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No. 36

GOOD HEALTH

REGD
No. 6439

FEBRUARY 1957

MADRAS-7 (S. INDIA)

As the Mighty, Majestic Tiger is powerfull in strength and distinctive in characteristics, so are the remedies listed here **POWERFUL** in efficacy and distinctive in the field of medicine.

★ For these remedies are much better formulated to give sure results where others would fail, and are dependable.

★ Testimonials and recommendations of doctors and cured patients, and their use in. The Curtius Clinic, Paris and Vienna testify to this.



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Use a remedy from us before you waste money on worthless stuff.

★ We guarantee you will get an entire satisfactory result

These Testimonials Received
Fully Prove It.

Full confidence your
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Zina tonic H. S. P.

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send me 12 bottles M. C.

I used Vir-Vite I had a
complete cure D. P.



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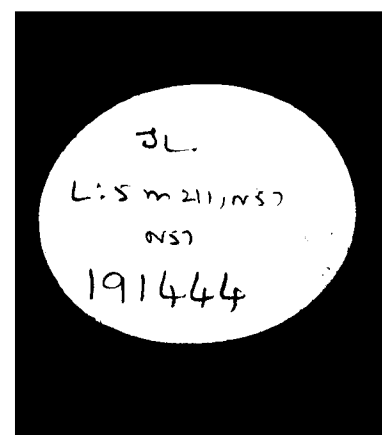
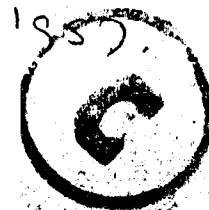
Post Box No. 459.

Vepery, Madras. (India)

GENUCURE- Madras

Good Health.

Feb 1957



NOTICE If payment is made with order FREE POSTAGE AND PACKING is allowed on orders over Rs. 10 in value. except heavy goods such as Developer appliance and jelly contraceptive set. When half charge Rs. 2 may be sent. Payment must be made with orders upto Rs. 8 in value plus Re 1 postage (Packing is free) Not sent V. P. P. as charges are high.

NO WOMEN NEED WORRY IF SHE KEEPS

The Modern Oral Medicine for birth - Control

ALOSAN (Capsules or tablets) A FRIEND TO WOMEN.

For Alosan contains special ingredients, which inferior pills, etc do not have, hence they can be depended upon to give satisfaction in early cases, where others would fail. Alosan (special strength) capsules Rs. 12 Alosan, (extra strong) tablets Rs. 6 (postage and packing extra.) Keep a bottle handy to prevent pregnancy.

A CUSTOMER WRITES:

I use it (Alosan capsules) always... and if there is sometimes any obstinacy, a few doses of mixture (Hofmann's) puts it right.

BIRTH-CONTROL

(Family Limitation)

by **MEDICINE**

Taken thus, Alosan is a reliable means of birth - control, but if occasionally there should be some stubbornness at any time, a few doses of Hofman's mixture will do the needful.

RESULTS GUARANTEED

YO - ZINA health tonic. For thin people who desire to put on pounds of flesh. Guaranteed to put on flesh on skinny arms, thin neck, boney chest. Contains flesh-forming ingredients. Per bottle Rs. 5. three bottles Rs. 14; 6 bottles Rs. 27

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Thrilling RARE photos of nude chorus girls, etc., in colour. Fully nude, young and beautiful clearly shown. Real lovelies with rounded thighs and firm rounded pink tipped breasts. Cannot fail to please. Choice selection. Price:—
1 doz. Rs. 40. ½ doz. 22. Send declaration with order "I am over 21 years old and require photos for Art use."

V. P. P. from :- Premier (Medical) Products, Post Box 459, Vepery, Madras.

These are RARE French and other goods of
★ OUT STANDING ACTION and are ★
GUARANTEED to PLEASE.

REGENO Special extra - strong Developing OIL. Causes enlargement of part. Contains expensive ingredients, such as musk Powerful, penetrating action guarantees results in length and thickness. Per bott: Rs. 10; 3 bottles Rs. 28. Full course (12 bottles) Rs. 110. FREE. If full course is ordered in one lot, Developer appliance, 2nd quality (Rs. 35) sent free (If 1st quality Developer is wanted instead of 2nd quality, Rs. 7 extra may be paid) postage etc extra.

FRENCHY X RING, for men. All rubber with special fitting. Worn at base of part. Improves power and arouses strong passion. Gives thrilling effect. Every weak man should use. Washable. Serviceable. Each Rs. 15.

