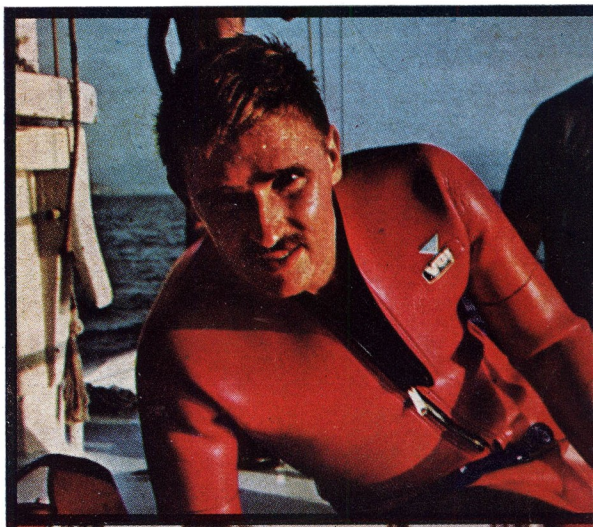
ARGOSY

MAY 50¢

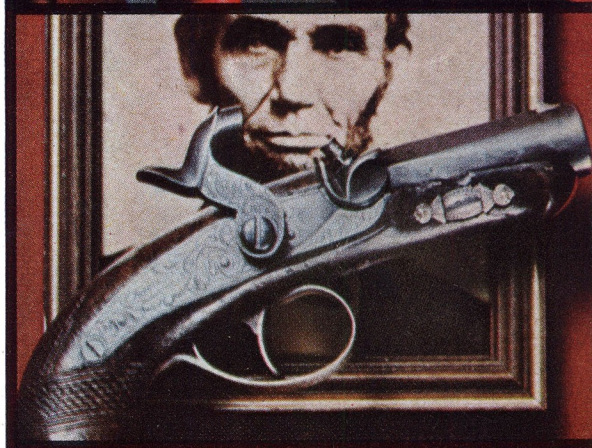
GIANT OF ADVENTURE

The Dangerous Life of Bob Marx, World's Greatest Treasure Diver



LINCOLN'S ASSASSINATION

Exclusive Pictures of Booth's Walking Arsenal



WELL OF THE VIRGINS

Mystery Dolls Prove America Was Found 200 Years Before Columbus

BONNIE AND CLYDE

"How I Shot Them Down"— Frank Hamer

after 40 years of married life a man doesn't want any back talk

(from his outboard motor)

The 9½ hp Evinrude Sportwin shown here is not just quiet. It's close to *silent*. And the same engineering that seals the noise *in*—seals the rain and sea and spray *out*.

It's just 34 inches short. You fish right over the top. It makes the skipper's seat the best seat in the boat.

It stows anywhere. And goes just about everywhere. 20 mph with a load of three. Up to 80 miles on a tank of fuel. It has *sixteen* different running positions—any angle you need for slipping through weeds—plus an *efficient, high-thrust 90° drive* when you're not.

It has thermostat control to keep the engine warm when the water is cold. Plug-in fuel tank. Streamlined lower unit with Safti-grip propeller clutch. Full gearshift. An adjustment to let you pre-set trolling speed. And it's salt-water engineered from top to prop.

In fact, the Sportwin gives you everything *except* back talk. You'll have to make your own arrangements for that.

CATALOG FREE: *See your Evinrude dealer or write: Evinrude Motors, 4147 N. 27th St., Milwaukee, Wis. 53216 (Div. of Outboard Marine Corp.)*

EVINRUDE

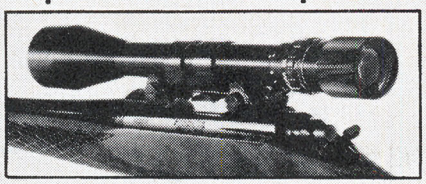
outboard motors, boats, snowmobiles, diving equipment

the power behind the fun revolution

Trophy scopes. All new from world-famous Bausch & Lomb. All four manufactured to the most exacting optical and mechanical specifications. If you take hunting as a serious sport, you already know the big difference between good equipment and superb equipment. It's performance that counts. Trophy scopes offer you superb performance.

Your choice of fixed 2½X, 4X, 6X and a variable 2½X to 8X. For any standard mount as well as a new one from Bausch & Lomb Crisp, exact click adjustments and a permanently centered reticle. Fogproof. A super-tough gloss-black finish that will look new after years of use. Will take as much punishment as a rifle. The B&L name assures you cannot buy a finer, more reliable hunting scope. Prices run from only $49.95.

Exclusive: Bausch & Lomb Custom scopes with external adjustments.



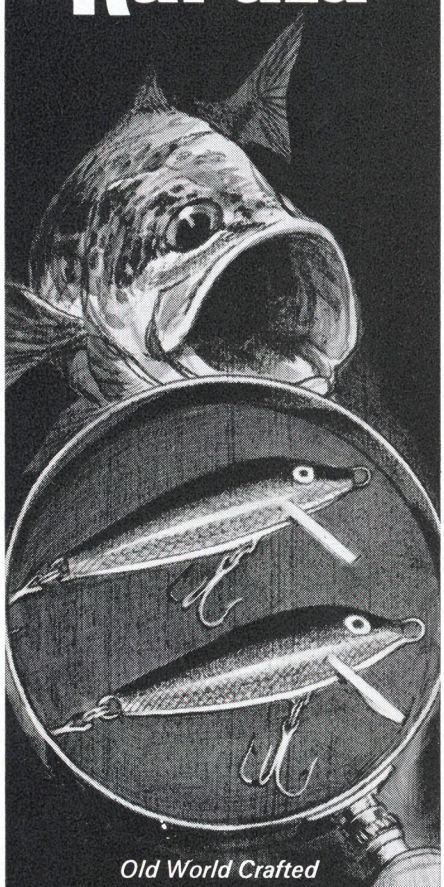
Now known as Custom scopes, these world-famous externally adjusted telescopic sights let you switch from rifle to rifle. Zero in each just once. Then use the same scope on every rifle you own.

Custom scopes can't fog, can't lose their polished, gun-blued good looks, can't be jarred out of zero. Weight's right. Length's right. Fixed powers in 2½X and 4X, variable powers in 2½X to 5X and 2½X to 8X. These are the scopes that earned the reputation: first choice of fine shots. Custom scopes are priced from $49.95. Brochure on request or send 25¢ for the book "Facts About Telescopic Sights." Bausch & Lomb, Rochester, N.Y. 14602.

BAUSCH & LOMB
FIRST CHOICE OF FINE SHOTS

Bausch & Lomb announces the Trophy scopes. Four new models with internal adjustments.

NEW MICRO-MINI Rapala®



Old World Crafted

Countdown Sinking And Floating Models Shown Actual Size

Close examination by fish or fishermen prove this miniature 2-inch model a genuine Rapala in the best tradition.

Handcrafted by the Lauri Rapala family of Finland for the most realistic minnow-like appearance and action. Carved balsa-wood body is sheathed in a tough outer skin for extra long life.

Both Countdown Sinking and Floating Models are two inches in length. Both available in Gold, Silver and Blue Mullet colors. Perfect new bait for Bass, Trout, Walleyed Pike, Crappies, and Jumbo Perch. Floating model ideal for fly rod use.

Write for Lauri Rapala's "PROVEN FISHING METHODS" and 12-page Normark/Rapala catalog—both 25¢.

Normark® CORPORATION

1710 East 78th Street • Minneapolis, Minnesota 55423

IN CANADA

Normark, Ltd., P.O. Box 1106 • Winnipeg, Manitoba

MAY, 1968/VOLUME 366 ■ NUMBER 5

THE NO. 1 MEN'S SERVICE MAGAZINE

ARGOSY

■ BOOK BONUS

THE BLOODY ROCKPILE ..... Bliss K. Thorne .. 96

■ ■ ARTICLES

ARGOSY GIANT OF ADVENTURE, 1968: TREASURE DIVER—SAILING PIONEER—ARCHEOLOGIST—ADVENTURER ..... Milt Machlin .. 23

"HOW I SHOT DOWN BONNIE AND CLYDE" ..... Tom Harris with John H. Jenkins .. 30

SYDNEY IS A YANK'S BEST FRIEND ..... John Godwin .. 34

THE ELECTRIC CAR: IT COULD ADD YEARS TO YOUR LIFE ..... David Ash .. 40

SHOOTING-EYES AND EARS ..... Pete Kuhlhoff .. 58

NEWEST SECRET OF THE WELL OF VIRGINS ..... Don Ediger and Norman Scott .. 65

JOHN WILKES BOOTH'S ASSASSINATION ARSENAL ..... Robert Elman .. 73

■ ■ ■ FICTION

MONSTER OF GRAND ISLE ..... Poke Runyon .. 42

CRASH LANDING OFF VIETNAM ..... Jacland Marmur .. 70

■ ■ ■ ■ ■ FEATURES

1. WHICH DIRECTION DID YOU FALL? 2. HONEST ABE CLUB 3. COMING ATTRACTIONS ..... Harry Steeger .. 4

HUNTING AND FISHING TIPS ..... Gil Paust .. 12

BACK TALK 14

YOU AND YOUR CAR ..... J. Edward Schipper .. 16

FOR THE SKIPPER ..... Eric Nyborg .. 19

ARGOSY WORKSHOP ..... Bruce Cassiday .. 21

WATCHDOG FOR JUSTICE: Citizens of Tomorrow Foil Bungling Heister ..... Gene Lowall .. 52

CHARLIE'S TAVERN ..... as told to Milt Machlin .. 56

TRAVEL TRAILS: EAST AFRICAN CAMERA SAFARI ..... Martin Deutsch .. 62

FREE TRAVEL LITERATURE 78

CAMPFIRES ..... George Laycock .. 82

FREE OUTDOOR INFO 83

ARGONOTES 88

COVER PHOTOGRAPHS (FROM TOP): CARL TURK/KIMBERLY CLARK; ARIE DE ZANGER; EXPEDITIONS UNLIMITED; BLACK STAR

How would you like to be the guy who bought the last car you traded in?

And yours might have been in pretty good shape compared with a lot of them. Most people don't trade a car in until something serious goes wrong.

Of course, used car dealers usually take care of something like that in one way or another. One way is to fix it. That's what Volkswagen dealers do. And you can be sure they do it very well because they guarantee their used cars.

The Volkswagen used car guarantee covers everything that makes the car tick. Engine. Transmission. Rear axle. Front axle assemblies. Brake system. Electrical equipment. For 30 days or 1,000 miles (whichever comes first), a VW dealer will repair or replace anything that goes wrong in any of these areas. At absolutely no cost to you.

You're covered during the period when anything wrong with the car usually shows up. That gives you something important that you don't always get with a used car.

Peace of mind.

We hope that's worth something to you, because it's going to cost you a few dollars more. Not much, considering how much money a VW dealer puts into every car he puts a guarantee sticker on.

The car gets inspected and tested. Then everything that needs fixing gets fixed. Very carefully, since every dealer knows that anything that goes out a little wrong will come back very wrong.

If you're thinking "that's all very nice but I don't want to buy a used Volkswagen," don't go away. To sell a Volkswagen, a VW dealer usually has to buy something else. So he probably has whatever kind of used Something Else you're looking for.

Try him. He might give you a much better buy on a Something Else than a Something Else Dealer.

Look for this sticker and you won't get stuck.

HENRY STEEGER editor

HAL STEEGER editorial director

BERNARD J. WHITE art director

editors

executive editor MILT MACHLIN
managing editor GIL PAUST
fiction BRUCE CASSIDAY
articles BOB SHIARELLA
pictures WARD KENNEDY
outdoors PAUL GILBERTS
art editor JOSEPH CONNOLLY
associate M. MOCHRIE
associate M. GRAVES
associate B. BROWN
advisory editor and cartoons ALDEN H. NORTON
assistants R. L. BAUM, A. DUVAL, L. TOMPKINS, M. NELSON

contributing editors

guns PETE KUHLHOFF
boats ERIC NYBORG
automotive J. EDWARD SCHIPPER
automotive correspondent DAVID ASH
travel MARTIN DEUTSCH
treasure R. F. MARX

associate publisher THOMAS F. HARRAGAN
eastern advertising manager ROBERT D. MORIARTY
midwestern advertising manager CHARLES E. RUSSELL
detroit advertising manager ALFRED H. PFISTER
production manager EARL UMPENHOUR
promotion manager WILLIAM BALGLEY
newsstand sales manager IRA J. MOSHIER
subscription manager JOSEPH MUCCIGROSSO

Any resemblance between any character in fictional matter and any person, living or dead, is entirely coincidental and unintentional.

ARGOSY Executive, editorial and subscription offices 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017. Henry Steeger, President; John J. McVarish, Treasurer. ARGOSY is published once a month by Popular Publications, Inc. at McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio 45401. Second-class postage paid at Dayton, Ohio. Authorized as second-class matter by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada. Copyright 1968 by Popular Publications, Inc. This issue is published simultaneously in the Dominion of Canada. Copyright under International Copyright Convention and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. All rights reserved, including the right of reproduction in whole or in part, in any form. Price 50¢ a copy, $5.00 a year in U. S., U. S. Possessions and Canada. $6.00 a year in all other countries. When submitting manuscripts, enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope for their return if found unacceptable. Care will be exercised in the handling of unsolicited manuscripts, but no responsibility for their return is assumed. Title registered in U.S. Patent Office. Printed in the U. S. A.

MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

JUNE ISSUE ON SALE MAY 16th

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Subscribers should notify the ARGOSY Subscription Department, Portland Place, Boulder, Colorado 80301. sixty days before the change is to take effect. Both old and new addresses must be given. Please enclose your mailing label, which gives all necessary information and enables the Subscription Department to put the change into effect quickly.

1. Which Direction Did You Fall? 2. HONEST ABE CLUB 3. COMING Attractions

BY HARRY STEEGER

1. We don't know about you, but we get a big charge out of the hilarious things people say when they think they're being serious. Those of you who read this department in the October and November issues will remember the wonderful excerpts we quoted from dramatic courtroom scenes. They were taken from the records of courtroom stenographers.

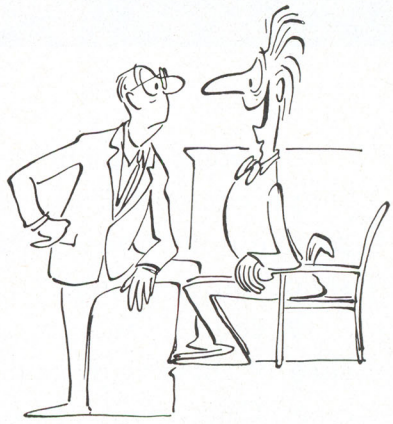
Now, again, we're privileged to present another new batch from the same source. Praise be to the National Courtroom Stenographers Association for collecting these gems and sending them along to us!

As you read them, remember that each one was actually said in a courtroom during a real trial:

LAWYER *(questioning his client): What is your name?*
ANSWER: *He doesn't even remember my name. What chance have I got?*

QUESTION: *Why didn't you scream?*
ANSWER: *He had me by the goozle pipe.*

QUESTION: *Where do you live?*
ANSWER: *Ten Spring Street, Newark, New Jersey.*
QUESTION: *With whom do you live?*
ANSWER: *With my mother and my deceased father.*

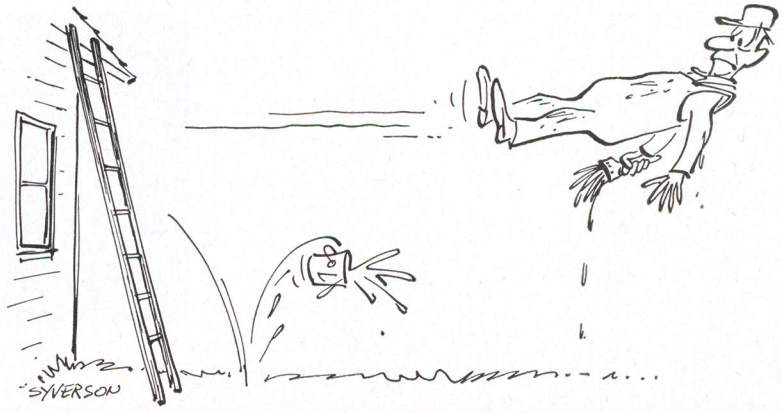


"I'm a gizzard splitter on the second shift."

(Question not noted.)
ANSWER: I didn't think it was adultery in the daytime.

QUESTION: *Do you recall which way you fell off the ladder?*
ANSWER: *Backwards.*
QUESTION: *Did you travel toward the ground?*

QUESTION: *What is your occupation?*
ANSWER: *I work at the Holly Farms* *(continued on page 6)*



"Did you travel toward the ground?"

"I wasn't aiming for an art career. It just worked out that way."

The words belong to Richard White of Zelienople, Penna., a welder who turned artist—to his own amazement and delight.

If you like to draw (and think that being an artist would give you a better life) listen to the story of Richard White.

Richard, as we've said, was a welder who loved to draw. He didn't mind being a welder but he wasn't crazy about it either. And he wanted to make a little extra money... perhaps by doing artwork in his spare time.

So—to get the professional training he needed—he enrolled in the home-study art course of the Washington School of Art.

He found the lessons clear and easy to follow. And he found he could work at them quite often, fitting them into any spare time he had. The course covered both drawing and painting. Fine art, commercial art, illustration, cartooning, lettering. Everything Richard would need to make extra money as an artist.

Best of all, he found that the instructors back at the school were unusually interested in him as a person.

They took great care in correcting his lesson assignments, which he mailed to the school. They drew and painted detailed suggestions for improving his work. They encouraged him and guided him toward the kind of artwork that would be easiest to sell.

Before finishing his training, and even before he had a chance to start selling his work part-time, a job opened up in the technical illustration department of the company he worked for.

Crossing his fingers, Richard applied for the job. He got it, loves it, and he loves the pay, too. But Richard is not finished. He wasn't aiming for a full-time art job but he got it. So anything is possible, he says. Now he has his hopes pinned on the more glamorous areas of commercial art. We think he'll make it.

Richard White is not alone. Over 125,000 men and women have studied art at home through the Washington School of Art. And they've had a lot of success. Some have succeeded in fine art, some in commercial art and illustration, some in cartooning and TV art. Some do it part time, others as an exciting, well-paid full-time career.

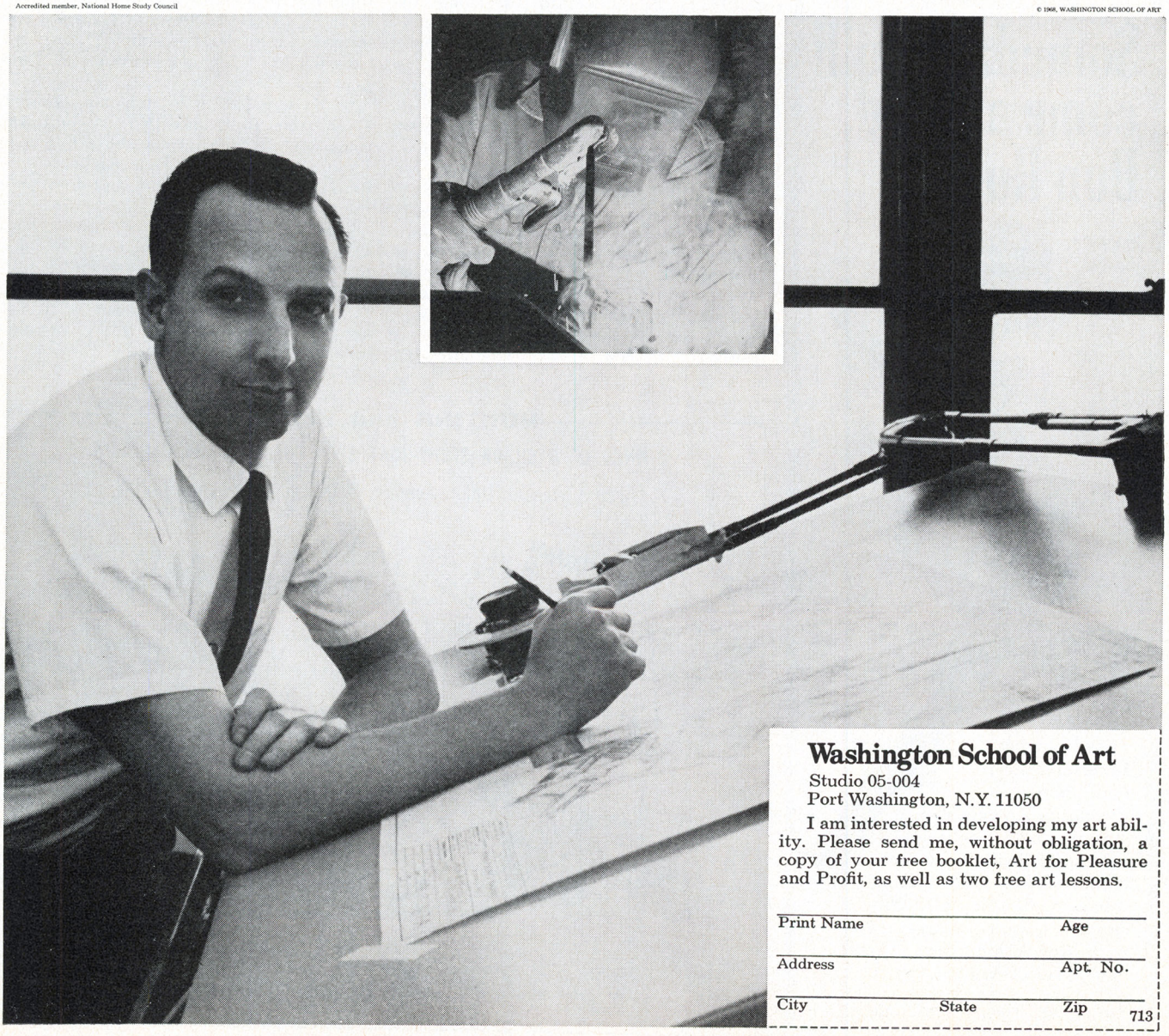
Interested? Let us send you our booklet, Art for Pleasure and Profit, which describes the unusual home-study training that led Richard White and so many others to success in art.

We'll also send you two sample art lessons, free, to show how easily you can develop professional skill in drawing and painting—right at home and in your spare time.

There is no obligation, of course, except the one you have to yourself, to work at something you enjoy and to make the kind of money your talent warrants.

Accredited member, National Home Study Council

© 1968, WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART



Washington School of Art
Studio 05-004
Port Washington, N.Y. 11050

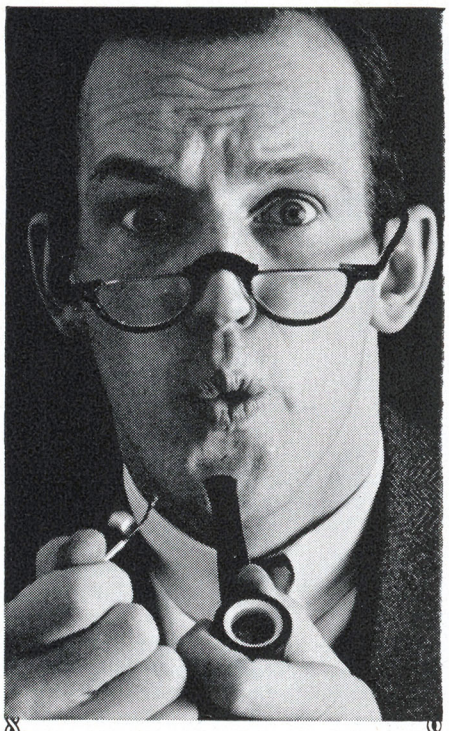
I am interested in developing my art ability. Please send me, without obligation, a copy of your free booklet, Art for Pleasure and Profit, as well as two free art lessons.

Print Name _____ Age _____

Address _____ Apt. No. _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

713



Someday you'll come around, Don Ruf.

After you've had your fling with tobaccos kissed with perfume and laced with honey, try Revelation. Sweet and syrupy, Revelation is not. Revelation is simply a richer blend of five great-tasting tobaccos. Nothing else. Pipe smokers don't always start with Revelation. But a great many end up with it.

for the experienced pipe smoker.

HONEST ABE CLUB continued from page 4

Poultry Company in North Wilkesboro. I'm a gizzard splitter on the second shift.

QUESTION: *Did you hear the questions that I asked?*

ANSWER: *Most of them, not all.*

QUESTION: *In order to save time, can you recall which of the questions I asked that you did not hear?*

2. Honest Abe Club

by Harry Steeger and Luce Tompkins

Now it's time for the monthly meeting of the Honest Abe Club, where the truth strikes a different note (sometimes flat) and all of us are the jury. To those who present the best cases (honorably true, of course), we award the most coveted trophy in all the world of sports—the Stuffed Bull's Head With the Winking Eye.

To start the ball rolling this month, we're calling on Robby Burns of Richmond Hill, New York, to relate a true hunting experience that brought about some very unusual results:

"Dear Harry and Luce: My buddy Joe and I had decided not to take along any canned meats on our hunting trip because we had made up our minds that we'd shoot all our own meat.

"However, after four days without any luck at all, and being pretty well fed up with spuds and coffee, we discovered that we'd run out of shells, too. That settled it. We decided to call it quits and head for home and a good meal.

"While we were dousing the fire and scattering it along with some half-cooked spuds, three ducks suddenly zoomed down from a passing flock and started eating the spuds in a great hurry and almost as suddenly took off. When they got up to about fifty or sixty feet, the weight of those spuds evidently got the best of them. One after the other, they nose-dived to the ground with such speed that they broke their necks.

"Needless to say, that night we enjoyed a dinner fit for a king—roast duck with built-in stuffing.

(*signed*) ROBBY BURNS"

Well, Rob, I'll have to admit, that's a new one on me—potato decoys!

Confession being good for the soul—or something—brings Ernie Howell of Rathdrum, Idaho, to our podium:

"For several years, I have been hiding the truth about an elk hunt we made up the St. Joe River in northern Idaho. Maybe now is the time to confess. I took an elk that I didn't shoot.

"My son-in-law and I were hiking up a logging road off the river. The road was steeper than a cow's face and my arthritis was yelling 'uncle.' Finally, I told Lee to go ahead and look around while I checked for tracks along the road right there. The sun was warm so I laid my old rifle down and stretched out on the roadway to rest for awhile.

"I must have gone to sleep, for the first thing I knew was that a gun had been fired right by my ear. By the time I got my eyes focused, a big elk was jumping down the bank ten feet below me. My rifle barrel was smoking.

"After a few seconds of looking around, I saw from the tracks that the bull had come crashing down from above the road, jumped on my rifle—which fired—then jumped across my still form and down into the brush.

"But that's not all. After walking back to see what the bullet had hit, I found a dead cow elk about thirty yards down the road. The bull had shot her and run.

"I was dressing out the cow when Lee returned. I just told him it was a lucky shot and let it go at that. Now I'm glad its out

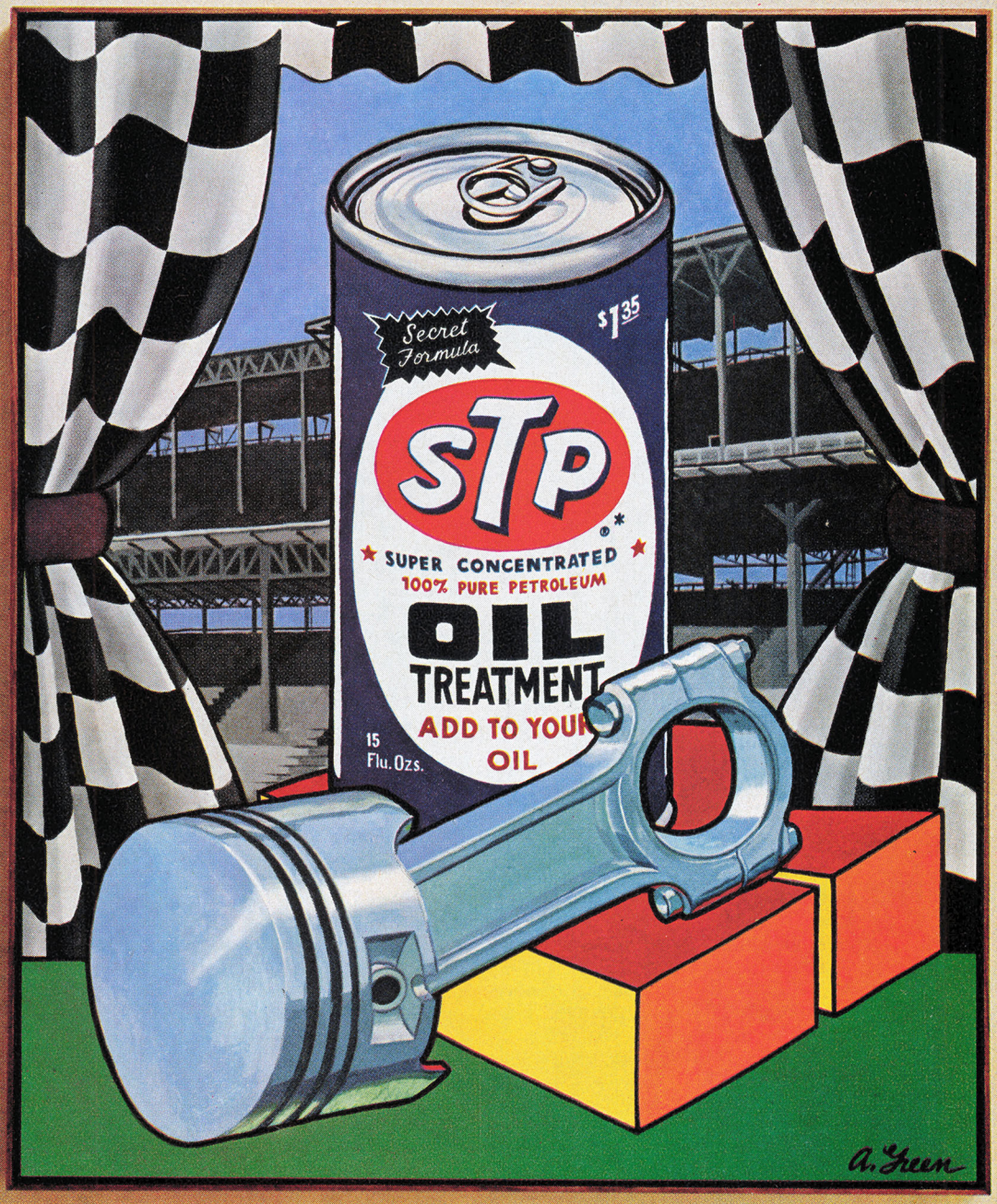
HUNTING and FISHING

WINNER OF A SNARK SNOW-BOAT SLED FOR JANUARY CARTOON

Vincent Wessel, Union Avenue, Bethpage, New York 11704

"Are you sure this is where you dropped your contact lens?"

THIS HOMELY CAN MAKES YOUR CAR RUN BEAUTIFULLY



Our container can't hold a candle to your chrome-plated chariot.

It's inside your engine—that STP Oil Treatment really shines.

When you add STP to your oil, it clings to the crucial parts of the engine like it was brushed on.

In a new car, STP keeps the engine running cleaner to begin with; keeps metal from rubbing metal the wrong way during the all-important first miles.

In an older car, STP Oil Treatment restores Detroit's original artistry by improving compression and cutting the clatter.

Just look at the most beautiful cars in the world, the ones that win the races at Indianapolis. Hardly any go anywhere without STP on their side.

STP—at gasoline service stations everywhere.

A Scientifically Tested Product of STP Corporation

The racer's edge

STP® OIL TREATMENT

Send for STP Pop-Op Poster

For beautiful full-color, 32"x25" reproduction of symbolic painting at left, send $1.00 to: STP Poster Offer, P.O. Box 98, Elk Grove Village, Ill. 60007. Offer expires Dec. 31, 1968.

SAVE MONEY THIS MAY!

Royal Traveller Attachés are on sale for the first time ever.

If your idea of a smart buy is to get more than your money's worth, our Royal Traveller Attaché sale is for you.

There's a lot more to Royal Traveller than just good looks.

Lightweight magnesium frame. Retractable handle. Hidden locks. Scuff and stain-resistant exteriors.

Choose Black, Olive or Brown in 3″ or 5″ models. But choose and save money while our first time ever May sale is on.

On June 1, our regular prices will be in effect again.

Royal Traveller® Attaché

Available now at low, low prices at your favorite self-service mass merchandising store. Look for the name of your nearest Royal Traveller dealer under luggage in the Yellow Pages, or write Shwayder Bros., Inc., Denver, Colo. 80217

Yellow Pages

in the open. You don't run into that kind of bull very often.

(*signed*) ERNIE HOWELL"

You're right, Ernie, that certainly was quite some bull!

Lend an ear now to Corporal Bill Powley of Barrington, Stone Horse, Nova Scotia, Canada:

"Having read your column for several years now, I know that at last someone out there will believe the story I am about to relate.

"It all started when my old granddad retired and bought himself a nice little hundred-and-sixty-acre spread on our golden prairies.

"Now, as you know, the Canadian West is famous for two things—its wheat and the most magnificent duck shooting in the world—and my granddad's farm had the best of both.

"Right out in the middle of his biggest wheat field was a little pond that never went dry, and every year it acted just like a magnet to all those southbound ducks that came by.

"Granddad's one big problem was that, due to lack of good cover, he had to put a little salt in every load to keep the birds from spoiling until he got to them. This cut down considerably on the amount of shot he could put in each cartridge.

"One year when his vision was a little restricted by the lack of good local moonsh—oops, snake-bite cure—he seemed to take about twice as many shells for every duck he got. No one minded this, however, as the ducks that year were sweeter than anyone could ever remember.

"Late in the winter, one day when everything had frozen up, we noticed that the little pond in the back forty was still free of ice. Upon investigation, to our surprise, we found that the pond was no longer water but a hundred-percent grain alcohol!

"It seems that, with his vision dimmed, Granddad had loaded all of his shells with sugar instead of salt that year, and with the sugar from all those shots that he missed, along with the fine crop of wheat and that pure water, Nature had merely taken its course. Needless to say, Granddad didn't miss very many 'shots' of that!

(*signed*) CORPORAL BILL POWLEY"

All I can say, Bill, is your granddad sure knew which "shots" *not* to miss!

Last, but not least, we'll have Clayton F. Cisar of Harborton, Virginia, give us a good example of applied psychology:

"Knowing your interest in true and useful tales, I would like to relate what happened to one of our new neighbors. Living in a rural community, we were all pleased when a learned psychologist moved into our area and began to show an interest in limited agricultural pursuits.

"One of his first purchases was a group of five weanling pigs which he planned to keep in an old pigsty on his place. His joy in obtaining these five animals, however, was short-lived, for almost as soon as he had deposited them in their new home, three escaped and hightailed it for the swamp. After he and a few neighbors had

spent many hours in hot pursuit, to no avail, he began to ponder upon how he, a noted psychologist, could use his years of training to some benefit in his present predicament.

"He was standing by the pen looking at the remaining pair of pigs when the idea struck him. Being a hi-fi bug, he went in the house and hauled out his equipment. Then, after giving the remaining pigs an extra large bucket of corn, he recorded their squeals of delight, which he then replayed through his hi-fi amplifier and speakers.

"The sound boomed over the swamp and pretty soon, to everyone's surprise, out came the three escapees and headed for the pen at full tilt to join their two brothers in the feast.

"The old farmers who had come to help catch the pigs merely shook their heads and said they had never seen anything like it.

(*signed*) CLAYTON F. CISAR"

That should prove to one and all, Clay, that there's more than one way to catch a pig—or was it a cat? Well, anyway, it does show that just a little psychology can go a long way.

The time slips by so fast at these gatherings, it seems that we no more than get started when it's time to break camp and disperse. Don't forget to come back again next month, same time, same place.

Meantime, keep sending us your non-stretch hunting and fishing tales and we'll keep sending you our non-stretch five-buck check for each one published, together with, of course, that world-renowned trophy of the sports world, the Stuffed Bull's Head With the Winking Eye. Address your letters to the Honest Abe Club, c/o ARGOSY Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, New York 10017.

And remember that to wear an Honest Abe Tie is to be recognized as a true sportsman wherever sportsmen are gathered. If you don't have one already, use the coupon in the ad on page 83, which lists four popular colors to choose from, and send for yours without delay.

3. Coming Attractions

June's book bonus is a mystery story written by William Arden, whose short story, "Success of a Mission," appeared in the April issue. Arden writes about a business detective named Kane Jackson, hired to recover a missing secret formula for a newly discovered drug.

Before he finds the formula, he becomes involved in industrial espionage, theft and murder—and meets a widowed woman who almost makes him decide to give up his life of detection.

You'll like Kane Jackson, we're sure.

Did our Marines die in Con Thien for nothing? Or will it be a key strategic point in holding the line against Communist invasion from the North? We sent a writer, a photographer and an artist into the thick of one of the heaviest bombardments of the war to find out what's really happening, and what the men who are doing the fighting have to say about the defense of the bloodiest hill in Vietnam. You'll read about it in our June issue. •

"Even with a family of four, our Canadian camping tour cost only $229 for two weeks."

Ted Ratliff of Detroit added, "And the marvellously beautiful scenery was for free."

Except for small fees at trailer parks and camp sites, the Ratliffs found that, "Our only major expenses were for food and gas."

The same is true along the entire 5,000 paved miles of the Trans-Canada Highway stretching clear across Canada. Mile zero is in Victoria, British Columbia, and the end is at St. John's, Newfoundland.

And connected to it is a network of equally fine highways to take you wherever afield you wish to travel.

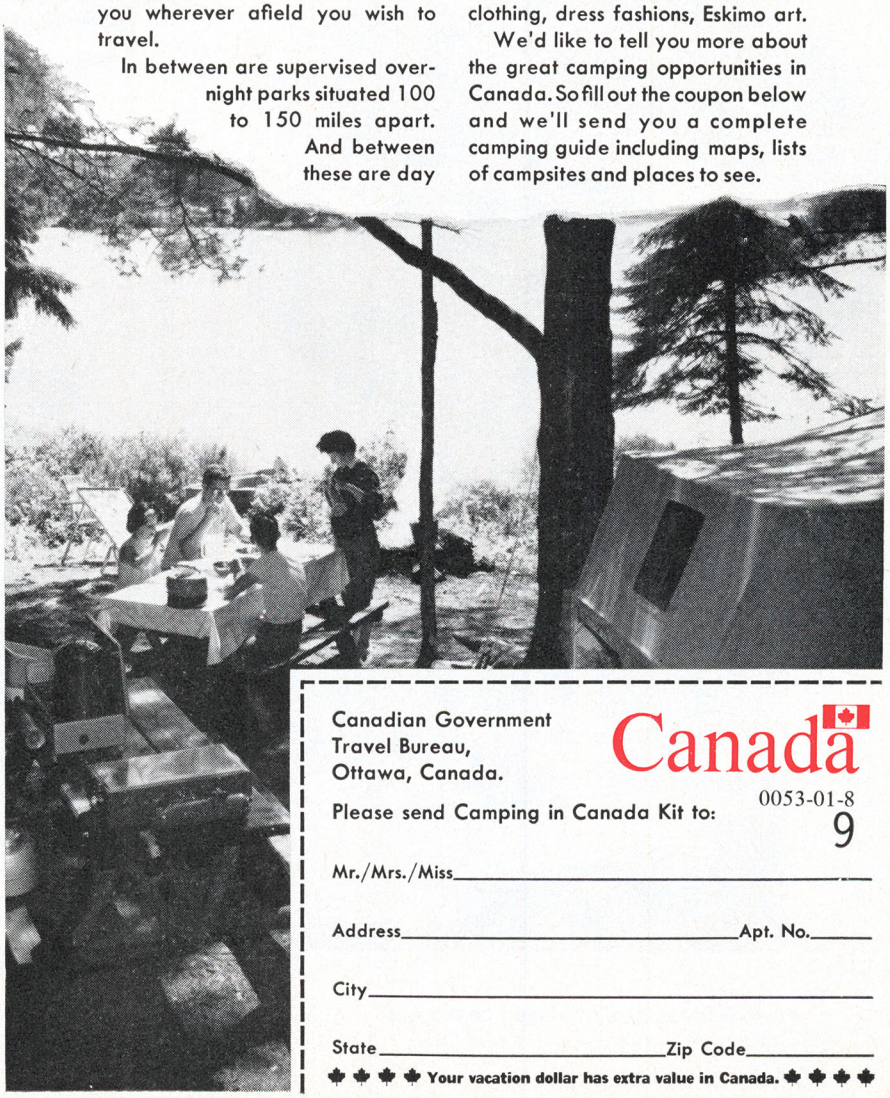
In between are supervised overnight parks situated 100 to 150 miles apart. And between these are day parks for lunch and comfort stops.

And they're located in some of the grandest scenery on this continent: the Pacific Coast; the Rockies; the gentle, sometimes rolling prairies; amid the lakes and woods of Ontario and Québec; and on the Maritime shores which are warmed by the Gulf Stream.

"Most important, their campsites are *clean!*" exclaimed Mrs. Ratliff.

And take time to discover our cities, too. Take in a baseball game, or a concert. Dine out on continental cuisine or something Canadian like Calgary cut sirloin. Shop for excellent values on sports equipment, clothing, dress fashions, Eskimo art.

We'd like to tell you more about the great camping opportunities in Canada. So fill out the coupon below and we'll send you a complete camping guide including maps, lists of campsites and places to see.



Canadian Government Travel Bureau, Ottawa, Canada.

Canada

0053-01-8

Please send Camping in Canada Kit to: 9

Mr./Mrs./Miss_____

Address_____ Apt. No._____

City_____

State_____ Zip Code_____

Your vacation dollar has extra value in Canada.

When fun's your aim, Starcraft's the name.

Chieftain-V
A comfy home on water . . . even a wall-to-wall bed!

Fun is where you find it . . . and that's most anywhere when you've got a Starcraft going for you. If your brand of fun comes in powerboats, Starcraft gives you the largest, most popular selection in the U.S.A. . . . cruisers to canoes. Every one has 40-odd years of boat-building experience built into it.

If sailing's your meat, there are four Starcrafts that'll deliver fun by the lake-full.

Compact 4 Deluxe
Deluxe features galore, yet prices *low* like a "compact" should be.

Holiday-V
Now 100% *deluxe*, from the ride to the walk-thru windshield!

Super Sport-V
A new breed of boat: a *sportabout*. Equal to any water sport, it has the walking space of a small cruiser and the zip of a runabout.

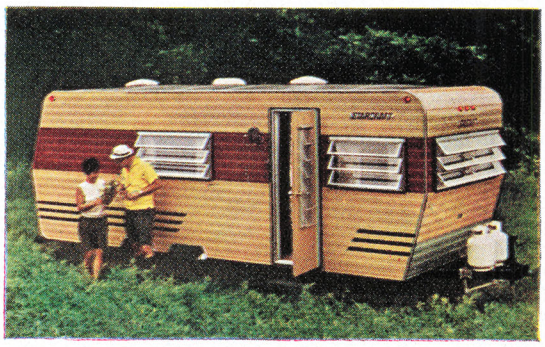
Trident-TR
A new trihedral with a deep center keel for softer rides.

Mustang & Arrow
Funabouts . . . fit for fun things like skiing, swimming and picnicking.

Sea Scamp
A fishing classic. Light enough for car-top travel . . . big enough for three people.

Starstream 2 and 4
Roof folds down to become the most streamlined, easy-traveling pick-up camper around!

Galaxy
Rivals a big travel trailer for space and features, yet folds down for compact traveling.



Astro-Star
If you want to go the limit in travel trailers, this is *it*. (Would you believe a *shower*!)

Camping your pleasure? Then check the camping trailers that hit the best-selling list in just four years. Or, if you like your camping comfort king-sized, step into an Astro-Star or one of five other Starcraft travel trailers. Each is a home on wheels: complete kitchen . . . a lavish amount of storage space . . . and other homey touches.

When *fun's* your aim, Starcraft's the name. See your Starcraft dealer for all the facts on why you'll get more years of fun out of a Starcraft.

take off in a

STARCRAFT®

FOR FREE CATALOGS WRITE: Department 8A-5 • STARCRAFT CORPORATION • GOSHEN, INDIANA 46526

POWER BOATS, SAILBOATS, CAMPERS AND TRAVEL TRAILERS • "Bangor Punta's Wide World of Boating" • STARCRAFT/JENSEN/LUHRS/O'DAY/ULRICHSEN

Ben Franklin's Outdoor Shop

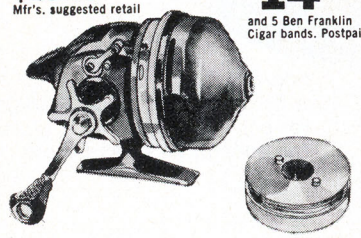
More outdoor items at remarkable savings for Ben Franklin Cigar smokers! Watch these pages for new items throughout the year.

Shakespeare push-button spinning reel

Rugged alodized die cast aluminum alloy frame with chestnut brown baked epoxy enamel. Hard chrome plated wear rings which distribute line wear over 360 degree area. Adjustable star drag control on the crank. Fixed zinc die cast spool. Comes with 8 lb. mono installed on the reel **plus extra spool filled with 15 lb. mono!**

$25.00 Mfr's. suggested retail

$14.95 and 5 Ben Franklin Cigar bands. Postpaid

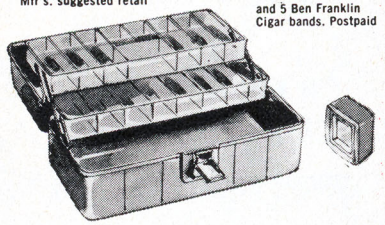


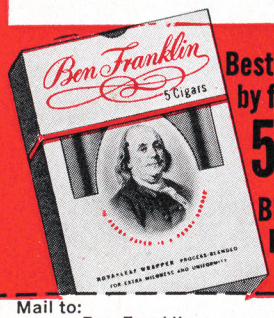
porta-lite tacklebox by UNION

New tackle box with lighting system. Hi-impact polystyrene case cover. Two cantilevered clear polystyrene trays with 12 compartments. Light switches on only when wanted, comes right out of tray. Uses standard "C" flashlight batteries. All metal parts solid brass, rust and corrosion-proof.

$14.95 Mfr's. suggested retail

$9.95 and 5 Ben Franklin Cigar bands. Postpaid





Best taste by far in a 5¢ cigar

Blunts or Perfectos

Mail to: Dept. 1
Ben Franklin
P.O. Box 429 Murray Hill Station
New York, N.Y. 10016

Please enclose check or money order payable to "Ben Franklin". Indicate quantity of items desired. Please allow 3-4 weeks for delivery.

☐ Shakespeare Reel $14.95 and 5 Ben Franklin Cigar bands Quan.

☐ Porta-lite Tacklebox $9.95 and 5 Ben Franklin Cigar bands Quan.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Am't. Enclosed _____ Cigar Bands Enc. _____

Be sure to include your Zip Code. Offer expires Dec. 31, 1968. Good only in Continental U.S. Void where prohibited, taxed, regulated or restricted.

HUNTING & FISHING TIPS

BY GIL PAUST

EARN $5! ARGOSY *will pay $5 for every outdoor tip printed in this column, so send in yours today to Hunting and Fishing,* ARGOSY, *205 East 42nd Street, New York, New York 10017. All submissions become the property of* ARGOSY.

BALKY ZIPPERS: Keep zippers on gun cases, duffle bags, etc., operating smoothly with petroleum jelly. Use a small dab spread along open zipper.

SNOW SHELTER: When hunting in subzero weather, to keep warm, burrow under the snow. It's a good insulator and can't get colder than 32 degrees, no matter how cold the air is. (Ron Blanchard, Wisconsin.)

"THE FIGHTING KNIFE": It's the name of a book on how to use a knife in fighting; valuable for the Armed Forces or any self-defense group. Offense, defense, thrust, parry, etc. From Randall, Box 1988, Orlando, Florida. Price: $1.00.

WADER LEAK: When you get one, there's a quick way of locating it. Dry boot outside, then fill with water. Leak will appear as a damp spot on surface.

FISHERMAN'S RAINCOAT: Now it comes in a can. From Cortland, along with fresh 7-Star monofilament line. Coat folds no larger than cigarette pack. Ask for 7-Star, "the line in a can with a raincoat."

COOL IT: When live-bait fishing in hot sun, put aluminum foil over the bucket to reflect sun's heat. Also put over camera, lunch, etc. (B. Brown, New York.)

CROW BLIND: Use camouflage netting from war-surplus store. Drape over your head where you sit. Fools crows completely. Toss it off fast to shoot.

FOR SHOOTERS: *Conetrol* mounts for rifle scopes. Easy to fit, projectionless, streamlined, base adjustable for windage. Shooters say it's the "perfect mount."

FILTER BAIT: Blood bait for catfish is difficult to keep on a hook. Remedy: soak unsmoked cigarette filters in chicken blood. Holds scent, won't pull off easily. For other fish, soak in cod-liver oil.

WET-WEATHER FUEL: Soak a few briquets in kerosene, wrap in aluminum foil, then stow in plastic bag for your camping trip. For a fire, they'll light easily, even when months old.

CARTOON PRIZE: *Eagle Claw* Model 88A Spin Casting Reel. Superior design, adjustable full-time drag, casts light or heavy lures, thumb-lever control, anti-reverse, stainless line spool—with line. Price: $22.95 • • •

(New Outdoor Info is on page 83.)

CARTOON PRIZE: Send in a caption for the cartoon below. The funniest will receive an Eagle Claw *Spin Casting Reel. Address: Outdoor Cartoon. Entries must be in no later than May thirty-first. January's winner of a Snark* Snow-Boat *is on page 6.*

Caption _____

You don't have to use the plumpest smoothest grain to make Bourbon.

But Grand-Dad demands it.

To make the finest Bourbon, we start with the choicest grain money can buy.

Our corn is a special breed, developed to give our Bourbon its own lightness and flavor. Our rye and barley malt is plump and clean.

We won't accept anything less.

We check every single carload of grain by hand. Then we check it again before it can enter our distillery.

Making our Bourbon is a big production.

Anything less just goes against our grain.

Kentucky straight Bourbon whiskeys. 86 proof and 100 proof bottled in bond. Old Grand-Dad Distillery Co., Frankfort, Ky.

BACK TALK

OUR READERS SOUND OFF

ARGOSY, 205 E. 42ND ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

FROGMANSHIP

Wonders never cease! While reading "Uncle Sam's Secret Super-Soldiers" (December issue), I felt that twenty years had rolled off my life.

You were talking about the famous frogmen from the U.D.T. schools, and the frogmanship that took the starch out of the proud Marines. When the Marines landed on Guam, they found a sign put up by my buddie and me:

"Welcome to Guam, U.S. Marines. U. S. O. two blocks to the right." (Signed) *Underwater Demolition Team #4.*

I would appreciate it if any of the old gang who reads this article would get in touch with me. I'd really like to know what happened to them. There were eight in U.D.T. Team #4.

JACKSON STEWART

Longview, Texas

• *Address letters to Back Talk Editor,* ARGOSY *Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017.*

MAGAZINE WITH A HEART

I have been a reader of your excellent magazine for many years and have always found it consistently outstanding. Unfortunately, it has been increasingly difficult to secure it in this part of India. For instance, I got hold of your June, 1967, issue only yesterday (six months after publication). But in spite of the inordinate delay, it was worth waiting for.

In the Back Talk column for that month, there was a letter from John McFall of Manhattan Beach, California, requesting some information about a beautiful girl named Chris Cranston. Your reply started with the heart-warming lines, "John, never let it be said that ARGOSY is a magazine without a heart."

Well, it is to your "heart" that this letter is addressed—or rather, I should say, it is to the heart of ARGOSY. For all these years, I have been a grateful reader. I sincerely hope that my son carries on the tradition. He is called Tambi, meaning "the younger one," and he would welcome correspondence from other readers. He is seventeen years old.

Wishing you the best of luck, and thanking all of you for providing millions of people with first-class fare in reading material.

V. J. TIRUMAL ROY

Madras City, South India

FAITH RESTORED

At last—a real man!

I'm referring to John Walsh in the article, "Only God and John Walsh Hear Gwamba" (January). I think of him as Noah to 10,000 animals. It is most refreshing to read of a man with courage, coupled with sentiment and compassion. In this world of apathetic people, I found my faith restored by this story.

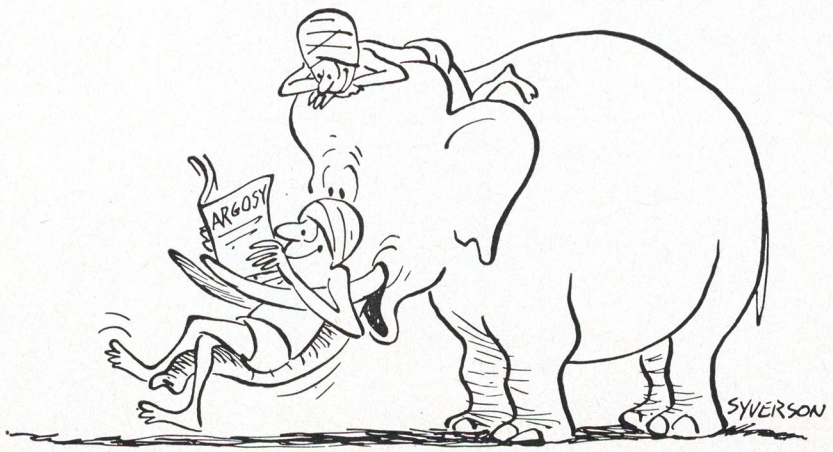
My thanks to John Walsh, the Noah, and to Pat Caulfield, the author.

G. L. MOORE

Vancouver, British Columbia

I want to tell you that you have a most enjoyable magazine.

The January issue had an interesting article about John Walsh's rescue of drowning animals in Surinam. This was a thrilling and marvelous story, but I wonder how much longer those creatures will survive? They were rescued from a death by water, but who's going to rescue them from pesticides? Only people who realize the danger—people like ARGOSY readers who aren't too lazy to ask for stronger measures concerning the use of pesticides. Animals aren't the only ones affected. People are being contaminated.



Like the great grizzly bear, which is on his way to extinction, the wolf is on his way out. Alaska has put a bounty on the dog's ancestor. Ruthless and unsportsmanlike hunting will soon eliminate him. I wish someone would tell me why a price must be placed on an animal's head.

Other states have bounties on birds of prey. They classify them as destructive, while every wildlife group in the nation will tell you that they are necessary to maintain the balance of nature.

Without protests from civic-minded people, these injustices will increase.

CLIFF MEALY

Attack Squadron Eight-six
New York, New York

APE, HUMANOID OR HOAX

I have just finished reading (for the third time) "California's Legendary 'Abominable Snowman,'" in the February issue. I've no idea whether the creature is ape, humanoid or hoax, but for God's sake and our own humaneness, let's not go after it with a gun, as the berry picker said was his intent. Let some scientific group finance an expedition to capture one or more of them for study.

I think they could be captured and placed in a large, fenced park where they could be studied by closed-circuit TV. For once, let's not resort to that old human failing of killing something we don't understand. Let us prove we are above the beasts by learning to understand that which is different from us without first killing it.

It would be a good idea if all the readers of ARGOSY would write to the conservation departments of the three West Coast states and petition them to protect the creature, as they do other scarce specimens of wildlife.

I enjoy hunting, but I would not dream of killing a protected animal, unless to save another person or myself from attack. I'm sure all true sportsmen share this view.

ARTHUR H. HAYNER

Stanwood, Michigan

After reading the story of the abominable snow person, I'm convinced from the photographs that it is a former mother-in-law of mine. It was believed she had been shot last hunting season and rendered out for lard. If you really think she is abominable, you should see her daughter!

Consequently, I believe that your staff should go into hiding until her wrath has subsided for having been photographed without her lipstick applied.

Please withhold my name and address, for I'm too young to die.

KNOCKED OUT

That tattoo story in March ARGOSY was the wildest! I'd like to throw that kind of party, but I'm sure it would be a bust. What ordinary guy would know a group of groovy chicks such as you had at your shindig?

Which brings me to the reason for writing this letter. The one gal who really knocked me out was Corinna Tsopei. Now that's a man's dream come true!

Come on, Back Talk Editor, whoever you are! How about running an untattooed picture of Corinna with a few thousand pertinent facts?

BARRY MCKENNA

Des Moines, Iowa

(turn to page 17)

Custom Camper Pickup

¾-ton Fleetside Pickup

Chevrolet pickups are the smoothest riders

Because only Chevrolet gives you full coil spring ride with Independent Front Suspension

Let's face it. Pickup users like their comforts as much as anybody—on the job or off for the weekend. Chevrolet pickups provide that comfort—first through big, easy-going coil springs front and rear on ½- and ¾-ton pickups.

Combined with truck-strong Independent Front Suspension, road shocks are smoothed out "independently" — without ping-ponging from truck to driver and cargo. Rear 2-stage coils adjust automatically to the load.

Put Chevrolet's coil suspension to work on highway or byway. The result is a *road-balanced* ride that's not only smooth but also contributes to easy handling. Rear leaf springs are available for those who prefer them.

Inside Chevrolet's heavily insulated cab, enjoy the comfort of thick foam seating, the convenience of an unsurpassed view all around, the security of features like passenger-guard door locks, 2-speed windshield wipers.

And you won't find more power or a bigger selection of engines in any popular pickup! The standard 250 Six has 155 hp. Economy *and* power! A larger six and four V8s — up to 310 hp — are Chevrolet-designed for smooth efficiency.

There's a new gold and white Fleetside waiting for you to drive —at your Chevrolet dealer's. It symbolizes Chevrolet's 50th Truck Anniversary. Drive it *soon!* . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

CHEVROLET ***Job Tamer*** **pickups**

For ride, power, style and strength

YOU & YOUR CAR

BY J. EDWARD SCHIPPER

NEW PRODUCTS FOR THE NEW CARS

WOULD YOU BELIEVE . . . A RADIO THE SIZE OF A MAN'S WRIST WATCH, A LIQUID TIRE CHAIN AND A BUILT-IN FLAT-TIRE INFLATOR?

AUTOMOTIVE engineers are planning a wide variety of improvements and innovations for the coming crop of new cars. Every January, the members of the American Society of Automotive Engineers and their counterparts from all over the world hold their convention in Detroit. Over 20,000 engineers attend, and they present papers and discuss methods of improving every detail of automotive design.

This year, the subjects included new engines, such as a luxury-type V-8 unit by Ford and an entirely new racing turbine-type by Howmet, the Canadian turbine-engine builder who made the STP turbo that powered Andy Granatelli's car in the last Indy 500 race.

Other subjects creating a great deal of interest included an experimental copper car created by the copper industry and shown for the first time; new types of brake fluids; a new two-plate clutch for high-performance passenger and sports cars, by Borg-Warner; a new Pontiac emergency air pump which is driven by the automobile engine and has the capability of inflating flat tires on the spot; a new Dow Chemical product which can increase tire traction on ice and snow, and a new Delco radio, about the size of a man's wrist watch, which will be on some of the 1968 Pontiacs.

Let's take a closer look at some of these innovations.

Ford's decision to produce a new type of V-8 engine for the 1968 model year was influenced by the results of advanced design work begun in 1964. The engine was developed for a luxury-car application, including a primary objective of minimum hydrocarbon and carbon monoxide emissions. This, of course, dictated much of the design in the carburetor and intake manifold, and combustion chamber and exhaust.

The metering of the air-fuel ratio is planned to be sufficiently precise to render unnecessary the auxiliary exhaust-manifold controls and other systems previously used for carbon monoxide reduction. The air-fuel-ratio mixture-adjusting screws have been provided with "limiters" which do not allow the air-fuel ratio to be adjusted richer than required for proper control.

The engine incorporates many other features of completely new design, particularly the cylinder-head combustion chamber which is a Hemi-wedge type. About three hundred of these engines have been manufactured for testing at the Ford engineering center and adapted, with minor modifications, to the Thunderbird and Lincoln Continental.

The Howmet experimental sports car, with its new turbine engine, circled the Daytona "trioval" at an average speed of 176.058 mph on December twentieth. It was driven by Ray Heppenstall. This beat the previous record set by Parnelli Jones last May at Indianapolis.

The copper industry's car was designed by Mario Revelli of Turin. It is called the Exemplar I. It has an open roof, with two independently operated panels on the passenger's and driver's sides. These rise vertically before moving backward. It has a number of other novel features, including a spare-tire mounting at the front of the car, claimed to be a safety provision. The copper-alloy front-brake discs are supposed to have ten times the thermal conductivity of cast iron and will provide longer lining life.

A new, improved type of brake fluid was introduced in a paper by engineers of the Chemicals and Plastics Research and Development Department of the Union Carbide Corporation. Since Public Law 87637 was established, setting standards for brake-fluid specifications, the newly created Department of Transportation has focused its attention on brake fluid, particularly as to boiling point and vapor-locking tendencies. Another paper by Allan Ker of Castrol, Limited, dealt with a new brake fluid that is claimed to absorb less moisture than those now in use.

Hot-rodders will be interested in a new two-plate disc clutch designed by Borg-Warner for high-speed cars with engines of more than 400-cubic-inch displacement. This clutch will replace the "210" racing clutch used on Ford's Mark IV, which has a 427-cubic-inch double-overhead cam engine.

To mention one more of the ingenious innovations, Dow Chemical demonstrated a liquid tire chain, a combination of blended resins that, when applied to the tire tread and activated by water in ice or snow, forms a sticky coat that increases traction. • • •

Not recommended for drivers under 18.

Du Pont Golden "7" is the high-performance motor oil additive. The one made to give your car top power and top performance. We figure it's not kid stuff.

DU PONT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Better things for better living
..through chemistry

BACK TALK from page 14

• *Barry, you sure know how to pick 'em. Corinna Tsopei is a winner, all right, in more ways than one. We think you'll like her untattooed picture (below) and we could easily give you a few thousand interesting facts about this gal from Greece if space permitted. As you can see from her photo, she's an impressive bit of female pulchritude, and she tapes in at 36-23-36.*

She was chosen Miss Greece of 1964 at the Asteria, a club in Athens. It happened on her nineteenth birthday. In Miami, several months later, she was chosen Miss Universe from sixty-seven girls. At the time, Corinna didn't speak a word of English.

As Miss Universe, she traveled to many countries and then came to New York to work as a model. On one assignment, she made over $2,000 in two days. But her real love was acting, so she packed her

bags and went to Hollywood. She told our interviewer that her ambition was to be a really good actress and not just a movie star.

Unlike most people, Corinna considers thirteen a lucky number. She was the thirteenth Miss Greece and the thirteenth Miss Universe. And it was on a Friday, the thirteenth, that she was chosen for the role in "The Sweet Ride," soon to be released by 20th Century-Fox.

Corinna lives in a four-room house, tastefully furnished with antiques. She loves to cook and has made the statement that, "when I marry, I don't want my husband to know how to cook, because I like to do it all myself."

She knows very few people in Hollywood, because she's much too busy learning to be an actress. And her dates are not with the film crowd, because, as she has said in her charming fashion, "I do not like, please, to make publicity of personal things."

• • •

HOTSY A MAN'S STEAMCLEANER
...STEAM IN A JIFFY!

WANT ACTION? Here is our
Proposition

NOW SAVE
$100.00
33% Savings

Limited Offer
Direct Factory Purchase

You will save hundreds of Dollars by owning your own Steam-Cleaner.

People Need a SteamCleaner for all SORTS of Reasons.

- ★ Business Machines
- ★ Lawn Mower Shops
- ★ Motorcycle Shops
- ★ Cafes—Hotels
- ★ Industrial Plants
- ★ Super Markets
- ★ Meat Markets
- ★ Animal Farms
- ★ Fur Farms
- ★ Domestic Establishments
- ★ Air Conditioning Equipment
- ★ Printers Equipment
- ★ Service Stations
- ★ Truckers
- ★ Garages
- ★ Saw Mills
- ★ Boats—Marinas
- ★ Dairies
- ★ Building Cleaning
- ★ Ice Plants
- ★ Farmers
- ★ Veterinarians
- ★ Fish Markets
- ★ Refrigeration

Revolutionary HOTSY. Only SteamCleaner that gives simple dependable service. Makes all others obsolete. Anyone can operate a HOTSY SteamCleaner.

PRODUCES STEAM, WHEREVER, WHENEVER NEEDED

HOTSY STEAMCLEANER
PRODUCES STEAM IN A JIFFY

SPECIAL FACTORY OFFER

1. Everyone can use a HOTSY. People Need a SteamCleaner for all sorts of Reasons.
2. No Gadgets. No Pumps, Small but Powerful, Portable, Costs Less to Operate. Produces Steam or Hot Water in a JIFFY. Uses Propane or Butane Gas.
3. If you can't find a HOTSY DISTRIBUTOR, you may order direct from the factory. Guaranteed.
4. Regular Price $295.00—Save $100.00 and pay only $189.50 on Factory offer.

