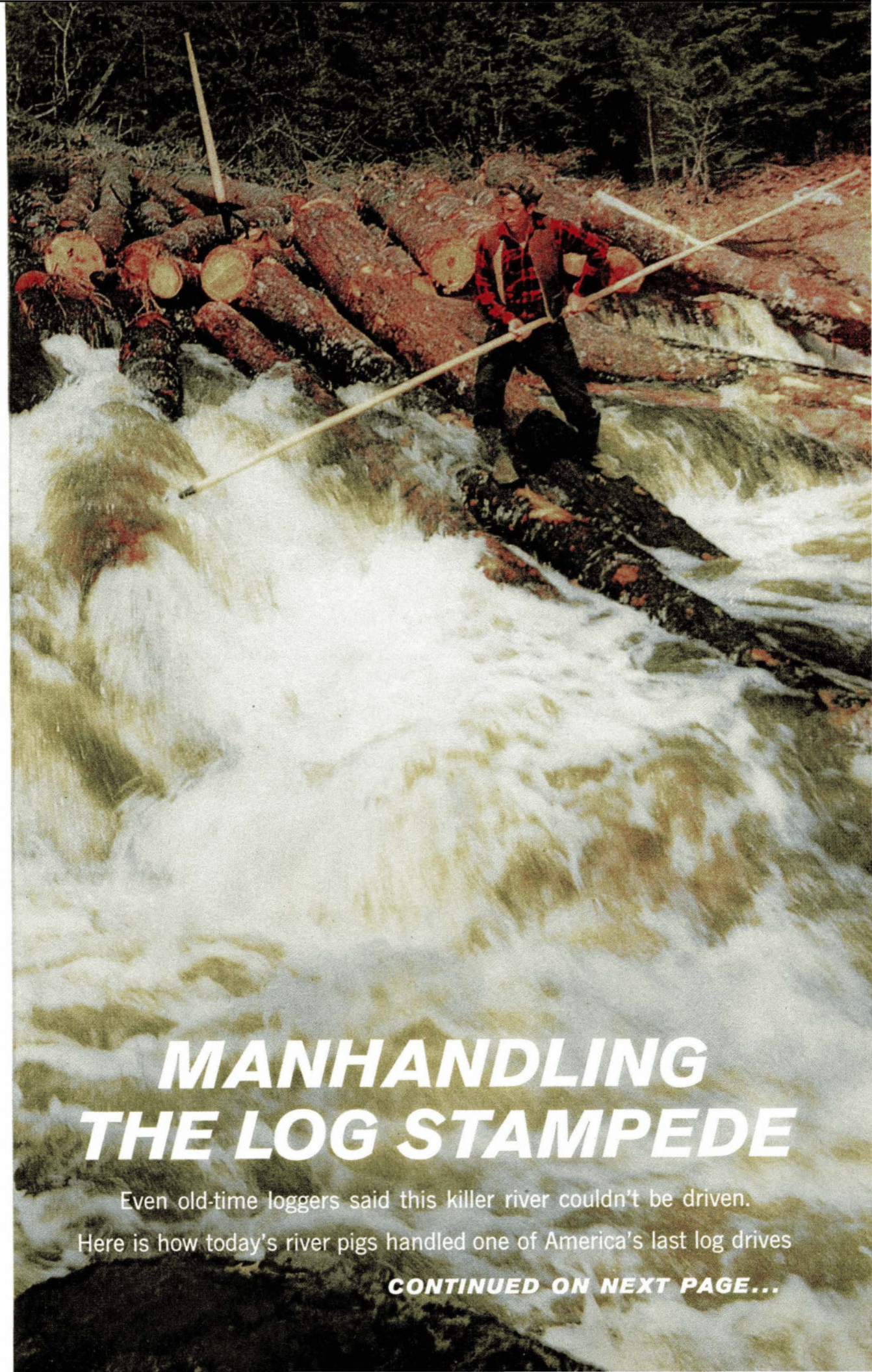
"Will you please keep the building empty?" he asked a couple of university officials with him. "I must accustom myself to the acoustics here. I need silence."

The officials nodded in reverence. This was a pretty good score for their cultural program and they would be quite happy to do anything. Rubenstein started to play. Trouble was, the clock said it was now 3:14 p.m. and, as it happens every day during the basketball season at Kentucky, Rupp was walking up a runway from the locker-rooms and onto the floor. He and his assistant coach, Harry Lancaster, were dressed alike—in Army khaki shirts and pants. And behind the Baron came a file of 30 tall, crew-cut kids, dressed in white T-shirts and blue basketball pants. It was time for Kentucky's basketball practice, and this is, to Rupp, a sacred thing. Like money.

One of the officials spotted him and tip-toed quickly over to him. "You can't come out here," he whispered. "You'll have to forget about today. Mr. Rubenstein must rehearse."

"We can't come out here?" Rupp bellowed. "Listen, Mr. Music Lover. Rubenstein's gonna play here tonight and he can miss 100 notes and ain't anybody in the en-tire audience gonna know the difference. But we're playing Lou-siana State on this very same floor tomorrow night. Let mah boys miss one foul shot and the whole world will hear about it."

[*Continued on page* 90]



MANHANDLING THE LOG STAMPEDE

Even old-time loggers said this killer river couldn't be driven.
Here is how today's river pigs handled one of America's last log drives

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE...

Cranes and 'dozers start the job, but men will finish it.

MANHANDLING THE LOG STAMPEDE

MAINE

In most parts of the country the log drive has become as old fashioned as the Pony Express, with huge 10-wheeler trucks now hauling the big trees out of the forests. But there are still a few places too wild and remote for trucks, and one of them is Maine's treacherous Oldstream River.

For over 30 years everyone had been saying that it was impossible to drive logs down the twisting Oldstream, and finally even the veteran "river pigs" had forgotten the last time anyone had tried it. Then along came a boss driver named Francis Healey who not only said it could be done, but that he would do it.

In theory, driving a river sounds simple. You merely erect big dams back in the woods and when the ice begins to melt in the spring and the water backs up you roll the logs off into the dammed-up water, open the sluiceways, and get the hell out of the way.

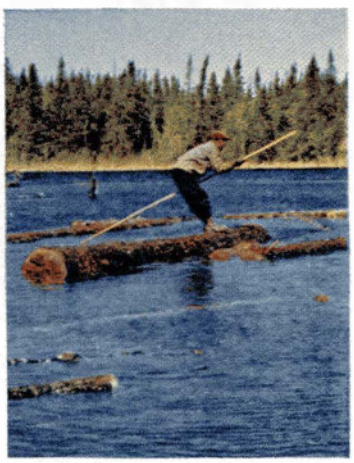
But you don't drive logs with theories, and you don't figure rivers with a pencil and paper. One log can get snagged on a submerged rock and within seconds the whole drive is stacked up behind it, so jammed it would take an H-bomb to blast it loose. So men have to go with the logs, armed only with an iron-pointed staff called a cantdog, leaping from log to log straightening out the jams, gambling they won't lose their footing and slip down into the crushing mass of swirling, uncontrollable timber.

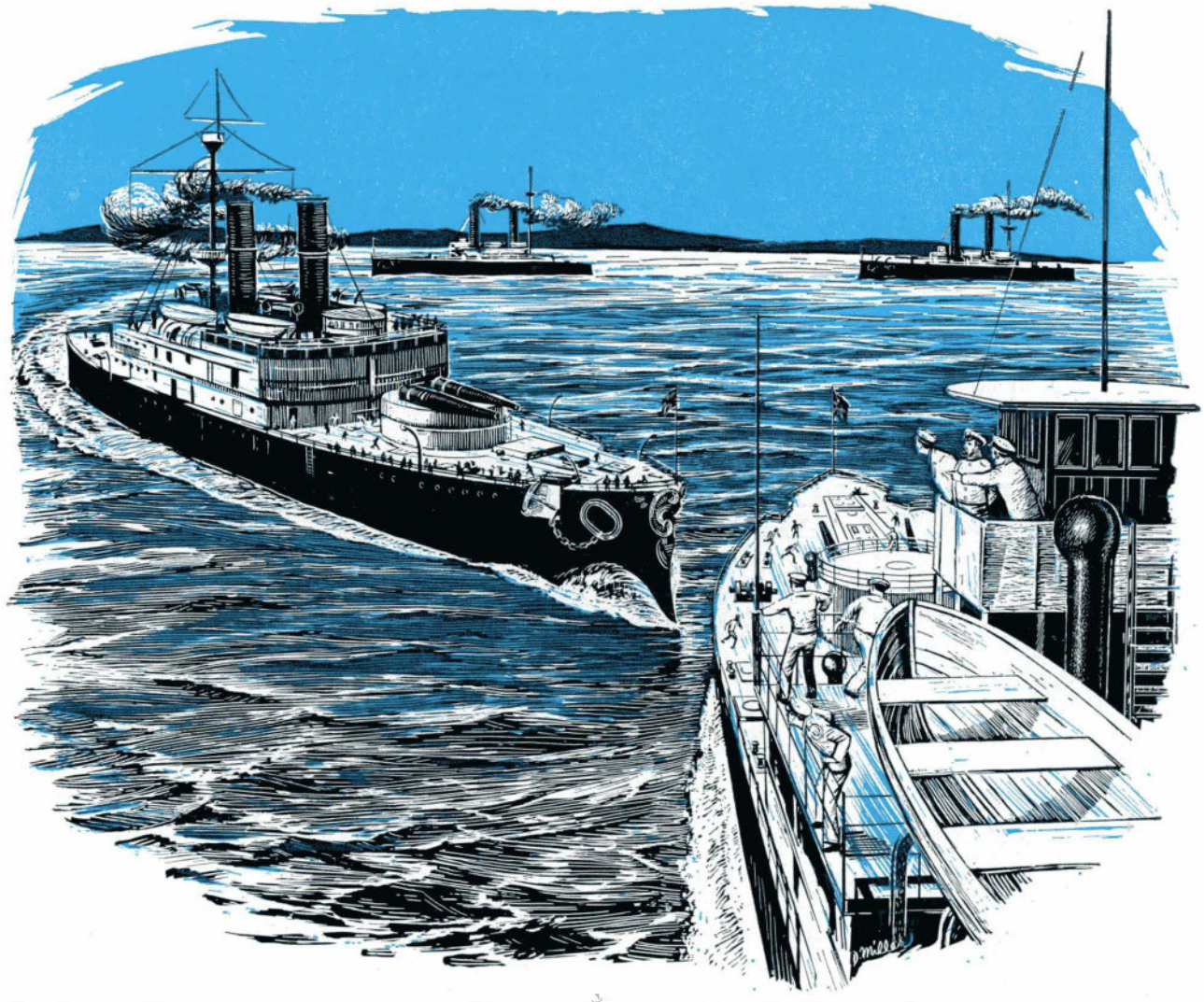
On this particular drive, an unexpected three-day torrent built up into a flash flood that slammed the logs off into the woods along the bank, jumbling them together like matchsticks. But, led by Healey and strawboss Albert St. Pierre, the men worked the logs loose and nursed, cajoled and cursed them down to the St. Regis paper mills.

When it was over, St. Pierre said it for all of them: "She was one sonofabitch of a river to drive!"—Lew Dietz

Photographed for TRUE by KOSTI RUOHAMAA

Before the water is released, St. Pierre herds the logs toward the dam; then the gates are opened and men fight to control the violent mass of timber as it thunders down the torrent. Many a driver has been "called across the long swamp" before that final peaceful drift to the sea.





Bourke gestured wildly at the onrushing *Camperdown*—then turned to find the admiral staring stonily out to sea.

THE DAY DISCIPLINE SPELLED DEATH

The admiral had set the two mighty battlewagons on a collision course; surely he would call for another heading in time—or would he?

BY NORMAN CARLISLE Illustrated by DON MILLER

On the bridge of the mighty battleship *Victoria* her startled captain jerked upright as if a cat-o'-nine-tails had just licked the skin off his back. Capt. Maurice Bourke's jaw worked but no words came.

He had just heard the most unbelievable naval command ever given. Vice-Adm. Sir George Tryon, who headed the fleet, had just sealed the doom of the proudest ship in the British Navy. He had handed a death sentence to hundreds of seamen. He had *ordered* disaster.

The strange catastrophe that rocked a nation and still baffles sea warfare experts, began on a golden June day in 1893 when the British Mediterranean fleet steamed out of Beirut, Syria. The eight battleships and five cruisers were formed into two lines, one led by the *Victoria,* the other by the *Camperdown.* These two most powerful battleships each bore, in addition to guns, a fearsome weapon in the form of a great cutting ram on the prow. Presumed capable of cutting the heart out of any vessel, the devices had yet to be tested in action.

From the bridge, Captain Bourke of the *Victoria* noted with pride the exactness with which the lines held position, just 1,200 yards apart, the *Camperdown* ploughing the

waves precisely opposite the *Victoria*.

It was at that moment that Admiral Tryon, Commander-in-Chief, gave his incredible order. There would be a maneuver, he announced. Each line would make a 180-degree turn toward the other. Thus brought close together, the ships would head back toward Beirut.

On this occasion there was something drastically unorthodox about this standard naval maneuver. The turning radius of both the *Victoria* and the *Camperdown* was 600 yards; *the two ships would be mathematically certain to plough into each other.*

When he got over the initial shock, Captain Bourke spoke up. "But, sir, the *Victoria* . . ."

"I know," the admiral whipped out. "You have your orders."

As Bourke nodded to his signal officer, the thought passed through his mind that the admiral was going to see how his men would respond to his order . . . and then cancel it.

So on the masthead and yardarm of the *Victoria*, the message was spelled out in pennants that rippled in the hot breeze: "Second division alter course in succession 16 points to starboard, preserving the order of the fleet; first division alter course 16 points to port, preserving the order of the fleet."

Excitement raced through the ships. On the *Camperdown*, Rear Adm. Sir John Markham spluttered, "Impossible!"

Hastily he ordered his signal man to get off a semaphore to Tryon. "Am I to understand that it is your wish that the columns turn as indicated by the signals?"

The answer that came back silenced him: "What are you waiting for?"

Neither Markham nor Bourke thought of disobeying the order. The two great ships began churning the water as they started to arc inwards.

On the *Victoria*, Captain Bourke, standing near the admiral, waited tensely for the command that he was sure would come. He still felt that this was a test of nerves. In the admiral's long career he had built up a brilliant reputation as the master of tricky maneuvers. Well, this would be the trickiest yet.

Beads of sweat stood out on the captain's face. As he figured it, there were now just two minutes before the ships must stop their turn, engines astern.

One minute. The admiral had just one minute. Yet there he stood, frozen-faced and unperturbed. By God, he was canny.

Thirty seconds. Half a minute to stop those fatal arcs.

Twenty seconds. The captain could stand it no longer. "We'd . . . better do something, sir."

Fifteen seconds. "Sir!" There was a frantic shrillness in the captain's voice. "May I go astern?"

The admiral stared at him, like a man in a nightmarish trance.

No seconds. Less than no seconds. Then his head moved in the faintest of nods.

Captain Bourke shouted the orders. "Full astern on the port screw!" Aboard the *Camperdown*, a white faced Markham had bellowed the same command.

Now the ships were like two thrashing

[*Continued on page* 68]

Trench coat with knit collar by Plymouth of Boston, $39.95; cloth foul-weather cap, $3.50.

Double-breasted wool jersey raincoat by Lee Small, $50; Byrd Cloth water-repellent hat, $4.

Forecast
for Spring:

ALL-WEATHER RAINCOATS

produced by ANDREW MILLS

Photographed for TRUE by PAUL HIMMEL

■ Much to the dismay of clothing manufacturers, a number of young men in recent years have taken to wearing their raincoats for topcoats. Topcoat-makers were not the only ones who found this trend deplorable, either. What was wrong? The raincoats, as a rule, looked like raincoats—wrinkled, dirty, generally sloppy and with no style. We're happy to report that a different situation is developing. This year's raincoats are made with new eye appeal. They can be worn in all kinds of weather, rain or shine, regardless of the barometer reading or the wind direction.

In addition, the new spring raincoats provide improved weather protection as well as a handsome appearance. Textile technicians have made enormous strides in the art of producing cloth that will keep on keeping water out. Raincoats now keep you dry longer, indefinitely in fact, and come through laundering or dry cleaning with waterproofness unimpaired.

Perhaps inspired by fictional private-eyes, trench coats are back in the limelight. They have more intricate detailing than ever, pockets within pockets and flaps on flaps. But in spite of all this they have a clean, tasteful look that's bound to increase their popularity. Dressier raincoats are double-breasted with metallic buttons and give the wearer a feeling of classic elegance. Patterns in raincoats are doing nicely, too. These include bold plaids and small checks, some in bright colors.

Brightly colored plaid raincoat by International Trends, $40; cotton poplin center crease hat, $4.50.

The Day Discipline Spelled Death

[*Continued from page* 65]

monsters, charging at each other, beyond the power of the men aboard to control them. The gap narrowed.

On every ship of the fleet, men surged to the rails to watch the incredible drama, hearing plainly in those still waters the clamor of ships' bells, the insistent bo'sun's pipes shrilling orders to close watertight doors.

A hundred yards. Fifty. Twenty-five. Suddenly there came the agonized cry of steel cutting into steel. The *Camperdown* had tried her ram at last, driving it deep into the heart of the *Victoria.* The force of her blow was so great that it actually hurled the *Victoria's* 10,000-ton bulk 70 feet through the water.

With this very instrument of destruction the *Camperdown* might yet have saved the *Victoria,* by leaving the ram in place to plug the great gap it had torn near the bow. As it was, the thrust of engines, in reverse, dragged the *Camperdown* back from the rent, through which rushed tons of sea water. At once, the *Victoria* listed to starboard and her officers knew she was done for.

Bourke ordered the distress flag up. "Send boats."

Hardly had he done so than the admiral, who had stood all this time like a man of stone, opened his lips to utter another fantastic order.

"Annul sending boats," said the new signal flags. Dismay swept the fleet, but staunch British discipline prevailed: the boat lowering stopped.

Incredulous officers realized that the admiral was going to try to run the stricken *Victoria* ashore in shallow water.

Agonizing minutes went by. Five. Ten. She was never going to make it. On the *Victoria's* upper decks, now awash, men stood at attention while water climbed up their bodies. Still the craft crawled toward shore.

Now at last the admiral seemed to come to life. "She's going," he said. "Fly the distress signals."

"Send boats immediately," said the signal flags. Shouts ran from ship to shop as scores of boats slapped the water and men began to row madly.

It was too late. The *Victoria* was going down, first lurching to starboard, then turning over, stern high, her propellers whirling madly, half in air, half in water, chewing up screaming men who floated into their path. Then suddenly she exploded. Water, coal, gear and bodies were hurled upward in boiling columns of water, red with the blood of the 337 crewmen and 22 officers who died in history's strangest naval disaster.

Why did the admiral give his fantastic order? The question echoed through a stunned British Empire. The only explanation the Admiralty could ever give was that "as the result of a temporary aberration he had made a most inexplicable and fatal mistake." Though Captain Bourke was court-martialed for "wilfully casting away Her Majesty's Ship *Victoria,*" and duly acquitted, Adm. Sir George Tryon did not testify. He had gone down with the *Victoria.* In ordering the death of Britain's greatest battleship the "Mad Admiral" had also ordered his own.—**Norman Carlisle**

Father Noyes and His Fabulous Flock

[*Continued from page* 33]

inspired by one of the revivalist meetings that swept New England in the 1830's, he began studying theology at Andover Seminary.

The young student was shy and timid at first and took pains to overcome these deficiencies in his makeup. "I swear, by Jove, I will learn to be impudent!" he confided to his diary. He succeeded, for he soon got a reputation as a troublemaker when he argued bitterly with his professors over their interpretation of the Bible. After a year at Andover, Noyes transferred to the Yale Divinity School.

There Noyes made his big discovery of Perfectionism and became convinced that he was uniquely without sin. This was sheer heresy to his Congregationalist professors, but the firebrand refused to recant. Having been licensed to preach—along with the rest of his class—Noyes became the leading speaker in the New Haven Free Church. His sermons blasted the present concepts of Christianity as false and hypocritical, and he had the town in an uproar.

A few weeks before graduation in 1834, a friendly faculty member warned Noyes that he stood a good chance of being expelled if he didn't tone down his sermons.

Even as a student, John Noyes had a commanding presence. "What I preach is true," he pronounced. "I'll not stop—now or ever!" Suddenly he burst out laughing. "I'm giving them something to think about, eh? Good!"

The young radical was permitted to graduate, but the church elders revoked his license to preach. John Noyes was undisturbed. "I have taken away their license to sin," he said in one of his most quoted speeches, "but they keep on sinning. So, they have taken away my license to preach, but I shall go on preaching!"

He spent the next few years wandering around the country, preaching and listening to the more advanced religious thinkers of the day. They were a sad lot, Noyes decided. Fuzzy-minded and wishy-washy, they lacked the courage to put their theories into practice. He, by this time, was absolutely convinced that man could achieve perfection here on earth. In 1838 he returned to Putney, 10 miles north of Brattleboro. With a small group of relatives and neighbors who shared his opinions, he started the Putney Bible Class.

That same year he met Harriet Holton, a pretty, intelligent, 26-year-old girl from nearby Westminster. Harriet listened to Noyes speak one night and found both his ideas and himself tremendously exciting. He was an impressive specimen of male virility—a slender, long-legged, handsome man, now 27 years old. No sourpuss of a preacher, Noyes had a roaring, infectious laugh and was ready for fun and frolic at any hour of the day or night, Sundays included. (Every day is the Sabbath, Noyes contended.) Like many preachers in those days, he took a drink now and then, although his Perfectionist creed prohibited dissipation.

When John asked Harriet to marry him, he made it clear that there would be no ball and chain on either of them. "We can enter into no arrangement which shall limit the range of our affections," he said emphatically. "If a man cannot love a woman and be happy in seeing her loved by others, he is a selfish man."

Harriet, an uncommonly emancipated woman, agreed to this unique proposal. They went through the formalities of a marriage to satisfy the conventions. Later, the Perfectionists didn't bother.

The newlyweds drove to Albany on their honeymoon. With part of Harriet's substantial dowry, John bought a second-hand printing press. Back in Putney, he began publication of *The Witness,* later called *The Perfectionist Magazine,* in which he offered his opinions on love, marriage and communal living to all who were interested.

Within a few years the little group, now called the Putney Corporation of Perfectionists, consisted of almost 40 adults and children, including Noyes' mother, two sisters and a younger brother. They all lived together in three houses, sharing everything and working for the common good. They built a chapel where Noyes preached nightly and a general store, in which hung a sign proclaiming "Health, Comfort, Economy & Women's Rights."

By 1845 so many orthodox church members had been converted to Perfectionism that the New England clergy considered Noyes a definite threat to organized religion. Particularly alarming was the consideration that his Perfectionists were actually practicing what Noyes preached, something he called "complex marriage."

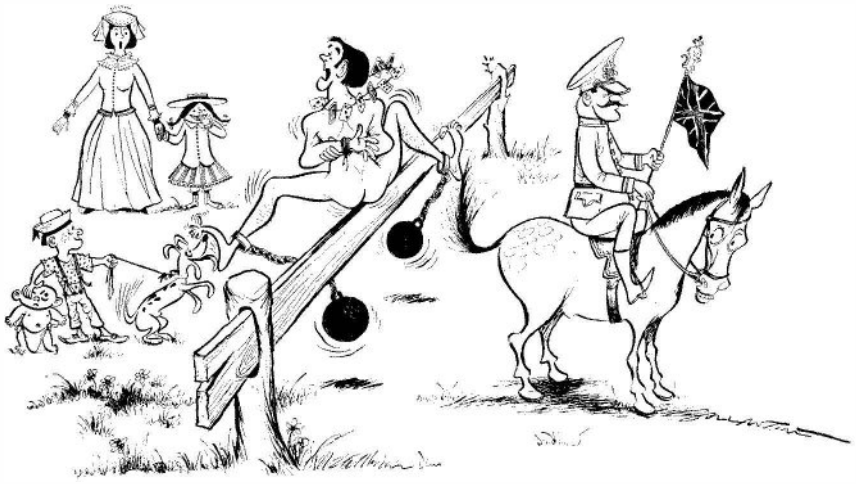
The trouble with conventional marriage, Noyes had told his group shortly after it was formed, was its insistence on exclusiveness and fidelity. "Romantic love is selfish," he expounded. "Affections can and should be controlled and guided for the greatest good of all. There should be no private ownership of man or woman."

In the Putney Corporation, he suggested, all members, whether married or single, should be free to cohabit with anyone they wished. "Monogamy," he explained in his nightly sermons, "is unnatural, and offers the sexual appetite

[*Continued on page* 72]

Strange but TRUE

by George R. Martin



Riding an offender out of town astride a fence rail—with or without tar and feathers—is remembered today, somewhat indulgently, as old-style frontier lawlessness tempered with rough humor. Actually, this torture once had legal sanction and it was anything but funny. Centuries back, the British Army, always lavish with punishments, saw that the forked structure of the human frame offered possibilities. Soldiers to be disciplined were set straddling the sharpened edge of a plank supported horizontally—sometimes, two planks joined in a ridge—with hands tied behind and, for stability, a cannonball or several muskets hanging from each foot. A session of "riding the wooden horse" might last three or four hours. Too many cases of rupture finally led the British to end the practice around 1760, but colonials clung to tradition. Few American historians have cared to divulge that it remained a common punishment in our Revolutionary Army. As presiding officer of a court-martial, Paul Revere sentenced a soldier to "ride the Wooden Horse" a quarter of an hour, with one musket on each leg, for playing cards on Sunday. The last recorded instance was civilian; in 1787, New Haven penalized a horse thief by sitting him on the wooden horse an hour weekly during his eight-week jail term. Informally, the fence rail replaced the horse until the bad old custom died out. *By Willard A. Hemphill, Garden City, New York.*

Controlling a ship in the old days by manipulating clouds of canvas required a durable breed of men even in the best of weather. When U.S. bluejackets were called upon to substitute themselves for sails in an 1889 hurricane, an extraordinary chapter of naval history was written. Seven warships of three nations rode in Apia harbor, Samoa; like most large vessels of the time, they were sailing ships with auxiliary propellers. The start of the storm one night set them steaming slowly at anchor to relieve the strain on their cables. By morning they were fighting mountainous waves. The *Trenton* lost her rudder and took water that halted her engine, leaving her without steerage and veering wildly. An order was given to man the rigging. All of her 400 men except those at pumps climbed high up on the shrouds and yards of her sternmost mast. There they clung all day in a tattered throng where canvas would have been blown away, their bodies weather-vaning the ship and keeping her bow to the wind. When she broke adrift at the storm's peak, their wind resistance sailed her sternward to lodge atop a reef, while two other U.S. and three German ships were being wrecked with much loss of life. Only a British ship with big engine won through by steaming to sea—a significant victory for steam power, but less memorable to naval historians than the sailors who served as sails to survive a hurricane.

When pacifists claim there would be no wars if the female half of humanity had its way, they should be directed to look at the record of uninhibited womanhood in primitive societies. Anthropologists studying such groups in recent times found that, not infrequently, it was the women who incited the men to intertribal warfare. Among some Pacific headhunters, a warrior who couldn't present a skull or two was ineligible for marriage. In New Guinea, women were observed to shower stones and abuse on men unwilling to fight out feuds. In one region of Africa, within the past generation, feminine instincts enjoyed full expression. Women of the Pondo nation screeched the war cry when invasion threatened or the army was to be mobilized. They escorted the men to the battlefield and watched from the nearest ridge. Meanwhile they sang salacious songs and postured with skirts lifted and tucked around their waists. Unfortunately, from the female point of view, Pondoland is rapidly becoming civilized. *By Arnold Coleman, Reno, Nev.*

A Chinese "first" less well-known than paper or printing but much more impressive technologically was the invention of oil-well drilling. That wasn't what the Chinese had in mind 1,700 years ago when they learned how to bore deep holes, but it turned out that way. They were after brine, for its salt. Their technique was quaint but effective. A wooden tube of 6-inch diameter was sunk through loose soil to bedrock and steadied by a stone ring set in the earth. Through the tube was lowered a 100-pound 7-foot-long metal bit—a massive cold chisel—suspended on strong rope from a seesaw. A husky workman jumped down on the seesaw, raising the bit about 2 feet, and jumped off, letting the bit fall. After awhile, the bit was winched up, the wetted rock dust bailed out, and jumping resumed. At about 1 foot of hole drilled every 24 hours—in two 12-hour shifts—this went on for years. Eventually the investment began to pay off in valuable salt, bailed from as deep as 3,000 feet. Sometimes a scum of petroleum floated on the brine; this was skimmed and sold for lamp fuel. Occasionally they got a "fire well" of natural gas, which they capped and led in bamboo pipes to burners under brine evaporating pans. The West learned of Chinese deep drilling from a missionary's report in 1828, improved on the method with mechanical power, and brought in the first Pennsylvania oil well in 1859. *—By Joseph Barbera, Troy, N. Y.*

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

HERE ARE THE RULES FOR

TRUE'S $100,000 GLAMOR CAR CONTEST

[*Continued from page 51*]

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

1.) TRUE's $100,000 Glamour Car Contest is made up of three buildword puzzles: No. 1 in the February, 1960, issue of TRUE, the Man's Magazine; No. 2 in the March issue, and No. 3 in the April issue. Puzzle No. 3 contains a tie-breaker as part of the puzzle.

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

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

4.) Webster's *New* Collegiate Dictionary will be the only authority on the acceptability of words that may be used in the puzzles. Any solid boldface word (a word without any hyphens or intervening spaces) that is a vocabulary entry (see definition on page 955) in the main section of this dictionary, pages 1 through 997, will be accepted EXCEPT possessives formed with an apostrophe (e.g. soldier's) and words beginning with a capital (e.g. Indian). Words may be used more than once. Plurals of nouns, past tenses and participles of verbs and comparatives and superlatives of adjectives are acceptable.

5.) The three complete puzzles—stapled, paper clipped or pinned together—are to be mailed to TRUE's $100,000 Glamor Car Contest, PO Box 1000, Greenwich, Conn.

6.) Entries must be postmarked on or before May 1, 1960 and will be ineligible for consideration if received after May 10, 1960.

7.) The contestant having the highest correct grand total score will win the first **grand** prize. All other prizes will be **awarded** as indicated. In case of ties for **grand** total score among winning contestants such ties will be broken on the basis of the highest score on Puzzle No. 3 by the tieing contestants. If ties remain such ties will be broken on the basis of scores attained by contestants on the tie-breaker portion of Puzzle No. 3. If ties still remain which must be broken to determine if tieing contestants get prizes of greater or lesser monetary value, tied contestants may be required to solve one or more additional puzzles. These tie-breaking puzzles, each to be judged in the same manner and within a reasonable time as specified by the judges, will continue as long as is necessary to resolve all ties.

8.) The editors of TRUE, and Robert Voorhees, eminent lexicographer, shall be the judges of this contest and the judges' decisions shall be final. All entries become the property of Fawcett Publications, Inc., and none will be returned. *Correspondence will not be entered into with contestants concerning this contest,* and the contest will not be discussed with contestants by telephone. A contestant may submit only one entry in this contest. Only one prize shall be awarded to any one contestant in the same family or household and residing at the same address. Prior to becoming entitled to and receiving a prize, and in order to establish reliability, each winner agrees, if required, to sign an affidavit certifying:

(1) That the answers submitted are his or her own effort and have not been obtained from so-called puzzle-lists or from any other source whatsoever outside of the contestant's own family or personal friends, and (2) that he or she has not acted for or in conjunction with any person not eligible under the established rules of this contest.

9.) The contest is open to any resident of continental North America except employees or the members of their immediate families of (1) Fawcett Publications, Inc. (2) its wholesale distributors, and (3) its advertising agencies.

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

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

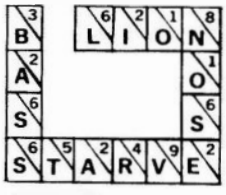
(b) That, by signing the entry blank, the contract between the contestant and TRUE Magazine shall be deemed entered into within the State of New York, regardless of where and to whom the contestant's entry blank may be mailed or delivered.

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

[*Continued on page 72*]

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

BUILDWORDS is an easy and simple puzzle. We have completed a specimen puzzle to show you the ropes. This is similar to a crossword puzzle, with the exception that you may use any words that you like. It will be to your advantage to use words which contain letters with a high numerical value (see chart below). At the same time that you print the letter into the space, print the numerical value of that letter in the triangular space at the upper right hand corner of the square. When the puzzle is complete, add up all of the numbers and put the total—in this case 63—into the MY SCORE box. Remember that all words must read from top to bottom or from left to right.