PROLONGA, forte. Applied on part. Guaranteed action stops premature and prolongs Regular use cures over-sensitiveness. Rs. 12. a jar. 3 jars. Rs. 34. Acts in 1/2 an hour.

JANAK tablets for women. Tasteless in tea coffee, etc. Corrects Coldness. Arouses natural passion in 1/2 an hour Rs. 12 a phial.

Strong prolonged power

FRENCHY
TABLETS

(FOR MEN)

a la francaise A dose or two gives full iron-like confidence and competence Super-strength only per bottle Rs. 15, postage extra. Once tried always used.

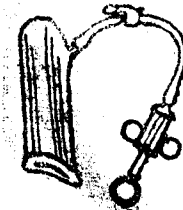
For slight conditions

Frenchy X Drops

External use. Rare action of spanish fly with other aids. Per phial Rs. 6.

Dr. Richter's
DEVELOPER appliance (for men)

is advised by doctors to restore vigour and development to a weak shrunken part. Write for booklet or order a set now. It is guaranteed and sent with full directions to use.



You get better value as it is of superior quality Rs. 42 postage etc. Rs. 4.

Does not break easily. Free trial phial Regeno oil supplied with each.

2nd quality Rs. 35

For badly reduced conditions.

Rare super-action AID never fails. From an old gipsy formula combined with modern.

Frenchy
TESTOTEN forte

Synthetic Hormone.

In 1 hour, arouses strong passion and competence

C'est magnifique (it is magnificent)

Dose. 2 tablets, to be slowly dissolved in the mouth for 10 minutes, one tablet at a time, so that active ingredients may be directly absorbed into the blood stream.

If used with Janak capsules (as directed) its temporary invigorating action is perfect in the most reduced conditions and prolongs as it charges the blood with a maximum quantity of hormones.

Single strength Rs. 20 a phial

Double strength Rs. 38 a phial

EXCELLENT AS A TEMPORARY MEASURE for reduced CONDITIONS.

JANAK

CAPSULES

ENDS

feeble vitality and

no energy.
with a dose or two

Spol: Strength
per bottle Rs. 12

THIS CUSTOMER tried JANAK and BOUGHT IT AGAIN.

D writes 'the JANAK acts well; send me another bottle.'

V. P. P. from :- Premier (Medical) Products, Post Box 459, Vepery, Madras.

Better and Better Manhood Comes To You

as a course of

VIR-VITE

SMASHES The Grip of premature OLD AGE and WEAKNESS

BETTER POWER - BETTER ABILITY
BETTER DEVELOPMENT

And Lasting manhood too, because Vir-Vite renews healthy Activity of the pituitary-Thyroid suprarenal and vital Glands Thru Constructive hormone nourishment.

The necessary BUILD-UP which Stimulants cannot do.

Wouldn't you appreciate THE END of weakness and poor manhood and the BEGINNING of a full manly life? Then do not continue to be old and weak any longer, when Vir-Vite can give you strong, dynamic, confident manhood.

Every dose of VIR-VITE is worth taking, FOR EACH DOSE PENETRATES DEEPLY TO GRADUALLY Smash The Grip of poor manhood by reconstructing your worn out or undeveloped nervous and glandular organism—the source of youth and manhood.

In this way VIR-VITE enables proper rejuvenation because it renews the glands, nerves, etc., and in some cases a few weeks use has put back years of lost manhood.

No man, lacking strong manhood, can afford to be without a course of this greatest of gland remedies, which has brought new happiness to hundreds of sufferers.

Write Now for a trial 3 bottles of VIR-VITE at our trial offer concession rate of Rs 12, post free, and note how it starts building up better and better manhood. And while taking VIR-VITE if you want something as a temporary measure, (for the time being) use Janak capsules or Frenchy tablets.

VIR-VITE (for men)

Full course for total Rejuvenation.

36 Bottles Rs. 220

½ course Rs. 110

Per Bottle Rs. 7.

6 Bottles Rs. 39.

If you want rapid results as regards enlargement (or if any deformity is present) use the Developer Appliance while taking Vir-Vite, and you will see the distinct improvement in this way.

FREE
A Developer Appliance 2nd quality (Rs. 35) sent free if 1/2 course (18 bottles) Vir-Vite (Rs. 110) is ordered in one lot. (If 1st quality Developer is wanted instead of 2nd quality Rs. 7 extra may be paid) Postage etc., extra.