Reference: First National Bank, Kokomo, Indiana

ORDER FROM FACTORY

HOTSY DIVISION OF SALES

P. O. Box 973, Jackson, Wyoming 83001 **P. O. Box 648, Kokomo, Indiana 46901**

☐ I do not know of a **HOTSY** Dealer but I want to save $100.00. Ship me a **HOTSY** SteamCleaner outfit **Complete.** Here is my check or money order for $189.50. Discount price.

☐ I am interested, but don't want to take advantage of your discount offer. Send me information only.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State..... Zip .....

New 65-hp Mercury

Best way to go between 50 and 100.

You've got your eye on a beautiful little 16-foot runabout. You plan to do a little bit of everything—a little cruising, a little skiing—maybe even some fishing. How much power do you need? An ideal choice is the new Merc 650—65 hp. This is the 65 that runs with competitive 75s. Has all the Mercury exclusives: shear-proof drive, 4 cylinders in-line, Power-Dome combustion chambers and patented Jet-Prop exhaust. Like every Merc from 50 horsepower up, the new Merc 650 has Mercury's electronic *Thunderbolt* ignition with no breaker points to adjust. Plus Mercury's exclusive System of Silence that makes this the quietest outboard anywhere near its class. Many people call this the world's finest mid-range motor. One thing for sure: it's the best thing this side of 100. See the new Merc 650—and 8 other new Mercs—at your Mercury dealer, where the *Payoff is Performance!*

KIEKHAEFER MERCURY
FIRST IN MARINE PROPULSION

Kiekhaefer Mercury, Fond du Lac, Wisconsin. Division of Brunswick Corp. Kiekhaefer Mercury of Canada, Ltd. Kiekhaefer Mercury of Australia Pty. Ltd.

FOR THE SKIPPER

BY ERIC NYBORG

Tips to make boating pleasanter, easier and more fun

THERE is nothing that can destroy sleep as effectively as worrying about the anchor. And any good skipper does worry. You can dump the hook over the side, wait until it catches and then back down full on the engine until you'd swear the anchor had dug in halfway to China; but no sooner do you roll into your bunk for the night than you start worrying. Is it really dug in? If it drags, where will you wind up? So you spend the night sleeping only in fits and starts and constantly checking your position in the harbor.

What you need is an automatic anchor watch, and here is a real Rube Goldberg rig that works like a charm. When you throw the anchor over, toss in a weighted line at about the same spot. A lead line works fine, or you can use a line with a brick as a weight. After you've snubbed down the anchor line, leave a little slack in the weighted line and tie the end of it to the ship's bell or to a metal bucket propped up on a shelf. If the anchor drags, the weighted line will tighten until it either rings the bell or pulls the bucket off onto the floor with a clatter that would wake the dead.

FOR SAFETY REASONS, alcohol stoves are preferable to the gasoline type for boat use. At least, that is what the insurance companies feel. Gasoline, they say, is more volatile than alcohol, and consequently, if the stove leaks, you're more likely to get an explosion or a fire when using gas. That's all very well, except that alcohol stoves have to be primed. There is a little metal cup under the burner that is filled with raw alcohol and fired off, heating the burner. This works fine until the time you get a little too much alcohol in the primer. The longer that alcohol burns, the hotter it gets. And the hotter it gets, the more it vaporizes and the bigger the flame gets, until you're scorching the cabin roof. Before you go to panic stations and start flailing around with a fire extinguisher, try dumping the biggest pot you've got on top of the burner. It will spread the flame out to the side and, because the pot is cold, it will cool down the flame and make it smaller. However, if this doesn't work immediately, grab that extinguisher, man, but fast!

NEXT TIME you go down to your boat, take along a box of detergent and dump it in the bilge. If it's at the beginning of the season, you presumably cleaned out the bilge and it doesn't need cleaning again. Dump in the detergent anyway. It will coat the bilge and be ready to go to work on the first drop of oil or gas that falls in there before the gas or oil gets a chance to soak into the wood.

THERE IS nothing as beautiful—or as much trouble—on a boat as brass. Every time you turn around, it needs to be polished. It's worse than trying to keep the grass cut. You can make it a little easier, though, by using one of those lamb's-wool pads that can be chucked up in an electric drill. If there is no power available, use a hand drill, the egg-beater type. It doesn't work as well as a powered drill, but it's considerably easier than using elbow grease. And speaking of grease, smear a little vaseline on the brass after it has been polished. The thin film is invisible but it keeps the air out so the brass won't tarnish as quickly.

SMALL OBJECTS are forever getting lost on a boat. They fall overboard, or down into the bilge, or just sprout wings and fly away. Wherever it's possible, tie them down. A beer-can key can be tied on a two-foot hunk of lace line to the beer cooler. Not only does this keep it from getting lost, but it takes care of that type of guest who insists on leaving it, point up, in the middle of one of the seats. Same thing goes for funnels. Drill a small hole in the lip and you can tie them where you need them. If you use a funnel in three different places and don't want to buy more than one, just grab up a few empty liquid detergent cans. They have a short spout at the top, and with the bottom cut out with a can opener, they make fine funnels.

ONE SALT-WATER skipper whom I used to fish with solved the fresh-water problem rather ingeniously. He had an open skiff with no galley or refrigeration and used a portable cooler for his food and drink. The first time I opened that cooler, I figured he must be on a health kick or have an ulcer. There were four milk cartons in there among the food and beer. Then I discovered that they weren't filled with milk. He'd washed them out, filled them with water and frozen them in the freezer. Once in the cooler, they not only took care of the refrigeration but, as the ice melted, provided fresh drinking water.

IN MOST families, there is something known as "the sharp knife." It is kept on the female theory that it was sharp when purchased and always will be sharp. Of course, it has been in use for two years and is fit only for spreading peanut butter. Out of desperation, you go out and get a knife sharpener. You may well wind up buying every type on the market in a vain attempt to find one that really works.

After fifteen years, I finally found one—and it desn't grind coffee, squeeze orange juice and open cans in addition. It just sharpens knives, fast, and with no effort. It is called an Aladdin. It is just a little plastic gismo that looks like half an egg with a slot in it. Screw it on the wall, pull the blade through it a few times and you've got a knife you can shave with. Last time I bought one it set me back $2.98.

DOCKING a small cruiser can be a mean and dangerous job. To start with, you usually have to come head on to the dock, which means getting up on the bow of the boat to handle lines. And there is no more dangerous spot on the whole boat. Invariably, it is slippery and almost never is there a railing or anything else to hang onto. And to compound the problem, how do you get there? If the boat has a convertible top and it is folded down, you can make like a mountain goat, from the cockpit to the helmsman's seat, over the windshield to the roof of the cabin and thence to the bow. An interesting trip if the water is a bit choppy and the boat is rolling. Or you can make like a mole, down into the cabin, taking great care not to bang your head against the low overhead and in the process banging your knee against one of the bunks, and from there up through a hatch that is microscopic and which will perversely fall down and clip you in the shoulder blades just as you're halfway out.

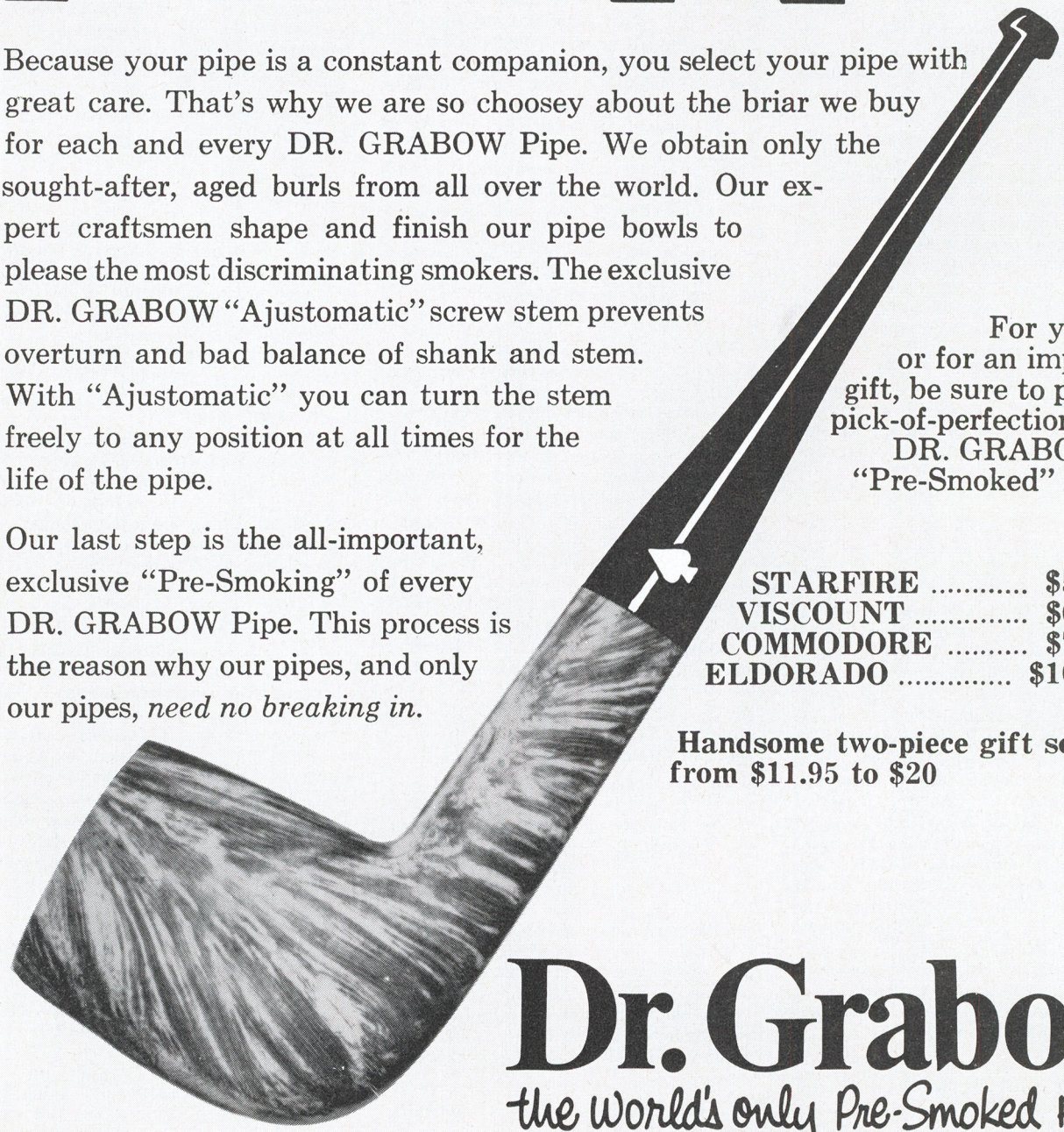
Once you arrive up forward, you then have to stand on a surface that's more slippery than the fifth amendment, and brace yourself against the forward motion of the boat. Just as you shift your weight to fend the boat off from the dock, the skipper decides that he's coming in too fast and throws the engine in full reverse, leaving you standing on thin air where the boat used to be.

Of course, if you are the adventurous type and like challenges, this is all very good sport. But I'd recommend avoiding the bow like the plague—and you can do it easily enough. Get an extra long bow line, a bit longer than your boat. Then, when you leave the dock, don't get on the bow; get directly into the cockpit and bring the mooring line with you. It will run right around the side of the cabin and into the cockpit. When you come in for a landing, come in either broadside or stern first, and you can climb directly from the cockpit up onto the dock. • • •

Pick the pick of pipes

Because your pipe is a constant companion, you select your pipe with great care. That's why we are so choosey about the briar we buy for each and every DR. GRABOW Pipe. We obtain only the sought-after, aged burls from all over the world. Our expert craftsmen shape and finish our pipe bowls to please the most discriminating smokers. The exclusive DR. GRABOW "Ajustomatic" screw stem prevents overturn and bad balance of shank and stem. With "Ajustomatic" you can turn the stem freely to any position at all times for the life of the pipe.

Our last step is the all-important, exclusive "Pre-Smoking" of every DR. GRABOW Pipe. This process is the reason why our pipes, and only our pipes, *need no breaking in.*



For yourself, or for an important gift, be sure to pick the pick-of-perfection pipes, DR. GRABOW "Pre-Smoked" Pipes.

STARFIRE $5.95
VISCOUNT $6.95
COMMODORE $7.95
ELDORADO $10.00

Handsome two-piece gift sets from $11.95 to $20

Dr. Grabow

the World's only Pre-Smoked Pipes

NEED NO BREAKING IN

Get the pipe with the Spade. It's the symbol of pipe smoking in the ultra-great manner.
For FREE Information Booklet, write Dr. Grabow Pre-Smoked Pipes, Greensboro, N.C. 27420

BY BRUCE CASSIDAY

ALUMINUM PRESSURE-SENSITIVE TAPE

Fix leaky downspouts and gutters in six seconds

YOU can repair leaky downspouts and metal gutters with a new, easy-to-apply, aluminum pressure-sensitive tape now available from Arno Adhesive Tapes, Michigan City, Indiana.

The tape, which comes in a 2-inch-wide, 30-foot-long roll, will make a permanent bond to any clean, dry surface and will conform to any shape without breaking. It makes an airtight, watertight seal—in seconds.

In addition to adaptability, the tape will take paint or other finishes and also patching compounds.

It is useful for temporarily wrapping exhaust pipes and mufflers and for trimming autos, boats and outdoor furniture which shows signs of wear.

A 30-foot roll costs $1.69.

DO YOU have stripes in your lawn where the fertilizer spreader failed to make contact? Try a new spreader which uses liquid lawn chemicals and affords you pinpoint accuracy.

Weedone Meter Miser, a lightweight, two-wheel apparatus, manufactured by Amchem Products Company, is designed especially for use by homeowners and gardeners. It has a spinning disc-type spray head and can be used to spread liquid herbicides, fungicides, fertilizers and insecticides.

The spray head is only 5 inches from the ground; you can use it for home lawns and leave no area larger than a dime unsprayed. You simply push or pull the spreader across the area to be treated. This movement causes the spray applicator to spin and spread the chemical in a 36-inch-wide swath between both wheels.

The tank holds five gallons of chemical and will cover 5,000 square feet of area. The parts in contact with chemical solutions are made of corrosion-proof plastic. Meter Miser weighs only 30 pounds. You can rent one or buy one at hardware stores and garden centers. Or write us for further information.

CHIPPENDALE. Duncan Phyfe. Shaker. Eclectic. You've heard those terms time and again, and yet, do you really know what they mean?

Actually, they are classic styles in American furniture dating back to Colonial days. Every homeowner should be up on what each type represents.

Johnson Wax has prepared a highly readable, illustrated and detailed booklet containing a rundown on the most important American furniture styles. This is a must if you're going to be paying the bills for furniture your wife wants—and it will also give her some idea of the authenticity of the piece she's interested in.

"Album of American Furniture Classics" contains 68 pages of pictures, text and valuable information. It's yours for the asking if you write to me at ARGOSY Workshop.

IT ALWAYS used to amuse me during World War II to see expert camouflagers at work around defense installations, particularly when they were painting roofs and walls grass-green to resemble lawns or fields—and extended the painting *onto the real grass!*

Silly as it seemed, it fooled the aerial photographers and observers above. And maybe it fooled a lot of other people, too.

This is all by way of introducing an interesting new product called Perma-Grass, made by OBI, a weatherproof plastic product which looks enough like real turf to make you want to run across it barefoot.

Say you've got a concrete patio slab or terrace and want to soften the hardness and the appearance: you put down these squares of Perma-Grass, securing them either by adhesive or by plastic clips, and you've got the semblance of a lawn on your slab. Or, say you want a background for your plants on an apartment balcony: put down Perma-Grass.

Even if you've got a hard-packed, rocklike lawn that doesn't have any grass, you can put down this plastic turf to get a better-looking back yard.

There are all sorts of uses for this "grass." At a cost of $1 a square foot, it is certainly as cheap as any guaranteed sod you can come up with.

YOU can decorate doors, chests, screens, dressers and almost any piece of furniture you want with simulated hand-carved wood, and then finish it off with stain, paint or antique finishes.

Filon has recently developed what they call "Designer Carvings"—strips, plaques and medallions made out of special polyester resins which look exactly like laboriously hand-carved wood. You can attach the plastic by means of contact adhesives or nail it in place; you can saw it and drill it!

The plastic reproduces the tiniest chisel marks and even the grain of the wood. Inexpensive, too: a 15-by-7-inch plaque costs about $3; 2 feet of 1½-inch moulding is about $2.

A booklet showing Designer Carvings in use will come to you by return mail if you're interested. • • •

YOU'RE IN CONTROL...

WHERE THE ACTION IS!

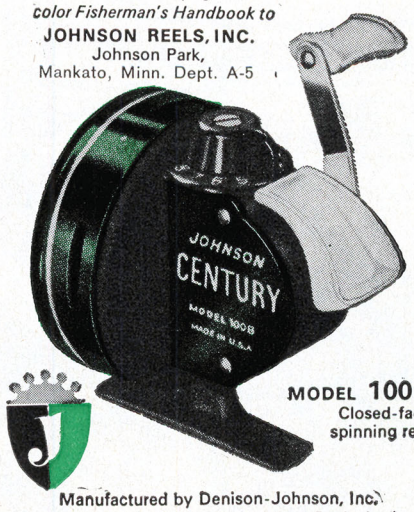
MODEL 710A
Closed-face
Spin-casting reel

Johnson REELS

"First on Famous Waters"

On all the far-famed fishing waters, from opening day throughout the fishing season, you'll see Johnson reels in action. The fishermen who wield these reels come in all sizes, shapes and ages, but one thing they have in common: the no-backlash, practically fail-proof performance of a Johnson reel. It's the kind of performance you get only with a Johnson reel, and every one is backed by Johnson's exclusive Lifetime Service Guarantee. See these and other famous Johnson reels at your tackle counter. Priced from $7.95.

Send 25c for 24-page full color Fisherman's Handbook to
JOHNSON REELS, INC.
Johnson Park,
Mankato, Minn. Dept. A-5



MODEL 100B
Closed-face
spinning reel

Manufactured by Denison-Johnson, Inc.
Distributed In U.S.A., by Johnson Reels, Inc.

Golfers
on the GO...
know

Miller makes it right!

Here's a "round" you can always rely on . Miller High Life. Enjoy the hearty, robust taste of a cold, refreshing Miller . . . best of the better beers . . . always right!

Miller HIGH LIFE

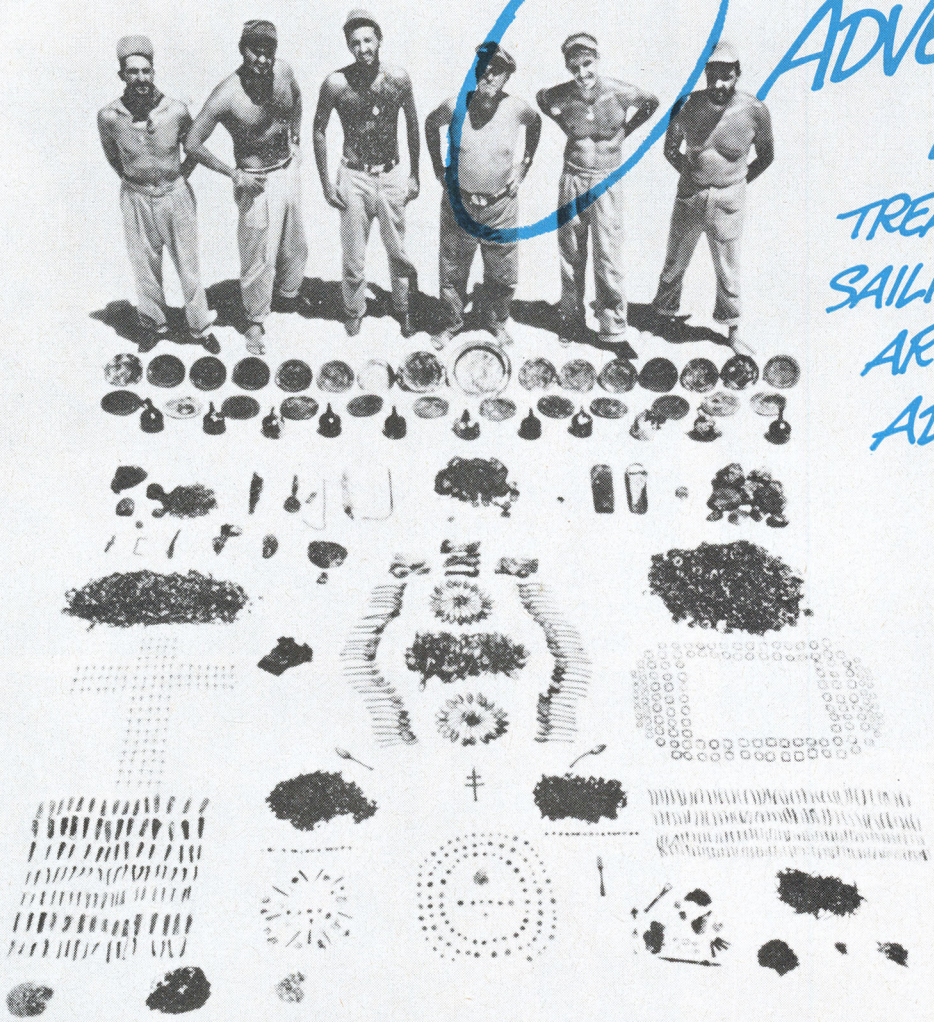
The Champagne of Bottle Beer

MILLER BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE

ARTICLE
ARGOSY / MAY, 1968

ARGOSY GIANT OF ADVENTURE 1968

TREASURE DIVER–
SAILING PIONEER–
ARCHEOLOGIST–
ADVENTURER

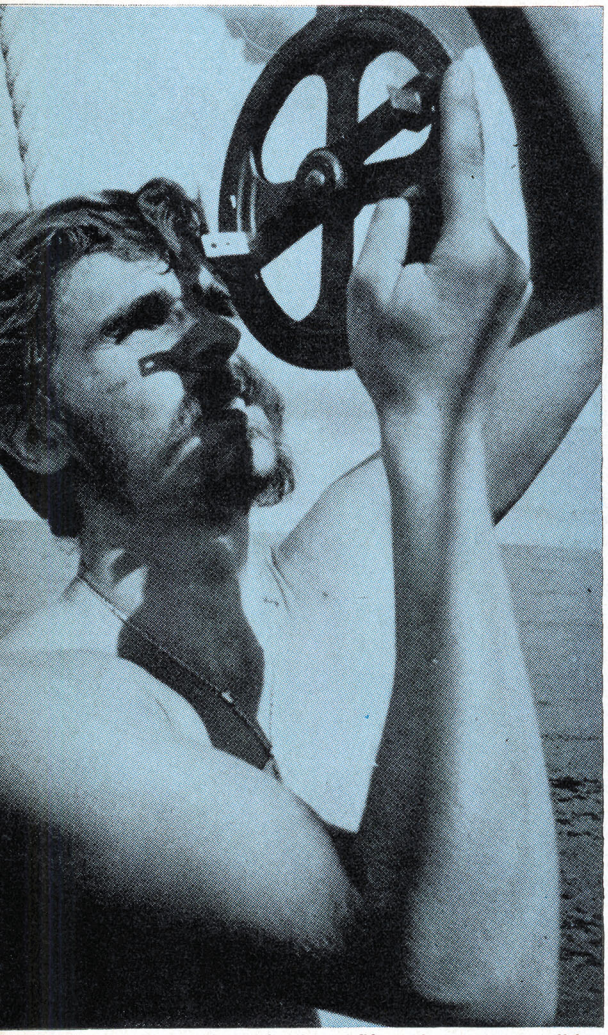


"Tell them I'm a scientist and an archeologist, or I'll kick your damn teeth in."

Bob Marx is a scientist and an archeologist. He is also a lot of other things, all of which add up to adventure

BY MILT MACHLIN

Marx (second from right) and friends pose with relics of Spanish merchant ship, **El Matancero,** wrecked off Yucatan.



Marx tried to duplicate fifteenth-century conditions aboard **Nina II,** even to the point of using period navigational equipment. Top, right: His crew sets fire to Viking ship after frustrating tangle with Tunisian authorities. Right: Friends tend to disabled Marx after capture by bandits.

PHOTOS FROM BOB MARX

TRYING TO fit all of Bob Marx's adventures into the confines of a magazine is like trying to pack an aqualung, a wet suit, a couple of .45s, the world's largest archive of treasure information, several dozen ancient iron and bronze cannon, a couple of spearguns and a Marine's uniform into an overnight flight bag.

It is doubtful that any man, even ARGOSY's own intrepid Giants of Adventure, has had the varied, exciting experiences, narrow escapes on land and sea, and wild escapades that Bob has had—and still emerged as the most highly respected man in his field. For despite his scarred, piratical appearance and casual manner, Marx is the world's greatest expert on treasure diving and has long been recognized as such. Proof? He was just hired as chief treasure, wreck and archeological advisor by Real Eight, the group which started Florida's treasure boom by discovering one of the great treasure fleets of all time off the Florida coast.

Marx has recorded a good many of his big-time thrills on these pages ("I'm Digging Up Jamaica's Fabulous Sunken Pirate City," October, '67, "Providence Island: Where Dream Treasures Come True," January, '68), and now that he is ARGOSY's Treasure Editor, you'll be hearing even more of his exploits.

But Bob's everyday living has enough unrecorded thrills to fill a book. (He's already filled a book with some of his recorded exploits. It's called "Always Another Adventure," World Publishing, $6.95).

The day I visited him in Jamaica recently, he had just finished coping with a problem in Marxian fashion. Bob's current project, the restoration of the sunken pirate city of Port Royal, operates out of the ruin of an old Naval Hospital which happens to be the oldest iron-frame structure in the Western Hemisphere. The crumbling halls are full of native squatters, who are permitted to live there rent-free provided they don't interfere with the restoration project. But outside, scavengers have a habit of pirating any loose goodies left unguarded. Marx had hired a giant, bearded Rastafarian (member of a weird Jamaican cult which believes that Haile Selassie is literally God) to guard his establishment and the old hospital from looting. The man was reported to be the toughest hombre in Port Royal. But when Marx arrived that day, he had found his Rasta backed against the wall by a half-dozen knife-toting pirates who had been interrupted in the act of dismantling one of the hospital gates for scrap iron. Marx took one look at the six open blades and ran for the main building. Thinking they had scared off the boss man, the six pirates started to close in on the terrified Rasta, but froze in horror as they saw Marx descending on them, roaring at the top of his lungs and swinging a nail-studded two-by-four like a samurai sword. The pirates tripped over each other retreating.

We retired to the Buccaneer's Roost, one of the two bars in the tiny fishing town, for a Red Stripe beer. In the bar was a tall, blue-black and nail-hard young Jamaican who, Marx told me, was nicknamed "Money" after his favorite pursuit.

"Hey, Money, man! How many times did I fire you?"

" 'Bout twenty, mon!"

"And how many times did you try to kill me?"

"One time, mon!"

A couple of weeks before, Money, who had worked as a diver on the Port Royal restoration, had been fired for the last time for drinking, loafing and stealing. Brooding on "whites," the local rum and *ganja*, the popular local marijuana, Money decided to wait for Marx with a knife when he came out of the water that day. Unfortunately for that plan, Marx came out carrying a crowbar. Money abandoned the plan, but continued to skulk around the area swearing to gut Marx as soon as he showed up. Marx picked up a sidearm for safety and went into the big yard of the Naval Hospital. A crowd had gathered to watch the day's activity.

"How tall is Money?" Marx asked.

" 'Bout like you, Bobmarx," said one of the crowd. (People in Port Royal usually call him Bobmarx, as though it were one word.)

Marx lay down on the ground and said, "Mark me off, head and toe."

One of the crowd obliged. Marx produced two shovels.

"Now start digging between those marks."

"What you doing, mon?" asked one of the spectators.

"I'm digging Money's grave," Marx answered coolly. "I never kill a man unless I dig his grave first."

Twenty minutes later, Money was back, literally on his knees, crying and holding his knife out open-palmed.

"Don't kill me, Bobmarx! I be good mon!"

The incident was closed as of last week.

But stories of these swashbuckling exploits—like the time he was trapped under a stone wall in Port Royal harbor for forty minutes and had to be rescued with the help of a teen-ager who had never before worn a diving mask, or the time he was attacked at 200 feet by a nitrogen-narcosis-crazed amateur diver who ripped off his mask and tried to strangle him—are not what Marx wants to hear told about himself.

The image Marx wants to leave behind is that of a man who has contributed to man's knowledge of his past—and as one of the most knowledgeable men in the world on Marine Archeology, he has earned that reputation. Despite the fact that his academic credits include only an almost-degree at the University of California at Los Angeles, Marx is a consultant to university professors and governments on archeology.

His first interest in diving was prompted by early magazine stories about Port Royal. He was a professional diver by the time he was thirteen, and when he entered the Marines at eighteen, he was already so expert that none other than Marine Commandant General Chesty Puller gave permission to set up the Marine Corps' first skin-diving course. He taught more than 1,000 marines, from privates to generals, the principles of the new technique, which was relatively in its infancy in the mid-fifties.

It was while still in the Marines, diving on his free time, that Marx, along with Captain Robert Legge, a Navy surgeon serving with the Marines, made his first historic find. Using a technique he later developed into an art, he first researched every written source in local libraries and in the Library of Congress, then traced down local rumors and documents until he actually located and definitively marked the wreck of the historic Union ironclad, the *Monitor*. Unfortunately the

CARL TURK/KIMBERLY CLARK

Left: Marx, who has read original medieval archives in Spain and the New World, has documented the location of almost every Spanish wreck and its cargo. His opinion is regarded as the most knowledgeable in the field. Above: Crew of **Nina II** had more trouble crossing the Atlantic than Columbus himself. Marx (drinking from **bota** in rear) and rest of crew were out of sight of land for seventy-six days, covered 4,250 miles under sail. Below: Marx has recovered thousands of coins like these diving for treasure, but usually was doing a job for someone else or had the loot confiscated by government.

weather off Cape Hatteras is famous for its unco-operative moods, and every time Marx was within fingertip length of salvaging this fabulous relic of the Civil War, whose famous "cheesebox" turret he actually saw and touched, storms would scrub the operation. The last storm covered the hulk with five feet of sand. This is one of the many wrecks in Marx's book of future projects.

"I would like to see her raised and preserved as one of the most interesting relics of our country's naval history, and if someone could find a spare hundred thousand dollars, which is what it would cost to refloat her—providing her hull is still reasonably intact—then I'm more than willing to do it." (ARGOSY is more than willing to help on this one with a little assist from a historic-minded capitalist).

In college, Marx became in-

PHOTOS FROM BOB MARX

trigued with the history of the Mayans on the Yucatan Peninsula and the fantastic pre-Columbian culture that existed there and disappeared mysteriously before the arrival of the conquistadors. Especially of interest were the sacred wells or *cenotes* of the Mayans, which he felt might furnish important clues to this ancient mystery to a skilled diver. (See story page 65 in this issue). After diving in several *cenotes* with interesting but not spectacular results, Marx wound up on the island of Cozumel off the coast of Quintana, a wild and largely unexplored territory in Yucatan. There he spent three years diving in what may be the world's clearest waters, running a hotel and teaching tourists to dive. One tourist turned out to be definitely out of the ordinary. While the tourist, who gave his name as Larry Mills, was diving, one of Marx's crew members discovered that he had two .45 automatics in his pants. A good many people carry sidearms in that part of the world where the nearest law enforcement may be hundreds of miles away, but two .45s seemed excessive for the average tourist.

A few days later, Marx ran across a month-old edition of a Mexico City paper with a story about "Larry Spence," known as "The Flying Bank Robber." Spence was only number one on the FBI's most-wanted list for bank robbery and murder! There was a picture—and it was of "Mills," except as a blond. Among his crimes, the husky Spence was accused of personally strangling to death a prison guard in making good his escape. Marx decided not to try to take him single-handed, but sent a message to Mexico City for help. It came in a matter of hours in the form of a U.S. Air Force plane with about twenty high Mexican police officials and two FBI men. Spence was picked up and identified as the man in the Post Office pictures. He had robbed three banks after escaping from jail, and the "Efay Bee Ee," as the Mexicans called them, were anxious to lay their hands on the loot. All they could find in Spence's digs was $5,000.

It was then that Marx got one of his first and best treasure clues. Spence apparently liked Marx despite the fact that he had been caught. As he left, he turned to Bob in a friendly way and said, "You're always talking about finding a treasure. Try looking under the keel of that modern wreck we visited last week. You might find something interesting."

With one FBI man and a couple of Mexican agents, Marx went to the spot indicated. What he found was as interesting as the bank bandit had promised—over $100,000 in neat, plastic bags. The police took the money, which was only a few thousand short of the total loot Spence had gotten away with, and Marx never heard anything more about it—or the reward that had been offered for its recovery.

"I never did hear what happened to Larry, either," Marx reminisces. "I suppose he got a stiff sentence—and it's a shame, in a way, because he would have made a great diving buddy with that cool nerve of his."

In Cozumel and along the coast of Quintana Roo, Marx made some interesting finds during the next few years, while failing in several get-rich-quick schemes. He tried exporting tropical fish, but they all died in transit. He tried exporting parrots, but they were barred at the border by health officials, and he finally had to turn 800 birds loose.

Near the Quintana Roo coast, he found—and lost—fascinating evidence indicating European settlement of the Mayan area, centuries before Columbus. (See page 65.) In an unexplored temple ruin, he found frescoes of red-bearded men in what appeared to be Greek or Viking ships, and in a nearby temple, clear paintings of horses, both apparently dating to long before Columbus's time—though supposedly horses were introduced in America by the conquistadors. Trying to locate these fabulous finds again, Marx stumbled into the camp of Mexican bandit Barbanegra and was sentenced to death because he might spill the location of the camp. He escaped with the help of a Chinese girl who was the bandit's hostage. (I know this sounds a bit like "Terry and the Pirates," but it all checks out.)

Quite a lot of time was spent during those three years diving on wrecks, and Marx *did* find a good wreck—the *Matancero*. He recovered a fortune in relics from it, only to have it seized as of historic interest by the Mexican government. Marx's share, he estimates, would have been about $200,000. He already had planned what to do with the money: he wanted to build a boat which would be specially equipped for underwater exploration and salvage and cruise the Caribbean in search of old shipwrecks.

In the succeeding years, Marx, who was briefly named Adventure Editor of the "Saturday Evening Post," spent a year in Spain studying the original archives on all the Spanish ships that came to America.

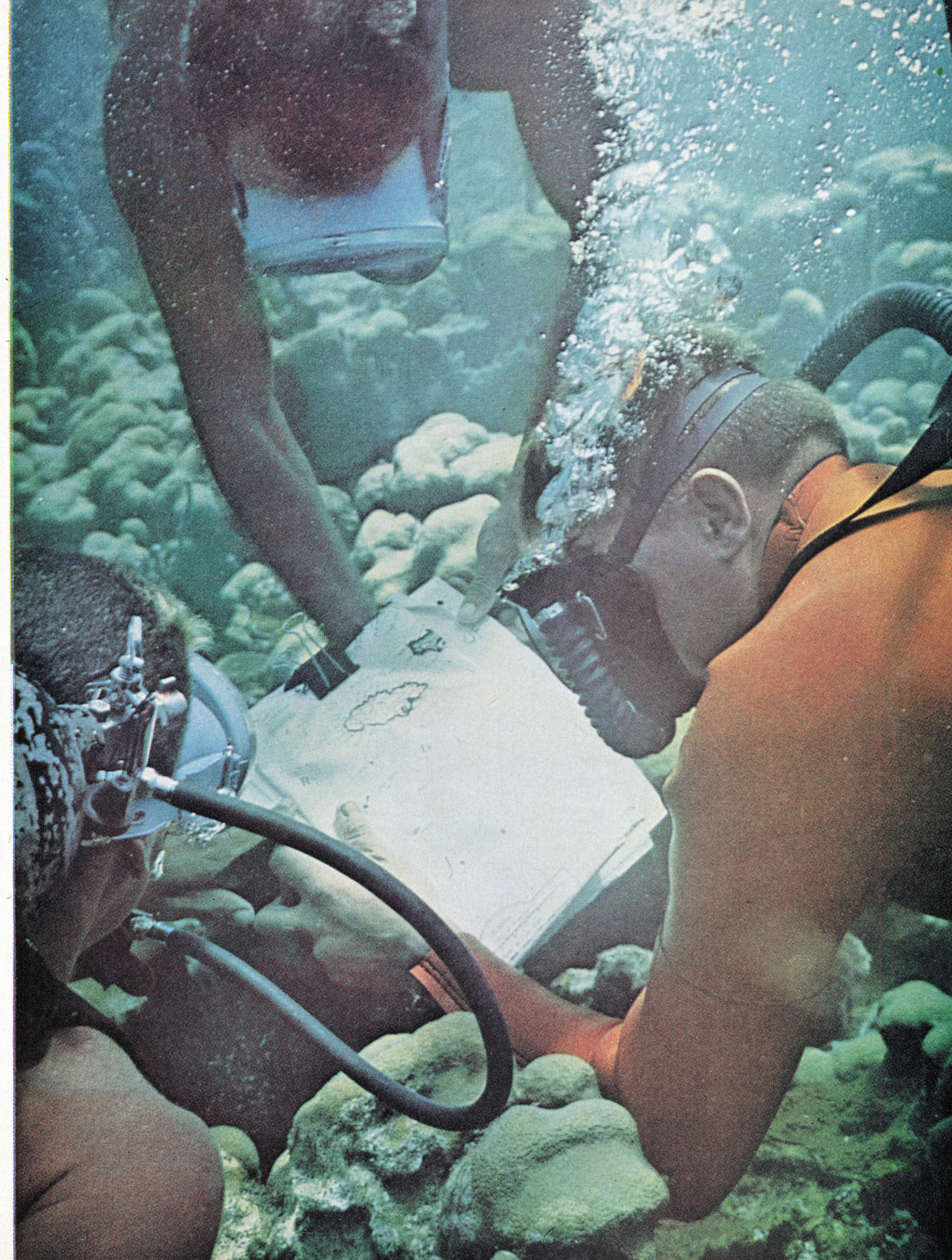
"I figure I have dived on every reef and cay in the Caribbean," says Marx. "As to treasure, experience shows that more treasure is found than is talked about. So who knows?"

In Spain, Marx became intrigued by the voyages of Columbus. He had decided that he would put together his information from the archives into a great history of the Spanish fleets that came to America. But to do this, he needed the human element which was not recorded in the old Spanish logbooks. Marx wanted to know what really went on aboard those ships during the long, tedious transatlantic voyages. This was the start of the adventure which wound up with Marx gaining world-wide fame by crossing the Atlantic in Columbus's tracks in a ship modeled on Columbus's *Nina*—the *Nina II*. The ship Marx sailed on duplicated Columbus's route, equipment and sailing methods down to the last detail, except for two things. The *Nina II* was smaller than Columbus's ship and less seaworthy. The new *Nina* set sail in September of 1962 and didn't reach San Salvador, Columbus's landing point, until Christmas—a total of seventy-seven days on the last leg of the voyage alone. During the trip, the tiny ship was plagued by hurricanes, leaks and faulty navigation which took it hundreds of miles off course. The water supply became so foul that they had to drink a combination of red wine and sea water. Marx says, contrary to seamen's superstition, the sea water did not make him crazy. "I was like this before the trip, too."

Marx ate barnacles, fried shark's blood, squid, octopus and plankton to stay alive. Once he nearly poisoned himself by gobbling what he (*continued on page* 60)

Diving off coast of Yucatan while living on Cozumel Island, Marx gained valuable experience in then little-known art of salvaging wrecks of wooden ships.

PHOTOS FROM BOB MARX



"HOW I SHOT DOWN BONNIE AND CLYDE"

WAS THE MAN WHO TRAPPED THE FAMOUS OUTLAW AND HIS MOLL A HERO OR A HEEL? HERE'S THE STORY OF THAT BLOODY AMBUSH AS SEEN BY THE ONE WHO PLANNED AND EXECUTED IT

BY TOM HARRIS with JOHN H. JENKINS

Texas lawman Frank Hamer had been waiting in the woods beside the road since two-thirty a.m. It was daylight now and he looked at the five officers who waited with him. The sun would rise behind them, and over there was where the car would stop. If everything went according to plan, Clyde Barrow and Bonnie Parker would soon come along the road and stop under the guns of the officers.

Barrow had been killing and robbing for two years and, among his other victims, he had left nine dead policemen behind him.

A thirty-five-caliber rifle with a special twenty-shot clip lay across Hamer's lap. The other officers had similar equipment, except for Hinton at the other end of the line. Hinton had a Browning machine gun ready in case Barrow got past the others.

The May morning wore on and the men were cramped with the tension and the waiting. The sun got hot over the Louisiana hills. A few heavy log trucks passed and the road was quiet again. Then, shortly after nine a.m., Hamer heard an engine, coming fast. . . .

In the movie, "Bonnie and Clyde," Frank Hamer is shown as a despicable man who tracked the outlaw couple largely because of a personal grudge. That is not true.

The story of Hamer's hunt for Clyde Barrow, which climaxed that May morning in Louisiana, begins at the Texas State Penitentiary on January 16, 1934. Clyde Barrow made a bad mistake that day. He engineered a prison break for his old running mate, Raymond Hamilton. Hamilton, Henry Methvin and three other convicts were marching along on a work detail when they grabbed guns hidden at a prearranged place and fled to a nearby car where Barrow and Bonnie Parker were waiting. They traded gunfire with

Top of page: Frank Hamer, the cop who clobbered Bonnie and Clyde. Opposite page: The loving couple who killed eleven men.

ADAPTED FROM "I'M FRANK HAMER," BY JOHN H. JENKINS AND GORDON FROST

PHOTOS FROM BLACK STAR

the prison guards and one of the guards was killed.

Lee Simmons, head of the Texas prison system, was enraged by the break and the guard's death. Simmons tells about it in his book, "Assignment Huntsville":

"I went on thinking and planning ways to bring (them) to justice. I lay awake nights until I worked out what I felt to be a feasible plan."

Simmons got permission from Texas Governor Miriam Ferguson to hire a special agent and put him on the the trail of Clyde and Bonnie.

Simmons says, "I weighed my choice strictly on the basis of who would be the best man for the job. Barrow was a desperado with no regard for human life, a man who despised the law and hated all peace officers. Whoever stopped Clyde Barrow would do so at the risk of his life. I knew . . . Barrow had made up his mind never to be taken alive and that Bonnie Parker was determined to go down with Clyde. That was the kind of game we had to hunt; it was my task to find a hunter of the kind to handle it. My decision was for Frank Hamer."

Criminals from Texarkana to El Paso knew Frank Hamer was bad news. He was fifty years old when Simmons chose him and twenty-eight of those years had been spent in law enforcement. He grew up as a wrangler in the alkali oven of West Texas and was recommended to the Texas Rangers in 1905 when he nailed a horse thief on the ranch where he was working. In the years that followed, he patrolled the Mexican border, put the lid on tough Navasota, Texas, and helped clean up such wild boom towns as Mexia and Borger where volume business made funerals cheap.

By the time he retired from active duty with the Rangers in 1932, Ranger Captain Frank Hamer had finished more gunfights than Clyde Barrow ever started.

Simmons went to the retired Ranger and asked him to "take Clyde and Bonnie off the road."

The salary would be $150 a month—about one-fourth the salary Frank Hamer was making as an oil-company employe. To accept would cost Hamer money and maybe his life, but Clyde Barrow had lost all resemblance to the average robber and he was striking like a rabid rat among sleeping children. Hamer took the job.

Hamer described the chase to his friend, Walter Prescott Webb, the Ranger historian:

"On February tenth, I took the trail and followed it for exactly a hundred and two days. Like Clyde Barrow, I used a Ford V-8, and like Clyde, I lived in the car most of the time. . . . I soon learned that Barrow played a circle from Dallas to Joplin, Missouri, to Louisiana and back to Dallas. Occasionally, he would leave this beat, but like wild horses, they would circle to their old range.

"It was necessary for me to make a close study of Barrow's habits. I learned the kind of whiskey they drank, what they ate and the color, size and texture of their clothes. I had never seen him and never saw him until May twenty-third, but I interviewed many people who knew him and studied numerous pictures of him and his woman companion. . . . But this was not enough. When I began to understand Clyde Barrow's mind, I felt that I was making progress.

"I first struck their trail at Texarkana. At Logansport, they bought a half-gallon of whiskey; near Keechi, they bought gasoline, and then went in the night to a Negro house and had the Negroes cook them some cornbread and fry a chicken. In Shreveport, they bought pants, underwear, gloves and an automatic shotgun. In their camp on the Wichita River, near Wichita Falls, they lost or threw away some bills for goods bought in

Above: The law once caught up with Barrow gang at park near Dexter, Iowa, on July 24, 1933. Clyde's brother, Buck (in undershirt), was hit several times, died four days later. His wife, Blanche (held by cops), was sent to prison. Bonnie and Clyde (right) were shot but got away.

Dallas. Clyde traveled farther in one day than any fugitive I have ever followed. He thought nothing of traveling a thousand miles at a stretch. But the trail always led back to Louisiana. . . ."

Meanwhile, Prison Director Simmons was not idle. He had obtained permission from Governor Ferguson to make a secret deal with any person he chose to sell out Clyde in exchange for executive clemency. Henry Methvin, whom Clyde had sprung from the Texas penitentiary along with Raymond Hamilton, was still at large and was running with Clyde. Methvin's father, Ivan Methvin, had a small place in Louisiana which Bonnie and Clyde could use for a hideout. Simmons approached Ivan Methvin and the deal was made. Ivan Methvin would finger Clyde in exchange for a full pardon by the State of Texas for his son. Some cash was also involved. The Texas authorities would have waltzed with the devil in the Cotton Bowl to get Clyde Barrow.

Methvin set up a hideout for Clyde in Bienville Parish, Louisiana, then told the cops its exact location.

Here is Hamer again:

"The next task was to catch Clyde when he was 'at home.' On several occasions, I went alone to this secret place. It was my hope to take him and Bonnie alive. This I could do only by finding them asleep. It would have been simple to tap each one on the head, kick their weapons out of reach and handcuff them before they knew what it was all about. There was always plenty of sign in the camp: stubs of Bonnie's Camels, lettuce leaves for their white rabbit, pieces of sandwiches and a button off Clyde's coat. I found where they made their bed."

The closing of the trap was delayed several weeks by a piece of bad luck. State and Federal officers, ignorant of the arrangement to catch Clyde, made a raid on vice in Ruston, Louisiana, and Barrow shied away. It was a costly delay. Clyde killed three more policemen in his next sweep through Texas and Oklahoma.

Hamer was hoping to catch them before they killed again. He had left the trap in Louisiana and pushed his Ford V-8 day and night, keeping current on the cars they stole, hoping to intercept them anywhere on their customary loop. He traveled alone until April fourteenth, when he picked B. M. Gault, another Ranger veteran, to travel with him. Red-eyed and living on sandwiches, they roared over the long Texas roads always a step behind. Then, in May, Barrow turned back to Louisiana.

Hamer's information net in Louisiana paid off and he made his arrangements. The men who were to spring the trap were Hamer, B. M. Gault, Dallas deputies Bob Alcorn and Ted Hinton, Sheriff Henderson Jordan of Bienville Parish and Jordan's deputy, Paul Oakley.

Hamer describes his plan:

"All criminals who work in groups must have some way of communicating with one another when they get separated. I learned that Clyde had his 'post office' on a side road about eight miles from Plain Dealing, Louisiana. It was under a board which lay on the ground near a large stump of a pine tree. The point selected was on a knoll from which Bonnie, in the car, could command a view of the road while Clyde went into the forest for his mail. By the night of May twenty-second, we had good reason to believe that Clyde would visit this mailbox within a short time. About midnight, we drove out of Gibsland, secreted our cars in the pines and made arrangements to furnish him more news than he had ever received at one time. The road here runs north and south, and the knoll over which it rises is made by a spur or point which slopes from east to west. The stump that (*continued on page* 60)

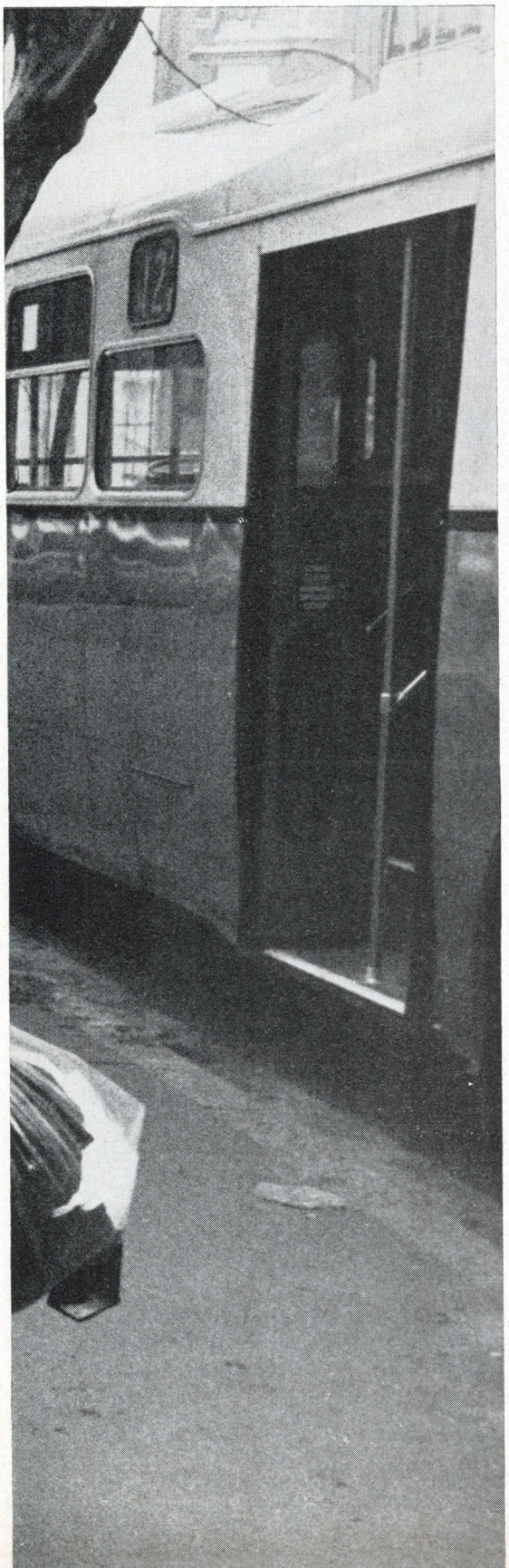
ARTICLE

The climate is tops, prices are rock-bottom, and the girls come on-like gangbusters. Australia is one place where a GI never hears, "Yankee, go home!"

SYDNEY IS A

BY JOHN GODWIN

YANK'S BEST FRIEND



EVERY day of the week, a Pan Am jet giant touches down at Sydney airport, Australia, with 162 of the least noticeable and most popular tourists this town ever had. They are U.S. servicemen, fresh from the shambles of Vietnam, rarin' to start the six glorious days and nights of freedom officially labeled R & R—Rest and Recuperation.

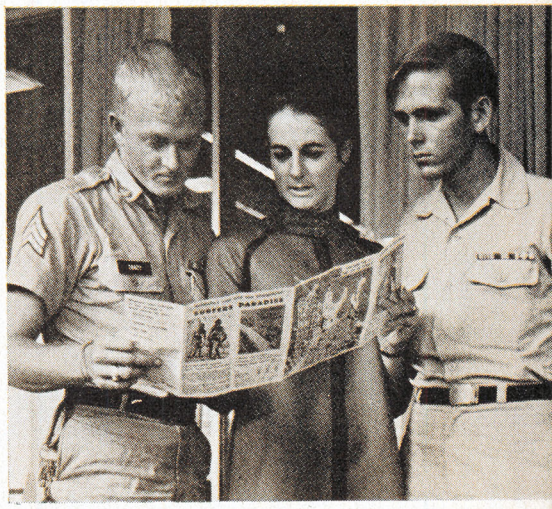
They don't get a helluva lot of rest during that period, but the recuperation bit is right. The Sydney girls see to that.

For the young female population of Australia's largest city is currently playing a game called "Yank-spotting." It consists of pinpointing GIs out of uniform among crowds of civilians. It's not easy, but they've become experts at it.

"Sometimes you can pick 'em by their haircuts and sometimes by their shoes," explained Sandra Knox, a leggy, nineteen-year-old blonde with a hazelnut tan. "But mostly it's a kind of tension in their faces that makes them look older than they are."

Recently, a local newspaper columnist decided to test their response by advising Americans that a certain downtown bar was an ideal pickup place. It never had been before—as he well knew—but the next night, the joint was jammed with "birds" of all shapes and sizes, waiting for the Yanks who were bound to follow up the tip. They weren't disappointed.

ALEX MCCULLOCH/PIX



Opposite page: S/Sgt. Ken Shipley and buddies grudgingly part with Aussie gals after R & R. Top: Sue Quigley of Sidney points out where the action is to new arrivals Ed Tracy of Richmond and Dave Caldwell of Houston. Above: Bill Robbins of Dallas gets measured for civilian duds. Below: For these GIs sharing some suds in a Sydney pub, the war seems a million miles away.

Now much the same trick might have been performed in Tokyo, Manila, Bangkok, Singapore, Hong Kong or any other hot spot on the R & R list—but with one essential difference: In Sydney, the gals don't give a goddam for the servicemen's dollar value. They like them as MEN!

As tourists go, the visiting Yanks are small spenders. Few of them scatter more than about $150 on their six-day spree. But this is the one place on the GI's map where prices go down at his approach. In fact, he can live entirely gratis if he wants to utilize the standing offer of 4,000 families to spend his leave under their roof.

Which is one of the reasons why Sydney—which only joined the R & R program last October—has rocketed to second place among U.S. servicemen's favorites. It's still topped by Honolulu—but only because Hawaii is a geographical midway point for a rendezvous with stateside wives or sweethearts.

There are a lot of other reasons for this amazing popularity leap. Sydney has roughly the same population as Los Angeles—2,500,000—an average 342 days of bright sunshine a year and no smog. It has thirty-four surfing beaches lapped by warm Pacific waters and inhabited by possibly the most beautiful and certainly the most approachable bikini belles on earth. Everybody speaks English, the food is the nearest thing to American grub, and the local beer packs a bigger wallop than any U.S. equivalent. And it boasts a price range guaranteed to make a humble private feel like a visiting colonel.

A man-sized steak dinner costs around $1.20; Scotch, twelve cents nip; beer, eleven cents a glass, and the average taxi ride, about sixty cents. Excellent hotel rooms start at six dollars—including breakfast—and in thirty-seven picked hostelries, American military personnel get a sliding scale of discounts. In one night spot, the Whisky-A-Go-Go, drinks are free for R & R men between five-thirty and seven p.m.—a policy that has turned the place into a kind of unofficial headquarters for Americans.

But the best surprise is the almost complete absence of tipping. This applies to all but the plushest restaurants, and even there, ten percent on top of the bill rates as generous.

Which doesn't mean that Sydney lacks tourist traps. There's Kings Cross—a sizzling, blaring mixture of New York's Greenwich Village and London's Soho—crammed with strip joints, coffeehouses, cabarets, crummy souvenir stores and chic little art studios—where dolls in skin-tight pants prop up corner buildings or beckon from cruising cars. But a guy has to be pretty green or else in a tremendous hurry to pay ten bucks for what he can get free of charge by applying a minimum of patience and technique at the nearest beach.

American soldiers caught it wholesale when Australia became the staging ground for roughly 1,000,000 GIs during World War II. Strangely enough, the infection was almost entirely a one-way deal; the Aussies remained immune to the lure of crapshooting, but thousands of Yanks turned into two-up addicts.

The current crop of R & R boys have stayed relatively unbitten by the bug. After a ninety-day tour of duty in Vietnam, their desires can be summarized as: a) hot showers (as many as four a day), b) meals that don't include rice, and c) girls with "round eyes." And Sydney is geared to supply them all.

As each batch of soldiers arrives, they're whisked to the R & R center, located at the luxurious Chevron Hotel. There they get a final briefing by lean-jawed, bespectacled Major Keith Boyd, the officer in charge, and a list of hotels at their disposal. Or would they prefer a private home? A lot do—some because they want a touch of family life, others because the household lists a young daughter, still others because it's free.

Then they troop off in different directions, a solid portion to the drinking establishments that seem like bits of U.S. soil—the Hilton Bar, L'Internationale at the Rex Hotel or the Tiki Lounge.

But the majority head for the beaches—those miles of golden-white sand with exotic names like Dee Why, Curl Curl, Tamarama, Bondi, Coogee and Cronulla—which are Sydney's pride, joy and mating grounds.

The only serious competition they are likely to encounter comes from the lifesavers, the élite force of volunteers trained to rescue swimmers in distress and to spot sharks. Most of them have physiques that render girls breathless and they get about the same amount of hero-worship as U.S. baseball stars.

But by and large, the field is wide open for Yanks. This is due chiefly to the bewildering nonchalance with which the average Australian male treats his women. He has a tendency to regard them as "long-haired mates" —pleasant enough to have around, but rating well below beer and the race results on his list of priorities. Which makes the local lasses sitting ducks for a dose of high-pressure courtship.

"Those American blokes sure know how to treat a girl," one of them commented. "They make you feel like the most important thing in the world while you're with them. Oh, they probably shoot the same line to every

ALEX MCCULLOCH/PIX

Most R & R GIs don't waste time resting until their flight back to war.

In Sydney, people don't say, "What are we doing this weekend?" They simply say, "Which beach are we going to?" Choices range from the Coney Island atmosphere of Bondi (top, left) to the serenity of Stradbroke Island (left).

BLACK STAR

Spring in America means autumn in Australia. The Aussie leaves are turning to a golden hue that matches the sun-bronzed skin of Sydney beach bunnies. Most citizens of kangarooland are sun-and-sea worshippers, happiest when they can shed restrictive garb and go swimming or surfing. For a GI fresh off the battlefield, an Aussie beach is like the Garden of Eden.

female they meet, but I don't care. While you're getting it, you feel beaut."

Other R & R boys sign up for the excursions especially organized for them by World Travel Service. The firm's representative, a sultry and sophisticated brunette named Sue Quigley, who used to work at the Australian Consulate in San Francisco, spreads the choice before them: harbor cruises with lashings of champagne and lobsters, deep-sea fishing, flights to the Great Barrier Reef.

The top attraction, though, is a day's water-skiing on Narrabeen Lake. Not so much for the skiing, but for what goes with it.

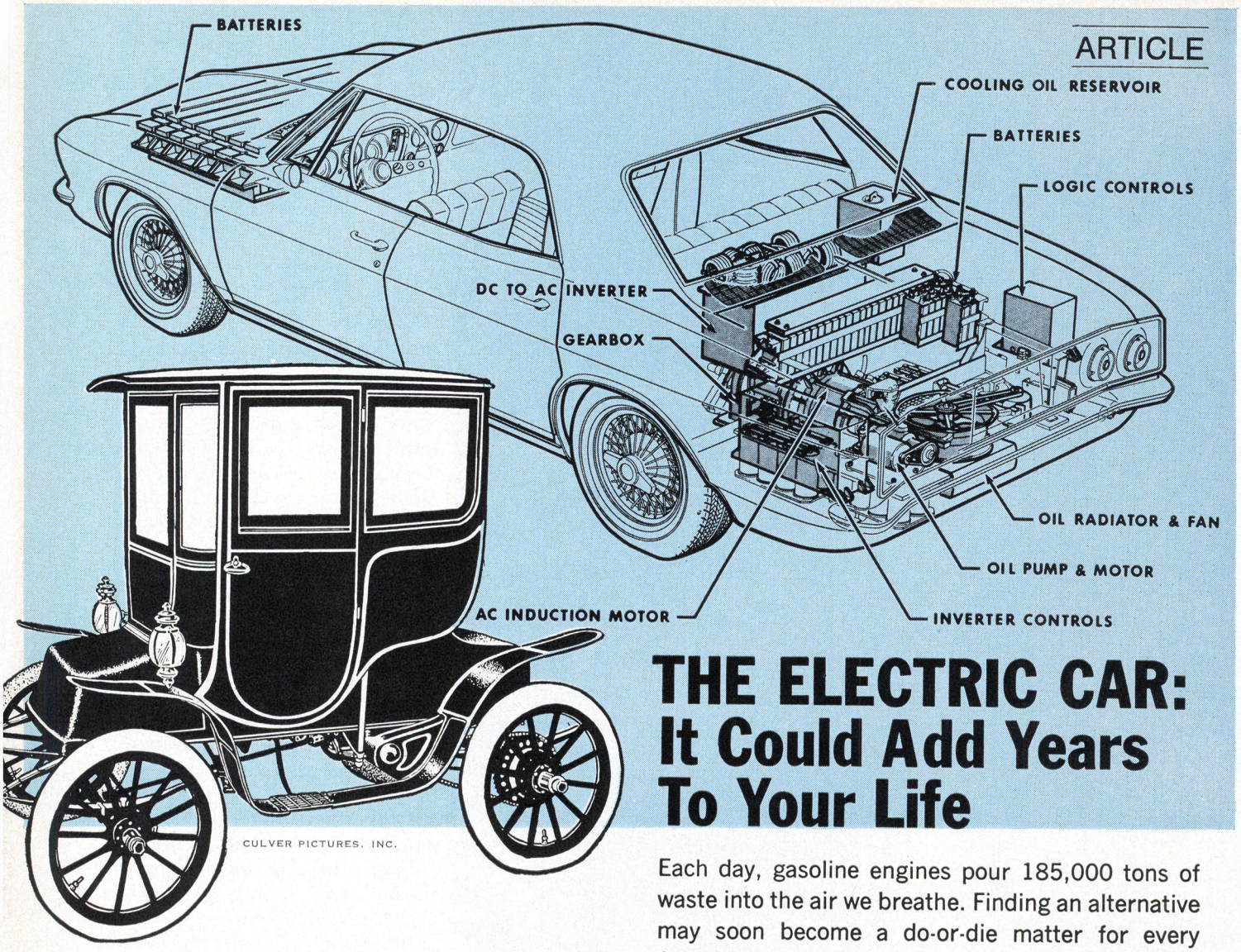
What goes with it is a dream bevy of bikini beauties. Some of them work for World Travel; others are students, models, nurses or show girls who simply turn up to join the fun.

The most spectacular is Gaye Rosel, a science student at Sydney University, and one of the three women in the state of New South Wales to hold a speedboat driving license. Gaye has taught archery, trampolining, gymnastics and horseback riding and is one of the craziest water-skiers in the Southern Hemisphere. She collects the boys at their hotel in an air-conditioned car, takes them to the lake and handles the speedboat.

"Those gals did everything and then some," said mortarman Art Whitley nostalgically. "Drove the car, drove the boat, set up the barbecue, cooked the steaks, even opened the beer cans for us. We just sat back like a bunch of sultans in a harem."

Unlike other hostesses, the girls are allowed to date their clients. And they do. With the result that at least half a dozen R & R boys have promised to return to Australia in the post-Vietnam future. For keeps. • • •

BLACK STAR



CULVER PICTURES, INC.

THE ELECTRIC CAR: It Could Add Years To Your Life

Each day, gasoline engines pour 185,000 tons of waste into the air we breathe. Finding an alternative may soon become a do-or-die matter for every American

BY DAVID ASH

ELECTRIC cars, like horse-drawn buggies, the bustle and spats, were all relics from a distant but nostalgic past. Their glory lay in memory, and when not collecting dust in museums, they were occasionally trotted out for old-timers' day festivities.

But one day in early spring of 1967, electrics had once again become the topic of popular conversation. The daily press ran features on glamorous carriages half a century old. Congressmen drove experimental models around the nation's capital and industry demonstrated project cars. A bevy of new companies sprang up almost overnight, each with a plan to market urban electrics.

It all really began on Wednesday, January 18, 1967, when New Yorker Richard L. Ottinger rose on the floor of the House of Representatives to plead for consideration of his bill calling on the Department of Housing and Urban Development to ". . . undertake an immediate program to produce a feasible alternative to the internal-combustion engine."

Ottinger pointed out that when he had first introduced his legislation a year earlier, there were many who had not taken him seriously, even though the chairman of the Senate Commerce Committee had introduced a similar measure at nearly the same time. He emphasized growing public awareness of the dangers of air pollution and the unmistakable ground swell of opinion demanding action.

The congressman's statistics were awesome—frightening, in fact: "In the past twenty-four hours alone," he began, "we Americans dumped nearly three hundred and seventy thousand tons of poisonous garbage into the air we breathe—and the daily rate is rising rapidly.

"Between now and nineteen seventy-six," he continued, "we will pour a total of one billion, six hundred and seventy million tons of dangerous waste into our atmosphere and the annual pollution rate will have risen by more than fifty percent."