MY SCORE

63

LETTER VALUE CHART

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

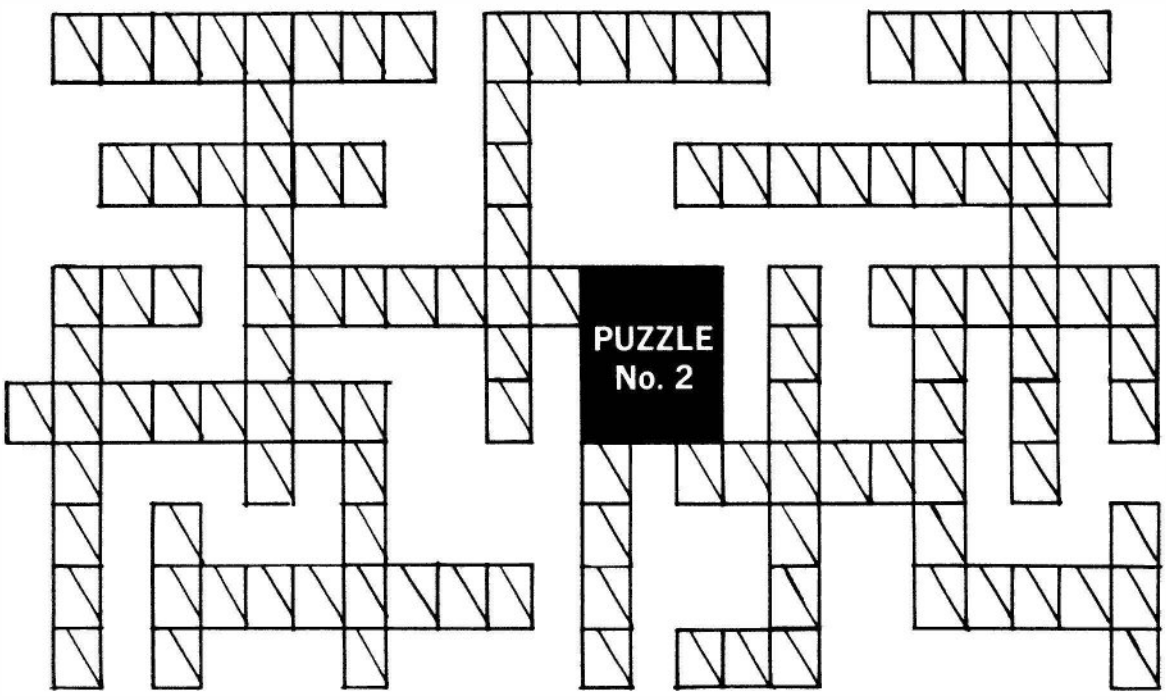
NOTE FOR SCORING

In totaling the score be sure to count the letter value of each square of the puzzle only once. If the puzzle has 30 squares your total is achieved by adding the 30 numbers.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

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

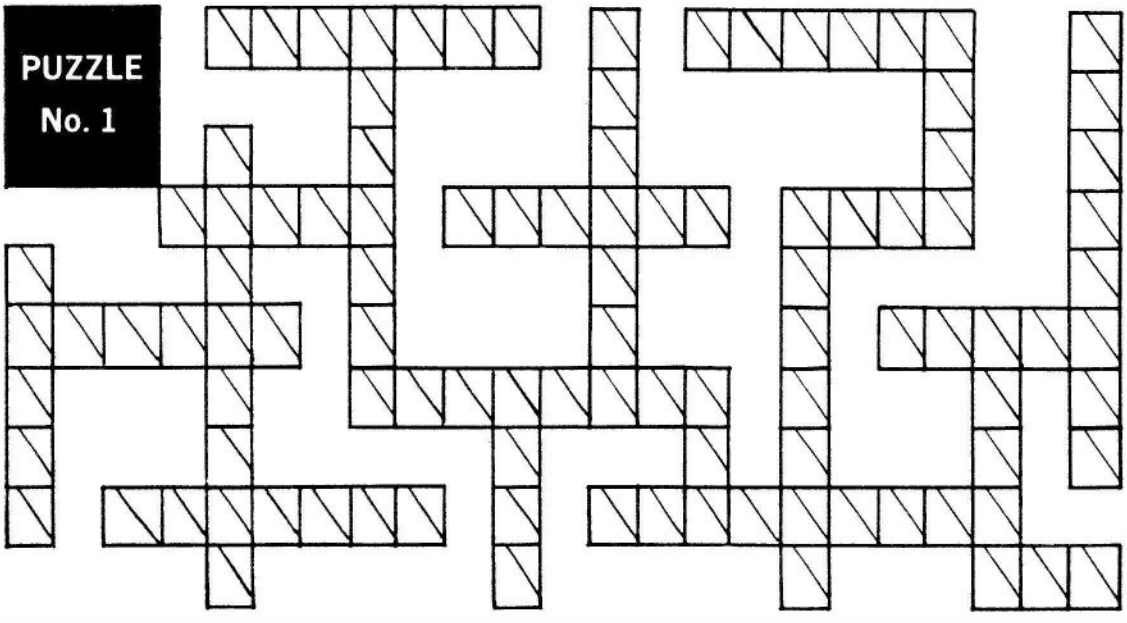


MY SCORE

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

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



MY SCORE

TRUE'S $100,000 GLAMOR CAR CONTEST

[*Continued from page 70*]

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

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

11.) All winners will be notified by mail and their names printed in TRUE.

12.) Any person entering this contest hereby consents to the use of his or her name and photograph by Fawcett Publications, Inc., for advertising and publicity purposes in connection with this contest.

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

IMPORTANT

Watch your addition! An arithmetic mistake can disqualify your entry.

Do not mail in any puzzles until all three have been completed.

Your correct grand total score must be on the outside of the envelope.

[*Continued from page 68*]

only a scanty and monotonous allowance. The only excuse for monogamous marriage," said Noyes—and he was not the first to say it—"is that it is a practical means of insuring that children will be cared for." But there was a better method of rearing children than by the idolatrous mother-child relationship, a method he would discuss later.

Complex marriage, as Noyes proposed it, had many advantages. *No sexual demands could be made on anyone.* Women were free to accept or reject a man's advances as they wished; they were equally free to make the advances, too.

This meant, Noyes pointed out to his flock, that no man could demand cohabitation as a *right*. He must work to win the affection and respect of a woman; he would be forced, in fact, to become a good lover—otherwise his next invitation would be turned down. In this way, Noyes explained, love-making could be kept spontaneous rather than routine, a kind of perpetual courtship.

"This is true love," Noyes declaimed, his blue eyes shining with missionary zeal. "Not lascivious, but rather governed by spiritual considerations. Only by complex marriage can there be the necessary improvement of taste and skill which can raise love-making to the level of a fine art, like music and poetry!"

The Perfectionists, after prolonged discussion, adopted their leader's doctrine in 1846. The first to embrace complex marriage were John and Harriet Noyes and George and Mary Cragin. The other members soon followed, and found complex marriage much to their liking. The married women, in particular, were enthusiastic.

To avoid embarrassment, the group decided that the "transactions," as they were called, be handled discreetly by a third party, usually an older woman who could presumably be objective about the matter. When, for example, Noyes wished to arrange a liaison with Mary Cragin or one of the other women, he spoke to the go-between, who then relayed his wishes to the lady. She agreed or not, as she wished.

Complex marriage was an easily understood concept, especially when Noyes introduced another of his rules of sexual conduct which he called "male continence." Male continence was a form of birth control as practiced by the male. It is believed to have had its beginnings in India, and is closely allied to body discipline as developed by the practice of yoga. The reason? To spare women the burden of unwanted pregnancy.

For the present, Noyes explained, he desired that no children be born in the group. He was working on a program of selective breeding, which he would reveal in full detail later on.

Noyes developed this novel idea because of his own marriage difficulties. During their first six years of marriage, Harriet, as fertile as the Kansas plains, bore five children, only one of whom survived. This upset Noyes, and he determined to leave Harriet's bed rather than subject her to further pregnancies. Fortunately, he perfected his new continence technique before that drastic step became necessary.

Male continence had much to recommend it, the leader assured his followers. It was healthful, and the self-control required was not difficult to learn. "It will revolutionize love and marriage," Noyes enthused.

Learning so important a skill could not, of course, be left to amateurs, so a system of training called "ascending fellowships" was adopted. Young men in the group were introduced to the complexities of male continence by women old enough to be secure against error, and maidens were initiated by older men.

The Perfectionists proved to be adept students. During the next 20 years an average of only two children a year were born into the group. Modern medical science takes a rather negative view of Noyes' claim that male continence is healthful, claiming that the practice is harmful to the prostate.

Thus the Perfectionists practiced their free-wheeling sexual doctrines, until one day in 1847, when a nubile young lady, barely 15 years old, casually admitted to her parents that she'd been converted to the new religion and had been intimate with various male members, including Noyes.

The girl was plucked from the local Sodom and hustled out of town, and all hell broke loose. The shock was compounded when it came out that Noyes also had "carnal knowledge" of one Fanny Leonard. Fanny was a Perfectionist but her husband was not, and he took an understandably dim view of the goings-on. Infuriated Vermonters had John Humphrey Noyes arrested for adultery.

Noyes denied the charge, posted $2,000 bail and proceeded to get out the next issue of *The Perfectionist,* which included another widely-quoted remark. "In a holy community," he wrote, "there is no more reason why sexual intercourse should be restrained by law than eating or drinking should be, and there is as little reason for shame in the one case as in the other."

But his lofty attitude didn't silence the uproar. The countryside was considerably aroused and indignation meetings were held in Putney. The Brattleboro *Phoenix* ran thundering editorials on the "vile offenses against chastity" and "the systematic seduction and licentiousness practiced under the guise of religion."

One night a vigilante group was formed in Brattleboro with the express intention of covering Noyes' sins with a coat of tar and feathers. His disciples gathered in the chapel and begged him to flee. A preacher named Herrick, who'd left a high church pulpit in New York to become a Perfectionist, spoke for the group: "You're our leader, John, and our hope. With you in jail, or dead, we are lost."

John Noyes stood at the lectern, his jaw defiant. "My crime," he said slowly. "would seem to be putting 'love one another' into practice. I am not afraid, and one day the whole world will embrace Perfectionism." When deep in thought

he had a habit of running his thumb over a spot in the center of his vest. ("The soul must be in the solar plexus," he often commented.) Now his followers waited as he rubbed his vest and came to a decision.

"To prevent an outbreak of lynch law," he said finally, "I shall go." He smiled, his eyes searching those of his flock. "I shall find a place to build an island community, free of the laws and religions and formalities of the outside world, and then I'll send for you."

He left town scarcely a step ahead of the sheriff, who turned up to padlock the corporation's buildings and take Noyes into protective custody. The Perfectionists scattered to wait word from their leader.

For a lesser man, this demonstration of public wrath might have ended his dream. But Noyes had the strength of 10 mountain lions because, he was convinced, his heart was pure. He walked west across the Green Mountains and into New York State. In the broad Mohawk Valley, near the town of Oneida, he found the ideal location for a permanent home.

It didn't look like much then. An elderly, highly religious man named Jonathan Burt had attempted to build a community based on Noyes' Perfectionist teachings. He and a few followers were living as one family in three small cabins, trying to make a living by operating an old, broken down sawmill. They were going slowly but inevitably broke.

Burt pressed Noyes to settle here, and the red-haired preacher studied the location carefully. The land was fertile—654 acres of orchards, meadows and vineyards. The timber was plentiful and the place was nicely isolated. It was the perfect setting, he decided, and sent for his wife and disciples.

The Perfectionists who came from Putney in February of 1848 were no poor, ignorant religious fanatics. Teachers, carpenters, blacksmiths, farmers, a printer, an architect—their wagons were loaded with furniture and tools and books and musical instruments. And they brought $107,000 in cash and a great determination to create a new utopia.

"Build!" was John Noyes' command, and build they did. By mid-summer the sawmill had been repaired, crops had been sown, herds of sheep and cattle were grazing in the fields, and a huge, three-story community dwelling, the Mansion House, was under construction. Built around a court, the house had a spacious, classical air. It contained communal dining and sitting rooms, an auditorium, library, children's wing and some 200 bedrooms (very small, as personal isolation was discouraged).

Everybody worked—that was a Perfectionist rule. So great was their enthusiasm and so carefully did Noyes screen applicants that not until 1870 was anyone expelled from Oneida for the sin of laziness. A committee, with Noyes presiding, organized the labor force with the goal of keeping everyone happy while keeping drudgery and boredom at a minimum.

Take, for example, George Cragin, Jr., growing into his middle teens in the Community. He had his choice of jobs—in the fields, or cutting timber, or in one of the little "factories" where he could learn a trade. There were many such jobs for the group was almost entirely self-sufficient, making its own clothes, shoes and furniture.

Or George might decide to work in the trap factory. In 1852, to bolster the rapidly dwindling cash reserve, the Oneida Community went into the manufacturing business. One of the members, Sewell Newhouse, turned out the finest hand-made animal traps in the country, the favorite of woodsmen from the Adirondacks to Hudson's Bay. Newhouse trained apprentices, set up a production line and the traps began to roll out in a steady stream that brought $250,000 a year into the Perfectionists' coffers.

But whatever young George Cragin did—running the mechanical dishwasher in the kitchen or teaching school—was considered equally important and honorable, and he was permitted to switch jobs frequently. Or if he wished, George could go to college, after which he'd return to Oneida to add his talent to the common pool.

A typical female Perfectionist (typical until she fell in love, that is) was the exceedingly pretty, 16-year-old Miss B. mentioned by Pierrepont Noyes in his autobiography, *My Father's House*. Miss B. had a wide choice of jobs also. She might work in the nursery, or in the kitchen, or even in the fields. She probably spent some time in the cannery, for the Community women preserved enor-

mous quantities of fruits and vegetables, some of which they sold under the Community label that became famous throughout America. Whenever possible, the women worked together, in "bees," amid much gossip and laughter.

Like the rest of the Perfectionist women (all of whom were called Miss), Miss B. wore Noyes-designed clothes, consisting of a high-necked blouse, knee-length skirt, and pantaloons down to her ankles. This unorthodox attire was considered slightly scandalous to visitors, as was the women's close-cropped hair. Much outdoor work gave the Oneida women deep tans, which a reporter once deplored as "a discoloration which they take no pains to conceal," but he admitted that they looked wonderfully healthy and slimmer than most females of the day.

The Perfectionists did, in fact, lead healthy lives. In the great dining room, where everyone ate together, simple fare was the rule—few sweets, honey instead of sugar, and no coffee, tea, alcohol or tobacco.

By 1851 there were 205 believers at Oneida—including Jews and Negroes, for Noyes did not hold with prejudice of any kind—and more were petitioning for admittance. Noyes made the final decision about which applicants were to be admitted. His eyes sharp as granite, he grilled prospective members intensely, weeding out the screwballs and instructing the others in the facts of Perfectionist love and religion.

Looking like a modern Moses now that he sported a full beard, as did all the Perfectionist men, John Noyes was the guiding genius and undisputed leader. But he was not the type of leader that remains aloof and remote. Rugged, burning with vitality, he was very much in the thick of things—usually with a boisterous, body-shaking laugh or a roaring song—supervising construction and working along with the others, arbitrating differences, leading the evening Bible readings and interpreting the Scriptures according to Noyes.

No one, meeting him, was unimpressed. Pierrepont Noyes wrote, "He had a tremendous personality. He loved life, embraced it; he plowed ahead with faith; and he made life around him brighter and happier. To many he seemed not only a great man but a great power."

Life at Oneida was not all work and prayer, and visitors were amazed to find that the Perfectionists were not the breast-beating, morose type of religionists. John Noyes saw no reason why a religious man shouldn't have fun, and he taught his followers to play as hard as they worked. With the Community on a sound financial basis, Noyes built a new and even larger Mansion House, a handsome, Victorian building with red brick walls and white columns and heated, marvelously, by steam. After the evening Bible reading, which everyone attended, the fun began in the great auditorium, or in the equally large Family Room.

The Perfectionists could boast of considerable artistic talent. They put on Shakespeare's plays, and elaborate Christmas pageants (with John Noyes playing Santa Claus). Their operettas and concerts were of professional caliber. Some nights there were lectures, or round-table discussions of current events. But what young George Cragin and Miss B. liked best were the frequent dances; and it was beginning to be noticed, whether it was a Virginia Reel, a quadrille or a lively schottische, that the young couple were dancing every dance together.

The library had a full-time librarian and held more than 3,500 books and 140 periodicals. When visitors expressed surprise at the complete lack of censorship of reading matter, John Noyes would chuckle and remark that truth could always stand the test of comparison. He never tried to erect a cultural Iron Curtain between the Perfectionists and the Outside, as they called it.

The Children's Wing, with its nursery, classrooms, laboratory, gymnasium and a staff of eight, was the wonder and envy of visitors. To end the "idolatrous mother-child relationship," Noyes decreed that children would remain with their mothers until the age of 15 months or so and then be moved to the nursery, where they would receive expert care and training. To critics of this seemingly drastic idea, Noyes replied that the attachment of parents to their children is not instinctive but rather conditioned by the society in which they live. In many cultures, he pointed out, it was usual for children to be adopted by friends or relatives. At any rate, the Perfectionists adopted his plan.

Pierrepont Noyes relates that the Oneida children grew up feeling that they belonged, in a certain sense, to the entire Community. Yet there was no lack of parental love. A child was given the surname of his father, and parents were free to visit their offspring in the Children's Wing at any time. Their pride in their children was as strong as anyone else's.

A youngster's day at Oneida was a common-sense blend of work and play: three or four hours of study and Bible reading, an hour or two of chores, usually in the trap factory, and much fun and games. Competition in sports was strong, but in every other way the children lived on the same share-everything basis as the adults. Pierrepont Noyes remarks that while he had a favorite sled, which he always preferred to use, it never occurred to him that he "owned" it.

When a boy or girl reached the age of 15 or 16 he left the Children's Wing and took his place in the adult life of the Community. And a good life it seemed to be, one of mutual respect and affection. "Relations between people," wrote Noyes' son, "had a quality intimate and personal, a quality that makes life romantic."

"We have eliminated the struggle for wealth," John Noyes liked to explain to visitors. "There is, as you see, no competition, no luxuries or temptations. Beyond this, there are only three other major desires which urge men to make money. One is the need to provide for children—and here the children receive care and training which only a millionaire could afford. Second is the desire for power—and there is none here at Oneida, for every man and woman is equal. (But John Noyes was the boss, by unanimous consent.)

"And finally," Noyes would say, his eyes twinkling, "men desire money to attract women. That, too, is eliminated, for mating is based on purely personal affection."

But even at Oneida, where "women enjoyed the free and honored companionship of men," and where complex marriage stimulated people of all ages to "improve both body and mind," there were bound to be Perfectionists who were unattractive to the opposite sex, no matter how hard they worked at self-improvement. For them, the joy of "transactions" was rare, even non-existent; while others, such as Miss B., were besieged by more offers than they could accommodate.

It happened, in fact, that George Cragin and Miss B. were one of the very few couples found guilty of the sin of "exclusivity." They danced too often together, took long walks together, had no sexual interest in others. They had, in short, succumbed to selfish romantic love, which could not be tolerated.

George Cragin was shipped off to Wallingford, Connecticut, where a small branch of the Oneida Community had been established. Noyes had moved his printing presses there, and the annex came in handy to break up romances.

There was a happy outcome to the thwarted love affair. While at Wallingford, George Cragin became interested

in the manufacture of knives, forks and spoons, and eventually the beautifully-designed tableware bearing the label Oneida Community Plate became famous throughout the world. Today, Wallingford calls itself the Silver City, although the main factory for Community Plate is located at Sherrill, New York, not far from Oneida.

As its fame and notoriety grew, the Oneida Community attracted visitors from all over America and Europe. The Ontario and Western Railroad ran Sunday excursions, and hundreds of people would come in a single day to see this remarkable experiment in group living at first hand.

Some, of course, merely expected to see public love-making. When they didn't, they went away, some to write books and articles about the orgies they'd witnessed. A man named Dixon wrote his *New America*, a false and exaggerated account of Perfectionist life, after spending less than 48 hours in the Community.

Quite a few outsiders recoiled in horror at the carryings-on at Oneida. The Rev. John Mears, professor of moral philosophy at Hamilton College, hated Perfectionism even more than he hated the demon rum and practically made a career out of attacking the Community. To Mears, Noyes was "lewd, lascivious and socially subversive," and the Community a "Utopia of Obscenity."

"Here in the heart of the Empire State," he wrote in one of his many articles, "is a sect of man banded together in shameful immoralities." He implored all decent citizens to crack down on Perfectionist deviltry, "this harlotry, these impure practices that hide from the light of day and in midnight dens revel in debauchery."

The Oneida Community never hesitated to make public its principles and practices, and Mears got his information on "these impure practices" from Noyes' magazine and from his pamphlet, *Male Continence, Or Self-Control in Sexual Intercourse*, that anyone could buy for five cents.

But these attacks were mild compared to the uproar that began when, in 1869, Noyes exploded the third of his sexual bombshells—planned, scientific propagation.

For years Noyes had been interested in what later came to be called eugenics, studying Darwin's *Origin of the Species* and Galton on heredity; and he had both the courage and the ideal set-up for the experiment. "Having abolished conventional marriage," he told his flock, "let us now turn our attention to the propagation of men of superior health and intellect."

Noyes, by no means the first to advocate the planned breeding of humans, called his program "stirpculture" (from the Latin, meaning "root" or "stock"), and took upon himself the responsibility of selecting the people who would mate to produce superior offspring.

The women of the Community signed an agreement to ". . . resign all desire to be mothers if, for any reason, Mr. Noyes deems us unfit for propagation." He deemed quite a few Perfectionists as

unfit. Of some 300 adults he chose 100 men and women as possessing the necessary sterling qualities. Noyes himself, as might be imagined, participated fully. From 1869 to 1879, 48 children were born under the new program, and Noyes sired at least nine of them. This was fairly impressive, as he was 68 years old at the end of the decade.

But ever since the snake slithered into the garden of Eden, trouble has managed to come to Paradise. It was not the attacks from the Outside, violent as they were, that brought about the downfall of the Oneida Community. The Utica *Herald-Tribune* was prophetic when it editorialized: "The Community has reached the zenith of its prosperity under the guiding mind and hand of John Noyes. Its decay and disintegration will begin when these are removed. It is the supremacy of this single intellect which makes this abnormal establishment possible."

Noyes was getting old now and exhausted by his Herculean administrative and procreative labors. The once-red beard was frosted clear through, and in the autumn of his life the kind, alert eyes were dimming. Hard of hearing and somewhat withdrawn, he began relinquishing the iron control that had kept the group together. Had he investigated Charles Guiteau as thoroughly as he would have in the old days, he wouldn't have admitted him to Oneida. Guiteau turned out to be unstable, aggressive and an exhibitionist. Asked to leave, he sued the Community for $9,000. There was no such thing as wages at Oneida, but the publicity was bad for the group. Guiteau's lawyer refused to pursue the case, declaring that his client was insane—an opinion sustained by the fact that in 1881 he assassinated President Garfield.

In 1874 a one-eyed man named James Towner joined the Perfectionists. He brought with him a dozen cohorts and he proved to be another trouble-maker. Ambitious for power and not having too much success with the ladies, he decided he was the man to run Oneida. Over a period of time he gathered a core of dissidents around him, including a few women who were bitter about not being permitted to have children.

Towner plotted to lodge a complaint with the district attorney's office in Utica, charging Noyes with statutory rape of several young girls. The loyal members of the Community, fearing that Noyes' arrest on sex charges would be the final blow to end the great experiment, persuaded the old man to flee.

John Noyes went to Canada in June, 1879. He was still fully convinced of the truth and morality of Perfectionism, but he slowly and reluctantly came to the conclusion that the world was not yet ready to accept such radical ideas and that the Perfectionists were lonely voices crying in a materialistic wilderness. For two years he brooded, and finally he sent word suggesting that complex marriage be abandoned. Later he advised that the Community itself be dissolved.

A council of elders, reeling under the attacks of press and pulpit and with the Community torn by internal strife, agreed that Father Noyes was, as usual, right. The adults and children were assigned shares in a joint-stock company, Oneida, Limited, to continue the profitable silverware business, and the Perfectionists legitimized their children by becoming legally joined in the bonds of conventional matrimony.

So, in 1881, after four decades of success, the unique experiment in Communal living came to an end.

John Humphrey Noyes, the dedicated maker of monumental dreams, died five years later. There were many who heralded his work as a great achievement. Havelock Ellis, another well-known exponent of modern sexual psychology, lauded Noyes as "one of the noblest pioneers America has ever produced."

—Donovan Fitzpatrick

Farm Fallout Can Kill You!

[*Continued from page 36*]

There are also some vegetable poisons, mainly nicotine, rotenone and pyrethrum. Nicotine is one of the most lethal of poisons, but there is seldom any easy way to get a big dose of the stuff. Rotenone is harmless to human beings unless inhaled in huge quantities, which only an idiot would do. Pyrethrins are less lethal to human beings than the mildest of the chlorinated hydrocarbons, and about 1/1,000 as lethal as the German parathion.

The total value of our poison output is a half billion dollars annually. The industry predicts this will boom to a billion bucks a year by 1975. So obviously we have tremendous pressures being exerted to protect and perpetuate this investment.

There are two facts we must accept about all poisons.

First, we can not escape them entirely. In the aspectic world we have created we inevitably make contact with them at times.

Second, it is impossible to back out of this sea of poison. Utter chaos would follow, for we must artificially maintain the artificial balance we have created in nature.

The job, then, is to learn to live with them—or to develop poisons we can live with easily. Let's see how much progress we're making along those lines.

The great killer in our land today is cancer, increasing at an alarming rate. Men of science generally believe now that outside agents are the major cause of the increase.

"Every cause of cancer yet discovered has been something in the environment to which we are exposed," says Dr. E. Cuyler Hammond, statistical research director of the American Cancer Society. "It's a pretty good guess that most of the carcionomas in human beings are caused by contact with outside agents."

Dr. M. M. Hargraves, famed cancer specialist of the Mayo Clinic, says, "I believe the vast majority of patients suffering from blood dysorasias and lymphoid diseases have a significant history of exposure to the various hydrocarbons, which, in turn, include most of the pesticides of today."

Dr. Hargraves lists cases, from the 200 or more he has studied:

A research specialist at a USDA experiment station who sprayed hogs with a solution of Lindane.

A farmer who scrubbed his cattle with insecticide powder consisting of 75 percent Naphthalene. He died.

A farm wife who used an insecticide powder containing benzene hexachloride.

A 10-year-old boy who developed acute leukemia after using a bug bomb to fight wasps.

A business executive who sprayed his tent with a bug bomb on a camping trip. Sixteen months later he was slowly improving.

A banker who sprayed his prize beef cattle with Chlordane.

A building contractor who used a bug-proof varnish in painting his house. He died.

A factory inspector who insisted on using treated paints in close quarters after being warned. He died.

A housewife who continued debugging her home with DDT in petroleum distillate after being warned about it. She died.

A lawyer who sprayed an insecticide in his nostrils to *cure* sinus trouble. At last report he had a chance of surviving.

A Puerto Rican who traded his mosquito net for a bug bomb.

A farm wife who used a fumigator-type bug killer (now banned in some states).

The list goes on and on. It has been argued that these people were the allergic type. We are *all* allergic types. It's simply a matter of nature and degree. And is there any reason why we should callously kill off the extremely allergic?

Dr. Hargraves considers the petroleum disillate in which most insecticide killers are spread almost as much of a threat to extremely allergic people as the killing agent itself. Of course, we can't entirely avoid petroleum distillates, living as we do in the gasoline age. But it is hardly necessary to bathe our homes in the stuff.

Since we are shifting from DDT to the more potent chlorinated hydrocarbons, the question is: *Should we continue waiting patiently to see what will happen to us?* Apparently that is the attitude of the Public Health Service.

And it is a puzzling attitude, apparently one of an advocate rather than of an objective scientist. Dr. Wayland Hayes, Jr., director of the Service's research station at Savannah, Georgia, has been the militant defender of these chlorinated hydrocarbons, and in the process he has made some truly strange comments.

"Although the reality of change in the liver of rats maintained on relatively small doses of DDT can no longer be questioned," he says, "the significance of

the change remains a matter of considerable doubt."

In other words, why stick to the same old liver? Take a little DDT and change it and see how you feel.

A remarkable statement, but not as remarkable as this, ". . . it has been suggested that more people are injured by spray rigs and other devices for distributing insecticides than by all insecticides themselves."

Who suggested that? Upon what research did he base his suggestion? And did he try to find out how many of those accidents were caused by the fact that the men working with the poisons were dopey?

As Rocky Taylor, a veteran crop duster, explained it to me, "Sure, I saw the tree right smack in front of me. A man would have to blind not to see it. But hell, I was happy drunk from poison. I'd flown right back through my own mist and when you do that your judgment gets all screwed up and you don't give a damn.

"So I flew smack into the tree."

Only six or seven of the 55 fatal crashes by aerial crop dusters in the nation last year were attributed by the CAA to the effects of poison, and no estimate of the poison factor in the 450 nonfatal crashes was made.

Talk to old-time crop dusters like Rocky Taylor and they'll tell you of the weird things dusters do that can't be explained except by considering the effects of poisons.

There was Arnold L. Murdock, Jr., veteran duster who crashed in an open field in California. Murdock lived. He said he became nauseated in the air, his vision blurred, his feet and hands numb—classic symptoms of poisoning. Yet the doctor in the case said he was probably suffering from *fear* of chemical poisoning.

Leon Wheeler, Texas crop duster, got sick after drinking *one* beer. Alcohol and petroleum distillate are about the only things that will dissolve chlorinated hydrocarbons. Wheeler went to his doctor and was told to cut down on smoking.

Why would Earl Budder, veteran Oklahoma crop duster, keep on flying after his rudder hit a telephone wire? Why would he serenely continue spreading poison when his flagman was trying frantically to wave him down? He finally hit the wire again and died.

Why did August R. Voight of Texas fly his plane at full throttle smack into the ground?

They were happy drunk on poison.

The Health Service has at last decided to send men in the field to work with CAA men in checking the effects of these poisons on the men who handle them. The findings will be interesting, especially since recently published reports of California (the only state making such reports) show that chemical poisons figure in one-fourth of all industrial accidents and one-sixth of agricultural accidents.

We have been ignoring cause here. A flagman keels over and is hauled off. Later he dies—the real cause is never listed.

Yet, says the Public Health Service, we are not in danger.

Dr. Robert F. Witter, assistant to Dr. Hayes at the Savannah center, writes me that, "There is no evidence that Chlordane, Dieldrin, Endrin, or Toxaphene is present in our food in the same way that DDT is found.

"Many studies have shown that when these compounds are fed to animals all of the chlorinated hydrocarbon insecticides are stored, to some degree, in the fat.

"There is no evidence for the occurrence of these compounds in the body fat of the general population: the reason is that they do not occur in detectible amounts in the food."

We dump 140 million pounds of DDT a year on our land and it shows up in our food. It even penetrates the kernels of corn and other grain. We dump an equal amount of poisons that act *exactly* the same except that they are stronger. Yet none shows up in our food.

This doesn't make sense.

Sure, it's more difficult to detect these poisons, since they are far stronger and are used in lesser amounts. But they can be detected—and they should be.

This defensive attitude toward the poisons reached its most fantastic peak at a mass meeting at Bainbridge, Georgia, in 1959, when some of the farmers were demanding pay for cattle that died after the land was sprayed with Dieldrin and Heptachlor in the fire-ant eradication campaign.

The USDA, which has outdone the Public Health Service in its defense of

chemical poisons, was defending its fire-ant program.

The land had been sprayed in late fall. In February, cattle began going wild, showing symptoms similar to those of a man in an epileptic seizure and of a dog with rabies. Then they died.

O. L. Pointevint, a Georgia veterinarian, sent brain samples to the laboratory at the Alabama Polytechnic Institute, where analysis showed Dieldrin and Heptachlor in lethal amounts.

Dr. R. D. Radeleff, veterinarian of the USDA, said, "We cannot prove that the animals did not die of insecticide poisoning, but neither can anyone prove that they died from the insecticide. . . We have had cases where we knew the animals died because we gave it to them. But examination of muscles showed less than 2 parts per million, and we could not prove by analysis what killed them."

If analysis can not prove death from Dieldrin, then I would like to ask Dr. Wayland Hayes this question: How can you *prove* that the chlorinated hydrocarbons are safe?

We are dealing here with a weird substance. It seems insane to keep plunging deeper into this sea of chemical poisons without slowing down and studying the situation more.

Fortunately, an occasional small crack is beginning to appear in the Maginot Line of government indifference. In late October the Food and Drug Administration issued an order—to come into force within a month unless it was formally protested—that would virtually forbid further use of Heptachlor. The Administration had previously allowed small residues to remain on harvested fruits, etc., but the new order reduced the residue tolerance to zero.

Meanwhile, here is a fine illustration of what we're doing:

John D. King operates a feed store in Lake Charles, Louisiana. John King is different from most people. He will say what he thinks, even about his own business.

"We're going poison crazy," he says. "I've got enough poison here to kill all the people in New York City. And you can't even find a skull and crossbones on the stuff. Some of it has 'Poison' on it, usually in little letters. Most of it just says, 'Caution—use as directed.' And maybe one person out of a hundred reads the directions.

"In fact, they don't even take the directions home. They want poison scooped out into a plain sack, so I scoop it out, and sometimes get sick doing it. So help me God, one woman pickled some cucumbers in some of the stuff. If it hadn't smelled funny, she'd probably have poisoned the neighborhood.

"They take it out and spread it. And I have to get a doctor's prescription to buy a Milltown."

On the shelves of John King's store were some containers of a chemical poison called Aramite. There is quite a story behind this poison.

For almost four years the Pure Food and Drug Administration under the Public Health Service permitted the manufacturer to spread Aramite over the land, with the understanding that the manufacturer would make further studies of its possible harmful effects.

Those further studies finally showed that Aramite in fantastically small amounts produced cancer in rats and dogs, so its use as a pesticide on fruits and other foodstuffs was banned.

But seven months after that John King was offering it for sale. He hadn't even been notified that it was illegal.

Sure, we have a Pure Food and Drug Administration. But about the only authority the Administration has is to ban interstate shipments of some poisons and seize food that's labeled wrong. It has neither the funds nor the personnel to do a real job at probing into this business of poisoning our country.

The fact that these poisons are either downright lethal or definitely suspect has been known since DDT was released to the public—even before. In 1949 and again in 1953 Dr. M. S. Biskind spread some of the facts in medical journals. He pointed out:

Polio increased in Israel from 24 cases a year to 1,000 cases after the country was blanketed with DDT.

A similar fantastic increase took place in those parts of the Philippines bathed in DDT by our troops, *but not in the islands which were untreated.*

Biopsies on 100 American soldiers killed in Korea showed that 73 percent had heart trouble. The average age of these men was 22.1 years. Of course we bathed Korea with DDT.

The Surgeon General of the Army announced that 54.1 out of every thousand servicemen in Korea had hepatitis, and one of the first places the chlorinated hydrocarbons settle in is the liver.

Years ago Dr. A. J. Lehman of the Food and Drug Administration wrote in the New York Academy of Medicine journal, "DDT produces an excess excitability of the cardiac muscles so that any coincident sympathetic stimulation . . . can result in ventricular fibrilation."

In plain English—DDT sets you up so that something else might very well knock you off.

And so we drift deeper into this sea of chemical poisons.

What can we as individuals do about it?

We can demand a Congressional investigation of the whole pesticide show, to determine the extent of the threat and the nature of pressures applied by the giant chemical industry. And those pressures have been tremendous.

We can demand a thorough study of all these chemical poisons by an independent agency, possibly the National Academy of Science, with funds supplied by the government.

We can put pressure on the people who sell the stuff, demanding that they tell us the truth and help protect us.

We can learn a little about pesticides and refuse to buy those that are questionable.

The demand for a Congressional probe has been made, both in public meetings and to some members of Congress. Among those demanding such a probe is Dr. Cottam. "As long as judge, jury, and executioner are lumped in one agency," he says, "it is not reasonable to expect an impartial decision. And it is unreasonable to expect any federal agency to investigate itself."

Well, there it is.

Anyone wanting to see tangible proof of the effects of the most widespread poisoning—the fire ant eradication waged by the U.S. Department of Agriculture widely in the South in the last several months—can go look for himself. The nearest branch of the National Audubon Society can direct you. So can any county agricultural agent.

As long as a year after poisoning, you will find the land green but oddly dead. You will find old carcasses of animals that have died with one subtle difference from any other carcasses you may have seen—*there will be no maggots.*

Nothing can live on this poisoned land. And this is the stuff we are eating and touching and spraying every day.

—Hart Stilwell

TRUE

"No wonder it's so cheap—the motor isn't in the rear, either."

Stag Hunt With Tito

[*Continued from page 43*]

We had hors d'oeuvres, a clear soup with a raw egg floating in each dish, and cold cuts of which the most unusual was a whole suckling pig sliced like a loaf of bread. The Vice President, Aleksander Rankovic, sitting next to me, touched my arm when the pig was served me and pointed out a shoulder cut which proved to be delicious. A row of wine bottles stood like soldiers at attention down the full length of the table. Tito and the others kept our glasses brimming from them.