You can be sure of results as Vir-Vite is the genuine hormone gland therapy of the world, among Brown-Sequard formulae. (concession rates available)

V. P. P. from: PREMIER (Medical) PRODUCTS, Post Box 459, VEPERY MADRAS.

COLLISION AT SEA



Through eight days and 800 pages of Testimony in Federal Court in Manhattan, at handsome, boyish Swedish merchant marine officer unemotionally went back and forth over the dozen minutes of his life that he would never forget nor be allowed to forget. On the night of July 25, Third Mate Johan-Ernst Carstens-Johannsen, 26, was in command of the bridge of the 12,500 Swedish liner *Stockholm* when she speared and sank the 29,000-ton Italian liner *Andrea Doria*. At stake, as he told his story, were not only legal claims totaling some 40 million but the still unanswered questions of blame in the great North Atlantic ship-ping tragedy.

He took the watch on *Stockholm's* bridge at 8:30 p.m., said Carstens Johannsen. About an hour later Captain H.G. Nordenson went below, leaving him in command to maintain a course of 87°. The speed was 18 or 19 knots, and the night, he testified was clear, with good visibility and a full view of the moon. As *Stockholm* sliced eastward from New York Harbor toward Nantucket lightship, he was bothered only by ocean currents that pulled the ship two or three miles northward off course, and by the need to keep a weather eye on the duty helmsman, who was sometimes "more interested in surrounding things than in the compass."

"Patches of Fog" Shortly before 11 p.m. he picked up the pip of a ship on the bridge radarscope (he did not know it was *Andrea Doria*), about twelve miles off his port bow. *Andrea Doria* was at that point running a few miles south of the westbound lane of Track Charlie, an "Informal" sea lane charted by the U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey, and generally followed by the big transatlantic liners of the U.S., Britain, France and Holland, but not necessarily by the Italians and the Swedes. Eastbound *Stockholm* was about 19½ miles north of the eastbound lane of Charlie.

Carstens-Johannsen tracked the unidentified ship as she closed in thus from ten miles away:

He calculated that she would pass to port within half a mile to a mile of *Stockholm*. He did not see *Andrea Doria's* lights until she was less than two miles away. (At once the counsel for the Italian Line pounced: "What do you think obscured the lights?" Replied Carstens-Johannsen: "That's what I'm also wondering," and then he conceded that *Andrea Doria* might have been obscured by "patches of fog") In any case, mindful of the captain's order not to pass within a mile of another ship, he ordered a sharp turn to starboard, thus pulling *Stockholm* about 220 to starboard:

As *Stockholm* was swinging to her new course, Carstens-Johannsen turned to answer a phone crew's nest reporting the movements of the fast approaching ship. When he came back out onto the port wing of the bridge, he saw the sight he would never forget. Before him in the dark Atlantic loomed the brightly lighted shape of a passenger liner, showing her starboard green running light, and moving fatally and majestically across *Stockholm's* path. "Hard starboard! Full astern!" The desperate orders rang out again in the sedate courtroom. "I saw there would come a collision," testified Carstens-Johannsen, still even-voiced, still calm. "It was a collision situation. I had to stop my ship." At 11:09 p.m. the ships collided. as he saw it, thus:

Lines of Battle. As the third mate's story went into its third week, and fresh relays of lawyers resumed the cross-questioning, the principal issues between *Stockholm* and *Andrea Doria* began to come clear. The Swedes insist that the night was clear; the Italians held that it was "dark and foggy," hence, the captain should have cut her speed, posted extra watches and sounded fog warnings. The Swedes insist that the ships were steaming port-to-port with ample room to pass; the Italians counter flatly that they were starboard to starboard and that *Stockholm* veered on collision course.

FREE-FOR-ALL TO FREEDOM

At least six of the 15 passengers boarding the Hungarian airliner at Budapest one day last week carried with them equipment not generally considered essential to air travel. But for the six concerned, the cheap iron wrench that each kept concealed and near at hand was as good as a ticket to freedom. As the plane took off on its regular run to the border town of Szombathely, the six sat silent, warily scrutinizing their fellow passengers and keeping a watchful eye on one of their number, a former air-force lieutenant named Gyorgy Polyak, who carried not only a wrench but a revolver (which did not work). The silence was broken only by the nervous chattering of the wife of one of the young freedom seekers, who could not for the life of her understand why she was being dragged off on an expensive flight to such a dull spot as Szombathely.