Indeed, the 133,000,000 tons of *measurable* particulate currently produced annually exceeds our total yearly iron and steel production by 2,000,000 tons! Wherever one looks, pollution is killing wildlife and destroying resources. In New Jersey, for instance, pollution has virtually wiped out the lettuce industry within the last five years. Debris spawned by the booming chemical industry around Niagara Falls has all but eliminated farming in this once fertile district. The U.S. Forest Service reported that sulphur dioxide from the smokestacks of TVA power plants has already destroyed about ninety percent of Tennessee's white pine trees in one twenty-mile radius. Even the American Bald Eagle is

in grave danger of extinction as a result of pollution.

In London, Tokyo, Los Angeles and New York, we have already had "killer fogs," combinations of pollutants suspended in fogs or foglike inversions that are so laden with harmful chemicals and other debris that they have the effect of a deadly gas. In the past thirty-six years, the national death rate from lung cancer has soared from three per 100,000 to twenty-six.

Not everyone agrees as to where all this pollution comes from. Motor manufacturers quarrel with Federal fact finders, insisting the latter's figures aren't accurate. Federal experts claim that of the 133,000,000 tons of pollution we are now producing each year, the internal-combustion engine accounts for more than 85,000,000. Industry spokesmen claim it's fifty-fifty—half from motor vehicles, half from other sources.

Either way, it's a frightening scene, and one that makes Ottinger's plea seem not only logical, but reasonable. It has to be agreed that immediate steps for curbing public and private incinerators, power plants and industrial violators must be taken, but if we could come up with a viable alternative to the internal-combustion engine, we would solve at least half, but probably more, of the problem. Apart from today's threat, auto registration and usage is on a steep upward curve. There are some 100,000,000 motor vehicles now operating in the United States. Experts estimate that as many as 180,000,000 vehicles will be in service by 1980 and *double* that number by the end of the century.

Not everyone, though, agrees with Ottinger and others in government who hold with the need for a substitute for the internal-combustion engine. There are two loud and well-subsidized voices raised in protest. Auto builders claim they can meet new Federal requirements by modifying existing engines, and they can. But most of their "clean-air packages" are short-lived and constitute a built-in service headache. This route will not, cannot, work, and many good men in Detroit know it.

But it is the *very* rich, *very* powerful, *very* vocal and *very* influential oil industry that stands directly between the American public and cleaner air. Their attitude could not be more clear. When Andy Leparulo, a vice-president of Yardney Electric, a respected New York engineering firm, came to testify before the Senate Committees on Commerce and Public Works in March of 1967 about electric cars, one Senator declared that most of his constituency depended on oil for their livelihood and he'd be switched if he was even going to listen to anybody talk about cars powered by electric batteries. It's like that. And you better believe it.

In fairness, it's hard to blame the motor industry for being nervous, even unwilling, to tamper with a winning combination. One of the root problems is money. The great car builders are public companies, run to earn a profit. Whatever they build has to be sold. The public, on its part, talks out of both sides of its mouth. Speaking as a responsible member of the community, the citizen is all for some suitable substitute to the petroleum-burning auto engine. He admits and worries about the dangers of toxic pollution. As an individual, however, he couldn't even consider giving up air conditioning, heaters and all the other comforts that require so much extra power that is—as of this moment, anyway—outside the power potentials of existing electrical power systems.

Clean and silent, electric cars have the same appeal now as they did at the turn of the century, when they challenged the gasoline buggy for the role as power unit for the newly spawned auto industry. In those days, electrics seemed to have it all over both steam and gasoline. Gasoline engines had to be cranked and were noisy and unreliable. Steam was better, but firing the boiler was a headache. And by the time flash boilers could be put into production, the die was already cast, and gasoline engines took command.

Basically, it was the lack of power in available batteries that killed the electrics. They couldn't go far enough, fast enough, between battery charges. Once the pneumatic tire and self-starter were developed, gasoline-powered vehicles had so much more range that there simply was no comparison between the two.

More than a year has passed since Ottinger and the others had their say in Washington. In the intervening time, there was a violent flare of electric-vehicle activity. Ford, General Motors, American Motors, General Electric and General Atomic made announcements of work on new batteries with vastly higher power potentials. A batch of little companies sprang up, all intent on building urban electrics.

While some of this work has proved frustrating, some very real progress has finally been made in starting to work on new electric cars. The essential road block to a successful electric car is the battery. The performance of such a vehicle is dependent on its power source to deliver energy for propulsion. Fundamentally, this is where electric vehicles have failed. Virtually all electrics in use since the beginning rely on massive and pretty inefficient lead-acid batteries for power. A large percentage of this system's power is actually used to overcome its own inertia, leaving too little for satisfactory performance. This is the principal reason electrics could no longer compete in 1910 and why they still cannot.

All the same, electric vehicles are intriguing. The first practical electric was built by Robert Davidson in Aberdeen, Scotland, in 1837. A four-wheel truck sixteen feet long and six feet wide, it rode on thirty-nine-inch wheels driven by primitive electromagnetic motors. "Sturgeon" batteries, consisting of iron and zinc plates immersed in sulphuric acid, drove tandem motors using wooden armatures fitted with four-inch-square iron bars. Simple commutator and wound horseshoe magnet completed the power unit.

Apart from refinements, this was to continue as the basic formula. In 1880, Faure improved the storage battery by coating the plates with lead oxide. Using this improvement, the Paris Omnibus Company introduced the first practical passenger-carrying electric vehicle in 1881. This was a converted fifty-seater horse-drawn bus powered by 225 Faure cells driving Framme's newly perfected ring armature motors.

Over the next thirty years, electrics took a commanding role in vehicular development. Fleets of electric cabs and buses appeared in the world's great cities. Some were remarkable. Radcliffe Ward built an outstanding electric carriage in 1886. London's first electric omnibus was developed directly from Ward's design two years later. Capable of speeds of up to seven miles per hour, it completed over 5,000 miles of service. In 1902, an English firm, Accumulator Industries, built a twelve-seater coach capable of twenty miles an hour and of eighty miles on a single charge. (*continued on page* 50)

Bradford sat on the rickety porch of Du Prix's Bar as the sun died behind the dark mangroves of Grand Isle. He sipped a can of beer as he watched the last boats from the offshore oil rigs landing to weigh in their fish. There was no point in going down to check the score board, he thought. His thirty-five-pound barracuda had dropped to third place when the first boat had come in from the deep rigs. Now, four more craft had moored, and 'cuda the size of crocodiles were lying by the scales.

It was the end of the second day; one more day left to fish. There was still a chance for him in the jewfish category. The biggest one so far was a three-hundred-pounder – small for Grand Isle. Bradford didn't believe the tales the Cajun divers told of the thousand-pound monster they called "Old Diablo," but he knew there were jewfish out under those oil rigs that would go to seven hundred pounds. The day before, he'd shot a five-hundred-pounder – and lost him.

Bradford was stoic about his luck. Competitor though he was, he still enjoyed the tournament for its color and action. He wanted a trophy as much as the kids did – probably more – but, *(continued on page 44*

Illustration by Roy Cragnolin

Monster of Grand Isle

Old Diablo had already killed one man, and now Bradford vowed to take him on—a monster fish said to weigh two thousand pounds!

By POKE RUNYON

unlike a younger sportsman, poor luck did not turn him sour. Among the smartly outfitted members of the various diving clubs, Bradford, with his ragged Bermuda shorts and rust-stained T-shirt, his deep tan, bleached crew cut and powerful legs, stood out for what he was—a professional.

He had come to the New Orleans-Grand Isle Spearfishing Tournament alone. He was a Navy diver stationed at the Mine Defense Lab at Panama City, Florida. He had not been sure his tired old MG would survive the trip to Louisiana—not with four scuba tanks and his other diving gear. On the road up the Gulf Coast, he had watched the gauges more than the road and made more stops for oil than for gasoline. Most of the divers had arrived in station wagons, with their tanks racked in specially built trailers.

Bradford had dived the first two days off a shallow-draft shrimper with fifteen other spearfishermen signed on. The boat had left late and come in early both days—not enough speed to make it out to the deep continental structures where the big cuda schooled, but the jewfish were usually found under the shallower rigs. That was the real action, the reason Bradford had come to NOGI.

After losing the big one on the second day, he'd shortened his riding rigs and equipped his gun with a breakaway marker float so he could throw it. He was looking forward to the last day with a strong hunch he would score.

The twilight hush was shattered by a sudden blast of noise as Big Windy, the truck-mounted compressor, started up. The machine would be running until the wee hours. Already, cars towing trailers were swinging in to unload empty scuba tanks. The floodlighted area was crowded with divers clanking their steel bottles into line. They would eat sandwiches and drink beer at the taverns flanking the docks while waiting for their refills, or be busy on the boats, refitting, horse trading and squaring away equipment—then a last check on the big board before driving up the road for a few hours sleep in the tourist cabins that dotted the long island. They would catch a predawn breakfast at Fink's Restaurant on their way back to the boats and then be heading out to sea as the sky glowed pink in the east on the last day.

But there were also the girls. Some of the divers would party all night and make up their sleep on the run out to the rigs. The Grand Isle camp followers were really something, Bradford conceded. Their gaudy hip-huggers, tight jerseys and elaborate hairdos lent glamour to the event. They clustered about the men who wore the distinctive jackets of local hunting teams, often sponsored by commercial firms. Jax Beer had a team and they sported the trademark on their black windbreakers. To one who didn't know what NOGI was all about, it might have seemed a flamboyant show, but Bradford had nothing but respect for the Cajuns.

It was almost impossible for an out-of-stater to compete with the Cajuns on jewfish. It was their art and they took the trophies for it—the big, hand-carved Wooden Indians that had made NOGI a mecca for big-name spearfishermen. There were other prizes—cash awards and equipment. Also, one of the best fish-hunting areas in the world—three days packed with all the action an underwater sportsman could ask, but the trophy was what they all really came for. A first-place NOGI statuette stood almost a yard high on its base, hand-carved and polished from Honduras mahogany at a cost to the donor of more than $600. To divers, it was more beautiful than a Hollywood Oscar, and it was coveted over all the gilt and plastic gauds the other tournaments awarded. Bradford wanted one. He especially wanted first place in the jewfish category.

He'd landed the big sea bass before—two- and three-hundred-pounders—but that had been down in Florida where conditions were different. After losing one the day before, he'd learned the Grand Isle system and had rigged short so he could ride right behind the fish's tail. Tomorrow he'd score, he told himself.

He slipped the last dregs of his beer, took a final drag on his cigarette and got up. It was time to get his tanks in line and then get some sleep.

He started down the steps when a girl came around the corner of the porch, bumping into him on her way up. He stopped, but she didn't back off. She stood on the step below him, her full bosom pillowing on his belt and her face turned up to his. Bradford was six-three and had to tuck his chin to look down at her. She had a baby face, white lipstick and silver-blonde hair. The whiskey on her breath cut through her perfume; her eyes were a pale, dead blue.

"You a diver?" she said.

"No, I'm from The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Fish," he said. He regretted his joke, realizing she wasn't very smart and probably couldn't think of a better way to open a conversation.

She blinked at him, backed up and stumbled down one step, catching herself on the rail. "Well, *pardon me*," she said.

"Sure, I'm a diver, sweetie," he came back quickly. "See, it says so right here." He flexed his dolphin tattoo at her. Her frown turned to surprise.

"A real Navy frogman—honest?"

Bradford winced. "Yeah," he said. "And we Navy frogmen drink beer. Join me?"

She looked toward the compressor area, then to the docks and the fish bumping tables, apparently searching for someone. Satisfied, she turned and remounted the step—again pressing softly against him. "Sure," she said.

He went into the bar with the girl's arm around his waist. She seemed to be trying to press as much of herself against him as she could and, pleasant as it was, it was also embarrassing. He ordered two cans of Jax and had to squeeze by most of her to get the change out of his pocket. She was drunker than he had first thought. She might be easy, or she might be impossible. But, either way, he had to get the tanks filled by midnight.

He guided her to a booth in the back and they slid in. She mooned her vacant eyes at him. "You're beautiful," she said. "A big, beautiful brute. You know that?"

Bradford grunted.

Chevrolet Impala 2-Seat Tri-Level.

Chevrolet Tri-Levels have all the comforts of home.

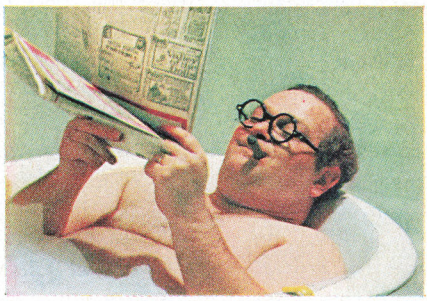
Nice soft seats.

Nice thick carpeting.

Nice big windows.

You can even order an air conditioning system that lets you dial your favorite temperature, or a stereo tape system that lets you travel to your favorite tunes.

And there is storage space. Loads of it. Chevrolet Tri-Levels give you space for a full four by eight feet of cargo on the main floor, which is more than you'd get in any other wagon in Chevrolet's field. You also get up to 12 cubic feet of lockable load space under the floor. And if that's not enough, a small investment in a luggage rack will convert the upstairs.



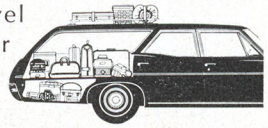
Almost.

Granted, there are a few comforts we can't provide. TV, a fireplace, a nice hot bath.

On the other hand we have a few things we doubt you have at home.

How about a buzzer that warns you not to leave your key? Or upholstery that cleans up at the touch of a damp rag? Or an ash tray that rolls on ball bearings?

Try a Tri-Level wagon at your Chevrolet dealer's now.



CHEVROLET **Chevrolet Tri-Levels**

"Do you think I'm sexy?" she said.

He started to laugh, swallowed it and smiled instead. "Yeah," he said. She was playing kneesies with him under the table.

He wondered what would come next, when one of the divers from his boat passed by their booth. The diver started to wave a casual greeting but then he saw the girl and his expression changed. "Hey, Brad," he said. "Can you step over to the bar for a minute?"

"Sure," Bradford said, and got up. "Don't go 'way baby. I'll be back," he told her.

"Hurry. I'm already lonesome," she said.

Bradford followed his shipmate over to the bar, "What's up?" he said. "We're all straight on the boat, aren't we?"

"Yeah, but—" The man paused, looking back at the girl sitting in Bradford's booth. "You're new around here and I just thought I'd warn you about that girl."

"She looks healthy."

"She is. *Too* healthy. She belongs to Christian Deverous. He's the big man on the Rig Raiders. Dev's got a hell of a temper and she knows it. When he starts ignoring her, she gets her kicks putting the make on the first stud she can find. She does it every year. She's poison, Brad."

Bradford rubbed his stubbled chin with a big fist. "How does this Deverous fight?"

"Clean. He's not a blade man."

"Then don't worry about your old dad. See you in the morning."

Bradford was satisfied now. He'd known there was something spooky about the girl and he had suspected trouble, but knowing made it better. He had little sympathy for a man who tried to hang onto a girl like that. Deverous was either stupid or wanted a constant excuse to fight. It was probably the latter —and Bradford hadn't torn up a bar since the old, wide-open days in Key West. No SPs on Grand Isle; still, he wouldn't fight unless he was pushed.

He went back to the booth. "Miss me?"

"Terribly." She lowered her eyelashes and stared at him over the rim of her Pilsner glass.

"This place is too crowded, don't you think?" he said. "Would you like to go somewhere else?"

"Ummm-ummm," she said, licking her lips, but then her eyes widened as she stared over his shoulder.

A hush had fallen in the bar. A low voice cut the stillness: "Get your butt out of that booth."

Bradford turned slowly. "Mister, if you're talking to me, you just bought yourself some trouble."

"I'm not talking to you—*yet*. Get up, Judy," he said. He was tall, lean and dark. About thirty-five, Bradford guessed. There was nothing of the hood about him. He was a man and he looked dangerous.

"Dev, you're very rude—you know that?" she said, not moving.

"I can be more than rude. Now *get up!*"

"Are you going to let him treat me this way?" she said, looking at Bradford with big eyes.

"No, I don't think I am," Bradford drawled as he got up to face Deverous.

The Cajun diver stood wide and ready, his white windbreaker open, showing a hair-matted chest and a belly banded with hard muscle. A black cheroot jutted from the corner of his mouth and his fists were balled into brown sledges.

Bradford slid out and stood to his full height. Deverous's eyes widened with a guarded flicker of surprise. The Navy diver was a bull-chested giant.

Bradford crushed his beer can in one hand as if it were a Dixie cup and dropped it on the table. "You want me to punch your head off, sport?"

"You can *try*," Deverous said.

They stared at each other for a long minute. Bradford knew he could take the Cajun—but he didn't want to. This man was clean and he had pride, pride enough to get himself beaten toothless over an empty-headed girl who wasn't worth the beer Bradford had just bought her. But how to stop it without backing down?

There was a long silence.

"Tell you what. I've decided to drown you instead. Bring us a pitcher and another glass," Bradford called to the bartender. "On me, sport. Sit down."

Everybody in the place looked at Deverous. It wasn't going to work, Bradford thought. It had gone too far. The Cajun was in a trap and Bradford found he *did* have sympathy for him.

The girl broke the silence: "Well, are you two going to fight or aren't you?"

A flicker of pain crossed Deverous's face.

Bradford was suddenly disgusted. He stalked to the bar and pounded a fist on it. *"I told you I wanted a pitcher of beer! Now pour it!"*

Deverous walked to the booth and jerked the girl up, spinning her around roughly. "Go to the cabin," he said. "And you better be there when I get back."

"Maybe I will and maybe I *won't.*"

He aimed a roundhouse swing at her tightly sheathed buttocks and his palm cracked like a pistol shot. *"Out!"* he said.

She went, rubbing her behind and whispering profanity.

Bradford turned with the pitcher and the glasses in his hands. "Baby Snooks off to bed without her supper. Now, let's do some serious drinking. I'm new around here and I need some dope on these rigs."

Deverous sat down stiffly. He was still angry and held himself straight, staring at Bradford with hard eyes. "Did you know she was my girl?" he said.

"Somebody mentioned it. Drink up."

Deverous tossed down half a glass and leaned forward over the table "You and I have a score to settle." he said.

"So keep drinking. And if you can carry me out, you win."

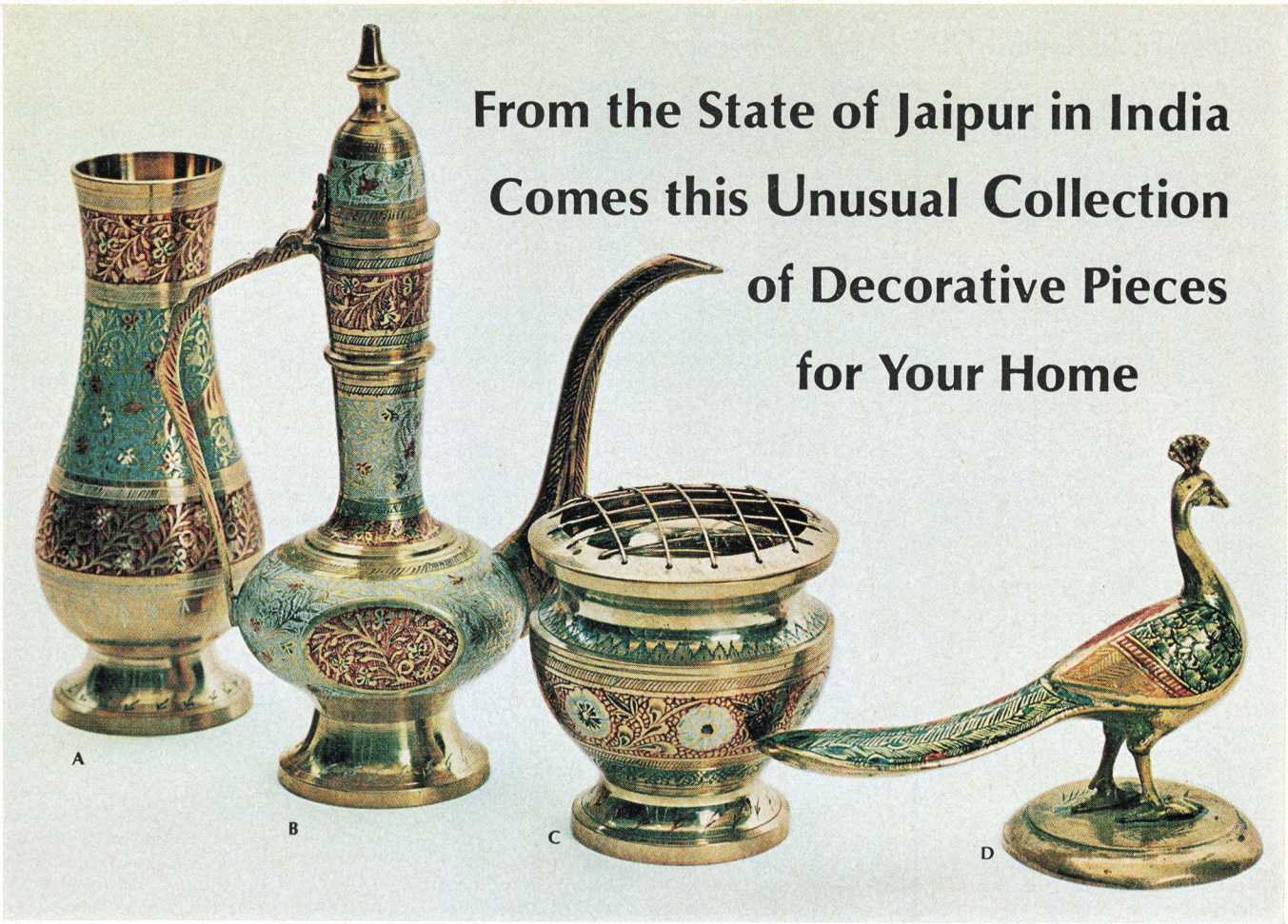
"You're lucky I got a sense of humor," the Cajun told him.

"You're lucky I've got sense enough not to—" But Bradford stopped himself before he said it. Maybe Deverous loved the girl. Some men were crazy that way.

"Yeah?"

"Skip it," Bradford said. (*continued on page* 48)

From the State of Jaipur in India Comes this Unusual Collection of Decorative Pieces for Your Home



Made of fine Indian brass, each of these handsome pieces adds a touch of distinction to any room in which they are displayed.

Exotic enameling on the brass is carefully fashioned by hand with the same fine craftsmanship and in the centuries-old tradition of the Indians of Jaipur.

This magnificent collection speaks for itself in the photographs shown here. Hamilton House speaks for the quality and offers these fine Indian Imports with an unconditional money-back guarantee.

A. Flower Vase. 6" tall. Graceful, useful, colorful. **$2.95**

B. Aftaba is usually used to serve wine in India. Can be used to serve demi-tasse, or for pure decoration. 7" high, with hinged lid. **$3.95**

C. Flower Bowl. Has removable lattice screen to hold flower stems securely. Can also be used as an ashtray. 4¼" high 4" diam. $3.95

D. Peacock. A brilliantly beautiful decoration. 5" long, 4" high. A striking centerpiece, an interesting conversation piece. $2.95

E, F. Hand-Carved Wooden Tables. These little tables are works of art. Completely hand-carved of Shesham wood in India, the tops have intricate floral designs which are cut into the wood. The polished centers are skillfully inlaid. The tops lift off, and the legs fold flat for easy storage. The smaller table is 9" high, top is 8¾" diameter. **$5.95.** Larger table is 12" high, top is 11½" in diameter. **$9.95**

USE THIS COUPON TO ORDER

Hamilton House, Dept. 558
20th Floor, 205 East 42 St. N.Y., N.Y. 10017

Enclosed find $_____

Please send the Indian Imports checked below.
I understand that I must be completely satisfied or my money will be immediately refunded.

	Price	Postage & Handling	Total
A. Flower Vase	**$2.95**	**35¢**	_____
B. Aftaba	**3.95**	**35¢**	_____
C. Flower Bowl	**3.95**	**35¢**	_____
D. Peacock	**2.95**	**35¢**	_____
E. 9" Table	**5.95**	**65¢**	_____
F. 12" Table	**9.95**	**95¢**	_____
		Total $	_____

(Please allow 2-3 weeks for delivery.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

MONSTER OF GRAND ISLE continued from page 46

"You were going to say?" His voice demanded an answer.

"She wanted us to fight. That was the whole idea. Soon as I saw it, I cooled off. I don't put on exhibitions for little girls."

Deverous smiled thinly. "Huh," he said. "What kind of exhibitions do you put on *underwater?*"

"I do all right."

"What boat you on?"

"Captain Jules's shrimper."

"That tub?"

"We all aren't oil-rich."

"You got a mouth—you know that?"

"You're spoiling for it, sport."

Bradford thought it was going to start again and tensed in his seat, but Deverous was relaxed. "Don't worry. I don't want to chance breaking up my hands tonight—but I *do* want to find out what kind of guts you got. What's your action?"

"Jewfish."

Deverous burst out laughing. "Jewfish! That's cherry! Boy, am I going to have fun with you, *sport*! How would you like a crack at Old Diablo?"

"You mean the local Moby Dick? Haven't you guys heard—jewfish migrate."

"Not when they get that big, they don't. He lives under the Texoil structure. It's an inshore rig; water's filthy and the bottom's like a brierpatch. They've tried everything—grapnels, double shock lines, flotation gear—everything but a popper, and he's still there. Now they leave him alone, since he killed a guy two years ago. That is, everybody but old Dev leaves him alone. I give the big bastard one run a year on the last day of the tournament, just to let him know he hasn't won. . . . Does this interest you, sport?"

"Yeah, sport."

"Okay. You be down at my boat at five in the morning. It's the blue Bertram at DuPrix's dock, the *Amberjack*. Have you got some kind of a jewfish rig?"

Bradford nodded and Deverous left.

They tied off to the first continental rig by nine in the morning. A two-hundred-foot depth of clear, blue water lapped the huge steel pylons. There was no Mississippi top silt that far out to sea, but the water was dark under the shadow of the structure.

Deverous wore a hunter's smile—that enigmatic expression only those who kill can understand. Bradford knew the look and wished he could afford it, but he was too worried about his equipment. He chewed a dead cigar in silence as they rigged out for the dive. He was envious of the Cajun's arsenal: seven Seamaster guns, two of them magnums and all the old pattern that could handle a big-game rig. Bradford's one Seamaster had the new Buck Rogers handle. He didn't trust it. He was saving his ancient but reliable CO_2 gun for jewfish.

The girl Judy was along but not diving. She was eye-filling in her red bikini but Deverous ignored her. The other two Rig Raiders, both in their early twenties, were quiet, efficient and well equipped.

Dressing out for the first dive of the day always seemed to have an air of excitement about it, Bradford thought. Talcum blew in clouds as they dusted their suits. There were sounds of clanking tanks and hissing air as pressure gauges were bled off. . . . Then, with the ladder lashed over the side, they were ready.

Bradford looked up at the forest of dark steel against the bright sky and then down to the heavy swells rolling through the cagework. The big cuda were down there along with amberjack and cobia over seventy-five pounds; and if one had more guts than sense, the red snapper and grouper near the bottom were also giants.

"You and me, Bradford," Deverous said as he reached back to turn his air on. They splashed in and finned down against the tide, leveling off under the first crossbeam at forty feet. Below them, the water was purple-blue and the steel columns were yellowish in the weird light. The open channel between the two cage clusters was sunlit and alive with clouds of bait fish that flashed indigo-dark, then dazzling silver as they darted in mass formations.

It was best to spot cuda from below and Bradford followed Deverous's lead as the Cajun diver angled down and across the central channel at a depth of sixty feet.

Together, they drifted up into the shadows of the second cage. High in the far corner, the torpedo shapes of barracuda hung dark under the sheen of the surface. The two men nodded and moved away from each other to approach in opposite directions.

It was best to spot cuda from below, but not worth an embolism to come up quietly under one. Bradford drifted up to thirty feet, softly blowing air, and circled in behind the pylons, gun ready. A barracuda arrowed out from behind a pillar. He was big enough to shoot and close enough to hit. Bradford swung the gun up and let him have it, churning after him as he bolted. The twenty-foot cable stretched tight in a split second.

The big fish was squarely hit but the spine had not been broken. He went berserk and wound himself around and around a column until Bradford was faced with what appeared to be a hopeless tangle of spear, cable and snapping teeth.

While he was gingerly unwinding the mess, Deverous had come down to the crossbeam beside him to tie off a barracuda that was as big as Bradford's. The Cajun was using independent rigs. He had three more taped to his weight belt. While the Navy diver was still struggling to thread the needle with his spear, Deverous was loaded, cocked and off hunting again.

Ten minutes later, Bradford was still working on the tangle—and Deverous had speared three more fish. Frustration got the better of his caution and Bradford seized the dying fish by the head, hooking his thumb and forefinger in the cuda's eye-sockets. A few tugs on the cable and the gun drifted free.

On the way up to the boat, Bradford trailed under the log jam of cuda the Cajun was dragging. They surfaced, handed their guns up and climbed the ladder.

Bradford's barracuda was a five-footer and felt like forty pounds as he hefted it over the gunnel.

"Nice fish," Deverous said as he heaved in his string and flopped them on the deck. One of his brutes was fatter but none were longer than Bradford's.

"What did you do down there—love him to death?" the Cajun said.

"I'm not rigged for mass production."

Lunch was passed around, and as the Cajun munched a sandwich and washed it down with chocolate milk, he eyed Bradford and said, "You ready for Old Diablo, sport?"

"If you can find him," Bradford said as he salted a hard-boiled egg.

"Not *again*, Dev!" Judy exploded. "Remember last year. You *promised*!"

"I'm just the safety man. The Navy's got the action."

She looked strangely at Bradford. "Do you know about that fish? He killed Fred DuMont."

Deverous scowled. "Shut up. You're spoiling my lunch. Remember, I'm the guy who brought DuMont up—*three days later*—so talk about the Beatles or sex or something broads are supposed to talk about."

"Well, see if I care! You can both get killed. See if I give a damn," she said.

Deverous threw his empty milk carton over the side and nodded to Bradford. For the first time, the Navy diver sensed a hint of comradeship in the Cajun's wry smile. "You know, she really *doesn't* give a damn," he said. "Come on, sport, let's ride the devil."

Running at full throttle, it took them two hours to make the shallow Texoil structure. The rig was ominous even above the surface; age-weathered, squat and massive on its close-knit forest of columns, it shadowed the murky water under it to a greenish gloom. Here, the top silt from the Mississippi delta fogged the surface on its way out to sea while the tide, running below it, fogged the bottom. There was a clear layer in between these two currents, but at a depth of fifty feet, it was hardly more than a few fathoms of good visibility.

As the two divers drifted down through the surface cloud into the twilight forest of steel trunks, Bradford found himself wondering why men did things like this. He'd had that same thought before he'd made his first parachute jump and once when his SEAL team had locked out of a sub for a Caribbean mission—a mission two of his buddies hadn't returned from.

At the edge of the cliff, the air is always cleaner, he thought.

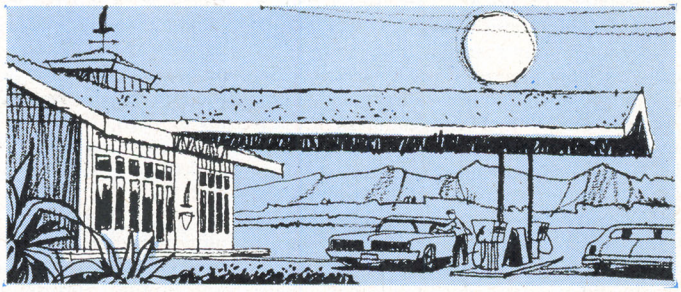
They circled the rig twice while minutes dragged by. Nothing. There were only spadefish drifting around the columns and the ghost shapes of small sharks up in the mist. Ten minutes more and Bradford was becoming convinced that Old Diablo was a myth. He looked at his watch. If the fish didn't rise soon, he wouldn't have enough air to run him, but if he gave the go-up signal and went for another tank, he might be forfeiting his chance for first shot. Deverous was high on his right, and the Cajun was rigged for jewfish.

Bradford was still wrestling with the decision when Old Diablo came up to look at them. Like a brown-freckled blimp, he rose out of the bottom murk. Bradford caught his breath. The fish was more than big; he was *monstrous*. His heavy jaw gaped and his eyes goggled, then he swam off slowly, as if inviting them to follow.

Bradford looked over at Deverous. The Cajun gave him the high sign and came in behind as the Navy (*continued on page 54*)

DISCOVER AMERICA
BEST BY CAR

Live a little extra!



Go with the Mileage Maker

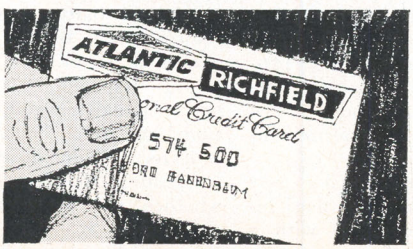
Move out... go places... do things... really enjoy the good life. Take the whole family on a camping trip. Pack in where you *know* the trout are jumping. Head for a slough you know the ducks like. Live a little extra on the extra mileage you get with Richfield Imperial Boron— the Mileage Maker gasoline.

This weekend—join the men who move out. Men of action. Men who live a little extra with the extra mileage they get when they go with...

RICHFIELD Imperial BORON®

The Mileage Maker Gasoline

Here's where you get going with the Mileage Maker. At one of Richfield's new showplaces of service.



Here's how —with the credit card that lets you charge meals and lodging at fine motels and hotels... Hertz rental cars... even a whole trip!

THE ELECTRIC CAR: IT COULD ADD YEARS TO YOUR LIFE continued from page 41

The world's first land speed record was established by a battery-driven vehicle. On a deserted road by the village of St. Germain, near Paris, Count Gaston de Chasseloup-Lanbat covered the flying kilometer at an average speed of thirty-nine mph. Powered by a single electric motor of thirty-six horsepower, the Count's "Jeantand" record car was a simple two-seater, chain-drive job, weighing just over 3,000 pounds.

In 1899, when Benz and Daimler were just getting their first gasoline buggies to run, Jenatzy, the famous Belgian sportsman, drove his more advanced "La Jamais Contente" to another new record of 65.82 mph. Torpedo-shaped, it weighs 2,000 pounds, employs direct drive to the rear axle and is still in running condition today.

Controls and motors improved and so did the electrics. In 1910, the Detroit Electric Company sent George Bacon, chief designer and electrical engineer, and G.D. Fairgrieve, one of its sales representatives, on a 1,050-mile trip to prove the reliability of a new model. It was an outstanding journey and a real testimonial to the car's capabilities. The car negotiated the worst possible roads, hills, deep mud and ruts quite unknown today. There was no incident whatever, and no assistance was required anywhere along the way.

In 1912, the lengthy list of automobiles manufactured in the United States contained more than eighty different makes of electrics. President Taft purchased a Baker Electric Victoria coupé for the White House, and many manufacturers were committed to both gasoline and electric cars, and sold both, side by side.

From this exalted and competitive posture, the electric car seems to have just driven off a cliff to oblivion. And the reason, of course, was that while its builders had steadily improved its systems, motors, drive, control and engineering, the limiting factor was the lead-acid battery, which simply did not—and does not today— have the power potential to compete with gasoline or to provide the kind of performance we have come to take for granted.

Engineers have accepted this as fact for half a century. And because of it, they responded to the latest challenge in two ways. The first was laboratory research to come up with a new super-couple (battery) in order to achieve a breakthrough. Another was to try to find a way to employ some of the superior, if more expensive batteries developed after World War II.

The latter was what Leparulo was talking about. Yardney Electric is a hot-shot firm that has worked some not-so-minor miracles for the United States military. The electric homing torpedo, high-speed submarine batteries, virtually all of our missile and aerospace programs, including Lunar Module, Short-Range Attack Missile, Polaris, Poseidon and Nike-X programs, depend on Yardney's Silvercel batteries. Detractors could pooh-pooh others, but an engineering firm of this stature cannot readily be discounted.

What Yardney did was to take four F-105 silver-zinc batteries and fit them into a Renault Dauphine equipped with a ten-hp motor. The control system was primitive, and much of the car's design inappropriate for electric motivation. No attempt was made to take any advantage of regenerative braking, about which we already know quite a good deal. It was a backyard special, no more, no less. Yet it did give Yardney something to experiment with, and results were extraordinary. The secret was the silver-zinc battery.

This power unit traces to Professor André of Paris, an associate of Yardney's, who developed his silver-zinc system shortly after World War II. It is revolutionary because it offers five to six times the energy to weight ratio of lead-acid systems; which means that with the same size and weight, five to six times more energy is available for propulsion. Moreover, voltage and capacity are practically unaffected by heavy loads, allowing the system to deliver more power over a longer period of time. Fifteen years of development brought the first half-ampere-hour cell, capable of two or three recharges, to a muscular power source, capable of 200 to 350 charge-discharge cycles with a life of two to three years, depending on conditions of use.

Engineers had come to grant the potential of the silver-zinc couple as a possible replacement for lead-acid, and regardless of their position on electric cars, they were forced to grant that silver-zinc had the poop for meeting the requirements of a modern electric car.

There remained, however, that small matter of economics. Silver is a precious metal. Its price is currently pegged at $1.95 per ounce. There is enough silver in one F-105 battery to put its cost in the neighborhood of $1,000. Multiply this by four, and add the cost of the rest of the car, and you're up to perhaps $5,500. Then subtract mass-production economy and you're still in the $4,000 or more price range, and that's still too high. But it would still be considerably cheaper to operate than a gasoline-powered car of equal performance because it requires no gas, oil, radiator, water pump, transmission, carburetor and other expensive parts integral to internal-combustion machines. This saving is estimated at as much as four cents a mile (eight to ten cents per mile as opposed to twelve to thirteen cents) or about one-third.

Critics also pointed to the critical nature of silver and its short supply as another drawback. On the surface, it seems as if the combination of high cost and shortage of supply eliminate silver as a possibility, but this overlooks some rather pertinent facts. The government stockpiles approximately 600,000,000, ounces of silver. We have by no means exhausted our land supply of silver, and the sea is known to contain a vast supply of all noble metals.

A silver battery system for a practical vehicle would require approximately 1,000 ounces of silver. Ten thousand such cars would require 10,000,000 ounces. Not much, actually, when compared to the national stockpile. The silver used is 100 percent recoverable, since the battery is fully reversible. It therefore doesn't matter whether the silver the Federal government owns is in batteries or in bullion. They could loan or rent it to industry if they wished. We do this with silver for military batteries now.

The development work being done by Ford, GM, General Atomic and elsewhere, no matter what is said of it, is strictly test-tube stuff. "No question about it", said Martin Kagan, Yardney's president, "if we could spend a quarter of the money we allocate to the space budget on an electric car, we could have one in two years."

The year 1967 marked a solid beginning for new, serious research. Ford and Yardney are linked in a serious, well financed engineering research program to examine a wide variety of possibilities for power sources. Silver-zinc is just one. Several metal-air concepts, as well as sodium-sulphur, are being tested.

Gulton Industries, perhaps best known for their smaller, high-energy batteries used in flashlights and accessory-type electrical apparatus, have conducted four years of strenuous development in new automobile-battery concepts. The most promising is their lithium-nickel fluoride battery. Dr. Robert Shair, Gulton's vice-president for research and development, speaking at Hofstra University in January of 1968, pointed with pride to the fruits of this work; "Only two hundred and fifty pounds of our lithium-nickel fluoride would be required to build an electrically-powered vehicle having a range of a hundred and fifty miles and a cruising speed of sixty miles per hour."

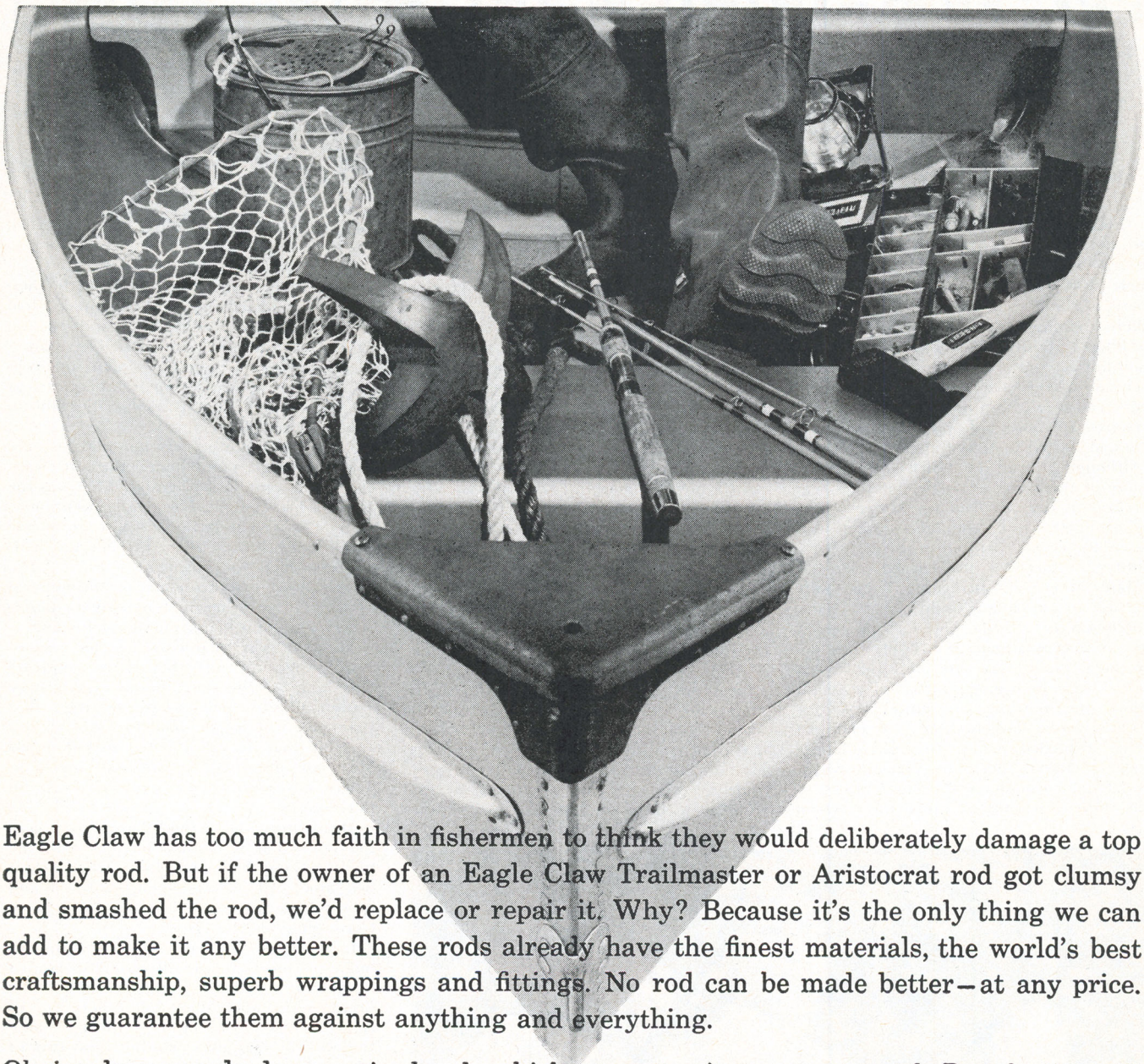
Gulton's ambitions take on larger dimensions as a result of the recently announced joint venture with American Motors for the development of an electronic automobile. After several years of financial turmoil, management shake-ups and painful losses, American Motors has turned itself around. The year 1968 shapes up as a moneymaker for them, and in the light of their new philosophy of hitting the market hardest where the giants are the leastest, this project is serious business.

This work is perhaps more exciting than that at GE and Rowan Electric, where design projects hinge, in both instances, on lead-acid batteries. The GE machine has been criticized as a glorified golf cart, while at Rowan a really beautiful concept has emerged. With chassis by de Tomaso (brilliant Argentine designer of the Vallelunga) and body by Ghia, Rowan proves that an urban electric need not be ugly.

"If one fact has emerged clearly," Kagan commented, "it's that the first practical road vehicles will be combinations of electric and *other* systems. The work that GM has done in conjunction with the University of Pennsylvania and other research points in that direction."

That's about the size of it. Electricity could be the answer. It's a matter of priorities. Pollution may have to get a good deal worse before anything like Federal pressure is brought to bear. And clearly, it will take something of that sort to move anybody in Detroit. In the meantime, the oil industry will keep the screws on because, until they can find another way to use their products, pollution is a word they won't hear of. But then, pollution will get worse, and when it gets bad enough, maybe we'll see that electric car. • • •

Who'd give an unconditional lifetime guarantee on this fishing rod? *Eagle Claw* does.

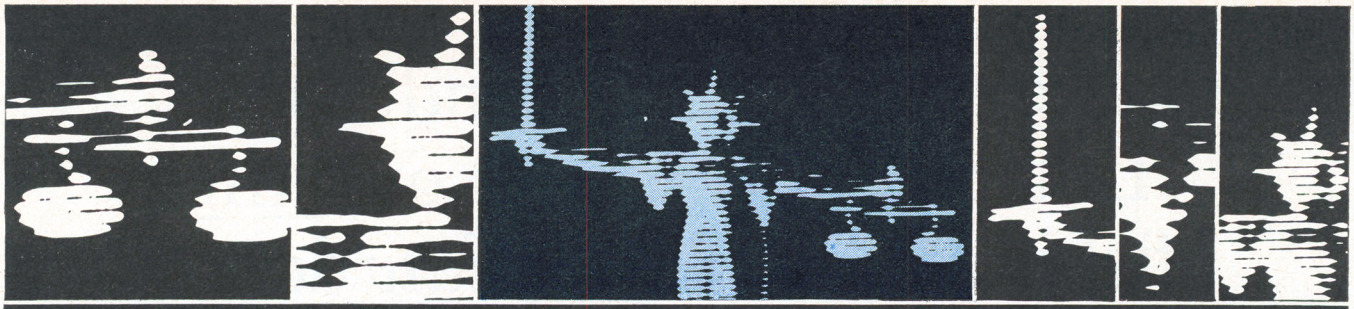


Eagle Claw has too much faith in fishermen to think they would deliberately damage a top quality rod. But if the owner of an Eagle Claw Trailmaster or Aristocrat rod got clumsy and smashed the rod, we'd replace or repair it. Why? Because it's the only thing we can add to make it any better. These rods already have the finest materials, the world's best craftsmanship, superb wrappings and fittings. No rod can be made better—at any price. So we guarantee them against anything and everything.

Obviously, we make lower priced rods which are not quite so guaranteed. But they're still the best you can buy at the price.

EAGLE CLAW®

FREE: Write for complete color catalog.
Wright & McGill Company
Denver, Colorado 80220
Box 20217, Dept. CE



WATCHDOG FOR JUSTICE

CITIZENS OF TOMORROW FOIL BUNGLING HEISTER

BY GENE LOWALL

Keen-eyed schoolgirls caught clue to "The Great Chase" of 1968

IF THREE small schoolgirls from Denver had not reacted swiftly and bravely to a bizarre distress signal from a stranger, the whole story of Colorado's fantastic "Great Chase of 1968" would have had a much different ending.

Almost certainly, the story of a crazy-quilt manhunt across the wintry plains of Eastern Colorado would have been written in blood, and very likely in death, to several innocent persons—captives of a fleeing two-gun robber who had started it all by bungling a stickup.

Although it was the quick thinking response of the three schoolgirl heroines that touched off the initial alarm, they were by no means the *only* courageous ones ultimately to become involved in the mad cross-country steeplechase that ensued.

Many others, in succeeding hours, were to react in the finest tradition of ARGOSY *Watchdogs for Justice* before "the longest day" in recent annals of Western law enforcement came to an end, more than seven hours after it began shortly after eight o'clock one morning last winter.

The whole unbelievable sequence of events exploded when the girls—Bonita Hodges, eleven; her nine-year-old sister, Linda, and a schoolmate, Wanda Grant, also nine—were hurrying to catch their school bus in the northeast section of Denver. Their route to the bus stop led them past a large supermarket in their neighborhood. At that hour, the store was not yet open for business.

As the girls were scurrying past one of the side show windows of the markets, they saw a clerk standing inside the glass, gesturing frantically to try to attract attention of passers-by. They stopped to look. Inside the glass, writing *backwards* so the message would be readable on the sidewalk, the store employe was scrawling with a grease pencil, used for marking stock, this message:

"Help. Call cops. A holdup!"

The three little girls raced to a nearby corner where there was a pay phone. Without revealing why, they asked a passer-by to "lend" them a dime. That was all it took. A moment later, they were calmly telling a police radio dispatcher at central headquarters what they had seen.

Then, oblivious to any danger the clerk's appeal suggested, they ran back to the market to wig-wag to the man behind the window that help was on the way.

It came quickly. Sergeant Lawrence Morahan and his driver, Patrolman Phil Gotlin, cruising in the vicinity, pulled in and stopped in the alley. Less than two minutes of the seven hours that were to follow had by then elapsed.

Meantime, this had occurred:

Two men, both armed and with their features hidden by knitted ski masks, had catfooted inside the store behind an unsuspecting and preoccupied deliveryman.

So, when the first two arriving cops reached the scene and burst through a rear door of the market, this was the tableau that confronted them:

One of the bandits was holding the store manager at gunpoint beside the safe, waiting for its time lock to go off. That was the robbers' first bungle. They had a twenty-five-minute wait. The lock was not set to release until eight-thirty, when the market normally opened for business.

The other stickup man, meantime, was holding three other first-arriving employes under the point-blank muzzle of his gun.

Morahan was unable to fire for fear of hitting one of the other three employes clustered at the safe beside their boss. Bandit number one, aware by then that plans for the caper had fouled up, was snarling that he would shoot to kill unless Morahan instantly surrendered his gun. There was nothing the sergeant could do but comply.

Meanwhile, the second bandit, chickening out when it became obvious that the planned heist had gone awry, whirled and fled afoot. He was pursued, captured and quickly disarmed by other cops who were converging on the scene.

In those few moments, the other gunman made his move. It was ultimately to launch a manhunt which, in the ensuing seven hours, plus more than 250 miles, was to zigzag across eight counties, involve along the way a total of *seven* hostages—two of whom were wounded by gunfire when they sought to overpower their captor—and bring into the action several hundred law-enforcement officers along with countless private citizens from Kansas City to the Rockies, as they sought to bring a fugitive from justice to book. One of the hostages was a helpless, two-year-old invalid boy who eventually escaped unharmed.

As a result, the three schoolgirls were lauded locally, as well as by ARGOSY in this issue as *Watchdogs-of-the-Month*, along with all the others who became involved. There will be more on this incredible example of courage in a subsequent issue. • • •

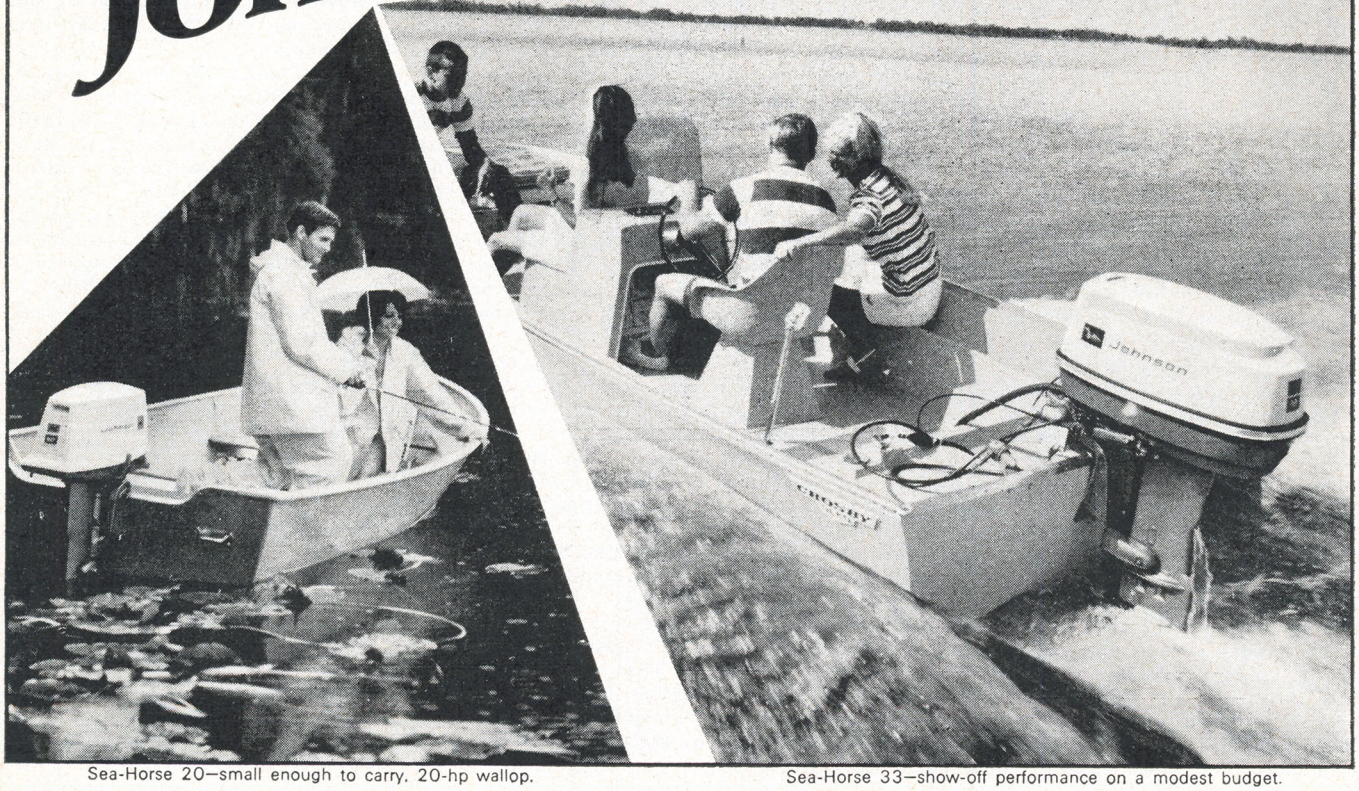
DENVER POST

Beaming as they received valor citation are Wanda Grant, Linda Hodge and her sister, Bonita.

Sea-Horse 40—skiing, cruising, fishing versatility.

1968's big thrust twins with the big thrift ideas

Johnson delivers ...dependably!



Sea-Horse 20—small enough to carry. 20-hp wallop.

Sea-Horse 33—show-off performance on a modest budget.

• Economy and performance go together in a Sea-Horse 40 or 33 or 20. Each costs surprisingly little per horsepower to buy, to own, to operate. And because Johnson stands for *quality in depth*, each will retain more of its original value longer than another make twin.

• **Sea-Horse 20** has a new low-drag gearcase to help you turn 20 mph on a 15-ft. boat. New exhaust housing improves the already remarkable quiet and corrosion resistance.

• **Sea-Horse 33** never stops saving you money. Initial cost is low. It cruises from three to four hours on a 6-gal. tank of regular-grade fuel. Synchronized spark-throttle control, fixed high-speed carburetor jets and Johnson's famous 50 to 1 gas/oil mix are just three reasons why.

• **Sea-Horse 40** offers a choice of triple-threat options: 1. Electramatic; exclusive single-lever power-shift and throttle control at no extra cost; 2. standard-electric, with key-switch starting; 3. manual, with mechanical F-N-R transmission.

• Johnson Motors are backed by our 2-year warranty*. See your Johnson dealer, or write for free catalog on the most power choices in outboards (1½ to 115 hp). Johnson Motors, Waukegan, Ill. 60085, Dept. A-85

Johnson
FIRST IN DEPENDABILITY
Division Outboard Marine Corporation

*For 24 months after purchase, Johnson Motors will replace or repair without cost to the original purchaser any part of its manufacture which, upon inspection, proves to have failed in normal pleasure use due to faulty material or workmanship.

diver began his stalking approach along a course of columns. Deverous was his safety man, but under the conditions, it was little more than a gesture of courtesy. Who could follow a diver being dragged at freight-train speed through pea soup?

Bradford had partially inflated his life jacket to buoy the weight of his heavy gas gun. He had perfect balance now, but when he threw the gun, he'd be rising. That would not be good. His bronze sailfish dart was honed knife-sharp and the connection had been lapped in smooth. There would be no jam—he hoped. . . .

The technique was brutally simple: one placed the shot above the center of the mass at close range—high, so as not to puncture the swim bladder—then dropped the gun and hung on tight, riding right behind the tail until the fish stopped to rest, which was usually after thirty seconds. Then one had to pull up short and kick the beast to keep him moving. Each run would be shorter and slower until the fish was exhausted. The jewfish could then be hoisted up with little effort—and once up twenty feet, his distended bladder would not allow him to descend.

Stay with him three minutes and you've got him. Hoist him twenty feet and you've got him. Yes, it was simple—as long as one didn't think too much about what was on the bottom.

Old Diablo was swimming down the central channel when Bradford came from behind a column and delivered his broadside at a range of three feet—just enough for the spear to clear the barrel. The CO_2 gun bucked with a dull *boom* and a gout of bubbles. The huge fish trembled. Bradford had a split second to yank the marker float free and drop his gun before the thunder clap of Old Diablo's tail slugged him with a ton of water.

He clung with both hands to a neoprene-sheathed loop in his riding cable as the monster made a tight turn around a column. Bradford jackknifed by it, scraping his belly hard. And then they were diving into the murk below.

It was an ocher fog, a gloom-world of hazy shapes racing by as the dark bulk ahead boomed with each snap of his tail, trying to wind the line up around the base of the columns and tear the dart loose from his flesh; but Bradford knew that trick. His riding rig was only ten feet long. It gave Old Diablo no slack to play with.

But there were other tricks, like scraping the bottom on his side—and Bradford dreaded that.

They were off the columns now and heading straight along the bottom. The Navy diver maneuvered his body on a racing plane to avoid the suddenly looming clumps of concrete and snarls of anode cable. His shoulders were hunched and his head was up as he tried to shield his projecting regulator from fouling.

Suddenly the line went slack and he was drifting into a swirling cloud. The loop hung loose in his numb fingers. With a sick feeling, he was certain the barb had pulled out. He was rising now; the collar of his life jacket was ballooning full. The line pulled tight. The beast was *resting*! Bradford still had him and he had lasted the first run! No time to bleed the life jacket down. He hitched the loop around his wrist and finned down into the murk.

He was only a foot away when he saw the heaving side of the great fish. Taking a one-handed grip on the line, he punched hard with his left fist, shouting a garbled curse in his mouthpiece: "*Move, you big bastard*! *Move*!"

The tail knocked him upside down and he saw stars, but he hung on. His mask was half full of water and off the contour of his face. Snorting wouldn't clear it. Now Diablo was scraping the bottom, over on his side. After a sweeping circle, he found what he was looking for—probably the same snarl of drilling cable that had killed DuMont. Bradford saw it coming. He had a second to let go, but he did not.

They plunged into it at thirty miles an hour. Diablo made his own hole and came out the other side, his slick body slipping free; then he boomed off in a tight turn to snarl his tormentor in the steel thicket.

Bradford felt the neoprene of his suit ripping, then his knee gashed to the bone. Rusty steel screeked over his tank, but he was still free.

And then, just when he thought he was through it, his knife fouled! With a bone-wrenching jerk that was worse than any high-speed pickup, he held onto the line with one hand while he pulled the quick release on his weight belt with the other. It felt as though the muscles in his shoulder had been torn loose—but he was free, and he still had the fish.

Now he was bobbing up behind Diablo, his head breaking into clear water, but the fish was still running deep. This was bad. He had to bleed the life jacket or be brained against an overhead crossmember on the next run.

Just as Bradford bounded into the cagework, the line went slack again. He took a few seconds to adjust and clear his mask, then sucked his jacket flat. Heavier now, he pulled his way down the line and delivered a stomping kick with his big duck foot to Diablo's side. No reaction.

Bradford was worried. He'd let the fish rest too long and now his tank was sucking tight. He had to move the fish—and *quick*.

With a burbling burst of profanity, he kicked and punched the beast, then gave the line a savage jerk. That did it. Diablo was off again, sluggishly but gathering steam. He made a straight, smooth run, then slowly settled on the bottom.

Bradford came up behind, his throat raw, his chest tight, his tank ringing empty with each tortured breath. He was up out of the murk again, his drained tank pulling him toward the surface, and no weight to bring him down. He jerked the line hard. No movement below. The jewfish was played out, ready to be lifted. Bradford had won—but when he tried to go down, *he couldn't*. The pain in his chest was a viselike grip and his sight was dimming.

With a heartbreaking agony that was almost worse than the need for air, Bradford let the loop slip from his fingers and shot toward the surface.

He hit the air, weak and gasping, then came up the diving ladder streaming blood. Stumbling as his slick-soled boots hit the slimy deck, he sprawled into a silver pile of dead barracuda.

"I told you, smart guy!" Judy said. "But you wouldn't listen."

One of the divers interrupted her: "Get the aid kit. Make yourself useful." He helped Bradford up and off with his tank. "Is Dev all right?"

"I guess so. He'll get him now. Took too long to find him. Not enough air. . . . One of you better go down and safety for him."

"Frank's already down. You want a beer while we patch you up?"

"Yeah," Bradford said.

Five minutes later, while Judy was still fumbling with her unfamiliar nursing project, Deverous surfaced with Old Diablo.

The giant fish was bloated, his pectorals sticking out like elephant ears. There was something forlorn about him, Bradford thought. Old Diablo deserved better. He had been a great fish and should have died in clean, classic combat.

Deverous knew it, too. The Cajun was grim-faced as he came aboard. He could not meet Bradford's eyes. Even Judy seemed to sense the tension in the air and kept silently out of their way as they gaffed the monster.

Not until Frank came up the ladder, bringing Bradford's gun, did they have enough manpower to boat the fish. Exhausted, they leaned back against the gunnels and stared at the waist-high mountain of scarred and bleeding flesh.

After they caught their breath, a painful silence settled. The roar of the starting engines was a welcome relief from questions that were not asked and answers that were not given. Deverous had the wheel and kept his eyes on the compass. Bradford sipped his beer back on the fantail. The boys were busy with their gear and Judy was very small in Dev's white jacket. She huddled in the windbreaker, her eyes on Deverous.

Bradford wondered what she saw. The jacket she wore was Dev's Rig Raider uniform with the black silhouettes of jewfish sewn on it. White numbers were embroidered on the patches: *five hundred, four seventy-five. Three-ninety*. Bradford tried to guess what would be embroidered on the new patch—something between seven hundred and nine hundred, he thought. They wouldn't know until they got him on the scales. But one thing was certain: first-place jewfish was there on the deck—and it belonged to Deverous.

They throttled down coming into the canal from Baritaria Bay. A purple sunset flamed the mangroves and Jean Lafitte's ruined fort was grim in the dying light.

It was a weary, final ending time. The docks were crowded, but people moved slowly and sounds seemed muted, as if the world itself were exhausted.

But the hoisting of Old Diablo brought a swarm of onlookers. Bradford supposed they took the crew's terse comments and matter-of-fact expressions as a cool pose masking fierce pride. So much the better if they did. Old Diablo had been a legend and would remain one. Bradford would say nothing.

The fish weighed in at seven hundred and ninety-two pounds.

After the presentation ceremony, Deverous found Bradford behind the truck-mounted compressor packing his MG. The Cajun carried the tall NOGI trophy over his shoulder. "Hey Brad, you had chow?"

"I'll catch something on the road."

"We got a shrimp boil going over at the dock. All you can eat, and it's free."

"I've had enough seafood.'

Deverous was perplexed. He seemed to be searching for words. "I'd—well, the Rig Raiders would appreciate it if you'd join us. The boil's on NOGI; the beer's on us."

Bradford's face was frozen until he saw something fighting against pride in the Cajun's eyes. The Navy diver sensed a strange obligation. "Okay," he said.

The fish-bumping tables had been scrubbed clean and now groaned under mounds of boiled shrimp and crabs. The white-jacketed Rig Raiders clustered together, their women sitting with them. Two tubs of iced beer were nearby and the pyramid of empty cans was already rising high amid the crab shells on the table. Deverous made room for Bradford between Judy and the rest of his crew. Everybody at the table seemed to know the Navy diver and smiled greetings. Frank was quick with a beer for him and Judy launched into a demonstration of the Cajun method for opening boiled crabs.

After six beers and pounds of food, Bradford no longer felt the pain in his knee, but Deverous' NOGI stood there, rising out of the shells, still higher than the stack of cans they were building. It was a beautiful piece of sculpture—worthy of the great fish it represented. Old Diablo was so much dead meat now, Bradford thought, but his soul, if he had one, was certainly in that carved mahogany.

Deverous rose from his seat at the head of the table. He was drunk and he had to steady himself. A hush fell and all eyes turned to him. He smiled and paused to light a cigar. When he had it drawing, he reached out and hefted up the NOGI, then turned to Bradford. "Stand up, sport."

Bradford got to his feet carefully. His wounded leg felt like rubber as he leaned on the table. Deverous raised his beer can. "Gentlemen—and ladies—I propose a toast. To Old Diablo and *to the guy who rode him out*. . . What the hell's your first name, Bradford?"