Conversation was a little baffling at times because only Tito and Leo Mates spoke English. The others—the Vice President, General Zezelj, who was in charge of Tito's bodyguard; his doctor, Standjevic the press chief, and towering Mirko Muzinic, the director of our hunting area—spoke mostly in Yugoslav. But somehow it didn't matter because of something we had in common: every one was a hunter and there were many stories they reminded Tito to tell us about.

"Does a cabinet member have to be a hunter?" Ralph asked.

"They are all hunters and they all know guns from the days when we fought together as partisans. Remarkable men," he said with a faraway look. Then, pointing down the table, Tito began to laugh. "I may have to make that one pay the double penalty—he missed his first shot yesterday."

The others howled; they knew what this was about.

"What's the double penalty?"

Tito held up a finger. "First, the fine for missing—$100. However, since he killed with the second shot perhaps I can forget the fine. In Yugoslavia," he went on seriously, "we fine for missing and we fine severely for a wounded animal that escapes."

Now Tito pretended to look stern. He drew his finger across his throat, pointed at the offender in mock anger and said, "When one of my men misses I throw him out of my cabinet!"

That really broke them up.

We were still chuckling when we sat down in a den with Tito, the Vice President and Leo Mates to drink slivovitz, the pale-yellow plum brandy that appears magically at all happy occasions in Yugoslavia.

Just then the young army captain who is Tito's aide came hurrying with a folded dispatch which he handed to the President, who glanced at it and remarked, "The Russians say they are about to hit the moon with a rocket."

We Americans must have looked a bit stunned. We'd been traveling where no English is spoken and had been completely unaware of Lunik II.

"When America and the Russians are dividing up the moon," Tito said with a grin, "I hope they will leave me 300 hectares of the best hunting grounds."

"Would you prefer flat country or something in the mountains?" Bob Halmi asked.

"Flat country. I'm getting too old to climb."

Tito spoke rapidly to his aide in Yugoslav, then turned to have a few words with the Vice President.

Leo Mates leaned toward us.

"The President just called for the new Weatherby rifle and asked how young Bobby Fischer, the American chess wizard, is making out at the competition in Zagreb," he said. "Most of us are chess enthusiasts—look, there's a game going in the other room already."

Later, mellowed by slivovitz, we followed our host outside to look at a stag he had shot that afternoon. It had been placed on the lawn close by the hunting lodge; a rangy, heavily-antlered animal magnificent even in death.

"You will each shoot one as good or better tomorrow," Tito said. "I can promise that." And with a wave he disappeared.

Presently we were walking under the stars to our own lodge, 200 years old, spacious and comfortable. An ancient candelabra of stag antlers and wrought iron, converted now to electricity, shone down on a huge bowl of fresh fruit someone had placed on our table.

Two days before, I'd left New York by Pan Am jet. Now I felt as if I'd somehow entered a past century.

"I'm dreaming," I said. "There never was a hunting trip like this before."

"Listen!" Ralph said. "What in the world is that sound?"

Above the background of night noises came a sort of muted bellowing from the forest. Could this be the Belje stags? I fell asleep thinking: *Tomorrow is going to be one hell of an exciting day. . . .*

A cavalcade of jeeps awaited us next morning in the near dark after breakfast. Tito put on a heel-long loden cape over his green cotton hunting clothes and called for the Weatherby. He loaded it with two cartridges, aimed at a knot on a tree which I never did see, and fired. A red tongue of flame leaped from the muzzle. He shot again. Apparently satisfied, he climbed nimbly into his jeep and we took off for the hunting grounds.

The parklike forests of Belje we drove through are historically famous. In the year 1600 these forests were captured from the Turks by Eugen von Savoy, an Austrian general. He was honored by having the forests given to him, and he made them his private hunting preserve. Kings, archdukes, princes and aristocrats of many lands hunted here for centuries. Now the area is part of Yugoslavia and is available to all sportsmen.

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

WANTED: STOOL PIGEONS

Read about the little-known operation of the Treasury Department that garners "hidden" tax money. Learn why it pays to be honest with your returns.

"He was a fine broth of a lad."

Our quarry was the adult male of the European red deer—commonly called stag by the British (who hunt it in Scotland), *hirsch* by the Germans, and *jelen* by the Yugoslavs. The animal is related to our elk but is a little smaller, though its antlers may be more spectacular because the tips, instead of culminating in single points as is common with elk, often have a cluster of points, called crown points, at the uppermost antler ends.

Like the elk, the stag is a challenger of other males during the rut. The stags fight for the control of a harem which may number a dozen or more; and wandering, lustful stags announce their presence by uttering deep, bellowing grunts.

In choice elk country you may hear as many as half a dozen bulls, as the males are called, challenging one another. Now it suddenly struck me that the forest on all sides was ringing with stag challenge upon stag challenge. So numerous were the sounds that they blurred; only the closest were clear enough to distinguish from the background of bellows, snorts and raucous grunts that formed a chorus not unlike that of a stockyard.

I nudged Ralph. "We're literally surrounded by stags," I said. "My God, there must be hundreds!"

We became wildly excited. Surely in a place so alive with lovelorn stags we'd come across some incautious enough to show themselves to us.

The jeeps came to a shallow river with a scowlike ferry connected by pulleys to a waist-high rope. Drivers leaped out, hauled on the rope, and soon we were across. Now the forest became thicker. Trees interlaced their tops over the dirt road and added their gloom to the murky dawn. It looked like a spooky scene from Grimm's Fairy Tales—a place that invited an adventure.

Suddenly the cavalcade slowed, then halted. We were at the edge of an open glade. At the far edge a string of animals moved like wraiths in the morning mist. Deer! All females! Tito jumped out, rifle in hand. He was to have the first shot. Crouching a little so he could see under some branches, the man who had been a celebrated guerrilla fighter stepped from the road to the camouflage of a bush while he searched for the stag that was probably accompanying the females.

Tito moved quickly, easily. You could sense he knew exactly what to do, and that he would act coolly.

Then I caught a flash of antlers. A stag, slipping cautiously among the great old trees, was following what must have been his harem. I looked back to Tito. He put up his binoculars to study the stag. No doubt he wanted to be sure of the quality of its antlers before he shot.

Suddenly the stag began to run.

Something that Tito had said the night before popped into my mind. "In my country we do not wish anyone luck," he had said. "One gets ahead by ability, not luck. So we wish a hunter a good sight at the game, nothing more."

Tito presently got his good sight. The stag was perhaps 150 yards away when the rifle went up smoothly, tracked the animal briefly, then shot. The stag lurched but went on.

Heart shot, I thought.

Thirty yards further it fell, never to regain its feet. All of us now set out across the mucky ground, Tito in the lead. At his approach the dying animal raised its head in a last effort to rise and for a moment Tito stared at the transfixed stag. Then the head went down.

We crowded around to watch the ritual that Europeans perform on such an occasion. Muzinic the chief *jaeger* or hunter broke off a sprig of green oak leaves, smeared them with the stag's blood, took off his hat and laid the sprig on it. He then tendered hat and sprig to Tito, who stuck the sprig in his own hatband. They shook hands and Muzinic spoke in rapid Yugoslav—expressing the hope, I gathered, that the blood of this stag would insure a clean kill of the next one.

Tito bent down and examined the teeth of the beast.

"Old stag, as I thought," he said, straightening. "It is well that I shot him."

Heading back for the jeeps, Leo Mates explained this last remark.

"After the war, when so much of our game was killed off for food, the President halted hunting until 1952 to allow the herds to come back. And then, under the supervision of our *jaegers,* each in charge of a small district, he directed that only the unfit be shot: stags with malformed antlers, small stags, and stags that had passed their prime like the one just killed.

"That is one reason why the last four record stags have come from this very forest," he finished proudly. "Tito himself has brought this herd to a remarkable state of vitality."

The general gave me a mighty clap on the back in passing and shouted something.

"He says we are not even at the hunting grounds yet and look what has happened," Leo Mates interpreted.

And there was more to come.

Further along, the cavalcade stopped again and Tito got off a shot at a fast-running boar, which promptly rolled over and remained with all four feet in the air.

Bob Halmi sprinted forward to take a close-up of the boar, which was well over 100 yards from the road. As Bob pulled up gasping, maybe 30 feet away, the pig scrambled to its feet and disappeared so quickly Tito could not shoot again.

Tito roared.

"A bashful pig!" he shouted. "Doesn't want American photographers catching him in such a position."

Soon the forest became parklike again and we drew up before a handsome two-story chalet in a clearing. Four surreys awaited us, each drawn by two horses.

"For quietness," Leo Mates explained as Ralph and I scrambled into one of the open vehicles. "Also, the odor of the horses overrides our scent."

Once more we set out. Presently we stopped while Bob and I stole forward with Tito to listen to the stags fighting, described earlier. We went on. I noticed that Tito was wearing American Bausch & Lomb binoculars and now he used them frequently to inspect various stags glimpsed through the trees. The early sun made golden shafts in the mist.

No word was spoken. We sat entranced, watching the forest unfold. The game was warier now that there was full daylight. But still we saw stags, though usually at quite a distance. I noticed that the grunting and bellowing of the stags was now infrequent. It was going to be a beautiful day.

An hour later we'd returned to the chalet. Tito had not seen another stag he wanted to shoot and for the next few hours the game would be so deep in the forest as to be impossible to hunt from carriages. It was just as well; otherwise I might have missed the most unusual interlude I have ever known on a hunting trip.

As our surreys approached, men were carrying chairs and cushions to a long,

cloth-covered table that had been set out under a huge oak near the chalet. We stood around for a while, getting the kinks out of our legs and drinking slivovitz or brandy. Tito had an American transistor pocket radio which he tuned in on some popular music.

A fire was built on a sandy spot nearby and we strolled over to watch men spit a yearling pig and a lamb on green poles and start turning them.

"What do you do with the stag meat?" I asked Leo Mates.

"Freeze it. We ship most of it to England at Christmastime."

Now Tito decided to shoot the Weatherby at a target. None was at hand so one was made on a sheet of white paper, using a blue crayon to mark the bull's-eye.

"Put it up at a hundred meters," Tito told Mirko Muzinic, a six-foot-seven giant.

The man set off, pacing the distance. Tito chuckled. The big man had a huge stride; it would be a long 100 meters.

Tito made a comfortable shooting setup from a chair, a table and two big cushions. Taking his time, he fired a shot. The scope cut him over the eye in recoiling. Tito pressed a handkerchief to the cut for a moment, then went on shooting as calmly as before. "Good stag rifle," he said when the target was brought to him.

We went back to the table under the trees. The Vice President and the general began a game of chess. As the Vice President reached for a handkerchief, I noticed that he was wearing a nickel-plated revolver in a belt holster under his coat and it struck me suddenly how very casual the security measures were in behalf of Tito. All of us hunters had been armed all morning. Our rifles were propped against the oak tree, with ammunition handy or in our pockets. Yet if anyone even so much as watched us, I was unaware of it.

Ralph and I and Mates and Tito got to talking about hunting. It happened I had been on a tiger hunt in India recently and while there had heard Tito had made one too. I asked him about it.

"Too easy," he said promptly. "When the tiger came I didn't want to shoot it so I took his picture instead."

Tito is a photography nut. He had a black Nikon SP with which he took some pictures of our doings. And he showed us with considerable pride a recent acquisition for hunting photography—an instrument called Cam-Binox: A 6-power binocular which, as it focuses, also focuses a telephoto camera mounted compactly above. Press a button and you take a picture of whatever you are looking at through the binocular.

Ralph wanted to know what was the most exciting hunting Tito had ever known. A faraway look came into the President's eyes. Here was a man who had hunted in Africa, India, the Near East and who knows where else. Finally his face lit up with a happy recollection.

"In Russian when I was a prisoner after the first World War," he said, "we used to hunt wolves in the snow with horses. I would chase one over the steppe until I could almost touch it. And then

—" he made a down-sweeping gesture "—the kill."

"What caliber weapon did you have?" Ralph asked.

"A five-kilo stick!" Tito said with a grin. "When you caught up to the wolf you had to brain it with a stick. Some of them were damned big wolves," he added reflectively.

Tito's recollection of his most dangerous hunting was equally surprising.

"During my Mediterranean tour this summer," he said, "I went crocodile hunting in Ethiopia. It was at night, and we used spotlights. I had to walk along a slippery, muddy river bank. The water below swarmed with crocodiles. I shot a couple."

The man who while ascending the steps of Haile Selassie's palace had stopped to pat one of the lions without knowing whether it was tame or not, now paused and shuddered. "If I had slipped into that water—"

A jeep pulled up under the trees and a *jaeger* I had seen earlier got out, mud spattered, his clothing torn. He had tracked the boar for five kilometers through a swamp, he told Tito, and it showed no sign of slowing because of its wound.

"Is it still bleeding?"

"Yes."

"Then keep after it."

The man hurried off.

"Boars are tough. But any wild thing deserves a clean death. I'm sorry I shot too low at that one."

Tito took out a pack of cigarettes and fitted one into his holder, a gold-barreled affair containing a chemical filter, and with an ivory mouthpiece. He smoked frequently; I'd guess he's a two-pack-a-day man.

Leo Mates said, "Did the President ever tell you how he shot his record boar?"

"Ah, I was lucky that day. They might have come for me. It was winter and I was walking along a game trail in deep snow. I came around a turn and saw a huge boar facing me, with others behind. I shot him. Then the next and the next. Finally I shot a fourth boar. At this the others—there were ten, I think—turned and broke away through the snow.

"I have the big one mounted in my house at Belgrade. TRUE photographed it in my trophy room and published it," Tito said happily. (TRUE for 1959—Ed.)

Tito got up and strolled over to the fire. The pig and the lamb were browning by now and a delicious aroma had begun to drift toward the oak tree. Tito took out a knife, cut himself a willow switch about five feet long and impaled a piece of bread on it. Then he got down on his haunches and, instead of toasting the bread as I thought he would, he held it under the spitted pig, passing it back and forth to catch the drippings.

When the bread was just right Tito strolled back, munching it, to watch the chess players. Meanwhile, Leo Mates had produced a .22 rifle for some fun shooting. I taped several spent flash bulbs to a tree and we took turns shooting. This broke up the chess. All of Tito's cabinet members shot well, I noticed.

Just then the aide came hurrying with a dispatch case and handed a sheaf of pink sheets to the general and to Tito, who turned and walked to the chalet with his.

Not long afterward Bob Halmi returned to camp in a surrey. He had gone out to try for close-up pictures of stags and had taken a rifle along just in case. He had a stag! Or rather the head of a stag with him in the carriage.

Tito leaned out of an upper window and shouted down, "You'll never make the papers with news of your kill! The Russians hit the moon last night and have all the headlines."

Bob shouted something back in German, a language he and Tito were most fluent in, and Tito laughed and disappeared. Everyone gathered around to admire the trophy.

"A silver-medal stag, I would guess," said Leo Mates. "About 191 points, eh, Muzinic?"

"Yes, close to that."

Tihomir Standjevic, Tito's press chief, urged Mates to explain the point system to us. We learned that every stag head must be officially evaluated under the European system, a record made—of which the hunter gets a copy, bound in leather and about the size of a passport—and, if the stag is of real trophy quality he may enter it at the next International Exhibition in Germany. Stags scoring from 190 points to 209 qualify for a silver medal, and all stags of 210 points or over win gold medals. The present record is 248.5 points.

The scoring is quite complicated, compared to the American system. Each head is judged on 16 different counts. The usual length of beams and points and diameters of these are considered. In addition, the antlers are immersed in water so that their exact cubic volume can be measured. Such considerations as color, roughness of the antlers, how well they are pointed, how many crown points are present, and other factors are judged.

"In the end, we arrive at a precise evaluation of the trophy," Leo Mates explained, "including what the trophy is worth in money."

"In money?" Ralph said.

"Yes, didn't you know? In Yugoslavia there is no license fee and the charge for lodgings and a *jaeger* runs to only $15 a day. But we also charge a fee for the trophy, based on its score. The fee starts at around $1,800 for a so-so stag."

"What's mine worth?" Bob asked.

"Around $2,800. I would say. But a record stag would cost in the neighborhood of $4,500."

"And if you miss?"

"Only $100 is charged."

"But if you wound a stag which escapes?"

"Then you are liable for the trophy fee anyway. You will find that our *jaegers* can judge a live stag to within

"My wife."

two or three points, so their word is always taken in these matters."

We chewed this over and decided it was pretty sporting. Because of the penalty for wounding, the game is unlikely to be shot at unless it offers a good chance for a clean kill. As to the cost—well, there is a lot of hunting in Alaska that is more expensive when you start paying $200 a day for a fly-in hunt.

While this discussion was in progress, two chairs were placed on the lawn and the stag head leaned against them. Now Halmi's *jaeger* approached swishing a fresh-cut limber stick about the length and diameter of a golf-club shaft. The bark had been cut away in two places—the lower so that Halmi's name could be inscribed in ink, and the upper to bear the place and date: Belje, September 14, 1959.

Halmi was led to the chairs and made to bend over so that his head and shoulders were between the antlers. This left his bottom exposed and vulnerable. With evident relish, the *jaeger* whacked Bob three times with the stick, pronouncing the words of the ritual in Yugoslav at each blow.

"You are now an accredited stag hunter," Tito said, congratulating him.

"If Pete Barrett shoots a stag this afternoon, can I initiate him?" Bob wanted to know.

"Absolutely!"

We sat down to lunch. A delicious lunch that put to shame any other hunting lunch I ever had. By now, thanks to the alchemy of hunting, we had begun to regard these people as friends. I have had the same sudden welling of feeling for guides in far places on other hunts—one day you go out with a complete stranger; by evening or perhaps the next day a bond has sprung out of nowhere.

So we sat with our friends under the oak tree, ate roast pig and lamb and relived the excitement of the morning. This was a lazy, easy time of day—a time for an extra cup of coffee, a time to smoke a pipe clear down to the bottom and then knock it clean and start all over.

"The best time of day for stag hunting is coming," Tito said. "They all come out by evening. You will never forget it—the parade of stags. I will go with Bob. I am sending Peter and Ralph into fresh areas, each by himself. We will meet for supper at the hunting lodge."

The afternoon proved quite fantastic. I took a jeep and a driver and went almost back to the lodge before we stopped to pick up my *jaeger*. I could not pronounce his name. None of us in the jeep could communicate by so much as a single understandable word. Yet we got along fine. Hunting is a universal language; at least the pantomime of hunting is universal.

When we got into the new hunting area, I made them stop the jeep and I got out. I picked up a stick and in the dust of the road drew a stag. Then beside it—with an arrow pointing to the antlers—I wrote the figure 200. I wanted a good stag. The *jaeger* got the point instantly and we went on.

At first we could hear stags but not see them. We stopped frequently while my

hunter listened to various animals sounding off. He seemed to know from the tone whether a stag was worth while or not.

Once we made a long stalk to an extremely vocal stag that brought us to the edge of a river bank. We parted the bushes cautiously and looked across. There stood a fine stag about 100 yards away on the far bank. As I watched he threw his antlers back, dropped his jaw and let out a bellow. Another stag answered from my side of the river.

My *jaeger* shook his head and wrote 195 in the dirt. Just the same, we stayed and watched that stag for about 10 minutes in pure fascination. He bellowed six times, looking quite casual about it, before he wandered away among the trees.

Back in the jeep we began to glimpse stags at distances of 400 to 600 yards. The sun was at the level of the treetops now but it was still pleasant enough to go about in shirtsleeves. But because the sun was so low it cast long black shadows and this made it tough, for the stags were always in those shadows.

Suddenly my *jaeger* spoke sharply and the jeep slowed. I glimpsed a stag running hard into the forest about 500 yards away. The hunter looked quite excited. We got out and he indicated I should load my rifle, a .30-06 Winchester Model 70. Now we began a long, careful stalk.

For quite a while we squished along the bottom of a muddy stream bed which took us safely across a large open meadow. I figured we were making a wide semicircle so as to approach the stag from well on his downwind side. Finally we crawled out of the stream, cut through a small wood and flopped down in some long grass. The *jaeger* pointed at his watch and indicated we would wait half an hour.

Presently a stag called from nearby. The *jaeger* held his nose; that must have been a boy stag. Then another called and the *jaeger* dismissed it with a jeering look. Ten minutes later, a third stag sounded off. The *jaeger* showed his opinion of it by sticking his tongue out.

In the next few minutes all the stags opened up and the *jaeger* identified each by his original pantomimes. The sight of a guy with whom I couldn't speak holding his nose, jeering and sticking his tongue out struck me as comical and I had a fit of silent laughter. My friend became infected and we lay there sobbing till our ribs ached and tears streamed down our faces.

Then another stag called, a stag that sobered my friend instantly. He looked quickly at his watch. I lit my pipe and we watched the drift of the wind.

Ten minutes later we got up without a sound and began to creep forward through the cover. The deeper-voiced stag had called three times from the same area and if he was the one that had dashed into the woods earlier, perhaps we'd find him before he became aware of us.

The *jaeger* was a master stalker. Everything he did was right. In a few minutes we were kneeling at the edge of a little glade with the breeze in our faces. Somewhere nearby my stag should be strolling unconcerned.

The bellow came again, quite loud. Cautiously the *jaeger* got up and motioned to me to remain still. He sneaked forward 20 yards and peered around the edge of a huge willow. I saw him stiffen. Slowly he put up his binoculars and stared through them. Then he turned around and hid behind the tree. He beckoned to me.

As I came up he was one huge grin. He drew the number 203 in the air and moved aside so I could peek past the trunk. What I saw electrified me. A great stag stood at the edge of a wood so that only his front legs and neck showed. He looked as if he were about to step back into the cover.

I eased the rifle up and looked at his antlers through the scope. He was about 100 yards away but through the scope I could make out five crown points on the nearest antler. The rack seemed well formed with shiny ivory tips on the dark tines.

There is nothing deadlier than a neck shot if you have the time to decide just where to shoot to break the spine. Trying not to hurry, I found a good comfortable rest for the rifle so that the fore-end was cradled in the web between thumb and forefinger of the hand against the tree.

Then, ever so carefully, I shot. The stag fell with a crash. He was mine!

We broke our long silence then. As we ran toward the beast I shouted in English, some French and a little terrible German. One word got through: *kaput*. The *jaeger's* happy Yugoslav congratulations halted and he said, "*Ja, kaput.*"

After we'd calmed down a little and I'd counted up the antler's points (15), we went through the sprig-in-the-blood bit. I helped him dress out the carcass and we propped it open to help it cool quickly. Then we headed for the jeep. A wagon would come later for the stag.

Now I saw what Tito meant by the phrase "parade of stags." As we drove home through the darkening forest I must have seen about 20. Some, as the light grew dim, were in open fields with their harems. I could still hear them bellowing as we pulled up at the lodge in the dark.

Inside they were ready for first-stag ceremonies. Halmi's antlers, with the skull boiled clean and sawn off just below the eye sockets in the European fashion, had been attached to a plaque and propped against two chairs. I took my initiation and so did Ralph.

"I missed the first two shots," he told Tito. Ralph had used a borrowed rifle that he'd had no chance to shoot at a target. "I felt they were high, so I held way low and got him through the heart."

"Did the stag run?"

"No, he stood still at about 130 yards for the two shots I missed, but was running full tilt when I got him with the third shot."

Tito smiled. "The stag knew what to do. He ran into your bullet. All our game is taught to co-operate with visiting hunters."

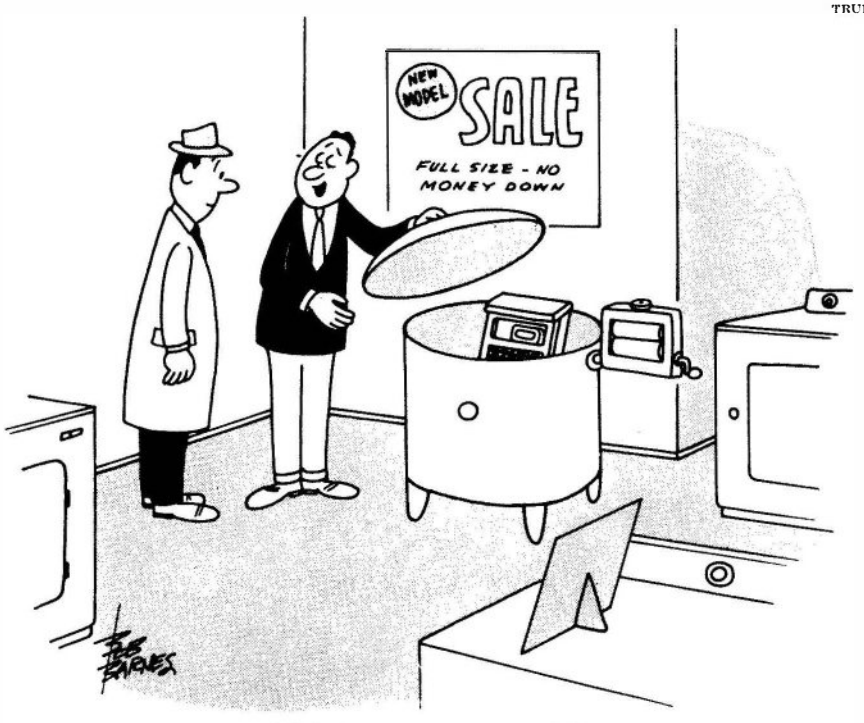
They brought them in and scored them while we had supper. Ralph's went 198.5 and mine 204.86. Soon we'd personally be stuffing this precious cargo in the hold of a Pan Am jet in Paris.

Finally it was time to go. The brother of the Shah of Iran was coming in the next morning and we had plans for other hunting in Yugoslavia. We said our good-bys. Tito came to the door.

"I wish you all," he said with great sincerity, "a good sight at the game."

—Peter Barrett

TRUE



"This is our economy model."

ATTENTION HUNTERS!

For complete information on making a hunt in Yugoslavia this fall—everything you'll want to know from airline information to where to go for stags, wild boar, bears, chamois and roebuck—write to Travel Editor, TRUE Magazine, 67 West 44 Street, New York.

Twisted Trackdown of the Train Robbers

[*Continued from page 46*]

Fahy said, with a trace of awe. "Sixty-four registered-mail sacks of cash, jewelry and negotiable securities to the tune of somewhere between two and three million dollars."

The chief inspector sucked in sharply. Two million dollars is considerable cabbage at any time. In 1924 it was a veritable fortune. Even when accurate accounting was later to scale the loss down to $1,904,086, it was still staggering.

Simmons, a large, balding, beak-nosed man who had grown gray in the service of guarding the mails, recovered instantly. His square jaw set hard and his eyes turned flinty. He began barking questions and scribbling notes while Fahy gave him a concise rundown of the unpleasant details so far known.

No. 57 had left Chicago 10 minutes late, pulling one mail and 10 express cars, but no passenger coaches. Once clear of the city, Engineer Stephen Waite opened his throttle to make up time while Fireman E. J. Dibble spat on his hands and kept the coal crashing steadily into the roaring firebox. In the third car back, 18 railway mail clerks worked furiously at their long table, sorting valuable registered mail for Milwaukee, the Twin Cities and west. Much of this was currency for various Federal Reserve banks.

At 9:30 the train was barrelling through the night at 65, nearing Rondout Crossing, when two hard-faced men, neither masked, came clambering down over the tender into the locomotive cab. One covered Fireman Dibble with a shotgun. The other rammed a pistol into the back of Engineer Waite and bellowed orders over the cannonade of the exhaust.

"Do as you're told and you won't get hurt. Start putting on your brakes right now, then blink your headlight three times."

Waite numbly followed instructions and saw an answering flash far down the track. The pistol massaged his spine. "Bring it to a stop just past that light, buster," the pistol-pusher directed, "and don't try anything cute."

No. 57 screeched to a stop blocking the Buckley Road crossing. In the brief flash of the headlight Waite glimpsed cars parked along the road and several shadowy figures with rifles and shotguns running toward the train. He thought there were at least 20 in the gang, while other trainmen afterward estimated the number at 10 or 12.

Waite and Dibble were herded down out of their cab, to stand with hands up and faces to the train. In a moment they were joined by the brakeman, the flagman and Conductor Sweeney, who had come running up from the last car to investigate the unscheduled halt. While one bandit covered the five with his rifle, the rest converged without hesitation on the unmarked mail car.

Chief Postal Clerk Phillips foolishly started to open the car door to see what was wrong. He glimpsed the bandits just in time to yell, "*Holdup!*" and slam the door. The clerks flipped off the lights and threw themselves flat on the floor, achingly conscious that the thin wooden walls of the car would offer no barrier to lead slugs. Still, when the bandit leader yelled for them to open up, no one stirred.

As if this had been anticipated, the leader raised his gun and shot out the glass pane in the upper part of the door. A companion tossed a glass fruit jar through the opening. It shattered inside and the acrid fumes of formaldehyde spread out. The leader nodded with grim satisfaction. "Now they'll come out," he yelled.

Almost immediately the door was clawed open and 18 retching, weeping clerks tumbled out to join the other prisoners. After a leisurely wait for the night wind to clear the car of fumes, the head of the gang and one of his men climbed in.

The leader shortly reappeared in the door. "Whichever one of you monkeys is Phillips, come up here and point out the money sacks. And don't forget the one for Roundup, Montana."

Phillips could only gulp and obey, then watch the pair begin throwing the sacks out for the rest of the gang to lug off to the parked cars.

The last bag had just gone out the door and the two in the car dropped to the ground when there was an unexpected hitch in the otherwise flawless operation. From the darkness a startled voice yelped, "Somebody's coming."

The gang leader swung around and peered toward the engine, where a shadowy figure could be seen stumbling along beside the tracks. For the first time the bandit's nerveless calm broke. He yelled, "Who is it?" and then blasted loose with his pistol several times without waiting for an answer.

As his target fell heavily, two of the gang ran toward it. One of them bent down for a look and immediately screeched, "Kee-rist, you shot Willie."

"Dammit!" the leader bawled. "What the hell was *he* doing there? Get him to a car."

The two lugged the fallen man away while their pals grabbed the remaining mail sacks. With a final warning to the train crew, the gang ran to their cars and roared off into the night.

Automatically, as though he were checking how much time he had lost, Engineer Waite looked at his watch. It was 10:05. The entire holdup, from the first appearance of the two hoods in his cab, had taken exactly 35 minutes.

"And that's how it stands now, Chief," Fahy concluded his recital over the phone to Simmons. "I happened to be working late at the office when the call came in, so I drove right up to Rondout." He added disgustedly that by now the scene was swarming with a citizens' posse, the local Lake County law, railroad investigators, and a squad of Chicago detectives under Capt. Will Shoemaker.

Simmons swore. "Don't let that herd get under your feet. This is our show and you're running it, Bill. What do you have so far?"

"Do you *always* stand up when a lady leaves the table?"

"There were eight or ten men on the robbery, but only three showed their faces out of the dark. The train crew may be able to spot those in the mug files tomorrow. Then Shoemaker found two gas masks, a bottle of nitro and a .44 with the numbers filed off in a ditch by the track. He thinks it might have been a mob of sorehead war vets trying to collect their bonus the easy way."

"No," Simmons said flatly. "This was a pro job all the way. Worse, it was obviously an inside job. Someone right in the Post Office Department had to tell them about the currency, which car it was in, and the name of the chief clerk."

"I figured that," Fahy agreed, "but I'm glad you were the one to say it. The only place those two apes could have stowed away on the tender was right in the Chicago yards, and I want to know where our guards were while they were doing it."

"Drop everything else and stay on this," Simmons barked. "I'll catch the next train out."

On his way west, Simmons snatched the latest papers at every train stop and was not gladdened by the developing news. Editors pointed out the growing incidence of mail robberies and added uncomplimentary remarks about the department. In the White House, Silent Cal Coolidge opened his mouth long enough to order out the Marines to guard the mails. The Marines had been given this job once before and hastily pulled off it when they began to shoot up innocent citizens as well as more legitimate targets. Their restoration to duty now was hardly a vote of confidence in Simmons and his men.

The chief was pleased but hardly flattered to read, too, that the Post Office was suddenly calling for bids on 3,000 armored mail cars, a move he had long advocated. Being able to say "I told you so" was small compensation for the hell he would catch until the case was solved.

He noted gloomily that of the total loot, only $50,000 was in bonds whose serial numbers had been listed. The numbers were being flashed to banks and brokerage houses, but this was a mere drop in the plunder bucket. Anyway, it was extremely unlikely that a mob so shrewd would risk being caught with tattletale paper in their hot little hands.

At Cleveland, a late Chicago *Herald-Examiner* handed him a new jolt. Bill Fahy had leaked to a reporter that it was considered an inside job. Simmons was appalled at thus forewarning the guilty party, but he consoled himself that Fahy, a veteran of 20 years in the service, knew what he was doing. The chief was less comforted by the obvious fact that someone was a traitor. Simmons held a stubborn faith in the integrity of every postal employe and the knowledge that someone had betrayed that trust was a personal wound.

The hands of an old-fashioned wall clock were closing on midnight when Simmons, his cigar jutting out at a belligerent angle, charged into the department offices in Chicago's old Federal Building. In a few minutes he was in Inspector Fahy's private cubbyhole.

The star sleuth greeted him warmly. Fahy was black Irish, a slightly built man of 40 whose thin, boyish face made him look considerably younger. In the four years since he had been transferred to Chicago from the East, Bill Fahy had become something of a legend by cracking the toughest cases.

Although he had found it increasingly hard to fit his postal pay of $3,500 a year to the needs of a wife and two growing sons, Bill was known as Old Incorruptible. Not long since, he had delighted Chicago by pinning a mail-robbery rap on Big Tim Murphy, a supposedly invulnerable politician, after spitting in Big Tim's face when Murphy offered him a $100,000 bribe.

Bill had another nickname the department chose to overlook in the light of his fine record. Associates called him Lothario Fahy in tribute to his skill in romancing information from a remarkable host of shady ladies. Bill insisted these extramarital attachments were strictly in line of duty, even when continued long after a case was closed. At the moment, as far as Simmons was concerned, Bill Fahy could maintain a harem if it would nail the Rondout hoods and get back the missing dough.

Now Simmons straddled a chair and shoved back his hat. "Let's have it, Bill. What have we got so far and what are we doing?"

Fahy brought him up to date. The gas masks, gun and bottle of nitro had led nowhere. There were no finger prints, and no way was then known to restore filed-off gun numbers. The Chicago cops had been grilling suspects, including such top hoods as Dion O'Bannion and Hymie Weiss, but all had alibis. Now Captain Shoemaker was concentrating his men on a hunt for anyone in the area with unexplained bullet holes in his carcass. Even this was a slim hope, Fahy admitted. A plugged thug could have acquired his perforations in a flare-up of the bootleggers' war that had raged in Chicago since the advent of Andrew Volstead's noble goof.