At last the signal came. "Hey," said Lieut. Polyak loudly, "there's Gyor." Some of the passengers turned in their seats to peer out of the windows. According to a prearranged plan, the six wrench carriers began to count silently and slowly to 800 in order to bring the airliner, according to Polyak's calculation, to the westernmost point in its course. At the end of the count, Polyak leaped from his seat and headed for the pilot's compartment. The others sprang into action against their fellow passengers, laying about them right and left with wrenches, floorboards, fists. In a moment the vintage twin-engined Douglas transport became the scene of one of the greatest airborne free-for-alls in flying history. "We knew someone aboard the ship was a Communist security agent," explained one of the wrench wielders later, "but we didn't know which one."

As Lieut. Polyak worked with his wrench to open the door of the pilot's compartment, the outer knob off which had been removed (an ordinary flying precaution in Communist countries), the pilot himself threw the ship into a series of violent maneuvers, sudden dives,

steep climbing turns and skidding yawing. Inside the cabin the embattled passengers rattled about like ice cubes in a cocktail shaker, while heavy crates of cargo, torn loose from their moorings, cascaded back and forth.

At last Polyak got the pilot's door open only to face a flight mechanic brandishing a Very pistol, and the secret agent, who was furiously loading an automatic. With a comrade's help, Polyak rushed to the attack, while the pilot continued to whirl the plane through its crazy dancing. "Some of the worst of the fight took place while we were glued to the roof of the plane," said Polyak later. At last the lieutenant managed to wrest the gun from the Red agent and fire a shot in to the air. Capitulating immediately, and terrified of official vengeance if he ever got back to Hungary, the agent begged Polyak to shoot him then and there. Polyak refused. Instead, dripping with gore and minus three front teeth, he went forward to the copilot's seat and, holding the agent's gun at the pilot's temple, took charge of the plane. Somewhere in the skirmish he had lost his map, but spotting an airfield and some jeeps in what he guessed to be West German territory, Polyak brought the plane down. The field was a still-unfinished NATO air base Ingolstadt.

As one of the refugees thrust a bloody head out to ask where they were, West German police roared up to surround the plane. Communists and anti-Communists alike were gathered up in the gory shambles and carted off to a nearby hospital. As Hungary's communist rules set official radio channels buzzing with demands for the return of plane and passengers, two of the travelers who had known nothing of the plot to seize the airplane decided to join those who had planned it. Another, breathing the air of freedom, was restrained from asking for asylum only by the thought of what might happen to his family if he failed to return.

FIVE EYES FOR AN EYE

The Jordanian army knew it was coming. Twice in ten days Israeli troops had smashed across the border in reprisal raids sorscattered Jordan border incursions. Then on a Sunday afternoon, a Jordanian machine gun had opened fire on a party of Israeli archaeologists near the border killing four and wounding 17. The Israeli government had stiffly rejected the official Jordan explanation that a soldier had gone suddenly berserk and fired and that afternoon the Israeli radio had announced an emergency meeting between Army Chief Moshe Dayan and Prime minister David Ben-Gurion.

From high in the Judean hills that evening, Jordanians counted 76 vehicles moving with lights undimmed toward the border south of Jerusalem. The Israelis snaked forward through wadies and past white boulders that gleamed like bones in the moon light. "Can you see them?" a Jordan colonel asked. "Yes," answered an officer in a forward post. "I estimate a regiment." Moments later the Israelis struck in three forces. Swarming over to village National Guard outposts and bayoneting the defenders, advancing with halftracks against their main objective, the Husan police fortresses commanding the Jerusalem-Bethlehem road. After a bitter fight, they dynamited the fort with a roar heard in Jerusalem 20 miles away.

By 3:40 a.m. the last Israeli soldier crossed back into Israel. Triumphant, they rolled through the first village singing mambo tunes. "A piece of cake," crowd one. With them the soldiers brought booty—captured guns, armored cars. The casualties eight Israeli soldiers killed; 39 Jordanian soldiers and policeman, and a twelve-year-old girl killed.

The attack on Husan was less a guerrilla raid than a full-scale military operation. Though carried out while Nasser was preoccupied with Suez, and their own government overwhelmingly preponderant on its borders, the Husan affair made many Israelis fearful of the consequences. Said a Jerusalem butcher: "Eight Jewish and 40 Arab mothers are weeping this morning—but such tears bring no ease to bitter hearts." Instead of compelling the Jordan government to impose its authority to restrain the border troublemakers, complained the independent newspaper *Haaretz*, Israel's policy of five eyes for an eye will undoubtedly weaken the Jordan government and consequently lessen the chances of border quiet. In Manhattan the U.N.'s Dag Hammarskjöld warned that unless both Israel and Jordan establish "a discipline sufficiently firm to forestall" such outbreaks, the cease-fire that he negotiated last April will become a "dead letter."