"That's it: Bradford Bradford. My old man had a sense of humor."

"Well, so have I, sport. I hereby award you the first *Half*-NOGI in history."

As they looked on in stunned silence, he raised his knee and cracked the statuette cleanly in half at the waist. He handed the top to Bradford. "You can build a stand from your half. I'm going to make a lamp out of mine," he said.

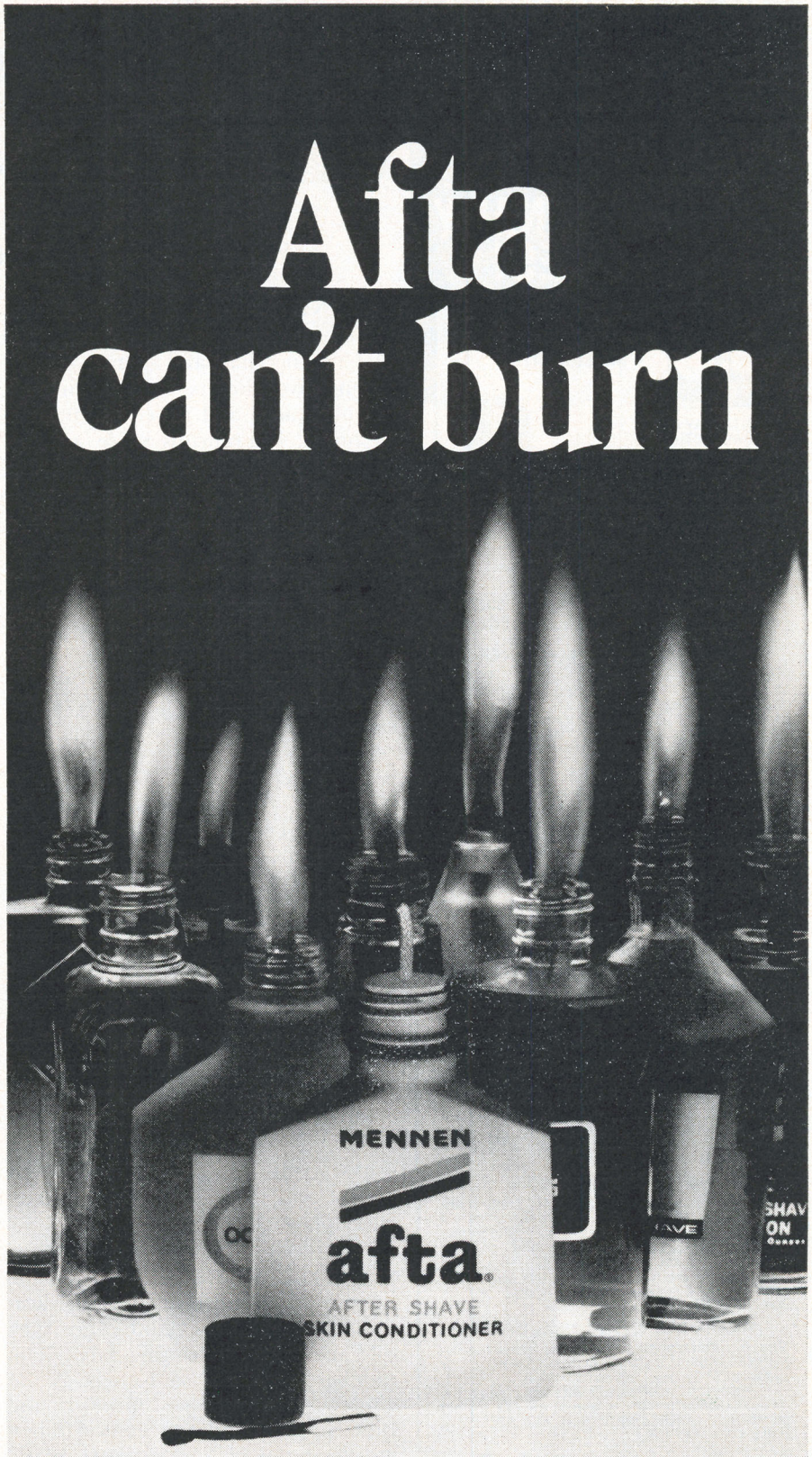
Bradford didn't know what to say. He wished he was sober as he struggled to find words.

Deverous saved him before he could put his foot in his mouth. "But if you don't get rid of that stinking gas gun, you can find another partner for next year."

Bradford laughed and sat down.

Judy put her arm around Deverous and mooned at him. "Dev, sometimes you can be the sweetest man—you know that?"

"Aw, shut up!" Deverous said, patting her behind. • • •

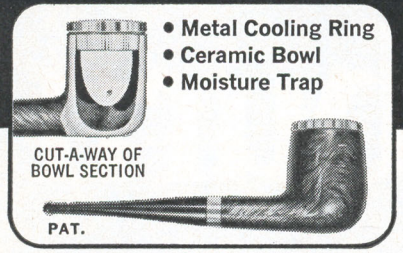


The first creamy after shave.

Most after shaves are mostly alcohol. So they can make your face burn. Mennen Afta's the first creamy after shave. So it can't make your face burn. Instead of drying your skin, it soaks right in and replaces the oil shaving scrapes away. Afta soothes your face. Which figures. After all, when was the last time you got burnt by something creamy?

NEW IMPROVED Dr. Philip's Pipe

the only pipe in the world with these **REVOLUTIONARY FEATURES!**



- Metal Cooling Ring
- Ceramic Bowl
- Moisture Trap

- Metal Cooling Ring dissipates heat.
- Interchangeable Laboratory-type porous ceramic bowl traps tars . . . eliminates "break in."
- Moisture Trap absorbs condensation.
- Crafted of finest Mediterranean Briar.

"HOT TONGUE" GONE FOREVER

The exceptional coolness of this smoke is due to a combination of the latest findings in "thermal dynamics." The heat-dissipating retainer rings around the top of the bowls, and the air-space between the ceramic and briar bowls act as effective cooling elements.

NO "BREAKING IN"

The Dr. Philip's pipe needs no breaking in. The ceramic bowl provides the properties normally attained only by "seasoning" a wooden bowl by many less-than-pleasant smokings. It smokes absolutely dry—with the full aromatics of the tobacco coming through to please you. Tars and other distasteful by-products in the tobacco are trapped in the filter bowl.

NO SPITTLE PROBLEM

Another feature of the Dr. Philip's pipe is a moisture trap . . . simply and easily replaced without cost when you clean or replace the ceramic filter bowl.

NO REAMING OR STEM SWABBING

There is no caked, sodden tobacco at the bottom of a Dr. Philip's pipe to ream out, because the ceramic bowl insert eliminates it . . . (and for the same reason, there's no need for pipe-stem cleaning). Each ceramic bowl is good for at least 60 pipe-fulls. You may then replace it . . . or . . . hold it over a flame for a few minutes until the accumulated tars are burned off . . . then re-use it. Each pipe comes to you with 3 ceramic bowls.

NO OUTER SPACE LOOK

The Dr. Philip's pipe is handsome, slim, traditionally styled and feather-lite in weight. There's nothing "gimmicky" about the Dr. Philip's pipe . . . it has been designed for solid, smoking pleasure . . . not off-beat styling. It is crafted of finest Mediterranean Briar, the vulcanized bits and the complete assembly is done here by skilled artisans.

GUARANTEE & FREE TRIAL OFFER

The Dr. Philip's pipe is unconditionally guaranteed. AND . . . here is our free trial offer. For a period of 10 days you can smoke it . . . test it . . . judge it . . . compare it with any pipe on the market—and if for any reason at all you are not completely satisfied RETURN IT AND RECEIVE A FULL CASH REFUND.

COMPLETE WITH 3 INNER CERAMIC BOWLS . . . Only . . . $10.

ACE-HI PRODUCTS
Box 2730 Grand Central Sta., New York, N.Y. 10017

Gentlemen: Enclosed find $10 for one Dr. Philip's Pipe complete as advertised. It is understood that I may return this pipe within 10 days for full cash refund if I am not fully satisfied.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

AS TOLD TO MILT MACHLIN

WATCH OUT FOR THOSE SNEAKY DRINKS!

DOWNEY takes an early vacation, which is a mercy to me. While he is a charming chap and spends at least seventy-five dollars a week in my establishment and an equal number of hours, his raucous voice and occasionally disputatious disposition can be a bit trying to a man who already has a sizeable number of nitwits in his hair.

But leaving early means that Downey returns early.

The other day, he corners me—the day after he has returned from his vacation in sunny California.

"Man, they are weird out there!" says Downey.

"How so?" I ask.

"You know what they drink? Tequila!" Downey's idea of a vacation is a change of taverns, and I don't criticize that. It broadens the viewpoint.

"Why is that weird? Aren't they next door to Mexico? I don't think that is any weirder than the Russians drinking vodka, or the British drinking gin."

"It isn't just the tequila. They just drink different there. It's just like you were in one of those foreign countries you were mentioning."

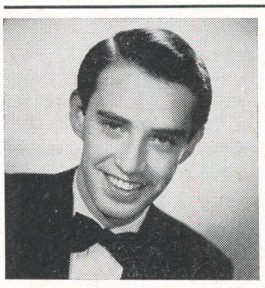
"Well, I happen to know that the Martini is by far the most popular cocktail there, as it is practically every place else."

"So it is," says Downey. "But I was talking to a number of people in your business while I was on vacation around Disneyland, and they told me some interesting facts. The number *two* drink out there is the gimlet. The number *three* is the Bloody Mary—and get this—the fourth most popular is the Margarita, made with tequila! Next comes the Daiquiri. We don't get to a good whiskey drink until sixth place, which is occupied by the Old-Fashioned. Next come all the sours, which are mostly whiskey, the Manhattan—*that's* whiskey—and the Screwdriver, which I suppose is natural, considering all the orange juice they have out there.

These facts are not exactly news to me, since I had seen a poll taken by the California Bartenders Guild. While the state is far from typical, and drinking patterns vary around the country, I pay a lot of attention to what goes on there, partly because my brother-in-law has a bar out that way, and partly because they sell and drink more liquor in California than in any other state in the Union, so they must know *something* about the business.

But it's tequila that is the real sleeper. It is coming up as fast as vodka did a few years ago when a smart liquor company invented the Bloody Mary. This started a trend toward what the people in the liquor business call "white goods"—not only vodka, but gin, light rum and tequila. All of the big liquor distillers are getting on the tequila bandwagon early this time. When vodka blossomed into popularity, many were caught with their plants down.

The same company—Heublein—is ahead this time with its José Cuervo Tequila, but Foreign Vintages has its Gavilan Tequila, Brown Forman is in there with Pepe Lopez, American Distilling's entry is El Toro, Hiram Walker has Arandas, Schenley's is putting out Ole Tequila, National Distillers sponsors Sauza, and Calvert's has just entered the race with Mariachi. With all those tequilas



Tavern Keeper of the Month

JOHN BRUNO, JR.

New York's famous steak row had its renowned beginning with John Bruno's Pen & Pencil Restaurant at 205 East 45th Street. For superb steaks, man-size drinks created by Frank Morales, and the best service in town, it's an absolute Fun City must. On the ARGOSY *recommended list.*

battling for the salt-rimmed glass, we may well wind up in a Mexican standoff.

"You know," says Downey with more than his usual open-mindedness, "the fact is that those Margaritas aren't bad, once you get used to them. They kind of have all the zing of a Martini but taste a little smoother."

"And with all that salt on the rim of the glass, you won't be needing so many pretzels," I say, moving the bowl down the bar so the other customers can have a fighting chance.

"I don't suppose a place like this would really know how to make one of those things?" Downey says with a faraway look, as though he's already longing for his next vacation.

"I've been drinking tequila from time to time since I was gold prospecting in the Sierra Madre with Humphrey Bogart," I reply. "Of course, we used to drink it in the old-fashioned way with a lick of salt in the crotch of the thumb and a suck of lime afterward. But the Margarita itself is simple enough. I make it with a good slug of tequila, about a half-ounce of Triple Sec and plenty of good, cold cracked ice. In advance, I moisten the rim of the glass with a bit of lime and dip it in a saucer of salt, then just shake up the drink, strain and serve."

"Can I have one with more tequila and less Triple Sec?" asks Downey.

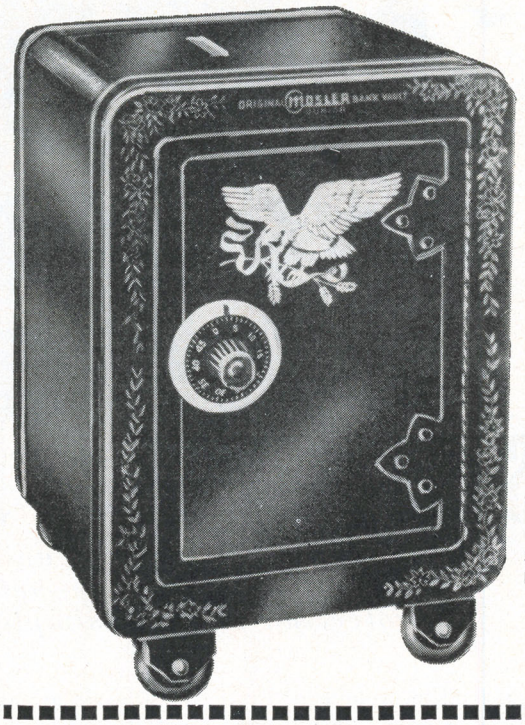
"What are you trying to do—start a dry Margarita craze?" I ask.

Still, I suppose you'd have to call the whole thing progress. Wouldn't you?

But in case any of you are worried that the Mexicans are taking over our national drinking habits, let me hasten to point out that by far the vast majority of liquor drunk in this country is still whiskey. A good quarter of the whiskey drunk is straight American whiskey—basically Bourbon. A bit less than that is accounted for by blended whiskies, and about eleven percent of the liquor drunk is Scotch. Vodka accounts for nearly twelve percent and gin around eleven percent. This leaves only a bit less than twelve percent of the liquor drunk in this country to be split up among all the rest of the drinks, including tequila, rum, brandy, cordials and liqueurs and so forth. So don't worry, your whiskey drinkers aren't likely to be swamped—but a good tequila drink makes a nice change in the summer, doesn't it? • • •

PUT THIS ON YOUR DESK AND SAVE! — AUTHENTIC REPLICA OF THE MASSIVE TURN-OF-THE CENTURY MOSLER SAFES

$1,000 Bank on Wheels - $5.95



- Stands 3/4 Ft. Tall
- Combination lock
- Holds $1,000.00 in change
- Complete to rubber tires, eagle & gold leaf designs

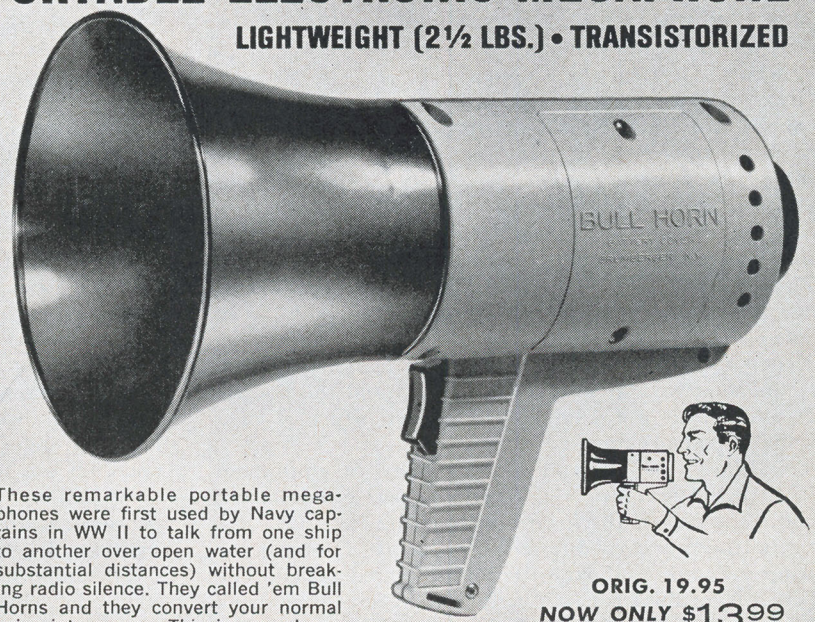
This is a fine replica of the massive Mosler safes considered impregnable 100 years ago. This all-steel black one has authentic colorful eagle and gold-leaf designs, gold floral edging, combination lock and is big enough (6" x 7" x 9") to hold a full $1,000 in change. Solid Americana right to the rubber tires. Nice way for young and old to save. New and a solid value for $5.95.

Hillsdale Assoc., Dept. AR-5
208 East 43rd St., N.Y. 10017
Enclosed check or m.o. $_____
_____Mosler Safe Banks @ $5.95
NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
(Please add 95¢ postage)

PROJECT YOUR VOICE CLEARLY UP TO 2000 FT.

PORTABLE ELECTRONIC MEGAPHONE

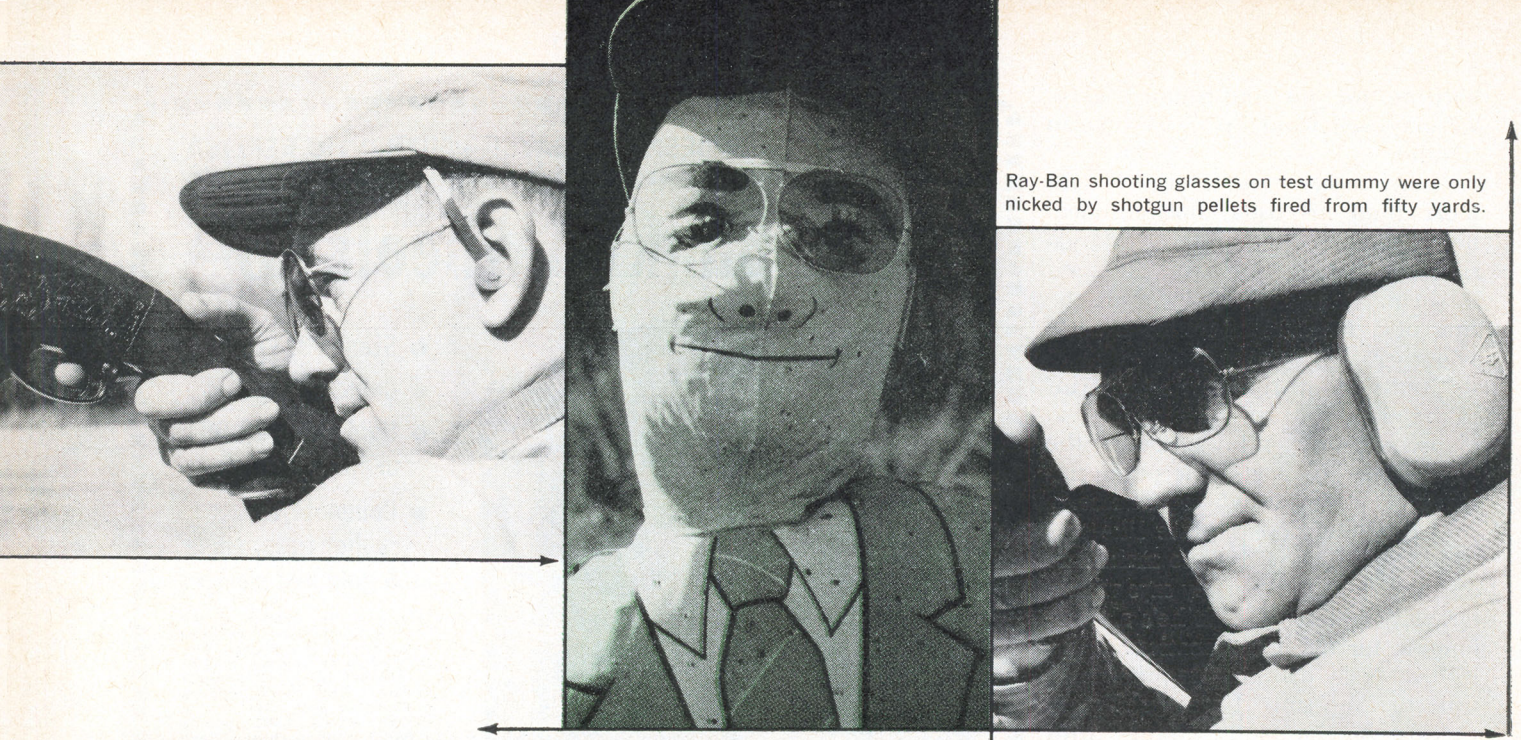
LIGHTWEIGHT (2½ LBS.) • TRANSISTORIZED



These remarkable portable megaphones were first used by Navy captains in WW II to talk from one ship to another over open water (and for substantial distances) without breaking radio silence. They called 'em Bull Horns and they convert your normal voice into a roar. This improved version is lighter, more compact and far more efficient. Operates off just 4 standard batteries, has adjustable volume control, trigger switch (press to talk) on pistol grip, is ideal for use at meetings, sports events, from boat to boat to shore, house to garage, in industry, plants, construction work, for police, firemen, any place your voice must carry across noise and 2000 ft.!

ORIG. 19.95
NOW ONLY $13.99

LION PRODUCTS, Box 4514 Grand Central Sta., N.Y. 17
___Megaphones @ $13.99
NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
CITY_____STATE_____
(Please add 95¢ postage) AR-5



Ray-Ban shooting glasses on test dummy were only nicked by shotgun pellets fired from fifty yards.

SHOOTING-EYES AND EARS

by Pete Kuhlhoff

They're easily injured and there aren't any cures—but protecting them is simple

FRIENDS, riflemen and countrymen, lend me your ears!

Of course, that's a take-off of Marc Antony's speech in Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar," but I really *could* use some new ears.

It was quite a shock when I learned that my hearing has been impaired by the noise of shooting. I'm sure that many others unknowingly are in the same boat. Such damage is permanent, and it is vital that every shooter protect his hearing. It is easy to do and comparatively inexpensive.

Here's how I learned the sad news.

Recently, I was visiting and discussing telescopic rifle sights at the Rochester, New York, plant of Bausch & Lomb Optical Company. Jack Brandt, one of my friends there, asked me if my hearing was up to par. My answer, in a lot more words, was that my hearing was excellent to perfect.

Jack said that, due to the fact that I do quite a bit of shooting, he would bet dollars to doughnuts that my hearing was impaired. But, if I believed my hearing to be good, it was an encouraging sign and any loss would probably be in the higher frequencies.

At that point, it dawned on me that for years it has been a fact—and somewhat of a standing joke around the house—that I cannot hear the singing of a cricket, which is in a rather high-frequency range.

Jack indicated an electronic-looking piece of equipment called a Zenith Audio-Rater 11, actually a special audiometer, and said, "Let's do a check on your hearing."

After putting an earphone in place on my right ear, he picked up a Zenith Audiogram Form and a red pencil. The blue pencil is for the left ear. The form, laid out for charting a graph, is calibrated vertically in units of 10, from 0 at the top to a loud 110 at the bottom, for establishing the hearing threshold level in decibels. Horizontally, the form is graduated for vibration frequency in cycles per second, from 125 to 8,000.

Human ears differ in their capacity both to hear sound and to recognize pitch. The limits of audibility at the lower end of the scale are approximately from 12 to 33 vibrations per second, and at the upper end, from 20,000 to 40,000. The musical range of tones lies between 30 and 4,000. Above 4,000 vibrations per second, sounds are heard as squeals and squeaks, practically indistinguishable in pitch. The normal range of the human voice is from 60 per second for low base to about 1,300 vibrations per second for high soprano, which is over four octaves.

Jack started manipulating the instrument. My right ear first heard the low pitch, 125 frequency cycles per second, at 30 decibels, which is fairly loud. I understand that a person with normal hearing picks up this sound at well under 10 decibels. With first pickup at the 30-decibel level, as in my case, a person is supposed to begin having trouble hearing normal conversation on the telephone. My hearing stayed at that level through 500 cycles per second. Then it gradually got a little better. At about 1,500 cycles per second, the level was at about 15 decibels—not too bad, but not good. It dropped to 20 decibels at 2,000, then really plunged to a loud 80-decibel level (which is nearing what usually is considered total deafness) at a shrill 4,000 cycles per second. (That explains why I cannot hear the cricket.) Then the graph line dropped off the chart at 8,000 cycles, with the sound stronger than 110 decibels. In short, my hearing is not what can be considered great with my right or gun ear.

My left ear did slightly better up to around 750 cycles per second, about the same at 1,500 and then, as with the right ear, fell like a lead balloon.

The important frequencies in speech range are between 500 and 2,000 cycles per second. So, hearing loss usually is not noticed so much above 2,000 cycles per second. My loss is a fair amount, but evidently not critical in the voice range as I have not noticed any real problems in hearing on the telephone.

The facts are that frequent exposure to loud noise *will* cause permanent loss. A single exposure *may* cause a permanent loss. If you or I, or anyone else, have been doing an

average amount of clay-target shooting with a shotgun, as at skeet or trap, or with centerfire rifles and handguns, and without adequate ear protection, hearing *has* been damaged to some extent.

The really tough part of any such condition is that the loss, as I mentioned earlier, is permanent. Nerve cells in the ear have been damaged and they cannot heal themselves, nor can they be repaired by any surgical technique or medicine.

Many shooters believe that stuffing a small amount of cotton in the ears, or perhaps inserting an empty .38-caliber cartridge case in each ear, will do a good job of protecting hearing ability. It was my habit to follow such procedure, and I mentioned this to Jack. In effect, he said that sticking things in the ears does some good, and that the little ear plugs, especially made for noise reduction, are better than inserting odds and ends in the ears.

"Okay," I said, walking right into it—and I'm glad I did. "What is the best and/or easiest way to protect the ears when shooting?"

"That's an easy one," Jack answered firmly. "The Bausch and Lomb Quiet-Ear Protector. It's an earmuff-type hearing guard."

All of us have seen people working around airfields, or at other occupations where the noise level may be high, wearing earmuff-type protectors, which is compulsory in many instances. There are a number of such hearing guards on the market. For quite some time, Bausch & Lomb has been supplying industry and the Government with this type of protector. The price has been around $25 each, which perhaps is on the high side for the average shooter.

An engineering program at Bausch & Lomb has resulted in a new design, the Quiet-Ear Protector, made in two versions, one with over-the-head or top band and the other with back band. Light in weight (7 ounces and 6¾ ounces respectively), they sell for only $7.95 each.

I have been using the back-band type. It is hardly noticeable after a few minutes, and it does not get in the way when shooting. Normal sounds can be heard—ordinary speech, such as range officer instruction and so on—but the Quiet-Ear is effective for loud noises and shrill sounds, giving protection throughout the noise range. A tight seal around the ears is the critical element with such muff-type protectors. Even a tiny leak will degrade performance. The cushions of the Quiet-Ear that go around the ears are vinyl-covered soft foam which readily adapt to the wearer's contours. They are removable and washable.

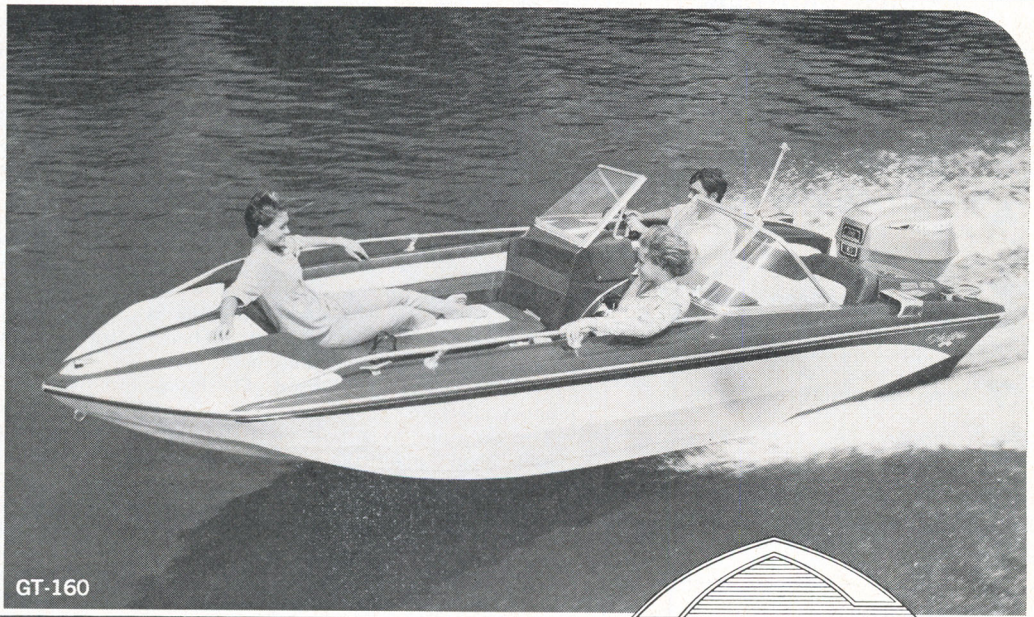
Another type of hearing protector that I obtained more recently is the Sound Sentry, available from H. E. Douglass Engineering Sales Company, 3400 West Burbank Boulevard, Burbank, California 91505, at $3.95 a pair. This is a plug type that seals the ear-canal opening to protect against permanent hearing damage by reducing sound intensity. Only extremely loud noise levels overcome the protection of the Sound Sentry. I was told that, when shooting, such a type is about 90 percent as effective as the muff type. The Sound Sentry is approved and is acceptable for industrial use by the California Division of Industrial Safety, Department of Industrial Relations. This unit weighs only 1¼ ounces, can be worn comfortably with eyeglasses and hat, and is adjustable for most comfortable fit. Component parts are resistant to all natural body oils, and they can be safely washed with any hand soap and water or they can be sterilized by standard wet-heat procedures.

Now for your eyes!

Have you ever been sprinkled by bird shot from a distant and unseen shooter's shotgun while hunting? Many sportsmen have had such an experience. I know I have, quite a number of times. Nothing serious, not even a really sharp sting, but nevertheless, without shooting glasses, an eye injury could possibly have resulted.

Some ten or fifteen years ago, I started wearing the regular Ray-Ban shooting glasses made by (*continued on page* 61)

Glastron Designs —the Shape of Things to Come!



There has to be a leader — a leader in design — in imagination — engineering — in production. And leadership is Glastron's cup of tea! Look at this daring and exciting new addition to Glastron '68 — the GT-160! Here is the boldest new design and performance concept in a decade. The Glastron GT-160! It's the new look—the sleek look—the "show-stopper" wherever she goes. Interior appointments that you would expect to find in—a GT-160 —by Glastron! Visit your Glastron dealer—see the GT-160—and 20 other great Glastron "Idea Boats" — power and sail. **All Glastrons are safety certified to meet rigid requirements of Federal Regulations and the Boating Industry Association.** ***Look for the safety certification plate on the boat you buy.***

GLASTRON

Subsidiary of CONROY

Please send new 1968 Glastron Color Catalog!

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Glastron

Glastron Boat Company Dept. A-68

Austin, Texas 78756 P. O. Box 9447

DUET BRIDGE

A NEW PARKER BROTHERS GAME

Leave it to famous Parker Brothers to bring you a two-handed bridge game that offers sound help for the novice and good fun for the expert.

- ♠ Every bit as enjoyable as the actual four-handed game!
- ♦ Clever, slotted plastic holders take the place of partners—each player can see his dummy hand but opponent cannot.
- ♥ All regular bridge rules apply.
- ♣ Handsome deck of plastic-coated cards included.

ONLY **$3.00** ORDER BY MAIL USE THIS COUPON

ACE-HI PRODUCTS
Box 2730 Grand Central Station
New York, N.Y. 10017

Enclosed is check or m.o. for $_____. Send:

_____ DUET BRIDGE Games @$3.00
(add 25c post. & handling each)

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

ARGOSY GIANT OF ADVENTURE, 1968

continued from page 28

thought was a mouthful of plankton, but which turned out to be tiny, stinging jellyfish. In general, though, Marx says, "I'll eat anything that comes out of the sea."

The paintings of Greek or Phoenician ships which Marx saw and lost in Quintana Roo convinced him that early Europeans could have sailed to the peninsula. But in Marxian fashion, he decided that the way to prove this was to do it himself. He acquired an authentic replica of a Viking ship from Columbia Pictures in return for giving publicity to the film, "The Long Ships." But the movie company didn't tell Marx that the ship's keel had broken and been patched together. Maybe they didn't know. In any event, the ship fell apart and nearly drowned all hands before being beached in Tunisia. There the Tunisian officials demanded that he get his unfloatable wreck off their beach. If he tried to sell any of it, they demanded an eighty-percent import plus a twenty-percent agent's fee, which left zero for Marx. If he didn't get it off, they threatened not to let Marx or his men leave. Finally, furious with the red tape and hostility, Marx hauled the barely floating ship out to sea and gave it a true Viking funeral. He burned it to the waterline and got out of the country, fast.

Shortly after his return, Marx marooned himself for three months on Robinson Crusoe's original island and even found the ship which many believe to be the wreck from which one survivor, Pedro Serrano, survived to serve as the model for the classic adventure. (This story will be reported in detail in ARGOSY in a future issue.)

During the next two years, Marx cruised the Caribbean, found hundreds of wrecks to add to his growing archives, and married a beautiful American brunette with a Ph.D. from the University of London. Plans were made to excavate treasure on Providencia Island (See ARGOSY, October, 1967), but foundered in red tape when the United States and Colombia disputed ownership of the area. Finally, after waiting for clearance for several months, Marx got impatient and accepted his current assignment—the restoration of the sunken pirate city of Port Royal in Jamaica. His agreement is that he gets a small salary, some of the credit and none of the treasure—and he's found at least a half-million dollars worth of coins and relics already!

His next adventure? It's history-making. You'll read about it here in the next few months—and in newspapers and magazines all over the world when the story breaks.

No Giant of Adventure has more richly deserved this award. • • •

"HOW I SHOT DOWN BONNIE AND CLYDE"

continued from page 33

marked the location of the post office is on the west side of the road. We therefore took our position on the opposite, and higher, side so that we could look down on the car and its occupants. Within an hour after we reached the place, which was about two-thirty in the morning, we had constructed a blind from pine branches within about twenty-five or thirty feet of the point where the car would stop. We expected Barrow to come from the north. . . . We agreed to take Barrow and the woman alive if we could. We believed that when they stopped the car, both would be looking toward the post office and away from us."

The morning sun was burning off the haze over the pine woods when the officers spotted the car at a thousand yards. Hamer ticked off the identification as it came closer. Yes, it was a gray Ford. The license number checked.

The car came to a halt precisely where Hamer had planned. Clyde kept the engine running and shifted into low gear. His foot was on the clutch. Bonnie was eating a sandwich. Then, suddenly, it began and ended. The challenge and the firing came in the space of two heartbeats. Clyde and Bonnie reached for their weapons but never got off a shot. The officers poured high-velocity rounds through the car. Clyde's foot slipped off the clutch and the car ran into the ditch beside the road. One of the officers said Bonnie "screamed like a panther" when the first rounds hit her. Captain Hamer approached the car with a pistol ready in his hand.

"Be careful, Cap!" Manny Gault said. "They may not be dead."

Looking into the shattered Ford, Hamer could see that they were very dead. He leaned his rifle against the side of the car, stuck the pistol in his belt and opened the car door. Clyde Barrow fell out on the ground. Bonnie was slumped over with her head between her knees.

"I would have gotten sick," Hamer said later, "but when I thought about her crimes, I didn't. I hated to shoot a woman—but I remembered the way Bonnie had taken part in the murder of nine police officers."

The end of Bonnie and Clyde made countrywide headlines. Hamer and the other officers were cited on the floor of Congress.

Henry Methvin received his pardon from the State of Texas as he had been promised, but Oklahoma officers did not forgive and forget. They arrested him for murder and he was sentenced to death. The sentence was commuted to life imprisonment. Methvin was released after serving twelve years. A train ran over him in Louisiana in 1948.

Frank Hamer refused all magazine and motion picture offers for the story of his hunt. "I am not a wealthy man," he said, "but my family will be able to support itself on royalties from the story of my career after I die."

With some promoters, he was more direct. Near the end of 1934, a man with a "Bonnie and Clyde" sideshow was touring with a carnival. He displayed a car which he said was Clyde's and showed gory pictures of the dead couple. He used Frank Hamer's name frequently in his show. The promoter made the mistake of playing in Austin, Texas. Hamer attended. As the man wound into his spiel about how Hamer had split Clyde's skull, and described Bonnie's wounds, Hamer stepped up on the platform.

"I'm Frank Hamer," he said and slapped the man's face hard. "Don't ever use my name again in public."

Now, in 1968, thirteen years after Hamer's death, the film, "Bonnie and Clyde," has created a villain at his expense.

It's probably a good thing for some that Frank will never see the picture. • • •

SHOOTING-EYES AND EARS continued from page 59

Bausch & Lomb, designed to give maximum protection and maximum unobstructed field of view—that is, without the frame interfering with the vision. The lenses are toughened and made impact-resistant. Periodic checks are made to insure above-minimum performance. Each month, about fifty samples are selected at random from stock and given a ball-drop test. Quite some years ago, I watched the routine at the Bausch & Lomb plant. As I remember, steel balls measuring 5/8-inch in diameter were freely dropped on the horizontal upper or outside surface of the lens from a height of 50 inches. That's quite a whack. The balls bounced off without fracturing the glass in any way. And I might add, due to the fact that even the slightest lens irregularity can distress the eyes and cause excess body fatigue and nausea, every Ray-Ban shooting glass is ground and polished with the same exactness as if it were a prescription lens.

The latest Ray-Ban Decot shooting glasses have lenses that are shaped a little differently from the regular type. They ride slightly higher to avoid any cheek push-up by the gun butt and they give more ventilation area to eliminate fogging of the glass.

For cloudy and hazy days, the Kalichrome yellow lenses are excellent. They minimize haze and sharpen contrast to make it easier to see the target. I have worn these glasses on not-so-hazy days with good success, too. However, in really bright sunshine during midsummer, or in the dazzlingly bright light of equatorial Africa, the Ray-Ban green or the gray (developed at the special request of the United States Air Force) reduces annoying and harmful glare and blocks infrared and ultraviolet light to give the shooter a visibility edge similar to the yellow lenses under dull conditions.

The regular Ray-Ban shooting glasses list at $21.95 and the Decot at $29.95. That may seem expensive but, with a little care, they will last almost indefinitely.

Just to see what would happen, I put a pair of Decot yellow-lens Bausch & Lomb shooting glasses on Joe-Joe the dummy and shot him in the head at approximately 50 yards. The load was low-base, 12-gauge, 1 1/8 ounce of No. 8 shot. About 35 to 40 pellets hit the head area, not counting the cap, with at least six pellets on the glasses. Before shooting, I fully expected the lenses to be broken. However, where the pellets struck the glass squarely, there was a tiny white speck that in some cases could not be wiped off—actually a slight crater that hardly can be seen without a magnifying glass. Joe-Joe's face was sprinkled (see photograph), and two pellets that squarely hit the edge of the cap's hard bill penetrated over a quarter of an inch. Two others traveled the full width of the bill and lodged at the body of the cap, but the eye area was well protected. Incidentally, Ray-Ban shooting glasses now can be obtained in your own prescription from your local optometrist.

There isn't a constant danger of an individual's eyes being badly sprinkled with bird shot, but ears definitely can be permanently damaged by continuous loud noise, or even by one loud blast. Remember the old saw: An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. But what if there ain't no cure? •

McKINLEY EXPEDITION CHOOSES METAL MATCH*

It's a freezing, brutal climb. METAL MATCH was there to help the Minnesota-McKinley Expedition conquer the heights of Mt. McKinley in June 1967. Of the "Hot One," expedition leader John Peterson said . . .
"We had three Metal Matches with us for our stoves and to eliminate the possibility of our ever getting caught out on that merciless mountain with wet matches or no matches – we used them all the way to the top and they never failed to light under any conditions of wind or cold."
When you've lost, soaked or used all your regular matches – METAL MATCH can save the day, maybe your life! Only $2.49 at your sporting goods dealer.

Manufactured by:
UTE MOUNTAIN CORPORATION
P.O. Box 19401
Denver, Colorado 80219

*Registered Trade Mark
U.S. & Foreign Pats. Pend.

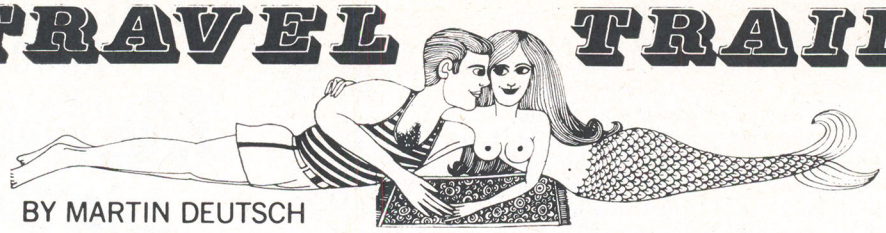
Copenhagen Tobacco isn't for smoking. It isn't lit, isn't puffed, isn't inhaled.

It's too good to smoke.

You don't burn tobacco this good. You put a pinch between your gum and cheek, and enjoy it. Without smoking, or even chewing. Copenhagen gives all the satisfaction of prime tobaccos—aged, hickory-smoked, blended. Packed in dated cans, so you know it's fresh. Too good to smoke? Yes. And it costs less, too. Sure beats smoking!

Like wintergreen flavor? Try Skoal Tobacco.

TRAVEL TRAILS



BY MARTIN DEUTSCH

EAST AFRICAN CAMERA SAFARI

It's almost as exciting and a lot less expensive to take shots of wild animals, rather than at them

LIONS are hard to find in East Africa. At least, for me. And my wife and I weren't especially lucky, either, with leopards or cheetahs. It wasn't until the last full day of a recent two-week tour of Kenya and Tanzania that we finally came upon a lioness, and then we hit a bonanza. Before the game drive ended that afternoon, we had encountered five females, one feeding on a fresh kill, as well as a marauding male. This elusive quality of "cat," as our hosts referred to lion, leopard and cheetah (although the latter is not a true cat), added an element of suspense to an enriching and exciting travel experience.

We often build images in our minds about things and places, and like as not, the reality fails to match the fantasy. Not so East Africa. If anything, we found that this distant corner of the Dark Continent far exceeded our expectations.

Mention safari or East Africa to people, and they generally come up with some stereotyped reactions. Safari invariably conjures up hunting expeditions, long lines of native porters and hostile tribes. Actually, we went on a camera safari, and we took shots *of* the animals (with a Pentax), rather than *at* them. In addition, you'll be interested to learn that more than ninety-nine percent of all visitors to Kenya, Tanzania and Uganda come as tourists, less than one percent to hunt. And there's no doubt that camera safaris are coming more and more within the province of the average tourist, rather than just the wealthy sportsman-hunter. In the last ten years, the age bracket of the North American visitor to East Africa has dropped from the mid-fifties to the mid-forties. And both air fares and tour costs are coming down.

The misconceptions about East Africa are equally widespread. Before we left, most of our friends and acquaintances made comments about the terrible jungle heat, the tropical diseases, the mediocre food, the poor service and the political and racial troubles we were bound to encounter. Nothing could be further from the truth than these vague generalities. The overall weather was excellent, often hot at midday, but dry and always worth a blanket or two during the cool nights. We had rain just once, early in the trip, although it's supposed to do that out here only during April and May. (Tourists are advised to stay away during the spring rainy season.) We took all sorts of injections and inoculations before we left. Only yellow fever and smallpox are required, but we also followed the recommendations for cholera, typhoid and tetanus. Our doctor had also equipped us with prescriptions for abdominal cramps, allergies, malaria and a host of other maladies, but aside from the malaria pills, which we took without fail, and a swig or two of paregoric, we never had to use any of them. The insect repellent was not required, either. Conditions were extremely clean during most of our trip, and I don't think I've ever felt healthier or more alert.

The meals were generally hearty and well prepared. The English influence predominates, with roasts, potatoes and vegetables, although Indian curries and cold buffets are also popular. The service ranged from downright superior to just so-so, but it was never bad and we met no discourtesy. Most of the accommodations ranked as first-class by American standards, several deluxe and only a few below par. And while this may be a surface appraisal, we saw no signs during our short visit of any overt racial animosity or political tensions. As a bone to the cynics, I will admit that the roads were primitive and fatiguing, except for a few good stretches of paved highway.

LANA REEVES/BETHEL AGENCY

Only one tourist in 100 goes on safari to kill.

Our tour was worked out to allow us to sample the lowest-cost budget program, as well as one of the most expensive luxury offerings. The former was priced at $988, inclusive, from New York, marking the first three-week program of East Africa priced below $1,000. The luxury program, which consisted of portions of a Wing Safari, packaged by Lindblad Travel of New York, runs about $1,600 per person for ground arrangements, *plus* the air fare from North America. At any rate, we were kept hopping, shifting from one itinerary to the other and rarely spending more than one night in the same place, but the different exposures that this dual tour afforded was well worth it. We spent most of the first week taking bits and pieces of the Wing Safari, flying from game park to game park via single- or twin-engine planes (usually Pipers), staying at the best lodges, clubs and hotels, dining in first-cabin style all the way; with a full-time escort in addition to the pilot and drivers.

ARGOSY MAGAZINE

SUBSCRIBER CHANGE OF ADDRESS FORM

If you are going to move, use this form and advise ARGOSY 60 days in advance. Both old and new address must be given. Enclose mailing label which gives full information and enables the Subscription Department to put the change into effect quickly.

ATTACH YOUR MAILING LABEL HERE

(PLEASE PRINT)

NAME _____

NEW ADDRESS

ADDRESS _____

CITY & STATE _____ ZIP NO. _____

OLD ADDRESS

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

ARGOSY • PORTLAND PLACE • BOULDER, COLORADO 80302

The second week, we were mostly in the hands of the United Touring Company of Africa, covering the territory in Volkswagen Minibuses. Many of the drives were long and dusty; not all of the meals and accommodations were up to par, and the driver was also our guide and escort, except where a park ranger came along to help spot game. (The outfit which developed this program in the U.S.A. and Canada, Blue Cars, Incorporated, has temporarily suspended operations, but a successor company, Intraco, Limited, of New York and Chicago, plans to resume with an attractive budget tour program this year, although the rate will be closer to $1,500.)

The Wing Safari has obvious advantages. It is far more comfortable to negotiate the distances between parks—anywhere from seventy-five to several hundred miles—by air. The sweep of the dramatic terrain, with towering, snow-capped mountains, green valleys, rolling plains and dry bush, thick jungle and native villages, lakes, rivers and modern cities, is far easier to grasp and appreciate from the cabin of a small plane. Surface travel, on the other hand, has a distinct plus in that you see the tribal natives and townspeople, the picturesque villages and the lively market places, the colorful countryside close up, in an intimate and fascinating way.

If I had a choice, I would tour East Africa by combining air and land travel. As for potential travelers, I would suggest that the elderly, if they can afford it, take something in the class of a Wing Safari. The more hardy, adventurous types, youthful and active, would probably adjust better to the rigors of two to three weeks in a Minibus over those tiring roads.

In several ways, you might say that our trip started off somewhat inauspiciously. After a splendid flight from New York to Italy with Alitalia, we wound up spending two unexpected days in Rome because I had an Israeli visa in my passport, and our flight to Nairobi was routed via Khartoum in the Sudan, which doesn't like Israeli visas. Alitalia finally got us out of Rome on a flight to Entebbe in Uganda, by way of Athens. Again, the flights were flawless, the in-flight service impeccable and the customs and immigration people in Entebbe polite and pleasant.

In midafternoon, we boarded an East African Airways F-27 and flew to Nairobi through some of the most fascinating cloud layers I've ever seen. We spent the night in the handsome Hotel New Stanley (now operated by Hilton International) and were rested and ready in the morning for whatever Kenya had to offer.

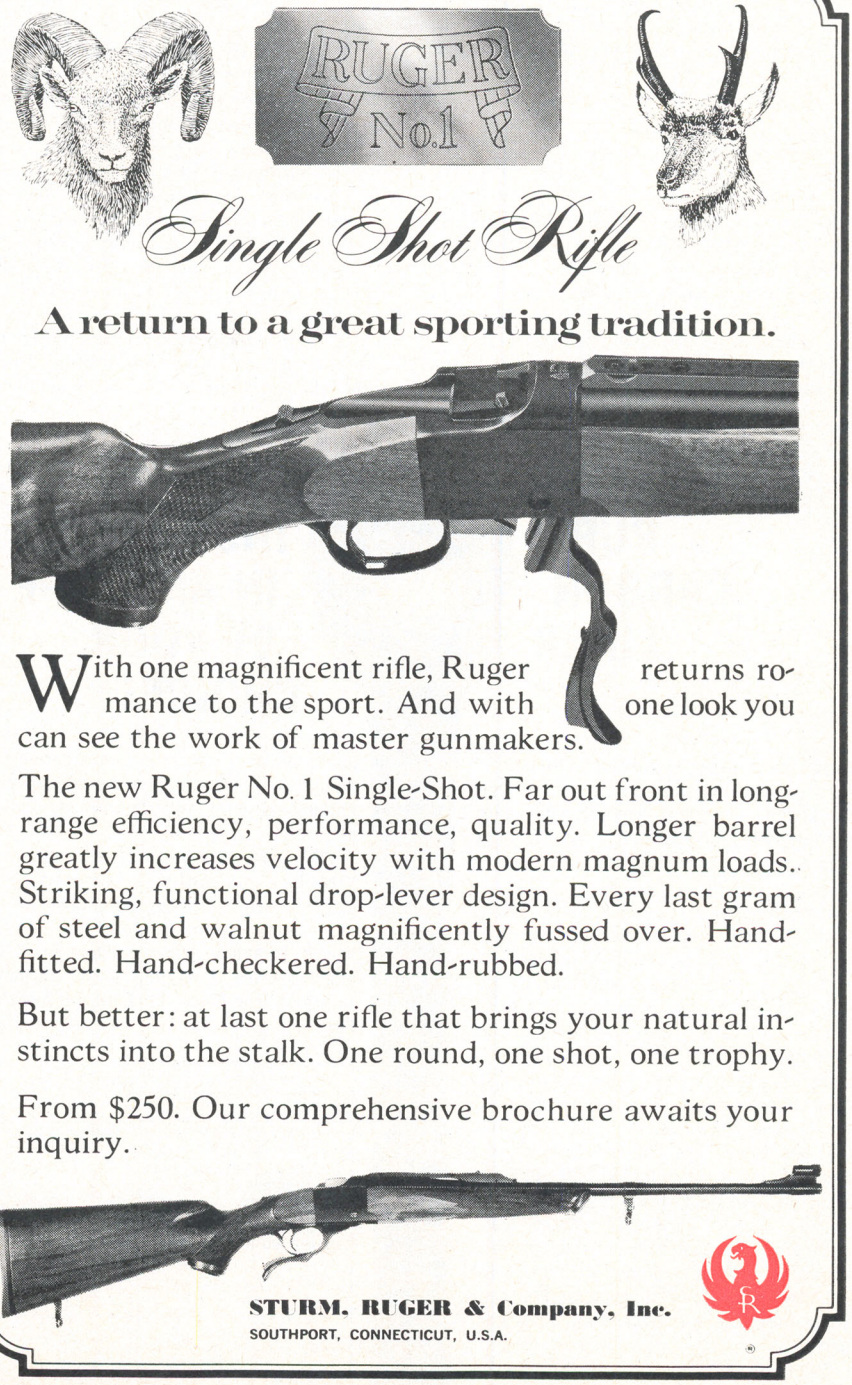
Tony Irwin, our host, pilot and escort, turned out to be a lean, likeable man in his forties, very British and quick with a smile or a joke. As manager of Lindblad Travel's operation in East Africa, he has played an important role in the development of the Wing Safaris. He and his attractive young wife, Heather, drove us to Wilson Airport, a busy mud strip (a plane moves every ninety seconds during the day), where we all boarded a single-engine Piper Comanche for a forty-minute flight due south to Amboseli Reserve, flying over hilly plains and dry river beds. We saw the foothills of Kilimanjaro, but the peak was hidden in the clouds.

We made a low pass over the Amboseli landing strip to clear off the animals, a standard operating procedure in much of East Africa. It was warm and sunny at Amboseli, where we enjoyed a cold buffet with some tasty local Pilsner.

In the afternoon, we took our first game drive in a Land Rover, a tough vehicle that can do just about anything except fly. It seats nine and has two skylights for stand-up sight-seeing and snap-shooting. Most of our game drives in the coming days were to be in either Land Rovers or similar vehicles built by Toyota of Japan. That afternoon in Amboseli, we saw herds of Grant's gazelles, wildebeest (also called gnu), a rhino, a herd of buffalo, a family of three giraffes and herds of impala. The slender, agile, red-brown impalas observe a rather rigid set of social distinctions. They run in either all-male bachelor herds, or in large groups of hornless ewes, usually accompanied by *one* ram. Oh, well, some guys have all the luck!

We also admired an elderly buffalo that looked remarkably like an English barrister in a gray wig. There were quite a few vultures about, and we were told that a lion had recently dispatched a buffalo, and that a cheetah had just killed either an impala or wildebeest. Birds in all shapes and colors were numerous, including golden weavers thick in the trees, egrets, blacksmith plumbers and guinea fowl.

Tony Irwin also told us during the drive back to the main house that a reserve such



as Amboseli faces the danger of extinction possibly within two years, if the Masai do not stop grazing their cattle within its boundaries. He pointed out that Kenya is divided into three basic "land concepts": 1) for animals only, 2) for men only and 3) a sort of no-man's land for hunting, with some Masai living on it. Until recently, Amboseli had been reserved for game only, not for farming or grazing.

That first full day on safari, my wife and I were dressed in bush jackets (seven dollars at a New York Army and Navy store), white and tan jeans, desert boots ("Clark's Boots") at about fifteen dollars a pair, and something light for the head, chiefly to keep off the dust. Sweaters came in handy at night, and most of our sports shirts and other garments were of the drip-dry variety. Two dresses for the gals (informal) and one suit for you is plenty. On safari, shirt and tie were required only one evening—at the Mount Kenya Safari Club. A chance to wear comfortable and casual clothes day in and day out added an extra, welcome touch to the tour.

Well before sunset, we took off for Tsavo Park, said to be the largest in the world, with more than 8,000 square miles and as many as 17,000 elephants at one time. After take-off, we dodged up through the broken clouds for a close-up of Mount Kilimanjaro (19,000 feet plus), with a massive broad ridge for a peak and a deep crown of snow that nearly blends in with the clouds that seem to hover in almost perpetual attendance.

With the shade-drenched valleys and plains below, as well as another dormant volcanic peak located nearby (Mwenzi, at 15,000 feet), the scene is dramatic, to say the least.

On our way to Tsavo, we flew over Masai tribal compounds called *manyattas,* which look like small craters from the air. We also saw Hemingway's Swamp, where he had camped to write "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," and a cluster of baby volcanoes, shaped like pudding molds, before we put down at Tsavo Tented Camp, landing on a dirt strip which cuts across a bend in the Athi River. Just before touchdown, we passed over a huge crocodile sunning on a rock in the river.

After helping to pull our Piper out of the mud, where it had lodged after taxiing off the strip, we checked in at Tsavo Tented Camp, which is a small, privately owned lodge. There are about ten of the green canvas units, with a maximum capacity of twenty adults. The place and the setting are charming, comfortable and authentic. After the traditional five o'clock tea, we were towed across the river in a small rubber boat for our second game drive of the day. We heard a pack of wild dogs and saw a troop of baboons loping through the bush, which is low, dry, thorny and open, as opposed to dense, humid, tropical jungle. On that clear, cool and breezy evening, we saw water buck, impala, dikdik (small dainty antelopes), lesser kudu, oryx, a lone bull elephant with magnificent ivory tusks, a jackal and a wide assortment of bird life.

The trees are also fascinating: *duom* palms, the only palm in the world with branches, the soft-wood *baobab* trees, and the fever trees near the river. The elephants love to eat the sweet fruit the *duom* palms grow, and sometimes it ferments after ingestion and the huge animals go off on a drunken binge. Drunk or sober, the damage the elephants inflict upon the bush country is awesome. They strip off the bark, tear down the limbs and trample shrubs and smaller trees.

Tsavo Tented Camp is run along the lines of a typical hunting safari camp, only it is restricted to people who tote cameras. Guns are off limits. A full American plan double (all meals and game drives) runs about $22 a day. It may even be somewhat less since the devaluation of the pound.

Speaking of meals, we had a splendid candlelight dinner that night in an open tent near the river—everything from soup to cheese and mousse, with a marvelous roast lamb as the main course. There was also a fine wine, with the whole affair preceeded by an hour in the cocktail tent, where the average drink ran about fifty cents. They charge extra for the soda—six or seven cents.

The cots in the tents were comfortable and we woke up at seven a.m. to the chatter of parrots, birds and monkeys, as well as the steaming black tea they serve at the bedside *prior* to breakfast, whether you want it or not. In fact, old chap, it is considered bad form throughout East Africa to refuse it.

We had an outdoor breakfast a little later on the banks of the river, an unusual experience. A family of vervet monkeys, six or seven water bucks and a yellowbill stork entertained us while we were eating papaya, eggs and sausage. The yellowbill stork, incidentally, is also known as the wood ibis, although it is not an ibis and doesn't live in the woods.

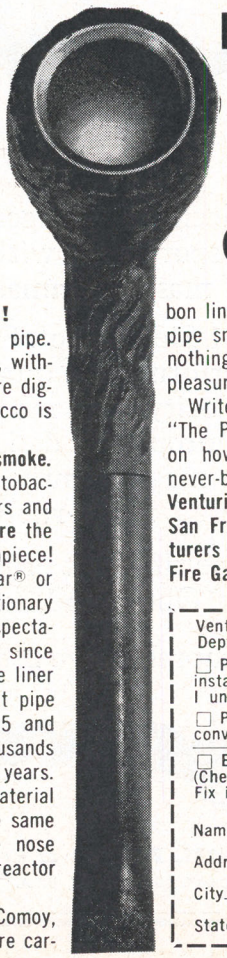
A morning game drive followed, during which we failed to find two lionesses with a pride of six cubs that our Wing Safari companions had spotted the night before. The Tented Camp's owner, Harry Hacker, his wife and seven-year-old son, who was reluctantly preparing to return to school in Nairobi that day, accompanied us. We did encounter a mongoose scurrying through the bush, a *gerenuk* (Swahili for giraffe buck, because of this antelope's long neck) and others we've mentioned before. Later in the morning, we took off for the Kenya coast resort of Kilifi.

On the way, Tony Irwin indicated that sometime in the near future, Lindblad will offer a budget safari, with eighteen days in East Africa, priced at about $450 for the land portion. Irwin and his East African colleagues are also hopeful that the 747 "jumbo jets" will bring lower air fares. The current twenty-one-day excursion tariff is $784, New York to Nairobi; the twenty-one-day group inclusive tour tariff is $754.

Next month, in the June ARGOSY, Travel Editor Martin Deutsch continues his tour of East Africa. He visits an old Arab slave-trader town, motors through Tsavo Park, crosses the Great Rift Valley and spends a few days at Tanzania's magnificent Ngorongoro Crater. • • •

For more free travel information turn to page 78.

AMAZING PURE CARBON LINER



NOW INSTALLED IN ANY PIPE OF YOUR CHOICE!

Enjoy your pipe as never before!
No more "drying out" your favorite pipe. Smoke hour after hour, day after day, without bitterness, bite or sludge. No more digging out wet, soggy "heels." All tobacco is burned to an ash.

Instead, enjoy a 10° to 20° **cooler smoke.** Enjoy the **true flavor** of your favorite tobacco. with up to 83% of the heavy tars and 71% of the nicotine burned off **before** the smoke leaves the pipe stem and mouthpiece!

This pure carbon liner, called Pycar® or pyrolytic graphite, insures a revolutionary combustion action that is the most spectacular break-through in pipe smoking since the discovery of briar. It is the same liner that has made "The Pipe™" (sold at pipe counters everywhere for $12.50, $15 and $20), the favorite of hundreds of thousands of pipe smokers in less than three years.

Pycar is the most heat resistant material known to man. It is produced in the same 4,000°F. furnaces that manufacture nose cones for space missiles and atomic reactor parts.

Select any Kaywoodie, Dr. Grabow, Comoy, Dunhill, etc., and we will install a pure carbon liner for a wondrous new experience in pipe smoking satisfaction. Nothing to char, nothing to wear! A life-time of smoking pleasure!

Write today for descriptive literature on "The Pipe" Customline Service and details on how you can take advantage of this never-before offer. No obligation.
Venturi Company, Hearst Building, Dept. 320, San Francisco, California 94103. (Manufacturers of "The Pipe," Tar Gard, Tar-Away and Fire Gard products.)

Venturi Company, Hearst Building
Dept. VE-139, San Francisco, Calif. 94103

☐ Please send descriptive literature on installing the **pure carbon liner** in my pipe. I understand there is no obligation.

☐ Please include mailer for pipe mailing convenience.

☐ Enclosed is one of my pipes and $10. (Check or money order. Please no C.O.D.) Fix it up and return it quickly.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State & Zip_____

ARTICLE

NEWEST SECRET OF THE WELL OF VIRGINS

The famous Mayan Cenote has yielded a pair of love dolls which prove Europeans were in Mexico two hundred years before Columbus

BY NORMAN SCOTT AND DON EDIGER

THE DIVER broke the surface of the water and wearily swam to the raft. I saw the disappointment on his face through the mask and watched him climb out of the putrid water with another bucket of "treasure."

Archeologists crowded around him, whispered a few words and then stared at each other like men

Sacrificial god guards the entrance to the Well of the Virgins at Chichén-Itza.

Left: This raft was used to sift artifacts brought up by airlift. Hoses lead to giant pumps and filters. Right: Some members of the expedition, with skulls of children, bones and other objects taken out of the well.

wanting to ask a question, but wary of the answer. I walked over and looked in the bucket myself.

There was another one, another silly-looking doll and about a dozen jade beads in the bottom of the bucket. Like some of the others we'd found before it, this doll was crudely made of wood and wax; a few Latin letters were carved in it, barely legible. That was the extent of the diver's find after scouring the bottom of the Mayas' Sacred Well for more than an hour.

And then it hit me. Latin letters in a Mayan well!

As for the doll, archeologists were never able to pinpoint the date of its origin. I think it's significant, however, that it was found in association with artifacts that were easily recognized as being from the thirteenth century.

Columbus's last voyage presumably marked the Mayas' first contact with Europeans, but many archeologists and explorers are convinced it came earlier. One scholar, Constance Irwin, listed hundreds of pieces of evidence in a book titled, "Fair Gods, Stone Faces." The evidence included a variety of similarities between Mayan and ancient cultures in Europe—everything from sandals and boats to architecture and religion.

A treasure diver and explorer, Robert Marx, says in his current book that he was fascinated by the many pieces of evidence he found that point toward a link between Mayan and ancient Mediterranean civilizations.

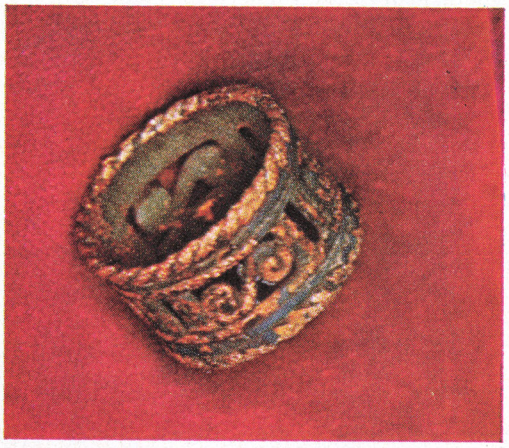
Only a short distance from the Sacred Well are Mayan carvings that depict men with beards. They were clearly made before the arrival of the Spaniards, although, like virtually all Indians in Mexico, Mayas have no facial hair.

But let's start at the beginning, say a couple of hundred thousand years ago when Mexico's Yucatan Peninsula was under water. Sometime between then and the emergence of the land, giant sinkholes developed in the rocky earth.

These sunken lakes became the only source of surface water in a large part of northern Yucatan. Needless to say, the tribes that wandered down into our continent from Asia weren't overly attracted to the area, but it slowly became inhabited as nearby populations expanded. Since primitive man tends to worship the most valuable gift of nature, these proto-Mayas worshipped water.

PHOTOS FROM EXPEDITIONS UNLIMITED

Dozens of little bells (like the one above, and below, right) were found buried in the silt of the well. Ring (right) is much like modern marriage band. Also found in cenote, dozens of skulls of sacrificed children.



This doll, found in association with thirteenth-century relics, has carved in its back clearly defined letters of the European alphabet. Mayans used hieroglyphics. This is only one of many mysterious clues indicating that Europeans were in Yucatan long before the voyages of Columbus.

The god of water, Chac, was thought to live in one of the largest sinkholes, nearly 200 feet across and 110 feet deep, the final forty feet of which was filled with putrid, stagnant water. Chac's home was formidable. Bats inhabited the limestone crevices inside the sinkhole, and when it rained, thunder echoed almost endlessly in its depths.