"The latest," Fahy said, "was a phone call from the Joliet police. They found one of the get-away cars in a ditch outside town with 63 of the missing mail sacks full of discarded letters, the $50,000 in traceable bonds, and all the jewelry. The gang didn't keep anything that could be identified."

"They didn't have to," Simmons commented grimly. "Which way was the car headed?"

Fahy shot him a look of startled admiration. "Toward Chicago. I get your point, Chief. It means they swung wide around the city to dodge any possible roadblocks and came in from the south. If they're here, we'll nail them eventually."

On this thin note of optimism Simmons went to grab some sleep. First, however, he telegraphed for six of the department's top eastern inspectors to join him in Chicago. There was at least some comfort in reflecting that his best men would be on the case aiding Fahy. The Rondout job was in formidable hands.

In the morning Fahy, customarily a lone wolf, went off to continue his digging. Simmons, resignedly fending off reporters, prepared to grill the train crew and check out a flood of screwball tips. Someone saw a strange airplane in a pasture near Rondout. Someone else saw a motorboat landing men near Highland Park. A Lake County farmer paid off his mortgage in new bills.

None of these panned out anything, nor could the train crew identify any known criminals from the mug shots. By

nightfall the harried chief was about ready to pop his cork when suddenly the case broke wide open.

On a stoolie's word that someone at 53 North Washtenaw Avenue was being treated for gunshot wounds, Captain Shoemaker led a raid that netted some interesting fish. The owner of the house was one Walter McComb, known as a beer-runner and sometime operator of hideouts for hot hoods. With him was a brassy blonde, whom he introduced as his wife—a courtesy title. A second man gave his name as John Wade and yelped wrathfully to know since when was it a crime to visit friends.

In a bedroom lay a pallid, bushy-haired character leaking blood from five bullet holes. Feebly he identified himself as J. Wayne from Oklahoma, and he blamed his wounds first on a jealous girl friend, then on rival bootleggers. Shoemaker's normal skepticism hit a new high when he cased Wayne's pockets and came up with two brand-new Federal Reserve notes, one for $1,000, the other $500.

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

***YOU* CAN BEAT THE RACES**

TRUE gives its readers the inside scoop on how to make a killing at the track. How? Just listen to Al the Brain, the world's greatest horse-picker—the man who's made himself a millionaire by outwitting Chance through Science.

At this point Wayne fainted and the others clammed up except to scream for lawyers. Shoemaker disgustedly summoned an ambulance and a paddy wagon and left a call for Fahy to come down to headquarters and play Twenty Questions with his catch. Then, on the off chance that other birds might visit the Washtenaw nest, he left a police stakeout in the darkened front room.

This foresight paid off twice during the night. The first catch was a prosperous-looking citizen who gave his name as James Mahoney and belligerently demanded his rights. He was sent down to get them from Fahy. The second visitor claimed to be an honest bootlegger named Watson, but he turned noticeably pale when a newsboy passed just then yelling, "EXTRY! Mail robbery suspects nabbed!"

A dick noted this reaction and tried a fast bluff. "Sure, we got your pals, and they've spilled everything. They even tipped us off to wait around for you to show up."

"The dirty rats," Watson howled. "Okay, so I was in on the Rondout heist, too. But give me a break, boys. My wife has $20,000 in a safe-deposit box. It's all yours if you'll let me blow town."

The cops pretended to play along and presently showed up at headquarters with their indignant dupe, his wife and 20 Gs in crisp new $500 and $1,000 bills. "You'll like this one," the dicks told Fahy and Shoemaker. "He sings."

By the time Simmons arrived, their prize was warbling like a canary full of spiked birdseed, and the air was blue with recriminations and denials. "Watson" gave his real name as Willis Newton of Texas, and he identified "John Wade" as his brother Joe and the perforated thug as a third brother, Willie. "Mahoney" he fingered as Jim Murray, a local politician and partner in a $10,000,000 bootlegging syndicate.

Murray, Willis said, had pulled the Rondout caper with the aid of the Newtons and two St. Louis hoods from the Egan's Rats mob, Sam Grant and Blackie Wilcox. In the ruckus over the accidental shooting of Willie, the two aptly named Rats had eloped with the loot. Walt McComb and his ready-made wife had had no connection beyond rendering aid and comfort to Willie in his hour of pain.

With everybody screaming denials, Simmons brought the train crew in for a look. They promptly identified Willis and Joe Newton but were unsure of Murray. The suspects were slapped into the can with the usual police plants in adjoining cells, and Fahy signed formal charges. Then he and Simmons retired to add up the score.

It was nowhere near as impressive as it looked. Willis told a nice story, but any shyster could knock hell out of it in court and the identifications were useful only to back up stronger evidence. The loot was still missing, and there was no way to identify the seized bills as part of the Rondout currency. As a matter of fact, Willis' wife immediately proved she had banked the 20 grand *before* the robbery, so she got it back with her own freedom.

"Nuts," Simmons raged, shredding his cigar. "The more we get, the less we have on this blasted case, and we're still no closer to the rat inside the department who blueprinted it."

"I know," Fahy agreed gloomily. "We're sweating everybody from the yard guards on up, but nobody's cracked yet. Say, Chief, if you don't mind, I've got a sort of lunch date."

"Go ahead," Simmons said. "You haven't been off this case since it broke."

Fahy returned in midafternoon, walking with exaggerated care and exuding an aroma of speakeasy Scotch. "Okay, chief," he said with large amiability, "so I drank my lunch. All I can say is, I haven't slept for 48 hours and I'm pooped. Besides, I was working a lead that might . . ." He broke off, now serious. "Skip it. You know I prefer to keep my mouth shut until I've got everything tied up tight."

"Play it your own way, Bill," Simmons said. "It's been good enough to crack some tough jobs."

Time passed, and the thin case grew thinner. So did Simmons, who had everybody from the newspapers to Postmaster General Harry New on his neck. The whole Post Office Department was getting edgy from being probed and shadowed. Politician Murray got himself sprung on $50,000 bail, and only an impassioned legal battle kept the Newtons

from taking the same exit—with the probability they'd disappear into the limbo with the missing dough.

To make matters worse, the St. Louis cops reported they had no record of any mobsters named Grant or Wilcox. Simmons became pretty well convinced, then, that they existed only in Willis Newton's imagination. That lark was now singing so much and telling so little that his whole story took on the aroma of a fish market—particularly since his partners in trouble sat tight on their denials.

Fahy was all for ramming everybody full of scopolamine, the new truth serum, but Simmons pointed out sadly that Bill must know that under the law this required the suspect's written permission—a possibility so unlikely as to border on the ridiculous. Fahy grunted agreement, and then remembered cases where the damn stuff had only inspired a congenital liar to new heights of fancy, anyhow. Fahy went back to his prowling that kept him out most of the days and, perhaps for different reasons, most of the nights, too.

Simmons started hammering any suspects available, as well as hunting for some postal employe with a sudden fattening of the bank account. He got nowhere. His six imported sleuths developed little more than keyhole ears from their own stalks among speakeasies and stool-pigeon roosts. Days went by during which, from time to time, Simmons had to return to Washington to attend to other department matters and, incidentally, to take chewings out from assorted bosses, including Coolidge. None of this improved his temper.

One morning in Chicago he had a visit from one of his eastern gumshoes.

"Look, Chief," the man said, "I don't know the score out here too well so slap me down if I'm out of line. But every time I drop into a speak lately, I fall over your boy Fahy necking hell out of some babe and throwing money around like it was going out of style in the morning. If it's line-of-duty stuff, his expense account has a sight more stretch than mine."

Simmons eyed the inspector quizzically. "Any idea who the woman is?"

"Women," the sleuth corrected. "But the main one is Belle Fontana, a temporary widow, whose old man is sitting out a mail-robbery rap in Atlanta. Fahy sent him up a year ago."

Simmons' face cleared. "That explains it. I knew Bill was on the track of something hot."

"The way they operate in the clinches," the agent commented drily, "I'd say he's got something about as hot as any man can handle."

A day or two later Simmons mentioned the report casually to Fahy. Bill looked startled, then rueful. "Hell, that was one of those things I wasn't ready to talk about yet. But with her contacts she must know plenty of inside stuff on mail heists. Getting her confidence seemed worth the old college try."

"Keep your eye on the ball," Simmons said. "And it wouldn't hurt to keep the other eye on the expense account. Uncle takes a dim view of paying for a steady diet of speakeasy soup."

Fahy grinned. "Relax, Chief. You know how the stock market is jumping these days. I played a hot tip and cleaned up enough to sport around on my own for a while. If it pans out, I'll let Uncle share expenses."

"You'd better get something out of her pretty soon," Simmons said grimly. "Information, I mean."

Fahy departed pink-cheeked.

TRUE

"Nurse, bring me all outgoing mail and some four-cent stamps!"

Simmons went over to the police station to play out a little game of his own on Willis Newton. He had Willis suddenly transferred to a remote cell, then dropped in for a chat.

"I thought you'd be safer up here," he explained, "where one of your neighbors couldn't stick a shiv in your back. They're pretty sore about your helping us crack the Rondout case. We tried to make everybody think we're still hunting your phony Grant and Wilcox, but I'm afraid word leaked out who we're really after."

Willis was not the quick-thinking type. His mouth flew open. "Y-you mean you knew about Holliday and Glasscock all the time?"

Simmons almost tore the cell door down getting out.

The stalled case was suddenly running in high gear. Herb Holliday and Brent Glasscock were St. Louis hoods wanted in five states for train and bank robberies. By night the presses were rolling out flyers offering $2,000 reward for each, with a warning that these men would shoot to kill and that Glasscock was known to wear a bulletproof vest. Simmons' greatest fear was that the pair might be frightened into skipping the country with the loot. To guard against this, he circulated the flyers privately with a warning not to tack them on bulletin boards in post offices—the first places, he knew, that crooks look to see whether they're wanted. As an added precaution, he continued to feed the papers the story of a continued search for the mythical "Grant" and "Wilcox."

Holliday proved a gullible goon who swallowed that yarn. On July 2 he dropped into Little Rock, Arkansas, to visit his wife, and wound up in Chicago being identified as the gunman who forced Engineer Waite to stop the train. Unhappily, he also proved smart enough to deny everything and sit tight, like his fellow jailbirds.

Fahy and Simmons sat down after a few more weeks, to add up a string of pluses and minuses and try to get something besides zero for an answer. It wasn't easy. They still had no solid evidence, no loot, no clue to the inside man who masterminded the heist. Fahy thought he was finally getting close to Belle Fontana.

"You'd better," Simmons suddenly snapped. "You've had a helluva good time and you haven't come up with even one solid lead yet."

"Who has?" Fahy yelled back. "I don't notice your wonder boys getting anything but fallen arches." He went out, slamming the door.

Simmons was still breathing hard when one of his eastern men came in.

"Chief," the inspector said, "here's a name and a phone number I got under kind of funny circumstances." He related the details.

Simmons thought carefully and finally said slowly, "Let's keep this under our hats for now. It might mean anything or nothing."

That afternoon Simmons planted a few seeds. One was a private wire to Washington. When the answer came, he left it open on his desk and went for a long, pointless walk around the Chicago

Loop. It took a few days for the seeds to sprout, and when they did he was not happy.

The morning of August 28 Fahy came in late, and obviously hung over. "This case, this case," he muttered. "It's getting me down. Have you developed anything important, Chief?"

"Yes," Simmons drawled bleakly. "We've nailed down the inside man who masterminded the job." There was silence for a moment as Chicago's top postal inspector stared sharply at his boss. Then Simmons continued: "You're under arrest, Fahy."

The agent's mouth fell open. "What is this—a rib?"

"No," Simmons said. "It's just a lot of little items that won't add up any other way." He explained a few of those items. "For two weeks before the robbery you asked for and received an itemized list of all registered cash and securities being mailed. You get this every afternoon, so you knew when the car finally held an unusually big treasure. Then you went down and personally 'inspected' that particular mail car. Why? You're an inspector, but not that kind."

Fahy looked sick. "This is the stupidest . . .! I suppose you've forgotten the time I worked out a new system for handling Registereds that saved the department an hour a day. I've been figuring out a better one to save more."

"I'd like to believe you," Simmons said grimly. He pulled a thick batch of cards from a drawer. "Your bar tabs for this past month. They add up to almost a year's salary, Fahy, and you never made a market killing. Not in Chicago, anyhow. I've checked all the brokers."

"Damn you," Fahy whispered hoarsely. "Twenty years of service."

The chief went on inexorably. "You've been phoning Jim Murray every night, telling him we weren't even close on the case. You were overheard in a speakeasy phone booth one night, so we put a tap on his phone to see why you'd be calling him. This telegram I got saying undercover men were arriving on the Broadway Limited—that was only a plant, Fahy. I had it sent and left it in sight on my desk. That night you phoned Murray and warned him about it."

"I suppose you never spilled harmless stuff to gain a crook's confidence," Fahy rasped. "I had Belle Fontana sold on the idea that I could be bought. To back it, I started working on Murray to get inside his guard."

Simmons looked at his fallen star for a long bitter moment. "I almost hate to do this to you, Fahy, but it was Belle Fontana who blew the whistle on you. She was never anybody's woman but Fontana's. All she ever wanted from you was to make you admit you framed her man to give yourself a rep. When she got tired of fighting off your shack-up propositions, she came to us with everything she knew about you and Rondout."

Fahy blew up then, shouting about being framed by Big Tim Murphy and his underworld pals, raging at Simmons and the whole department. A Chicago postal inspector came in then with the arrest warrant and reluctantly took Fahy's gun and credentials. "Are you through with him, Chief?" he asked.

"Hell yes," Simmons abruptly roared. "Get the bastard out of here before I kill him with my bare hands."

Bail was refused Fahy until Simmons stepped in. "Give it to him," he said. "Admit him to $50,000. I'd just love to have somebody show up with that much dough and then prove it didn't come out of the mail car at Rondout."

Not unnaturally, no one showed up with the ransom, so Fahy stayed in the can.

The arrest rocked Chicago and Washington, where Fahy's reputation for incorruptibility was so firmly entrenched that Simmons began to feel like a louse. Nevertheless, he stuck to his guns, although inwardly he had to admit that his case was woefully thin. To bolster it he had to do something fast, so he ordered the Glasscock flyers put up on Post Office bulletin boards across the country. Almost at once he hit the jackpot.

Out in Michigan somebody recognized the picture as that of a well-heeled ulcer patient at the respectable Battle Creek Sanitarium. A few hours later Brent Glasscock, without bullet-proof vest, was en route to Chicago and a neat trap laid by Simmons.

"Nobody," the chief told him on arrival, "will be happier to see you than Bill Fahy. We've sort of promised to go easy on him if he'll stand up in court and finger you as the mastermind."

Glasscock's howl of outrage jarred cells on the top floor. "That dirty, lying, no-good s.o.b. The whole deal was his from the start. He took the idea to Murray, who brought me in on it and introduced Fahy to prove it was all set up. Fahy planned everything, even to planting those gas masks and stuff at the scene to throw the cops off on a false trail."

Then, to prove his good faith, Glasscock took a squad of postal inspectors on a tour of the Midwest, during which they dug up the bulk of the plunder. His tale was that they had immediately divided the currency among them, including Fahy's cut, and then hidden the securities until the heat was off.

The fact that the recovered total was short almost exactly the sum of Bill Fahy's unexplained bar tabs was significant.

Glasscock's uninhibited baritone led to the arrest of a fourth Newton brother, Jesse, in Texas. Jesse, too, proved a throaty entertainer under pressure, and the case was sewed up.

Fahy, pale and haggard, decided to fall back on custom and deny everything categorically. That proved a waste of time. He was brought to trial quickly, and on November 27 heard himself sentenced to 25 years in a federal prison. The judge was being lenient, since the aggregate of Bill's eleven-count conviction could have been 177 years.

Fahy served out his term—which, minus good-behavior time, let him out in 1937, when he was 53. He lived six years longer, bitterly protesting his innocence to anyone who would listen. There weren't many who would.

—Alan Hynd & Joseph Millard

Basketball's Bumptious Baron

[*Continued from page 60*]

Then Adolph waved impatiently with his hand and the 30 kids stomped onto the floor and started their usual half-hour of shooting before the practice drills began.

Rubenstein clutched at the air for a moment, glared at Adolph, then stomped off the stage. "Probably cain't play worth a damn, anyway," Rupp muttered at the retreating pianist.

Playing for Adolph is about as sentimental as a job in a bank. He is an austere coach who demands perfection and has no room for personalities. Dan Chandler, the governor's son, was talking about this one day. "I made Adolph's varsity in 1954 and he had me a good seat on the bench," he said. "Well, we had to go to Knoxville to play Tennessee and a lot of my friends from prep school were going to be at the game. So I told Coach Rupp, 'I'm in a bit of a predicament. I told my friends I was the coming star of the team here, and now they're all going to be watching me. I'd appreciate it lots if you'd use me in the game first chance you get. We ought to beat them easy, anyway.'

"He never said a word to me. That meant he was going to do it, I thought. Well, in the middle of the first half, Cliff Hagan, he was our big star then, got into a mixup and he hit his head on the floor and he was laid out cold. I hear Rupp yelling, 'Chandler!' and I jump up. I rip off my warmup jacket and I run over to Rupp. 'Who'm I guarding?' I yell at him.

" 'Guard, hell,' he yells. 'Go out there and help the trainer carry Hagan off the floor.' " Although Kentucky had the game under control from the opening gun, Rupp did not use the governor's son until the last few seconds.

This year, Rupp's only child, 19-year-old Herky, made the Kentucky varsity as a sophomore. He made it, you may be assured, simply because he stands 6 foot 5 and can shoot.

"If I think he's good enough to play," Adolph says, "he'll play even if they tear every seat out of the Coliseum and throw them at me. But if he isn't good enough, even his mother couldn't get me to use him."

A Kentucky practice session is a silent, sweat-filled affair. Nobody talks, except Rupp, and nobody sits. And Rupp settles for nothing but the best. Late one afternoon last season, for example, he was sitting in the dressing room waiting for the last of his players to finish practicing foul shots. Sid Cohen, his backcourt star this season, was the last one and he came off the floor wearily, but with a smile on his face.

"How many, son?" Rupp asked.

"Twenty-three out of twenty-five, coach," Cohen smiled.

"What in hell happened to those other two?" Rupp snapped.

Rupp leads a sparse, detail-filled life during the basketball season. At 7:15 each morning he walks out of his white-frame seven-room house on the North Side of Lexington, gets into his 1956 Cadillac and drives up the hill to the gleaming white Coliseum to start the day's work.

At precisely 7:30 he is at his desk in a cluttered 12-foot-square office which has 31 plaques and as many photos jammed together on the walls. Two cardboard boxes atop an empty desk are filled with various testimonials Adolph didn't have room to hang up. But anybody who asks about them will start a wholesale unpacking. He is good, and he wants to make damn sure you know it.

When Harry Lancaster, his burly, black-haired assistant arrives, Rupp snaps off the light and the two watch movies of the previous day's practice session. Adolph is the only college coach alive who has movies taken of practice sessions. It is, of course, common in football. Rupp borrowed the idea and likes it fine. "I take a good picture," he points out.

Rupp and Lancaster speak softly and make notes as they watch the movies. Then they sit and plan the day's practice. After this Rupp goes through the day's mail. The Baron gets mail telling him how great he is the way most people get bills. It comes in every day and he answers most of it.

"See," he was saying one morning early this season, "here's a letter from a little high school coach in Bourbon County. Says he's been to my clinics—thinks they were great; helped him a lot—but he still needs some help with a defensive drill. Well, I'll just sit right down now and diagram him a whole flock of the best defensive drills in the world—the ones I made up myself."

At lunchtime, Rupp walks across the street to the lunch counter at the University bowling alleys, where, with a cautious scanning of the price list, he'll come up with something light. And economical.

During one such lunch with the Baron—hamburger, a bowl of canned tomato soup and black coffee—the total for himself and a guest was $1.08. He flipped a dollar on the counter and then started to twist himself into contortions trying to fish up eight cents from his pockets.

"Now ah've got it here someplace," he cautioned the kid working behind the counter. "Hell, I've just got to have it. Cain't go around breaking dollar bills for an ole eight cents."

At exactly 3:15 his practice session starts. It rarely varies. From 3:15 until 3:45, the players have warm-up shooting. Then they have a 20-minute offensive drill, a 20-minute defensive drill, a 20-minute scrimmage and end it with foul shooting practice.

During this time the gym doors are locked—no spectators are allowed—and the players do everything at full-tilt. They have certain ways to do everything. They have the same basic style of shooting, running, cutting—in fact everything they do this side of pulling on an athletic supporter is done the Rupp way.

"I tell them when they come here," the Baron beams, "that they'll get to play on the best team in the world, on

the best college basketball court in the world and—this is the most important thing—they'll get the best coaching in the world."

He is a stickler for details to the point where it unnerves you. More than one pilot of a chartered plane taking the Kentucky team out of Lexington's Blue Grass Airport has had to grind his teeth and swear silently while Rupp goes into a harangue because the scheduled 8 p.m. take-off is as much as ten minutes late.

Late one afternoon a couple of years ago the team was taking off for Cincinnati and after Rusty Payne, the trainer, made a quick head-count down the aisle he found one of the players was missing and called to Rupp about it.

"Who is he?" Rupp snapped.

"That big boy, Harold Hurst," the kids around him said. "He just went to the men's room."

"Now isn't that something," Rupp exploded. "He's had all week to go to the men's room and he picks a time like this." He sat and muttered for an hour over it.

But this by-the-numbers coaching turns out a product which almost everybody in the business considers matchless. Red Auerbach, who coaches perhaps the best basketball team ever assembled, the Boston Celtics, chewed on a cigar in the lobby of New York's Hotel Paramount one night this season and talked about it.

"A Rupp ballplayer?" he mused. "I'll tell you what it's like to get one. It's like running a police force and getting your patrolmen right from boot camp at Parris Island. I mean these kids from Kentucky do it automatic. They got the whole thing down and they're not going to do anything except what you tell them.

"Now let's see—I got Frank Ramsey and Lou Tsioropoulos. Bob Brannum played for him, too. And I see his kids around the rest of the league. Cliff Hagan of St. Louis, for example. I'd have to say they're the best-coached kids to come to the pros. It's the things they don't do that help you. They don't turn the head on defense. You'd die if you knew how many do. They make moves on offense and cut without worrying over the ball. They're looking to win, not be stars.

"Another thing they don't do—take crazy shots. Ramsey, Tsioropoulos, they only shoot when they have a chance to make it. That's a rare thing in this day. Kids come up today, all they want to do is shoot. It's too late to try and change them now. But these guys come up and

TRUE

"Synthetic—or the real McCoy?"

work around for the good shots and if they don't get them, they give the ball to somebody else. Let me tell you, only a real *coach* can train a kid like that."

"They say I'm hard on kids," Rupp snorts. "Whenever I win something, the first thing they say is 'Rupp drives his team to victory.' With anybody else, they'd say, 'so-and-so *leads* his team to victory.' They just don't let themselves give me full credit. Well, what's the difference. *Of course* you drive a team. Somebody has to be behind them. Eisenhower didn't *lead* his troops into Germany. He followed them. And as far as character building goes, you build more character by winning than you do losing. Don't ever forget that. And they say it's no fun to play for me. How silly can you get? What's more fun than winning?

"Basketball is a game of rhythm. The only way you're going to get that rhythm is by repetition. You do a thing thousands of times and pretty soon you do it easily and gracefully. That's the way my boys put the ball in the basket. They practice everything so much there's no stuttering around during a game. They move and they know where they're moving and why they're moving. Personally, I think it's a damn good system."

Because of this opinion of himself, Rupp burns whenever anybody else receives even a minor coaching award. In the world of sports today nearly everybody, from news wire services to chewing gum companies, gives out trophies to the "Coach of the Year," the "Player of the Year" and the like. In 1958, Rupp, who had just won his fourth National Championship, railed when he heard two or three polls had named Harry Litwack of Temple as "Coach etc."

"I beat him twice this season," Adolph snorted. "So they name him the best coach in the country. Now I wonder what that makes me? I guess I'm too good to include in any competition."

But coaching basketball, for Adolph Rupp, has not been just a matter of teaching kids to keep their heads straight on defense and then watching them pile it on the others. All you have to do is stand at the bar of the Kentucky Hotel in Louisville to know this.

There was an afternoon last May, a day or so before the Kentucky Derby, when a lot of sports guys were hanging around and drinking and looking out the window at the people who passed by on Walnut Street. You'd see Toots Shor and Archie Moore and all the other names in town for the race. Then somebody pointed across the street to where a slim, crew-cut guy was going into a drug store.

"That is Ralph Beard," the guy at the bar said. "Do you remember him?" Everybody nodded. They all knew of Ralph Beard.

He was a gum-chewing, whippet-fast kid who came out of Louisville to form, along with Alex Groza and Dale Barnstable, the heart of one of the best college basketball teams ever put together. The "Fabulous Five," was the tag Kentucky people gave them and they swept through the 47-48 season with a 36-3 record, winning the national title, helping the U.S. win an Olympic title, and then coming back to win 25 of 28 the next year and another title. They were awesome. And after the first year they put in with the gamblers and did tricks with the point spreads.

Against weak opponents, Kentucky went all out, trying to top the spread. But then they tried shaving and in March of 1949 at Madison Square Garden in New York, during a National Invitation Tournament game against Loyola of Chicago, Kentucky played queerly and lost and people who knew scoffed. They were right.

When the first fix scandals broke in New York the next winter, Rupp proudly announced, "They can't touch my boys with a 10-foot pole."

But on October 21, 1951, Rupp was coaching in an All-Star game at Chicago Stadium and outside the building detectives from New York were putting the arm on Groza and Beard and taking them to a police station where they were charged with taking bribes to blow games. Back in Louisville, Barnstable was grabbed. By 5 a.m. all three had confessed. The figure given out was $5,000. For that money they had sold their names. The three were given suspended sentences in New York when District Attorney Frank Hogan, prosecuting the case—it was in his jurisdiction—asked for clemency.

The "10-foot pole" remark was hurled back at Rupp. And it was discovered that he was friendly with Ed Curd, the big Lexington gambler. Curd, it came out, had been at a party with the Kentucky team in New York. Judge Saul Streit, who sat on the case, devoted 18 pages of his 63-page opinion on the basketball scandals to Rupp.

"Basketball," Streit snarled, "is a highly commercialized enterprise at Kentucky . . . The undisputed facts are that Coach Rupp aided and abetted in the immoral subsidization of the players. In view of his conduct, Mr. Rupp's sanctimonious attitude becomes ludicrous and comical."

Beard, Groza and Barnstable, it was found, had been getting money from Kentucky boosters around Lexington. Rupp listened to the judge's murderous report, then said simply, "I'll let the people of Kentucky be my judge."

He was playing with a cold deck of cards here. For in Kentucky, Adolph Rupp is a powerful, respected figure. You cannot tell anybody around there that he ever did anything wrong.

Adolph acted as if nothing ever happened. He refused to talk of the scandals. He didn't want to hear Beard or Groza mentioned. The players were murdered.

"I knew Ed Curd," Adolph explained. "Sure I did. I went to Ed Curd to get donations for the Shriners' Hospital. And as for the players, well now just how could I ever suspect a team that was two-time national champion? How could anybody?"

And one Sunday afternoon, when it became apparent Kentucky was not going to fire Rupp, Dr. Herman L. Donovan, the school president, sat in his study and listened as a New York reporter

asked him bluntly, "How can you afford to keep Rupp?"

Adolph, sitting off to one side, didn't blink an eye. "That's a fair question. This boy doesn't know the facts, except what he had heard in New York."

Donovan smiled. "We think Coach Rupp is not only an honest man," he said. "We think he is an outstanding man."

Which he is in Kentucky. In 1949 he was named Kentucky's outstanding citizen. He is considered one of the ten outstanding Shriners in the nation, a group that includes such as Harry Truman.

Rupp started with a small farm 29 years ago and now owns 1,250 acres of rich Blue Grass farming area. Thirty-five acres are devoted to tobacco, which brings close to $1,000 an acre each year. His Hereford cattle interests are sprawling and he is considered one of the country's leading experts on the strain. And this is not to mention a little thing he had going for him called the governor's office. Rupp and Chandler were always close.

So Rupp was left alone. The Southeastern Conference and the NCAA banned Kentucky from any basketball competition in the 1952-53 season, the roughest penalty ever given a college. Rupp's answer was simple. "We'll practice and we'll be back. When we do, look out." His club won 25 games the next year, including one game against Tulane, whose coach, Cliff Wells, was something less than friendly to Kentucky when it came to voting on the ban.

"Boys," Rupp told his club before the game, "this is one of the fellows who was against us." Kentucky slaughtered them, 94-43.

Since then, it has been impossible for anybody to put the finger on Kentucky for anything. Rupp rarely goes outside of the state for players. "We've only got two out-of-staters on this year's team," he tells you. "And they're junior college boys. I met Sid Cohen at a coaching clinic in Landsburg, Germany, before he went to Kilgore College. The other junior college boy, Bennie Coffman, is from Huntington, West Virginia, and played at Lindsey Wilson Junior College, which is in Kentucky and only about 100 miles from here."

His hole card here is the Kentucky secondary school system. For 29 years now high school coaches have listened to Adolph Rupp preach about himself and they play his system exclusively. And the kids they send him are rangy, fast country boys willing to take orders. Of this year's team, Billy Lickert, 6-3 forward from Lexington, was the hardest for Rupp to catch. Lickert had 30 offers from schools outside Kentucky.

Rupp came out of Halstead, Kansas, and he played college basketball under Phog Allen at the University of Kansas, which could account for some of his ability to exaggerate. The now-retired Allen was perhaps the best at this little game that sports ever has known.

According to Adolph, his days in college were more like fighting a war than getting an education. "I filled every minute of the day during my time in college," he tells you. "Why, you hear these boys today saying they don't have time to practice a sport and study, too. Makes me mad. Why I worked summers in the fields at $1.25 a month—that's a month, not a week. Did that for eleven years. At school, I took four years of business administration, played on the varsity basketball team—we were undefeated in 1922-23—and worked every night from eight to midnight in a restaurant. Nights we had a ball game, I'd start earlier at the restaurant. At 7:15, I'd take off my apron, walk to the gym and play the game, then run back to the restaurant to finish the night. Now who else do you know who could do a thing like this?"

After graduation, Rupp coached at Marshalltown, Iowa, and Freeport, Illinois, before coming to Kentucky. He immediately put together a wardrobe consisting of only brown clothes—they call him "The man in the brown suit"; a tagline he was looking for—and started on his cold, calculating method of winning basketball games.

To him nothing else counts. He calls card playing, movies, television and any entertainers a waste of time. "That goes for art, too," he says. "I'm color blind and I can't see anything exciting about a picture of somebody's granny."

His attitude toward vacations is the same. A few years ago, doctors forced him to take one. His wife Esther and he drove to Daytona Beach, Florida, and Rupp appeared on the beach for about 30 minutes. Then he went back to his motel room and got dressed.

"Nothing's wrong," Rupp told his wife. "But we've seen everything. Been in the ocean, seen the sun. Now let's go home."

His first view of the Grand Canyon lasted five minutes, after which he told his wife: "Let's go. No sense sticking around here any longer unless we want to live here."

Rupp's only real hobby is reading. He has subscriptions to 22 magazines and gets five papers daily, including the Wall Street Journal. The only thing he uses his television set for is to get the late news, weather and basketball scores.

"Otherwise, it's not worth a damn," he growls. "Except my own program Sunday nights. I'm on for a half-hour during the basketball season on the Lexington station and I believe if they made it a national show I'd have some of the highest ratings in the country. Everybody likes to watch the show.

"Hell, it makes sense. Lot more sense than these silly comedians they got

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

VENDETTA IN THE DESERT

They were the most unlikely pals in the Foreign Legion—a Nazi and a Jew. How one swore to kill the other makes the strangest tale of vengeance you've ever read.

around today. You know something? Now I don't ever want to have you say I said it. But you can say it as your own opinion and it would be true. I'm funnier than all these comedians. I'd make a big hit telling jokes on the television."

Rupp also fancies himself as more than an average literary critic. He is, as far as he's concerned, sort of the Clifton Fadiman of the Blue Grass.

At the start of this season, for example, he was talking about the New York newspaper sportswriters, nearly all of whom have labeled Adolph as anything from a tyrant to Lord-knows-what in a hangover from the scandal days.

"They're the worst," Adolph said. "Their journalism is bad. And they just don't know how to write constructively. This isn't just my opinion. Ask the Giants and Dodgers. They moved all the way across the country to get away from them, didn't they?"

Then he reached onto a pile behind his desk and came up with a small basketball magazine, whose cover and lead story was devoted to Adolph. "Now this is a coming magazine," he said. "I believe this is the finest cover they've ever had." It was an austere, Horatio-at-the-bridge photo of himself. "And I believe this is the finest story they ever had. Damn, a few more like this and they'll have millions in circulation. You mark my words. Except for one thing." He thumbed through to one page of the story. He had a minor typographical error circled with a big blue marking pencil. "They just don't have good proofreaders anymore. I ought to go up to that magazine and show them how to improve their proofreading. They shouldn't have any errors in an important story like this."

As a winning coach, 1960 variety, about the only error Rupp has made in the last decade came last season after a game against Mississippi State. Bailey Howell, a big, dead-eyed kid from State, poured in 34 points and Kentucky was beaten 87-83. The game was played at Mississippi State and after it Rupp, ever the gracious sportsman, brushed aside a radio interviewer's questions, took the microphone and gave his own version of the defeat to the listening audience.

"It's damn difficult when you come down here to play," he said. "I mean, it's awfully difficult to win when you come down here. This just seems to be one of those places where it's awfully difficult to win."

In one breath he had maligned the referees, the other team, the other school, the Southeastern Conference and the good people of Starkville, Mississippi.

It was something he shouldn't have done because even robbery isn't an excuse when you lose. All that counts is the final score. Nobody knows that better than Adolph Rupp. The next time he played State he won by 15.

Bill Surface & Jimmy Breslin

"I Can Fix It for You Wholesale"

[*Continued from page 57*]

intention of slaying the uninvited beast.

Instead, the SPCA sent an observer to sit in the stands and study the fox through a telescope. After pronouncing it male, the observer instructed Allied to induce some female foxes at the Bronx Zoo to urinate on a few old potato bags. These were then used as bait in a large wire trap designed to snare the animal painlessly. But the fox ignored the whole thing. (Turned out the SPCA man had been mistaken about her sex.)

Finally one Saturday, with a big professional football game on deck for the next day, Junior, who feared the fox might be rabid, took matters into his own hands. He borrowed a high-powered rifle from Abercrombie & Fitch, the sporting goods store—another of his clients. Then he picked as a marksman an Allied employe whose regular work was testing guns at Abercrombie's rifle range. Using a telescopic sight, the expert felled the fox with dispatch.