The Lion Is Out

Before committing suicide in his Berlin bunker, Adolf Hitler made a will naming as his successor one of his most ruthless military associates: Grand Admiral of the German Fleet Karl Donitz. Known as *der Lowe* (the Lion), Donitz had masterminded the submarine campaign that destroyed about 15 million tons of Allied and neutral shipping, with a loss of tens of thousands of Allied lives in World War II. "Kill and keep on killing," jagged, ice-blue-eyed Donitz had exhorted his U-boat captains. "Remember, no survivors. Humanity is a weakness." The U-boatmen responded by firing on torpedoes crews struggling on the water.

On the radio Donitz told the German people that Hitler had died a hero's death in besieged Berlin. Said Donitz: "The fight goes on." Captured by the British three weeks later he was arraigned as a war criminal at Nurnberg. His sentence: ten years. At Spandau prison in West Berlin in July, 1947, he clicked his heels and handed over to the warders his diamond-studded grand-admiral's baton, a silver alarm clock and 15,000 gold marks, donned prisoner's uniform. Unrepentant and sporting hatred, he took exercise to keep fit, read to keep his mind alert (favorite works: Jack London's dog stories).

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A SHRIEK and THEN SILENCE

When the rocket-powered X-2, the world's fastest airplane, crashed on the Mojave Desert it did not plunge to its death unwatched. Trailing behind it through the air were the radio reports of many elaborate instruments. Last week a part of what they reported leaked out of Air Force secrecy.

Captain Milburn G. Apt, who flew the X-2 on her last flight, was new at the job. He was an experienced test pilot and familiar with jet aircraft, but he had never handled the X-2 or any other rocket plane. Air experts have wondered why he was not permitted to take it easy the first time and fly the X-2 slowly (maybe twice the speed of sound) until he got the feel of her.

No such instructions were given. Building, studious Captain Apt was told to follow an "optimum" flight plan. This meant that if he made no errors and if everything about the X-2 worked perfectly, he would attain the maximum speed of which the airplane was capable at the assigned altitude. No one expected him to do as well as that. The chances were as heavily against it as if he had scheduled a record-breaking auto tour from New York to Los Angeles that depended on reaching every traffic light just when it turned green.

Unintended Record. Captain Apt was too good and also too lucky. He followed the plan with consummate skill, and he hit every green light. The X-2 made a perfect drop from her mother plane. Her rocket engine ignited at exactly the right moment. Milburn Apt put her into precisely the right climb, and when he reached the assigned "bend-over" altitude (70,000 ft), he leveled her off perfectly and let her rip. Nothing whatever went wrong. The rocket engine burned perfectly, and the fuel lasted nine seconds longer than it had ever lasted before. The speed climbed past the X-2's previous record (1,900 m.p.h.) reached a new record 2,200 m.p.h. 8.3 times the speed of sound.

When the fuel was gone, Captain Apt

reported calmly on his radio; "The engine has cut out and I'm beginning to turn." After six seconds of silence he spoke an unintelligible word, almost a shriek. A few minutes later his battered body was found in the cockpit capsule, which had plunged to the desert far below.

Bucking Airplane. Air Force authorities say that they know pretty well what happened, but that they cannot give much detail without disclosing precious information about the X-2's behavior and design. The broad facts, however, are that both pilot and ship performed far too well. Captain Apt had been told not to watch his machometer, the common speed measuring instrument. His accelerometer, the key speed instrument in this case, could not be read directly in miles per hour. So, when he reached peak speed, he probably did not know how fast he was going. After his engine cut out, he must have slowed down, but when he started to turn, he was still moving at such speed that the little-known phenomena of supersonic flight made his controls misbehave. The X-2 bucked and yawed violently, all at supersonic speed.

Inside the cockpit was a movie camera taking continuous pictures of the instrument panel. The film was recovered undamaged and it showed Pilot Apt leaning forward at about the time that he shrieked his last word. The wild gyrations of the airplane may have been throwing him around, but he may have been reaching for the yellow D-ring that would separate the cockpit capsule from the bucking X-2. Whether detached deliberately or torn off by G-forces, the capsule did separate, and its small drag parachute opened. Captain Apt must have been hurt or badly disoriented by the shock of separation. He had more things to do to save his life, and he did not do them all in time. He jettisoned the canopy, he uncoupled his lap belt. But before the man who had flown too well could take to his parachute he ran out of altitude and hit the desert.