That sinkhole is the Sacred Well.

The Spanish had known that the well contained a treasure, but ignored it in favor of Montezuma's vaster coffers. A Frenchman tried to dredge the well in the 1800s, but failed. An American diplomat succeeded in getting many artifacts out of the well just after the turn of the century, but he too was only partially successful. The obstacles were too great.

Even if someone figures out a way to get down the cliff to the surface, he has to contend with water in which visibility is measured in inches. The next obstacles are huge tree trunks and limbs that obscure the bottom. Then comes mud. No one knows exactly how deep, but at least fifteen feet. Finally, there's the treasure of the Sacred Well.

In terms of history, it was my turn to try in September, 1967.

A reporter interviewed me before the expedition got started, and I remember the startled look on his face. I told him I was going to drain the Sacred Well dry.

Actually, I had another plan in case it proved impossible to drain the well of its more than 8,000,000 gallons of water. Through filtration and chemical treatment, I was sure the water could be clarified and then a crane could remove the debris at the bottom.

Once at the site, we teamed up with members of CEDAM. The head of the club, Pablo Bush Romero, organized things on his side of the border, and the entire Mexican-American venture was supervised by the National Institute of Anthropology and History.

The jungle dripped with heat when we arrived at Chichén. When Chac didn't send torrents of rain, we baked under a merciless sun. Insects swarmed in the air while boa constrictors and coral snakes invaded the campsite. In the well, water moccasins were the big threat.

On the day we arrived at the well, a workman at the ruins killed four rattlesnakes, a serpent that was sacred to the ancient Mayas. Other workmen caught and killed a seven-foot boa and it wasn't long before we had a sizeable collection of dead reptiles. Miraculously, none of us was bitten.

Working against us, however, was a more insidious enemy, who bided his time before striking.

We made steady progress during the first few days despite rain, heat and varmints. Complaints were few, even from the girls who worked as secretaries, bookkeepers, clerks and cataloguists.

We built a raft on the water, supported by chunks of styrofoam. One of the high-velocity centrifugal-pump units was put on the raft and another topside; together, they could handle more than 200,000 gallons an hour. To make sure the water didn't run back, we laid out nearly 800 feet of lightweight irrigation pipe.

As the water level receded in the well, a mud bank was exposed around the edge of the water. When Mayas were told we planned to excavate it, they just stared. Frankly, I didn't think any of them would go down in the well, but our foreman, Avelino Canul, somehow convinced them. He also mumbled something about their being afraid of Chac, but I almost laughed.

Nor did I pay much attention when it got back to me that some workers were predicting that one or more members of the expedition would die as a penalty for invading Chac's home. It was hard for me to understand then, but our real enemy was Chac. Not that he existed, of course, but he was real enough because the Mayas *thought* he existed. Even after 450 years, no one has succeeded in eradicating the belief. At best, the ancient faith has been diluted with Christianity.

Meanwhile, archeologists on the bank were unearthing bones of ancient Mayas who had been sacrificed to Chac. Among the bones were sacrificial dolls. The mud also hid ornaments of gold and copper, beads of jade, carved stag horn and incense which the Mayas call *pom*.

Underground streams were fighting our efforts to drain the well, and it became questionable whether we could pump it dry within a reasonable length of time. At the site was F. Kirk Johnson, Jr., of Texas, the man who had backed the expedition financially. Kirk and I had a hard decision to make, but rather than continue efforts at pumping, we decided to put the second plan into effect.

Pumps were now used to circulate the water through a filtration system, treating the Sacred Well like an enormous swimming pool.

Meanwhile, divers began scouring the bottom of the well with airlifts. The devices had the effect of a vacuum cleaner and discharged on a screening table in the center of the raft. There the archeologists stood and kept a steady eye on the artifacts being airlifted from the mud.

Divers who weren't working the airlifts continued clearing the well of debris. Fighting the blackness of the water, they filled a five-by-five-foot wooden basket with the largest stones for the crane to hoist topside. Others searched the surface of the mud for artifacts too large for the airlifts.

Trouble usually comes when you least expect it, especially on expeditions. Austin and Bill had been trying to move one of the big boulders all afternoon. I was familiar with the rock myself and frankly didn't think they had much chance of budging it, let alone getting a line tied on it so the crane could hoist it out.

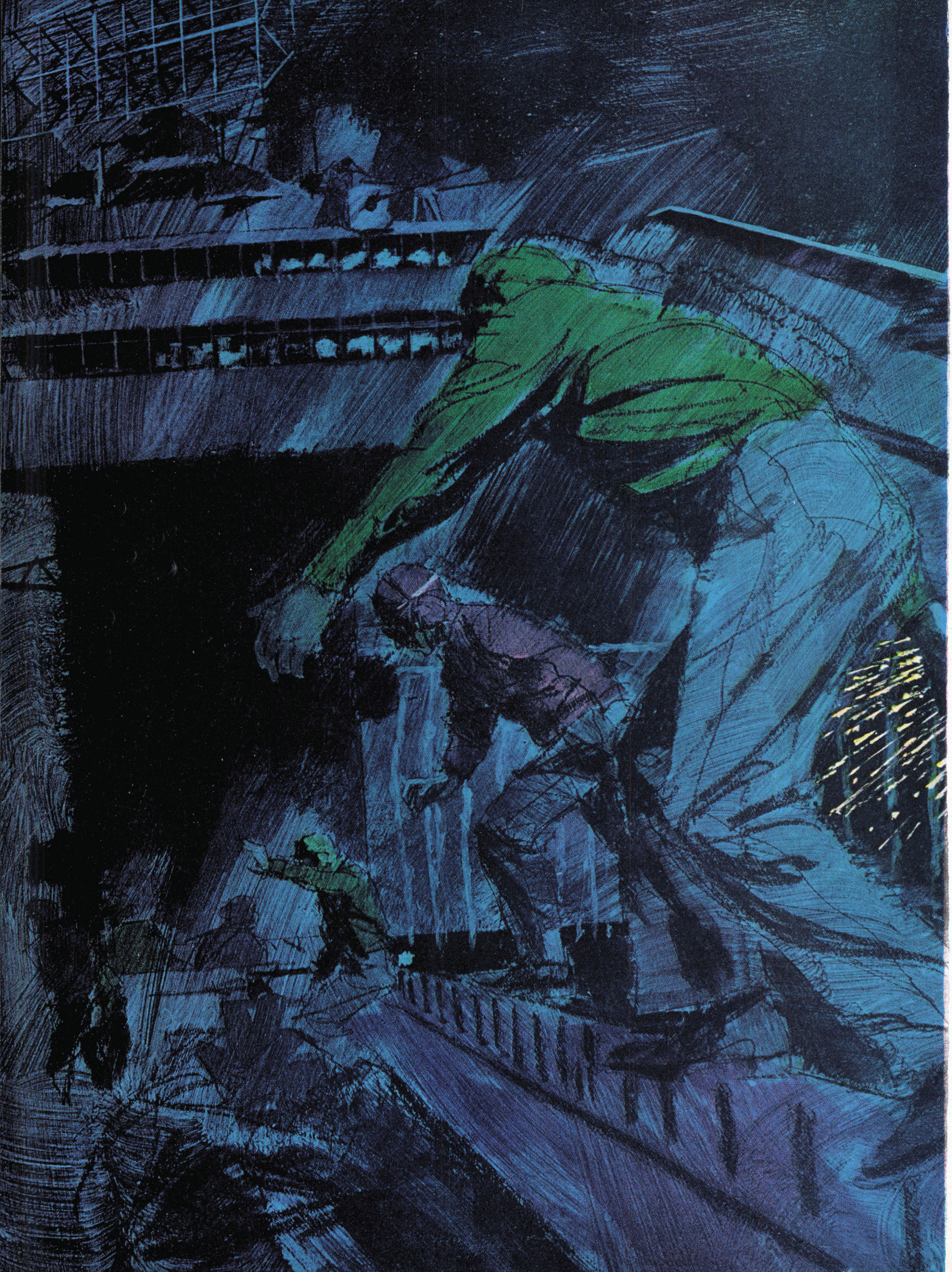
Complicating the whole thing was the position of the boulder—far away from other debris. This meant that divers had very little to hold onto for leverage if they tried to lift the rock. I'd watched Austin try earlier in the day and had seen him almost get trapped under the rock after his legs had slipped into the mud.

Now I was back on the raft, waiting for Bill or Austin to come to the surface and let me know what kind of progress they were making. Suddenly I saw Bill break the surface, lunging through the water. He readied the raft and threw back his mask.

"Austin's trapped. Give me another tank."

Automatically, I ran for (*continued on page* 89)

EXPEDITION SPONSORS: Grove Manufacturing, Ford Motor Company, Dow Chemical, Purex, Autolite, Philco, Onan, W. R. Ames, Evinrude, Rolex, Wallace and Tiernan, Pacific Pumping Company, Nemrod, Clark Cortez, E. R. Squibb & Sons, Sullivan Machinery, American Oil Company, Petroleos Mexicanos, Pan American Airways.



CRASH LANDING off VIETNAM

BY JACLAND MARMUR
Illustration by Diffenderfer

"Hydraulic casualty here," said the pilot's calm voice on the radio. "Combat hit. Arresting hook and wheels won't lower. Rig the crash-net barrier. I'm coming in."

This Officers Club at Pearl Harbor has an air of quiet elegance. Even the uniformed people in blues seem far removed from the ships of the fleet, from a place called Vietnam and the Tonkin Gulf. These tragic affairs are surely only rumors in that place, too faint to recognize. Only now and then the secret will betray itself beneath the hum of conversation and the music floating softly from the three-man combo on their little platform against the wall. □ It was a time like that, the evening Tula Chadwick sat with four Navy people at a table off the bar. She seemed so small among them, her dark head tipped a little and her gray eyes staring off in space. Somehow, a twinge of bitterness stirred in her. They just sat there, mumbling words she didn't really hear. Did they think Lupe Jensen would come striding in to join them with his *(continued on page* 72

rumpled, ash-blond hair, the wings above the ribbons on his chest, his young grin clearly letting earthbound mortals know he held the heavens in the hollow of his hand? Tula knew he wouldn't. So did they.

"Glad you could come to the wetting-down party."

Her head turned slowly toward the deep, low voice. The commander's shoulders towered over there where he sat across the table, and his steel-blue eyes just flicked across her when the barboy came.

"The wetting-down?"

"Lupe made lieutenant commander. He didn't know it, but he did." The voice was flat. "Navy tradition, Miss Chadwick. A man who makes selection to his next rank stands a party for his crowd. Lupe can't. He ought to be here, so it isn't really kosher. I intend to do it for him. Glad you're here."

The bitter twinge rose stronger in her and her flashing eyes swept all of them: the big commander, the air boss of the attack carrier *Ridgeway* back from Vietnam duty; Stu Lasher, Lupe's squadron commander; Lieutenant Commander Rockway, executive officer of the *U.S.S. John Dobie*, the tin can with the plane-guard duty that night in the Tonkin Gulf. And right beside her, Harry Jingo, the lieutenant who had brought her here from her home in Punahou, boat officer of the *Dobie*.

"Tradition!" Her voice was taut with anger. "A Navy man makes his promotion – everyone gets drunk! Even if he's–"

"Tula, no one–I mean no one–here gets drunk!" Stu Lasher snapped. Then, just as suddenly, he grinned at her, hoping to let her know he understood her pain.

When the barboy set all the drinks around, Stu Lasher lifted his at once. "Lupe was a fine aviator," he said. "When they built that hot stovepipe, they just built him with it. He was part of that F-8 he flew. I never worried when I had Lupe on my wing."

The squadron commander drank in silence. So did all the others. Stu Lasher's eyes were still on Tula, but he nodded toward the commander on his right.

"The air boss here, he runs the show from PriFli–Primary Flight Control. He sends us off and he brings us home. Name's Jensen, too. We call him Swede. Lupe and him were–"

"The ocean's full of Jensens." The commander's voice broke in quickly. "Lupe spoke to me about you."

"We intended to be married," Tula said softly. "Why did it have to happen? Did we have to sail halfway around the world to find an enemy? Did–"

"There's always an enemy. When they cut your orders, that's where you go. . . . Let's have another round here, boy!"

The barboy set new drinks down quietly. For some moments, there was silence at the table–except for the exec of the destroyer *Dobie*, who was humming softly to himself.

A flash of insight stabbed at Tula Chadwick. These people understood their trade, knowing pain and death to be implicit in it. This was a ritual they were performing, ancient as the warrior's trade. Why else would there be music in this place?

She could hear it clearly, drifting to her from the three-man combo in their corner by the wall. A Strauss waltz, reaching from across forgotten years. A single couple danced to it, alone on the little floor, the man in mufti, gray along his temples, his lady looking up at him with stately dignity. He led her with a careless skill, pirouetting, swaying, letting half a smile slip now and then across his lips. Rockway, the exec, broke off his humming.

"Will you look at the Old Man go!"

"How can he dance like that?"

"That's Admiral Pettison and his wife." Harry Jingo touched her arm. "He's the fleet commander. He's our boss. He knows."

"I suppose he's used to it. I'm not. I–"

Her voice broke sharply and she had to stop. No one answered her. Not even Jingo. Rocky drained his glass. Then he began to hum again. She watched that single couple out there in their graceful dance. A deep communion seemed to pass between them. Maybe they, too, were performing their own ritual.

Her senses sharpened. At her back, she heard the ensigns, clustered at the bar where ensigns always stand, chattering about their ships, their girls, their wives.

Slowly, while the people spoke, the walls receded; they began to fall away. Their speech evoked the wind-swept vastness of the ocean where they really lived. They weren't in an officers club at all. Not any more. They were streaming toward an area in the Tonkin Gulf where ships of a task force made their rendezvous at sunset off the Vietnam coast. That's where it happened, out there where the seas came marching from north and west. . . .

Seen from a tin can's bridge, the big ships look enormous, darkening against a stark horizon as the light drains. They seem unconcerned with weather, lifting to each swell with ease, dipping down in foam. Dry as a bone in the moderate sea. It's different in a tin can like the *Dobie*. She was long and gray and lean, her gun snouts trained amidships. She was rolling in the cross sea, bow wave knifing from her, making turns for twenty-five knots to reach her station, all her signal halyards stuttering against the wind.

Her topside watchers saw the carrier *Ridgeway* launch her planes. From her dim-lit bulk across the blackness, they went shooting from the catapults like clockwork. You could hear their air-borne screaming as they climbed aloft. In the tin can *Dobie*, even those who'd often seen it always felt the wonder. In the half-light of the pilothouse, the watch kept murmuring, their voices punctuated now and then by crackling from the squawk box.

"Snowgoose, this is Dingbat. Our launch is terminated. Are you designated recovery plane guard ship?"

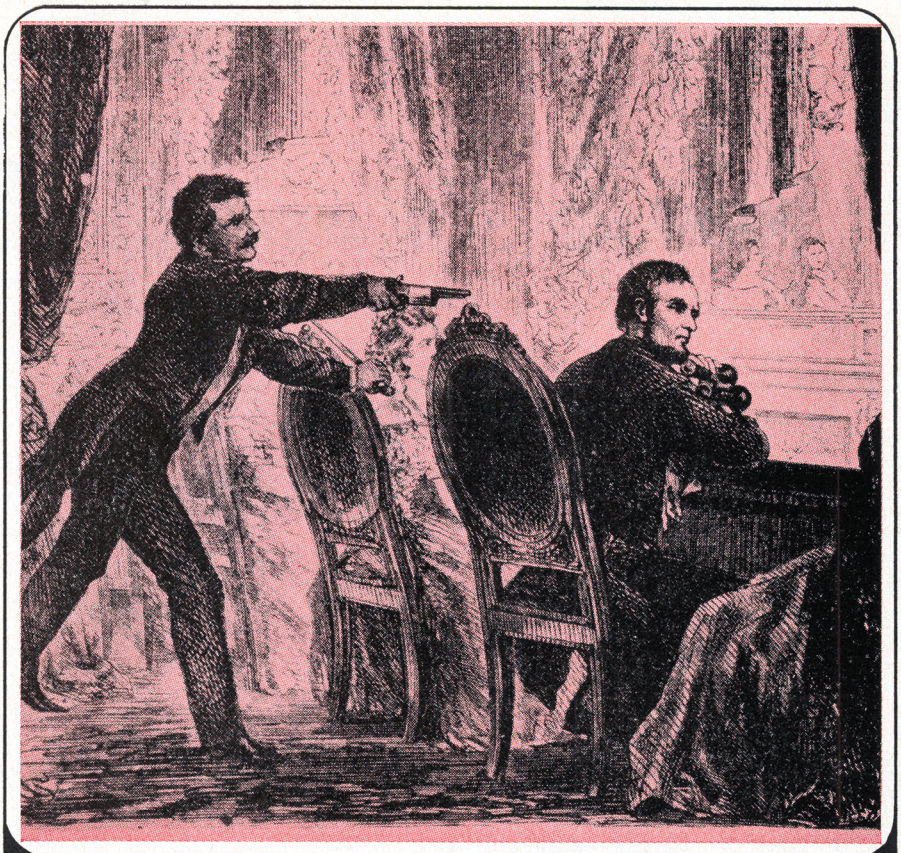
"Dingbat, this is Snowgoose. Affirmative."

"Glad to have you, Snowgoose."

"Roger. Thank you. Out."

"Says he's glad to have us," Rockway, the exec, was murmuring beside the captain's chair. "Me, I'll take the water, sir; they can have the sky."

"They like to know who's (*continued on page* 85)



CULVER PICTURES

Exclusive Photos: JOHN WILKES BOOTH'S ASSASSINATION ARSENAL

Aside from his deadly Deringer, Booth packed five other weapons to assure the slaughter of President Lincoln and a safe getaway

By April 9, 1865, when Lee surrendered to Grant at Appomattox Courthouse, Virginia, over 600,000 lives had been lost in the Civil War. In terms of human suffering, the four-year conflict had been the costliest in history, and the death toll did not yet include one additional slaying which was a senseless catastrophe for both sides. This was the murder of President Abraham Lincoln on April 14, 1865, five days after the meeting at Appomattox.

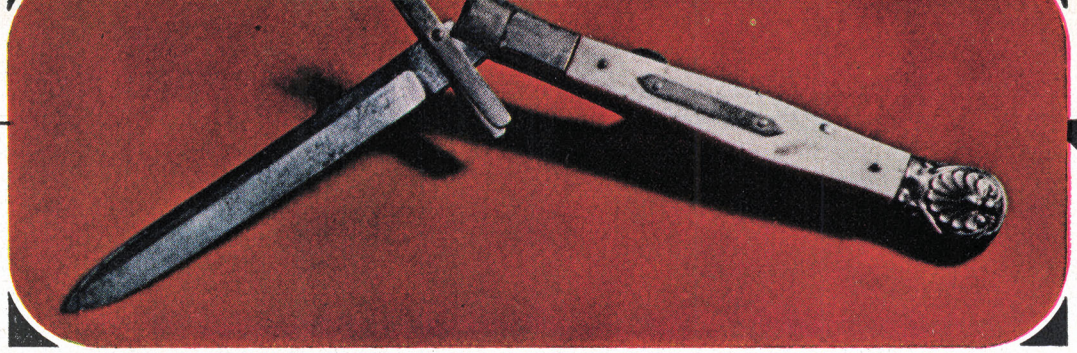
Ironically, the man who assassinated Lincoln had previously rendered little more than lip service to the Southern cause in which he passionately believed, and his single act of bloodletting only bolstered Northern radicals in their determination to impose a harsh Reconstruction upon the South. He therefore did inestimable harm to the entire nation. Despite these facts, however, John Wilkes Booth cannot be classed as a common traitor who committed murder. It must be remembered that this country was actually two separate nations during the War between the States, and he attempted to strike a blow for the Confederacy, the nation to which he gave his allegiance. Misguided as he was, perhaps even insane, he acted out of loyalty to the Richmond government of President Jefferson Davis. Like some of *(continued on page 76)*

BY ROBERT ELMAN

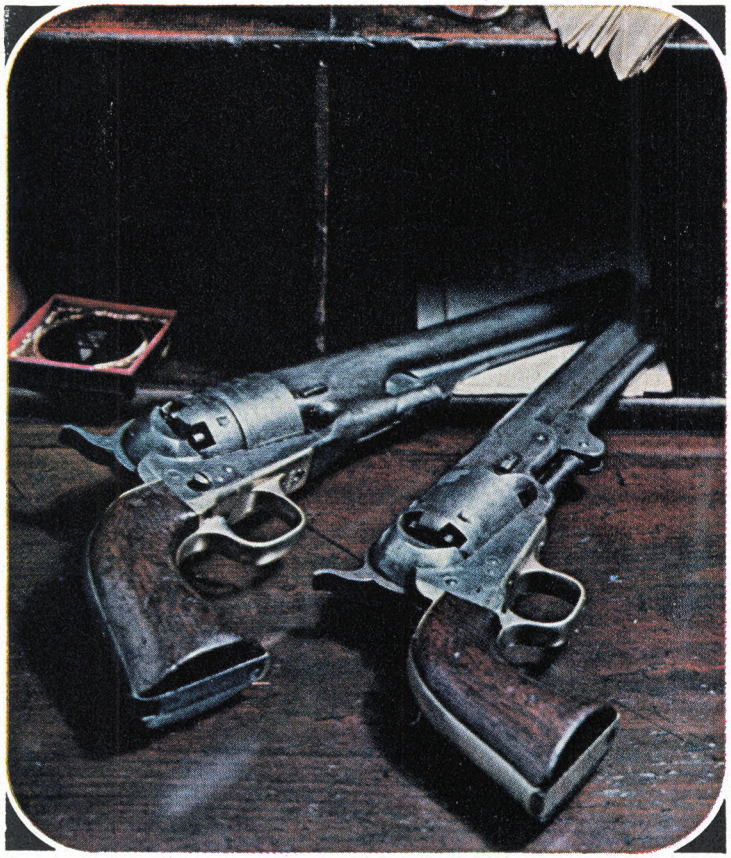
BOOTH WAS A WALKING ARSENAL

To add fire power to his escape, Booth stopped at Lloyd's Tavern in Surrattville where he armed himself with the .52 Spencer repeating carbine (right) and other weapons.

This single-shot .44 Deringer is the handgun Booth used to assassinate the President. His other weapons are in the custody of the National Park Service.

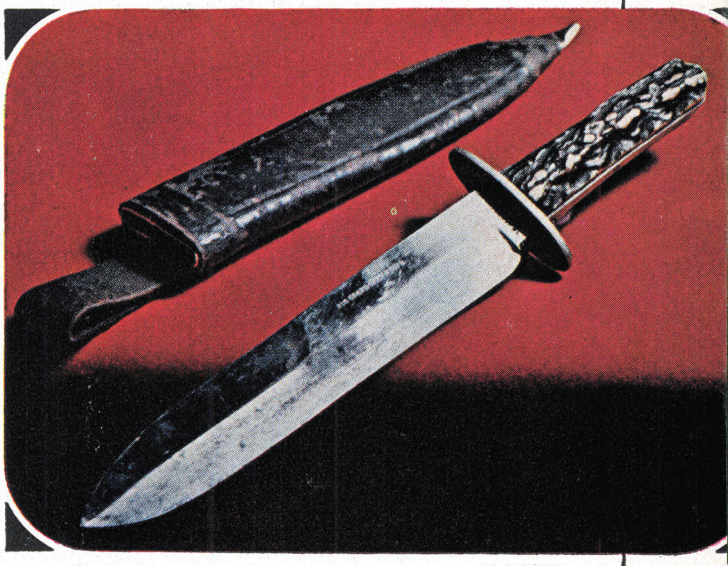


Folding pocket dagger (right) was part of arsenal found on the assassin's body.



Booth probably killed himself with one of these two Colt percussion revolvers: a .44 Army (above) and a .36 Navy (below).

In addition to the pocket dagger, Booth also packed the menacing Bowie knife shown below.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY ARIE De ZANGER

BOOTH'S ASSASSINATION ARSENAL *continued*

his fellow Southerners, he clung to a desperate hope of saving the Confederacy even after Lee's surrender.

For months before that day in April, Booth and a large group of conspirators gathered arms and made plans for a crippling blow at the Federal Administration. If they had acted sooner and if they had carried out their original scheme to abduct Lincoln rather than to kill him, they might have performed an unsought but welcome service for the Confederacy.

Booth may have hatched the abduction plot as early as April, 1864, when General Grant announced the discontinuance of prisoner exchanges with the South. This was a desperate setback for the Rebel armies, whose ranks had been decimated by battle casualties, illness and desertion. Booth believed that a small group of partisan raiders could secretly capture Lincoln, spirit him out of Washington to Richmond and then offer to exchange him for thousands of Confederate prisoners of war. In retrospect, such a plot seems fantastic, yet similar schemes had been proposed by Southern leaders and may well have been rejected only in the hope of an early peace.

No one has ever found out where Booth and his fellow agents obtained all of their arms; at least six of the conspirators had probably been carrying guns throughout the war, and not all of their weapons were found after the assassination. However, historians calculate that between late 1864 and April, 1865, Booth spent about $4,000 in recruiting men and securing arms. The famous .44 Deringer pistol with which he shot the President had probably been in his possession for some time, but it is known that in October or November, 1864, while living in Washington, D.C., he bought at least two Spencer .52 repeating carbines, six revolvers (probably .36 and .44 Colts), three daggers and two pairs of handcuffs. Some of these arms were retrieved after the tragedy.

Early in the war, Booth joined a secret society of Rebel agitators called the Knights of the Golden Circle. This was a vociferous if not very dangerous group, so it is not surprising that in 1863, he was arrested for publicly denouncing the Union. He would have gone to jail, but was only fined because he swore an oath of allegiance to the government.

Throughout the hostilities, he probably made a habit of carrying his .44 Deringer. He boasted to friends quite truthfully that he had had several opportunities to shoot Lincoln, but apparently he had not yet steeled himself to do so. He stood only a few feet away during Lincoln's second inauguration on March 4, 1865, and his coat probably hid the deadly pistol he would use on April fourteenth.

It was a single-shot .44 (with an actual bore diameter of .4375 inch), made by the famous firm of Henry Deringer. Now in the custody of the National Park Service, together with several other weapons used by Booth and his henchmen, this gun is a muzzle-loading percussion arm measuring a fraction less than six inches long overall, with a barrel just over two inches long. Although the pistol has often been described as "brass-barreled," the barrel is in reality made of wrought iron, browned in a swirling pattern to simulate a Damascus twist.

In September, 1864, Booth began to think about buying additional arms because he had decided to enlist a number of Southern agents and sympathizers to help him abduct the President. After the assassination, seven of the most important conspirators were tracked down, but according to one of them, at least twice that number had been accomplices. Some historians have put the number as high as fifty, including those who dropped out of the group, or those who were only indirectly involved, or both. Be that as it may, the seven most important henchmen were Lewis Thornton Powell (alias Lewis Paine, alias Reverend Lewis Wood), David Herold, George Atzerodt, Samuel B. Arnold, Michael O'Laughlin, Dr. Samuel A. Mudd and John H. Surratt.

Paine (as Powell was most commonly known) went to the gallows for his part in the plot, together with Herold and Atzerodt. So did Mrs. Mary E. Surratt, John Surratt's widowed mother, who may well have been guiltless of any crime more serious than a sympathy with the Southern cause. Although Booth obtained arms for some members of the group, Paine probably supplied his own gun; with it, he later tried to kill Secretary of State William H. Seward.

There is evidence that Booth first recruited Arnold and O'Laughlin early in the fall of 1864. Both of these men were old school friends of Booth's, and as former Confederate soldiers, they were easily able to put him in touch with other Southern sympathizers. In October, he went to Montreal, where Confederate agents *may* have given him a letter of introduction to Dr. Mudd, who *may* have enlisted John Surratt in the plot. This much is known as a result of subsequent investigation and testimony: The gang met several times at the Washington boardinghouse of Surratt's mother, and it is almost certain that Mudd sold Booth a one-eyed bay saddle horse that Paine used on the night of the assassination. On March 17, 1865, Booth, Surratt and Paine went to Ford's Theater, where the murder later took place. They knew that the President and other notables frequently attended this theater, and Booth wanted to make the planned abduction melodramatic by capturing Lincoln before an audience. After studying the layout of the theater, however, the other conspirators vetoed this proposal.

On March twentieth, the gang lay in wait for the President's carriage on a road he was scheduled to take to visit Campbell General Hospital, just outside Washington. Because Lincoln changed his plans at the last moment, most of the conspirators decided to drop the entire project, fearing that their plans had somehow been detected. The only ones who would still obey Booth's orders were Paine, Atzerodt, Herold and, possibly, Mudd. But when Booth and his remaining henchmen learned of Lee's surrender, they became more desperate than ever.

As an actor, Booth was able to visit Washington's theaters frequently without arousing suspicion. He picked up his mail at Ford's Theater, and while he was there on April fourteenth, he found out that the President had accepted an invitation to attend a play that night, a farce (*continued on page* 80)

Your Dodge dealer has more kinds of homes than the average subdivision

D200 CREW CAB

A108 FAMILY WAGON

W200 4-WHEEL-DRIVE

D200 CAMPER SPECIAL

D200 CAMPER SPECIAL

CHASSIS CAB

DODGE MOTOR HOME

(And changing neighborhoods is as easy as turning the key)

Dodge

CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION

Photograph by E. H. Brown

The Signal for real enjoyment

is each month's issue of

RAILROAD MAGAZINE

The unique illustrated journal of adventurous railroading and rail hobbies, established 1906, sold on many newsstands at 50¢ a copy or write to *Railroad Magazine* 205 East 42nd Street New York, N.Y. 10017

You learn facts about railroads that you didn't know before and you find illustrated features, authentic fiction, free ads for hobbyists, questions and answers, and good pictures — all in

RAILROAD MAGAZINE

By mail in U.S., $5 a year, $9 for two years. Elsewhere, $6 a year, $11 for two years.

FREE TRAVEL LITERATURE

101. EAST AFRICA: ARGOSY's ubiquitous Travel Editor reports this month on one of the world's most exotic travel destinations. Read the first part of his story starting on page 62. You will learn that you do not have to be a white hunter to appreciate East Africa and find it exciting.

102. CANADA: The Dominion takes the fuss out of foreign travel and leaves the flavor in. Entry is easy, as eight of her dozen provinces border on the U.S. Vacation offerings in this vast playground are many. Fishing and hunting are famed boasts, and justly so. Closely matched pleasures can be found in picturesque, historic landmarks, in exciting French and English cities, in the scenic splendor of towering peaks, in lush woodlands and miles and miles of sparkling waterways. The Canadian Government Travel Bureau stocks thirty-seven updated brochure packages covering every area. The latest entrant is a forty-eight-page book chock-full of pictures, maps and information.

103. MARYLAND: Green mountains in the western counties contrast with white Atlantic beaches in the east. The state is called "America in Miniature," because within its boundaries are represented a variety of terrain, economy, suburban and urban living. Anglers, satisfy your fishing pleasure and palate from lakes, streams, rivers or ocean, where the trout, bass, perch, flounder, marlin and tuna are jumping. Stop by Annapolis and see the Naval Academy. It is a good place for the kids to get a living lesson in our nation's history. The historic Chesapeake Bay area invites you to dine on succulent crabs and other equally superb fancies from the sea.

104. WARREN COUNTY: This playground area, one of the best-known in New York State, has for its hub beautiful Lake George. Thousands of vacationers return annually to enjoy the unrivaled facilities for water sports, golf, fishing and camping. Warren County offers an unusually wide range of accommodation prices. A well-organized program of events for evening fun and entertainment is offered. The county's Publicity Committee invites your request for literature.

105. UTAH: Here's a land of magnificent beauty and a living monument to man's inspiration and will. Where once stood wilderness, Salt Lake City shines today—a gem in city planning. Vacation with nature amid the scenic splendor of Bryce Canyon, the Great Salt Lake and Rainbow Bridge (the greatest of the natural bridges), to name but a few of the well-known attractions awaiting sportsmen, campers and the vacationing family.

106. NEW MEXICO: The state of Santa Fe offers a bewildering variety of attractions ranging from the fascinating culture and art of the Indians to some of the swingingest discotheques on the continent. The glorious weather crowns just about every day of the year and inspires great hiking, riding, fishing and golfing. New, colorful brochures on all sections of the state are now available.

Paste coupon on postcard for faster service.

ARGOSY TRAVEL INFORMATION SERVICE
Dept. 5-68, P.O. Box 2601, Clinton, Iowa 52732

Please send me literature on items corresponding to the numbers circled below. (Coupon must be mailed prior to June 1, 1968.) For special information, see your travel agent or automobile club.

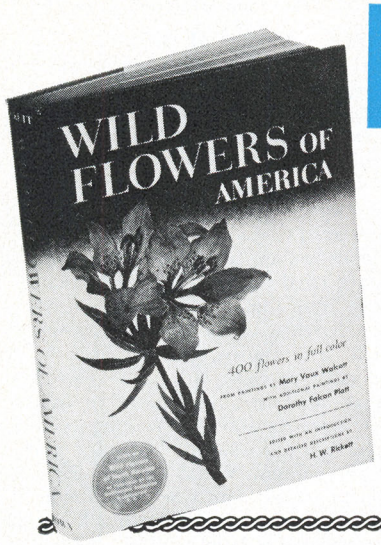
101 102 103 104 105 106

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ **STATE**_____ **ZIP CODE**_____

BOOK SALE!

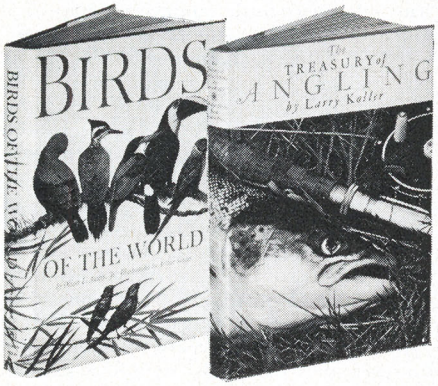


Fascinating books, on all subjects, from presses and publishers all over the world are being offered in this spectacular book sale at truly amazing savings. These great bargains can provide you, your family and friends with hours of fun, information and diversion. Many of these fine books are profusely illustrated, luxuriously bound and true collector's items.

Look through the listings carefully and rush your order to us today. Many of these exciting values are in limited supply and will go quickly. Please yourself and your friends with these lavish gift items.

THE GUN AND ITS DEVELOPMENT. By Wm. W. Greener. A facsimile reprint of the famous 9th Edition long out of print and selling for as high as $100 in the rare book market. A history of firearms, with descriptions and illustrations of ancient and modern weapons, manufacturing processes, ballistics, and other encyclopedic information. Over 800 pages. 8¾x 7.
Special $7.95

2682. WILD FLOWERS OF AMERICA. Ed. by H. W. Rickett. 400 Flowers in Full Color, from Paintings by Mary Vaux Walcott, with additional paintings by Dorothy Falcon Platt. 400 wild flowers of North America, shown actual size in beautiful true-to-life color, with detailed descriptions and full information as to family, geographical range, environment in which found, etc. Encyclopedic work based on authoritative publication of the Smithsonian Institution.
Pub. at $15.00. **Only $6.95**



Guns, Sports & Games

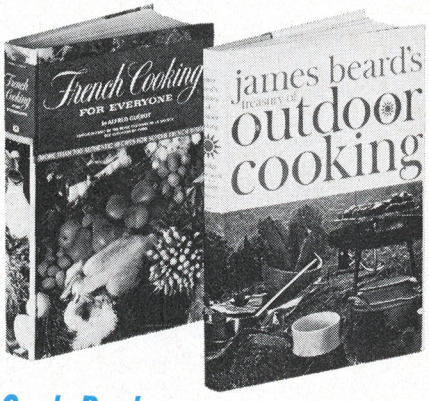
2965. HOW TO PLAY CHESS. By Emanuel Lasker. New revised edition of one of the best books for beginners. **Only $1.00**

2905. THE TREASURY OF THE GUN. By Harold L. Peterson. A gorgeous volume with hundreds of magnificent Full Color Photos, rare prints & drawings plus lively, informative text covering the history of the gun from gunpowder to magazine arms. Size 8½ x 11¾.
Pub. at $15.00. **Only $7.95**

3653. HANDGUNNER'S GUIDE. By Chic Gaylord. Over 200 Illus. The definite guidebook on modern handguns and their use, including the art of the quickdraw and combat shooting, with a fascinating chapter on the great gun-fighters of the Old West. Pub. at $7.50. **Only $2.98**

2947. SISTERS OF THE NIGHT. The Startling Story of Prostitution in New York Today. By Jess Stearn. Prefaced with excerpts from a report by Chief City Magistrate Murtagh to Mayor Wagner of N.Y. A brutally frank picture of hundreds of girls—what, how and why they ply their trade. Orig. Pub. at $3.50 .
New, complete ed., Only $1.98

4250. THE ARGOSY BOOK OF SEA STORIES. Ed. by Rogers Terrill. From the pages of ARGOSY magazine the best in sea stories have been put into a book that will delight every lover of the sea. Leslie T. White, William Holder, Bryan O'Brien, T. T. Flynn are among the top flight authors. A truly outstanding reading treat.
Pub. at $4.95 **Only $2.98**



Cook Books

2906. JAMES BEARD'S TREASURY OF OUTDOOR COOKING. With hundreds of special, brilliant color photos, paintings and other illus. The most lavish, exciting cook book ever published (good for indoors too); from a simple picnic to the most sophisticated feast.
Pub. at $12.50. **Only $6.95**

2908. FRENCH COOKING FOR EVERYONE. By A. Guerot. Beautifully illus. with 32 pages of Full Color Photos. More than 700 authentic recipes for superb French dishes, including hors d'oeuvres, soups, salads, eggs, fish, meat, poultry, sauces, breads, pastries, desserts, etc.
Pub. at $5.95. **Only $3.95**

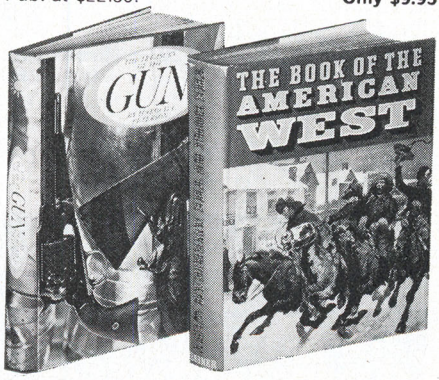
ESQUIRE CULINARY COMPANION. By Charles H. Baker, Jr. A connoisseur's hand-picked recipes for the outstanding cookery masterpieces of Europe's master chefs; a fine array of hors d'oeuvres, soups, seafood, meats, poultry and game, salads, desserts, etc. Orig. Pub at $5.00 New, complete ed. **Only $1.98**

FRITZ HENLE'S FIGURE STUDIES. Masterpieces of photography of the female nude in color and black & white with technical data.
Pub. at $6.95 **Only $2.98**

3054. BIRDS OF THE WORLD. Text by noted Ornithologist, Dr. Oliver L. Austin, Jr. 300 especially commissioned paintings in Full Color by one of today's foremost painters of birds, Arthur Singer. More than 700 birds, at least one of each bird family of the world, are shown accurately in Full Color. Spectacular (10 x 11½) volume, one of the most beautiful of its kind ever published. De luxe Edition. Pub. at $16.95. **Only $9.95.**

8429. THE EMOTIONAL SELF. 40 full page drawings by Arthur Zaidenberg. Preface by Sandor Lorand, M.D. The noted artist portrays the dark side of the love life of human beings by illustrations of their sexual deviations. Dr. Lorand prefaces the drawings with an interpretation of these impulses. Long out of print and selling at premium prices, a pioneer and daring book when first published, it is now made available again in a revised edition. Large format, 8½ x 11. **Special $2.98**

2821. THE BOOK OF THE AMERICAN WEST. Ed. by Jay Monaghan. The most magnificent array of historical fact, legend and lore about the West ever assembled in one volume. Actually 10 books in 1 volume: Beautifully illus. with drawings, paintings, engravings, historical maps, documentary art, old prints, woodcuts, lithographs, color plates by Remington, Russell, Catlin.
Pub. at $22.50. **Only $9.95**



3946. THE MACMILLAN BOOK OF BOATING. By Wm. N. Wallace. More than 200 superb illustrations plus 72 full pages in full color. This is the great history of boats and boating from Cleopatra's barge through the America's Cup Races, to steam yachts, schooners, sandbaggers, outboard runabouts, and cruisers, to sailing and powerboating today. Deluxe 8½ x 12 format. Pub. at $14.95. **Only $7.95**

Gentlemen: Please send the items whose numbers I have entered below. FILL IN NUMBERS CORRESPONDING TO TITLES HERE, IN NUMERICAL SEQUENCE.

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

SELF HELP LIBRARY
Box 3141, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. 10017
☐ Payment Enclosed
☐ Check for Money Enclosed
Please include a 25¢ charge for handling and mailing expenses.

NAME (Print).....

STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....ZIP CODE.....

253 COURSES

That's how many ways I.C.S.® offers you to get ahead. No tricks. No gimmicks. Whatever your job interests—from accounting to engineering—there's an I.C.S. course for you. To help you get ahead faster in your present job . . . or find a new career. Write today for 3 FREE booklets: (1) "How to Succeed" career guide; (2) Famous Career Catalog; (3) Sample lesson to demonstrate the famous I.C.S. method, used by over 7,000,000 Americans since 1890. Send coupon NOW. No obligation.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Dept. T4348D, Scranton, Pa. 18515
Accredited Member, National Home Study Council
Please send FREE **success** book, sample lesson and catalog checked.

☐ Accounting ☐ Personality Dev.
☐ Art ☐ High School
☐ Automobile ☐ College Level
☐ Business ☐ Radio-TV
☐ Languages Electronics
☐ Chemistry ☐ Secretarial
☐ Computer ☐ Other—please
☐ Drafting specify_____

Name_____ Age____
Address_____
City_____
State_____ Zip Code_____
New! I.C.S. Package for Women!

LEARN
MEAT CUTTING

Train in 8 short weeks at Toledo, bright future with security in vital meat business. Big pay, full-time jobs —HAVE A PROFITABLE MARKET OF YOUR OWN! Time payment plan available. Diploma given. Job help. Thousands of successful graduates. Our 45th Year! Send for illustrated FREE catalog. No obligation. G.I. Approved.

NATIONAL SCHOOL OF MEAT CUTTING
Dept. S-10 Toledo, Ohio 43604

LAW FREE BOOK
THE LAW TRAINED MAN

Write today for a FREE copy of illustrated law book, **"THE LAW-TRAINED MAN,"** which shows how to earn the professional Bachelor of Laws (LL.B.) degree through home study of the famous Blackstone Law Course: Books and lessons provided. Moderate cost; easy terms. Write now.

Blackstone School of Law, 307 N. Michigan Ave.
Founded 1890, **Dept. 45, Chicago, Illinois 60601**

PLEASE USE
POSTAL ZIP NUMBER
ON ALL CORRESPONDENCE

CANADA'S FINEST LANDS from $4.00 AN ACRE!

Our catalogue lists properties, acquired through estate liquidations, at unbelievably low prices. Ideal for fishing, hunting, cottages, timber, minerals and investments. Many have lake and river frontage. Title is guaranteed. Small monthly payments. Investment potential is enormous. Write for free catalogue.

CANADIAN ESTATE LAND | SUITE 101
194 WILSON AVENUE, TORONTO 12, CANADA | DEPT. 32

WE FIT ALL MEN
BIG OR TALL

Poley's specialize in apparel to fit BIG men to size 66. TALL men to 7 ft. Complete stock of clothing and accessories.
WE SHIP ANYWHERE

WRITE TODAY FOR FREE CATALOG

POLEY'S
KING-SIZE CLOTHES
Dept. 1113 VINE STREET
CINCINNATI, OHIO 45210

JOHN WILKES BOOTH'S ASSASSINATION ARSENAL

continued from page 76

called "Our American Cousin." The performance was to be a benefit for the star, Laura Keene.

At this time, or perhaps on a previous occasion, Booth drilled a small peephole in the door leading to the Presidential box. He spent that afternoon and early evening making final preparations: convincing Atzerodt, Paine and Herold that, in view of Lee's surrender, abduction was useless and murder was called for; hiring a fast mare from a local stable; leaving this mount, together with his own one-eyed bay, behind the theater so that both he and Paine would have a horse in readiness.

Abraham Lincoln was generally accompanied by only one bodyguard. On the afternoon of April fourteenth, he was guarded by a former Washington policeman named William H. Crook, to whom he confided, "I believe there are men who want to take my life . . . and I have no doubt they will do so." Crook was off duty that evening, so Lincoln asked Secretary of War Edwin M. Stanton to assign Major Thomas Eckert to the job. However, Eckert pleaded that he had too much work to do as head of the Government Telegraph Office.

Finally ,a notoriously unreliable policeman named John F. Parker was assigned as guard. Parker had been reprimanded on fourteen occasions for misconduct on duty. That evening at ten-fifteen, he was away from his post, having a drink, while President and Mrs. Lincoln sat in their box at Ford's Theater with two guests, Major Henry Rathbone and his fiancée, Clara Harris, daughter of New York Senator Ira Harris. As a comedy scene ended in a thunder of laughter, Booth quietly walked into a small vestibule behind the Presidential box. At the same time—ten-fifteen—Paine arrived at the theater, untethered the one-eyed horse and rode away.

With a wooden bar, Booth jammed shut an outer door to the little vestibule. He peeped at his victim through the hole he had bored in the inner door, then opened it and moved silently into the box, almost close enough to touch the President. His right hand came forward. The little Deringer's sharp report reverberated through the theater as a .44 ball penetrated the back of Lincoln's head. Lincoln slumped forward in his chair. The assassin now extended his left hand, revealing a Bowie knife. Major Rathbone sprang at Booth, who dropped the pistol, slashed the major's arm with the knife and vaulted over the parapet of the box to the stage. He landed off-balance, breaking the tibia of his left leg.

Immediately, he straightened himself, faced the audience and shouted, *"Sic semper tyrannus!"*—Virginia's motto, "Thus always to tyrants!" Before the spectators could recover from their surprise, he hobbled from the stage and out an alley door. An Army veteran named Joseph Stewart, seated in the first row, gave chase, but Booth managed to mount the mare waiting outside and galloped off.

Two doctors rushed to Lincoln, examined him, then had him carried across the street to the rented rooms of a tailor named William Peterson. There Lincoln died at seven-twenty-two a.m. the next day, April 15, 1865.

While this tragedy had been enacted at Ford's Theater, Lewis Paine had ridden Booth's one-eyed horse to the home of Secretary of State William H. Seward. As a result of a recent carriage accident, Seward lay in an upstairs bedroom with his jaw and shoulder encased in a metal and leather harness. On the pretext of delivering a package from Seward's doctor, Paine gained admittance to the house.

When he was stopped at the head of the stairs by Seward's son, Frederick, he drew his Whitney revolver. In the ensuing struggle, he either tried to shoot the young man immediately and the gun misfired, or he first hit Frederick with the barrel—it is not clear which. It is known, however, that he beat Frederick senseless with the revolver, and that at one point he did try to fire; luckily for Seward's son, the loading lever had broken in the scuffle, the cylinder pin had bent and the gun would not go off.

Paine next rushed into Seward's room and stabbed him several times with a Bowie knife. Another son, a daughter and a soldier nurse tried to stop the seemingly crazed attacker, who dropped his gun, slashed all of them badly with his knife, then rushed out of the house and rode off. All of the victims recovered.

Somewhere on the outskirts of Washington, the fleeing Booth was soon joined by David Herold, and for the next ten days, they wandered through Maryland, unable to reach Virginia because the countryside was swarming with detectives and pursuing soldiers. They hid in the homes of Southern sympathizers, in the woods, in barns.

The Federal authorities had many good leads. Booth had been recognized by eyewitnesses. And even before the conspirators had set their futile abduction trap for Lincoln in March, the War Department had been warned about the plot by Louis Weichmann, a government clerk who boarded at Mrs. Surratt's house and who had overheard some suspicious conversations among the conspirators. Until now, his warning had been disregarded. Some scholars have claimed that Secretary of War Stanton and Lincoln's ruthless head of the Detective Bureau, Colonel L. C. Baker, had treasonable motives for ignoring the warning. More likely, it was smothered in wartime red tape and they did not hear about it until after the assassination. Now, however, they had sufficient information so that, within a few days, they had rounded up five suspects—Arnold, O'Laughlin, Atzerodt, Paine and Mrs. Surratt.

Meanwhile, Booth and Herold searched for sanctuary in Maryland. Among other places, the two men stopped at the home of Dr. Mudd, who treated Booth's broken leg and allowed the two fugitives to hide on his farm for a day. They also stopped at Lloyd's Tavern in Surrattville, where the conspirators had cached some guns. Here, Booth armed himself with a .52 Spencer repeating carbine and two Colt percussion revolvers—a .36 Navy and a .44 Army. These handguns are important, because it is very likely that Booth killed himself with one of them. In addition to these guns, he carried his Bowie knife and folding pocket dagger. Herold, too, was armed.

Working on information given by informants and by arrested suspects, the authorities offered a $50,000 reward for Booth, $25,000 for Herold and $25,000 for John Surratt—who was actually in Canada and

had taken no part in the assassination. On April twenty-sixth, Booth and Herold were trailed to the Richard Garrett farm, near Bowling Green. The fugitives were hiding in a tobacco-storage barn. A contingent of twenty-six cavalrymen, led by Lieutenant E. P. Doherty and supervised by detectives E. J. Conger and L. B. Baker, surrounded the barn. Herold came out with his hands up, but Booth refused to surrender. The detectives locked the barn door, then gave him ten minutes to change his mind.

When the time was up, Conger set the barn afire. There was no sound from inside, so Baker then opened the door. Booth, armed with a carbine and a revolver, lunged toward him, and the detective slammed the door again. A shot rang out. Once more Baker opened the door and he found Booth sprawled, face down, with the carbine and one revolver next to him, the other revolver in his right hand.

One of the soldiers, Sergeant Boston Corbett, now stepped forward, claiming he shot Booth through a chink in the barn wall. Since the men had been ordered to hold their fire, he was asked why he had done it. "Providence directed me," he said.

Booth was carried to the Garrett porch. He murmured, "Tell Mother that I died for my country." About two hours after the shooting, he was dead.

Afterward, Booth's guns were not carefully inspected, and no one even noted whether they had been fired; they were hurriedly emptied of whatever charges remained in them and were taken back to Washington as evidence. Doctors who examined the assassin's corpse insisted that he had died of a revolver wound in the head, but Corbett (who carried only a carbine) claimed credit for felling Booth. When Stanton was told about the incident, instead of reprimanding the sergeant, he issued a revolver to him and allowed him to continue the hoax.

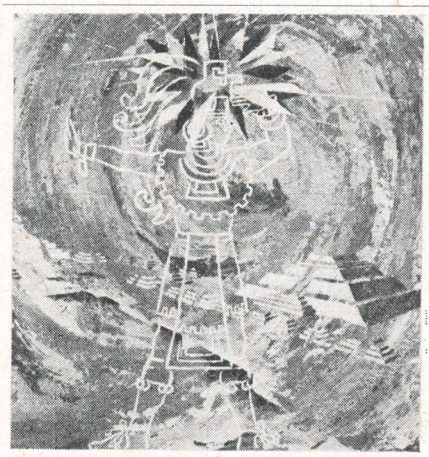
Since the doctors were so certain about the wound being made by a revolver and not by a big-bore carbine, Booth probably shot himself with his smaller-caliber gun—the Colt .36. The other conspirators who had been apprehended were quickly convicted by a military tribunal. On July 7, 1865, in the Washington Arsenal's prison yard, Paine, Herold, Atzerodt and Mrs. Surratt were hanged. Arnold O'Laughlin and Dr. Mudd received life sentences.

John Surratt fled to England, then to Italy and finally to Egypt, where he was arrested in 1867. Brought back to this country, he was tried before a civil court and, because the jury could not agree on a verdict, he went free. O'Laughlin died in prison a couple of years after the assassination, but Mudd and Arnold were pardoned by President Andrew Johnson in 1869. The nation's temper had cooled, and little protest was heard over the release of these men, who had helped the guilty parties but had probably not known about Booth's murder scheme.

The guns and knives used by Booth and Paine were, of course, left in the keeping of the government. Ford's Theater eventually became the Lincoln Museum, under the National Park Service's administration, and there the arms were put on permanent display, relics of one of the most tragic episodes in our nation's history. • • •

Too good for amateurs

THE PROFESSIONAL SHINE



The pre-colonial past of

méxico

is present in the "Light and Sound"

Fiesta

The great Pyramids of the Sun and the Moon at Teotihuacan are suddenly engulfed in symbolic light... Eerie music evoking sounds the ancients produced with primitive instruments fills the night air... Through the voices of distinguished artists—Mexican and American—the two massive monuments speak... Such is the "Light and Sound" spectacle close to Mexico City... Bridging an occult age with modern Mexico it's unforgettable like so many Mexican experiences.

méxico City
HOST TO THE WORLD FOR THE OLYMPICS 1968

BE SURE TO MAKE YOUR RESERVATION IN ADVANCE
CONSULT YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR OUR OFFICES
630 Fifth Ave. Suite 3508, New York, N.Y. 10020
Paseo de la Reforma No. 45 México 1, D. F.
MEXICAN GOVERNMENT TOURISM DEPARTMENT
NATIONAL TOURISM COUNCIL

BUY DIRECT AND SAVE

HERTER'S 308 SPINNING SET

ALL 6 ¼ OZ. LURES

$2.44 Plus Postage

This spinning spoon set contains 6 well-known fishgetters that sell for $1.25 or more each. Order direct from the worlds largest and original source of supply at LOW prices.

Send 50¢ for 600 page catalog of lures, rods, reels, archery and hunting supplies. Dept. 5X1

HERTER'S INC. SINCE 1893 **WASECA, MINN. 56093**

Be a **LOCKSMITH!**

EARN WHILE YOU LEARN

Send for FREE BOOK

Big opportunities. Big profits. Earn quickly. Full or part time. Learn at home, it's easy. Do real jobs: **All Tools—Materials Supplied.** Accredited member NHSC, Lic. State of NJ — Veteran Approved. Send name, address & Zip for FREE book.

Locksmithing Institute, Dept. 1149-058, Little Falls, N.J. 07424

BERNARD Kamp Pack® OUTDOOR AND INSTITUTIONAL FOODS

AMERICA'S FAVORITE COOK-OUT FOODS!
NO REFRIGERATION—JUST ADD WATER

Write for FREE KAMP PACK brochure
DEPT. AR-467, BERNARD FOOD INDUSTRIES
P.O. BOX 1497, EVANSTON, ILL. 60204

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____

STATE_____ ZIP_____

BIT BY BIT . . .
EVERY LITTER
BIT HURTS!

KEEP
AMERICA
BEAUTIFUL

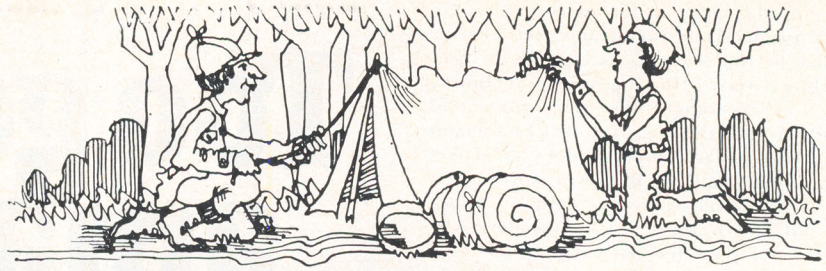
Now Possible To Shrink Hemorrhoids

And Promptly Stop Itching, Relieve Pain In Most Cases.

Science has found a medication with the ability, in most cases—to stop burning itch, relieve pain and actually shrink hemorrhoids.

In case after case doctors proved, while gently relieving pain and itching, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

The answer is *Preparation H®*—there is no other formula like it for hemorrhoids. Preparation H also soothes inflamed, irritated tissues and helps prevent further infection. In ointment or suppository form.



CAMPFIRES

BY GEORGE LAYCOCK

TIPS FOR SPRING CAMPERS

For extra comfort, put a foam mattress under your sleeping bag

TIME spent in planning for comfortable outdoor sleeping is time well spent, whether you are backpacking, trailering or canoeing. Some campers like cots, but I find them too restrictive. They are also apt to sag too much in the wrong places to provide support for campers who tend to suffer back trouble. My favorite outdoor bed is a sleeping bag spread over a foam mattress at least three inches thick. Where bulky beds are impractical because of packing space or weight limitations, an air mattress substitutes for the foam bed. As for the sleeping bag, a camper can often be more comfortable in cold weather than on hot nights. A bag with multiple layers enables the camper to select his covering to match the temperature. If there is no artificial heat in the tent or trailer and the air is humid, keep the sleeping bag closed during the day. Otherwise, open it up to dry out.

READERS have asked us about the KOA campgrounds encountered along the nation's highways. We turned to KOA's president, Darrell Booth, for the latest 1968 details. KOA stands for Kampgrounds of America. The big A-frame headquarters building in each KOA campground is easily recognized. Organized in 1964, this system of franchised, privately owned campgrounds now spreads through thirty-two states and includes 200 campgrounds. They are often found close to the major highways because they are intended as overnight stops, rather than destination camps. Rates begin at $2 per family, per night. This includes free showers and modern rest-rooms. There are laundry facilities and a camp store at each location and swimming pools at some. Reservations are taken at KOA campgrounds for others in the system along your route. If you want an up-to-date directory of KOA campgrounds, write Kampgrounds of America, Incorporated, Box 1138, Billings, Montana 59103.

"AFTER visiting several western national parks last year, our teen-age boy thinks he would like to be a park ranger. Where could he get more information on this?" L.M.B., Oklahoma.

The National Park Service, Department of the Interior, Washington, D.C. 20240, has an excellent thirty-page booklet on the subject. Ask for a copy of "Careers in the National Park Service." Information on forest-ranger jobs should, however, come from the Forest Service, U.S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D.C. 20250.

"THE last time we had a flat tire on our camper trailer, I had no jack that would fit the trailer, but managed to get the wheel off the ground anyhow. I thought some of your readers might be interested in how this can be done. First, unhitch the trailer. Lower the front leg on the side with the flat. Next, lower the rear leg on the opposite side. Now you can lift the rear corner on the side with the flat, and lower that leg, too, until the wheel is off the ground." C.J.W., Ohio.

ESTIMATES of the cost of outfitting a family of four for a tent-camping vacation vary, but if you figure a good outfit between $250 and $300, you will be close. It is possible to make it for less, especially if you already have a camp stove and cooler to use for picnics. But an investment in camping equipment can be spread over many years—at least twenty for the well-made tent properly cared for. If you select a folding camper trailer instead of a tent, the price may range from $500 to nearly $2,000, depending on how well equipped the trailer is. In most cities, it is possible to rent a camper for between $45 and $60 a week.

VACATIONERS traveling in good deer country should keep an eye open for these sleek, swift-footed creatures along the highways. More than 100,000 deer are killed annually along American highways. Many of these casualties cause from $200 to $400 damage to the vehicle that does them in. One compact struck in the side by a full-grown buck deer was demolished. The deer, however, shook his head as if to clear cobwebs from his mind and wandered back into the brush. If you tow a trailer, your stopping distance is usually greater than with the car alone. At any rate, there is often not enough time to stop if a deer dashes into the highway in front of you. Danger is especially high at night when deer are out feeding. Flicking the lights on and off is often a better frightening device than blowing the horn. Unless there is oncoming traffic, drive with your bright beams. • • •

The "HONEST ABE" Tie

AMAZE YOUR FRIENDS

Wear this strikingly unique necktie and, when they start telling those tall hunting and fishing tales, just flash your tie in their faces. They'll get the point, all right, when they see the Stuffed Bull's Head With the Winking Eye.

And what a wonderful gift for that buddy of yours who sometimes toys so carelessly with the truth.

ONLY $2.00

(Special rates for 6 or more upon request)

Your choice of 4 popular colors:

ROYAL BLUE

GARNET RED

ANTIQUE GOLD

OLIVE GREEN

ORDER BY MAIL—USE THIS COUPON

ACE-HI PRODUCTS
Box 2730 Grand Central Station
NEW YORK, N Y. 10017

Please send me the following HONEST ABE TIES (@$2.00 each):
(Fill in Quantity)

_____ ROYAL BLUE
_____ GARNET RED
_____ ANTIQUE GOLD
_____ OLIVE GREEN

TOTAL ENCLOSED. $_____

Name _____
Street _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____
(Please print)

NEW OUTDOOR INFO

These booklets are available. Order by number. Circle the number and send in the coupon.

1. "ELEMENTARY FISHING"—*This 192-page paperback book provides a complete course on fresh-water fishing. Perfect for young people as well as adults. Helpful facts on selecting fishing outfits, how to match tackle, how to fish lakes, ponds and streams. Only 75 cents. Available to educational groups at cost. From Wright & McGill.*
2. SOUTH BEND TACKLE—*Offers a 1968 colorful, 64-page catalogue. Includes a special "Fishing Tips" booklet. Both for 50 cents.*
3. TRAILERS—*New '68 Rolite Retracta-Wall Travel Trailers illustrated in full-color brochure. Features all new models from 15 to 21 feet. Includes prices for equipment.*
4. FOLBOT ACTION CATALOGUE—*Folbot boating for family fun and sport. Great for rocky streams, lakes, marshes, surf and open sea. Fits in every home or car. Folding or rigid portable comes in prefab kit or is expertly factory-built. Catalogue is free.*
5. CONVERSE RUBBER COMPANY—*Expert Joe Brooks authored "Tips for Better Wading." Covers both fresh and salt water.*
6. JOHNSON MOTORS—*The 1968 catalogue offers 48 pages of Sea Horse outboards, boats, skin-diving aids and snowmobiles.*
7. MERCURY—*This 20-page booklet gives you all the information on Mercury's 1968 line of outboards.*
8. EVINRUDE—*Boats, motors, snow vehicles and underwater diving gear are presented in a giant, 32-page, full-color booklet.*
9. BROWNING FISHING—*Here's a colorful, 32-page booklet on Browning's complete line of rods and accessory tackle. Also a section on casting methods. Price: 25 cents.*
10. HAMMOND—*Pocket road atlas with the Scale-O-Matic mileage guide. Every sportsman needs one. Price: 50 cents.*

Argosy Outdoor Information Service
Dept. 5-68
P.O. Box 2601
Clinton, Iowa 52732

Please send me literature on items corresponding to circled numbers.

(Coupon must be mailed before 6-1-68.)

NO STAMPS, PLEASE.

1 2 3 4 5 6
7 8 9 10

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State ..... Zip Code ....

I enclose ..... cents.

Fish with Berkley Trilene and

feel the difference!

Here's a line so different it's patented. It's the line that doesn't deteriorate from air, water or atmosphere as ordinary monofilament does. Berkley Trilene is the monofilament the "pros" and guides prefer. It's the line that wins the casting tournaments. It's the line that catches more fish—wins more contests. Sure, it costs more, but it's worth it. The built-in "lubricant" keeps it lively longer. You have more fishing fun—save money in the long run.

Berkley

WE

are so anxious for you to try Trilene we'll pay 25¢ towards your purchase of 2-100 yd. spools.

This coupon is redeemable only at your dealer.

WORTH 25¢ A-5

This coupon worth 25¢ towards the purchase of 2-100 yd. spools of Berkley Trilene Monofilament.

Purchaser's Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Dealer's Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Dealers: Remit this coupon directly to Berkley & Co., Spirit Lake, Iowa 51360 for redemption. Limit one per customer.

BERKLEY & COMPANY
Spirit Lake, Iowa 51360

FROG MURDERS BASS

Catches Such Giant Bass — So Many Bass, So Often and So Fast!

Like to catch bigger bass, catch bass when they're not biting for anyone on the lake for any lure or bait? Like more fun fishing than ever in your life before? The next 60 seconds reading will show you how.

By BILL PLUMMER
as told to Paul Stag
the Week-End Fisherman

A "toy" frog I stumbled on by accident catches such giant bass for me . . . so many bass, so often . . . so fast it has changed my fishing life . . . for others who use my frog . . . experts . . . average fishermen . . . beginners . . . even children . . . it *murders* bass . . . Here's how it can for you.

The Secret of Catching Lunker Bass

For 22 years I fished bass the hard way . . . but studied their habits . . . how they love weeds . . . and devour every frog they can get.

I tested simulated frogs of every color, shape, size and material I could find . . . but even perfect replicas when motionless were so unnatural in water as to prove useless.

Every lure I used . . . even so-called "weedless" ones . . . fouled or snagged in weeds . . . until I invented my own weedless hook . . . diagram at right shows why.

Then I found it . . . a toy frog of soft rubber and long, trailing, thin, triple-jointed, hollow rubber legs . . . this "toy" frog changed my fishing life and can yours. Here's how.