Returning to his office afterward, Fraad found a cable from Gander stating that Fire Bottle No. 26 had been depleted of its contents while "extinguishing one polar bear." This information so intrigued him that Junior immediately called his Gander superintendent, Lester Gettel, to learn why a thing like a polar bear should be burning.

Gettel reported that three of the bears, fresh from the wilds of Greenland, were en route by air to a zoo in Europe. Weather had kept them at Gander for an extra week. The delay had so annoyed them, said Gettel, that when men came anywhere near them the bears flung themselves against the bars of their cage. They hit them so often and so violently that eventually the bars were knocked loose.

In panic, airport officials called in Royal Canadian Mounties to stand by with rifles while workmen welded the bars tight again. In the midst of the job, a workman, dodging an irate swipe from a bear, accidentally touched his torch to one of the other bears, setting its fur aflame.

Naturally, someone grabbed a fire extinguisher. And that was why Fire Bottle No. 26 had been depleted.

"Which illustrates," Junior concludes, in telling the tale, "that when a company's operations become as ramified as ours are, you get so nothing surprises you—well, almost nothing. And you can contemplate almost any crisis with calm."

One crisis which *did* shake some of his men, however, involved the old firm of Frederick Loeser & Co., a long-established Brooklyn department store for which Allied did the cleaning and provided operational functionaries. Four or five years ago this store decided to go out of business and announced it would dispose of its stock at a tremendous sale. Women's shoes were offered at $1 a pair, for example, and girdles and other items

of female armor were advertised at a few cents apiece.

Police feared from the first that the event would attract a dangerous horde of bargain hunters. On the morning of the sale they observed in the crowd waiting for the doors to open a number of women who had removed their shoes. This tactic, it became apparent, was adopted to afford them a better grip on the floor with their toes, which allowed them to run faster and maneuver more effectively. Even so, the cops were not prepared for the primitive savagery of the onslaught when the doors were finally unlocked.

The first great surge of females into the store carried along not only the mounted policeman who had been stationed at the main entrance, but his horse as well. It then became Allied's duty to rescue this mortified animal from the charges of the wild-eyed women, and it took a phalanx of sturdy men and stalwart cops to stem the rush long enough to get the poor critter back into the safe, traffic-packed streets. The sale itself turned into one vast snakepit of long-fanged females striking at everything. Riot-hardened policemen said later they had never seen anything like it, and the Allied men who were there would prefer to forget the whole messy affair.

Another crisis, which Allied was able to handle with more dignity, occurred only last fall when 25,000 angry bees got loose in New York City's Pennsylvania Station. Allied Maintenance has mopped, swept, scrubbed and polished the giant structure every day since it was completed 50 years ago, and it now occupies the honored position of being the oldest of Allied's several dozen clients. Penn is the largest and busiest railroad station in the world—clearly one of the most awkward places imaginable to have 25,000 stinging bees at large.

The bees arrived, still safely in their shipping crate, late one afternoon when tens of thousands of commuters and travelers were pouring into the building as the rush hour approached its peak. A postal clerk working on one of the mail platforms beneath the station heaved up the crate, slipped, and dropped it. The box split open and the angry horde of stingers streamed out as the men nearby took to their heels. Most of the bees gathered in crawling swarms about the lights, but the more venturesome flew up the stairways and mingled with the people in the station concourse. New Yorkers are used to many things—but not to bees. They immediately did their own brand of swarming—out the doors.

One small group of heroic railroaders, however, remained on the platform to release the queen bee from her tiny private compartment in the hope that she might reassemble her wandering tribe. Somehow the bees failed to get the word and went to work on the readiest targets. The railroad men, after suffering severe stings, retreated up the stairs to regroup and consider.

At this point Dennis Hughes, young Penn Station superintendent for Allied Maintenance, decided that direct, forceful action was indicated. He sent to a nearby hardware store for a dozen DDT spray guns. Then he assembled his most trusted men and called for volunteers.

When a dozen stepped forward, Hughes armed them with the sprayers

TRUE

"My wife finally agreed to a trial separation."

and short ladders. Then—he says he felt a little like an Army officer in a World War I movie about to lead his platoon on a dangerous mission across No Man's Land—he headed his group down the stairs into bee territory. Although they suffered many wounds—there wasn't time to procure anti-sting armor—they wiped out the invading bees.

There was nothing particularly remarkable about Hughes' method except that it resembled the lusty approach to problems characteristic of Junior Fraad himself when he first went to work for Allied. Junior, youngest of four brothers whose father and grandfather founded the company 73 years ago, stands six feet one and weighs 215 to 275 pounds—depending upon the state of his diet. He possesses a bald dome, craggy features, a bulging brow and a bounding, good-humored type of energy.

Soon after he joined the firm in 1937, Junior decided to remove pigeons that flocked around Penn Station. For generations these birds had been staining the building's handsome façade and causing dismay among the crowds below.

Junior had corn soaked in alcohol and scattered upon the station roof. When the pigeons passed out, his men picked them up and put them in cages, ready to execute them according to plan. But the SPCA had got a whiff of Junior's intention and promptly registered a strong protest.

This was to be the first of Junior's many battles with the SPCA, and—this time—he retreated. Instead of killing the birds he rented a cutter and had them taken a good part of the way to Iceland and released at sea. Although bleary-eyed and hungover, the birds beat the boat back to New York, to the disgust of Allied's pigeon police.

"I had hoped," Junior mutters darkly nowadays, when questioned on this matter, "that the bastards would fly eastward with the prevailing wind."

While these measures were more spectacular than effective, they did foretell imagination with which Junior has approached janitorial problems generally. His judgment has improved over the years, and his unimpaired vigor has been primarily responsible for increasing the size and income of the business fourfold in the last 10 years. Junior has become undoubtedly the most outstanding character in the long and undistinguished history of the slop bucket. And he has done more than any other man to elevate sweeping, dusting, mopping and the other homely chores of large-scale industrial housekeeping to the dignity of Big Business.

Allied's suite of offices in the Empire State Building is furnished with the latest office machinery and populated with crew-cut executives. A meeting of its top brass around its long mahogany table to consider, say, a new method for removing cigarette butts from clogged urinals can scarcely be distinguished from a conference on Madison Avenue to consider a new method for selling the cigarettes that make the butts. For while the visions of most men in his line of work are limited to where the furnace pipes disappear into the basement gloom, the imagination and deeds of Junior and his men soar into the Wild Blue Yonder.

In a recent 18-month period he made 22 trans-Atlantic flights to confer in Paris about an $11 million hangar that Allied has designed and will build and operate at New York's International Airport, Idlewild, for five leading foreign air lines—BOAC (British), Air France, Sabena (Belgian), KLM (Dutch), and Deutsche Lufthansa (German).

Last spring Allied had the job of transforming Los Angeles Memorial Stadium from a football field into a reasonable facsimile of a baseball park for its old client, the Dodgers. During that team's last 10 years around Brooklyn, Allied had been responsible for doing all the chores at Ebbets Field, from erecting a 250-foot-long sponge-rubber pad to keep Pistol Pete Reiser and his successors from killing themselves when they crash into the centerfield fence, to providing the lady who played the organ and sang *The Star Spangled Banner* before games. When the erstwhile heroes of Flatbush headed toward the setting sun, their management persuaded Allied to send along the old Ebbets Field staff to continue the Dodger housekeeping in their new home in the West.

Junior and his people are often called in as consultants on mighty cleaning projects around the country, such as the mudpie created a few years ago when the Missouri River inundated Fairfax Airport, near Kansas City, which Trans-World Airlines was then using as its maintenance base. The Allied experts who responded overnight to TWA's appeal for help had men with brooms stationed at frequent intervals in the flooded hangar to agitate the receding water constantly. The result was that the flood, as it left, carried away much of the mess it had made.

Allied has cleaned and repaired edifices all the way from the stone steps of the cathedral at Zurich, Switzerland, to the bronze pants of the statue of William Penn that, towering 547 feet above the city hall at Philadelphia, is the best-known figure in the City of Brotherly Love. Allied activities range from recruiting gangs on New York's Bowery to clean tracks of the Pennsylvania Railroad after snow storms, to furnishing the English butler who used to pour tea for fastidious lady customers of Bonwit-Teller's elegant store on Fifth Avenue.

The company's principal stock in trade, however, continues to be the unglamorous job of removing grime. Junior estimates that his men clean 52 million square feet of building space every 24 hours. In a year this amounts to the combined areas of New York, Chicago, Boston, Buffalo and Hartford. In all that cleaning Allied wears out 16,000 brushes and brooms a year, nine and a half tons of mop heads and 10 and a half tons of cleaning rags, and uses 15,000 gallons of wax and 160,000 pounds of detergents.

This work requires a high ratio of elbow grease, which at times has been hard to get. During World War II, Allied combatted the manpower shortage by

impressing British seamen to work as janitors—a reversal of the old case of the British impressing U.S. seamen, which was one of the causes of the War of 1812.

Allied's experience turned out to be more peaceful. During the war there were usually several thousand British seamen in New York waiting for their ships to be repaired at Brooklyn Navy Yard. One night in 1943 one of them sat down next to Arthur Thim, an old-time Allied executive, who was refreshing himself at a bar on Sixth Avenue. Thim brought a couple of beers for the Briton, who confided that Navy pay was so low most British sailors could not enjoy their stay in New York.

Thim took another drink, and inspiration burst upon him. He asked the sailor how he would like a job on shore-leave nights. Allied, Thim explained, would pay any sailor who cared to work a few hours in cash at union rates, which amounted to about 10 times Navy pay. The sailor said he and his mates would be delighted. Thim conferred with British Naval authorities next day. They did not object so long as the men continued to wear their uniforms.

The following night the British sailor and several hundred of his fellows showed up at the Allied offices. Thim and his supervisors armed them with mops, brooms and buckets. Then, paraphrasing the immortal words of Lord Nelson at the Battle of Trafalgar, Thim told the sailors, "Allied expects every man to do his duty," and released them upon the floors of a department store.

Later the Allied people had cards printed stating their rates and working conditions. When the British seamen left New York, they took along stacks of these cards which they passed out to other mariners from Melbourne to Malta. Before the war ended, a good portion of the British Navy had served under the flag of Allied at some time or other.

"At the peak," Junior remembers fondly, "we had more British seamen working for us than Sir Francis Drake had to oppose the Spanish Armada."

Another example of the company's flair for the flamboyant and the close-knit family attachment of Junior and his brothers occurred in the 1930's when their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Fraad, Sr., embarked on their first vacation trip to Europe. At the time Allied was engaged in cleaning smoke and weather stains from the exterior of the Statue of Liberty. So the Fraad brothers laid plans to give their parents an impressive send-off.

From a flag-making concern they bought a streamer 100 feet long, 20 feet wide and appropriately lettered. And so, when the *SS Augusta*, with Mr. and Mrs. Fraad, Sr., aboard, came steaming out of New York harbor, Miss Liberty came to life. From the hand that holds the torch appeared a blossom of white. A banner streamed out in the breeze until it waved, in letters 20 feet high, the message "Bon Voyage" over the steamer's wake.

It was the first time in her then 51 years of watching the comings and goings of heroes, statesmen, movie stars and millionaires that Miss Liberty had relaxed her majestic aloofness to wave at anybody. And, although flattered, the *Augusta's* passengers were wholly mystified by the honor—all, that is, except Mr. Fraad.

"That would be the boys saying goodby to us," he explained to his wife. Tears were in his eyes. "The Statue of Liberty is one of our jobs. It is as though she is congratulating us on all the fine things that have happened since the last time I passed her. That was 50 years ago almost."

On that occasion, in the 1880's, Mr. Fraad, a boy of 18, and *his* father, David, were arriving in New York as immigrants from the Danish island of Fyn, where they had been millers. By the time they arrived in New York their funds were so short that they took the first job offered by an agent at the old Castle Garden immigration station. The job was to clean, trim and fuel the kerosene lamps in the Pennsylvania Railroad's station at Jersey City, New Jersey.

In a couple of years David Fraad and his son had gone independent. They hired their own immigrant labor at Castle Garden and contracted with the railroad to keep its Jersey City station clean and its tracks in northern New Jersey clear of snow. When the Pennsylvania finished its giant new terminal in Manhattan in 1910, the Fraads were given the contract to keep it clean. Father and son had moved their headquarters across the Hudson River into Manhattan several years before, and were already cleaning the mansions of wealthy New York families —Astors, Rockefellers, Vanderbilts, Carnegies, Goulds and many others.

For this work they built their famous "High Suction Vacuum System," perhaps the first vacuum cleaner ever used commercially in the United States. It was about the size and shape of a two-man submarine, and was mounted on four wheels and pulled by four horses. A crew of workmen rode the contraption like firemen going to a fire, with Mr. Fraad and son scorching ahead astride a fancy tandem bicycle boasting a broom

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

***YOU* CAN BEAT THE RACES**

TRUE gives its readers the inside scoop on how to make a killing at the track. How? Just listen to Al the Brain, the world's greatest horse-picker—the man who's made himself a millionaire by outwitting Chance through Science.

strapped on as a kind of flagpole and pennant. On society jobs father and son dressed the part in silk hats, cutaway coats and striped trousers.

At each job they began by erecting a big sign: "Modern Crematory For Microbes, Germs And Dust." A fire hose was fed into a window, and through it dirt and dust were drawn back into a tank on the truck by a second-hand air compressor. The compressor was powered by a one-cylinder gasoline engine that was a monumental performer. In operation it made three short thumps, then on the fourth beat it gave off a mighty detonation, like a fowling piece discharging. These explosions, together with a habit of the hose of breaking and showering the neighborhood with dust, made an inspiring spectacle; it caused widespread comment and gave the Fraads fine advertising.

When Junior joined the firm 23 years ago, this splendid era had long since passed. Nowadays, Allied cleans the private residences of only a few people. Junior's grandfather, David, had been in his grave for 20 years in 1937, and his father, Dan Sr., was chairman of the board of Allied, which he remained until his death seven years ago at 81. The oldest son, Will, now 64, succeeded Dan Sr., as chairman, and, with Junior, owns the controlling interest in the company. After their father's death, Junior and Will bought out the interest of the third son, Henry, a colonel in the U.S. Air Force. The fourth brother, Lewis, is a professor of pediatrics in a New York medical college.

Junior had planned a career in medical research himself. He majored in biophysics at Brown University, then took two-and-a-half years' post-graduate work at Columbia and Yale. But after his marriage to Rita Rich, of New York, he discontinued—temporarily, he thought—his scientific career, and went to work for his father. His first job was cleaning windows in a Madison Avenue office building.

"We had about 500 employes then, and our offices were a few small jumbled rooms," Junior recalls. "Father always believed it was a good idea to have crummy-looking offices. Otherwise your clients might think you were charging them too much. I think an attractive office helps you think constructively."

Junior finally managed to prod his family across Fifth Avenue into Allied's present large and elegant suite on the fifth floor of the world's tallest building. He has adorned the walls with originals by such venerated American painters as Winslow Homer, George Bellows and Thomas Eakins, as well as with the works of modernists such as Joseph Hirsch.

Junior became interested in art at the New York World's Fair, where he superintended the cleaning of the art museum and of important display buildings. He had been looking for more glamorous work than sweeping railroad stations when the fair appeared on the horizon. Persuading his father to back a new company, the Exhibitor's Cleaning & Maintenance Corp., Junior hired a force of 1,000 men who sometimes had to use rakes to comb bananas, hard-boiled eggs and squashed sandwiches from the fine carpets of the General Motors and Firestone buildings. But the experience convinced Junior that there was romance in cleaning.

"Until then," he says, "I had dreamed of being a Pasteur. I saw romance only in research. After I got married and needed the money, it was with a sense of defeat that I went to work for the old family business. But after the fair I decided to put everything I had into this work. I invited some guys I had known in college to work with me. I said, 'Come on in and help me clean; it's going to be fun.' And it has been."

Junior, with his scientific bent and his crew of new blood, astounded old-timers at Allied and in the janitoring world generally by instituting the first time-and-motion studies in the history of that profession. Out of that research were developed new types of mechanical cleaning equipment, such as a heavy-duty floor-washer for store aisles and a device that digs dirt from the grooves of escalator steps. All this creative activity so impressed the U.S. government that one day in 1943 some close-mouthed military men showed up in Junior's office and spirited him away on a mysterious mission.

They took him to the Manhattan Project at Oak Ridge, Tennessee, where the nation, under perhaps the greatest secrecy wraps in the history of warfare, was manufacturing the first atomic bombs. It seemed that one of the knottiest problems was keeping the place clean. A local force of mountaineer women, with old-fashioned brooms, was having as much trouble whisking the floor of plant and community buildings clear of sticky Tennessee clay as the physicists were having in splitting the atom. So Junior and several of his trusted lieutenants moved in to take charge of this critical phase of building the A-bomb.

"Those corn brooms they were using were all right in mountain cabins, but hopeless in cleaning large areas," Junior reminisces. "The poor old girls were killing themselves. We junked the corn brooms, supplied them with wide push brooms, and taught them how to sweep properly. We also gave instructions on cleaning indoor toilets, which most of the mountaineers had never seen before coming to Oak Ridge.

"Naturally, I was very proud when I heard we had won the atomic race. It gives a guy a bang to know he had a part in a scientific achievement like that, even though it was a lowly part, like shining up the ladies' rest room."

Shortly before the war, Junior had secured several department stores as an entirely new category of clients for his company. He won most of them with the argument: "You wouldn't put a $50-a-week straw boss in charge of a quarter-million-dollar-a-year department." (Many stores spend more than that on cleaning.)

Allied now supplies the complete staffs—from lowly dusters to lordly doormen—required to operate the buildings housing 16 of New York's best-known stores.

"Read it yourself! The invitation plainly says 'Dress Optional'!"

Its largest force in a single store, 250, is at Saks Fifth Avenue, probably the best-known quality store in the country.

Last fall, Saks' head window designer asked O. H. Monahan, Allied's chief engineer at the store, if he could give a deep-sleep-breathing motion to the breast of a dummy he proposed to bed down in a show window. The engineer devised a Rube Goldberg electrical mechanism that inflated and deflated a bellows arrangement.

The bellows was concealed beneath a fine lacy nightgown, under a silken comforter that covered the bosom of one of Saks' most lifelike figures. The waxen lady was laid out alluringly in a period-piece bed as part of an ornate boudoir scene in the store's window at the corner of Fifth Avenue and 49th Street.

The effect was sensational. Crowds sometimes 10 deep lined the sidewalk to speculate on whether the lovely lady was really alive. Bernard Gimbel, president of Saks, ordered the dummy left in the window for a month instead of the week originally planned. The store received innumerable letters both from admiring kibitzers and from store owners, who wanted information on how to copy the display.

In replying to the latter, Monahan felt an understandable hesitancy in disclosing the true nature of the bellows that had caused the rhythmic heaving of the beauty's breast. He had chosen as the instrument to perform this delicate function—because it was strong and about the right size—one of those tire-shaped inflatable rubber contraptions designed to comfort quite another part of the human body.

It was at about the time Junior's department-store cleaning was catching on a dozen years ago that Larry MacPhail, then president of the Yankees, hired Allied to clean and operate Yankee Stadium, and MacPhail convinced Walter O'Malley, Dodger president, to do likewise. As a result Junior and his men, who have been in baseball ever since, have learned some interesting ground-keeping tricks. One is a positive gem:

If the home team has faster runners and better bunters than the visitors—and the pennant race is tight enough to warrant the extra trouble—ground-keepers can tilt the turf along the base paths so that bunts tend to roll fair. If the visitors have the faster runners and better bunters, the turf may be slanted the other way so that bunts roll foul.

In 1946, shortly before the ball parks were persuaded to become clients, Junior and his right-hand man, Amos Buckley, while thinking of new business, decided there were great janitorial opportunities in the ground-servicing of airplanes. At the time, each airline provided its own staffs at the various airports to clean its offices and hangars, service and gas its planes, and handle its passengers, baggage and freight. Junior and Buckley persuaded the lines to let Allied consolidate these services at La Guardia Field, New York.

After six months Allied had saved three airlines—Pan American, TWA and American Overseas—$384,000 at La Guardia alone. The company has continued to expand these services until its airport work accounts for a third of its income, and Allied has become the largest servicer of airlines in the world. It operates now at the three main airports serving Greater New York, at National Airport in Washington, and at municipal airports in Boston, Cleveland, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Dallas, Fort Worth, New Orleans, and Minneapolis-St. Paul, and it will

probably expand into the large West Coast airports, now that the firm is out there with the Dodgers.

Half the Allied force of 500 at New York International Airport operate 110 tanker trucks to fuel a monthly average of 8,000 planes in winter to as many as 12,000 in summer, with from 25 gallons (for light planes and helicopters) to 10,000 gallons for the new British Bristol Britannia turbo-jets.

The other half of the force, besides doing conventional cleaning, operate the passenger ramps and the air-conditioning units for planes on the ground. One unfortunately frequent assignment is to dig in the honey-buckets (the chemical toilets on planes) for diamond rings that lady passengers drop accidentally now and then. Allied men build corrals in cargo planes for hauling sheep and feed whale meat to shipments of minks en route to Paris, and there is usually on the payroll a groom to handle spirited race horses that commute across the Atlantic.

In 1948 the six airlines then using the International Airport at Gander employed Allied to consolidate ground servicing there. Junior, Amos Buckley, and a couple of Allied employes moved in and began to consolidate. They cut the force of mechanics from 150 to about 40. This number is still sufficient to maintain the engines of all airplanes stopping at Gander, although 14 lines now use the airport and traffic has increased several hundred percent since 1948. They reduced the half-a-dozen groups of dish-pan specialists to 10 persons in all who use a large dishwashing machine to clean on an average summer day 32,500 pieces of china, 19,500 pieces of silver and about 20,000 glasses.

Among the duties of Allied's 160 men at Gander are chasing bear and moose off the snowy runways. They also keep a coffin or two on hand for the bodies of plane passengers who die en route. These are usually elderly people, overcome by the emotion of visiting the Old Country for the last time. Now and then Allied's men rush to the local hospital with some pregnant mother passenger, excited by the flight, who decides to give birth ahead of time.

The area's best hunting and fishing are enjoyed by Junior, the officials of his firm, and their friends at the Honey-Bucket and Rod Club that Junior built eight years ago 40 miles northeast of the airport on an island in the Gander River. It can be reached only by air or canoe, and it may be the only hunting and fishing camp in the great north woods equipped with a sauna, a Finnish bath in which steam is produced by pouring water over hot stones.

The steam bath is a requirement of Junior, who, true to his Scandinavian ancestry, requires this kind of purge frequently for relaxation and thought. He has an even more elaborate sauna, with a den, kitchen and wine cellar attached, back of his residence at Scarsdale, New York, where he lives with his wife Rita and two 'teen-age daughters, Sarah and Martha. Junior likes to sit over the hot stones two or three times a week and brood about janitorial matters.

Don McCampbell, formerly with TWA and one of several young executives Junior has hired from the airlines, says that choosing a Finnish bath, rather than an executive suite, to mull over problems is part of Junior's off-beat business nature.

"Dan is a guy in a rough, tough business who must deal with tough labor men constantly," McCampbell observes. "Yet Dan has very high tastes and fine sensibilities. The labor folks sense this, and respect him for it. He gets along fine with the unions, as he does with his own staff. He doesn't rationalize problems like a normal executive. He has an instinctive feel for the right thing. He is imaginative, impulsive and a dreamer."

Junior says it is hard for him to see why cleaning did not become Big Business before now.

"Usually," Junior says, "the important matter of how to clean a new building is beneath the consideration of its designers. That new 15-story control tower at Idlewild, for example, has transparent glass walls, and the top few stories have to be washed every day. Yet it was built without any arrangement to swing cleaning scaffolds. We had to have that done after the tower was finished and we got the cleaning contract.

"There is just about more dirt than anything else on earth," he points out. "That is why ours is a good business. Depressions can come and recessions can go, and political administrations can rise and fall. But there is always dirt around that needs pushing from where it is to somewhere else. There is always a demand for our services."

And then, having finished philosophising on the state of his calling, Junior gets a twinkle in his eye and switches to the more light-hearted aspects of the business. There are, for example, the doings Allied has had with cargo on the hoof.

Animal passengers, Junior recalls, have afforded some of the company's more enlivening experiences. Occasionally its men will open the door of a newly landed plane loaded with monkeys whose cages have broken open during a rough flight. Thereafter, Allied's more fleet-footed employes may spend days chasing simians about the landscape. The same thing has happened with canaries, which have whipped from their planes when the doors were opened in what Junior describes as "a yellow cloud." Uncaptured canaries, along with a few other exotic feathered escapees, have mingled with the local birds to make a kind of free-floating world aviary around La Guardia.

Best of all, though, was the unfortunate case of the costly Russian-blue cat, a female, that escaped in transit at the airport. While Allied's people were calling kitty, kitty all over the place, the hussy was busy getting herself pregnant by a local tom. Before she was recaptured several weeks later, she had borne a litter. And that is why many cats residing in the La Guardia sector of Long Island are notable, to this day, for prominent touches of blue upon their coats.

It's evident that there are other compensations to Junior in the business of moving dirt than just the belief that grime always pays.—**Rufus Jarman**

America's Mystery Giant

[*Continued from page* 44]

ing that it could not be laughed off by those cynics who cannot accept anything they do not understand. And from the day it became known, the *Sasquatch* began emerging from the misty land of legend into the cold light of the twentieth century.

Roe's account of his remarkable experience is a matter of public record. He has described it in his own words, and has made a sworn statement as to its authenticity before a public solicitor. Before letting him tell his story, there are two things I would like to make clear. First, Roe is a man who has spent most of his life in the outdoors, he is a veteran hunter, and when he sees a bear he does not get hysterical and think it is something else.

Second, while "sworn statements" may not cut too much ice in this country, they mean a very great deal in Canada and other parts of the British Empire. Canadians have an intense respect for the Law, and their laws are quite a lot more stringent than ours. If you make a sworn statement to legal authority in the presence of witnesses you sign your honor to it. If you lie, you are held responsible. If it is proved for any reason later that you lied, you have committed perjury, and you are liable for whatever injuries your lies may have caused. A Canadian thinks more than twice before he goes before a justice of the peace and makes a sworn statement. So, with the kind permission of Mr. Roe himself and of Mr. John Green of the *Agassiz-Harrison Advance*, who persuaded Roe to make his experience known, I give you the former's statement verbatim. It reads:

Affidavit

I, W. Roe, of the City of Edmonton, in the province of Alberta make oath and say,

(1) That the exhibit A, attached to this, my affidavit, is absolutely true and correct in all details.

Sworn before me in the City of Edmonton, Province of Alberta, this 26th day of August, A.D. 1957.

(Signed) William Roe
(Signed) by W. H. Clark
Assistant Claims Agent
Number D. D. 2822

"EXHIBIT A.

"Ever since I was a small boy back in the forests of Michigan I have studied the lives and habits of wild animals. Later when I supported my family in northern Alberta by hunting and trapping, I spent many hours just observing the wild things. They fascinated me. The most incredible experience I ever had with a wild creature occurred near a little place called Tête Jaune Câche, British Columbia, about 80 miles west of Jasper, Alberta.

"I had been working on the highway near this place Tête Jaune Câche for about two years. In October, 1955, I decided to climb five miles up Mica Mountain to an old deserted mine, just for something to do. I came in sight of the mine about 3 o'clock in the afternoon after an easy climb. I had just come out of a patch of low brush into a clearing, when I saw what I thought was a grizzly bear in the brush on the other side. I had shot a grizzly near that spot the year before. This one was only about 75 yards away, but I didn't want to shoot it, for I had no way of getting it out. So I sat down on a small rock and watched, with my rifle in my hand.

"I could just see part of the animal's head and the top of one shoulder. A moment later it raised up and stepped out into the opening. Then I saw it wasn't a bear.

"This to the best of my recollection is what the creature looked like and how it acted as it came across the clearing directly towards me. My first impression was of a huge man about six feet tall, almost three feet wide, and probably weighing somewhere near 300 pounds. It was covered from head to foot with dark brown, silver-tipped hair. But as it came closer I saw by its breasts that it was female.

"And yet, its torso was not curved like a female's. Its broad frame was straight from shoulder to hip. Its arms were much thicker than a man's arms and longer, reaching almost to its knees. Its feet were broader proportionately than a man's, about five inches wide in the front and tapering to much thinner heels. When it walked it placed the heel of its foot down first, and I could see the grey-brown skin or hide on the soles of its feet.

"It came to the edge of the bush I was hiding in, within twenty feet of me, and squatted down on its haunches. Reaching out its hands it pulled the branches of bushes towards it and stripped the leaves with its teeth. Its lips curled flexibly around the leaves as it ate. I was close enough to see that its teeth were white and even.

"The shape of this creature's head somewhat resembled a Negro's. The head was higher at the back than at the front. The nose was broad and flat. The lips and chin protruded farther than its nose. But the hair that covered it, leaving bare only the parts of its face around the mouth, nose and ears, made it resemble an animal as much as a human. None of this hair, even on the back of its head, was longer than an inch, and that on its face much shorter. Its ears were shaped like a human's ears. But its eyes were small and black like a bear's. And its neck also was unhuman, thicker and shorter than any man's I have ever seen.

"As I watched this creature I wondered if some movie company was making a film in this place and that what I saw was an actor made up to look partly human, partly animal. But as I observed it more I decided it would be impossible to fake such a specimen. Anyway, I learned later there was no such company

TRUE

"I won't need you anymore, Miss La Rue."

"I think Tom is ready for a refill."

near that area. Nor, in fact, did anyone live up Mica Mountain, according to the people who lived in Tête Jaune Câche.

"Finally, the wild thing must have got my scent, for it looked directly at me through an opening in the brush. A look of amazement crossed its face. It looked so comical at that moment I had to grin. Still in a crouched position, it backed up three or four short steps, then straightened up to its full height and started to walk rapidly back the way it had come. For a moment it watched me over its shoulder as it went, not exactly afraid, but as though it wanted no contact with anything strange.

"The thought came to me that if I shot it I would possibly have a specimen of great interest to scientists the world over. I had heard stories about the *Sasquatch*, the giant hairy Indians that live in the legend of the Indians of British Columbia and also, many claim, are still in fact alive today. Maybe this was a *Sasquatch*, I told myself.

"I levelled my rifle. The creature was still walking rapidly away, again turning its head to look in my direction. I lowered the rifle. Although I have called the creature 'it,' I felt now that it was a human being, and I knew I would never forgive myself if I killed it.

"Just as it came to the other patch of brush it threw its head back and made a peculiar noise that seemed to be half laugh and half language, and which I could only describe as a kind of a whinny. Then it walked from the small brush into a stand of lodge-pole pines.

"I stepped out into the opening and looked across a small ridge just beyond the pine to see if I could see it again. It came out on the ridge a couple of hundred yards away from me, tipped its head back again, and again emitted the only sound I had heard it make, but what this half-laugh, half-language was meant to convey I do not know. It disappeared then, and I never saw it again.

"I wanted to find out if it lived on vegetation entirely or ate meat as well, so I went down and looked for signs. I found it in five different places, and although I examined it thoroughly, could find no hair or shells, or bugs or insects. So I believe it was strictly a vegetarian." *(Author's note: I presume he is referring here to droppings or faeces of this creature, of which he says he found evidence in five different places.)*

"I found one place where it had slept for a couple of nights under a tree. Now, the nights were cool up the mountain at this time of year especially, and yet it had not used a fire. I found no signs that it possessed even the simplest of tools. Nor did I find any signs that it had a single companion while in this place.

"Whether this creature was a *Sasquatch* I do not know. It will always remain a mystery to me unless another one is found.

"I hereby declare the above statement to be in every part true, to the best of my powers of observation and recollection.

(Signed) William Roe"

Stories about the *Sasquatch* have been appearing in print from time to time since the 1860's, and I have clippings in my files from almost every year since the early 1920's. But the modern history of the *Sasquatch* really dates from September, 1941, when one of these creatures paid a visit—in broad daylight—to an Indian family named Chapman. While the Amerindian stories have usually been dismissed as legend, or laughed off because Indians are not supposed to be reliable, this experience was accompanied by too much physical evidence to be ignored.

The Chapman family consisted of George and Jeannie Chapman and children numbering, as of my visit, four. Mr. Chapman worked on the railroad, and was living at that time in a small place called Ruby Creek, 30 miles up the Fraser River from Agassiz, British Columbia, in Canada's great western province.

It was about 3 in the afternoon of a sunny, cloudless day when Jeannie Chapman's eldest son, then aged 9, came running to the house saying that there was a cow coming down out of the woods at the foot of the nearby mountain. The other kids, a boy aged 7 and a little girl of 5, were still playing in a field behind the house bordering on the rail track.

Mrs. Chapman went out to look, since the boy seemed oddly disturbed, and then saw what she at first thought was a very big bear moving about among the bushes bordering the field beyond the railroad tracks. She called the two smaller children who came running immediately. Then the creature moved out onto the tracks and she saw to her horror that it was a gigantic man covered with *hair*, not fur. The hair seemed to be about four inches long all over, and of a pale yellow-brown color. To pin down this color Mrs. Chapman pointed out to me a sheet of lightly varnished plywood in the room where we were sitting. This was of a brownish-ochre color.

This creature advanced directly toward the house and Mrs. Chapman had, as she put it, "much too much time to look at it" because she stood her ground outside while the eldest boy—on her instructions—got a blanket from the house and rounded up the other children. The kids were in a near panic, she told us, and it took two or three minutes to get the blanket, during which time the creature had reached the near corner of the field only about 100 feet away from her. Mrs. Chapman then spread the blanket and, holding it aloft so that the kids could not see the creature or it them, she backed off at the double to the old field and down on to the river beach out of sight, and then ran with the kids downstream to the village.

I asked her a leading question about the blanket. Had her purpose in using it been to prevent her kids seeing the creature, in accord with an alleged Amerindian belief that to do so brings bad luck and often death? Her reply was both prompt and surprising. She said that, although she had heard *white men* tell of that belief, she had not heard it from her parents or any other of her people whose advice regarding the so-called *Sasquatch* had been simply not to go farther than certain points up certain valleys, to run if she saw one, but not to struggle if one caught her as it might squeeze her to death by mistake.