DEATH OF A CHAMPION AUTO-RACER



In a way, the big cars had always loomed as a dark fear to Vukovich. He was afraid—afraid that he couldn't win in one. According to Faulkner, he had a mental block about racing the big ones. He could not bear to race and lose. Still, the lure was irresistible.

"Vuky showed up at the Speedway in May of 1950. I persuaded him to take a driver's test," Falkner said. "He drove a Maserati. It was a dog—old and used up—but it was one of the most famous cars that ever raced."

PERHAPS IT WAS PROPHEPIC that Vukovich's first trip around the brick and asphalt track should have been in this car. In 1939 and 1940 the late Wilbur Shaw, three time winner at the speedway, had driven it to victory. Shaw won both races at an average speed of 116 mph. But by 1950 the qualifying speed had jumped to 130 mph.

"The car wasn't so bad" Faulkner recalled. "Vuky passed his driver's test, but he couldn't get it to go fast enough to qualify."

The next year Vukovich was back—this time complete with a sponsor. The car was the "Central Excavating Special," entered by Pete Salemi, of Cleveland. Vukovich referred to it as a "sled."

The next day Vukovich, as relaxed and as usual, took the big car out on the track and secured himself a place in the 33 car line up by qualifying. The saga of Vukovich at Indianapolis had begun.

The night before the race Tony Bettenhausen, an old dirt-track friend of Vukovich's felt unusually confident. This year his car might be up there among the winners, he told Vukovich.

Vukovich listened enviously. Dark brows knitted together, his right hand forever squeezing a little rubber ball, he said: "My own box will run about 30 laps and then fall apart." He was right. The "sled" lasted exactly 29 laps, when an oil leak sent it out of the race.

But Vukovich didn't go unnoticed in that race. From far behind he had come up to tenth position when he was forced out. Jim Travers, chief mechanic for millionaire oilman

Howard Keck, of Los Angeles, had watched Vukovich carefully. Travers suggested Vukovich as driver for Keck's '52 entry. When the offer came, Vukovich promptly accepted.

In many ways it was a rookie's dream: Vukovich was being asked to accept the mantle of Mauri Rose, three-time "500" winner, who was retiring. All his life he had considered Rose the greatest racing genius in the U. S. and in some ways he had patterned his life after him.

He even called him "Mister," which for Vukovich was probably the greatest compliment he could pay any man.

Vukovich came back to Indianapolis in 1952 in his usual taciturn armor. In the months preceding the race he had astounded his rivals by retiring from midget racing. "It's getting to damn' dangerous," he said.

In the Keck car Vukovich qualified for the 52 race with the second fastest speed, over 189 mph. In the race itself he dominated the field from the 39d lap until eight laps from end when a 50-cent clamp on his steering wheel broke. He came to a skidding halt against a retaining wall, climbed disgustedly from his car, and sat out the end of the race on the wall. For his day's work he had made dollars 7,000.

When the Keck car failed to come around again, his pit crew began to worry. From the Pagoda he was spotted and loud-speakers blared out a demand for him to return to the pits. But Esther Vukovich didn't know he was safe; she was already on her way to the hospital. Vukovich ignored the strident sounds from the loud-speaker. Dirt and dust from the track swirled up around him; he seemed oblivious.

When the race was over, Vukovich came back to the pits. "It's a cinch," he told Travers, "I should have been here 10 years ago."

Vukovich blazed across Indianapolis like a meteor in the next two years. The gremlin which had plagued him were gone. In 1953, with the competition in the 50s, Vukovich and his old competitor Jack McGrath, were two of only five drivers who finished the race.

(cont'd on page 12)

Death of a champion auto-racer. (continued)

without relief. One driver died from heat prostration in a blazing day which saw only 19 of the 33 cars finish the race. When he came into the winner's circle the "Keck Fuel Injection Special" had grossed a phenomenal sum of money. Vukovich's 40 per cent share was nearly dollars 35,800.

The windfall had been a "cinch" for Vukovich. Throughout the race he'd been completely relaxed, even at 175 mph. During a pit stop of less than a minute Vukovich even found time to chat with Herb Porter of the Keck pit crew. "You know, Herb," Vukovich said, "there ain't as many people in the bleachers as there were last year."

Time seemed precious to him as his crew prepared his car for the 1954 qualify-runs at Indianapolis. He fumed around the garage, forever needling his mechanics, Jim Travers and Frank Coon. One day he hung an ax on the wall, and, below it, scrawled "Travers' tools". Later he tacked up a photograph of "Old Ironsides," with an admonition to Travers and Coon that "when the going gets rough for you butchers, just take a look at this hunk of iron."