World's Most Natural Lure in the Weeds

I seized the frog, put on my weedless hook and rushed to the nearest weed covered lake.

Once cast, the frog sat with just its eyes above water. When I twitched the rod tip, the frog's legs kicked backward in exact imitation of the real thing.

Before I could give a second twitch, something green, black and white blew the pad apart to get at the toy frog. Scratch one bass.

Here was a lure that looked, acted, moved . . . even *felt* so natural to bass that it proved *irresistible*. I could make it sit motionless on a pad . . . move s-l-o-w or fast . . . on or below the surface . . . with a simple twitch of the rod tip I could make it look *frightened* and *hurt* in its action . . . anybody could do the same.

And I could move that lure through the heart of the weed "jungles" bass love as naturally as if it lived there, and so surely I could *forget* the worry of losing snagged lures.

Reflex Kicking Action Works Instantly

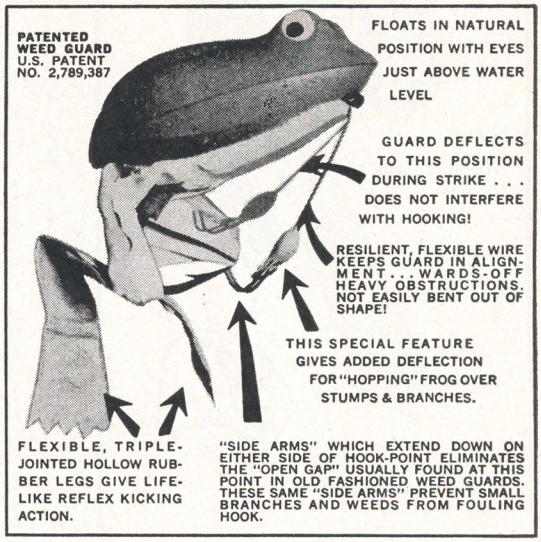
For months I sculptured one body after another out of sponge rubber. I got the precisely right shape and size and weight for perfect casting . . . worked on the hook arrangement to get perfect weed guard action with *positively* no interference with the hook after the strike . . . solved the problems of action and buoyancy . . . tested and retested the fish catching power of my frog at every step. Now it was perfect. Every time, for anyone, a twitch of the rod tip would cause the flexible legs instantly to kick out as life-like as imaginable, as it darted ahead.

Frog Irresistible to Bass

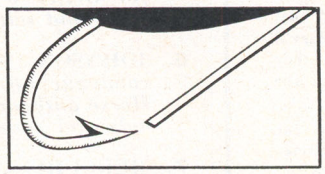
I could show anyone in five minutes how to use the rod with my frog.

Read What Happened to Me

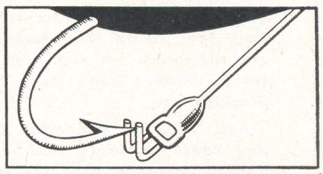
1. Creel census men of Massachusetts Fish & Wild Life Commission sent photographs of my catches to papers who published my picture and 2 and 3 column stories.
2. Radio and TV Stations interviewed me about my frog's giant catches.
3. Outdoor Life ran a 4-page article on frog and me — featured on front cover. Sports Afield ran 6 editorial pages on us . . . Fur-Fish-Game ran 3.
4. General Motors filmed me using my frog, showed it on 200 TV Stations.
5. Thousands of fishermen heard of frog, ordered it — forcing me into business and out of my job as flying instructor . . . then users reported fabulous catches using my frog and method.



Bill Plummer's unique, scientifically designed construction copes with all types of hazards while being retrieved at any speed or "dangled" in brush or stumps. Most weed guards are only effective while skimming the water surface at a rapid speed. Bill Plummer's Bass Frog can be fished at any speed and requires all of the features shown to eliminate fouling.



Shown above . . . The Achilles heel of the typical weed guard . . . The "open gap"! This is one of the greatest faults of all conventional type weed guards.



Shown above . . . my patented weed guard gives positive protection against all obstructions . . . weeds, branches, stumps . . . does not interfere with hook or strike!

I'd inch my frog ahead . . . suddenly sweep forward . . . make my frog slip quietly off the pad into the water . . . race across moss . . . looking as terrified as if running for its life — and the bass struck without caution.

I'd make my frog dart . . . jump . . . dive . . . struggle in water as though drowning . . . bump temptingly along the bottom — I'd catch bass when my buddies would come home skunked.

With my frog I began to catch all the bass I wanted . . . throw back *all* bass under four pounds . . . in New England *before* my frog I rarely caught bass over four pounds. Now I began to catch bass twice as big as before. I was able to fish in the very places huge bass hid in. I'd boat and release bass after bass.

One Fisherman Tells Another

I had seen 30 bass taken and released in a day's fishing . . . seen giant bass caught . . . bass caught when they were not biting for other fishermen on the lake.

Now report after report came in. "Without doubt the best all-round surface lure I ever used." "The best lure I've ever used." "Your weed guard is superior to any on the market." "Since my first frog, more than doubled my catch of "big ones."

My frog worked for more and more kinds of fresh water and even salt water fish. A non-weedless model proved sensational in clay pits and rock quarries, in clear, open and rock waters which small mouth bass frequent.

Underwater at all depths including "bottom bumping" it proved extremely effective.

What This Means to You

Simply this. No longer need you stand helplessly by fishing the edges of weeds when bass are not venturing out from their shelter . . . waste untold hours fishing countless acres of barren water . . . lose valuable tackle trying to go into weeds you're not equipped for . . . be content with puny bass, with a fraction of your limit or even getting skunked simply because you can't safely go after bass in the shelter of weeds, pads and moss.

Now you can fish my reflex action kicking frog into the center of weeds . . . fish over submerged logs, through matted brush, in underwater thickets, through weeds, grass and pads . . . have more FUN fishing than ever before . . . make my frog do tricks . . . crawl . . . race . . . dive . . . sit motionless . . . dart away — use every obstacle to help you that used to hurt you — overhanging branches . . . half submerged logs and rocks . . . moss and weeds so thick you can't see the water . . . too treacherous to dare to fish before, but now a cinch for your frog. Now you can catch bass as you never did before . . . bigger bass, more bass, more often.

AMAZING TRIAL OFFER

Try my frog at our risk. Fish it in the worst weed trap area you know . . . where bass have been caught but you've been skunked or caught practically nothing . . . over logs, around rocks, through brush and matted weeds. Unless delighted, return for no cost. You must catch more bass, bigger bass, more different kinds of game fish, more often . . . must have more *fun* fishing where the bass are . . . in the weeds . . . or no cost.

First Come, First Served

Demand is so great I've turned over all manufacture and marketing to **this fine company,** but it may take months to get production up to demand. This advertisement may not be run in this magazine again. It's first come, first served. So act now. Rush coupon below.

MAIL AMAZING 6 MONTH TRIAL COUPON TODAY

HILLSDALE ASSOCIATES, DEPT. AR-5
208 EAST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK 17

Yes, I want to try Bill Plummer's BASS FROG Lures on AMAZING 6 MONTH TRIAL OFFER. Send me set of two different size (¼ Oz. and ⅜ Oz.) for only $2.98. If BASS FROG does not catch bigger bass for me . . . make bass fishing more fun . . . if BASS FROG is not the greatest bass lure I've ever used, I can return it within 6 months for full purchase price refund.

☐ **PAYMENT ENCLOSED.** Enclosed is $2.98 (cash, check or M.O.). Ship me set of 2 BASS FROGS postpaid. I SAVE all C.O.D. charges. Money-Back Guarantee.

☐ **SEND C.O.D.** I will pay postman $2.98 plus C.O.D. postage charges. Same Money-Back Guarantee.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

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

CRASH LANDING OFF VIETNAM

continued from page 72

steaming on their tail, Rocky, when their birds start coming home."

"How they ever find that deck at night, I'll never know. They earn their pay."

"Hell, they'd do it for nothing if they had to. I know the air boss over there. Don't worry. Swede always brings them home."

"They can have it. I'm glad it isn't me."

"Jingo, you don't have a flyboy's soul." Rocky grinned, beginning to sing in a soft, low voice, "'Fish gotta swim, birds gotta fly . . .'"

He let the words drift off, but he went on humming the tune. The voices now were functional—the talker calling out a range and bearing when it came up on his phones from CIC, a periodic order by the OD to the wheelman and the engine annunciators, instantly repeated.

The ships held station, steaming west and north, the *Ridgeway's* aircraft far away in starry night on their dangerous mission toward Hanoi.

When the time for first recovery approached, the tin can *Dobie* tied on knots. The skipper took the con. Underfoot, the deck was shuddering, the blowers whining as she built her speed. She came knifing past the *Ridgeway's* bulk, steeply rolling as she made her turn.

"Come to course three zero zero." The captain's voice was quiet. "Make turns for twenty-five knots."

"Course three zero zero," the wheelman answered.

Rocky pressed the lever on the TBS speaker, bending toward the mike, "Dingbat, this is Snowgoose. We are plane-guard ship. On station. Bring your birds home."

"Snowgoose, this is Dingbat. Roger."

"We are guarding your aircraft frequency. Reading loud and clear. Out."

That way, the formation steamed into the wind, the tin can *Dobie* slicing through the dark water off the carrier's port quarter. The carrier loomed huge, her homing beacon circling high aloft. Her planes had little else to guide them home.

The first plane swept down slowly in descending altitude from far astern, arresting hook and landing gear all lowered, her pilot lining up his ship with the landing mirrors that would tell him he was in the landing groove. A small, quick shower of sparks went slithering from her wheels the instant she touched the deck. She rushed along for a moment, then stopped short, her landing speed abruptly broken.

"Hooked the first arresting cable," Rocky murmured in the half-light of the *Dobie's* pilothouse. "That lad is good!"

"They have to be good. There's no place else to go."

They came in one by one. The patterns moved like clockwork. Now and then a plane, waved off, went screaming past, climbing back to heaven for another try.

That way, the attack carrier *Ridgeway* brought her aircraft home, her deck a frenzy of activity, the skinners hauling each plane off to clear the landing strip, arresting wires sparking as they slithered quickly back in place, ready for the next.

They were bringing in the F-8s now. The hot stovepipes. Single-seater inter-

EVERYBODY'S putting us on!

Put on this popular oxford from RED WING—and you're wearing one of the most versatile work shoes ever designed! This handsome low-cut features a dressy black upper with an embossed moccasin toe. It's at home in any setting. And it's crafted for lasting fit, day-long foot comfort and reliable protection. That's why everybody's putting us on. So . . . visit your RED WING dealer and try on a pair yourself!

No. 335 Black Work Oxford (one of 109 styles for work, sport and leisure)

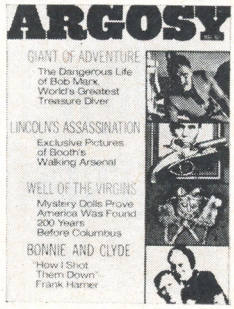
RED WING

Red Wing Shoe Company, Red Wing, Minnesota 55066

RED WING SHOES

ARGOSY

FATHER'S DAY GIFT FORM



SPECIAL LOW RATES

One 1-year subscription (a gift or your own) $5.00

Each additional 1-year gift $4.00

(Outside U. S., U. S. Possessions and Canada add $1.00 per year foreign postage)

(PLEASE PRINT)

to: Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State ..... Zip Code .....

☐ New ☐ Renewal

☐ Enclosed is $..... ☐ Bill Me

My name .....

Address .....

City ..... State ..... Zip Code .....

☐ Also include a 1-year subscription for me

☐ New ☐ Renewal

Gift card to read: From .....

ARGOSY PORTLAND PLACE BOULDER, COLORADO

0909

For all shooters and hunters

AMMUNITION HANDBOOK

This is the definitive book on ammunition for all types of shotguns, rifles and handguns, by America's leading ammunition authority, Winchester-Western. It is clear, concise, arranged for quick reference, and is a handy and complete shooter's handbook. Fully illustrated with drawings and photographs, its coverage is truly encyclopedic. The book traces in detail the history of ammunition, from the time when man first hurled a rock at a foe—or at a prospective dinner. It discusses the evolution of the cartridge, its chambering and parts, and the way they are named. It contains the up-to-date facts and figures on shotshells, barrels, ballistics, chokes, and loads for game in timber and open-country big game. How to choose shot size, and safety in loading and reloading are given complete coverage. In the chapter titled, "The Rifled Slug, a Deerslayer," the misunderstood rifled slug is examined and explained to enable a shotgun to be converted into a highly dependable deer rifle. In the chapter titled, "Basic Rifle Ballistics," the rudiments of rifle ballistics illustrate the difference between hits and near (usually far) misses. In the chapter titled, "Center Fire Handgun Cartridges," the flexibility, range, and power of the handgun are explored to make possible better scores and bigger game. The wealth of easy-reference material, statistical charts and glossary of technical terms make this book an indispensable manual for everyone who uses ammunition.

only $2.45 regular price $4.95

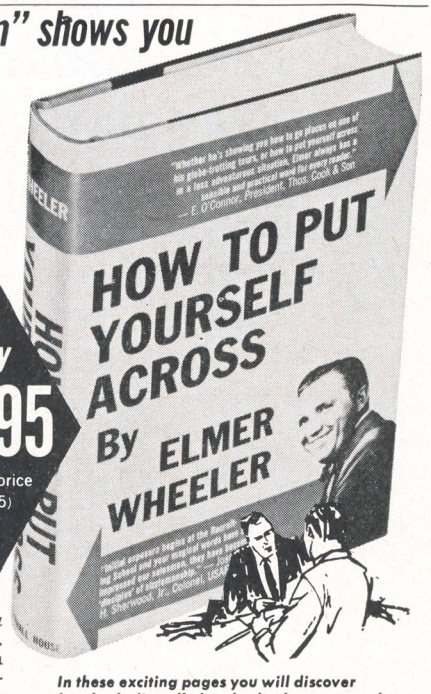
The world's handiest handbook on ammunition for all types of shotguns, rifles, and handguns. Full of facts, photographs, ballistics, and statistics!

Self Help Library AMMO HAND.
Box 3141, Grand Central Station
New York, N. Y. 10017
Rush_____copies @ $2.45
Enclosed is check or M. O. for $_____
NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
CITY_____STATE_____ZIP CODE_____
(Add 35¢ postage and handling)

Now—"America's #1 Salesman" shows you

How To Put Yourself Across

Yes, step by step, Elmer Wheeler shows you how to make your daydreams come true . . . 8 rules for self-made people . . . 6 ways to conquer complexes . . . how to overcome inferiority . . . the art of conversation . . . how to know what you want in life, and how to set your ideas into vital motion!



only $2.95 (regular price $4.95)

Here, too, you'll discover why it pays to:

- **BE A GOOD LISTENER**
- **RADIATE WARMTH**
- **GIVE PEOPLE AN INCENTIVE**

This book, a best-seller at $4.95, is yours for a limited time only at the amazing price of $2.95. Read it. Study Elmer Wheeler's exciting formula for personal success. *You have a money back guarantee that it will work for you, as it has for thousands of others!* Full refund privilege is guaranteed if it doesn't help you!

In these exciting pages you will discover hundreds, literally hundreds of ways to make you vital, dynamic—more successful in life!

• ABOUT THE AUTHOR •

Elmer Wheeler, known as "Mr. Sizzle" to millions of salesmen around the world, is always in great demand for speaking engagements. Early in his career Elmer took as his motto "Don't sell the steak—sell the sizzle," and turned it into an imposing business philosophy with a string of successes to prove it.

Self Help Library H
Box 3141, Grand Central Station
New York, N. Y. 10017
Rush_____copies @ $2.95
Enclosed is check or M. O. for $_____
NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
CITY_____STATE_____ZIP CODE_____
(Add 35¢ postage and handling)

ceptors. A pilot had to use a shoehorn to fit himself inside. Locked in that compact cockpit, he and the plane were one. These came in like the others, circling in the landing pattern while the *Dobie's* topside people watched. Only one left up there. They could see her far astern, banking in her last approach turn, losing altitude.

Right after that, it happened.

"Dingbat, this is Hotshot Six." The pilot's voice came loud and clear into the stillness of the *Dobie's* pilothouse. It seemed astonishingly calm. "Hydraulic casualty here. Combat hit. Showed clear till now. Arresting hook and wheels won't lower. I'll go around and try again."

"Roger." That was Swede's voice from the carrier. It held its quiet tone. "Try it manual, Hotshot Six."

They heard that in the *Dobie*. There was instant silence. They watched the wing lights overhead move swiftly past the stars. What was he doing up there, one man sealed in solitude? What was he thinking?

"Dingbat, this is Hotshot Six. No go." The voice still held its calmness. "No hook or wheels. Soup's low. Over."

There was no answer. Then Swede's voice came in. "Hotshot Six, this is Dingbat. We will clear you at once for Dang Ho Ten. Course zero eight five. I say again. Zero eight five. There will be a landing strip prepared for belly landing. Over."

"No good. Can't make it. Fuel pushing zero. Give me another shake."

"Listen, Hotshot Six! If you decide to eject, recommend you do it here. Otherwise, we'll rig the crash net for you. Over."

"What have you got on the surface down there?"

"Cruiser *Banning* one thousands yards ahead. Tin cans in screen Alfa. Another one on plane guard station, port quarter."

"Rig the crash-net barrier, Swede. I'm coming in. Right now."

The rest all happened swiftly. Lupe Jensen made his own decision. They heard it in the *Dobie*. Lieutenant Harry Jingo was already halfway down the ladder when the order to stand by the whaleboat sounded. The whaler was ready, prepared to lower away. They watched the aircraft, solitary in the sky astern, settling toward the angled landing deck. So did all the people in the *Dobie's* pilothouse.

Rockway up there, better than the rest, knew what was happening on board the carrier. Arresting wires are useless to a plane without her hook and wheels down. The barrier was already rigged, heavy nylon crash net stretched across the landing strip, lit weirdly by the dustpan lights, the flight-deck crew all standing clear. Swede long ago had bawled down through his speaker to clear his birds—the landed planes—off the foul line. There was nothing in the way, nothing to stop an F-8 coming in at a hundred-twenty knots except the nylon web of the barrier net, Lupe Jensen's tenuous and last remaining hope.

"He'll be all right," Stu Lasher growled. The squadron commander's voice fell dully into silence. "Hit the net myself once. Off Korea. Just broke some bones. I made it, though. So will Lupe."

There was no answer.

"High," Stu Lasher muttered to himself, intense on dreadful concentration. "Ease her down a little, Lupe. A little!"

Suddenly his voice went silent. The plane came streaking in, committed now. Across the water, in the *Dobie*, they could see her in the gloom, swallowing the last free air space, eating up the ultimate remaining time. They watched her flash across the dustpan-lighted flight deck, and she must have come in high. A little only. But enough. They saw a momentary shower of bright sparks, fireflies in the windy darkness as metal touched the top of the barrier. The under-fuselage just barely brushed it. It was nothing. How could such a fleeting touch be harmful? Instantly the sparks expired. But the plane tipped over at the impact. In an instant, she nosed down, plummeting toward the sea. A small white geyser splashed up from dark water. It fell back at once.

"Away the whaleboat! Rescue party stand by to pick up survivors!"

That's the way it was. The searchlights stabbed down at the water, shafts of cold, white brilliance lighting up small pools of sea. Down where the whaleboat was, the wind was icy, sheeting thin sprays inboard. Harry Jingo sighted bits of floating wreckage, conning the whaleboat toward them to recover what he could.

The walking pools of brilliance touched on shining scraps of floating metal. That's all there was. Lieutenant Harry Jingo picked up what he found.

"Mr. Rockway," he reported into the microphone of his walkie-talkie to the *Dobie's* main deck, "I have the earpiece of a pilot's headset. It is bloody, sir."

The search was ended. There was nothing else to find. . . .

That's the way it was. That's how it happened in the attack carrier *Ridgeway* and the tin can *USS John Dobie* in the Tonkin Gulf off the Vietnam coast. That's what the people spoke about at that table off the little dance floor in the Officers Club at Pearl. Their speech was not for Tula Chadwick. It was their needful tribute to a comrade who could not be there, an ancient ritual.

Tula kept her head bowed while the voices drifted past her. She could hear again the music of the three-man combo, the ensigns chattering against the bar.

"Why didn't Lupe eject?" She asked it dully of the middle space. "He must have known it was his best chance."

Rockway's humming ceased. Harry Jingo, who kept looking at her, only blinked his eyes. Swede, the big commander, drank. Stu Lasher, Lupe Jensen's squadron commander, spoke.

"He was over the whole formation, fuel pushing zero. An F-8 is built for power and speed, not glide. After he left her and she flamed out, she'd fall like a stone. You know what that would do to a surface ship and her people if she crashed it? He did." Stu Lasher was tapping his highball glass on the table. His voice was singularly calm. "He knew. He made his decision. He did his job. He rode her down."

The girl said nothing, her gray eyes glistening.

"Will you look at the old boy go!" said Rocky.

The single couple were still there on the little dance floor by themselves—the man with the iron-gray along his temples, and his lady smiling up at him. They kept twisting and gyrating. Only for a few bars, though.

"Whoops!" said Rocky, "that's too much for him. Here comes the admiral now."

"Well, that's nice of him! Does he always dance the frug when one of his men dies?"

"You ask him. He'll be here in a minute." Rocky's voice this time was sharp. "When I was a fresh-caught ensign in the war with the Japanese," he said, "that man was my first commanding officer. I served under him in my first tin can at Okinawa on the radar picket line. He lost his oldest son out there when a kamikaze crashed the ship. His other son was a lieutenant of Marines. He got killed in Korea on Pork Chop Hill. I couldn't tell you if he danced." Rocky's voice went flat. "You ask him. Here he is."

He came alone, and the people at the table stood up. Tula barely heard the introduction, saw the man with the iron-gray along his temples smile at her. She was astonished by such sadly gentle eyes.

"Swede," she heard the admiral tell the air boss of the *Ridgeway*, "your commanding officer is recommending the DFC for Lieutenant Jensen. I intend to approve it."

"Thank you, sir. Lupe made lieutenant-commander. He never knew it, but he did. This is his wetting-down party. Would you join us, sir, in a drink?" he said.

"Of course. Sit down." The admiral sipped from his glass when it came, then said quietly, "We are giving you a division of destroyers, Swede. DesDiv Two-Five-Six. After shakedown, they will sail for Vietnam under your command. They are cutting your orders now, Commodore."

Then the admiral went away, and Tula knew the ritual was at its end. The people would speak of this no more. Lupe Jensen never would come striding in here any more, his ash-blond hair all rumpled and his young grin letting earth-bound mortals know he held the starry heavens in the hollow of his hand.

For Lupe, one thing alone remained. The news of his death must be released to the press. But only with propriety. Only after the next of kin had been notified. Tula must have murmured that aloud.

Swede, the big commander, stared intently at her.

"The next of kin already has been notified," his voice was saying flatly to her. "Lupe and I were brothers. I damn near raised that kid."

She just stared back at him. Why, these others had always known it! So had the admiral. Swede would not acknowledge it until the ritual was over. He wanted no special regard.

Tula stood up, her eyes very bright. Lieutenant Harry Jingo stood up, too. He would say nothing to her when he drove her home to Punahou, though he wore his heart on his sleeve. Tula turned away in silence. Then all at once she came back. At the table, they were looking up at her. She understood now that they had given her a great privilege, allowing her presence. What would she say?

"You will be sailing again to the Vietnam coast," she murmured to the big commander. Her voice was very low and very firm. "Swede," she said, "when you get back, I think you will find a lot of your brothers there."

• • •

GREATER WARMTH AND GREATER

COMFORT

YOURS IN WENZEL *BONDED-PLUS* SLEEPING BAGS FILLED 100% WITH IMPROVED DACRON® 88 POLYESTER

"LIKE ADDING EXTRA POUNDS OF INSULATION"

Eliminates quilting . . . and quilting cold spots. Maintains 20% to 25% greater loft and warmth. Does away with the stiffness and harshness of ordinary sleeping bags; instead there's a luxurious resilience, the same satisfying comfort of your bed at home.

WENZEL

Tents and Sleeping Bags

Write for name of nearest dealer

H. WENZEL TENT & DUCK CO.

St. Louis, Mo. 63132 • St. George, Utah 84770

Since 1887

ARGO NOTES

NEWS AND ANECDOTES ABOUT OUR AUTHORS, EDITORS AND STORIES

IT'S TEXAS Water Safari time! This year marks the sixth anniversary of "The World's Toughest Boat Race," and the 1968 event promises to be tougher and more exciting than ever. For readers not familiar with this competition, boats of any size and shape may be entered, and any number of people may be used to constitute a crew. All craft must, however, be propelled only by manual means or by sail.

And are you ready for the race route? Beginning in the San Marcos City Park on the San Marcos River, the Safari will race down the river ninety miles to the Guadalupe River, west of Gonzales, Texas. From here, 320 river miles remain before reaching the mouth of the Guadalupe. Six miles more take the stout-hearted sailors to the north beach at Seadrift. Boats encounter nine dams along the river portion of the race, as well as a number of low-water bridges and log jams.

The Safari is not over yet, however. There is a coastal portion of about fifty miles of open bays which must be navigated. More than $6,000 in cash prizes will be awarded along the race route, plus merchandise awards and several fine trophies—including the ARGOSY Adventure Trophy.

Preliminary races are run during May, and the main event runs for eight days, from June 8th to 15th. Many communities along the route are planning festivities, and the official starter for the Safari will be top astronaut Captain James A. Lovell, Jr.

Anyone interested in entering the competition or attending as a spectator should request information from Texas Water Safari, Box 721, San Marcos, Texas 78666. It's probably worth a trip just to watch Miss Water Safari get crowned.

GUN BUFFS will be interested in a new book by Robert Elman, who wrote the in-depth study of President Lincoln's assassination in this issue. Bob's book is titled "Fired in Anger" (Doubleday) and it contains an unusual recapitulation of American history, based on research concerning the personal hand weapons of famous historical figures, both heroes and villains.

Beginning with the espingarda *(a forerunner of the matchlock) of Christopher Columbus, Elman includes the stories of 100 side arms. With each, he gives background history of the gun's owner, the battle or other setting in which it is known to have been used, detailed descriptions of the mechanism and workmanship of the gun, its subsequent history and where it is today. The book is liberally illustrated, and we highly recommend it to anyone interested in guns.*

BLISS K. THORNE, author of this month's bonus book, served in the China-Burma-India Theater during World War II. For two years, he and his fellow pilots made daily flights across "The Bloody Rockpile," which you'll find graphically depicted in his exciting story.

A private pilot before the war, Bliss flew with the Army Air Force throughout the conflict, then taught instrument flying before retiring as a captain. For fifteen years thereafter, he was on the New York *Times*'s editorial staff, working on general assignments and specializing in aviation.

As a boy, he witnessed the take-offs of many famous flights, including those of Lindbergh, Clarence Chamberlin and Bert Acosta. Bliss grew up on Long Island, graduated from Dartmouth and later became editor of the aviation magazine, "Skyways." He has also written special material for Pan American World Airways.

"The Bloody Rockpile" is a nostalgic look at World War II in the East, combined with a contemporary cold-war spy adventure. And the author is a man who obviously didn't have to research his material.

ARIE DE ZANGER

Argosy Art Director Bern White (right) examines the Deringer that killed Abe Lincoln.

JOHN H. JENKINS, who, with Tom Harris, wrote the Bonnie and Clyde article in this issue, has gathered an impressive list of credits for a man only twenty-five years old. John has written five books, published twenty-one more, owns six businesses and has even had a public library named in his honor!

Senator Ralph Yarborough has described the young man as a "Writer, Historian, Book Man, Art Dealer and Bibliographer." The Texas State Director of Libraries calls him "a writer and editor of considerable experience, and a publisher with a public-service orientation toward the historian, librarian, writer and scholar."

Mr. Jenkins makes his headquarters in Austin, in an impressive office containing such conversation pieces as Mark Twain's original Chippendale desk, 300-year-old paneling from an English castle, and paintings by Renoir, Corot and Picasso.

Keep up the good work, young fellow, and you'll be a big success some day.

LARRY CALLOWAY, who penned the eyewitness report on Reies Tijerina's New Mexico insurrection (see "The American Revolution of 1967," ARGOSY, February, 1968), says he's having trouble sleeping nights lately. Since he was a witness to the attack on the town of Tierra Amarilla by a band of twenty gunslingers, Larry has been waiting to be called to testify in the resultant trial. Meanwhile, however, another key witness has been kidnapped and brutally beaten to death by "unknown" assailants, and Larry is just hoping there isn't a list around somewhere naming him as the next victim.

BIGFOOT, California's answer to the Abominable Snowman, has friends in Wyoming, it seems. In Albany County, three rabbit hunters claim they were attacked by "someone or something" while on an outing just south of Laramie. The trio of Nimrods were quoted as saying that "a large, hairy creature" threw large rocks at them, knocking one unconscious. The county sheriff suggested that the attacker might have been a well-known recluse living in the area, wearing heavy winter clothing. The recluse is five feet two, however—slightly under the seven-foot description the hunters gave their assailant. • •

NEWEST SECRET OF THE WELL OF VIRGINS

continued from page 69

another tank of air and gave instructions to the men on the raft to drop everything and do nothing else but fill tanks.

By the time Bill plunged down with the new air supply, I was putting on a rig myself. The camp site was notified of the emergency and one of the vehicles was readied for use as an ambulance.

I thought I knew the location of the boulder pretty well and headed for it as soon as I dived in. The shadows of the afternoon made the water nearly black. I swam around for what seemed like a half-hour but still couldn't find the rock in the blackness of the well. Reluctantly, I decided to surface.

When I did, I saw something that was too good to hope for. Austin—not seriously injured—was sprawled out on the deck of the raft, and Bill was massaging his leg.

As I pieced together the story, I learned that Austin had gotten trapped beneath the big boulder, almost from the waist down. But somehow, with almost superhuman strength, Bill had managed to move the rock enough for Austin to wriggle free before he ran out of air.

It was a close call and we were lucky not to have more of them.

Without knowing it, however, we were working against ourselves. The mud churned up by the airlifts and the divers was creating turbidity nearly as fast as the filtration system could eliminate it. Visibility was increasing—but not fast enough.

It was during these days that the doll with the inscription was recovered. Divers also brought up pieces of gold leaf and carved knives of stag horn. Archeologists presumed these were instruments used to cut the hearts out of victims before they were sacrificed to Chac. In later times, however, sacrifices were thrown in alive.

Some of their bones were drying at the cataloguist's shed, and the macabre collection was growing. After hearing the legends of the well, we expected to find the bones of virgins and warriors, but we discovered something even more horrible. Nearly all the bones belonged to children. This confirmed what some archeologists had suspected—that Chac demanded the blood of children.

Some of the dolls that came to the surface had pins stuck in them, but Victor Segovia explained that these had nothing to do with voodoo. Instead, he said, the pins were used to point out the area of pain for the gods to cure. Incredibly, some of the dolls with pins couldn't be more than a year old. In fact, sacrifices of one kind or another were probably made until almost the day our caravan arrived at the Sacred Well.

Once the water was clarified, the real barrier to the treasure was broken. Divers had to redouble their efforts not to stir up mud, and airlifts had to be used with extreme care. But at least we could see what we were doing.

Effigies of grotesque gods came to the surface along with pottery that rivaled anything ancient Rome ever produced. Bushels of *pom* were collected, and we counted the remains of nearly 100 victims.

Even the Maya workers who thought they'd foretold our doom were beginning to think we were more powerful than Chac.

The rains ceased and the weather turned cooler.

Jeff Gill was diving one day in an area beneath what was apparently the altar used for sacrifices when he saw a shiny piece of blue in the mud. Gently he reached in and pulled it out.

The shiny piece was one end of a ceramic fragment painted in colors that almost sparkled under water. Jeff had never seen anything like it before. He cupped his hands around it and swam to the surface.

Even archeologists were amazed. The pottery was known as Tepeu, the finest made by Maya craftsmen more than 1,000 years ago. Rather than depicting the gods, the artist had painted men, the ancient Mayas themselves. The fragment glittered with blue, green, black, yellow, red and white. It was like looking through a window into the past.

Soon other Tepeu fragments were discovered, and we saw the pattern of an ancient civilization pieced together. Chieftains were bedecked in splendid feather robes. Warriors grimaced, their heads painted black. Women carried smiling children, and merchants were depicted leading trade caravans through the jungle.

The trade routes—as far as we now know—extended from Veracruz to Central America. The best of the goods that arrived at Chichén often wound up at the bottom of the well.

When a gold ring was brought up, I couldn't resist putting it on my finger for a few seconds. Wearing a ring nearly 1,000 years old gave me a feeling I'll never forget.

The mud in the well was littered with little copper bells, the bells of death. Mayas used pebbles as clappers and most of the bells still rang.

The purpose of our expedition was to recover treasure, not to keep it. All of it, including nearly 1,000 separate artifacts, will remain in Mexico and the best will go on display at the Museum of Anthropology in Mexico City. In addition, an exhibit of the artifacts is scheduled to go on tour of several key American cities later this year.

The quest for solid evidence has spurred us to continue operations at the Sacred Well this spring. The clearing of the water has clarified other mysteries about the past, and I believe it will let us find the evidence that has eluded scholars for centuries. • • •

OWN A TROUT STREAM IN IDAHO, MONTANA, WASH.

Unspoiled forested land where you can catch the limit from your own mountain trout stream. From your doorstep see elk, deer. Relax in the quiet splendor of "The Big Country."

$700 to $2000—10 to 40 acres

Little as $50 down, $25 month

Guaranteed title insurance, warranty deed, road access. Water on all land or accessible. Write Dept. AR568 for FREE color photos, description maps. Plan to drive and see your new property. Our foresters will show you any tract.

TIMBERLAND RESOURCES P.O. Box 4246 Spokane, Wash.

Hotels - Motels Call for Trained Men & Women

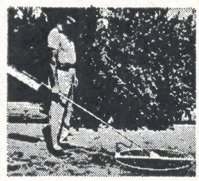
Record-breaking travel means nationwide opportunities and a sound, substantial future for trained men and women in the hotel, motel and hospitality field. Fascinating work, quick advancement. You can qualify at home, in leisure time, or through resident classes in Washington. Previous experience proved unnecessary. Placement Service without extra cost. Write for FREE book, "Your Golden Opportunity." Vet Apprv'd.

LEWIS MOTEL-HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOL
Room SE-114-12 Washington, D.C. 20037 52nd Year

be a TAX CONSULTANT

Income unlimited in ever growing profession. Our students are earning lucrative fees in dignified full or part time home-office business preparing income tax returns during busy tax season. Many operate profitable Business Tax Service with steady monthly fees of $10-$50. No bookkeeping experience necessary. We train you at home and help you start. Licensed by N.Y. Education Dep't. No agent will call. Write for free literature. Accredited Member NHSC. Approved For Veterans.
National Tax Training School, Monsey, 65QA, N.Y. 10952

$$ TREASURE $$



New revolutionary analytical transistorized metal detector will distinguish a gold bar from a tin can. No more unnecessary digging for tin cans, nails, bottle caps, etc. Also features push button tuning, automatic tuning, loudspeaker. Negligible ground pickup. Greatest detection range, etc. Many models — free catalog.

GARDINER ELECTRONICS CO.
Dept. 16, 4729 No. 7th Ave., Phoenix, Ariz. 85013

AUTHORS WANTED BY NEW YORK PUBLISHER

New York, N. Y.—One of the nation's leading book publishers is seeking book-length manuscripts of all types—fiction, non-fiction, poetry. New authors welcomed. Send for free booklet "AR-5" Vantage Press, 120 W. 31 St., N. Y., N. Y.

SERRO SCOTTY LOOKS GREAT for '68! FROM $795*

15' HI-LANDER $1165*
Sleeps 6 Can be self-contained

SERRO SCOTTY 15 $995*
Sleeps 5 Can be self-contained

SERRO SCOTTY 13, from **$795**
Sleeps 4-5. Two floor plans, one with commode. Weighs only 975 lbs.

TRAVEL RIGHT! TRAVEL LIGHT!! THE SCOTTY WAY!!!

SERRO SCOTTY SPORTSMAN

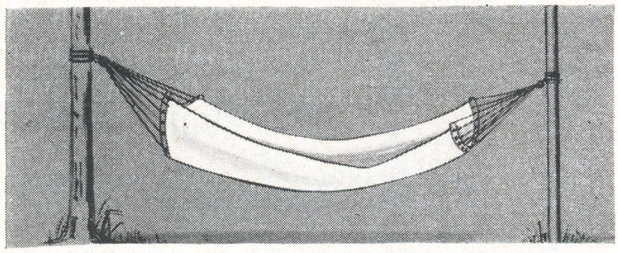
SERRO TRAVEL TRAILER CO.
*Standard Model, F.O.B. Factory

Write for Free Catalog and Scottyland Brochure!
Dept. H — Arona Road, Irwin, Pennsylvania 15642; Scotty Drive, Bristow, Oklahoma 74010; and now in Ashburn, Georgia 31714

Save Money With These Fine Gift Values!

A SOLID BUY FOR SUMMER

WHITE NAVY HAMMOCK



Ask any sailor if he remembers these heavy white canvas hammocks and he'll tell you they're sturdy, hold up well and cost a lot less money than commercial ones. Just think how relaxing they can be in your back yard, on camping trips, etc. Brand new. A full 36 x 74". Brass grommets. Complete with all ropes and clues. A great value for the summer. $9.95

AMAZING PEN-SIZE CAMERA OF THE FRENCH SURETE

CONFIDENTIAL POCKET CAMERA

- CLIPS INTO POCKET OR PURSE
- TAKES 18 BIG 2¼ x 2¼" B&W OR 18 COLOR IN 2 x 2" MOUNTS
- EASY TO USE • 1 YR. GUARANTEE
- FEATURES PREVIOUSLY AVAILABLE ONLY IN MODELS SELLING AT 10 x THE PRICE!

ACTUAL SIZE Measures 4 x 1½ x 1' Weighs 3 oz.

This is a remarkable little camera, a French invention first used by the Paris police. It is small, takes sharp pictures (just aim and shoot), automatically cocks as film is turned. Cost of film includes free processing and printing. Camera only $9.95.

SAVES EXTRA STEPS AND COSTLY RENTAL CHARGES

COLOR Dial Phones- only $13.95

6 Decorator Colors
BEIGE
IVORY
WHITE
RED
GREEN
& BLUE

COMES WITH 4-PRONG PLUG READY TO PLUG IN AND USE!

These reliable phones are hard to beat—sturdy reconditioned Western Electric and Stromberg-Carlson dial phones at about one quarter normal retail cost. Rewired, refinished and equipped with standard plug ready to use in home or office, they are a solid value, make it possible to have a phone in every room (cost less to own forever than what you'd pay to rent for 3 months). Two make a fine intercom. A buy! Each, $13.95; 2 for intercom, $25.95—Specify choice of white, ivory, beige, green, red or blue. Same phone in black only $9.95, set of 2, $18.95. (Add $1.25 postage per phone.)

A Real Jewel Among Swiss-made Watches

WORLD WAR II FROGMEN'S

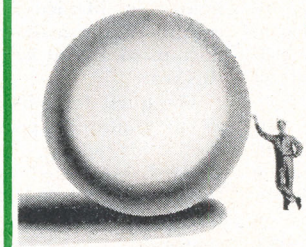
Deep-Sea Skin Diver's Calendar Watch—$12.95

SCUBA-TESTED IN EXTREME UNDERSEA DEPTHS

- Guaranteed waterproof
- Luminous Dial and hands glow eerily in 175 feet of water
- Rotating 60-minute cutdown timer shows elapsed time instantly
- Automatic day calendar
- A rugged, precise timepiece for Land or Sea wear

SKIN-DIVING • BOATING • SWIMMING • RACE CAR DRIVING FLYING • FISHING • HUNTING • TIMING ATHLETIC CONTESTS

This is a gem, rarely seen before World War II, but then made famous by the teams of Frogmen that needed a rugged and reliable instrument that would not only give the date and tell time, accurately, in 150 feet of water, but would also be an elapsed time computer to tell them how long they'd actually been under. This is it. All parts are machine-calibrated in Switzerland where the complete works are neatly turned out under rigid inspection in two different factories, then assembled and tested, under pressure, in a third. It is guaranteed waterproof at 175 feet, is shock-resistant, antimagnetic, has an unbreakable mainspring, automatic 24-hour calendar, big sweep second hand, luminous dial and hands, gleaming stainless steel rustproof case, Frogman's steel wrist band or rubberized underwater strap. No matter how you use it, on land or sea, that's a big hunk of watch for only $12.95 plus 65¢ postage & handling. Guaranteed for 1 year! In every way, a solid buy!



GIANT 12 FT.
METEOROLOGICAL BALLOON

Fine For Play, Advertising, Etc.

Playing with one of these is great fun for everybody! Actually a brand-new government surplus meteorological balloon, it's made of the finest long-lasting neoprene rubber, inflates easily with gas or air to from 12 to 18 feet high. Kids love them. Terrific used as an advertisement, for bazaars, openings, etc. $2.95 ppd.

MAIL 10-DAY NO-RISK COUPON TODAY!

HILLSDALE ASSOCIATES, Dept. AR-5, 208 East 43rd St., New York 10017

Rush me the following. I understand I can return anything in 10 days for a prompt refund. Enclosed check or m.o. for $_____

___Navy Hammocks @$9.95 (Add 75¢ post.)
___Pocket Cameras @ $9.95 (Add 65¢ post.)
___Rolls of Color Film @ $2.50 ___Rolls of BXW @ $1.95
___Color Phones @ $13.95 (Add 95¢ post. per phone)
State colors_____
___Sets of 2 Color Phones @ $25.95 (Add 95¢ post. per phone)
State colors_____
___Standard Black Dial Phones @ $9.95 (Add 95¢ post.)
___Sets of 2 Phones @ $18.95 (Add 95¢ post. per phone)
___Skin Diver's Calendar Watches @ $12.95 (Add 65¢ post.)
___Meteorological Balloons @ $2.95 (Add 25¢ post.)

NAME_____

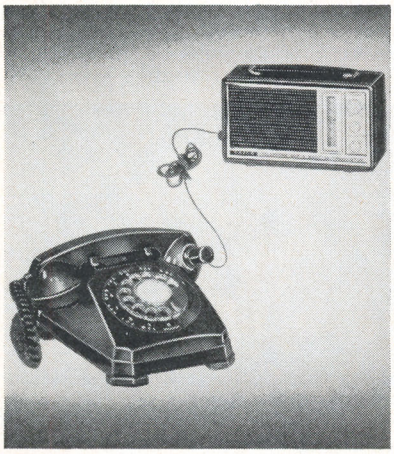
ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP_____

© C-D. 1968

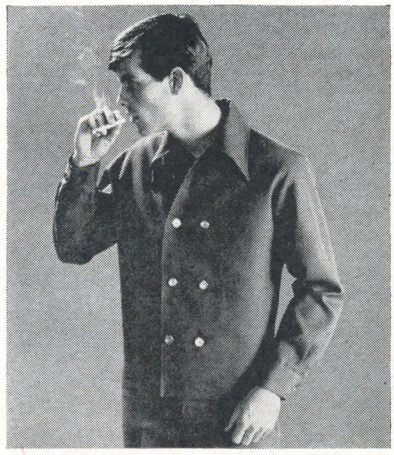
Stop-to-Shop

For your shopping pleasure . . . Each month Argosy presents new, useful and unusual items—all available by mail from firms listed.
All merchandise shown has been selected by Argosy. The editorial portion of Stop To Shop is not composed of paid advertising.

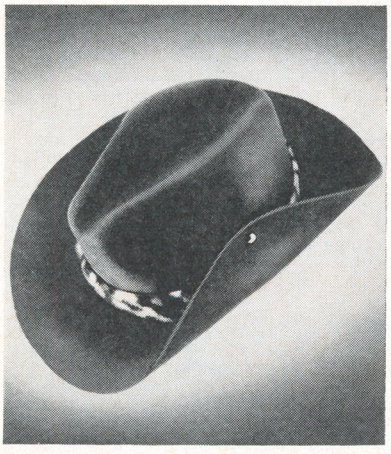


A MARVEL OF THE ELECTRONIC AGE that not only gives you the beautiful full quality sound of a 14 transistor radio, but also adapts instantly to amplify the incoming telephone voice so that everyone in the room can hear. Just turn a knob and apply the telephone connection and immediately the melodic radio is now a telephone voice amplifier. Unusual item to own or give as a gift. Only $19.95 plus $1 shipping charge. Grand Com Inc., Dept. AR-5, 1152 Sixth Avenue, N.Y. 10036.

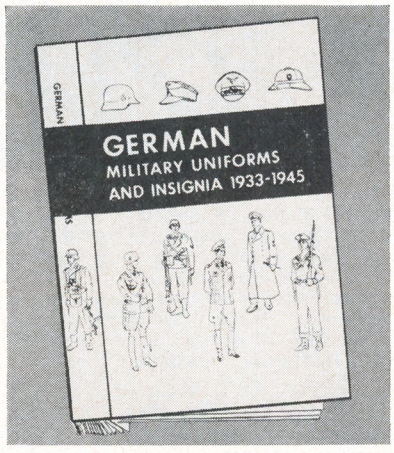
BIG SALARY JOBS for beginners are available due to a nat'l shortage of Draftsmen as reported by U.S. Labor Dept. We help 100's toward good income & prestige. Need no drawing skill. Prof. Draftsmen guide you in spare time. Earn while learn. Send for free "Drafting Career Kit," "Your Future in Drafting," & sample lesson. North American School of Drafting, Campus Dr., Dept. AP-5, Newport, Calif. 92660.



SENSATIONAL WALKING SUIT BY California designers made of specially processed 100% rayon. Featured, smart long collar points and bright Gold buttons. Available in Gold, Bavarian Green and Teal Blue. Shirt sizes, S-M-L; slack waist sizes-27 to 36. For finished bottoms, add $1 and give inseam measure. $24.95 ppd., or $2 deposit on C.O.D., you pay postage. Ask for free catalog of apparel and imported footwear from Italy, Spain, England. Eleganza, Dept. A-173, 678 Monument St., Brockton, Mass. 02403



FAMOUS AUSSIE DIGGER HAT, copied and styled accurately in 100% wool felt. Rugged, with masculine appeal and outstanding quality of craftsmanship, this daring hat comes with full inside sweat band. Attractive leopard hat band trim. Kangaroo brown! Ideal for Sportsmen. Sizes 6¾ to 7⅝. Priced at $6.45, including mailing charge. Outdoor World, (Div. of Western Brands), Dept. AR-5E, Estes Park, Colorado 80517. Send for free catalog with new ideas for outdoor men and women.



COMPLETE VOLUME on the history of "German Military Uniforms and Insignia 1933-1945". The German Armed Forces of World War II were the most splendidly attired than any other fighting force. 227 pages brimming with hundreds of line drawings, halftones, intelligence data and complete reproduced set of J.A.N. plates on German uniforms. Ideal for the historian or collector. $7.95 P.P. For catalog & lists of militaria, war relics, etc., send $.50 extra. Globe International, Dept. AR-5, 603-607 West 29th St., New York, N.Y. 10001

TREASURE CHEST OF TEN NEW PERFUMES, imported from France make the ideal gift for a favorite lady. Created by internationally known perfumers, these exciting, exotic scents will fit her every mood. Don't forget that Xmas is coming! Beautifully gift packaged, shipped anywhere in the U.S.A. Order today as quantities are limited. One chest $5; 2 chests $4.50 ea; 3 chests $4.25 ea; 10 or more chests $4 ea. Charles of Fifth Avenue, Dept. AR-5, P.O. Box 98, Cedarhurst, N.Y. 11516.

FOR MORE STOP TO SHOP TURN TO PAGE 92

TELEPHONES READY-TO-USE! OWN IT AND SAVE MONEY ON PHONE BILL EVERY MONTH!

STANDARD HOME PHONE

$9.95 Regulation dial phone crafted by famous American manufacturers. Reconditioned and ready to use with "like new" guarantee. Black only. Great idea for an extra phone in every room!

Complete with 4-prong plug, ringer and cable.

Add $1.50 for pstg/hdlg

Send $1 for Catalog, refundable with first order.

MODERN COLOR PHONES
— Wall or Desk Style —

Elegant Style phones in decorator colors styled for tabletop or wall-hang. (State choice.) Ready to plug in and use. Colors: white, beige, green, ivory, pink, yellow, red, black, blue. (Give 2nd choice.)

$26.95 Add $1.50 hdling/pstg

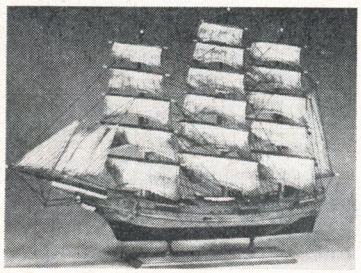
Complete with plug, ringer and cable.

25 ft. EXTENSION CORD @ $2.99 each. Saves steps; reaches all parts of room.

Send check, money order. NYC residents add 5% sales tax. Outside NYC add proper sales tax.

METROPOLITAN Teletronics Corp.
Dept. A1, 35 West 35th St., NYC 10001

antique model ships



Just out—exciting pictorial register of great sailing ships of the historic past. Masterful authentic reproductions created in limited editions by the finest European craftsmen. The catalogue itself is a memorable collectors item. For a copy of the catalogue send one dollar to:

Nautical Americana, dept. AR3
32 Reni Rd., Manhasset, N.Y. 11030

MORE BRILLIANT than DIAMONDS say leading national magazines about this new, man-made jewel Titania! For settings of your choice only $12 per carat; a 1-ct man's box 14K ring is only $35; in lady's 1-ct fishtail a mere $27. No more Federal tax. Write for FREE handy ring size chart & 120 page full color jewelry catalog.

10 DAY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

REGENT Lapidary Company *Dept. A-5*
511 East 12 Street • New York, N.Y. 10009

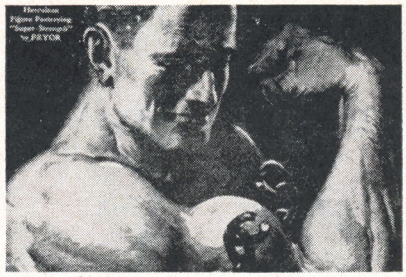
MINI-BIKINI

$3.99
Plus 35¢ post. & handling

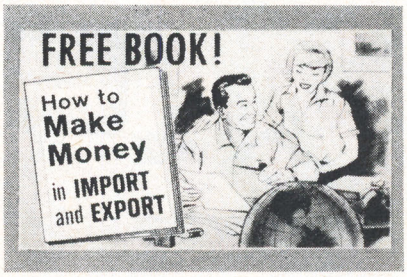
HOT SPOTS! The bikini buy of the year! Really fabulous styling and superb quality at an unbelievable price! Mr. Allin's newest happening in mod dotted cotton, glazed for the new "wet" look. Side tied pants and front tied halter bra. Black with White Mini Dot. S-M-L.

FREE CATALOG with every order. Dangerline dresses, sophisticated lingerie, foundations and bikinis. Or send 25¢ for postage & handling without order.

Originals INC. MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
Dept. AR-568
TREASURE ISLAND, FLA. 33706



THE BIG BUILD-UP! Every bodybuilder and athlete should have a Multi-Lift in his own home and gym. Just dial the poundage desired and then lift! Multi-Lift also saves you the cost of hundreds of pounds of weight, space, and eliminates heavy eqiupment. All this plus complete course of instruction, only $24.95 F.O.B. Vic Boff Health & Fitness Aids, Dept. AR5, 2666½ Bdwy., N.Y.C.



START HOME IMPORT BUSINESS with fabulous overseas bargains! British jeep $346, Calendar Watch $2.44, Walkie Talkie $3.25, Genuine Sapphire Ring $3.50 and hundreds more. Profits to 200% plus. Experience, product investment unnecessary. Age, location not important. Don't order from us. Send for free book "How to Import-Export". Mellinger, 1554 S. Sepulveda, Dept. B1375F, Los Angeles 90025

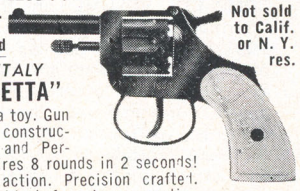
LEARN TO PLAY GUITAR in 7 days. Famous guitarist, Ed Sale, teaches you how to play a beautiful song the first day, and any song by ear or note in 7 days. You get 66-page instruction book, 110 songs, Chord Finder of all chords used in popular music. Special Guitarist's Book of Knowledge. $3 ppd. Ed Sale, Studio AR-5, Avon-By-The-Sea, New Jersey.

- **NOT TO BE CONFUSED WITH**
- **IMITATION *PLASTIC* MODELS**
- **SELLING FOR LESS ! !**

ONLY $5.95

22 Cal. Blank Cart. 8 Shot Revolver No Permit Required

Not sold to Calif. or N. Y. res.

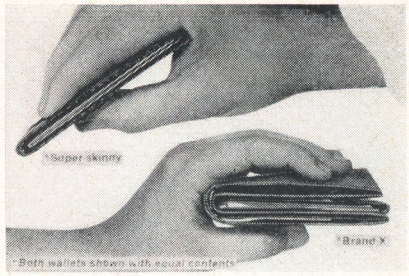


Imported from ITALY
"BLACK VENDETTA"

Latest model, not a toy. Gun is of solid steel construction. Lightweight and Perfectly balanced. Fires 8 rounds in 2 seconds! Double or single action. Precision crafted. 5½ inches long. Ideal for stage, sporting events, boating, protection. Revolver $5.95, quick-draw deluxe leather holster $2.25. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

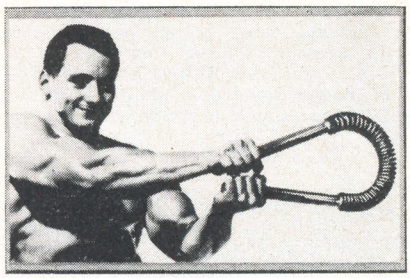
Send cash, check or M.O. and save C.O.D. charges or $1 deposit on C.O.D.'s.

BIG THREE ENTERPRISES INC.
Dept. AR-568, 1109 Sixth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10036

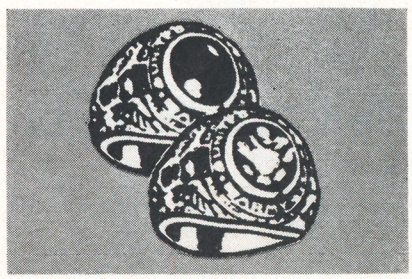


SUPER SKINNY WALLET holds everything the fatties do! Eliminates bulging pockets by distributing contents scientifically, evenly. Holds flip-thru plastic case, cash, cards, & all etceteras. Super Skinny is crafted of genuine Rhodia Cowhide. Choose black or brown leather. $4.98 postpd. P.P. Money back guarantee. A Man's World, Dept. AR5, Lake Success, New York 11040.

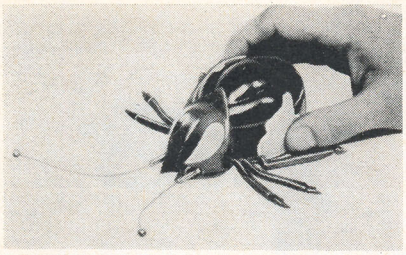
SPECIAL GIRL? Gift her with pure white brilliant Vega Pendant, mounted-14K white or yellow gold-hangs on solid gold twisted chain. Simulated man-made diamond, sparkles like real thing, guaran., not to chip, scratch, discolor. Men-Women ring styles also. Send for Free booklet; Vega Co., Dept. AR-2 Box 465, Radio City Station, New York, N.Y. 10019.



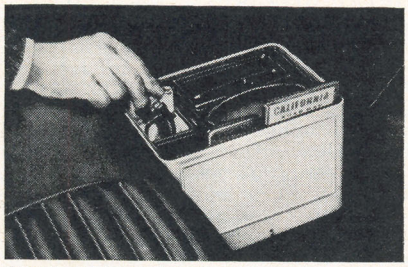
A NEW TWIST! Twist into shape with the "007" Power Twister, like Mr. America, Dave Draper. Packs power and muscle into arms, chest, and wrists. Strengthens and builds your back into a rippling sea of muscle. Fun to use. Needs no adjusting or setting-twist it as it comes out of the box! Complete with instructions, only $9.95. Joe Weider, Dept. 43-58PT, 531 32nd St., Union City, N.J.



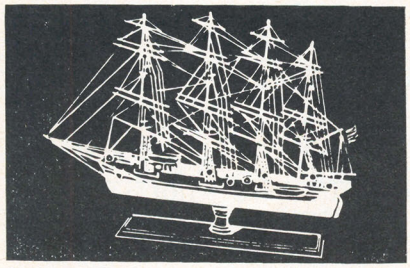
MASSIVE SERVICE RING, bold and handsome! Finely made, in your choice of 18K heavy gold stone electroplate, or sterling silver with plain stone; or 18K HGE with emblem of service embossed right on the stone. Sizes 7 to 12. Army & Marine-Red stone; Navy and Air Force-Blue stone. $4.50 postpaid. Vista Sales Co., Dept. AR-5, 605 Third Ave., N.Y.C. 10016



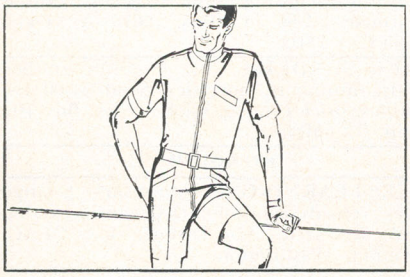
BUG YOUR FRIENDS! Fun for parties and as gifts, "The Bug" actually conceals a tiny microphone & radio transmitter. His antennae broadcast clear signals to any FM radio within 100 ft., even thru floors & walls, without wires. Just tune to 88-90 on your FM dial. $14.95 each. Use your own or order our high-powered FM radio for only $19.95. Continental Telephone & Supply Co., Inc., Dept. AR 17 W. 46 St., NYC 10036.



GOING SOMEWHERE? Just take you, your suitcase & Auto-Mate. Auto-Mate ends fumbling, makes driving safer. Fits over wasted "hump" space. Spring-on clamps. Holds tissues, road flares, wastebasket, first-aid kit, map, cigarettes, glasses, flashlights, note-book, towel & handy tray. High-impact styrene. $9.98 postpd. P.P. Money-back guar. A Man's World, Dept. AR5, Lake Success, N.Y. 11040.



SHIP AHOY with our handsome catalog of antique model ships. Recapture nautical history as you flip thru pages of great sailing ships of the past. Masterful authentic reproductions created in limited editions by the finest European craftsmen. It will be a unique addition to any library. Just a dollar. Nautical Engineers Co., Dept. AR1, 32 Reni Rd., Manhasset, L.I. N.Y. 11030.



THE COOLEST COMPLEMENT to your warm weather wardrobe is the short-cut, slim-line Parry suit. Wash 'n Wear, handsome linen-like weave of 65% Dacron poly./35% Avril rayon. Legs cut to 5". Zips to collarless neck; belted. 3 slant pockets in front, none in back. Blue, yel., orange, brandy. Chest sz. 36 to 42. $29.95. Joel McKay, Dept. A6-T37, 707 S. Raymond, Pasadena, Calif. 91105. No COD.

STAHLHELM

German Army World War II type field gray steel helmet with liner and chin straps. Mint; unissued condition.

$15.00 ppd.
plus $1.00 postage

THE BLUE MAX

Beautiful authentic reproduction of Imperial Germany's Highest WW I award. Complete with ribbon.

$9.95 ppd.

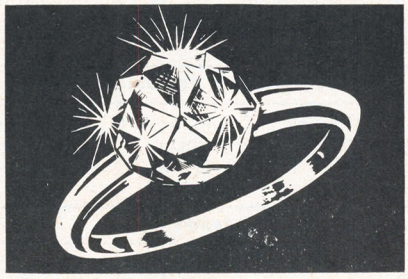
Send 50c today for our new 1968 catalog and lists of militaria, war relics, accoutrements, military books (new and used) etc.

GLOBE INTERNATIONAL
(Dept. AY) 603-607 West 29th St.
New York, N.Y. 10001 (212) 565-2660

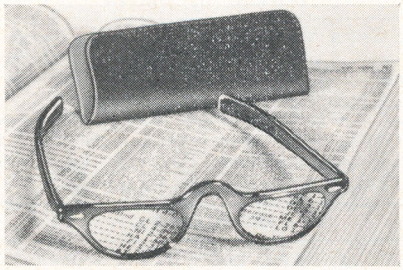
UNIQUE MOD SPORTSHIRT

Beautiful sleeveless sportshirt with the mod look. Ideal for all outdoor fun. Has Italian collar and front chest pocket. The lateral openings inspired by the South American poncho tie with adjustable strap and buckle wrapped in same fabric. Shirt is made of quality Ponte de Rome knit. Black or navy. Sizes S. M. L. $6.98 each. Add 55c for postage and handling on orders for two or more.

LUCO ENTERPRISES
901 N.W.
NORTH RIVER DRIVE
MIAMI, FLORIDA 33136

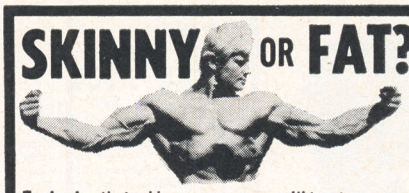


THE DAZZLER. This 'gem' is truly a girl's best friend—and his too at approx. 50¢ a Karat. Elegant Tiffany-like setting. It defies detection-only you will know, so prize it & wear it proudly. Wear it for 10 days, & if not delighted, return it for fast refund of purchase price. $1.69 plus 25¢ post. & hdlg. Terry Elliott Co., Dept. AR6, Box 1918, Grand Cent. Sta., NYC 10017.



MAGNIFYING HALF FRAME GLASSES Half-frame design lets you see SHARP and CLEAR for reading fine print and doing detail work yet allows you regular non-magnified vision over the top of the lenses. Polished ground lenses. For folks over 40 without astigmatism or eye disease who simply need magnifying lenses. $3.98 includes case. Add 25¢ postage. State age. NEL-KING Products, Dept. AG-48D, 811 Wyandotte, Kansas City, Mo. 64105

SKINNY OR FAT?



Trade in that skinny, scrawny, milktoast or overweight body of yours for a new Weider Jet-Charged body, rippling with mountains of muscles, loaded with energy, drive and virility—the envy of every man and admiration of every woman, NOW! In only 15 minutes I'll prove you can slap on 4 inches of muscle to your chest—3 inches to each arm—give you life-guard shoulders, trim your waist to athletic size—give you speedy, athletic legs. I don't care if you're short or tall (skinny or fat), young or not so young, expect a muscle building miracle when you send for my FREE book. Send only 25c to cover postage and handling and write to the Trainer of "Mr. Universe," "Mr. America," "Mr. Europe"—

JOE WEIDER, Dept. 43-58-D2
531 - 32nd St., Union City, N. J. 07087

Make your old boots better than new! Get world-famous Vibram® soles and heels with amazing traction and long, rugged wear. Now sold by mail.

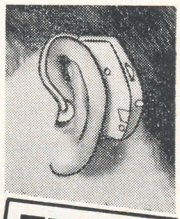
Sportsmen! Outdoorsmen! If you need sure-footed traction, you need Vibram with the world-renowned original lug design. (The same sole James Warren Whittaker wore when he became the first American to scale Mt. Everest.) Until now, Vibram was available only on higher priced new boots. Now you can replace the soles and heels on your favorite pair of old boots. (Except rubber boots.) Any shoe repairman will put them on. Just make a tracing of one of the soles you're replacing . . . send it along with a check or money order. Money back guarantee.

Only $4.50 postpaid.
(Write for free booklet.)

VIBRAM SALES CO.
162 School St., North Brookfield, Mass. 01535

WHEN ORDERING MERCHANDISE FROM STOP TO SHOP PLEASE MENTION ARGOSY

SAVE up to $210 on new Tiny, Transistorized Behind-the-Ear HEARING AID $89.90



FREE! Custom-made Ear Mold for best reception

No need to pay up to $300 when you can get the same benefits with INTONAID. You save the difference thru our unique plan of distribution, individually serviced by electronic specialists. Weighs only ¾ oz. is scarcely visible. No cords or accessory boxes. Extra-sensitive, built-in receiver. On-off switch to save batteries. 4 transistor amplifier. *Complete satisfaction guaranteed or your money back after 30-day trial!*

OUR MODEST INTEREST CHARGES ON TIME ARE HARD TO BEAT!

It costs you only $7.60 more than the cash price to pay for INTONAID over 11 months. Write for full information and easy-payment plan to:

INTERNATIONAL CONVALESCENT AIDS
Dept. A-203, 14 East 38th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10016

NOW! 16" DEERSKIN SCOUT BOOT

Comfort, durability, protection, and good looks. Genuine heavyweight deerskin. Hand-molded thick rawhide sole, foam-padded leather-lined insole. Drawstring under fringed flap. Buffalo-brown suede
Order yours today!