"No," she said, "I used the blanket because I thought it was after one of the kids and so might go into the house to look for them instead of following me." This seems to have been sound logic as the creature *did* go into the house and also rummaged through an outhouse pretty thoroughly, hauling from it a 55-

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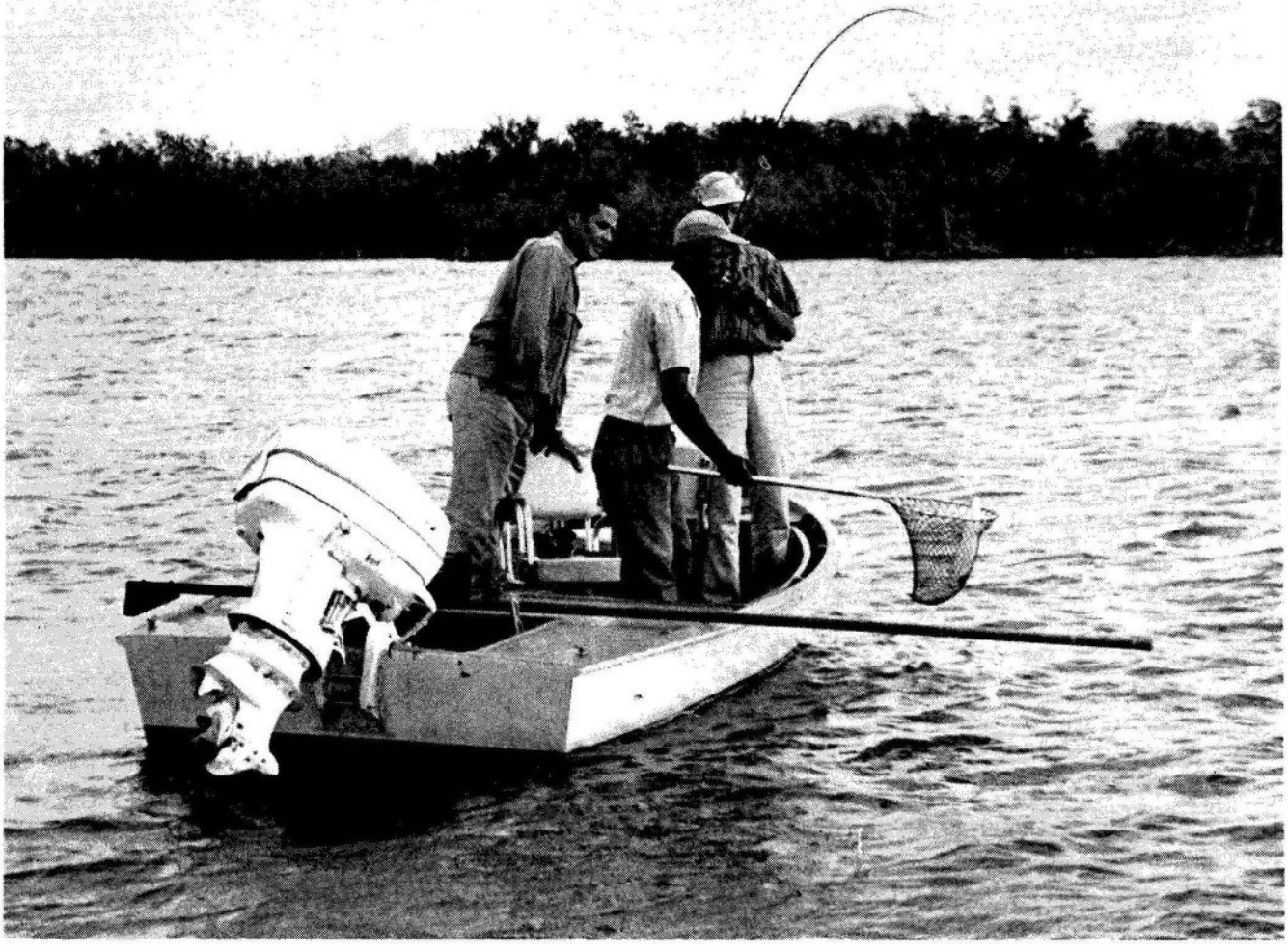
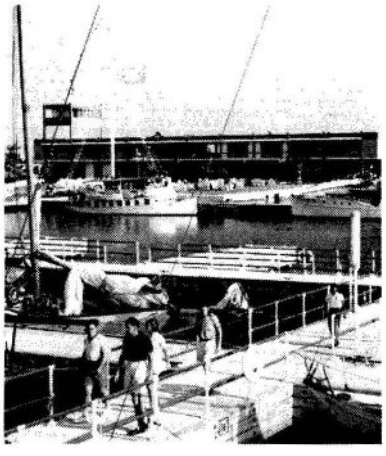
BOY MEETS BONEFISH...

off Isle of Pines, Cuba!





Not only on the Isle of Pines but throughout Cuba are modern sport fishing centers — boats, guides and gear to suit any fishing desire. Surprisingly reasonable rates are exceptionally easy on the wallet, too.

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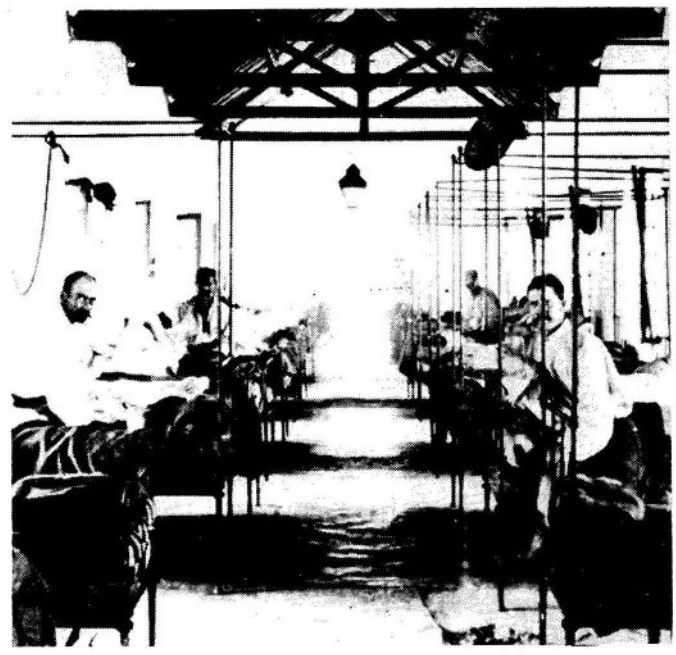


Hospital ward scene depicts disregard for sanitation, poor equipment—factors that combined to hasten death of many patients.

[*Continued from page 55*]

Guiana, the least vicious of all the prisons that make up the Devil's Island penal colony.

I was given Number 37,406; my thoughts turned to the 37,405 who had preceded me. The first few thousands, I knew, had been political foes of Napoleon, who founded Devil's Island because it was as far from France as he could send them and still keep them in French territory. During my stay, Devil's Island itself was still reserved for political prisoners, who lived like gentlemen in exile, with good food, good service, and the best of medical care. It was the other islands of the penal colony—Ile Royale and St. Joseph—and the prisons on the mainland that had made the words "Devil's Island" synonymous with all that is most loathsome and depraved.

As a 10-year prisoner instead of a lifer, I was tagged Second Class, and assigned to the Cayenne prison. The rest of those on the *La Loire* had been sent on to Ile Royale, reserved for Third Class prisoners, the most vicious and dangerous men in the colony. When a man proved to be too vicious even for Ile Royale, which has held the most notorious murderers, gang leaders, and lone outlaws of the past hundred years, he was moved on to Ile du St. Joseph for the additional punishment few men ever survived. There, while he lived, he mingled with the lowest class of all—those who had tried to escape and failed.

I soon learned that there were other hell-holes, too, and that a prisoner could be sent to them at the slightest whim of one of the guards. There was Morin, a lumber camp known as the Camp of Death—malarial mosquitoes and poisonous snakes swarmed in the swamps surrounding it. Another was the Camp of Miracles, so named because only a miracle could return a convict from it alive. It was the last stop for the blind, the crippled or those in the final stages of tuberculosis, syphilis, or any of an assortment of tropical diseases, few of which were ever treated.

I was to meet all of these in time, but first I was to know Cayenne. Apparently the report on me was favorable—or else the commandant did not feel that my crime had been serious. I was turned over to Public Works, given a crude broom made of palm fronds, and marched out with a work detail to the main street paralleling the harbor. It was also the street used by all the horses and roaming cattle in Cayenne. We were told to start sweeping.

The four guards did not wait to see if we swept or not. Neither did the veteran convicts in the detail. Within five minutes I was alone in the street with my broom. I wandered unmolested down to the docks and stared at the water. There was no place to go. The jungle was all around, and no one was going to escape by swimming the shark-filled ocean beyond the harbor. If I had not been seething with resentment, I might have enjoyed myself.

Cayenne is a beautiful town, and if it can escape the tormented souls of those prisoners who died there, it might some day become an attractive tourist center like other resorts in the Caribbean. It is quaintly French, filled with flowers of a hundred brilliant varieties. Its streets are lined with palms up to 80 feet high, and the harbor is as beautiful as any I have seen. But while I was there the prison was its sole reason for existence, and all of the families there lived in one way or another on the convicts. The men worked for the prison as officials or guards, or they lived on the products of our labor—lumber from the forestry camps, hand carvings, butterfly collections, or anything the convicts or *libérés* could put a hand to that would make a penny.

A word on the *libérés*: during the years of which I am writing, the laws that sent a man to Devil's Island were cruelly designed to keep him there for life . . . no matter what his original sentence. After a prisoner had served his term, he was liberated—became a *libéré*—but the law prevented him from returning to his native land. He must remain forever in French Guiana, and make his way as best he could, scrapping like a dog in the back alleys for his food. The system was as vicious as any in man's history, and its effects on its victims was unbelievably monstrous, as I came to learn.

I was at first not only a lucky convict, but a pampered one. Each day at 4 p.m., after a minimum of sweeping, our detail reported to a local saloon where we were paid—actually paid—by the Cayenne Public Works one large glass of wine and a package of tobacco. Back in our cells by 5 p.m., we could barter our tobacco for all sorts of privileges. Food being in short supply, I rolled my tobacco into cigarettes and traded them off for extra portions of soup, fried bananas, and the like. If meat was on the plates, I might give up a whole ounce of tobacco for a few small morsels. Compared to the "inside" prisoners who slaved endlessly splitting chunks of log into shingles without pay, I was as rich as a king.

Within a couple of months I was able to convince my guards they were wasting my talents in limiting me to a broom. A strong, ambitious young man like me, I pointed out, could make a lot of money working on the docks—and I would be more than willing to split my earnings with them.

This was the kind of language they could understand. I soon had several deals going along the waterfront. I began by handling cargo for the small steamships that docked at the main pier, but I soon saw that more money could be made if I could get a large rowboat, and ferry passengers to and from the larger ships that anchored out in deep water.

My guards had no objections to an increased income. They even located a large skiff for me that I could rent by halving my income again. I would be keeping only a quarter of what I made, but that was all right with me. Now that I had access to the passenger-carrying ships, I developed a profitable sideline selling curios—mahogany statues, carved coconut heads, sea-shell jewelry, serving trays with tropical butterflies pressed under a sheet of glass, and other trinkets. No one could check on the difference between what I paid the convicts for their art objects and what I sold them for on the ships, and no one could check on the tips I received for ferrying passengers. I was doing all right.

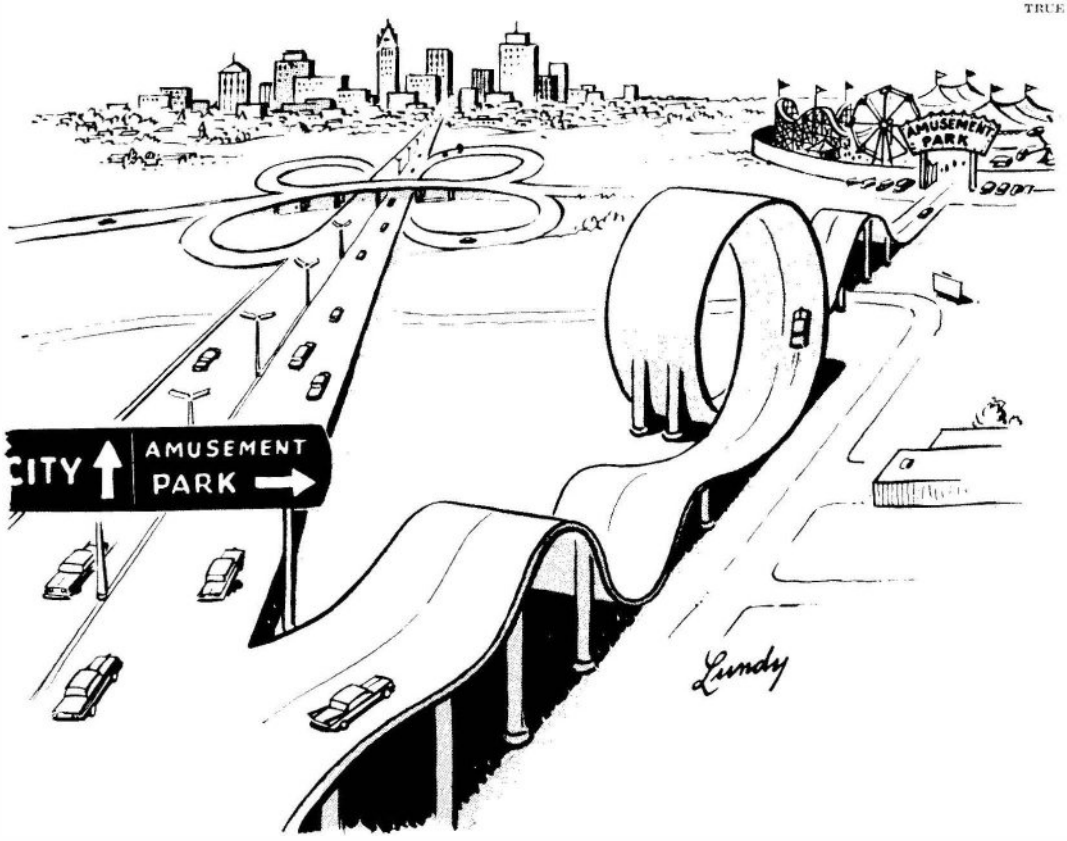
At the end of six months I was without doubt the most favored prisoner in all the Devil's Island colonies. I was taking my meals at a waterfront café, standing treat for the guards at their own grog shops, and reading in my cell at night by the light of my own candles while other prisoners, sometimes 10 to a cell, paced restlessly in the dark until exhaustion brought them cramped sleep in a space three feet by four.

It was unthinkable that a prisoner in my circumstances, knowing what the inevitable penalty would be if captured, would try to escape—and yet my chief reason for working the waterfront was to learn about boats and tides, and to accumulate the money that would make escape possible.

My efforts soon hit a snag. One day, while I was loading mahogany at the pier, a native I was working with suddenly dropped his end of the heavy plank we were carrying. The sharp

jerk was enough to throw me off balance; instinctively I made a grab for the plank to save my feet. Before I could recover, the plank had crashed to the deck, crushing my right thumb.

Half fainting with pain, I made my way back to the penitentiary infirmary where a young doctor, working without anesthetics, removed the torn thumbnail and manipulated the shattered bones into place. The ripping away of the thumbnail and the pushing-around of the grating bones was a torture that left me sick with shock for hours. The doctor, a competent man, thought nothing of it. He had performed amputations on men brought in from the lumber camps with crushed arms and legs, using no anesthetics because he had none. If they could take it and survive—which some did—then I could take a little thumb injury.



My college education now stood me in good stead. Incapacitated for manual labor, I was assigned to work in the records department of the penitentiary which was housed in a large room adjacent to the infirmary. Three educated convicts, who also doubled as medical orderlies, kept the records. Because there had been a large number of accidents, they had gotten far behind in their filing. They were so glad to get a helper that they at once put me to work on a huge stack of fingerprint records.

It was easy to see why they had fallen behind. Each incoming prisoner was fingerprinted three times, one set of records going to headquarters on Ile Royale, a second set remaining at Cayenne, and the third set going with the prisoner wherever he might be assigned. At the same time, when prisoners died, which they did almost as fast as new ones were brought in, their prints had to be removed from the active file and placed in what was aptly called "dead storage."

I spent nearly a week catching up on the "dead ones," and then started in on the huge pile of "incoming" records. Almost the first set of fingerprints I came across was my own. That was to be expected, no new prisoners having arrived since the last visit of *La Loire*—but still it was a shock to me to see my name, number, fingerprints, and one-word description—"murderer." Automatically, I began sorting them—one set for Ile Royale, one set for Cayenne Penitentiary, and the last set for Cayenne—resident. And there I stopped.

I was alone in the record room. In less than five minutes, with a few strokes of the pen, I had exchanged my prison number for that of a dead man; now my prints were in dead storage under another number, and his were in the active file under my number. I felt quite proud of my fast thinking. Time and again prisoners had escaped to Georgetown, or Trinidad, or even Havana, only to be fingerprinted by local authorities and returned to torture and solitary confinement. In transferring my records to dead storage, I had eliminated that hazard. I was still too new and too young to know a greater hazard still existed—that Devil's Island puts a stamp on a man that identifies him as surely as his fingerprints.

As a record clerk I almost betrayed myself with my own efficiency. The three convicts in charge were determined to keep me with them to ease their burden, and it was only by promising them graft in the form of smuggled wine and tobacco that they finally let me return to the waterfront when my thumb healed.

I was back on the docks only a week when I got my first lesson in what Devil's Island was really like. It was the day the French mail boat arrived in Cayenne on its monthly visit, and I was as usual out there in my skiff, ready to carry passengers or sell curios. Unbeknownst to me, the prison manager from Ile Royale was expecting important letters, and had come to pick up his mail. He was already on the mail boat when I came alongside the landing stage.

I was just making fast when a woman descending the steep, wave-tossed gangplank either slipped or was pitched into the water. Instantly I plunged in after her. I wish it had been an easy rescue, but it wasn't. I was a strong swimmer, having spent a good part of my boyhood in the harbor at Algiers, but the frantic, struggling woman in her voluminous skirts nearly drowned me before a rescue boat could save us from the fierce tide. All the passengers were on deck to watch the excitement, and a great fuss was made over me when I was brought up, dripping, in my convict garb.

I could have done without all that acclaim. The prison manager, the most powerful man in French Guiana, could not ignore me, nor could he ignore the fact that I, a convict, was rowing freely around the Cayenne harbor, selling curios and ferrying passengers for goodly fees.

I am experienced enough now to know he had little choice, and what he did he had to do, but at the time I could only feel that I was the victim of the rankest form of injustice. The manager ordered an investigation of the Cayenne prison from top to bottom. The four guards in charge of Public Works detail were transferred to lumber camps far back in the jungle. The street-sweeping convicts were sent back to splitting shingles in prison, and I, who was the cause of it all, was classified as a Prisoner Third Class and sentenced to Ile Royale for 30 days of solitary confinement.

Since that first experience with solitary confinement, whenever I have had my choice between solitary and the lash, I have always taken the lash. It cuts you up and cripples you for a few days, but if the flies don't get at your wounds and produce infection, only your body suffers briefly, and not your mind. Solitary confinement wrecks both.

You are in a rock-walled hole, with the bars overhead open to the sky, the flies, and the mosquitoes. The first day lasts

forever. Your mind fixes on a thought it does not want and refuses to leave it. I heard my father say, "Better you had been born dead," and then, no matter how hard I might try to think of my schools days, or of my art work, or boxing, or Corita, he would always intervene to repeat his deadly remark. I could say he did this hour after hour, but that would suggest that time was passing. Time does not pass in solitary. It is eternity. He might say his line a thousand times, and still five minutes would not have passed. This is not just imagination. When the guard from the outside world announces your 30 or 60 days are up, he is only that much older. You have aged beyond the power of man to measure.

Still, I did find myself prepared to meet it. At first I came close to madness at the crass injustice of it all. I had been sent to Devil's Island for killing a man—that was within the realm of reason. But to be placed in solitary confinement for saving a woman—I screamed aloud. Then one day I sat down calmly and chewed a nail out of the heel of my shoe. With the nail I began carving a bas relief design in the rotting stone of my pit, and sanity returned. The three figures I completed may still be there.

I survived solitary, but when I emerged from the pit, staggering because my legs could hardly carry me, I was still a Prisoner Third Class facing a sentence at hard labor. They sent me to Mount Tabo, a peculiar outcropping of rock a few miles up the Comte River from Cayenne. There, 10 hours a day, I performed the traditional task of the convict, breaking large rocks into little ones. The futility of the work was the most killing part of it. After breaking the stone, we carried it in 60-pound sacks to a swamp two miles away, and dumped it in. We were supposed to be building a road that would connect Morin lumber camp with Cayenne, but in all my years on Devil's Island that road hadn't progressed a hundred yards. Thousands of tons of stone had been dumped into the swamp, and hundreds of men had died at the task, and for what? The swamp was bottomless.

But again I was able to make my task endurable. Stone to the other convicts was something to be smashed. To me it was a part of my trade as a sculptor, and while there were days when I went nearly mad with frustration because I could not complete a work, most of the time I found some amusement in trying to crack rock into predetermined shapes, even rough-hewing some of the larger boulders into recognizable heads with my sledge hammer.

It wouldn't be Devil's Island if I was permitted to continue that kind of work. One day a guard recognized my crude attempt at sculpture and because it looked like I might be drawing some small enjoyment from it, he transferred me to the small rock pile.

The small rock pile was reserved for the toughest convicts and those who had displeased the guards. Here the work was so endless, with the lash always ready for the laggard, that even the chance to carry a sack of rock to the jungle road would have been welcomed as a break in the monotony.

Yet in a way my transfer was fortunate. On the same rock pile with me were two men who had twice attempted to escape. For their first attempt they had each served 60 days in solitary confinement, and had then been sent to the Morin lumber camp for 10 years at hard labor. For trying to escape from there, floating at night down the river on a crude raft, they had been given 120 days each in solitary and then sent to the rock pile for life. Actually it was a death sentence, three years on the pile being about the limit a strong man could survive. The pair was ready for their third try.

They needed money; I hadn't been on the pile an hour before they were questioning me about my resources. I admitted to nothing. Among these desperate men a man with a thousand francs was like a lamb in a lion's den.

A whip cracked then, enforcing the no-talking rule, and not for another two weeks were we able to exchange words. At night I was chained by the ankle in one open, thatched-roof shelter, and they were chained in another. Yet there is communion among prisoners even in silence, and at the end of two weeks of mutual suffering on the pile, I felt I knew these two men better than if we had grown up together. They were bearded, evil-eyed, ragged, and filthy with rock dust, and back in civilian life I would have fled from them on sight. But I, too, was bearded, evil-eyed, and filthy, and, somehow, I knew that I could trust them. Prison does curious things to a man's sense of intuition. There were also men in our camp whom I loathed with a violent passion, though I had never spoken to them.

One afternoon a convict struck a rock that practically exploded under his hammer. Such bursts were frequent, and the loss of an eye or a few teeth was commonplace. But this time it was a guard who was felled by a chunk of rock. At once the other guards came to his aid, and in the confusion the three of us on our pile were forgotten. We began talking immediately, taking up the conversation as though we had already been talking for hours.

It developed that in their escape from Morin, they had concealed their raft one dawn near the jungle camp of a *libéré* who was eking out a living shaping mahogany planks for a boat-builder in Cayenne. He had proved to be friendly, and they had spent nearly a week with him while he kept them supplied with fresh fish and coconuts. He knew every sea-worthy boat not only on the Comte River but also on the Mayourie, 14 miles through the jungle to the west. A convict with money might find such a boat cast adrift on some moonless night, and with still more money for supplies, he might find himself presently on the high seas.

Without hesitation I announced that I had enough money in my *plan*, and more in safe-keeping with an honest saloon-owner in Cayenne, to pay the exorbitant price demanded for a boat.

I must explain that a *plan* is a rectal suppository used by all convicts. A convict, having no pockets in which to carry his small valuables, and not daring to leave them in his cell where they would certainly be stolen, packs them into a hollow cylinder made of bone, aluminum, or zinc. In my aluminum *plan* I had rolled five bills of a thousand francs each, which was a fortune on Devil's Island. I had a similar amount in Cayenne.

As I told them about the money, the two convicts were darting nervous glances around the quarry. Only one armed guard had been left on duty, the rest having helped carry their unconscious comrade back to the main camp. They didn't ask proof of my story any more than I had asked proof of theirs.

"Start working around this rock pile," said one, "and when we get around to the other side, head for the jungle. We can scheme for ten years and never get another chance like this."

Five minutes later we were gone. Five minutes after that we heard three shots sounding the alarm, but we were not worried. Until reenforcements came from the main camp, there would be no pursuit. Nor did we have to worry about bloodhounds. What few had survived the heat had proven useless in a jungle country made up of swamps and rivers.

By nightfall we knew we were safe. No guards would go sloshing around in the pitch-blackness of the jungle after three desperate convicts who might be waiting in silent ambush. We waded, swam, and mucked our way to the river, and by morning we were deep in the jungle on the other side.

In all, six *libérés* helped get the boat and load it with supplies. Since the reward for turning us in was 150 francs, I paid out the same amount to each for not turning us in. After paying the boat owner and buying supplies, we had not a franc left the night we put out to sea.

Five days later, having encountered no weather we could not meet with our limited ability in seamanship, we landed at a lumber camp at the mouth of a large river, and were boisterously made welcome by a crew made up of an even mixture of Dutch and British colonials. The river, we were informed, was the Corentyne which formed the boundary between Dutch and British Guiana. We were out of French territory, and free.

That we had no money made no difference. The crew was short-handed and we were put on the payroll as lumbermen. They took us about eight miles up the river to a deserted lumber camp and told us to clean out the underbrush and ready-up the thatched huts for a new work crew that would arrive in four days. They left us ample food for a week, and waved cheerful farewells as they shoved off down-river in our boat.

Two weeks later and desperately hungry, we knew we had been taken. I could not believe free people would do that to helpless refugees from Devil's Island, but my two companions had lost all belief in man's humanity to man. Savagely they chopped some dry logs into 12-foot lengths and roped them

together for a raft. But no sooner had we launched it and poled into the current than a British patrol boat picked us up. Our friendly lumbermen, for no other reason than to get our well-made mahogany boat, had reported us to the British. In later years I was to encounter a lot of sadistic guards on Devil's Island, but I could never regard them with the complete contempt I reserve for those lumbermen in the Dutch camp on the Corentyne.

Fortunately I could speak English, and when I had rather heatedly made clear the facts of our betrayal, the police captain was nearly as appalled as we were. He had his duty to perform, which was to ship us the next day to headquarters in Georgetown, 300 miles down the coast to the west, but with us he sent a long covering letter in which he had little good to say about the men who had turned us in.

In Georgetown the chief of police read the letter and did his duty. He took our fingerprints, and announced that they would be forwarded to Devil's Island by the first boat, which would not be leaving for several days. In the meantime, because we were charged with no crimes, he did not think it fair to jail us. Until confirmation came back from the Island that we actually were fugitives—he dug into his pocket and handed us each an English pound—he did not see how he could control our movements as long as we behaved ourselves.

We walked out onto the street and discovered we were local celebrities. British Guiana was in the midst of a big boom in sugar, rice, and rubber, and could not import labor fast enough from Africa, India and China. White men were in desperate demand to act as overseers, and we were deluged with offers of work before we had walked a hundred yards.

The three of us talked it over that night in a hotel room provided us by a rubber company. My two companions wanted no more of South America. Their hope was to work long enough in Georgetown to earn passage to Panama, and to get jobs there with an American company that might in time send them to the United States. They now explained that while they had been convicted of smuggling in French Morocco, they were actually French-born citizens of Spanish Morocco. Because there was little love lost between the neighboring countries, they were sure they had only to appeal to a Spanish consul anywhere to be restored to full citizenship.

As a man without a country, I could appeal to no one—but past events were still to come to my rescue. Because I was a graduate of an agricultural college, I was offered the magnificent salary of 300 gulden a month to work as a supervisor for the Weeks Company, an international rubber corporation with large plantations in both British and Dutch Guiana.

For four wonderful, long, free years I was in charge of developing new rubber plantations and exploring the jungle for new sources of wild rubber. Sometimes I was gone for months with Indian crews, learning to live as they did, and to speak their language. Once, for six months, I lived with a jungle tribe of Ashanti Negroes, whose ancestors had been brought in as slaves by the Dutch to work the cotton and sugar cane fields. It was one of the few mistakes the thrifty Dutch ever made. Their slaves found the South American jungle so much like home that they just slipped away into it. The villages they founded were in every respect like the villages they had been lured away from in the African jungle. They still are.

I can honestly say I did well by my company. The new plantations flourished, and I opened thousands of acres of native rubber trees to profitable harvesting. And my company did well by me. In the company office at Nickerie, located on the Dutch side of the Corentyne River, I had several thousand gulden deposited to my credit, and a friendly company lawyer was working to make me a naturalized citizen.

At this point, fate stepped in again. Over in British Guiana, a huge, half-crazed criminal sentenced to hang for a dozen murders threw off his British guards and escaped into jungle. His name was Boy Peel, and he was one bad boy, still mentioned with awe in Georgetown. His progress toward Dutch Guiana was easily followed. He moved from one isolated plantation to the next, simply killing everyone in sight before helping himself.

Because we knew he was heading in our direction, I had everyone at the new plantation I was starting on the alert—but it was I who met him first. One afternoon, I had just stooped to examine a small, lactescent pool at the foot of a rubber tree when a bullet thudded into the trunk where my head had been a moment before.

I was fast. My boxer's instinct plus four years of living with savages had made me so. I drew my pistol and fired into the puff of rifle smoke. I heard a cry, followed by the sound of a man crashing through the underbrush. But for the same reason no guard would follow a convict in the jungle, I made no effort to follow him.

Three days later, shot through the shoulder just above the lung cavity, Boy Peel staggered into Nickerie, preferring hanging to the more agonizing death that confronted him. He told the police where, why, and how he had been shot, and with Dutch thoroughness they came up the river to check his story. They even dug his bullet out of the rubber tree.

Then, after congratulating me warmly on ridding the country of its worst terrorist in years, the inspector added almost casually, "Too bad you didn't kill him. Now we'll have to spend thousands of gulden to try him. You, of course, will be our most important witness."

I don't know why I thought I could bluff my way through the trial. In Paramaribo the defense lawyers appointed by the High Court demanded that I establish my identity, and when I had no passport to produce, only one conclusion could be drawn—Devil's Island was less than a hundred miles away. The court accepted my testimony only because it was unthinkable that Boy Peel be released, and then I was deported. The judge's ruling was a confused one. Since he couldn't prove I was an escaped convict, and I couldn't prove I wasn't, the prison manager at St. Laurent Prison would have to decide.

The Dutch attorney general was more sympathetic. He allowed me to return to St. Laurent as a first class passenger, and assured me that if I returned with a letter from the prison manager that I was not a fugitive from Devil's Island, his office would refund my expenses. "But as a man with no passport—a man who cannot say how he arrived here—a man who speaks perfect French . . ." He shrugged.

Now all depended upon how well I had buried my fingerprints at Cayenne.

St. Laurent looked like any other jungle port, but you could smell and feel the prison. There was life in other ports; here, the hopeless *libérés* wandered around in their rags, uncared for and uncaring. I walked down the gangplank and almost the first man I saw was one of the medical orderlies from Cayenne.

"Let's look at the bright side, Miss Wilkins: It's the oldest profession in the world."

There, as a prisoner, he had been a man of importance with special privileges: a clean white uniform and nourishing hospital food. Now, his prison term expired, this picture of misery shuffled by me without lifting his head; I found myself shaking from the close encounter. There might be other *libérés* in St. Laurent who had known me as a convict at Cayenne, and while I was now well-dressed and clean-shaven, the first man to look directly at me would certainly recognize me. When you have been chained to a man and eaten slop with a man, you will know him, no matter what changes life might have brought him. Every moment in St. Laurent increased my danger.

I had been a long time in forming a plan of action. I knew I had to act outraged, furious at being snatched from a good job and compelled to visit Devil's Island because of a lot of foolish red tape. Who were the people on Devil's Island to reach all over the world and force free men to come to their stink-hole for an arbitrary inspection? It was a violation of all the rights—but there I was stopped. I was a man without a country, and therefore a man without rights. Why had I not called upon the French Consul, the German Consul, the American Consul—any consul—to prevent my deportation? How was I to explain the fact that I had no identification?

At this point, I recalled the story of a legionnaire in my company. He had arrived in Algeria from Tangiers with a simple excuse for his lack of papers. As a German soldier, he had gotten drunk one night or several nights—he couldn't remember. Anyway, his company had moved on without him, and fearing a charge of desertion, which in the German Army could mean 10 years at hard labor, he had fled.

It was a logical story, and no one questioned it. I decided to use it: through a misfortune in drinking I had deserted the French forces on the island of Martinique four years previously. It would explain my absence of papers, and still leave me free of the jurisdiction of Devil's Island. That I might be sent back to Martinique as a deserter didn't bother me. There I could definitely prove I was *not* a deserter, and I would be that much closer to freedom.

Having decided on my story, I left my valise in my room in the only decent hotel in town—one barred to *libérés*—and hired a horse-drawn coach to take me to the prison administration building. It was only a five-minute walk, but I wanted no chance encounters.

The prison officials were prepared for my coming. They had had long experience in dealing with innocent men wrongly sent to them. They attacked first: "From what prison did you escape, and when?"

I found myself on the defensive. "Escape?" I stammered. "I have never been here before."

"We will find out about that," snarled the man at the front desk. "Get in there and get fingerprinted."

They took 15 sets of my fingerprints, one set to be sent to each prison and labor camp. From the fingerprinting room I was taken into the prison doctor's office where I was stripped and searched to see if I was carrying a *plan*. The guard could not hold back a chortle when he found my wallet contained a fortune of 3,000 gulden. According to custom, any money found on a recaptured convict automatically became the property of the officials who got to it first. Now I knew every effort would be made to prove me an escaped convict.

I was held in the St. Laurent prison for three hours while a frantic effort was made to find my fingerprints in their files. When that proved unavailing, I was allowed to return to my hotel under what amounted to house arrest until reports came in from all other prisons and camps. That took about 15 days, while I acted alternately outraged and indifferent.

But I was young, and fresh from four years in the jungle. I did not know just where to draw the line between a story that was good and one that was too good. As the reports came back from Cayenne and Ile Royale that my prints were not on file, my confidence grew and my caution lessened. When one day the prison manager at St. Laurent had to admit he had no reason for holding me any longer, I could not help gloating. "And what is more," I announced, "I intend to ask redress for this insult, plus salary and expenses, from the Ministry of Justice in Paris."

The manager eyed me bleakly, aware that my threat just might cause trouble. Then he brightened. "There is no need for hard feelings," he said in words I still hear. "We will do all we can for you. We will write to the French Army colonel in charge of the fort at Cayenne, and I am sure he will make it possible for you to clear yourself, as a patriot, of the charges of desertion. In fact, I will even see you to the boat that leaves for Cayenne in the morning."

I had overdone it. I was willing to face Martinique—but at Cayenne, I was known to every guard, every convict, every lounger along the waterfront . . . the mere absence of fingerprints was meaningless there. They would have me in person.

I was recognized the instant I set foot on the dock, and after that it was only a quarrel between the guard who spotted me and marched me to the prison and the prison officials as to who was to have the biggest share of the gulden in my wallet. Stripped even of my shoes, I was sent to Ile Royale and tossed into the pit for 60 days clad only in pajamas, and this time I did not have even a nail with which to amuse myself. That was more than 40 years ago, but often I am still there. I probably will be there for several forevers.