But on race day the calm, confident Vukovich of old settled down to his second win. He won the race with a scorching record speed of 180.84 mph for the 200 laps. (The record still stands.)

In the fall of 1954, Lincoln invited him to drive again in the Pan American road race, Vukovich was off like a shot. During the race his co-driver was horrified at the speeds with which Vukovich took the corners. Again and again he protested to Vukovich. Suddenly the car shot over the bank of a 80 foot drop. As it sailed through the air, Vukovich took his hands off the wheel and said to his driver: "Okay, Vern, you drive it." Neither was hurt.

By Christmas it was apparent that Howard Keck's new car for the 1955 "500" would not be ready in time. Lindsey Hopkins owner of a new sky-blue "roadster" capable of 180 mph, wanted Vukovich if he were free. Vukovich agreed—providing his beloved "butchers" came with him.

Keck also agreed. Hopkins knew Vukovich well. Years before, in the midget-racing days, he had asked Vukovich: "Vuky, why do you play it so rough?" In one of his rare, candid moments, Vukovich replied, "The crowds want a villain, don't they, Lindsey? I'm a pretty good villain."

Vukovich drove to Indianapolis with his old friend, Walt Faulkner. "He had something on his mind," Faulkner said, "All the bounce was gone. He felt he had to win three in a row because everybody had built him up so much. He was completely depressed."

At the track Vukovich was more withdrawn than ever. He was down to 150 pounds. He had spent the spring month driving himself, with his usual thoroughness, through a regiment of exercises. His temper flared as quickly as ever. At previous "500s" he'd never driven more than 10 miles in practice. But now he endlessly circled the speedway.

"I watched Vukovich going around and around," Walt Faulkner said. "He didn't go fast—not for him—only about 90 mph. He sat in his car very still as though he were thinking about something and using the track to iron it all out. He must have gone about 50 miles, just holding steady at around 90."

"Then about a week before the race we were having coffee and he said, 'I don't think I'll finish the race,' and then he changed the subject."

THE NIGHT BEFORE the big "500" Vukovich went to the midget races at the 16th Street track next to the speedway. He walked home about eleven thirty. The jammed frenzy of 16th Street surrounded him. In a long blaze of light, cars, three abreast, stretched back into Indianapolis itself. Service stations were doing a land-office business—charging 25 cents for the use of rest rooms. Neon lights sizzled coldly and colored bulbs winked on and off.

(cont'd: on page no. 13.)

Death of a champion auto-racer. (continued)

He was up and ready to leave for the Speedway before seven the next morning. Before he left, he and Esther talked about the dress she planned to wear that day.

"I wore a white dress the first year he won," she said, "and he always wanted me to wear white when he drove. This year I wore a blue and white dress. I asked him if it would be all right and he said yes."

Vukovich took out his billfold and gave his wife all the money in it with the exception of a dollar.

"I don't want to be completely broke," he told her as he left for the Speedway. At about nine that morning, he telephoned Esther and asked what time she was coming to the track. It was the first time he had ever telephoned her before a race.

"I'll see you in Victory Lane," she told him.

At the garage Vukovich took off his ring, put it down with his billfold. He also left the silver money clip Fred Gearhart given him.

He walked out to the track and stood there looking slowly around the jammed stands. His helmet's straps were loose. He wore only a T-shirt with Mobiloil stenciled across the back, a pair of white-duck pants and bowling shoes. He climbed into the "Hopkins special," pulled on a pair of gloves, fixed the straps of his helmet, and with Lindsey Hopkins posed for some photographs.

Outside the gates of the speedway, over by the midget race track, a Ferris wheel spun lazily, and a calliope was playing.

At exactly 10.00 A.M. the 19th Indianapolis Memorial Day "500" began.

HIGH in a private compartment of the old Pagoda overlooking the Indianapolis Speed-

way, a race-day party was in full swing. Ice tinkled in cool glasses and crisp-frocked matrons nibbled cookies. Below the gay little group boiled the gaudy carnival of the annual Memorial Day 500 Miles Auto Race. The howl of high compression engines and the acrid clouds of smoke from the race only remotely reached the party guests up in the Pagoda. They watched spasmodically, impersonally.

But the holiday crowd of nearly 180,000 jamming the great oval amphitheater below seethed over one another in their eagerness to follow the race. In the infold 70,000 to 80,000 fans milled about in happy anarchy. Here were the blue-jeaned aficionados who came and shared the dust, the smells and the noise with their daredevil heroes. Men, Women and children stood, squatted, slept and sun-bathed on the ground if they could find space. Where there was no space they climbed the roofs of 25,000 cars parked bumper to bumper.