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
Ladies' — 4-10 N. & M.... **$17.95**
Men's — 6-13 N. & M..... **$19.95**

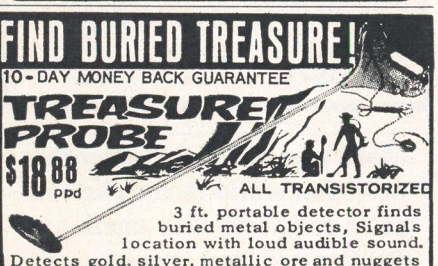
SEND FOR FREE CATALOG

ORDER USUAL SHOE SIZE. LARGEST MAIL-ORDER MOCCASIN SPECIALISTS SERVING YOU DIRECT. ADD. 50c HANDLING CHG. $2.00 DEPOSIT ON C.O.D.'S.

OUTDOOR WORLD
Div. of Western Brands AR-5
ESTES PARK, COLO. 80517
PHONE 303: 586-3361

FIND BURIED TREASURE!
10-DAY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

TREASUREPROBE
$18.88 ppd
ALL TRANSISTORIZED



3 ft. portable detector finds buried metal objects, Signals location with loud audible sound. Detects gold, silver, metallic ore and nuggets of all kinds. Find lost coins, jewelry, indian artifacts, civil war souvenirs. Treasureprobe guaranteed to equal detectors selling to $150 or yourmoney back. Absolutely complete, sensitive earphone, 9v battery, nothing else to buy TO ORDER: Send check, cash or money order, $5.00 deposit for COD in N.J. add 57¢ tax.
TREASUREPROBE Dept. B
P.O. Box 228, Toms River, N.J. 08753

The editorial portion of the **Stop To Shop** section is not composed of paid advertising.

TREASURES AROUND THE WORLD and here at home are discovered
WITH A WHITE'S DETECTOR

CHOOSE FROM THE COMPLETE LINE OF METAL DETECTORS — OVER 25 DIFFERENT MODELS!

Instruments you can depend on - underwater or underground. Designed for treasure hunting, prospecting or coin collecting.

FULL 2-YEAR GUARANTEE

Model shown S-63 GOLDMASTER Available with 2 loops 3½" and 12" or the famous TRIPLET' Complete $169.50 . . . Terms: $29.50 down -- $10.57 per month for 15 months -- 5% cash discount

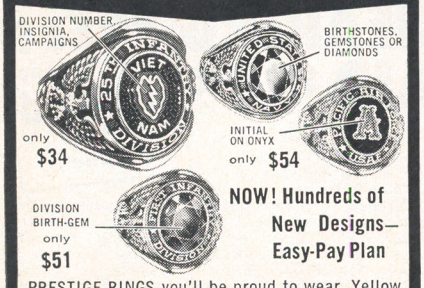
WE SHIP ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD

Send for FREE LITERATURE

Locates gold, copper, silver, coins, rings, hidden treasures, lost metals - also has mineral setting.

White's Electronics, Inc.
Room 200- 1011 Pleasant ValleyRoad,Sweet Home,Oregon 97386

★ YOUR DIVISION OR BRANCH OF ★ SERVICE INSIGNIA IN 10-K GOLD



NOW! Hundreds of New Designs— Easy-Pay Plan

PRESTIGE RINGS you'll be proud to wear. Yellow or white 10-K gold. Choose your insignia from America's largest selection. Over 1000 designs — all services, all wars. Money-back guarantee. **Send for FREE illustrated catalog today.**

ROYAL MILITARY JEWELRY
Box Y-215 Apache Junction, Arizona

ARGOSY CLASSIFIED

TREASURE FINDERS

NEW REVOLUTIONARY analytical transistorized metal detector. Push button tuning, automatic tuning, etc. Many models. FREE catalog. Gardiner Electronics Co., Dept. 15, 4729 N. 7th Avenue, Phoenix, Arizona. 85013.

POWERFUL METROTECH LOCATORS detect Coins, Relics. Moneyback Guarantee. Write Box 793, Menlo Park A, Calif. 94025.

TREASURE HUNTERS! Prospectors! Relco's new instruments detect buried gold, silver, coins, minerals, historical relics. Transistorized. Weighs 3 pounds. $19.95 up. Free catalog. Relco-A49, Box 10839, Houston, Texas 77018.

NEW SENSITIVE Treasure-Metal Detectors. New low prices. Free Catalog. Jetco Instruments, 132-A, Huntsville, Texas 77340.

EMPLOYMENT INFORMATION

FOREIGN and USA job opportunities available now. Construction, all trades. Earnings to $2,000.00 monthly. Paid overtime, travel, bonuses. Write; Universal Employment, Woodbridge, Connecticut 06525.

AUSTRALIA WANTS YOU! Good Pay, Adventure, Government Paid Transportation Allowance! Send $1.00 for "Australian Opportunities Handbook." International Services, Box 12-H5 Greenfield, Indiana 46140.

BOOMING AUSTRALIA pays travel allowance to get You! Good jobs, Adventure. Latest Handbook describing allowances, entry requirements, advantages, opportunities $1.00, Buckeye, Box 1032GF, Fairborn, Ohio 45324.

BOOKS AND PERIODICALS

GAMBLE? Free Catalog, over 150 How To Win Books. Horses, Poker, Casino Games, etc. GBC-3, Box 4115, Las Vegas, Nevada 89106

STAMPS

RARE STAMP FREE. Also new packet Aden to Urundi, with Kennedy, Triangles, Space, Sports, Ships, Dogs, Cats, Reptiles, plus others. All Free. Send 10c for mailing. Empire Stamp Co., Toronto, Canada.

TALENT

SONGS, POEMS WANTED! For publishing, recording at our expense! Talent, 17-AR Longwood Road, Quincy, Mass. 02169.

INTEREST TO WOMEN

NEWSPAPER Clippings Urgently Needed. Highest prices paid. Send Stamped, addressed envelope, free details. Brewster, Box 1348-NCWR, Clearwater, Florida 33517.

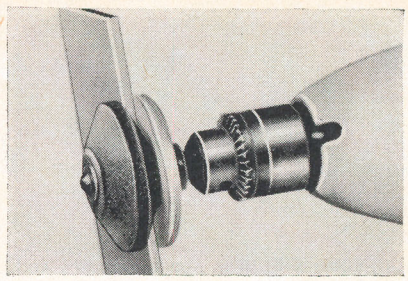
HOW to Make Money Writing Short Paragraphs. Information Free, Barrett, Dept. C-38-D, 6216 N. Clark, Chicago 60626.

MISCELLANEOUS

WINEMAKERS, Free illustrated catalog of yeasts, equipment. Semplex, Box 7208, Minneapolis, Minn. 55412.

BIG CATALOG of outstanding gags, gadgets, gimmicks and gifts free on request. Federal, 6652E N. Western, Chicago, Illinois 60645.

QUART OREGON HOPS with 101 recipe booklet—Homebrewing, Winemaking, Hop Yeast Breads, Sourdoughs $1.00. Nichols Hops, Northpac, Albany, Oregon 97321.



ARCO LAWN MOWER SHARPENER fits any electric drill. Specially designed grinding wheel accurately, quickly sharpens Rotary Lawn Mower blades (all Makes, models), Roto-Moto Tiller, etc. #32, $1.98 Ppd. Arco Tools, Inc., Dept. AR-5P, 421 W. 203rd St., New York, N.Y. 10034.

MONEY MAKING OPPORTUNITIES

SPARE TIME cash.. Sell famous Hanover Shoes. Samples, Sales Kit Free. No experience needed. No age limit. Big commissions. Hanover Shoe, 377 Carlisle, Hanover, Penna.

ADVERTISERS—AGENCIES

You are reading the #1 Men's Classified Section. These Ads are shopped by millions of our readers who respond to opportunities, hobbies, etc. Tell your story—receive inquiries, convert to orders and watch the dollars roll in. Advertising is sold per word. The rate is $2.75 one time and $2.70 for three times. Send your order to: Argosy Classified, Att.: Marvin Labiner, Mgr., Dept. CL3, 180 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016.

FOR MEN

CONFIDENTIAL DIRECTORY: 65 dealers, unusual ADULT items, $1.00. Rocco, Box 4015-R5, Miami Beach, Florida 33141.

DRUG SUNDRIES. Nationally Advertised Rubber Goods, Vitamins, Drug Products. Free Catalog, Fenaire, Inc., Box 538-K, Miami, Florida 33160.

DRUG SUNDRY Rubber Goods. FREE GIFT (Hilariously funny) with catalog 25¢. REFUNDABLE: Catalog, Gift and 24 samples—$3.50 Ppd. 8 Dozen Assortment—$9.95 Ppd. Valdisco, Lockbox 382, Orem, Utah.

DRUG SUNDRIES WHOLESALE: Ointment, Rubber Goods, Novelties. Send $1.00 for sample kit and catalog. Oak Sales, Box 2097, Oak Park, Illinois.

MEN'S Personal Products. Send for Free confidential wholesale price list. Distributor Sales, Dept. 47, Box 6041, Kansas City, Mo. 64110.

ADULT NOVELTIES, rubber goods. Two different novelties and price lists $1.00. Idaco, Box 2400, Youngstown, Ohio 44509.

"NEW HOPE For Your Hair." 190 pages hair aids, including dermatologist's baldness treatment—$1.00. Collins, 60151-A, Oklahoma City 73106.

DRUG SUNDRIES, complete line rubber goods, ointments, novelties. Send $1.00 for samples, price catalog. Globe Sales, Box 702 Elgin, Ill. 60120.

HYPNOTISM

SLEEP-LEARNING — Hypnotism! Strange tapes, records, equipment! Gigantic catalog free! Research Association, Box 24-AC, Olympia, Washington.

FREE HYPNOTISM. Self-Hypnosis, Sleep-Learning Catalog! Drawer AG-400, Ruidoso, New Mexico 88345.

SELF HYPNOSIS—amazing, proven power for learning, working, feeling, living better. Free literature. McKinley Company, Box 3038, San Bernadino, California 92404.

FEMALE HYPNOTISM! Exposed, explained! "Secret Method"—they never know! $2.00, rushed. Guaranteed! Barbara Hall, Silver Springs, Florida 32688.

Argosy Classified

For rates, write Argosy Classified, 180 Madison Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10016
May 1968 ARGOSY

RADIO EQUIPMENT

POLICE RADIO. Hear all police calls, fire departments, Sheriffs, taxis, ambulances, Highway Patrol. New 5 band portable radio and direction finder. Free Booklet. Nova-Tech. Dept. 322, Redondo Beach 90278.

FORTUNE FINDERS

DISCOVERIES UNLIMITED with scientific M-Scope. Gold, silver, coins, relics, etc. Guaranteed. Terms. Free, illustrated Discovery Booklet. Fisher Research, Dept. A-7, Palo Alto, California 94302.

TONS OF ANTIQUE GUNS

TONS of antique gun parts and supplies. All reproduction muzzle loading guns. Send $1.00 for enlarged illustrated catalog No. 117-A. Dixie Gun Works, Dept. 18, Union City, Tennessee 38261.

INVENTIONS WANTED

INVENTIONS WANTED: Patented, Unpatented. Global Marketing Service, 2420-D, 77th, Oakland, California 94605.

AUTHORS WANTED

LOOKING FOR a Publisher? Learn how you can have your book published, promoted, distributed. Send for FREE Booklet "A". Vantage Press, 120 West 31st Street, New York 1.

LEATHERCRAFT

FREE Make-Em and Save Leathercraft Idea Manual. Tandy Leather Co., 1001 Foch, W62, Fort Worth, Texas.

TRAILER CAMPS

TRAILER ESTATES: Less than 1 mile to Disney property. Lake living, ¼ acre. Private ramp, beach; 11 mi. to Orlando. $24. mo. $50 down. Block Bros., 1 North Rosalind, Orlando 83, Florida. AD65LS169-L

EARTHWORMS

MAKE BIG MONEY raising fishworms, crickets. Free Literature, Carter Farm-1, Plains, Georgia.

DISCOUNT EQUIPMENT

DISCOUNTS UP to 50% on nationally advertised Tackle, Boats, Motors, Guns, etc. Send $1.00 for list. Walter Craig, Box 927, Selma, Alabama.

HELP WANTED

FOREIGN EMPLOYMENT information. Construction, other work projects. Good paying overseas jobs with extras, travel expenses. Write only: Foreign Service Bureau, Dept. AR, Bradenton Beach, Florida 33510.

OVERSEAS JOBS—All trades and Professions. Free information write National Employment Service, Box 2235A A.M.F., Miami, Florida 33159.

IMMEDIATE OPENINGS for overseas work. Men and women needed worldwide in all trades, also student summer jobs. High pay, free travel, family housing, choice locations. Details free, write World Jobs, Box 1026, Providence, R.I. 02901.

AUSTRALIA! A NEW LIFE. Jobs. Opportunity. Government Shares Fare. Information: $1. Pacifico, Box 43485-Y, Los Angeles, California 90043.

OVERSEAS JOBS—Europe, South America, Australia, Far East, etc. 2000 openings all trades. Construction, Office. Engineering, Sales, etc. $400 to $2,500 month. Expenses paid. Free information. Write Overseas Jobs, International Airport, Box 536-Y, Miami, Florida 33148.

REAL ESTATE

GOVERNMENT LANDS . . . Low as $1.00 Acre! Millions Acres! For Exclusive Copyrighted Report . . . plus "Land Opportunity Digest" listing lands available throughout U.S., send $1.00. Satisfaction Guaranteed! Land Disposal. Box 9091-YE Washington, DC. 20003.

40 TIMBERED ACRES. $1,650 Total price. Idaho, Washington, Montana. $50.00 Down —$25.00 per month. In Northern Idaho, Northeastern Washington and Western Montana. In the heart of lakes and big game country. All covered with growing timber. Access Title Insurance with each tract. This is select land with natural beauty, recreational and investment values. Your inspection welcomed. Land and Timber values are increasing daily—act now! Write us for free list, maps, complete information. We have many other sizes, types—tracts including waterfront properties on Pend O'reille, Priest and Kettle Rivers and Hidden Harbor Bay of Pend O'reille Lake. Write Dept. EE, Reforestation, Inc., P.O. Box 8146, Spokane, Washington 99203.

FLORIDA WATER WONDERLAND—Home, cottage, Mobilsites. Established area. $590 full price. $9.00 a month. Swimming, fishing, boating. Write: Lake Weir. Box LA 38, Silver Springs, Florida AD-646127 (F-1).

BUSINESS OPORTUNITIES

$15.00 HOURLY PROFIT—Own Business with one serviceman. Quickly learned. Easy to do. Operate from home. Few hundred dollars builds your own nationally advertised business while continuing present job. Investigate immediately . . . before your territory is taken. Free booklet explains everything. Send Today. Then decide. Duraclean, C8-724, Duraclean Building, Deerfield, Illinois.

ALERT YOURSELF to opportunities for ownership of profitable franchised business. Write today for free details. National Franchise Reports, A-528, 333 North Michigan, Chicago 60601.

EARN MONEY raising fishworms for us! Exciting details free! Oakhaven-48, Cedar Hill, Texas 75104.

I MADE $40,000 Year by Mail Order! Helped others make money! Start with $10.00 — Free Proof! Torrey, Box 318-U, Ypsilanti, Michigan 48197.

INVESTIGATE ACCIDENTS: Earn to $1,000 monthly. Men urgently needed. Expenses paid. Car Furnished. No selling. No advanced education or prior experience necessary. Keep present job while learning and earn up to $8 hour spare time. Write today for FREE information. No salesman will call. Universal Schools CY-5, 6801 crest, Dallas, Texas 75205.

EDUCATION

GAME WARDEN, Government Hunter, Forestry, Park and Wildlife Services announce job openings regularly. Prepare at home for outdoor work, good pay, security. Complete information Free! Write North American School of Conservation-AGW, Newport, California 92660.

MUSIC

POEMS set to music. Songs recorded. Send poems, songs. Crown Music, 49-RA West 32, New York 10001.

REAL ESTATE

NEW FREE! Big 196 page Summer CATALOG! Thousands of properties described, pictured—Land, Farms, Homes, Businesses—Waterfront, Recreation, Retirement. Selected Best thruout the U.S.! 68 years' service, over 500 offices, 39 states Coast to Coast. Mailed FREE from the World's Largest! *STROUT REALTY*, 60-KJ E. 42nd St., NY, NY.

WATERFRONT, COTTAGES, and LOTS, SECLUDED, OSGOOD LAKE. HUNTING, FISHING, UNBELIEVABLE. BEECH HILL CAMP, PAUL SMITH'S N.Y.

SALESMEN WANTED

EARN BIG Commission Full or Part Time Show America's largest line Low Priced Business Printing and Advertising Specialties. Plus calendars in season. No experience. No investment. No collections or deliveries. On-the-spot commissions. Big Free Sales Kit samples hundreds items used daily by businessmen. Merchandise bonuses for you. Free gifts for customers. Build profitable repeat business. Start now. National Press, Dept. 809 North Chicago, Ill. 60064.

SELL Advertising book matches. Write us today, we put you in business by return mail; handling complete line ad book matches in demand by every business right in your town! No investment; everything furnished free! Top commissions daily. Superior Match, Dept. AG-568, 7530 S. Greenwood, Chicago, Illinois 60619.

CAMPING EQUIP. FOR SALE

CAMPING EQUIPMENT, Tents, Sleeping bags. World's largest selection. Free Giant catalogue. Morsan, 810S Route 17, Paramus, New Jersey 07652.

ARMS & AMMUNITION

NEW Muzzle Loaders, Percussion Dueling Pistols $19.50, popular 7mm rifles. Mod. 93 . . . $18.00. Mod. 95 . . . $27.50. Mod 98 . . . $32.50. Mod 1949, Semi-Auto Rifle . . . $59.50. New M-1 Carbine . . . $74.50. New U.S. made .22 cal. revolver 6-shot Pearlite grips . . . $14.40. Elgin, 1820 Vine St., Cincinnati, Ohio 45210.

FREE SENSATION Gun & Ammo Bargain Lists Century Arms, 3 Federal Street, St. Albans, Vermont.

COLOR SLIDES

PSYCHEDELIC Abstractions, 35 mm. one to 175, available at $1.00 each. Cawer, Box 25279, Los Angeles 90025.

RADIO SPECIALTIES

POLICE - FIRE - AIRCRAFT - MARINE AMATEUR calls on your Broadcast Radio with TUNAVERTER! Free catalog. Salch Company, Woodsboro A, Texas 78393.

MISCELLANEOUS

MONEY—SPARE TIME OPPORTUNITY. WE PAY CASH FOR NOTHING but your opinions, written from home, about samples of our clients' products. Nothing to sell, canvas or learn. NO SKILLS. NO EXPERIENCE. Just honesty. Details from: RESEARCH 669, Mineola, N.Y. 11501, Dept. 569.

LOOSE DENTURES? Sore Gums? Distressed? Write: Marshall, 1221-AC, Dania, Florida 33004.

The Bloody Rockpile

BY BLISS K. THORNE

Two retreads—a tired C-46 and an ex-CBI pilot—faced the toughest mission of their lives together: a repeat flight, twenty years later, over the ruggedest mountain range in the world—The Hump.

When Captain Ben Keith peered down the length of the runway, it looked as though a thousand spears were aimed at him from the other end. But then, on second glance, he could see that they were simply bamboo shafts hacked off at midheight, forming an illusion of bunched weapons.

Anyway, why should any sense of danger unnerve him? Closer, right in the jungle, where its thick growth packed tight against the concrete edges of the landing strip, there were snakes, assorted cats and elephants wild enough to smash a big airplane out of shape—and they didn't worry him at all. Back in an earlier era, he had lived in that same jungle for more than a year and had survived the big game, the poisonous centipedes and the anopheles buzz bombers. Now the only thing on his mind was the plane, the plane that could make history—if the worst happened and anyone ever actually heard about it.

As he started to walk quietly down the runway, the sky had just begun to lighten, dawn edging down from the foothills, from the First Ridge where it seeped slowly into the broad valley whose level floor formed the flood plain of the Brahmaputra River. Like a wary bird, like a student pilot whose instructor had told him to keep on the lookout for the enemy by swiveling his head, Keith looked from side to side to reassure himself that the plane had remained hidden during all the repairs performed on it. It *was* invisible. Very good—*teek hi*!

Your thoughts could easily wander like this at sunup in Upper Assam, Keith mused as he padded down the strip. Especially on a day so exciting, you were conscious of each breath you took, and each moment felt like an adventure. The "spears" aimed at you: Were they symbolic? Maybe. But spears couldn't hurt you much—not compared to the possible dangers of the upcoming flight. And, in this case, you could explain the would-be spears.

When the local Assamis had been hired to get the World War II landing strip ready again for use, the *babus*, or foremen, had explained the job precisely: clear the strip itself, every square inch of it, but don't bother about any of the jungle growth bordering it. Recognizing the authority of the *babus*, who ranked high in the scheme of things, the hard-working coolies had complied exactly. Instead of taking out the big clumps of bamboo at the runway end, they had hacked off the slender trunks at midheight as they hung over the concrete. The result was the weird illusion of a mass of weapons aimed at the far end of the runway.

A third of the way down the strip, Keith stopped. He knew he stood close to the plane. His nose told him so, assaulted suddenly by the mixed aromas of hundred octane, hydraulic fluid, oils —the scents of an engineered civilization sharply intruding into the wet-earth smell of bamboo, vines, wild pepper and palm. Keith was pleased, pleased at the way he had detected the plane and pleased at the 1968 jungle mix of smells. That's what the beginning of the mission would be—a combination of the civilized and the jungle, the known and the unexpected.

He stepped off the runway into elephant grass, then pushed his way through tea bushes gone wild, leftovers from the time the strip had been set originally in the midst of a plantation. When he had penetrated twenty feet into the growth, he glanced back toward the strip. It had already disappeared in the dense green. Moving forward again, he parted the grass that towered over his head, and there, with the area immediately around it freshly cleared, loomed the plane.

He stopped to take it all in. Physically, he had no choice: suddenly he was breathing so hard he almost suffered vertigo. There in front of him stood the old monster in which he was going to make one of the most dangerous—and momentous—flights of his lifetime. The ancient bird that had been left in the jungle would rise phoenixlike out of its ashes—green ashes—to shake off more than twenty years of decay and attempt the most spectacular flight in transport history. The ugly, obscene relic—for two decades the home of mynah birds, mongooses and cobras—would take off once more from the land under the southern palisades of the Himalayas and blast herself over those five-mile-high mountains. Once more, she was going to fly the Hump—this time into a China politically stained red.

Keith had seen the plane briefly the day before at dusk, getting there over a trail newly cut through the jungle from the nearby village. He had sat up a good part of the night talking to the engineers who had wrought the miracle of making the plane flyable again. At their campsite in the jungle not far away, they had unfolded to him details of their wonderful feat. Ironic, Keith thought, that even though they did not know the real *reason* for their exploit, they had gone ahead and accomplished it with such élan. Keith, who was one up on them because he did know the reason, had been no less impressed by their incredible story.

Shortly after the United States Government had decided that the advantages of a proposed secret flight into China outweighed the risks involved, certain officials of the highest diplomatic level had visited India and explained to their Indian counterparts how completion of the mission might bring peace to the Far East.

Getting India's agreement to look the other way while the flight was planned and while the plane and airstrip were prepared for use had been a rare diplomatic success and, in the words of those involved, one "hell of a beautiful sweat job."

Their reason for wooing India was simply this: making U-2 flights out of Turkey without revealing the purpose of the operation had alienated a good friend—Turkey. Now, so necessary was this special flight into Communist China and so speedily must it be accomplished, that keeping India in the dark would be in order. But, as with Turkey, a mistake might have disastrous consequences.

And so it was established diplomatically that India, for a brief period, would officially keep its eyes off Assam —the province in the northeast corner

COPYRIGHT © 1968 BY BLISS K. THORNE.

of the subcontinent where Tibet, north Burma and India meet—while the plan moved quickly ahead.

A group of civilian engineers of mixed nationalities and of mixed specialties—aeronautical, mechanical, aircraft-powerplant and big construction—met secretly at the Great Eastern Hotel Calcutta, and then traveled as far into Upper Assam as regular commercial airline service could take them. Purportedly acting as agriculturalists interested in expanding the acreage of Assam's tea plantations, they then chartered a light plane that carried them farther up into the province and made fast observation flights low over the old Hump bases strung along the Brahmaputra, near villages like Tinsukia, Dibrugarh and Ledo.

Time, the alternately steaming and baking monsoons, and earthquakes had changed the land some since the great World War II airlift of 1942-45. But near a hamlet called Doom Dooma, where headhunters from the hills mingled with native tea workers, artisans and keepers of tiny shops, they found not only a mile-long strip that might be reclaimed from the jungle, but among the many C-46 wrecks around it, they discovered one that looked from the air as though her fuselage and wing might still be intact.

Returning to Doom Dooma by truck, they performed successful reconnaissance on the ground. What had been a serviceable concrete runway, built by the British Army in 1942 right after General Stilwell and the Americans had been kicked out of Burma, now was mostly jungle-covered, with shrubs and vines and bamboo closing in.

The hairy-eared construction engineers quietly pushed their way through the growth, took folding machetes and spades out of their packs and, despite brutal heat, quickly cleared a twenty-by-twenty area right down to the concrete. Their spokesman said quietly, "With manpower, we can turn this into a new runway."

The equally quiet aeronautical engineers borrowed their colleagues' machetes and cut their way to the C-46 that had seemed intact from the air. They, too, were in luck: the C-46 had simply been left in her revetment for good at war's end. Not only was she in one piece; she still stood on her landing gear, though insects had eaten the tires off the wheels.

"I'll have to be drunk just to go inside her, but she has a wing, a fuselage and landing gear," one aeronautical engineer said. "We could hang engines and props on her, instrument her, rebuild everything. It would be harder than making a new plane, but we could do it." Then he smiled. "We'll have to find some *real* nuts to fly it."

All the engineers returned to the Great Eastern in Calcutta. Back in civilization, with steak and brandy on the table and any kind of entertainment within call, the visit to Assam's bamboo seemed unreal. Quietly, the men began their posh dinner together. They drank slowly—and long—before they ordered any food. But the Indian brandy was a real booster and silence and thought turned abruptly to smiles and speculation.

Mukerjee, the chief aeronautical engineer from Bombay, who had studied in the States at Carnegie Tech, looked at Donovan, the head of the construction engineers.

"Sure. You could put the strip back in operation. Why not? For that matter, stick a little bulldozer in the nose of a Saturn Five, blast it up into orbit and a little boy could make a landing strip on the moon. Nothing to it. You got it made. All you need is a thousand sweepers to do the work."

Donovan looked straight at Mukerjee. Always serious, he remembered how his khakis had turned wet-black after a few seconds in the bamboo outside Doom Dooma.

"Easy? That wasn't all bamboo. Trees were growing right up through the cement. Easy? In that heat?"

Mukerjee's handsome features framed a wide smile around his snow-white teeth. "Easy. We fly up an air-conditioner, a case of Bullfight Brandy. We sit you in a tent and you tell the sweepers what to do. Nice work, man."

Donovan's thick eyebrows queried the heavens. "What about those trees?"

"Pull out the trees and have the sweepers fill in the holes with monsoon mud. Just like cement. Easy. Now that plane. That's something."

Donovan's silence meant that he had to agree there. The plane *was* a job.

Mukerjee smiled at him, then turned serious. He outlined in minute detail just how the plane would be totally revitalized, with everything but the metal of the wing and fuselage replaced.

He marveled, "What a fantastic job! Instead of just taking a chance and flying another plane into Assam to do the job." He quickly dismissed that thought. "Much too much of a risk. That would kill the whole mission."

And so the work had been done, the strip readied and the plane reborn, with the whole village nearby engaged. Now strip and plane awaited the final act of the drama.

CHAPTER TWO

GAZING at the old C-46 in the rising sun, Keith felt a surge of elation. Actually, there was only one thing for him to check on now.

On his way to the engineers' mess the day before, he had wondered if, at the last vital moment, the native workers might get curious about the plane and accidentally louse up the works.

Mukerjee had ordered one of the *babus* to hire some special guards for the night. Doom Dooma had all kinds of *janglah* men wandering through it almost any day: among them, huge Tibetans who came out of the hills trying to sell agates and religious charms, and naked Nagas with a penchant for heads. Also, small bands of other wild men from somewhere in the Himalayas passed through the village frequently, hoping to find work. These men were the ones who had been hired as guards.

Ready for breakfast now, an uneasy Keith walked back to the runway. The adept engineers had put the plane back into extraordinary shape, mechanically, but she still did look literally a sad wreck. Who would dare board her?

Why hadn't he thought of ironing out that wrinkle! With a little special instruction, the big plane could have been scoured and scrubbed clean so that no one—not even his copilot—would have doubts about the serviceability of the aircraft. Damn it! Why hadn't he at least made her *look* good, appear as if everything was go!

Parked on the black, smelly earth in the bamboo and the vines, she *did* have a look of vermin, mold and slime. The dull gray and dark green of the old camouflage paint now conveyed a sense of decay, of rot. The plane resembled a derelict, a part of bloody old air-war history that should be allowed to sink for good into the mud.

Slowly Keith trudged back down the runway, heading for his copilot's tent. He had to show him what the plane looked like and study his reaction. An improper attitude, a negative approach, could mean failure, an end of a flight that might be a turning point in international relations.

The wise men in Washington, the men who steered the country's way through all the world's political nuclear icebergs, had been told a secret agent inside Red China must be airlifted out to bring vital information about the earth-shaking happenings in Peking to the United States in person.

Acquainted with the risks, they were told no comparable mission had ever succeeded, but they had elected to go.

The first reaction of the men in the field: "Impossible!" Then their blood pressure settled down and someone said, "If it *were* possible, how would we do it?"

What was needed most? A pilot who could take a plane from anywhere outside mainland China into China and back out again in one piece, carrying the U.S. agent safely, and do this with a minimum number of people in on the mission, and do the whole thing not only with speed, but immediately.

One of the practical types handling the project, an Air Force general who, in 1944 and 1945, had flown the Hump as a duty pilot, started to offer himself as pilot. Saturated in sudden sweat, he checked his rash thoughts abruptly. Hell, he'd have to train again; he'd have to restudy Hump geography; he'd have to try to learn navigation, meteorology all over again! He sweated even more as he realized what a damn fool he had been—*almost*. But he was on the right track.

With a fine air of cool deliberation, he said aloud, "I know what we need. A pilot who flew the Hump during the war. And what's more, maybe we can find one still over there flying commercial."

Luck held. The State Department's air attaché in New Delhi made a fast check of all the American pilots known to be flying legally in the Far East, secured their current records through the

FAA and other U.S. agencies and picked the man.

The man was Captain Ben Keith.

The note Keith found in his car on that day read; *Special meeting in Darjeeling. Take the next plane. Plan to return tonight.*

He drove directly to the Calcutta airport where the airline which he served as chief pilot was headquartered.

At the ticket counter, under the listing of the departures to the north, the beautiful, uniformed Indian girl said, "You're lucky, Captain. You got the last seat."

And as the airliner took him from Calcutta to Siliguri, just under the Himalayas, Keith marveled at the happy coincidence, not suspecting hidden hands at work moving invisible strings.

At Siliguri, Keith again found things planned for him. Plane service ended there, and a train carried him north. The train was jammed, but there was one seat left and—magic!—it had been reserved for him.

But the plans seemed to end when he reached Darjeeling. He had expected to get a message, but when he arrived there—nothing, no message and no one at the station to meet him. Well, it obviously *was* a hurried meeting, and fast-traveling airline types didn't baby each other. The meeting most likely was scheduled for the Mount Everest Hotel, so he went there.

In the lobby, he glanced around, looking for others from his airline, but saw only strangers. When he introduced himself to the desk man and asked where he could find the officials of Far East Airways, the clerk only looked blank. Then he suddenly came to.

"Oh! Captain Keith! There *is* a personal message for you. You're expected 'on the hill.' That's all I know, Captain. That's the whole message."

Keith had a number of times before been to Darjeeling, made famous by Kipling long ago, and he tried to remember what "on the hill" meant. Directly above the Mount Everest Hotel stood a clinic run by an Indian doctor, but there was not much else about. Still mystified, Keith left the hotel and walked to the center of the town, then took the paved path that seemed to lead to the highest elevation overlooking the area. As he strolled upward, he sensed for the first time something bizarre about the trip and rendezvous.

Tired and perplexed, he followed the steep pathway upward, ascending to a part of the Hill Station where the paved walk spiraled to the top of the highest hill over the town; soon he would be unable to go farther. Annoyed, he negotiated a sudden twist in the path and drew up abruptly.

At this elevation, the walk had been cut out of naked rock. Straight ahead stood a small Hindu shrine. Religious figures had been carved in the rock wall and painted in totally out-of-place colors: gaudy, bright blue, yellow so yellow it hurt, and blood-red. Keith gasped as he strolled slowly to within a few feet of the figures of Siva and Krishna and gory Kali.

As he stared, a disembodied voice said in calm American-English, "Hello, Captain. I'm sorry I had to be so mysterious about this. Glad to meet you."

A tall, handsome young man had stepped suddenly out of the shadows of the rock to one side of the carved figures, smiling and holding his hand out. Keith took the hand and shook it.

The young man said, "Maybe we could have met right down in the hotel, but I've never been in on anything quite like this before."

Keith dropped the young man's hand, thought about the mysterious message and his earlier intimation that it was all a hoax and felt hot anger.

"Well," he asked with undisguised venom, "just who the hell are you, and what are we doing in this damned forsaken place?"

After a long, heated, embarrassed silence, the young man did speak. "My name is Alexander Arnold. I'm the U.S. air attaché in Delhi. I needed to meet you in absolute privacy. Could we stroll back to the Mount Everest Hotel?"

Keith wheeled and stalked down the pathway without another word. Arnold fell in step beside him, constantly looking ahead to make sure no one could overhear them. In a very few words, he explained that a flight had to be made, secretly and quickly, from India to China and back to India, to bring out a U.S. secret agent who was in China. He gave Keith only the bare bones of the mission, but no more was necessary.

"How did you pick me?" Keith asked.

"You made eighty-seven Hump trips in forty-three and -four. You crossed the Hump one hundred and seventy-four times. All flights were completed just as they should have been. You're an active airlines captain. You have a short vacation coming up."

Keith took a long breath and held it while he was thinking. *Fly the Hump again! Wow!* He looked at Arnold. "You know a lot, don't you? What else do you know?"

The attaché told Keith the special mission wouldn't be flown in a nice new stateside plane. He gave Keith the details about reviving the relic of a C-46 up in the bamboo. Keith stayed silent from then until they stood in front of the Mount Everest Hotel. He looked at his watch, glanced up at the sky, took a breath, wiped his forehead.

Then he said: "Come on in. The bar's open now."

They didn't go to the bar. On the Mount Everest's great verandah, the two men took a table thirty feet from all the other guests. There the hotel bearers brought them drinks.

In a sense, it was stop and start. When it was Arnold's turn to talk, he charged ahead, thinking he made a lot of progress with Keith—and he did. But the way Keith always re-covered what had been said made the younger man think he was losing ground. As Arnold introduced problems, Keith listened carefully and then, in going over them, he solved most of them.

The catch-as-catch-can conversation went on for hours. Keith said he would work the flight and saw no personal obstacle preventing it.

On Arnold's side, the young air attaché knew everything he needed to know about the older pilot's flying. Textbook case, he thought. World War II flying cadet, flew many Hump missions, got bored with flying in the U.S. in the postwar period, drifted back to the Far East where he became an airlines captain and lived a good life. All-professional, could write the book.

And little by little, Keith learned something about the other man almost a generation his junior. He had never met an air attaché before. How did a man become one? And what was Arnold's flying background? That was what counted.

Simple: He had gotten his private license by flying one of his family's planes, had gone through the Air Force Academy and had aimed at diplomacy even when flying. Before his assignment to the Embassy at Delhi, he had studied everything he could about the past flying history of the Far East. He didn't put it into words to Keith, but he considered himself a kind of authority on old Hump operations.

An unusual proportion of Keith's time in the air was actual instruments—on the gauges in storms, some typhoons. A large proportion of Arnold's time in the air wasn't *in* the air; it was in trainers and simulators. Keith felt solidity in all his actual instrument time; Arnold was at home in the world of electronics.

While not considering himself a "voice of experience," the sight of the peaks surrounding Darjeeling and the Mount Everest Hotel reminded Keith of the mock philosophy the Hump pilots had used on each other.

"The Hump is a rough cob, *sah'b*," one crew member would say to another after a tough flight from China.

Now, "The Hump's a rough cob," Keith told Arnold meditatively.

Arnold raised his hand and pointed north. "Everest's about seventy-five miles that way, isn't it? There's no Everest on the Hump. Everything's below twenty-three thousand."

Keith started to say that he had plenty of respect for mountains twenty-three thousand feet high, but he let the conversation end there.

So each in his own way felt he had the edge on the other.

At the end of the long, wet afternoon, the two of them headed for the train that would take them down to Siliguri and to their separate planes, Keith bound south for Calcutta, Arnold west for Delhi. Keith broke the silence by saying something he thought needed expression.

"You know, I didn't like the way we met. CIA stuff."

Arnold laughed.

"Now what's so funny?"

"Just from your records, I knew you wouldn't," Arnold answered.

Okay, he's one up, Keith thought. *But how can he really know me from my records?*

"There's something you haven't thought about," he said. "We haven't got me a copilot." Arnold frowned as Keith smiled. "Guess what? You're it—or the whole deal's off."

Arnold gave a whoop that startled the people back in the middle of Darjeeling. When he got control of himself, he retorted, "That's just what you were supposed to say. I've been waiting to fly the Hump all my life."

At Siliguri, Keith and Arnold parted at the airport. Two nights later, they met again in the bamboo of Upper Assam, the day before the mission over the Hump was scheduled.

CHAPTER THREE

NOW, in the bamboo jungle with a plane his young copilot might be reluctant to step into, Keith frowned. He would have to show the C-46 to Arnold and watch the young man's reaction.

One thing favored the situation: When Arnold reached Upper Assam, he seemed to have left Delhi and the Embassy completely behind him. In the bamboo, Keith saw that only the future mattered to the air attaché. Arnold was a healthy, strong man, eager for adventure, eager to try the Hump, eager to get back to India—eager about everything. Nothing about Assam had discouraged him during his brief hours there. He laughed at the heat, the rotten food, the mud, the mosquitoes and the beefing of the older men.

Shrugging fatalistically, Keith now walked over to Arnold's tent.

"Let's take a look at the plane."

Arnold smiled. "Sure, Captain."

The morning lay bright and sparkling about them as they started down the trail to the transport. They chatted inconsequentially while Keith shuddered inwardly, and soon came to the dirty, encrusted old plane.

Sleeping all around the C-46 lay the jungle men hired on as guards. Keith pointed to them.

"That's probably the coldest, most heartless bunch of men in the world."

Arnold's snort of merriment startled and annoyed him. "If they're the most heartless men, well, they're the drunkest, too."

"Oh?" Keith responded stiffly.

"I couldn't sleep last night after we talked about the flight," Arnold explained. "You were in the sack, so I came back here myself. They wouldn't let me near the plane, so I went back to my tent and got the backpack full of Bullfight brandy I brought up from Calcutta. Do you know what happened? They finished every damned drop before I ever touched one of the bottles myself. Now look."

Arnold went to the nearest man and kicked him hard in the shoulder. It was like kicking a dead crocodile.

"See? They couldn't swat a fly." He walked from one guard to another, kicking and prodding. He chuckled. He didn't notice the special look on Keith's face.

Finally Keith spoke: "What the hell did you do that for? We hired them to watch the plane, to make sure nothing could happen."

"Don't worry, Captain. Nothing happened. I stayed here a long time myself. I've hardly been asleep. Everything's *teek hi.* I checked everything."

Keith couldn't stop staring at the younger man. "You checked everything? You went aboard? You got through them?" Flabbergasted, furious, he pointed again at the jungle men. His would-be copilot was a nut. A goddamned nut.

Arnold just beamed. "Come on aboard, Captain. We're ready to go."

Keith headed toward the door of the plane, the big cargo hatch on the left side near the tail. Arnold was already inside. Halfway to the door, Keith realized that everything really was damned good, *teek hi!*

Arnold had *seen* the plane and not been the least bit bothered about its appearance. He *was* a pilot. He had gotten up in the middle of the night to check the plane—the thing for any pilot in his right mind to do, of course.

What if he had gotten the jungle men drunk? Wild! In the middle of the Upper Assam jungle, drinking brandy from Calcutta with an ugly bunch of killers. Yes, wild!

Keith followed Arnold into the plane and caught up with him in the cockpit. Keith sat in the left seat, the copilot in the right.

"Do you know those engines?" Keith asked, pointing to the nacelle on Arnold's right. "R-twenty-eight hundreds? Ever flown them?"

Arnold's big grin—it seemed to be almost constant with him—faded suddenly and he nodded seriously. "The best piston engines ever built."

Keith glanced at Arnold's face. The youngster *was* very serious, and what he had said about the power plants was true. The two men then had an acquiescent session in the cockpit, assuring themselves, in effect, about the plane's airworthiness.

"What you can say is this," Keith remarked, summing up their conversation. "This is the original skin—the wing, the tail, the fuselage—all tested and checked in every way there is. Right here where we are. Everything else is fresh out of the factory—engines, props, instruments, tires, anything you can think of. It's a new plane. And those engineers back at the camp, they're the cream from all over the world. They're like jewelers. They could handle the President's own plane blindfolded and he'd fly in it. So what they've done is make a new transport right here where we are just as though they were working at Wright-Patterson, or Boeing or Douglas or Lockheed. You could say. . . ."

"Captain, how soon can we go?"

The schedule had been worked out to the minute.

When the two pilots returned to the engineers' camp, breakfast was ready and Keith advised Arnold to take aboard all he could.

After breakfast, the pilots and the whole encampment went to the plane and the last jobs were done as though they were routine, or as though rehearsed many times—which they had been, mentally. Doom Dooma men and women plucked at the ground in the circle under the plane and cleared it like a golf green, with the elephant grass between the plane and the concrete hacked down Ivy League short.

With everything set, the whole group ate a meal under the wing and then the two pilots boarded the plane. Keith went right to the cockpit and strapped himself in. By the time Arnold had secured the door from the inside and gone forward, Keith's khakis were wringing wet.

The crowd on the ground stood off the left wing, watching. Keith glanced around the cockpit, then toward Arnold. Arnold held the plane's check list on his lap. A full printed page, it listed the complex rite of flight preparation.

Keith put his feet on the rudder pedals, pushed his toes full forward and pulled up the parking-brake handle. "Brakes set."

Arnold placed his feet on his rudder pedals, felt the upper part of the pedals ease forward under very little pressure. "Brakes set."

"Fuel?" Keith asked.

Arnold's left hand dropped to the floor of the cockpit and he touched the fuel valve switches. Keith's eyes followed each small movement.

"Both engines on main tanks," Arnold said, his tone businesslike.

For careful minutes, as the eyes of both pilots coursed around the hundreds of dials, controls, switches and indicators of the cockpit and the instrument panel, the two men worked down the check list, line by line. Finally, they reached the engines' moment of truth. Keith looked out at those on the ground and circled his hand in the air so they'd know he was ready to try engine one.

"Fuel setting?" Arnold asked.

Keith moved the left engine's fuel-mixture control. "Idle cutoff," he said.

Looking away from Arnold and toward the left engine, his left hand on the wheel and his right hand over his head fingering the electrical switches, Keith said, "Energizing." Then he gave a shout into the cockpit that was a prayer and a demand: "Now start!"

There was a heavy whirring sound in the engine and the propeller began to turn slowly. The whole plane vibrated lightly. Keith's eyes were on the revolving propeller, held in fascination. Alive? Dead? It's slow motion, he swore to himself. What's the matter with it?

The big prop continued to turn, steadily but infuriatingly laggard.

Then, after seven revolutions, several of the cylinders whammed into life. There was noise. There was smoke. The noise was the backfiring of cylinders, and a rocketing series of bangs followed, white smoke racing out of the exhaust stacks in intermittent puffs.

Keith pulled back on the throttle, reducing the fuel flow. His hand, almost acting under its own control, set the fuel-mixture control to full rich. Arnold was silent, holding his breath.

Keith had started aircraft engines tens of thousands of times and they always backfired and sputtered, but now he didn't remember that. This was the only engine starting in the world, the only one that counted, and all he heard was lousy, stinking backfiring.

Again, seeming to act on its own, Keith's hand adjusted the throttle, giving the engine more fuel, and now there was a change in the sound. The loud bangs and pops smoothed out. All the cylinders were firing, some still rough, but then the engine settled down into an even roar of strength. It was a one-ton cat, purring power. The engineers had performed their miracle.

Arnold looked out over the right wing, made the circling motion in the air, confidently signaling another engine start. Keith leaned over the controls on the pedestal, made the adjustments for the right engine and started the prop turning. Another go! There was the straining period of backfires and smoke, but again—good luck. Quickly, the rough roar changed into the smooth sound they had to hear. They had power! Good power. And plenty of it.

Arnold pointed at one gauge on the right side of the instrument panel, then to its mate on the left. Keith's eyes followed him, then he nodded.

"Oil pressure okay," Keith said, and with his right hand, made a fast thumbs-up sign. "What are we waiting for?" he shouted. "Let's get going." He looked to the men on the ground and made a forward motion with his hand.

His feet were on the rudder pedals and he pressed the upper parts forward with his toes, releasing the brakes. Arnold forced the parking-brake handle down into the off position. Keith looked out to the left to see that all was clear, and Arnold checked the right. Again, he made a forward motion with his hand, this time a brief chop. His face was stern.

With his right hand, Keith edged the throttles forward. The props' rpms upped to a thousand and that should have started the plane forward. But it didn't. Keith felt sweat on his face.

"The wheels must have settled some," Arnold shouted.

Keith nodded grimly. "We'll get out of here." He pushed the throttles farther forward and the whole plane rattled. She moved ahead a few inches as her big wheels tried to roll out of depressions in the ground, but then settled back again.

Keith was angry. "We'll fly her onto the strip," he shouted loud above the engines' roar. He advanced the throttles again.

Like a sleeping whale come to life, the plane abruptly rolled ahead and Keith had to reduce power to keep her headed toward the strip.

As they taxied forward, Keith momentarily took his right hand from the throttles to rap Arnold on the shoulder.

"I'll watch the engines," he said, indicating the instrument panel. "You see about the plane itself."

Arnold swung his body around in his seat until he was facing the cabin. The smoothness of the engines seemed like an even wall of background for the noises coming out of the wing roots, the fuselage and the tail. There were heavy creaks as the wings rose and fell like the fins of a drugged dolphin, and jerking noises came out of the underside of the fuselage near the tail wheel.

"It's staying together," Arnold shouted, "but that's all I can say for it."

Where the improvised taxiway met the strip, Keith gunned the engines and, with a small roller-coaster effect, they hauled the old plane up onto the concrete. He jockeyed her to a position close to the end of the strip, set the brakes, and Arnold automatically pulled up the parking-brake handle. The plane was forty-five degrees to the length of the strip, the traditional run-up position.

During the taxi-out, the plane had been followed by the whole troop of engineers and the Assamis who had done all the work, chasing after her through the bamboo.

"Did you think we'd get this far?" Keith asked. Without waiting for an answer, he turned and looked back into the cabin. "It's all still with us." He shook his head pensively. "Well, no point in staying here. Let's go."

Arnold again placed the list on his lap and the two pilots went through the take-off check which was somewhat an abbreviation of the engine-start procedure.

Keith ran the left engine up to full power and both men watched the tachometer as Arnold first switched off the left and then the right magnetos. They checked the right engine the same way, then the props for blade-angle variations.

The brakes were released and Keith gunned the right engine to line the plane up for take-off. He had been holding the brakes on with his toes and now released them as he slowly, steadily eased the throttles full forward. When they were wide open, he put both hands on the wheel. Arnold placed his hands lightly on his.

Keith had been holding full left rudder to compensate for the engines' torque. As the plane rolled down the strip, he gradually released it to neutral position.

At the end of a hundred yards, the air-speed indicator, a lagging instrument at low speeds, began to show readings: Forty mph. . . . Seventy-five mph. . . . Ninety mph. . . . Halfway down the strip, dead center on the concrete, the reading was a hundred mph. The runway felt smooth, and if Arnold had looked over at Keith, he would have seen the beginning of a confident smile.

With the plane having an almost negligible payload, Keith could have safely lifted it off at 110 mph. However, he preferred to build up as much speed as possible while still on the ground, and the plane was doing close to a hundred and forty mph as they neared the end of the trip.

Suddenly, decision made, Keith pulled back on the wheel and the aircraft lifted off—smoothly and, Arnold thought, steeply.

With the bamboo shafts directly below them at the runway's end, Keith gave a jubilant shout, "Gear up."

Arnold's left hand shot quickly to the base of the pedestal and he lifted the gear lever to full up position.

The aircraft had a new kind of shudder as the big landing-gear wheels rose and tucked themselves behind the engine nacelles.

Now Keith was certain the power plants were performing perfectly; he knew the fuselage, the wings and the tail were going to stay. *I know it,* he thought, *but the men on the ground deserve to know it, too.*

Instead of continuing the climb after take-off, he held the plane down so she was just skimming over the treetops along the Brahmaputra. Arnold looked at him as the air speed kept building up and they gained no altitude.

At two hundred miles an hour, Keith hauled back on the wheel, gave the rudder a hard kick to the left and had the plane in a steep climbing bank. A chandelle. A maneuver right for a fighter-bomber, but not a crusty old transport. But in the outrageously steep bank, Keith could look back over his shoulder at the men on the ground and he believed they got the word: The plane was *teek hi* and he and Arnold were heading for the Himalayas.

CHAPTER FOUR

WITH the take-off behind him, Keith now concentrated on getting out of Assam and over the Hump. It all seemed easy; he felt quite placid and confident. But he had noticed one trouble spot, if only a personally irritating one. That irritation was Arnold. Nothing he said or did, really; it was just his manner.

Actually, Keith found his reservations difficult to put into words. It had something to do with Arnold's youth and zest, and Keith's experience, age and caution. Arnold was hip; Keith was square—something like that. His copilot seemed always to be laughing at him or at the way he did his job.

Keith shrugged with annoyance. The hell with it. Obviously, this was all in his own mind, just another sign of advancing age.

To the north lay the Brahmaputra, in flood broader than the Mississippi, and beyond it, the five-mile-high wall of the major Himalayan Range. Little villages dotted the banks of the Brahmaputra, so Keith stayed to the south of it, over jungles and out of sight, though paralleling the big river as he headed toward North Burma.

After the post-take-off chandelle and the low-flight air-speed build-up, Keith started a slow climb that would continue for half an hour. It was a bright afternoon and this first part of the flight was like a vulture's-eye view of the zoo of a province, Assam. But although the aircraft had already proven herself, Keith evidently still intended to check her out over and over. While his eyes constantly went from instrument to instrument, and he oc-

casionally turned to look back into the fuselage—almost as if to assure himself of its condition—Arnold enjoyed himself by taking in the exotic scenery surrounding him.

Keith's left hand rested on the wheel and his right hand restlessly moved from one control to another on the pedestal. He finally lifted his eyes and looked out his window, not knowing that Arnold was watching him.

"No Zeros around, Captain. Not this year."

Keith jumped and turned. Arnold's face was mock-serious, his voice reproving.

He's right, Keith thought. *Relax.*

The Himalayan wall rose on the left, running east-west from China to Kashmir. Directly ahead of them lay the abrupt foothills of a spur range, perpendicular to the main Himalayas and running from Tibet down into Burma and China. On the right appeared the Naga Hills.

Mountains spread everywhere across the horizon except behind them; there, the "valley" led to Calcutta and civilization. But below them, it was different. In geographical actuality, most of Upper Assam serves as the flood plain of the Brahmaputra, tabletop-flat with only small rivers and streams breaking the surface. The dead-level flatness was quite evident on the ground, but from ten thousand feet up, the land resembled a perfect plain.

"Look at all that," Arnold said, sweeping his arm around the cockpit and indicating the pool-table terrain below. "It's a fairway. It looks as though you could make a forced landing on the eighteenth hole in the dark with your eyes closed."

Keith felt as if he had been slapped. "It's not as smooth as you think," he said. "It looks a lot rougher when you get close to it."

Arnold put on a mock-serious expression. "Rough as a cob. Yes, sir, rough as a cob."

"I've got about a hundred friends who had to make forced landings there," Keith said quickly. "They're still down there. We didn't have any wounded on the Hump."

Arnold's look said to Keith that the younger man had decided the original Hump operation was one big hoax as far as the danger was concerned, an exaggeration created by now-middle-aged pilots who remembered only the ways they had loused up their flights.

Arnold smiled and said, "You're looking in good shape."

Now they were approaching mountains. Keith's eyes were hard little bits of sky. Arnold's grin faded.

Below, the two-mile-wide Brahmaputra swung sharply north into Tibet.

The plane was at thirteen thousand feet when it reached the area where Assam's easternmost tip nudged Burma. The Brahmaputra plain lay behind Keith and Arnold, and mountains ahead and to both sides soared upward toward them.

"That's what we called the First Ridge," Keith said, pointing straight ahead. "There aren't many places in the world where you'd call a twelve-thousand-foot mountain a ridge."

Keith hadn't meant to sound schoolteacherish, but was afraid he had.

He brightened when Arnold replied, "This *is* the only place where you'd call it a ridge." Then he added, "This plane could top it with an engine out. Don't you remember? What a rough cob, Captain!"

Keith put on his oxygen mask and told Arnold to do the same.

CHAPTER FIVE

WELL under an hour out of Doom Dooma, the C-46 was in the Himalayas. Except for his memory—was it more than memory because he had crossed the Hump more than two hundred times?—all Keith had to navigate by was the compass. That was something he hadn't discussed with Arnold. He was navigating the way you would in a primary trainer—by following a compass heading and hoping to recognize features of the landscape that could serve as check points. Well, so far so good. Keith believed he would have no trouble "steering" to Yunnan Province.

He signaled Arnold to take the controls, slowed the engines, put the supercharger in high blower, increased the power and, by pointing to the rate-of-climb instrument, ordered Arnold to take the plane up at the standard five hundred feet a minute.

Briefly, they would fly over the narrow panhandle of North Burma. There would be a level area, far below, and that was where there was a place the British had called Fort Hertz, before World War II, and that the naked, head-collecting locals called Putao. There wasn't one chance in a thousand that a Burmese plane would be here, but any military plane that wanted to could knock them down and they would never be heard of again. Unimportant incident. Mystery plane, origin unknown, wandered over the Burma border and was lost.

The news wouldn't even reach nearby Myitkyina or, further down, Kipling's Mandalay. An incident so unimportant, it really never occurred. But Keith had good reason to remember this particular area on the "road" past Mandalay. He had had a real incident here in 1944.

It was a routine flight. Keith, the officer who was to be his copilot, the crew chief and a radio operator had been alerted for a flight and then called out in time for a 0930 take-off. A lucky daylight flight. Almost all the crashes occurred at night and, unlike the flight crews in other theaters, the men in CBI always hoped for daylight flights.

The four men arrived at the plane by 0900, each with his parachute, oxygen mask, gas mask, forty-five and helmet stowed in his big parachute bag. As they started to board the plane, they were told there was a "mechanical." Repair would take an hour. Usually Keith made a walk-around preflight check of the plane that took a couple of minutes. This time, he circled and circled in the deadly sun, trying to kill the whole hour.

The radio operator went to sleep on the concrete in the shadow of the wing; the copilot sat on the ground beside his parachute bag studying and restudying the Hump maps and the flight plan; the flight crew worked inside the plane with the ground crew men responsible.

At the end of the hour, Keith, sweat-drenched and shaky, climbed inside the plane to ask how the repair was going. The mechanics were still working on it. Another hour passed. The radio operator's uniform was drenched and he lay awake, staring up at the wing. The copilot looked around at the bamboo. Keith circled the plane, cursing.

The rule stated that a crew had to wait four hours for a plane with a "mechanical" bad enough to keep her grounded. Well, now they had been waiting three hours and three-quarters. Fifteen minutes more, and the flight was off for them.

Captain. Captain." The flight crew chief was calling from the plane's cargo door. "She's ready. We can go."

Keith rapped the copilot and the radio operator on their shoulders and went to the plane. He said nothing.

With their rock-battered, bleached summer uniforms sweated to almost black, he and his copilot raced through the check list and got off the ground in record time. The copilot handled clearance and other communications with the control tower. Keith maintained complete silence.

After the plane had swung into take-off position at the end of the strip, Keith applied full left rudder and roughly gunned the engines to full throttle. Usually, he prided himself on his smooth plane-handling, but not this time. He was too tired, too disgusted, too sick of dangerous flying. Also, he hadn't eaten for a day and a half, hadn't had a meal since some eggs in China on the last trip. He knew he wasn't fit to command a Hump flight.

His fast, rough opening of the throttles didn't bother the magnificent engines. If it had in the slightest, the plane would have gone straight into the bank of the little river perpendicular to the far end of the runway. Keith knew that for certain. According to the cargo section of the flight plan, the plane grossed well over fifty-three thousand pounds.

Back in the States, the civilian pilots testing the C-46s considered forty-nine thousand enough of a load for an untried C-46 transport. But not on the Hump.

This time, the plane had what was more or less the standard Hump load: twenty - three fifty - five - gallon steel drums of hundred-octane strung along the fuselage and, in the rear, a ton and a half of bomb fuses. That was standard, customary. But some cargo "specialist"—some groundling, some paddlefoot who never flew—had persuaded

Operations to permit addition of some earth-mover parts. "Just a few pounds." Ha! Probably a lethal few pounds.

But the plane got off the ground and when Keith reduced the rpms and the inches of mercury right after take-off, she continued to go up. As though the routine climb was a surprise to him, Keith looked around the cockpit and gave the thumbs-up sign. The copilot and the other two crew members did the same.

With the ascent, the plane cooled off. Keith gave the controls to his copilot and stretched in comfort. Then he looked around the landscape as they approached the First Ridge. Yes. It was going to be a good flight, after all.

The plane went up to ten thousand smoothly and then Keith took the controls again while the copilot put on his oxygen mask. Then the copilot, turning to the left toward the cabin, yelled to the radio operator and the crew chief to put their masks on.

Before he spoke, Keith grabbed his arm. Keith hadn't put his mask on yet. He had a furious look on his face.

"Goddamn it! One of them is smoking back there. I want to see both of them."

The copilot went and returned quickly. He had a wild look and he was shaking his head negatively. He ripped his oxygen mask to one side.

"Neither's smoking."

"Well, something is!" Keith snapped. "Did you check the barrels for leaks? Get back there again. I'll fly."

Keith stayed on course, toward the Hump and China, while the copilot rummaged about back in the fuselage.

The crew chief entered the cockpit. "Captain, there's a *lot* of smoke," he said. "I can't tell what it is."

"How about the fuel drums?"

"No leaks, Captain. That's okay. But the copilot wants to get rid of them."

"Don't bother. Get him back here." Keith had decided what to do.

When the copilot returned, Keith said, "Climb back in your seat and get on the horn. Call the tower; say we have a fire."

Keith made a gradual one-eighty turn back to the base, adjusted the power settings for letdown, looked frequently at the engines' cylinder-head temperature readings. He listened to the copilot's talk with the tower.

The tower operator was saying: "X-ray Sugar Six. You say you're one hour out? Remain on course, remain on course. Right back to you."

Keith had everything under control. He shallowed the descent. His actions were firm, well thought out. The crew chief, pale and concerned, was leaning into the cockpit from the doorway. He scanned the instrument panel.

"The radio operator's getting ready to jump."

Keith looked at the copilot, who had four Hump trips to his credit. "Radio operators are always ready to jump. Maybe it's because they're closest to the door—and don't have enough to do at a time like this." He turned his head to the crew chief. "Tell him to come on up here." He took his forty-five out of his shoulder holster and laid it across his lap.

Then he heard the voice of the tower operator: "X-ray Sugar Six. Is there any smoke? Over."

The copilot skipped communications niceties. "The plane's filled with smoke and—"

"X-ray Sugar Six. You're one hour out?"

"Roger."

"X-ray Sugar Six. Will call back."

By this time, the C-46 was down to four thousand feet and the base was clearly in sight.

"X-ray Sugar Six. Okay. You may return."

Keith shut the radio off, never asking for landing instructions. He landed the plane minutes after he had received permission theoretically to turn around a full hour out.

The copilot, the crew chief, the radio operator trooped out of the plane after him. An engineering officer was at the hardstand, but Keith didn't stop to speak to him. He motioned for the crew chief to talk to the officer.

It evolved that, through a major defect in the hydraulic system, the pressure had become so great that the hydraulic fluid itself was burning. Considering that the fuel system was the bloodstream of the aircraft, this was somewhat like having the lymph system in a person's body on fire.

Keith walked into the Operations shack with his head slightly lowered—not in shame for having taken things into his own hands and saving the plane and the crew—but ready to fight in every inch of his pint-sized body.

The three officers behind the Operations counter acted as one. Each opened his mouth to speak, said nothing, looked at his wrist watch. It was evident that Keith had returned to base, short-circuiting the flight, long before getting permission.

Keith went as close to the Operations men as he could, stood there eyeing them. *These ground-loving bastards!* he thought savagely. If he had been a few minutes farther along the way, he would have been ordered to try to go on over the Hump—with the plane on fire—and tons of hundred-octane and bomb fuses in the belly!

Keith stood for a full minute with his hands on his hips. No one spoke.

The brief flight went into the books as an engineering test.

Keith was to remember that place in the wildest part of the earth, where he had made the turnaround. Right below him now.

CHAPTER SIX

KALI! Keith thought. *How long have I been dreaming?* He cast another covert glance toward the copilot. Arnold saw Keith come out of his seconds-long reverie and point toward the horizon.

Keith loosened his mask on the right side, toward the other man, and hinged it outward to speak. "That's not the Hump yet. But you'll see it soon." Then he pointed straight down to the green below. He flapped his mask open again, saying, "There's a lot of history down there."

With his straightest look yet, Arnold remarked, "*Ancient* history."

Keith took the controls.

With the First Ridge well behind them in the west now, the land directly below became a spread of varicolored green, often broken by five- to eight-thousand-foot hill ridges and streams and rivers. Yes, there *was* history below. There had been the Chindits, the British soldiers who for months operated well within Jap-held territory; Merrill's Marauders, the American and Chinese infantrymen charged with reclaiming North Burma from the Japs; the monsoon torrents, malaria, amoebae, heat, malnutrition, typhus—you name it; the heartbreaking building of the Ledo Road, replacing the old Burma Road; the Chindwin River, looking in the sun like a series of silver nooses.

China." Keith was pointing straight down.

Arnold nodded.

Keith leaned toward the window on his left, bent forward over the wheel in front of him, then looked upward and to the right. The sun had set and daylight had just begun to fade.

Keith raised his hand and brought it around to the right. "North Vietnam. Not so far," he shouted over the earsplitting throb of the engines.

Arnold nodded, then held his hands up and spread them as far apart as he could. Vietnam *was* far enough away for him.

Keith decided he ought to alert the young copilot about what was coming up. He pointed straight ahead and yelled, "In Yunnan Province, where we're headed, the latest report is that they're building roads from there into Laos, a big new Ho Chi Minh Trail."

"I've had lots of friends go to Vietnam," Arnold said blandly. "And they all came back."

Keith gave up, saying, "Okay. You know everything."

Deliberately, he tightened his oxygen mask, indicating that the conversation was over. With a firm hand signal, he also indicated he was taking the controls, and Arnold realized that he might not get them back for some time to come.

The plane was at eighteen thousand. If they had been flying the southern route used toward the end of World War II, that altitude would have been ample, even on instruments. But with the plane empty, Keith decided to do it the easy way.

He set the props at twenty-two-hundred rpms and increased the manifold pressure to thirty-three inches of mercury and slowly gained altitude. It had been cold in the cockpit at eighteen and by the time they reached twenty thousand, it was frigid.

Arnold touched Keith's shoulder and began rubbing his arms. Keith made believe he didn't notice. Next, Arnold cupped his hands, put them in tandem and simulated looking through a telescope. *Where are those little mountains*

they used to call the Hump? he was saying silently.

Keith shrugged.

Still out of sight, but ahead and to the left of course, loomed Tali Mountain. Keith pointed toward Tali, then pointed toward twenty-two thousand on the altimeter. With all his senses, he concentrated on navigating.

From Fort Hertz, he had been flying a course of a hundred and ten degrees. Now he leveled off at twenty thousand feet, reset the engine controls at twenty and thirty—a fuel saving of two-thousand rpms and thirty inches of mercury—and completely forgot his annoying copilot.

The Hump was right ahead.

During take-off and ascent, the atmosphere of the wide Assam Valley had held steady at a burning-bright cloudlessness. At the First Ridge, there was a weather phenomenon unique as far as Keith knew. Winds boiling off the Brahmaputra's flat flood plain burst against the palisades of the First Ridge, ripping directly upward. As they reached the two-mile-plus line of peaks, the moisture in them condensed while they continued straight upward.