Again past experience was to save me. When at last I left the pit, the doctor who had repaired my crushed thumb, and whom I had assisted briefly around the Cayenne infirmary was now on Ile Royale. He requested that in view of a shortage of trained men for hospital work, I be assigned to him instead of being sent to the rock pile. Since no one would offend a doctor who might later have to save his life, the request was granted.

The hospital on Ile Royale was as modern as any in Europe. Not only did it handle the most serious cases from all the prisons and camps, but it had separate wards for the care of officials and their wives, and for the care of political prisoners from Devil's Island itself. Even the dirtiest of hospital jobs was so much better than the rock pile that I cheerfully did all that was required of me and volunteered for more. As soon as the over-worked doctors discovered I was intelligent and could be trusted to carry out orders, they made me an orderly. At the end of two years, I was as well-versed in first aid and tropical diseases as long hours of study and the cooperation of the doctors could make me. The only trouble was that Ile Royale was as escape-proof as any prison in the world, with a shark-filled sea making futile any attempt to go over or under the walls.

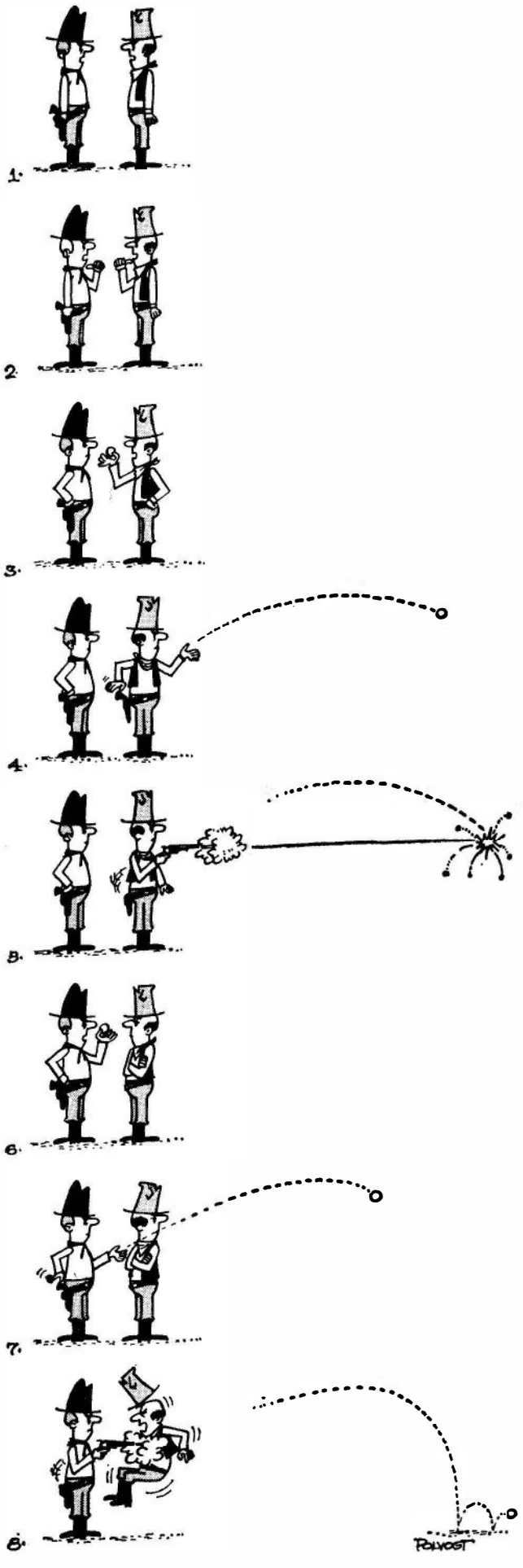
One day I was called into the office of the new prison manager, and, for the first time, I was confronted with true justice. The new manager, in reviewing my case, had decided I had been wrongfully convicted in the first place for what he called an accident. That I should have been condemned for saving a woman's life, he called a "gross miscarriage of justice," and that I should have been returned to Devil's Island after four years of honest work for aiding in the capture of Boy Peel, he called "bureaucratic insanity."

"As I see it, you were sent here for ten years, and seven of those years have just passed. Had you not attempted to escape, you would now be entitled to three years off for good conduct. For myself, I see no reason to hold your four years of liberty against you. If I had my way, I would set you free, but that I cannot do. As a ten-year convict, you must remain in French Guiana the rest of your life. That is the law, and I did not make the law. But as prison manager, I can give you such freedom as your good conduct allows. I am changing your status from *condamné* to *libéré* as of this date. The prison boat will take you to Cayenne this afternoon. Good luck."

They set me loose—not *free*. Had not the doctors taken up a collection for me, I would have been penniless. A prison boat dumped me ashore in Cayenne, but with the powerful prison manager my lifelong enemy there, I hurried out of town as fast as I could, taking the convict-built road to St. Laurent. The money supplied me by the doctors lasted just long enough to get me there.

I became a violently bitter man. For two years I had lived on the best food the hospital could provide and now I was competing with other *libérés* for the garbage dumped out by the hotel in which I had once lived as a wealthy guest. The recollection of that period, and of the 3,000 gulden in my wallet, did nothing to cheer me up.

The other *libérés* assured me that in another few weeks I would become quite content with garbage, and call it a feast if bones were included in the scraps. I knew otherwise. Never would I be content with being a *libéré*.



I suppose a month went by before I stopped feeling sorry for myself and began looking around for something constructive to do. Other *libérés* were making a few francs a day carving mahogany into crude statues that a merchant in town was buying for export. With my training in art school and my natural talent, I turned out finished work for which I demanded 10 times what the others were getting. Soon I was teamed up with another *libéré* named Jean, who was a shell carver. We had our own thatched hut down by the river, and comfortable beds, and crude work tables. But that was all—no blankets, no spare clothing, and no tools we could not carry with us in leather kits. Anything of even the slightest value would be stolen if left unguarded in the hut for only minutes. We bought, cooked, and consumed our food one meal at a time. Mostly, though, we lived on fish, caught daily in the river.

It was a fish I had caught that opened up my next avenue of escape. It had swallowed the hook, which to a *libéré* was very valuable. I was tugging at the hook, my fingers inside the fish's mouth, when, with a final death convulsion, it sank its teeth deep into my thumb and forefinger. I cut myself free with my carving tools, but my fingers were badly mangled in the process, and I had had too much hospital experience to ignore my danger. I went at once to the St. Laurent prison infirmary. The doctor there proved friendly, and soon we were talking shop. He asked me endless questions about what was going on at the hospital at Ile Royale, which surprised me—doctors were usually kept well informed on what was going on in other prison hospitals. It then developed that while he was a full-fledged doctor with a big practice in Paris, he had performed one abortion too many, and now was a convict himself, ignored by his free colleagues in the other prisons.

Two days later I was back to have my wounds redressed; this time he had more to say. He had looked me up in the St. Laurent record and knew about my previous escape. Things progressed swiftly after that. Before his conviction, he had deposited all his wealth in the name of a trusted friend in Paris, and could draw on this account anytime he was sure the money would get to him instead of to some prison official. If I was willing to escape with him, he was willing to finance the attempt, including the cost of the boat and all provisions. It was up to me, then, to find a way of communicating with his friend in Paris.

Across the Maroni River from St. Laurent, in Dutch Guiana, was the town of Albina. It was free of French rule, but it was not free of the prison taint. Scores of stool-pigeons there were ready to report, for the 150-franc reward, any Devil's Island fugitives who might appear. There were even stool-pigeons to report stool-pigeons.

But there are ways of coping with all dangers. I hoped to start right at the top. The police commissioner of Albina was a frequent visitor to St. Laurent. One day he had admired one of my statues, and had paid me considerably more than the market price for it. Now, I met him again, and again he seemed friendly, asking me how I was making out. I told him I was doing fine, but could do better: if I could get a letter to my family in Paris, they would send me money. I added that their answer would have to go through the St. Laurent offices without being inspected. He knew what I was driving at, but only laughed and shrugged, sympathetically, I thought. He went on up to the prison to have a few drinks with the officials and conduct his business.

I was patient. Time is one thing a *libéré* can spare. Three months or more went by before the commissioner agreed to help me collect my pittance from Paris, and another three before the mail boat returned from France. Maybe it was longer; World War I was now raging. The war meant only one thing to us. On one memorable day the word came that the *La Loire*, running empty of convicts, had been sent to the bottom by a German U-boat. *Libérés* who hadn't smiled for years laughed aloud at that, and those of us with money got riotously drunk.

When at last the commissioner did hand me a letter, I was afraid to open it. Who would be trusting enough to send 10,000 francs to a convict in French Guiana? I must have spent an hour back in the shadows of my hut, nerving myself to slit the envelope. When I actually held a 5,000-franc note and five 1,000-franc notes in my hand, I was trembling so I could barely stand.

Now that I had money, the rest was easy. For 2,000 francs, the night gate guard proved reliably cooperative. For 5,000

francs a Dutch boat builder produced the boat and supplies. It proved to be a large boat, so I included Jean, my partner, in my plans. "Good," he said cheerfully when I confided in him. "And when we get out to sea, we'll toss the doctor overboard, and keep the rest of the francs for ourselves." His murderous thoughts were understandable: among *libérés,* 3,000 francs was a fortune that justified any amount of slaughter.

That escape was the easiest. One night the three of us launched our boat on the out-going tide, and floated silently out to sea. We sailed only at night, heading west and following the shore closely. During the day we concealed our boat and ourselves in the jungle, and there, thanks to my training with the Indians, I was able to keep us well supplied with food. One month later the doctor was greeting his Paris friend in Georgetown. For our help in his escape, Jean and I were completely outfitted in new clothes, and rewarded with 7,500 francs each.

I never saw or heard of the doctor again. I found rooms for Jean and myself in a hotel patronized by Americans. After counting his money over and over, Jean suddenly announced, "I have a daughter in Belgium. She is the only one I care about, and now I have a way of seeing her again. Goodbye." He rushed out, and I never saw or heard of him again either.

Life was not easy, even now. If I remained in my hotel room, it closed in on me like my solitary confinement pit. If I walked the streets, every man was a stool-pigeon. Footsteps anywhere behind me meant the police.

At last I was taking my meals in my room, and going out only at night. It was a foolish way of life, for in itself it was enough to arouse suspicion, but it did not endure for long. One night on a solitary stroll, I rounded a corner just in time to interrupt a robbery, receiving in return a knife slash. The grateful man I had rescued turned out to be a young Carib Indian, and when he discovered I could speak a little of his language, he insisted that because I had lost blood in his defense, we were now blood brothers. He helped me back to my hotel where I dressed my small wound, and as he told me his story all my problems were solved. He was in town with two brothers on their annual trading trip, and the small sack of gold they had brought had attracted the attention of waterfront thugs. Thanks to my intervention, the gold had been saved, and they would now be able to buy the supplies that would last his village another year.

Another *year.* That was all I had to hear. A year away from all white men, police, *libérés,* convicts, guards. A year to find myself again. He could not believe I was serious when I suggested returning with him to his village, but the next day, when his two brothers were present, I was able to convince them I had never been more serious in my life. Hurriedly I wrote out a list of medicines and bandages that would stock a small infirmary, a list of canned foods and spices to break up the monotony of Indian fare, and a list of clothing. As an afterthought, I added a shovel and a pan for prospecting. If they had brought in gold, I might be able to improve matters by locating richer deposits. My pistol and rifle, plus ammunition for both, I would buy myself at a pawnshop I knew. My training as a legionnaire, a soldier responsible for his own weapons, was still with me.

I find I do not want to dwell on the next four years, the happiest in my life. I will say that I married into the tribe and that my wife bore me two fine sons. Through my knowledge of medicine I enjoyed fame as a great healer in that corner of the Indian Reserve so far removed from civilization that not once in four years did a white man visit us. The river yielded me a small supply of gold that each year my Indian friends took to Georgetown for fresh supplies of medicine, special foods for my sons, and presents for my wife. I was useful, I was loved, and there was nothing more I wanted.

Then one day I was panning for gold about a mile up the small stream from our village. Usually my wife would paddle up in her canoe to share lunch with me, but this day she took a jungle trail. Two fang marks on her bare arm showed how she must have tried to ward off a striking snake. There was no sign of a struggle. She must have died within a minute.

I do not know what happened after we carried my wife's body back to the village. I do not know the date of her death so I do not know how long I was on the river. I was found unconscious in a canoe, caught on a sand bank 200 miles below our village and, still unconscious, was taken by steamer to Georgetown. In a hospital there, consciousness returned but not my memory. To the police, who were naturally informed of the stranger in the hospital, my loss of memory looked too convenient. They took my fingerprints, "to help me in establishing my identity," and then I was on a boat being returned to St. Laurent.

If I was out of my mind, it was an act of mercy. When at last I had somehow fought my way back to lucidity, I found myself clutching a rag of a sheet to my naked body and staring at my grotesquely swollen feet. A dying man on a plank bed nearby informed me that I was in the Camp of Miracles.

I kept staring at my feet in horror. Then I recognized what was wrong. I had treated a pair of feet like that before. During my irrational period, I must have been wandering around barefoot; my feet were infested with chiggers. They had penetrated the skin, and in their burrowing were producing great pockets of infection. I began screaming for a guard.

I was rational, and it was on my record that I had been a hospital orderly, so the head of the camp was forced to admit that I knew what I was talking about. To me in the Camp of Miracles came a miracle: I was sent out alive.

Once more I was in the infirmary at Cayenne, this time as a patient. I was horribly emaciated, little more than a skeleton, and the doctor informed me that in my defenseless state, not only was I infested with chiggers, but my body had been host to ticks, flies, and even vampire bats. Fortunately, one of the orderlies who had known me earlier was still on duty, and I was given excellent attention. He was able to fill me in on all that had happened since my arrival.

Some of what he told me I remembered vaguely: the fingerprinting, the boat to St. Laurent, and being carried ashore at Ile Royale. But I remembered nothing of a trial or anything else until I found myself staring at my swollen feet. What he told me was that I had been given a trial of sorts though unable to testify myself. I had been found guilty of two escape attempts and was therefore a life prisoner, Third Class. Because of my condition, I escaped solitary confinement but was sent instead to the Camp of Miracles where I was expected to die within a month.

"You would be better off if you had," said my friend. "Now that you are going to live, you will have to serve your three years at hard labor on the rock pile, if they don't throw you in the Hole first."

I remembered my father's words, "Better born dead," and again was overcome with bitterness. The same prison manager was in charge; he would have no reason to love me, so no leniency could be expected there. I could only expect my harsh sentence to run its full course.

But as I grew stronger, my courage returned. My friend, knowing what was ahead of me, kept me on the critical list long after my strength had returned.

I knew the Cayenne prison and the Cayenne waterfront, and I knew the sea. Even a little skiff such as I had once used to ferry passengers was big enough, I now felt, to reach Trinidad, which would be my goal now that the police in both Dutch and British Guiana knew me.

One night the iron door to the morgue below the infirmary was somehow left unlocked, a situation that was remedied a minute after I slipped through. And because the dead require no locks or bars, I was soon free of the prison. By dawn I was rowing out to sea in a stolen skiff.

I was now an old hand at survival at sea, and this time, when a navy launch picked me up outside of Trinidad and turned me over to the police, I was as healthy as I have ever been.

The police were properly skeptical of my story that I was a fisherman from the island of Tobago who had been blown south by a storm—there had been no storms recently. They took my fingerprints, fed me well, and turned me loose with a couple of English pounds they had collected in "appreciation of my small-boat seamanship."

They had not been fooled. The stamp of Devil's Island was on me, and they had recognized it. "Anyone who can row a small boat from Devil's Island to here deserves a break," the police captain said. "Get yourself a job, and we'll do what we can. You have one thing in your favor. The only boat that will

carry prisoners to Devil's Island calls at Trinidad but twice a year."

I left police headquarters and started down the street to see what had been done with my boat. I hadn't walked two blocks when I heard an old, familiar sound—the ring of hammer against chisel on stone. I entered the Trinidad Monument works, and was immediately hired to cut names on tombstones. From that I was promoted to sculpturing angels. The pay was excellent, a wave of fevers having produced an exceptionally high death rate, and Pascal, the owner, was only too willing to give me bonuses for working far into the night. At the end of four months I had enough money coming to pay my passage as far as Nassau, my next goal on my way to the United States.

But I had misunderstood the police captain. Somehow I thought I had six months before the arrival of the boat for Devil's Island on its semi-annual call. Instead, I had but four months, and the police came for me as I was touching up the feathers on an angel's wing. I had just time to tell Pascal, "Keep my salary for me. I'll be back," and then I was on my way to Devil's Island.

Because I was a three-time loser on my escapes, another lifetime was added to my previous lifetime sentence. I was even able to joke about it, asking the judge if he thought I was a cat with 9 lives.

Convicts should never joke with judges. This time I was sent to Ile St. Joseph, and for three years on slop I broke rock, or went round and round on the giant wheel that pumped water for the whole camp. I saw so many of my fellow-prisoners flogged or clubbed to death that I, too, came to call them "the lucky ones." At night, chained by the ankle to a plank bed 10 inches wide, I could listen to the screams of men who had gone violently insane, confined in the madhouse a few yards away. I reduced myself to a beast of burden, accepting the floggings and beatings with the resignation of an ox. Deep inside myself, unseen for days at a time, I kept one spark of hope. In rare moments I permitted myself to feel its warmth. I knew I would escape again.

I had been on St. Joseph for three years when a meek man arrived, sent over by the Salvation Army to save souls. I think the arrival of a Salvation Army captain on Devil's Island gave me my first laugh in three years. And when I first saw this Captain Peyant praying for those of us circling around the water wheel, I had to laugh again. He was kneeling in the mud, through which we tramped, like a man who believed he could turn the water to wine.

But a week later there was a gasoline pump replacing the water wheel. Meek though he was, Captain Peyant suddenly began to look to us like a saint in direct communication with God.

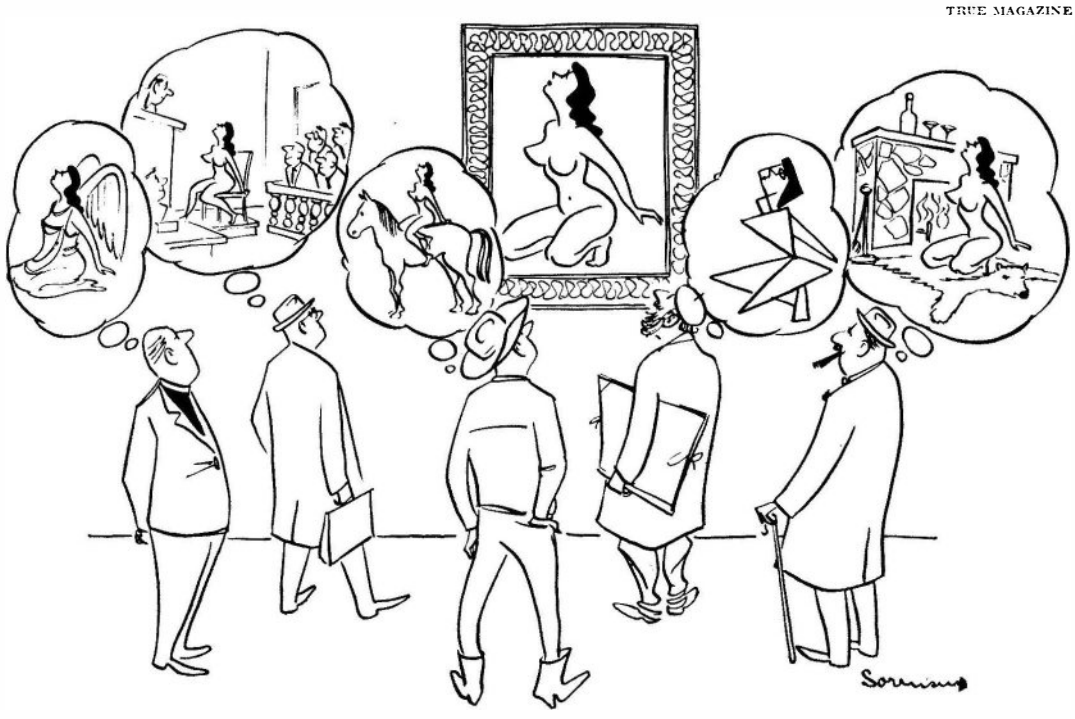
My final proof came a month later. In Paris bananas were a luxury, and Captain Peyant had won the approval of the prison authorities to start banana plantations that would pay their own way. Being a saintly man, he probably left unsaid what I soon discovered. The prison manager of all prisons saw that banana plantations conducted with free convict labor could produce a handsome profit for a privileged few. My agricultural school education, and my success as a rubber plantation supervisor in Dutch Guiana were all a matter of record, while my production on the rock pile was just high enough to spare me the lash. I was sentenced to continue my "hard labor" as a banana planter—meaning that I would be in charge of starting up the plantations and seeing that they returned a profit, "or else."

I'm afraid I was a disappointment to Captain Peyant. What he was working for was a series of plantations that would eventually require the employment of *libérés* at salaries that would permit them to live in model villages like human beings. I could agree with his motives, but I was still nourishing that hope inside of me. Two weeks after I had started a work crew clearing the jungle for a plantation, that same jungle that was the terror of all white men had me back in its folds.

I wandered around for months with no more problems than the monkeys around me. I should have lived that way forever, but the white man seems doomed always to improve himself. One day, far above the great Kaieteur Falls, I found a deserted mining camp so long abandoned that the sagging huts crumbled at my touch. The axes and shovels there had been reduced to rust, but in the midst of it all, as good as the day it was made, I found a zinc tub. It may sound curious that a man should tie himself to a tub, but I did. I couldn't carry so clumsy an object through the jungle, but some white man's impulse would not let me leave it. Because of the tub, I made my headquarters there.

I had been trading with the Indians from time to time, bartering carved bows for such things as matches and salt. Now, in my tub, I was able to make stews, sometimes of the fat, grub-like groo-groos worms that were a staple of the Indian diet, and sometimes, when I could get off a lucky arrow, wild pig. Stews were a luxury after months of meat broiled over coals.

Then came the day I invited three wandering Indians to try a feast of boiled pig. Indians eat pig broiled, barbecued, or steamed over hot rocks in a wrapping of wet palm fronds, but I had a new supply of salt, and I thought I could give them a special treat of boiled ham. I set my tub on three supports of green wood high above the fire, and started my preparations. When the water came to a boil, I lowered in the dressed pig to scald it so I could scrape off the bristles, white-man style. At that moment one of the supports burned through, and a tub of scalding water was dumped over me from the thighs down.



The three simple Indians, hearing my screams of agony, thought I was killed. I know them well enough to know that they did not desert me; they simply knew there was no help for a scalded man, and they fled to escape any blame for the accident.

I did all that my first aid training had taught me, but it was not enough. Despite cooling mud packs, my legs became puffy and then turned white. When the skin began to peel off I tried bathing my legs in the current of the river. There small, amazingly ferocious fish began nibbling at the loose skin, and I was driven back to the bank.

Four Negroes, descendants of the slaves who had fled into the jungle, found me. I told them what had to be done, and they did it. While I moaned in the bottom of the canoe, they took me 200 miles down the river and

turned me over to the police. For the first and only time in my life I was glad to be returned to Devil's Island. It was six months before I could walk again.

I would have been sent back to hard labor if Captain Peyant had not convinced the authorities that God had punished me by scalding my legs. "There is no greater pain," he said, and I agreed with him. "What is more, he can do better work for me than on a rock pile."

So I was told, "Captain Peyant is fighting to improve the lot of the *libérés*. Do not give his work a bad name by trying to escape again."

I nodded, but I knew I could not heed his warning. Captain Peyant was fighting for a law that would abolish the *libéré* system and let convicts return to their homes after having served their sentences, but there were two life sentences ahead of me; his fight held no hope for me.

I told Captain Peyant how I felt, and he thanked me for being honest with him. "A man must be true to himself," he agreed.

A German art student who had killed a fellow student in a Paris cafe brawl now sought me out. His parents were wealthy, and what I had done for the Paris doctor I did for him.

The strange thing about that escape is that for a brief time I was a rich man. In Georgetown, I became engaged to the widow who owned the waterfront hotel in which I was staying. This was not at all to the liking of the relatives of her dead husband, and in the tropics emotion is quick to flare into violence. Under the pretext that her father was dying, she was lured to Maracaibo in Venezuela and there poisoned, though her death certificate read "swamp fever." Then, to the consternation of the conspiring relatives, it was discovered she had willed her hotel and all her holdings, amounting to more than $250,000, to me.

It was now only a question of time before they came for me, but this time they were moving against a man who had lived for years with all sorts of killers. I shot my fiancee's murderer in self-defense. Once more, the police were grateful for my having eliminated a bad man, and probably more grateful that I spared them the expense of a trial. Already on the books in Georgetown as a fugitive from Devil's Island, I was sent back on the first boat. From what I learned later, most of the estate vanished in lawyers' fees and tax assessments, and no one really profited.

I will not trouble you with a lengthy repetition of all my punishments in the pit and my continued escapes that only put me in the pit or on the rock pile, or in a lumber camp. Most of the time it was Captain Peyant who saved me with his constant plea of, "You can't condemn a man for trying," plus so many quotations from the Bible that the official would sigh, and surrender me to the good man in relief.

Once a steamer sank in a hurricane, and a lifeboat was washed ashore almost in my hands. How could I resist that? I couldn't handle it alone, and was almost dashed to pieces on Ile Royale before a police launch came out to rescue me and put me in solitary confinement to "dry out." Once with four other convicts I was attempting to row out of Cayenne harbor when the revolving beacon of the lighthouse flicked by us. The lighthouse keeper saw us and kept the beam stationary on us until a prison launch picked us up. Things like that happened to me so many times that my mind and health both broke on my last recapture, and I was sent to the asylum for the nonviolent insane on Ile Royale.

Captain Peyant's saintly work was most evident here. Where once the insane had been treated as worse than beasts, we now got decent food and the attention of a doctor who, while he could not cure, could at least encourage those who showed some signs of recovery on their own.

I had been there a month, rapidly responding to good treatment, when the doctor came through the ward, escorting the weekly inspection group that included, among others, the prison manager. They had hardly passed my cot when I heard the sound of a violent blow, followed by an unearthly scream.

I leaped out of bed to discover that a nearby patient had gone violently mad, and was attacking the inspection group with a metal post wrenched from his bed. He had struck down one man, and was swinging again when I leaped on him from behind. Whatever there is about the strength of madmen, he had, but perhaps I was not quite sane myself. It was a furious struggle, and once I had a striking thought that I was back in the Foreign Legion, fighting in the ring. Whether I really had that thought, or just imagine it now does not matter. I hauled off and landed a blow that was all too identical with the one I had landed on Sergeant Tecourth. The madman went down.

For me, life had completed a full cycle. I had killed a man with a blow and been sentenced to Devil's Island. On Devil's Island I had saved a man's life with a blow and was rewarded with—with being set free within the limits of the word on Devil's Island. Once more I became a *libéré*.

I am sure the authorities thought they were rewarding me when they made me a *libéré*, but the effect was just the opposite. I was still far from recovery, and any task requiring concentration, like carving statues or mounting butterflies, was beyond my power. I was completely lacking in pride and ambition. I lived on garbage, prowling around the alleys at night, fighting off the mosquitoes, and sleeping only when the sun came up to warm a spot on the river bank. I had hit bottom, living like a cur but without even a cur's will to live.

I was in that condition when Captain Peyant found me and took me into his clean, white home. There, with his cheerful wife cooking special foods for me, I could not help but respond. It was the only real home I had known since childhood. In weeks, I was ready to think of escape again. I carved several little things for the Peyants, not to repay them for their kindness, which was impossible, but just to show my appreciation.

Then one day I said, "I must go back to St. Laurent now. I'm *going* to try to escape again, but I can't bring trouble to you by escaping from your home."

He understood. "I wish you luck," he said, "but if you are recaptured, you must not fail to look me up or get word to me the day you arrive."

Captain Peyant's work in saving *libérés* had produced one strange result in St. Laurent. The good man had redeemed all who were capable of redemption, leaving behind the dregs. If Devil's Island held the human dregs of the world, then the *libérés* still skulking around St. Laurent were the dregs of Devil's Island. When I returned to live with them while planning my next escape, I walked into the worst scandal ever to shake the prison colony.

The best *libéré* hut on the waterfront was owned by a man named Gaudin, once the most notorious forger in Paris, and his partner, Kalife, an Arab from Casablanca who had once been the head of a large dope ring. They had made a racket of the sale of curios, and because they knew my work brought high prices, they invited me into their hut where they could keep an eye on my production. I saw through their scheme, but as long as it offered me food and shelter, it was all right with me.

What I did not know was that Gaudin and Kalife had a blackmail racket going involving no one less than the local prison manager himself. To put it bluntly, Gaudin was a homosexual and so was the prison manager, and at a large party, with drinks supplied by the manager, Gaudin had managed to take several poor but recognizable photographs that no manager would want made public.

Had Gaudin asked me, I could have told him the photos were his death warrant, but I was not to learn of this until I was personally drawn into the case. Gaudin himself thought he could use the photos to force the manager into sending him back to France a free man.

Two days after I arrived, Gaudin, screaming curses and streaming blood, flung himself into the hut. He told me then that he had gone to meet the prison manager to pick up the money and the papers that would enable him to return to France. Instead, two convicted murderers whom he recognized had opened fire on him, shooting him through the arm. It was a wound I could treat myself, so I did.

Kalife now came in, and after some excited talk, they agreed that the hut would probably be searched. Kalife took the photos and negatives out to conceal them elsewhere. In town he spotted one of the convicts who had wounded Gaudin and followed him into a bar. He knew what he was doing. He had served time with this Landru, and knew him to be a harmless moron who was homicidal only to be accommodating. In France he had killed six friends with an ax just to prove it could be done, but because he was only 16 and too young for the guillotine, he had been sent to Devil's Island. There, he had made himself

useful to both convicts and guards with an occasional murder.

Landru was delighted to see an old cell mate and bought several drinks for Kalife, in the meantime complaining bitterly about the fact that Gaudin had ducked so fast. The prison manager had given him 2,000 francs to kill Gaudin, plus a promise of freedom, and now he hardly dared return to his cell with a failure to report.

"You help me find this Gaudin," Landru offered, "and I'll give you half my money."

After several more drinks, Kalife thought of a good joke on everybody. He brought Landru to the hut next to ours occupied by a *libéré* named Cream. Cream was asleep in a chair in the late afternoon sun, and Kalife said, "There's Gaudin."

Landru walked up and shot him through the head.

To complete the practical joke, Kalife escorted the relieved and grateful Landru back to the bar for a few more rounds by way of celebration. There he convinced another *libéré* that Landru was really out to murder *him*.

"But I'll save you," Kalife promised. "I'll slip the bullets out of his pistol. When he pulls the trigger on you, you shoot him, and we'll all swear it was self-defense."

And that was actually done.

What ruined Kalife's joke was that Landru wasn't dead. He came to in the prison hospital and babbled the whole story to the doctor. By morning, when the furious prison manager swore everyone to secrecy, it was too late. The full story was all over the prison, and all over town.

The next day, sick but sober, Kalife realized he had carried his joke too far. In a state of panic he gave me the photos and negatives, and all his money, which included the 1,000 francs he had extracted from Landru.

"You have escaped many times," he urged. "Now you must buy an escape for me. Immediately. Buy a boat. Buy everything, and you can come along."

My first impulse was that I did not want a beast like him to escape into the free world. I took the photos to destroy them so no more men would be killed. Not until the next day, after Kalife and Gaudin had been picked up, did I realize that my own life was now at stake. Gaudin and Kalife would name me as last in possession of the photos, and I would be picked up. Would the prison manager take my word that I had destroyed the photos? Hah.

I went to the prison and gave the manager the photos and negatives in a sealed envelope.

His eyes gleamed when he saw what he had.

"You know what these are? You have seen them?" he asked.

"I only know you wanted them, but I have not seen them."

He studied me intently, and he must have seen something in my face to assure him I wanted nothing more to do with the disgusting, tragic case. So why bring me into it by imprisoning me again? "The next time you want to escape, come see me first," he said, pointing to the door. "I'll arrange an escape for you—a permanent one."

The hut was mine now. Gaudin and Kalife would not be needing it for a long, long time. I used Kalife's money to buy the boat he ordered, and with four others reached Maracaibo, one of the few places on the north coast of South America that did not have my fingerprints on record. I had no compunction about using the Arab's money. It was the first good thing his money had ever done in his life. It set four *libérés* on the route to freedom.

As for me, I got a job with an American oil company, this time using my talent to paint hundreds of signs reading "No Smoking" and "Se Prohibe de Fumar." One pay day I went with my American boss to a honky-tonk just outside the oil camp, and there we had a few beers, nothing more. The next day the Maracaibo police came for me.

"Chin up, Commander!"

Once more past events had prepared the way for disaster—this time, the shooting in Georgetown. One of the men who had plotted to take over the estate left me by my fiancee had recognized me in the honky-tonk, and had wasted no time in getting his revenge. So luridly did he describe me as a wanton murderer and desperate fugitive from Devil's Island that I was kept shackled night and day. It was almost a relief when at last the boat came that took me back to St. Laurent.

The prison manager, the same one who had been involved in the scandal, was aghast when he saw me. He had survived the first scandal, and certainly he did not want me sent to Ile Royale to stand trial for my escape. If I explained where and how I got the money for the boat, the whole rotten mess would be brought out at headquarters.

He shuffled my papers nervously. Then he called for the report on my escape. "Here is the whole thing," he said at last. "If I tear up these papers, there will be no record of your escape, and it will save us all trouble. Why don't you just go back to the waterfront, you *libéré*?"

I went.

During the following years I ran my escape record up to 21, making me the all-time champion escapee from Devil's Island. I was recaptured as many times, but that is understandable; I think I am safe in saying that less than one out of a thousand escape attempts was ever successful.

My particular obstacle was the island of Trinidad. It was there I had to turn north to reach the Windward Islands that lead like stepping stones to Cuba and the United States. Twelve times, in everything from a small skiff to a large life boat, I reached Trinidad, and even passed it, and 12 times adverse weather forced me to land. I became so well-known that every constable on the island could spot me a block away, and the newspaper used to report my comings and goings as though I were a local celebrity. The police were kind to me, and always regretted sending me back, but they were strict upholders of the law.

My twenty-second escape would be different. I was, for a *libéré*, a rich man. Kept in the safe for me in the office of a local shipping firm was more than $2,000, some of it my earnings from my various periods of freedom, but most of it the result of a collection taken up for me by the American oil men in Maracaibo. But before making my break, I went to see Captain Peyant, to ask his blessings.

"Wait," he urged. "You know that in all my years here I

have been working to abolish the *libéré* system, and at last my work has borne fruit. I am sure that the next mail boat will bring the orders that will permit all *libéré* to return to their native lands. You will have your freedom papers at last. Otherwise, without papers—but why should I tell you?"