There, on the oil-slick ribbon of brick and asphalt 33 drivers raced gleaming cars around the oval at speeds up to 175 miles per hour. Lap after lap, they fought it out for the prize money, matching the strength of their wrists against death for it. In the pack, crouched over the wheel of a sky-blue 350-H.P. racer, his black goggles masking his oil-streaked face, drove two-time winner Bill Vukovich. "the greatest gladiator of them all."

The handsome, hard-muscled Vukovich had 55 of the 200 laps behind him. He was in the position he liked best, the only one he could tolerate—the lead. With the exception of five laps, he had led all the way, weaving, cutting, edging for position. Now, his racer under knife-edge control, Vukovich lapped the field.

As he passed Ed Elisian, a close friend and admirer, he raised a gloved hand carelessly. Elisian, a burly, twenty-seven-year old from Oakland, California, joyfully waved back.

Before the race, Elisian had quipped: "Are we gonna have steak and whisky tonight, Vuky?"

(cont'd: on page no. 14.)

DEATH OF A CHAMPION AUTO-RACER continued

"Just take it easy out there, kid" Vukovich had answered. "And don't ever turn right on the Brickyard. That's how you get sent home in a box."

Vukovich slammed into the last turn before the straightaway at over 130 mph. Smoothly he gunned the powerfull Meyer-Drake Offenhauser engine and whipped up the main stretch at better than 170 mph. He raised one gloved hand again, this time to the crowd. The fans roared.

They knew Vuky was out for the hat trick. In three short years he had completely dominated the annual "100," winning more prize money for his sponsors and himself than any other driver in the race's history. He had flashed home the winner in '53, but could he win three in a row? Nobody ever had — not even the great Mauri Rose or the late Wilbur Shaw.

In the stands, seated next to her landlady Vukovich's attractive wife. Esther, heard the crowd roar as Vuky waved. Invaluntarily she half raised her hand in return, but she knew he couldn't see her. She watched the big number 4 on his car swing into the banked curve at the end of the straightaway. Then it was gone. It was the last time she saw her husband alive.

As Vukovich roared out of the southeast curve he automatically glanced at his rear tires to see how they were wearing. It took only a fraction of a second. Suddenly, ahead of him

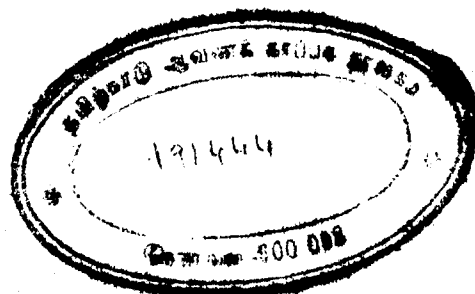
a heavy gust of wind caught car 27. The racer caromed off the low, wooden guardrail and back onto the track. Another car, 42, swerved wildly left to avoid 27 and careened into the safety zone of the infield. Then it spun out again across the track and smashed into another racer, 39. Vukovich, hurtling out of the turn at nearly 150 mph. found the track blocked. He had no time to brake or reduce speed; there was no time to drive for the safety of the infield. He turned to the right.

The big racer plowed into 39 and shot up 20 feet into the air over the guardrail. Like a bouncing rubber ball, Vukovich's car somersaulted end over end seven times, hit the ground three parked cars and a telephone pole. It landed upside down. By the time it stopped flipping, flames were already bursting around it.

As Vukovich crashed, Ed Elisian, less than 100 yard behind, screeched to a stop in the infield, disqualifying himself. Frantically he ran across the track to the burning car. "You gotta get him out. You gotta get him out," he screamed at the rescue workers.

In the stands Esther Vukovich looked for Vuky to come around again. Then she saw the yellow caution lights go on and the car slow down. She turned to her landlady. "Is Vuky," she said.

Back in Fresno, California, Vukovich's home town, Vukovich, Jr., aged twelve, and Marlene, aged thirteen, heard the news on the radio, that their father had burned to death.



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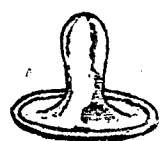
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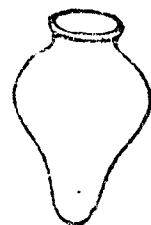
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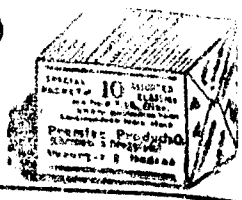
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