This resulted in narrow, circular spumes of clouds that raced directly toward the sun. They looked like warning smoke signals squeezed skyward out of tubes, with the nonvolcanic peaks of the First Ridge extruding them in a semicircle ringing the east end of Assam Province.

Keith had coursed slightly south of the First Ridge's heaven-bent fence, never penetrating the columns of cloud, never feeling the turbulence of the winds lofting them ten miles.

Over the central part of the North Burma panhandle, there were two layers of scattered altocumulus—broken middle-altitude packages of water vapor wool—but, in gaining Hump altitude, Keith had guided the plane up through them and, again, to smooth flight and no turbulence.

Now, Burma lay behind them, and the Hump had its own weather. Cruising four miles above sea level, the plane was approaching a cloud formation that seemed like little more than a scattering not quite a mile below. As the flight went on, the "scattering" seemed to gather and turned into a thick, solid bank that covered at least several thousand square miles.

Keith was disappointed. He looked to the left, almost due north, into the lifeless wasteland of southwesternmost China, and saw an ugly clump of jagged peaks rising above the cloud plain. But in the immediate vicinity and directly ahead, he saw no peaks—no peaks at all as they flew into China for several minutes.

Then the cloud level below seemed to be tilting upward. Soon the plane would be in it. Keith reset the power controls and nosed up into a shallow climb. At twenty-one thousand, the cloud level was still coming up to meet them. He leveled off and, for a few seconds, they were in the clouds. He raised the nose again, broke out and climbed to twenty-two. The air temperature there was exactly zero.

The altitude of twenty-two thousand kept them in the clear for five minutes, then they entered dense clouds. As Keith started to level the plane off for cruise, he looked at his copilot. Since it had dropped far below freezing in the cockpit, the part of Arnold's face visible around his oxygen mask that had been fiery red was now turning an ugly mushroom color.

As he eased forward on the wheel to settle the plane in straight and level flight, Arnold touched his shoulder and made an upsweeping motion with his hand, suggesting they continue climbing. *Well, he's game*, Keith thought. Then he pointed to the clouds around them, gave the thumbs-up sign to show that being "on the gauges" was okay and resettled himself in his seat in the slumped position of instrument flying.

During the ten minutes he flew that way, it was utterly smooth. Chuck out the steady noise of the engines and the beat of the props, Keith thought, unleash your imagination, and it seemed like forcing, oozing, a perfect form through snow—or vanilla ice cream.

Suddenly he felt himself blasted up against his seat belt. They had hit an abrupt and powerful downdraft and the period of pseudoserenity was over. For the first time, Arnold acted as though it wasn't just a little boy's game. Forgetting he had put on a leather and wool cap when it turned icy cold, he tried to run his fingers through his hair in an effort to appear nonchalant.

Keith looked at him, pointed down to the floor of the cockpit, then raised his hand, making a hill-shaped gesture.

They were on the Hump.

It took the copilot a moment to comprehend. He loosened his oxygen mask and leaned over close to Keith. "Then the worst is over," he said. "Right? Now we just slide down into China."

Keith gave no sign of reaction. They were on the Hump. The playing was over. Keith concentrated on the instrument panel, kept a course of a hundred and ten degrees and, despite the continued medium-violent turbulence, maintained an altitude of exactly twenty-two thousand.

CHAPTER SEVEN

IT WAS a peaceful part of the mission, but not too peaceful for Arnold. Physically, he felt frozen through. Psychologically, the inactivity galled him—and the pain of the cold was his only stimulating rebellion against the boredom.

Hey! How do you navigate when you're over the bloody Himalayas on instruments? No radio, no omni, nothing. Just the compass.

He looked over at Keith. Well, that little old veteran, that little old World War II hero, might just as well have been asleep. Was he? The captain just sat there staring at the gauges. Wait. Something was going to wake him up. Arnold saw Keith take his eyes off the instrument panel and stare straight ahead, right into the clouds. What was supposed to happen?

Keith pointed at the panel clock, made a two with his fingers. Arnold nodded, alternated his glance from the clouds ahead to the clock.

When ninety seconds had passed, the vista directly ahead of the plane began to change. It was brightening. First, just a little—then a lot. And then, abruptly, they were in the clear!

Keith pointed at the clock while Arnold gazed at the open space around them, trying to figure out how Keith had known just when they'd break out. Keith tapped the clock. Exactly two minutes had passed. Then he pointed toward the earth.

Arnold pressed his head against the window on his right and looked down. Space. Miles and miles of space, straight down. What lay down there? They were flying over a gorge, an enormous chasm. The bottom seemed miles below. Yes, miles below. Arnold was suddenly excited. Keith acted calm.

Keith pointed down again, pantomiming to Arnold to take another look. The copilot gazed down and saw what seemed like a weaving trickle at the bottom of the deep slit of a canyon.

Keith stared down at the slender stream, too, slipped his oxygen mask open and shouted over the engines' roar: "That's the Salween River. Looks like a muddy little creek from here."

Arnold nodded agreement.

Keith pointed to the landscape around them. "We left too many of these Dumbos right at this spot," he shouted.

In a moment, the plane was back on instruments and there was turbulence. Again, Keith pointed at the clock, but did not indicate any particular timing. There followed a repeat of the approach to the Salween. Directly ahead, the dense clouds were growing filmier, then the plane was in the clear.

With no prompting, Arnold pressed his head against the window and gaped down at the clear-running Mekong. The sight below resembled the Salween Gorge, but its walls seemed even steeper, its chasm deeper. He was mentally comparing the two great Asian rivers when he felt himself suddenly pressed up against his seat belt again: another big downdraft, and a violent one.

Keith held the plane as steady as he could, barely managing to keep it level, but it felt as though they were in a very steep dive. They were weightless, and weightlessness has a breathtaking weirdness to it.

Holding his wheel with his left hand, Keith grabbed the copilot's left and shoved it toward the altimeter. Arnold was paralyzed by what he saw. It was unwinding as though chased by a thousand devils.

While the copilot stared stupidly at it, Keith put the plane into a tight circle and upped the power settings. The air speed was decreasing. With horror, Arnold saw that Keith had to nose down to keep up enough air speed to maintain lift in the wing.

In all, the plane dropped eighty-five hundred feet, spiraling down in a tight circle. When the frightful descent abruptly ceased, Arnold saw they were

in the narrow valley of the river, flying with the wings almost perpendicular to the earth.

Keith said nothing at first, simply set the props and engines for standard climb. He leveled off at eighteen and, after a sickening, tight climb that took them up into the clouds again, swung the plane back to a heading of a hundred and ten degrees.

During the climb, all of Keith's concentration centered on the plane. He became conscious of Arnold only when the copilot tapped him on the shoulder, pointed to the altimeter and twice thrust his hand forward with two fingers protruding. He eyes were earnest and pleading. He wanted Keith to take the plane back to the safety of twenty-two thousand feet.

But Keith shook his head in an emphatic no. He loosened his oxygen mask and explained quickly, "That extra climb cost us a lot of fuel."

Arnold looked as though he didn't care what it had cost. He wished he was far above the highest mountain. He felt sick until the plane was in the clear. And then, suddenly, they were well into Yunnan Province.

There, the heavy cloud cover dissipated as they left the region of the big mountains and now, at dusk, the too-beautiful land of China lay wide open before them. There were no clouds.

By sticking extremely close to their compass heading—and not coming up against any powerful divergences in the highly unpredictable monsoon winds—they had penetrated western Yunnan in the general area of their secret objective.

Were this twenty-odd years earlier, they would now tune the radio of their automatic direction finder to Kunming and let that "bird dog" show them the way. But in 1968, they couldn't make any use of radio equipment of any kind. They were totally dependent on Keith's navigation by dead reckoning or, as they said, on "heading and hoping."

Looking almost directly below, Arnold could see that, as the Hump mountains sloped gradually into level areas, some of the ground in view appeared to be carefully terraced. In fact, as he looked closer, he could see that every single square foot even somewhat level had been put to use for raising food.

As the flight into China continued and he saw larger and larger expanses of land below set aside for cultivation, it became obvious to him that they had already passed from the uninhabitable reaches of the Hump into the populated section of Mao's back yard where, hopefully, the Chinese Air Force was too tied up with the internal problems of the "cultural revolution" to notice them.

At this point, Keith had the choice of either getting right down on the deck, probably being discovered and risking entrance and exit simply by speed, or of staying high, putting more chance into the navigation and remaining undiscovered until they touched down.

Keith rapidly debated his choices, and decided to temporize for a moment by alerting his copilot to watch for planes in the sky. Too late! As he looked toward the other man, his gaze spotted a plane through the windshield, far off to the south. A jet fighter.

Keith rapped Arnold on the shoulder and pointed. Arnold was transfixed momentarily, but watched the other plane briefly and then said, "He's landing." His eyes swept every bit of the sky they could and he added, "That's the only other plane around."

By then, Keith had set the C-46 for climb and put the old transport into an unusual attitude. He banked her as though for a turn to the right—where the other plane had been—but then did a "press-out," nosing the plane to the left in a mild form of a horizontal outside loop. Arnold was bewildered, then realized Keith was trying to keep their own engines' flaming exhaust from being spotted by the Chinese pilot.

It worked.

Now Keith was committed to a high-altitude search for check points, and Arnold had nothing to do but sit and scan the skies.

At twenty-two thousand, Keith leveled the plane off, worried about the amount of fuel he had used in their second unexpected climb, and realized it was the first time he had ever flown that high over China. There never had been any reason to. Now, high altitude meant obscurity.

You traveled up and down the southern half of the Burma-Yunnan border and it all looked pretty much alike. But there was a fascinating check point to orient yourself—if you were lucky. You stuck to your course all the way from Assam to Yunnan, had the monsoon behave right and when you let down toward Yunnanyi, the first base you came to on the China end of the Hump run, you passed over a beautiful white stone temple, a man-built pinnacle of marble in the Yunnan wilderness, high on the very top of a small mountain.

Twenty or thirty times at least, in the old days, Keith, who prided himself mightily on his navigation, had come down out of the Hump clouds and, fully loaded, had given that beautiful spire of a temple a real buzz job. He had gotten so close to it he could see all the fat Buddhas sitting in the temple windows. It was a joyous moment for the whole crew. It meant that Keith was right on course, would soon dump the load at Yunnanyi and then head back to India.

"Keep a good look," Keith told Arnold. "Let me know if you see a white lighthouse."

Arnold looked sullen: *So okay, The old boy wants to look for lighthouses.*

Arnold glanced way down, almost directly below him to the right. Then he forgot that his forehead was almost on the window and hurt his hand when he slapped it against the plexiglass to point. "Captain! A lighthouse!"

Keith banked the plane into a tight turn and when it had gone through a slow pirouette, he spotted the dot of a white building far below.

"That's our lucky temple," he shouted. "We're okay now." He grinned. *Okay. Yangchi, here we come.*

Now Keith had to do a precise job of navigating from memory. It was getting dark now, and he needed lights down there. He wanted to fly by the old Hump base of Yunnanyi, get a distant view of the lights of Kunming for a check, then fly right down to Yangchi and pick up the U.S. agent.

Yunnanyi wasn't far from the temple, and the C-46 flew close in a few minutes. The sight of it rocked Keith. During the Hump days, the village of Yunnanyi was a little farmers' settlement centered around the community dung heap. Back in Delhi, just a few weeks ago that now seemed like years, he had been told that all of Yunnan Province would seem different to him because it had been changed by Mao from a semiwilderness into an industrial buffer zone between Red China and the rest of Asia.

Now the captain gaped. The village looked like a very busy, good-sized city, and the single-strip airport like Washington National. Little flight activity centered there now, Keith could see from a distance, but it was a damned well-developed airport. What a change, even for twenty years!

When Arnold started to loosen his oxygen mask, Keith waited patiently for an I-told-you-so. But, this time, his copilot was in a less derisive mood.

"Captain, I've studied the old Hump flights so much, I think I know the next moves. We head north-northeast to circle around Kunming, then fly fifteen minutes due northeast and look for the flares on the ground."

With a "well done" expression showing in his eyes, Keith gave Arnold a friendly thump on the back and motioned for the younger man to fly the plane. Acting as observer, Keith scanned the skies intently.

During World War II, it was evident from the night sky that Kunming was a large city, particularly for Yunnan Province, because of its spread, not for the light it generated. A few small scatterings of neon flickered here and there, but they were very far between. Nighttime Kunming had given the impression of candle flames against a background of dark velvet.

The nighttime Kunming of 1968 was much the same, Keith saw. After sighting Yunnanyi, flying far to the west and north, the C-46 had let down from its high altitude, and now the two Americans were looking toward Kunming from their position over the mountain wilderness between the Yunnan city and the city of Chengtu far to the north.

Kunming was probably more densely built up than before, but its evening lights didn't indicate any great expansion. But no matter. The only thing important to Keith was their exact position in relation to it. When the C-46, Kunming and the big lake below it all lay in a direct line, Keith knew they were near Yangchi—and still he had seen no other planes in the air.

They put Kunming behind them, began a fairly steep descent and Keith prayed to see the three lights on the ground that would tell him the first half of their mission was over.

"Captain! Look! We're there!" Arnold was pointing down and ahead. Way down there on the black earth below blazed what looked like lights from two fires and, a mile farther on, another single firelight. Keith checked his watch and looked around at the black sky. Night had just fallen. The moon wasn't up yet. The time was right. His navigation had been on the button.

He pointed to nine thousand on the altimeter and, as Arnold took the plane down, removed his gloves and oxygen mask. In a few minutes, he went from frozen cold to comfortable to sweaty.

And now there's a good reason to sweat, he thought. *I wonder how well Alexander Arnold studied the old maps of this section.*

At nine thousand, Keith took the controls, motioning for Arnold to prepare for the landing.

"Any doubt about this being Yangchi?" Arnold shouted.

"Everything checks," Keith answered. "We're going in."

For psychological reasons, Yangchi had been one of the toughest fields to go into. The surrounding black mountains often distorted its radio signal at night, and Keith had never had the luck to pick a daylight flight. He remembered two things about it: its strip lay on the crest of a hill; and a mountain stood nearby that, in the dark, appeared far too close.

As he saw Arnold hunting for the mountain, Keith realized with surprise that the younger man knew about the strip and its idiosyncrasies. Keith had almost stood the plane up on one wing to make a near-vertical descent and was pinwheeling down as though afraid to lose sight of those three lights. As they neared the ground, Keith took his eyes off the ground fires long enough for a glance at Arnold, who was pressed against his window, evidently knowing that, to get in, they almost had to brush the mountain on the east side of the runway.

For a split second, Keith experienced a touch of vertigo, a dizziness that could have ended the mission in disaster. For that one millisecond, it seemed to him as though the ground lights were *above* the plane, and for a measureless moment, he waited to hear the sound of crashing metal.

With a powerful effort, he then forced his eyes to the instrument panel, disregarded the lights outside and got the plane straight and level. Then he looked out of the cockpit. They were right in position for final turn and landing. An instantaneous glance at his copilot showed Arnold looking out his window, knowing they were almost up against a mountain, but not realizing that Keith had almost lost control.

"It's fine, Captain! You made it. We're five hundred feet from the mountain! We're in!"

Keith watched the single light approaching, close. They were less than ten feet over it. It was between the wheels. His body was rigid, he was soaked. His fingers loose, he eased the wheel forward. The pair of lights gleamed directly ahead. Then they both disappeared.

What's wrong? No, that's okay! This is the damnedest runway in the world. It's on such a round hill, you think you're running out of ground and you've still got a thousand feet ahead.

He remembered. Every night landing at Yangchi had been a nightmare. This was no exception.

Keith smiled with the deepest satisfaction as the plane floated along. What a landing! You couldn't say just when the wheels touched down. He turned his head to look at Arnold to see if he realized what a beautiful job had been done when, suddenly, he was smashed forward against the wheel and he felt the tail of the plane rise as though she would surely flip over on her back.

The plane was still doing about a hundred miles an hour and her nose was nudging forward toward the ground when Keith realized what had happened. It hadn't been possible for Arnold to believe that anyone would build a runway on the very summit of a hill. When they were midway down the strip, and the horizon of the two lights had disappeared, he had thought they were at the end and had involuntarily jammed on the brakes.

With his right hand high and fingers extended, Keith silently gave a savage chop to Arnold's thighs with all the strength of his body. The young pilot doubled over, releasing the brakes.

Keith guided the plane down the strip, adjusting the engines. Arnold was still doubled over his wheel when Keith taxied the plane toward a group of people huddled near the fire on the left side of the runway's end.

Then he roughly jerked the plane around until she was in position for a downwind take-off, in case these people approaching were the wrong ones.

Arnold was straightening up, though he kept his head bowed in pain.

Keith leaned over toward him and shouted above the scream of the engines, "Sorry about that. I should have told you what a crazy runway it is."

Arnold couldn't speak immediately, but finally he said, "I knew. But we weren't sure of its length, were we? I was positive we'd come to the end."

CHAPTER EIGHT

ON THE ground, Keith had a feeling of peace. Good luck had stayed with them. Next, one more take-off to be made, they would head for home—Assam—and the worst would be over. By now, Red Chinese officials might have learned that a dangerous, illegal entry had been made into China, but the return flight would soon be under way, and that was all he cared about.

Okay! Keith thought. *Let's do the celebrating in Calcutta! Right now, let's get on with it. Why are all these characters coming up to the plane? Where's the secret agent with the code-name "Kimono"?*

As he watched the group approach in the dark from the distant fire, Arnold appeared in the door of the plane, stepped halfway down the ladder, turned and jumped the rest of the way. He stooped and patted the ground.

"The Good Earth, Captain. Thanks for the ride." He walked over to Keith and put his arm around him patronizingly. "How about a little action on the way back? You haven't given me anything to tell my grandchildren yet. It was supposed to be rough as a cob."

"Maybe we will get a little action on the way back," Keith said quietly. "Did you know that we lost almost a thousand transports on the Hump?"

"You should have taught them to fly in the States and *then* brought them over here."

"There wasn't time. We had to learn real flying right here." Keith was appalled at himself for sounding so plaintive.

Arnold yawned and stretched luxuriously. "All we have to do now is fly back to India."

"Yes. We still have to make it back," Keith said in a low tone. But now he was exhilarated by the feel of the ground and the clear night air you could almost drink.

Keith loved China as a land and wished he could take time to stop and appreciate it. He moved close to the copolit as he walked toward the clump of Chinese who had reached the plane and were standing under the cockpit.

"Come on. We're going to get right out of here."

The six coolies silent under the forward part of the plane seemed almost identical in the half-light: short, dirty, expressionless; filthy feet in sandals; baggy blue trousers; ragged, quilted blue jackets; nondescript blue caps.

Staring at them as he approached, Keith realized he didn't know what to expect of Kimono. He turned to the now-serious Arnold who actually knew more about the mission than he did.

"I don't know who these men are—yet," Arnold told him.

"Let's get them into the plane for a minute," Keith said.

He touched the shoulder of the coolie nearest him and, with a broad gesture, motioned for all to follow. As soon as the ragged figures got inside the dimly lit cabin, they seated themselves in a row with their backs against the side of the fuselage and looked up.

While Keith was wondering what to do and was thinking of calling Arnold into a huddle in the cockpit, the biggest of the "Chinese coolies" stood up and spoke in college English-Department diction: "Gentlemen, I am your man. I am Kimono." Then he paused.

Keith couldn't help gaping. Now that Kimono was erect, it was easy to see that he was much different from the Chinese beside him. He was taller and far broader and heavier.

Stepping close, Keith peered into the man's dirty face. It was a cosmopolitan face, an international face. At a glance, it could be taken for Oriental, but it also had a definite Caucasian appear-

ance. A rather broad face, with large, prominent cheekbones, but not necessarily Slavic, it could be taken for the face of a man of any western nation. It was the perfect face for a secret agent, for a man from anywhere, from Iceland to Italy to Washington; it was strong, unlined, and with the prime characteristic of power.

Keith's eyes moved questioningly from Kimono to the other men.

"No, Captain," Kimono said, "these men are real Chinese—Nationalist Chinese, of course. They have helped me. They will assist me in bringing my records on board."

At the word "records," Keith turned to exchange a speculative glance with Arnold. There had been no mention of accompanying records in Delhi.

Kimono continued, "When my records are aboard, my men will leave and stay here in China." He gestured to one of the coolies, who hopped up, pattered out of the plane and swiftly returned with a paper-wrapped package resembling a bundle of laundry.

Standing tall and seeming to grow in the half light of the cabin, Kimono held his arms straight out from his body and the coolie deftly stripped the rags from it.

Momentarily clad only in a Western-type pair of boxer shorts, the agent showed that he had the all-purpose body to go with his international face: he was as muscular as a professional boxer or wrestler, and looked almost inhumanly strong and invulnerable. Keith could only stare, and for the moment, Arnold remained silent.

Kimono selected a clean, pressed American business suit from the package, also a white shirt, tie, socks and shoes, and transformed himself quickly and neatly into an immaculate Western executive. The way he whipped a comb through his thick black hair put the finishing touches to a startling magic act.

With reluctance, Keith realized that the man now looked as if he had taken complete charge of the whole mission. And Kimono's next words did not dispel that illusion.

"Now, Captain," he said—authoritatively and in distinct, clipped accent, "we'll place my records aboard."

Silent, Keith stared.

But Arnold had kept still as long as he could. In his most patronizing fashion, he put his arm around Kimono and remarked: "Whoever said vaudeville was dead? That was some act. Who taught you? Red Skelton?"

Kimono quickly eased himself away from Arnold and let a faint smile play over his face. He held out his hand, remarking, "Oh, you're Arnold."

Arnold grasped Kimono's hand and his knees immediately buckled. A flicker of amusement crossed Kimono's face and then it went dead-pan again. He was crushing Arnold's hand with so strong a grip that the flyer couldn't even bring himself to speak. After a moment, Kimono disengaged himself with so violent a gesture that he spun the younger man half around.

"Now shall we get my records aboard?" he said mildly.

The Chinese coolies scrambled out of the plane and trotted toward the end of the runway, where ten or twelve bulky chests and boxes lay heaped about. The first Chinese attacked one vigorously with the obvious intention of carrying it back to the plane.

"What's all that?" Keith asked.

With his arms folded, Kimono watched the proceedings calmly. "I think it would be best if you and your copilot helped. They're quite heavy."

Furious, Keith ran toward the first coolie, who was struggling under one of the chests, and slammed the man to the ground, tumbling the chest out of his arms on its side. Then he wheeled on Kimono, who observed him with suddenly menacing eyes.

"Goddamn it!" Keith shouted. "If you've got some hanky-panky papers in your pocket, that's all right. You can bring *them*. But we haven't got fuel enough to take your dinner clothes and whatever the hell else you've got in those chests! They stay in China!"

Kimono viewed Keith impassively through hooded black eyes.

Arnold walked up to Keith and whispered. "He's got the rank. He must need the stuff."

Keith turned angrily to Arnold, and at the same moment, Kimono stepped between the two of them. He was both polite and imperious, condescending and demanding.

"Gentlemen, my fault. I should have explained what I meant by 'records.' That was *not* the proper word." He waved his arm, encompassing the mass of trunks and chests. "These represent the most important collection of . . . of communist matériel ever secured by our country. Before you now, carefully disassembled, carefully packed, are the newest weapons of the communist world." He paused to let that sink in, then touched his hand to his forehead. "What I have up here is of the utmost importance, of course." He paused again, waved toward the chests. "What we have there is the evidence of the Communists' state of the art, warwise."

Keith ignored him, turning decisively away. "We're going to take you back with us. Your pirate treasure stays here. The fuel was figured down to the last gallon, and the mission was to bring *you* back. Not a lot of junk."

Kimono opened his mouth to speak, but Arnold interrupted, thoughtfully holding the hand that Kimono had mistreated and looking at the secret agent with silent respect.

"He knows what has to go back with him, Captain," Arnold said soberly. "He wouldn't have assembled all that stuff just for the fun of it." Arnold moved over to the plane and leaned against it. "And, Captain, since when are you afraid of this old clunker of yours?" He looked the plane over appraisingly, then continued, dead serious. "You know damn well we could carry twice that many chests. You probably carried more weight than that every trip in the old days."

Speculatively, Arnold approached Kimono, looking obliquely at Keith, his eyes exhibiting both amusement and challenge. "The bloody rockpile seem too bloody awful to you suddenly?"

Keith stood gazing up at both Arnold and Kimono, his five feet seven inches feeling very small. He knew their actual girth had little to do with his hesitation. The trouble was, they had logic on their side. And they knew what the mission really consisted of, what definitely had to go back.

"Why *all* those chests?" Keith demanded. "What have you got? A hundred of everything?"

"There are some things I *can* tell you," Kimono began. "Have you heard about guerrillas being able to manufacture arms in the jungle?"

"Everyone read about that in the newspapers years ago," Keith exploded. "Is that what you've got there? A forge? A whole steel mill?"

Kimono replied evenly, patience in his voice and power and determination in his manner. His chests traveled with him.

"Yes. There's a whole mill in those chests, part by part. But do we need to take the parts of a simple mill back to the States just to show how the guerrillas make rifles in the bamboo? No. Once it's reassembled in the United States, that particular mill won't just demonstrate how to make rifles in the bush. What we have there—among other things—is the complete wherewithal for making an entirely new weapon, a weapon not a great deal heavier than a rifle, but which, in reality, is a powerful cannon. Armed with such a cannon, a couple of men could do as much damage as a company. Easily." Kimono looked from Keith to Arnold coldly. "That's why those chests go over the Hump."

To no one in particular, Keith gave an almost imperceptible nod, met Arnold's approving glance and remarked, "Okay. Let's get that cargo aboard."

Kimono relaxed, letting his arms slide from his chest and hang at his sides. There was almost a smile on his lips. He snapped orders in Chinese to the coolies, who immediately continued the loading operation which Keith's fisticuffs had interrupted.

Minutes later, the three Americans boarded the plane to find the chests all neatly lashed to the cabin deck.

"Looks like a neat job. But how much do these Chinese really know about weight and balance?"

Kimono simply shrugged.

"It's going to be a ragged take-off anyway, from this beat-up old dirt runway, *and* at seven thousand feet. So the hell with it. Let's get moving."

As Keith walked to the cockpit, Kimono checked each chest. He found one less secure than the others, went to the plane door and shouted something in Chinese. One of the coolies returned to enter the plane. With his finger tips, Kimono lifted the loose chest, ordered the coolie to put his hand under it and dropped the chest on the man's fingers. Then he gave the screaming coolie one chop, carried him

to the door and dropped him to the ground. Quickly Kimono secured the chest correctly to the deck.

From Keith's standpoint, right now there were problems, but they were small ones. The more he thought about them, the smaller they got. Kimono obviously hadn't thought to bring any warm clothes for himself. So Keith would have to give him his own coveralls to wear. Keith would be hellishly cold, but he would be the most active one in the plane and he would survive —as he had survived before in similar circumstances.

The weight of Kimono's paraphernalia, now strung down the center of the deck toward the tail, might alter the handling of the plane a little, but it wouldn't have much overall effect on the gross weight, would it? No. He shouldn't have gotten hot about that.

While Keith strapped himself into the seat, Arnold closed and locked the big cargo door near the tail.

Kimono selected one of the canvas seats along the side of the fuselage and fastened his seat belt.

They were ready to go after their brief encounter with China.

CHAPTER NINE

AS ARNOLD was getting set in his cockpit seat, Keith glanced up at the sky and saw two planes passing overhead. He rapped Arnold's shoulder.

"We've got company," he said.

"Oh-oh. So they know we're here." Arnold's face tightened.

"Well, here we go back to Mother India. You ready? Maybe this trip won't be so dull, after all," Keith said.

Arnold shrugged. Now, suddenly, he was tired and cold—cold even though they were still on the ground! But he managed a smile, not quite realizing how weak it looked to Keith. "Okay, Captain. Shall we fire them up?"

Keith gave the thumbs-up and leaned over the control pedestal as number one engine, on the left, fired up. Sweet! A very short series of quick coughs, then the big engine throbbed. And number two was a repeat—just a few turns made by the powerful starter before the second big power plant was on its own and alive. Keith had four thousand horses at his fingertips and he played them lovingly. While he let the engines settle down to sweet smoothness and Arnold adjusted his seat belt, Keith looked over the instrument panel.

He saw some drop in manifold pressure when he checked the mags, but it was a small drop, and everything else was *ding how*! Very much okay. He'd have to watch the fuel consumption, but he wasn't expecting anything hairy in that department.

Well, what are we waiting for? he thought. *Let's go!* He looked over at the uncharacteristically serious-faced copilot, gave the thumbs-up, released the brakes and firmly gunned the engines. Nothing happened. The plane didn't budge.

Keith frowned. What in hell. . . . Maybe he'd forgotten how much blast it took to get rolling on a rough strip a mile and a half up. That must be it. Had to be. He checked the brakes again. Okay. *Now* give the engines enough fuel. Again, he made the engines roar by opening the throttles almost wide enough for a take-off. Again, no action—for a second. Then the old elephant of a transport began to move.

Yet something was wrong. At first, Keith didn't understand what it was, but he knew it was best to keep the plane in motion. As he taxied into position for take-off, he kept the engines blasting and wondered how he could blame it all on the U.S. agent's "luggage." He couldn't. Not all of it.

Wait a minute. Of course! When they came in for that hard-brake landing, they had forced some of the air out of the tail wheel. That *had* to be it. It was bad, but what the hell—it wasn't going to *stop* them. In his at-least-a-hundred landings in China, during the original World War II operation, he had never had trouble with the big tires on the main landing gear, but tail wheels had been a problem. That was it: they had a flat little doughnut in the rear.

The plane was aimed straight down the runway. Everything checked okay except the tail wheel. The engines sounded magnificent. Keith's arms stiffened and he moved the throttles forward to wide open by moving his whole body forward. He felt like part of the power plants; he *was* part of the force driving them and he willed her to move.

Again, the whale-shaped transport didn't want to go, but she had to. The chains of inertia were broken and she slid along. Keith had a look and feeling of satisfaction.

When she was halfway down the runway, more sluggish than she should have been, but accelerating, there was an abrupt, heavy sound—and a *feel* —and Arnold screamed, "We've been hit!" His scream was so loud and so sudden that, for a moment, Keith later wondered which had come first, the shock or the cry.

At the same moment, Keith felt the plane veer to the side of the strip, looked up and saw the same two planes still hovering in the air within a few miles of them, and made the decision to keep going.

Arnold's left hand shot out over the throttles to suggest killing the engines and stopping the plane, but what was the use? What could they do, stopped on the ground?

Momentarily, Keith released his fingers from the throttles, swept them over the control pedestal in a signal to Arnold meaning to let them alone. He kept the throttles close to wide open, but jockeyed them a little to try to keep the plane on the runway. Normally, he would have held full left rudder for a usual take-off to counter the engines' torque. Now the rudder was veering left *and* right. The plane continued generally forward and Keith forced her to become airborne.

The tail-wheel tire had shredded, and what was left was acting like an old-fashioned skid that swung from left to right erratically, completely independent of the way aerodynamic forces were keeping the plane headed down the strip. At one time, she was almost completely off the runway, though she was still crabbing toward the far end.

Keith wrestled her into the air as one of her wings dipped dangerously close to the ground. Then, when they were still at a critically low elevation, he got the plane righted and Arnold, gasping in panic, settled back to take in a deep breath.

His shoulders hadn't yet touched the back of the seat when Keith gave him a painful smash on the shoulder.

"Gear up!" he shouted, and put the plane into such a violent bank that she was suddenly perpendicular to the earth, less than a hundred feet high.

Arnold looked to the left. He had forgotten about the mountain right beside the runway. Now they were feet from it, would belly right into it. Keith pulled back on the wheel, putting the plane into a pirouetting circle. Arnold thought he was blacking out.

Keith wondered if the swinging tail-wheel arm had actually touched a small ridge on the mountain. Was that possible? He hauled the control column into his chest, held his breath expectantly, then, lifetimes later, had the plane clear.

Arnold was in ragged shape. It was well below freezing in the cockpit, but Keith was steaming. He heard Kimono fumbling nervously at the cabin door. He gave the instrument panel a swift glance: everything okay there. The plane was straight and level, and he raised the nose for a normal climb after adjusting the engine settings. The two planes he had seen were no longer in view.

He rapped his copilot on the shoulder. "Sit up! Everything's okay."

As Kimono got the door open, Keith swung around toward it, put on a happy smile and gave a jovial thumbs-up. "Hi!" he shouted. "We're going to have a nice ride. It's hot in here, Arnold. Too hot for me."

He signaled Arnold to take the controls and slipped out of his coveralls to hand them to the U.S. secret agent. Kimono, his face now very pale, tried to speak as Keith propelled him back into the cabin.

"Captain, you're a little mad, aren't you?" he said.

Keith saw that the agent was worried sick, but he couldn't help being cheerful. "Don't fret about a thing," he shouted gaily. "We're going to have a jolly good ride."

When Keith returned to his seat, he was freezing. He looked at the engine instruments. The engines' roar was beautiful. Thank God for that. That thought was all he had to keep him warm.

What had been going on outside? He looked around the sky and found it empty. Other planes hadn't worried him, but now a full moon was coming up. He stole a quick, cautious glance to the other side of the cockpit. Yes, Arnold knew what he had been looking for.

All right; we'll be careful. But Keith still wasn't worried about other planes. *Why should I be? There's enough of everything else to worry about.*

And that's the way things worked out. There was plenty else.

They had spent six minutes on the ground in China. Now they were six minutes out of Yangchi and on their way back to the Hump. Arnold had never flown in a plane at night before with no lights, and he didn't like it.

The old man did the flying, leaning forward to try to feel his way out of the old dragon of a country.

You had to look for the villages in the country pretty far to the northwest of Kunming, but quite a few were visible below them. You couldn't recognize them as communities, but they were there, and the flickering little lights shining from their fires served as vital beacons. They didn't tell Keith precisely where he was, by any means, but they told him where the high ground and the hills were. And that's all he needed to know for the moment. The big moon was coming up and Keith waited for Tali. Tali, off somewhere to the northwest. He'd find it.

Down below, in the velvet land of Western China, the villages and their little lights grew scarcer. But so did the chances of seeing other planes in the air out to hunt them. They had lost sight of the now-big base at Yunnanyi, and soon it would be safe to rise and gain altitude for the Hump.

All of official China probably knew about them by now. Sparse though most of Yunnan was, they had probably roared over thousands of people who must have been startled by the sight of a plane with no running lights and only its exhaust fires visible.

Keith felt so cold that when he had to make a movement and his flesh touched a part of his uniform where it hadn't been touching before, his skin seemed to burn. Masochistically he set the props and engines for a steeper climb, pressured back on the wheel and reset the elevator trim. Not a sound from the cabin where Kimono sat huddled and near freezing.

Arnold looked so hollow-eyed, it shocked Keith.

He grasped the younger man's shoulder and gave it a gentle shake. "In less than three hours, you'll be back in India beefing about the heat. Okay?"

Arnold tried to return Keith's smile, but could not manage it.

CHAPTER TEN

NOW the moon was up. As far as Keith could see, no clouds. He peered ahead. It was still distant, but there it was: the Bloody Rockpile, the Hump. Arnold hadn't really seen it on the way over, but there it was now. From this distance, it looked like a great, beautiful white ridge of ice that ran from the North pole to the South. It had no ends. It was supreme. Nothing was ever meant to cross it. As long as there had been life in India and China, the Hump had acted as a separator. For ten thousand years, it had kept the two peoples apart.

Touching Arnold on the shoulder, Keith tried to shout, "There it is!" What else did you say?

To his relief, Arnold forced a smile. "Think we'll get over it?"

Keith made the thumbs-up sign. "I guess we'd better do it at the right spot. There are some clouds coming up. We'd better find Tali."

"Tali?"

"Check point. You'll see."

Tali was really Keith's primary quest. Almost every bit of navigating had to be done in his head, with at least one hard item to go by. On the way over, he had stayed south and used Yunnanyi. Now, on the return flight, Tali must be that check point.

The C-46 had a service ceiling of sixteen thousand feet. At three miles up and beyond, she no longer climbed with firm control or at the proper speed of five hundred feet a minute. But Tali was a great, independent spire of a mountain shouldering up twenty-two thousand feet into the firmament. Ergo, you went *around* Tali—if you could. Many Hump planes hadn't; Tali was probably the most aluminum-plated mountain in the world.

The moon was dimming and there was a strong chance of a cloud cover over the Hump. Suddenly it wasn't a chance; it was very likely. No, it wouldn't be a cover, or a layer. In fact, there would be no way of staying out of a very deep depth of clouds. Too late to worry about it. They were in it.

There was an instantaneous change inside the plane. The moonlight had been brilliant, both pilots had been able to "keep their heads out of the cockpit." The land below, the cloud formations far away, even the Hump itself, had been clearly visible. But now. . . .

Keith switched on the instrument-panel lights, and he and Arnold went into another world—an artificial, sightless one. Whoever was flying the plane had to force himself to discard the impressions of his senses and fly and live by the instruments. Arnold watched Keith settle back, place both hands lightly on the wheel and look to the instruments as though trying to outstare a cobra.

Keith thought back over every minute of their flight from Yangchi, tried to calculate precisely where they were. The idea now was to miss Tali and fly direct to the valley *on the other side of the Hump* by holding the right heading.

Keith shook his wheel, then pointed to Arnold's. Arnold took over the controls. The plane had reached nineteen thousand and Arnold had assumed that would be their maximum altitude.

Opening his oxygen mask, Keith told the other to climb to twenty thousand.

"Twenty thousand?" Arnold pantomimed, query and concern in his eyes.

Keith tapped the fuel gauges. "They'll be okay. I've been watching."

Reluctantly, Arnold increased the props' speed, upped the manifold pressure and eased his wheel back.

They flew in dense, black clouds which reminded Keith of the atmosphere in a funeral parlor. He smiled. *I wonder how the stiff in the back is?* he thought. *I guess we're supposed to deliver him alive.*

Arnold kept his eyes transfixed on the instruments He didn't know that momentarily the plane was almost out of the clouds, that they were close to being in the clear for a second. Nor did he notice that the cabin door was rattling and shaking as if Kimono might be trying to break through it.

Keith turned around to help open the door. Kimono came through, a different man. His eyes were black and bright and glowing like a madman's. He was gasping so much he couldn't get out anything intelligible.

"Mmm . . .mmm . . ." Kimono was trying to speak in English or Chinese. The man was obviously trying desperately to say something. "Mmm!" Kimono stiffly and weakly raised his arm and pointed toward the cockpit window on Arnold's side. "Mmm . . .mmm . . ." Then it became "Mou . . . mou . . ."

Keith grasped Kimono's shoulder to shake him, but the agent pulled away and Keith thought he had fainted. But no. He was still trying frantically to point out the right window. The clouds were so thick that nothing could be seen.

Then came a brilliant flash as the climbing plane broke out into the moonlight. Keith looked out the window and froze in horror.

There, straight ahead and above them, loomed the blue ice and shimmering snow of Tali's craggy peak.

Above them! Keith blinked, unable to believe it. Tali must be seventy-five or eighty miles away from them! What was it doing almost at their nosetip?

Kimono drew his arms in front of his face for a moment, then slid limply to the floor.

Although his brain had begun to attack the problem belatedly but efficiently, Keith's reflexes took over for him—reflexes gained from years of training and experience. He grabbed the wheel, spun it to the left as hard as he could, yanked it back, closed his eyes—and waited.

Arnold gaped out of his window. "Captain!" he screamed in complete abandon, unable to move.

The crash never came.

Keith managed to level the plane off and point her on a course of a hundred and ninety-five degrees on the compass. He signaled for Arnold to take over. The shaken copilot lifted his trembling hands, laid them on the wheel and forced them steady. Keith turned to take care of Kimono.

Without disconnecting the oxygen mask, he leaned over and with great difficulty pulled the agent upright. The man was ice-cold and sick and hardly aware of what was going on.

Tali lay behind them; Kimono sat back in his seat with his oxygen turned on to pure. Keith had no way of knowing that Arnold was wondering if he had ever seen anyone as cool as Keith. Actually, Keith felt almost warm. He was so disgusted at his "cocksure" navigating, his certainty that he "knew"

just which altitude to fly, that he couldn't get his heart to quiet down. The Hump was up ahead. He could now worry about that. Then, for the first time since take-off, he had some good news for Arnold. They could ease down a little. No need to stay as high as they were. It might even be a degree or two warmer.

By pilots' sign language, he told Arnold to take the plane back down to seventeen. Arnold gave him a long, querying look. With more signs, he assured Arnold it would be *ding how!*

Arnold's behavior was quite normal and, although they were running into turbulence, he handled the plane well as he lowered the altitude. But after he had leveled off, Keith noticed that he developed a stare, both panicky and glazed, that resembled "the glittering eye" of the Ancient Mariner.

Arnold extended his hand toward the compass, on a hundred and ninety-five degrees or just fifteen degrees off due south, and turned his head toward Keith in query. He wanted to know what was going on. Keith knew—precisely—but there wasn't any time for him to diagram it for Arnold.

It went like this:

As soon as Keith had realized they were almost brushing against Tali instead of flying to within seventy-five or eighty miles of it, he knew they must be in the grip of a poweful typhoon wind that was blasting them off course. He switched on the navigating computer he carried in his head. Taking into consideration the time they had been in the air since the take-off from Yangchi, and where the normal Hump winds should have taken them, he figured that they must be being blown off course by a jet stream of at least a hundred fifty miles an hour—a hell of a blow.

If it had been daylight, he might have had a chance to spot some ground check points; then he could turn due south and fly that way until he had a sure fix. But it was night, and to get back to Assam, he decided to pick an oblique, hedging course that might, because of the extraordinary, powerful drift, carry them toward Doom Dooma. There was nothing else to try.

Arnold took his rapt, sick eyes off Keith and glanced at the compass. Then he pointed south. Keith replied to the silent question with an exaggerated nod. *Sure,* he tried to say, *North Vietnam is down there, but we're going to be blown right to Assam.*

Arnold returned a terrified stare to Keith's face for a full minute. Then he placed his fingertips together before his face and bowed his head: the Hindu prayer gesture. But no smile. Keith, hit hard by the ebullient Arnold's despair, apathetically gave the "all's well" sign, but it was quick and feeble and Arnold hardly noticed.

Determinedly, Keith placed both his hands on the wheel in front of him, and Arnold, full of sickening, silent doubt, dropped his hands to his lap. He personified tortured hopelessness.

The plane wallowed in mild turbulence for a full five minutes. There were moments when it seemed that the rippling minor updrafts and downdrafts might increase into real violence, but instead, the plane flew on into a calm area.

Then there was a feeling, disturbing and alien. Keith got it first, but then so did Arnold. As always in flight, Keith's eyes quickly swept back and forth across the scores of dials and gauges on the broad instrument panel in front of him. Now, he wondered uneasily, which came first—the *feeling* of a loss of power, the *sound* of it, or the *sight* of the engine instruments showing one of them about to call it quits?

Keith held his breath.

When they had first entered the clouds and "gone on instruments," he had told Arnold to apply carburetor heat. When there was considerable moisture in the air, and the temperature was near freezing, the temperature in the carburetor was a few degrees cooler than the outside air temperature, and ice could form in it suddenly. If enough formed, the ice blocked the flow of the fuel-air mixture to the cylinders. Result: a dead engine. Keith knew that, in the original Hump operation, small amounts of such ice had caused scores of crashes.

While Arnold took the controls and flew like an automaton, Keith had tried full carburetor heat. If the carburetor heat system was working, full heat would necessarily alter the fuel-air ratio and reduce the engines' power output somewhat, but it might keep them running against the danger of an ice block.

Keith now watched the engine instruments as though he were peering through a microscope: no action with the carburetor heat, but the rpms of the right engine were dropping very slowly. His job was to keep the engines running, to navigate, to keep his young copilot from collapsing.

The right engine dropped from two thousand to fifteen hundred rpms. Keith trimmed the rudder to steer into the left engine. He checked the clock, then the altimeter. According to the clock—and his blind, oversimplified navigation—they were approaching the gorge of the Mekong River and the Hump.

Keith felt sure of his east-west position. Getting to India was simply a question of time. But it was the north-south position that was the life-or-death matter. At the northern end of the Hump, there were many jagged peaks up to twenty thousand feet and higher. To the south, it was different. The Hump was a great, sloping spine as it went into Burma, and a plane far enough south could cross it at fifteen.

The left engine held strong and, momentarily, Keith wondered why it didn't ice up. Academic. What difference did it make? The power in the right engine was way down and they'd lost two thousand feet of altitude.

Although he still sat rigid, Arnold was doing a good job of flying the plane, keeping her on the right heading by forcing her into the good engine. But he still acted like an almost petrified robot; he wasn't thinking.

Keith was just the opposite. He had to stretch each second while he examined all the possibilities.

The plane continued to sink as her right engine lost more and more. Then, suddenly and terrifyingly, Keith saw that the left engine was beginning to lose power, too. Now the question was: How much good would it do to fly the U.S. secret agent back to India without his ponderous, overweight "records"?

Bemused in thought, Keith was almost startled out of his wits by a sharp, snapping report, so loud, Keith thought he could feel it in the air.

Arnold's hands flew off the wheel. Both pilots stared at one another with wondering, puzzled eyes. They were almost on top of the Hump. Who could have found them at this remote spot and taken a shot at them?

Arnold managed to get his hands back on the wheel.

Then, with enormous relief, Keith realized what had hit them. He ripped his oxygen mask aside and shouted: "It's okay. *Prop ice.* That's all."

Then he sat back in his seat feeling like a jackass. Prop ice was smashing against the plane's skin, and he had said, "That's all." Prop ice meant the right engine would get *worse,* not better. Hell, the agent's crap *had* to go, or they were all dead men.

While he made a rapid check of the instrument panel, his eyes like a snake's, Keith gulped in deep breaths of oxygen with the system turned to pure. As he did so, the left engine slowed to a thousand rpms. The right engine was doing little more than windmilling. The plane sank to sixteen thousand with the loss of power.

Damn it, the lousy cargo had to go!

Keith stirred. Undoing his seat belt, he took two more deep breaths of oxygen and got up. He opened the door to the cabin and came up short, so startled, he almost cried out loud.

He stared into the muzzle of a pistol. Behind the pistol hulked the grim-faced, determined and enormous Kimono.

Keeping the pistol muzzle only a few inches from Keith's forehead, he shouted, "I know what you're up to. It's no go. If you can't fly the damned plane, we *all* go down!" With his left hand, he waved toward the chests. "They stay where they are. Give me your flashlight. I'm making sure they're secure. Go back to your seat. And get us to India!"

He slammed the door in Keith's face.

Enraged at his own inability to go up against a gun aimed at his head, Keith clamped his mouth shut and sank back in his seat, knowing he had done all he could do, but furious that he had been unable to best the arrogant Kimono. Kimono's prescience struck him as an interesting example of genuine intuition, but not unusual in a man of the agent's background and training.

When Keith slapped his mask philosophically back on, Arnold gave him a

rough thump on the shoulder and pointed to the instrument panel. Somehow, the left engine still retained some power. But the right was windmilling so slowly that it had become a drag, in the most literal sense.

Keith knew there was only one course open now. The altimeter read fifteen thousand three hundred. To stay off the Hump, he had to revive the right engine, which was out of action, ice-choked and starved for fuel. The left wasn't much better. How to reactivate the right without straining the left?

"Take her down to fifteen," Keith shouted.

Arnold ripped his mask open. "How high are the mountains here?"

"Fifteen."

Arnold stared at Keith for a moment, then shifted to the instruments. He made a heavy, deep-breathing movement with his body and pressured his wheel forward.

Fifteen thousand two hundred and fifty. The right engine windmilled. . . . Fifteen thousand two hundred. The right engine windmilled.

Arnold edged his body forward, arms rigid, making himself nose the plane down.

"Captain, where the hell are we?" His cry was plaintive and jarring.

"We're right on top of the Bloody Rockpile," Keith said.

Arnold closed his eyes.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

"TRY fifteen," Keith said.

Arnold complied.

Fifteen thousand one hundred. There was an almost microscopic change in the instrument panel and Keith's eye just caught it. Gently, he added some pressure to his own wheel. With both their hands on their wheels, captain and copilot burned their eyes on the instruments.

Fifteen thousand even.

"Hold it there. Something's happening." Keith snapped his mask tight, took a few breaths, extended his finger to the tachometers.

Slowly, slowly. Twelve hundred rpms. Thirteen hundred. Fifteen hundred. Eighteen hundred. Two thousand rpms!

Both engines were back to normal. Three hundred feet in altitude with its minutely higher air temperature had made all the difference. At fifteen thousand, the carburetor ice had melted and the engines had returned to full power.

Keith tried to lean far enough over the seat to put an arm around Arnold's shoulders. He couldn't come near it, but Arnold saw the gesture and understood.

Moving his left hand forward in an upgliding motion, Arnold was asking if they should try to climb gradually. Keith considered. His navigation had been lucky. They were far enough south for fifteen. He made a level movement with his hand and pointed to fifteen on the altimeter. Then he made the okay sign with thumb and forefinger and reckoned the navigation while Arnold flew the plane.

Keith looked at the instrument-panel clock, studied the fuel gauges. *Ding how* in that department. The agent in the cabin sitting guard over his stinking records was a smart maniac, but they wouldn't have any more trouble with him. At the moment, the flight was smooth. Keith had the feeling that the clouds weren't as dense now as they had been over the Mekong. He was so cold, it felt like pain. If they climbed, it would be colder, but then, as they approached India, it would warm up. So. Decision made.

Keith touched Arnold's shoulder and then held his hand in the air showing that he was going to make a change. Left hand on his wheel, Keith advanced the prop speed to twenty-two hundred rpms, moved the throttles forward until the engines were operating at thirty-two inches of mercury. Then he rolled the horizontal stabilizer trim back, nosing the plane back into a very shallow climb.

By hand sign, he told Arnold to take over the controls and climb to seventeen. Arnold seemed to perk up. Then Keith rubbed his hands on his thighs, trying to force some life into them. The eyes of both pilots rested on the instrument panel as the plane edged up to sixteen thousand. No trouble.

It was a moment of watchful-waiting-optimism. Before long, the altimeter would show seventeen thousand and, Keith knew, Arnold would realize they had it made: no carburetor ice, fuel supply okay, the engines running like sewing machines, the storm blown out, a landing in India, then up to Darjeeling for a holiday. Keith would have been happy if he hadn't been freezing. He leaned toward Arnold to tell him they almost had the Salween behind them—just as the altimeter showed seventeen—when he was blinded suddenly by a brilliant light.

He turned in his seat and found himself staring directly into his own flashlight held by Kimono and poked straight into his eyes.

Keith was suddenly struck by more than the physical force of the light rays. It flashed in his mind how little he actually knew about Kimono. He had met the agent in China and, since then, almost everything he had done had been at Kimono's express commands. Yes, he had become the man's puppet.

Now, in all its stark obviousness, the total danger of his situation became apparent. China bordered India here at the Hump. But there was another country not far away: the U.S.S.R. Kimono looked American, yet he looked Oriental as well. Could he not as well look Russian? Where did his true allegiance lie?

If he wanted to, Kimono could force the flight due north into Russia. How could Keith and Arnold stop him? Was that Kimono's plan? Suppose the whole flight had been a clever double-agent ploy by the Soviets? Suppose Kimono was posing as a U.S. agent, but was actually in Russia's pay? The entire flight could be a dismal fiasco. Keith and Arnold could be facing imprisonment for life—or a quiet, brutal death.

Staring into the flashlight's beam and quite calm in the face of complete disaster, Keith quietly loosened his seat belt and rose. He clenched his right hand into a fist, tensed all the muscle in his back, his shoulder and his arm and smashed his fist into the flashlight and into Kimono's face. Both flashlight and fist hit the agent's nose and eyes. He went down bloody.

Keith tore off his oxygen mask, felt its elastic strap snap against his face and shouted to Arnold to fly the plane. But it was too late; too late at the moment for Arnold to be in real control. The light in the cockpit had blinded Arnold, too. He could see nothing outside in the night, either.

Keith fell on the snarling agent and fought with him, trying to drag him out of the cockpit.

Arnold was detached. It took a special kind of pilot to be completely at home on instruments, he thought. You had to have a bifurcated mind, almost schizoid. When you were flying blind, you had to shut out the real world—the world outside the cockpit—and just concentrate on the gauges and do exactly what they told you to do.

Arnold had less than five hundred hours logged, but he had proved himself proficient at instrument flying. He was good under the hood, in a simulator or under actual instrument conditions. To coin a cliché, either you had it or you didn't. He did. That's why he had studied the old Hump operation, why he had gotten himself on this fantastic flight.

Keith and the agent were wrestling on the small bit of floor space behind him, getting hurt. No one was flying the plane, and they were on instruments. Somebody had to mind them. He had heard Keith shout at him to take over, but he couldn't see a thing.

Arnold moved his arms through the air, groping in front of him. They hit the wheel and he grabbed it, settled his hands in place. Now, if he could only see . . .

He tried opening and closing his eyes. No difference. He kept them open, praying to see something. Meanwhile, was he weightless? What was he feeling? While he was groping for vision, helplessly, he had let the plane fly itself. But it wasn't flying itself. Softly, he was pressing up against the seat belt, then hard. The plane was falling. Or was he upside-down?

Lights began appearing on the retina of his eye. Now Arnold could see the instrument panel, the *whole* instrument panel. No. He had imagined it. It was an inner vision. He hadn't been able to see anything at all. *Now* he could see. As he was falling down and turning, there were little lights in front of him, little worms of lights, light yellow, greenish worms of light. He held his vision on what should have been the instrument panel, felt his eyes to see if they were open, placed his hands back on the wheel. Was he going up, or down? Vertigo. So this was vertigo.

He took a firm grip on the wheel. Had he been unconscious? No. Vertigo.

The plane was spinning, was descending. Crunch himself forward against the wheel so he wouldn't feel the instant of crash? Where were they? Where was the Hump? They had been at seventeen? Which one of those blurs was the altimeter? Could he find it? Could he read it? Would he be sick in his oxygen mask and choke? If he found the altimeter, could he read it? Could it make any difference? Spin. Fall. The Hump was coming up to them. . . .

A heavy thud hit Arnold's back.

"Good job!"

Keith was shouting. Arnold heard the words, "Good job!" What could they mean? He turned his head away from the instruments and was able to focus on Keith's face. He saw Keith's lips move, heard the words. But they didn't make sense.

Keith took the controls, pointed at the altimeter. Arnold pressed his face forward, tried to force himself to interpret what the instrument said. Thirteen thousand. He stared over at Keith. The captain looked as though he was driving an XKE with an eight-lane highway to himself.

Arnold thought he felt a snap inside his head. His eyes took in the whole instrument panel.

Keith still had his index finger on his altimeter. Thirteen thousand. Arnold stared at the artificial horizon and the engine instruments. The engines' four thousand horses were in a beautiful gallop, the plane was in a tight bank, they were climbing at five hundred feet a minute. Arnold stared back at Keith. Was the man actually smiling? Guess so. The little captain had all those horses in his finger tips, and if you listened to the engines closely enough, it could warm up your blood.

At seventeen thousand, Keith leveled the plane off, loosened his mask. Happy, he leaned over to Arnold, shouting, "Know where we were? *In* the Salween Valley. Right on the gorge. We fell exactly one mile, in seconds, and you held it in a perfect turn." He thumped Arnold on the shoulder. "Terrific job."

Arnold was silent as Keith flew at seventeen. There was no turbulence. The plane knifed through the clouds.

Keith opened his mask again, pulled Kimono's pistol out of his pocket, pointed back at the cabin and shouted, "He's okay. Got a little shook up in the crisis. I thought he was trying to take over. He was just up tight. Hell, I was afraid I'd broken his nose! Looks like a mess, but he's really okay."

So everything was okay. The plane flew out of the clouds, the outside air temperature rose to twenty-five degrees, and the whole Hump lay behind them.

The cabin door opened. Kimono stood there. No, he isn't so good, Keith thought when he saw the specter in the doorway. The agent looked almost lifeless, but his eyes were alive. *With hatred*, Keith told himself, *for me*. He had spent a year in China in perpetual danger, and the worst part of it for him was the few hours it took to get him out.

Keith shouted noncommittally to Kimono. "It looks as though we've got it made. Just so we can find Assam and don't let down onto Tibet."

Kimono continued to stare. "May I send a message?" he finally asked.

Keith hadn't expected such a request. He thought about it. The navigating computer in his head had been the only thing he'd felt sure of. He looked at the clock. And calculated.

"There aren't any planes in North Burma that could find us and do any damage. Go ahead. There's a mike in the cabin hooked to our transmitter. When you're talking to them in Doom Dooma, tell them to keep their radio on. We can start to home on it as soon as they switch it on."

When Kimono had gone back into the cabin without a word, Keith muttered, "That's the coldest 'no comment' I've ever heard. I wonder what'll be waiting for me. I wonder what you get for mauling a big-wheel hero of a secret agent. Plenty, I guess." Keith sighed and smiled at the pistol in his lap.

Five minutes later, when Kimono returned to the cockpit, Keith was tuning the radio of the automatic direction finder to the signal of the engineers at Doom Dooma. Once, when he passed the engineers' frequency, the ADF's big needle pointed straight ahead, then wandered as Keith went back to it. Finally he turned exactly to the frequency and the needle steadied to a point straight ahead.

The three men in the freezing cockpit were silent as their eyes kept searching the ground far below for a light. Nothing. If the computer in Keith's head was working, the only really high mountains in the country were the main Himalayan range to the north. The First Ridge should be straight ahead—that stood at eleven thousand—and the hills to the south and west wouldn't be over nine thousand at the most.

The old rule had been that even when you "knew" you were over Assam, but didn't have a check, you stayed high and didn't let down until you could see you were in the clear or had an absolutely certain radio fix. Now Keith wanted to start down toward the warm air below, but he couldn't be sure what lay beneath them.

Kimono, standing behind them, had plugged his mask into Arnold's oxygen system and, as he leaned over them, he seemed, to Keith, to be ready to order a descent.

Suddenly Kimono rapped Keith on the shoulder. He had been watching the ADF "bird dog" and he knew exactly where they were before Keith did. The big needle had suddenly reversed itself and was pointing rearward. If the system was working, they had passed over Doom Dooma.

Keith turned the plane around until the needle was again pointing straight ahead. He flew straight until the needle repeated the reversal. Then he began the letdown.

Keith had nothing to say to Kimono when the three men slipped off their oxygen masks as they reached ten thousand. He simply handed him his pistol. No one said anything.

When the bird-dog needle first flipped, showing the plane was right over Doom Dooma, Arnold flipped, too. The Hump, the Bloody Rockpile, was now east of them and, with that event, the young man's vitality and optimism flooded back. At ten thousand feet, the warm outside air had begun to fill the cockpit. And at that time, the plane was spotted from the ground and the engineers fired up the temporary landing lights outlining the Doom Dooma strip.

Arnold turned on Kimono. "Why'd you blind us with the flashlight. Were you going to take the plane over?"

For a moment, Kimono showed little expression and less apparent inclination to speak. But he did. "When I heard you set the engines for climbing, I thought you were going to get enough altitude to dump all the chests. And I had to stop you."

Arnold was silent as he thought that over. Then he asked, "What kind of message did you send ahead?"

"You'll see," was the only answer.

At five thousand, it was warm in the cockpit; at three, it was hot. Keith became dizzy, but he knew what would happen. In the final approach, his hands grasped the wheel as lightly as if it might have held a priceless relic. In pinches, he did his best—damn it all if he didn't!

When he landed the plane, it was a repeat of the landing at Yangchi; it was impossible to tell exactly when the wheels touched.

He taxied the plane to the hardstand, and there stood the usual crowd of engineers and coolies. With a terribly urgent look on his face, one of the engineers charged up to the plane, frantically waving a piece of paper at the cockpit.

With the coldest look he could conceive, Keith turned to Kimono. His own voice sounded strange to him. "What's that? What you called ahead about?"

It seemed incredible to see Kimono smiling for the first time.

"Yes, Captain. A telegram telling you that a special plane is going to take you and Arnold right on to Darjeeling." He held out his hand.

Keith and Kimono shook hands in silence and then Kimono bowed slightly to Arnold. Arnold returned the bow. Then Kimono left.

Both Keith and Arnold remained in the plane as the chests were off-loaded, and finally they sat alone in the old transport. Keith looked at Arnold.

"Well, that was the Hump."

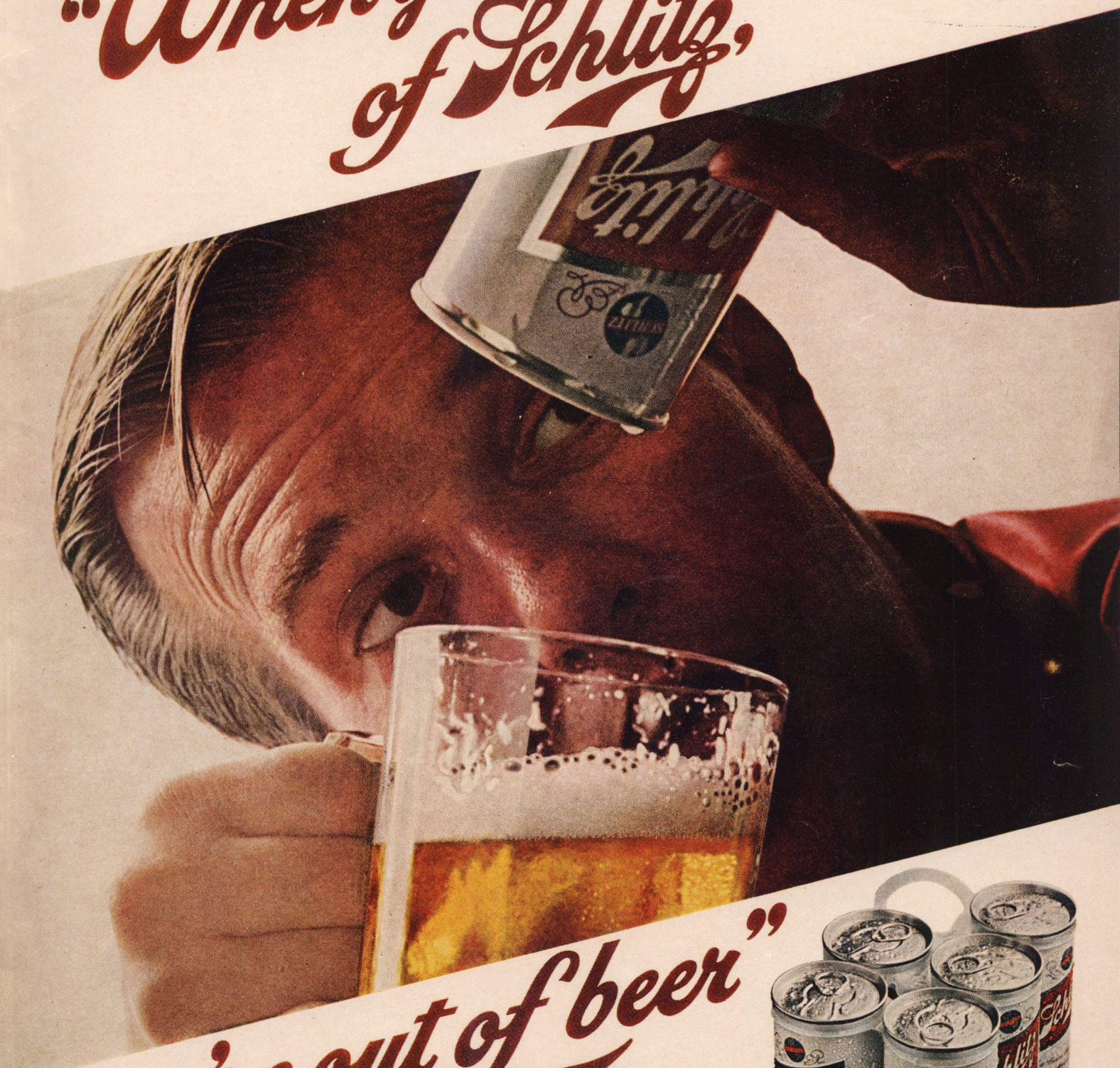
Arnald nodded and said, "A rough, rough cob."

Keith grinned. "Let's forget it. We're on our way to Darjeeling. Did you hear that about the special plane for us?"

"Right. Who's going to fly it?"

Keith looked at the young pilot with his warmest smile. "You. Every bit of the way." • • •

"When you're out of Schlitz,



you're out of beer"

Quality never comes easy. Schlitz is most carefully brewed for smoothness, gusto, and aroma, without "beer bite." This is pure beer. This is Schlitz. The beer that made Milwaukee famous.

© 1968 Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee and other great cities.

"I'D WALK A MILE FOR A CAMEL."

This message is strictly for smokers who've never tasted a Camel cigarette.
Camel smokers, you know what we mean.
You other guys, start walking.

© 1968 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N.C.