I waited, and I got my freedom papers, and that was all. For most *libérés*, it was a cruel farce. No provision was made for passage; few could afford even the ferry ride to Albina.

I thanked God for the Americans whose contributions had helped me escape that fate. I bought a boat from the boatmaker who had helped me before, ordered my supplies in Albina, and then took the ferry to St. Laurent. There were two *libérés* there, men with families in France, whom I felt deserved a break. I located them, swore them to secrecy, and told them to meet me at the dock in time to catch the outgoing tide.

It was a serious mistake. Even with their own freedom depending on silence, they had to brag to the less fortunate. By the time I rowed across from Albina to pick them up, 40 or 50 men were crowding the small dock, howling to be taken along. I paused some 50 feet from the end of the dock, trying to talk some reason into the mob. In vain I pointed out that my small boat would hold only three men. Men began jumping into the water to swim out to me, and then others began throwing sticks, stones, anything that was loose. I barely escaped with my life.

Filled with bitterness, I rowed on alone. Let them all stay there and rot. And for that uncharitable thought, I got my reward, too. I was just clearing the mouth of the harbor when a prison launch came racing up behind me.

I was free. I could go where I pleased, so I kept right on rowing.

There was no command to stop—just a rifle shot and a bullet into the muscle of my forearm that knocked me to the bottom of my boat. I was lying there, holding my wound, when the launch pulled alongside.

Suffering more shock than pain, I explained that I had my freedom papers, and was on my way to Trinidad. The officer who had missed killing me by inches looked at my papers, conferred with his companions, and then roared with laughter. "We haven't got used to the idea you *libérés* are free to come or go as you please," he explained. "We thought you were trying to escape."

As guards go, he was a good man. He insisted upon bandaging my arm, and gave me the launch's aid kit and wished me luck.

I reached Trinidad in 18 days, a record for me. My arm, where the bullet remains to this day, had healed with no other medication than an occasional soaking in salt water. With supplies on board for three men and only myself to feed, I arrived at the town dock in the pink of condition, and buoyantly, tasting my freedom, went to call on the chief of police to show him my freedom papers.

He eyed me glumly. "Your French—they've torn it proper this time," he said. He pointed to a sheaf of reports on his desk. More than 40 *libérés* from all parts of French Guiana, but mostly from Cayenne, had arrived in Port of Spain since the *libéré* system had been abolished, and at least half of them had reverted to type. They had gone on a spree of robberies and hold-ups, and had killed one man who had resisted. The normally peaceful island was aroused, and the town fathers had ordered that all Devil's Islanders be rounded up and shipped back. I was stunned. I had thought I was the only man heading for Trinidad.

"I know you," the chief said, "but how can I make an exception? We have filed strong protests with the French government, pointing out that it is morally obligated to return its own—ah—people to wherever they came from. Certainly we cannot have them coming here to terrorize our island. I'm sorry, chap, but unless the governor has another idea, back you go."

But for once past events were working in my favor. The newspaper reporters learned that I was back again, and with the consent of the chief of police they appealed directly to the governor of the island. Thus one morning I found myself summoned to the governor's office.

"You are a strange phenomenon, de Bouyn," he said. "Every time we ship you back, you return, and nothing at all seems to discourage you. How are we ever going to get rid of you?"

"You have to shoot me, or put me in prison for life," I said.

He shook his head. "That would hardly do. But you must know why we are sending you Devil's Islanders back."

I nodded.

"Well, most of them will not want to return here again," he continued, "but you—I know that two days after you reach St. Laurent, you will be rowing back here again. I grow exhausted thinking about it, so I am willing to spare you the trip."

I looked at him, warily if not outright suspiciously. Disaster I was prepared for, but a good break . . .

"The men at our naval base have salvaged and repaired a thirty-foot lifeboat that will hold fourteen comfortably, along with supplies for two weeks. If I were to put you in command, with thirteen other men who have shown by their actions that they mean well, do you think you can reach Cuba, or Nassau, or the United States, or some place where there'll be room for you?"

There were still decent people on earth, and somewhere in the north I would find more. I think the most memorable part of all was when the 14 of us were given a heroes' parade down to the dock to take possession of our boat. All Port of Spain turned out to see us off, and so many had brought gifts of canned delicacies that our boat was nearly awash. It nearly killed us, but once we had been towed out of the harbor and turned loose in the swells of the sea, I had to order most of the stuff thrown overboard to make our craft seaworthy.

It was that way at every island we stopped at, and by ones, twos, and threes our crew found haven with the consuls of their native lands. By the time we left the Dominican Republic there were only six of us left—two from French Morocco, three from French Indo-China, and me, the man without a country.

I now suggested that we skip all intermediate stops, and sail directly for Miami unannounced. It was my hope that we would find a French consul there who might be able to do for us in privacy what he could not do if we were surrounded by police, immigration authorities, newspaper reporters, and the like.

It might have been a good plan, but I'll never know. We had just raised Acklins Island in the Bahama group when a squall that was half water spout picked us up, carried us nearly a mile, and threw us on the island beach. So concentrated was the squall's fury that swimmers and non-swimmers alike were all landed alive within a hundred yards of each other. Washed up with us, as if to provide for us, were thousands of edible crabs. In the shattered bow of our boat we found our bailing bucket. One man still had three dry matches; with plenty of driftwood about, we lived like kings on boiled crab for two days.

Scores of boats had been wrecked in that freak series of squalls, and hundreds of rescue boats were out searching all the islands for survivors. I'm afraid the skipper who spotted us was somewhat dismayed when he discovered he had "six desperate convicts from Devil's Island" on board, but he was game. He took us to Nassau where we voluntarily turned ourselves over to the police. Without a boat, we had reached the end of our line.

That was nearly 18 years ago. One by one my companions were able to return to their homelands.

For a living, I started carving sea and coconut shells for the growing tourist trade. Shortly after World War II, my integrity at last established, I was able to finance my own monument works and resume, after 40 years, the career I had started so hopefully as a sculptor. But I was still "that Devil's Island convict, so clever with stone, you know."

Recently all that was changed. Nassau has a large art colony made up of painters and sculptors drawn from all over the world. The island wanted a memorial to its sons who had died in the Royal Air Force, and asked its artists to submit designs. Against all competition, it was my design that was selected, and it is my statue that stands as a tribute to the war dead.

Today I am not Henri de Bouyn, convict. I am Henri de Bouyn, sculptor. It took a long time, but except for the small hours of the night when the shackles bind again, and the bars of the pit loom over my head, it is worth every minute of it. At last I have a country.—**Henri de Bouyn**

A TRUE BOOK-LENGTH FEATURE

[*Continued from page* 102]
gallon barrel of salt fish, breaking this open, and scattering its contents about outside. (The irony of it is that all those three children *did* die within three years; the two boys by drowning, and the little girl on a sickbed. And just after I interviewed the Chapmans they also were drowned in the Fraser River when a rowboat capsized.)

Mrs. Chapman told me that the creature was about 7½ feet tall. She could easily estimate the height by the various fence and line posts standing about the field. It had a rather small head and a very short, thick neck; in fact really no neck at all, a point that was emphasized by William Roe and by all others who claim to have seen one of these creatures. Its body was entirely human in shape except that it was immensely thick through its chest and its arms were exceptionally long. She did not see the feet which were in the grass. Its shoulders were very wide and it had no breasts, from which Mrs. Chapman assumed it was a male, though she also did not see any male genitalia due to the long hair covering its groin. She was most definite on one point: the naked parts of its face and its hands were much darker than its hair, and appeared to be almost black.

George Chapman returned home from his work on the railroad that day shortly before 6 in the evening and by a route that by-passed the village so that he saw no one to tell him what had happened. When he reached his house he immediately saw the woodshed door battered in, and spotted enormous humanoid footprints all over the place. Greatly alarmed—for he, like all of his people, had heard since childhood about the "big wild men of the mountains," though he did not hear the word *Sasquatch* till after this incident—he called for his family and then dashed through the house. Then he spotted the foot-tracks of his wife and kids going off toward the river. He followed these until he picked them up on the sand beside the river and saw them going off downstream *without any giant ones following.*

Somewhat relieved, he was retracing his steps when he stumbled across the giant's foot-tracks on the river bank farther upstream. These had come down out of the potato patch, which lay between the house and the river, had milled about by the river, and then gone back through the old field toward the foot of the mountains where they disappeared in the heavy growth.

Returning to the house, relieved to know that the tracks of all four of his family had gone off downstream to the village, George Chapman went to examine the woodshed. In our interview, after 18 years, he still expressed voluble astonishment that any living thing, even a 7-foot-6-inch man with a barrel-chest could lift a 55-gallon tub of fish out of the narrow door of the shack and break it open without using a tool. He confirmed the creature's height after finding a number of long brown hairs stuck in the slabwood lintel of the doorway, above the level of his head.

George Chapman then went off to the village to look for his family, and found them in a state of calm collapse. He gathered them up and invited his father-in-law and two others to return with him, for protection of his family when he was away at work.

The foot-tracks returned every night for a week and on two occasions the dogs that the Chapmans had taken with them set up the most awful racket at exactly 2 o'clock in the morning. The *Sasquatch* did not, however, molest them or, apparently, touch either the house or the woodshed. But the whole business was too unnerving and the family finally moved out. They never went back.

After a long chat about this and other matters, Mrs. Chapman suddenly told us something very significant just as we were leaving. She said: "It made an awful funny noise." I asked her if she could imitate this noise for me but it was her husband who did so, saying that he had heard it at night twice during the week after the first incident. He then proceeded to utter exactly the same strange, gurgling whistle that the men in California, who said they had heard *Bigfoot* call, had given us. This is a sound I cannot reproduce in print, but I can assure you that it is unlike anything I have ever heard given by man or beast anywhere in the world.

To me, this information is of the greatest significance. That an Amerindian couple in British Columbia should give out with exactly the same strange sound in connection with a *Sasquatch* that two highly educated white men did, over 600 miles south in connection with California's *Bigfoot,* is incredible. If this is all a hoax or a publicity stunt, or mass-hallucination, as some people have claimed, how does it happen that this noise—which defies description—always sounds the same no matter who has tried to reproduce it for me?

These were probably the last words on the *Sasquatch* that the Chapmans uttered and I absolutely refuse to listen to anybody who might say that they were lying. Admittedly, honest men are such a rarity as possibly to be non-existent, but I have met a few who could qualify and I put the Chapmans near the head of the list.

What on earth had they to gain by making up such a story? All they had ever gotten in return for doing so in the first place was ridicule and insults to their ancient race. And we had just walked up to them unannounced on a railroad track and they did *not* tell us what we "wanted to know," because we never said exactly what that was.

And, besides, there were plenty of white men who went and looked at those tracks at that time, and they weren't all in cahoots and involved in some devilish plot to defraud the public.

The experience of the Chapman family kicked the lid off a fairly large pot that had been brewing for a long time.

A Mr. John W. Burns, now of San Francisco, had for many years been collecting every scrap of information on this subject and had published a number of articles on it. Actually, it was he who had bestowed the name *Sasquatch* on what the Amerindians had previously called, in their various languages and dialects, merely "Wild Men of the Mountains." Mr. Burns was a school-teacher and had been an Indian Agent, and he is a man of much erudition.

There was a long and rather full tradition about the *Sasquatch* in British Columbia, and especially on Vancouver Island, where so many sightings have been reported. Vancouver Island is enormous. It is very rugged, clothed in the densest forest, and is, even today, for the most part unexplored. What is more, it was the first part of the Northwest Pacific Rain-Forest to be invaded by roads, and thus first of these unexplored regions where sightings could have been made.

Getting back to the various accounts, I would like to emphasize again that they show a remarkable continuity and similarity that goes beyond the possibilities of coincidence. And you must bear in mind that the widely assorted people who saw a *Sasquatch* did not know what had been reported before; in fact, a great many of them were completely unaware that any such thing had ever been seen anywhere else in the world.

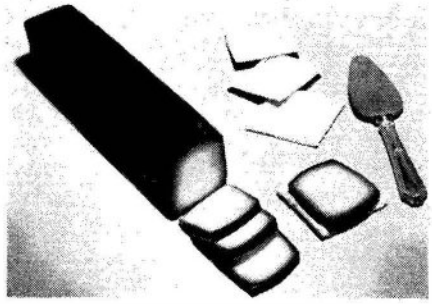
Why and how should responsible, sensible men like William Roe make up all these details, details which so exactly coincide with little incidental items recorded by Sherpas in Nepal, bulldozer operators in California, Amerindians on Vancouver Island, teen-agers going home from a dance in Agassiz, and so forth? What, I ask the skeptics, is the idea? Is there some sort of international plot and, if so, why do the plotters persist in getting unknown people in obscure places to give out incredible statements?

Let me close with one final *Sasquatch* sighting, as this was the one which first made news throughout the world. It happened in 1956 when a Mr. Stanley Hunt of Vernon, British Columbia—a man who had not previously been in any way interested in this matter, nor, in fact, had even heard of it outside of some joking references in local newspapers—was driving through the small township of Flood on the Fraser River. Shortly after dark he saw a large humanoid clothed in "grey hair" cross the road while another similar creature "gangly, not stocky like a bear stood in the bush beside the road." Flood is immediately adjacent to Ruby Creek. So we are right back where we started.

The matter of *Bigfoot* in California is, at the moment of writing, a very live issue, and several people are putting a good deal of money into an extensive investigation. But the *Sasquatch* is no less important. This creature has been told about by the Amerindians for centuries, and allegedly seen by white men for more than a century, and it is still being encountered today. Are we just going to let this thing slip through our fingers by sitting back and laughing it off?

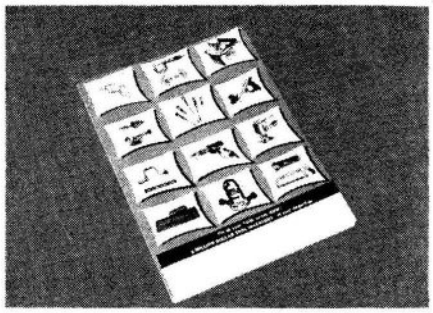
Here is something profoundly alive in our very midst that certainly needs proper and intelligent study, and some serious effort expended upon it. And it is a matter that might produce one of the greatest scientific discoveries of our time—**Ivan T. Sanderson**

TRUE

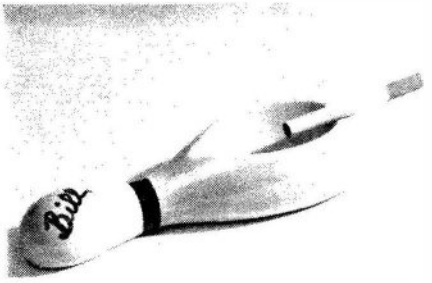


SMOKED CHEESE BAR—This solid one-and-a-half-pound bar of natural cheese hasn't been processed, colored or pasteurized—just smoked golden five days and nights over a slow-burning maple and hickory log fire. You can (and should) eat rind and all. Bar slices into perfect cracker size. Price is $2.35 (add 55c postage). Sugarbush Farm, RFD 10-A, Taftsville, Vt.

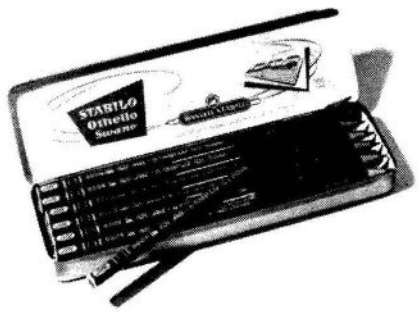
MONSTROUS MENAGERIE. Big collection of genuine world-wide postage stamps has been put together to encourage your interest in stamp collecting. A frightening stampede picturing everything from vicious Alligators to weird Zebus! Plus valuable bonus collection—119 different stamps in all. Complete package is 10c from H. E. Harris & Co., Dept. L-29, Boston 17, Mass.



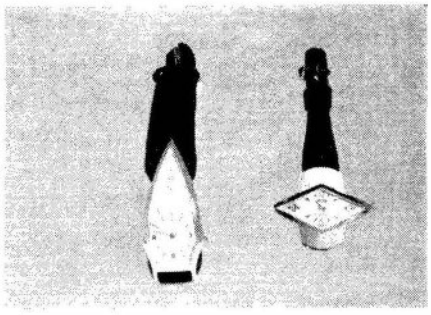
MILLION DOLLAR INVENTORY of tools ranging from screwdrivers to heavy equipment. You'll find it all in this giant catalog. Earn lots of money for yourself by using specially coded prices. Complete descriptions, illustrations, retail and coded wholesale prices. Send $1 returned with your first order. U.S. General Supply, Department 260, 149 Church Street, New York, N. Y.



BOWLING PIN ASH TRAY is personalized with any first name. Order one for yourself and a few more for members of your bowling team. 7½" long, made of yellow ceramic, it's perfect for use in place settings at end-of-season banquets. Non-smokers will use it as a paperweight. $1 plus 20c for mailing—5c each additional. Stratton Snow, Department T-3, Delray Beach, Fla.



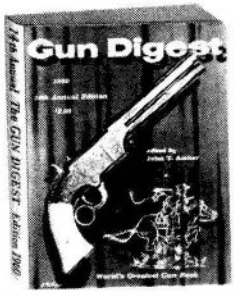
UNIQUE PENCIL will write on any kind of a surface. You can write on glass and metal, on celluloid, wood and plastic. Even writes on lacquered or glazed boxes. It looks like a regular pencil, sharpens and erases like a regular pencil, yet has this unique quality. Four for $1 postpaid. Order from Magic Mold, Inc., Department LL, 473 Livonia Avenue, Brooklyn 7, N. Y.



FUTURISTIC DESIGNS set a new pace in watch styling. The missile is designed for you and the satellite is for the woman in your life. Gold toned case adds to the svelte look. Swiss movement insures perfect time. "Missile" or "Satellite," (with suede band) for $10.95 each or both for $20.95. Order from Cryder Sales Corporation, Department M-33, Box 79, Whitestone, N. Y.

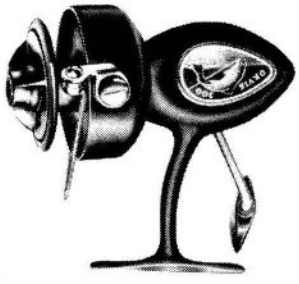
goes shopping

IMPORTED 7 x 50 BINOCULARS give 50% more field of view than standard binoculars. At 1,000 yards, there is a full 530 foot field of view. All optics are fully coated and a 7mm exit pupil assures a bright image. Velvet lined carrying case, case strap, neck strap and dust caps are included in the price of $46.75 postpaid. Edmund Scientific Co., Barrington 4, N. J.



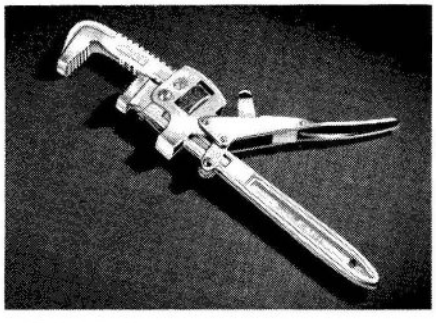
GUN DIGEST is off the press with its 1960 edition. 324 giant pages loaded with original gun and shooting articles, information and current prices of all U.S. and foreign guns, accessories, cartridges, etc. Thousands of illustrations. Also a special booklet with exploded views of famous guns. Lots more for $2.95 ppd. Gun Digest Co., 227-T West Washington St., Chicago 6, Ill.

MAGNIFICENT MOONBALL is remarkable heavy plastic relief reproduction of the known side of the moon showing in scale everything from the dips of the craters to the raised mountain sections. Important facts are listed on the Moonball. Bright silver, it measures 20" around. Has identifying map. $2.95 postpaid. Davis Scientific Co., Dept. TR-2, 509 East 80th St., New York 21, N. Y.



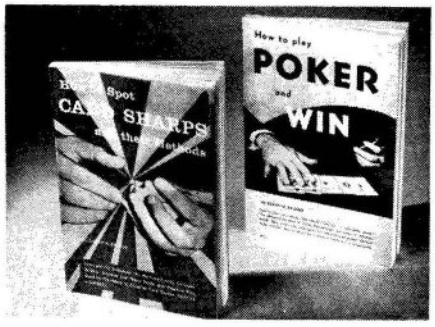
SMALLEST BIG CAPACITY REEL for ultra-light spinning, plus all fresh water and light salt water use. "Orvis 300" holds 430 yds. of 4 lb. test line, weighs only 8 oz. Its "Orvis 301" counterpart is for left-handed anglers. At dealers or by mail for $29.50 ppd. (Extra Spools: $2.50 ea.) Free catalog of tackle and accessories. Charles F. Orvis Co., Box T-2, Manchester, Vt.

POLYNESIAN ART MASTERPIECE is perfectly suited for a bachelor apartment, den, rumpus room or office. Leeteg's protege, Bill Erwin, painted "Hina Rapa" in glowing oil paint on velvet. It's reproduced here on heavy vellum. Ready to frame, $12.95. Framed in bamboo motif, $24.95. Order from Roco Litho Prints, Dept. 2A, 1020 East Seventh Avenue, Denver 18, Colo.



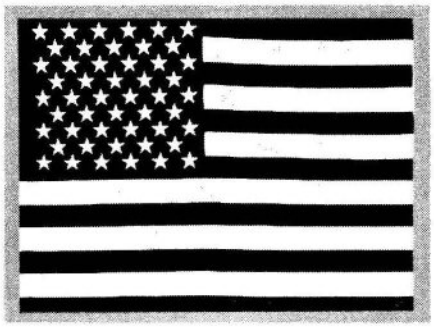
NEW GRIP WRENCH—The first clamp wrench ever made, it's a remarkable tool. Clamp at side locks wrench head with 2,000 lbs. gripping pressure. Fine as lock or pipe wrench, clamp or portable vise. Made by the fine tool craftsmen of West Germany, it's fine for workshop, car, etc. 10" wrench, $2.95; 14", $4.50; 18", $5.95. Ppd. Prince, Dept. TR-3, 60 E. 42 St., New York 17, N. Y.

TRUE goes shopping



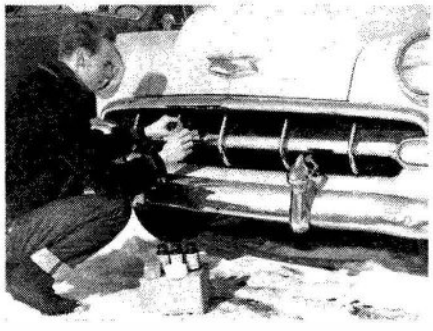
POKER PLAYERS—If you must gamble, then at least hedge your bets and read *How to Play Poker and Win* by Sidney Radner. Tells how to play your cards, bet, when to bluff, draw, etc. *How to Spot Card Sharks* exposes marked cards, stacked deals, etc. used by crooked gamblers. Pair, $1.95 plus 25c postage. Davis Books, Dept. TR-3, 509 East 80th St., New York 21, N. Y.

ROSCO VEST POCKET is a .22 6-shot revolver. Fires easy-to-get Winchester, Remington, Western & Peters .22 Long and Short ammo. For target shooting, varmint hunting and home defense. Purchasers must be at least 18 years old. Shipped for $12.95 plus express charges collect from Seaport Traders, Inc., Department T-3, 1221 South Grand, Los Angeles, Calif.

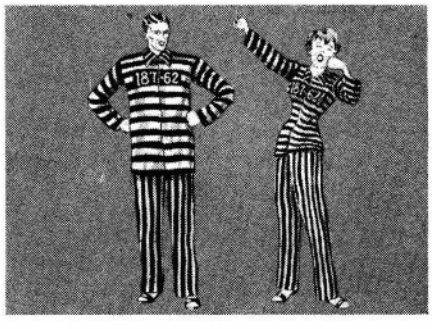


NEW 50-STAR FLAG—Here she is—the new American flag with 9 staggered lines of 6, then 5 stars each. Made from cotton hunting, with sewed stripes, printed stars. All seams double stitched. Canvas heading on side has grass grommets. Standard size, a full 3 ft. x 5 ft. $4.95 ppd. Free folders of others. House of Flags, Dept. TR-3, 1308 Lincoln Bldg., New York 17, N. Y.

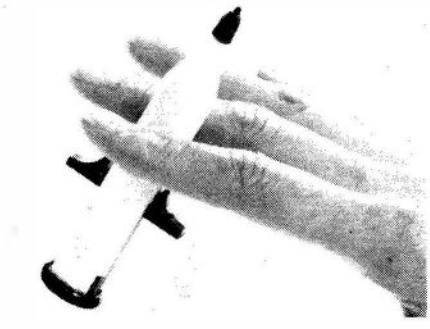
CUSTER'S LAST FIGHT is a 12"x18" painting which used to grace every self-respecting saloon in Granddad's day. This copy of the famous lithograph depicts the Battle of the Little Big Horn, Custer's Last Stand. The picture is in full color and is shipped to you ready for framing. The price is $2.98 postpaid. Garryowen House, Department M, Box 923, Racine, Wis.



GLEAMING CHROME on your car. Replate the bumpers and trim with this easy-to-apply electroplating kit. Plate your tools, lures, pistol parts, etc. Works off car battery and can be used to plate other metals. Brings back the original brilliance. Kit can start you on the way to a profitable hobby. Complete kit for $14.95 ppd. Empire, Dept. T, 4 North 3rd Ave., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.



LONG TERMERS give the startling effect of prison-suit stripes, even down to the registration number. Mate-matched pajamas are a definite indication of love and affection. Sanforized poplin. $4.98 a pair or combination of He and She (2 pairs) for $8.98. Postpaid. Sizes for men and women: small, medium, large. Mardo Sales, Department P-25, Box 79, Whitestone 57, N. Y.



VACUTEX blackhead remover has a rubber tip that makes operation painless. This small device is a blessing to troubled adolescent complexions, and to many others as well. It's designed to remove even the most persistent blackheads in just a few seconds. Easily operated. $1.00 postpaid. Ballco Products, Department 206, 735 East State Street, Westport, Conn.

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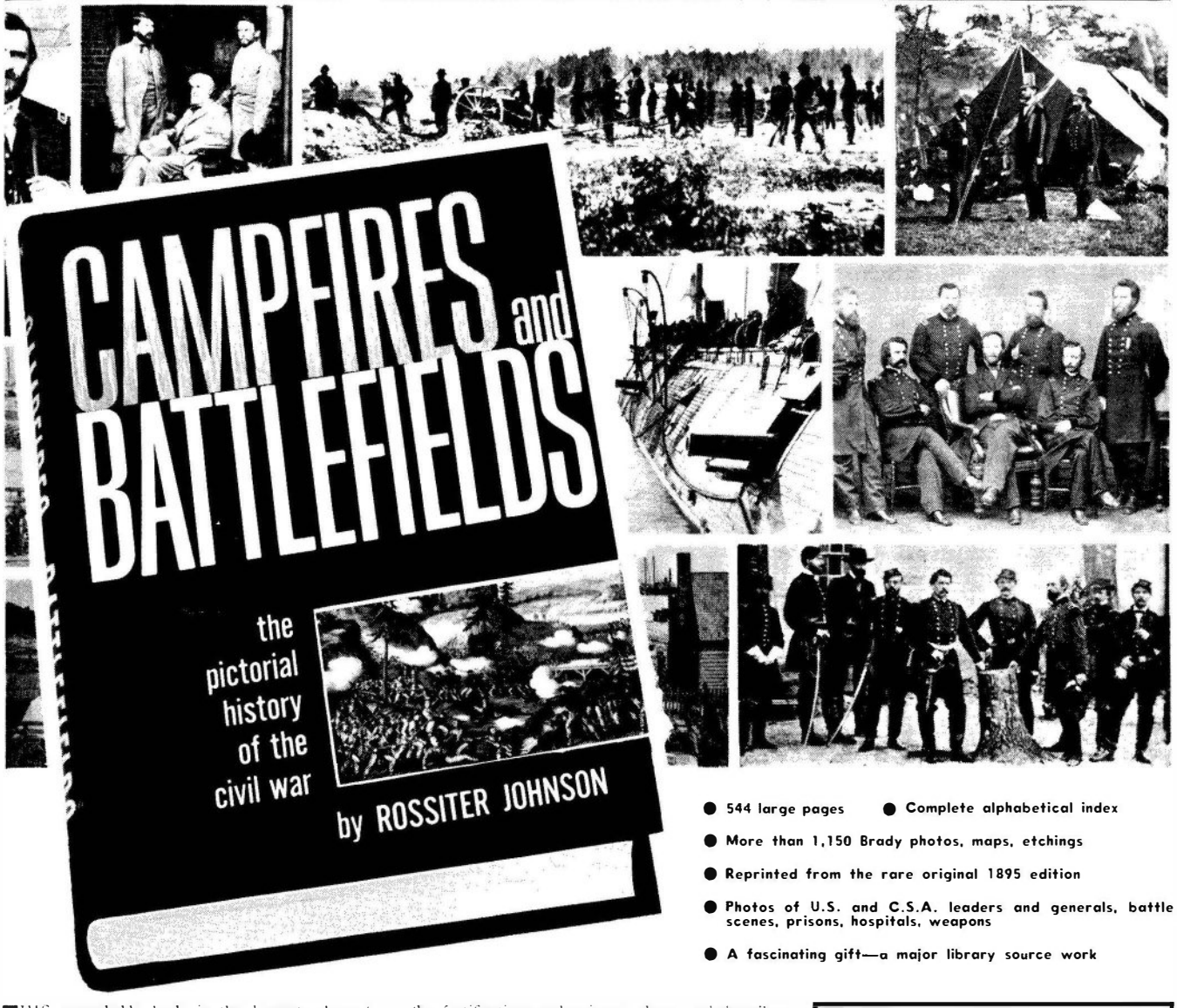

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this funny Life

Our downtown parking lot is as crowded as a campus telephone booth, and we car-parkers claim we can't fit an automobile in if it has an extra coat of paint.

Last night our parking lot owner called the four of us attendants together. "Listen, boys," he gently announced, "we haven't had one single complaint about dented fenders this week."

He let this sink in, and we were pretty pleased with ourselves. "Now tell me!" he then roared, "HOW THE HELL ARE WE GOING TO MAKE MONEY LEAVING THAT MUCH SPACE FREE AROUND HERE?"

—Jimmy Scales
Junction City, Ohio

George, the neighbor, was mighty proud of his gas-powered lawn mower, and wheeled it out a few nights ago to trim his yard. It was a moonlit night, but not as bright as George thought, apparently, for he failed to see a large hole in the lawn his young son had dug that afternoon. The mower hit the hole and George hit the ground—after flying over the steering gear of his machine.

The mower was broken, and so was George's ankle, unfortunately. After the ambulance had carted him away, I heard one of the assembled neighbors quietly remark, "Well, that's what happens when you can't tell your grass from a hole in the ground."

—Kenneth Burke
Fresno, Calif.

The charter airliner carrying the press corps covering Queen Elizabeth's Canadian tour was attempting to land at the Sydney, Nova Scotia, airport. After one heart-stopping pass at the fogbound runway when a blur of landing lights streamed by uncomfortably close, the aircraft clawed its way back upstairs.

"Nothing to worry about, folks," chirped the plane's steward to us jittery passengers, "nothing to worry about. This airline just keeps on making passes until it gets in."

"There you have it," sighed a Montreal photographer. "The story of my life."

—Robert Turnbull
Toronto, Ont., Can.

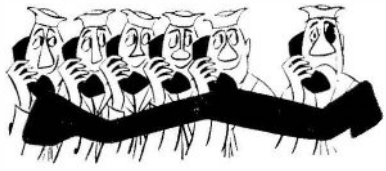
Six of us contestants vied at a telephone exhibit in our county fair last night to see who would win a free long distance call to any point in the nation. A sailor won the toss, and elected to call his girl in Brooklyn. The five of us who lost were permitted to listen in on the conversation since all six of the phones we stood by were hooked up together.

The call to Brooklyn was immediately put through and when a woman's voice answered, the sailor cried out: "Hello, Pearl? This is Herman!"

Pearl's reply came through loud and clear: "You son of a - - - - - ! Where have you been? I'm pregnant!"

The alert salt calmly hung up the phone and with a bland smile announced: "Sorry, folks—wrong number."

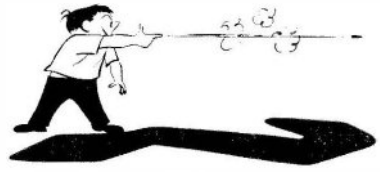
—Lee Baldock
Woodland, Calif.



I happened to be talking to this granite personality when the blonde made one of her frequent trips through the room. To my surprise, I observed Mr. Sobersides continued talking uninterruptedly, and in no way indicated he noticed the charmer; but behind his glasses, his eyes followed her with the intensity of a lion's about to spring on its prey.

He suddenly caught the knowing look in my eye, then shook his head in amazement and remarked, "You know, that's the third time she's walked through here naked."

—Name withheld at contributor's request.
Seattle, Wash.



The weapons carried by the infantry in the U.S. Marine Corps are called "Small Arms," and have their own service units. Their repair shops are called Small Arms Repair Shops, for example, and are so listed in the telephone directories of Marine Corps Bases.

The sergeant in charge of the Small Arms Repair Shop of Camp Lejeune in North Carolina recently answered his telephone, and was startled to hear an excited female voice shout at him: "Send an ambulance to my quarters right away! My boy has broken his arm!"

"But lady," explained the sergeant, "this is the Small Arms Repair Shop."

"That's why I'm calling you!" wailed the irate mother, "My boy's only eight years old!"

(Name withheld at writer's request)
Albany, Ga.

The rape case was an unusual one; a widow who ran a small hotel claimed the son of the local wealthy mining family had done the deed. Her testimony amazed the court. She vowed that the young man had entered the back door of the hotel while she was asleep, he then climbed the stairs, entered her room, undressed, and got into bed—during which time she'd never once awakened.

"I'd like to remind you you are under oath," commented the exasperated lawyer for the defense. "Do you maintain that you remained asleep up until the time the defendant got in bed with you?"

"I'm a VERY sound sleeper," firmly asserted the woman.

"Well, when did you finally wake up?" asked the lawyer.

"Not until he was all the way in bed," replied the widow, "and had started to . . ."

Her explanation was interrupted by the old judge who leaned toward her, peered quizzically into her face then announced: "I sincerely hope you won't fall asleep in my court, ma'am. I doubt if there's a man present who could wake you up."

—Viora Scott
Oakland, Calif.

Our office manages to function, somehow, in spite of the fact one of the secretaries is a ravishing blonde with a figure that stops everything when it starts in motion. About the only male in the office who seemed oblivious to these enticements was a solemn, humorless type wrapped up in his work and indifferent to everything around him.

$100 will be paid on acceptance for each original, not previously published, true anecdote (preferably from your own experience). Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned; and if your submission is not accepted within six weeks, consider it rejected. Address: TRUE Magazine Fun Editor, 67 West 44th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

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