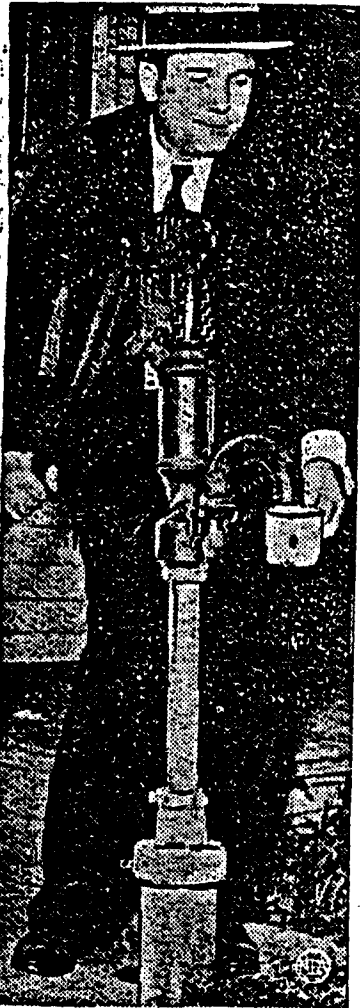


Well Handled



WHEN G.O.P. presidential candidate Wendell Willkie gets thirsty on the farm, he knows what to do, as this photo of him working the old pump indicates. He was snapped at the Berkmeier farm, one of five he owns near Rushville, Indiana.

mitted to fish after traps are closed at the end of the season.

Mr. Arnold pledged the industry's co-operation in furnishing boats for surveys, deploring the concentration of seiners on the west coast at the close of the season, opposed permitting seining after traps close, suggested Whipple creek be used as an experiment in opening up new streams.

Permitting seining in inland waters at the end of the season, after traps close, would give canneries a lower quality fish, he pointed out, calling this "a step in the wrong direction."

He also urged elimination of sawbill ducks, which eat fingerlings and eggs.

Hitler Sees Victory By October

French Told They Can Return to Paris If Schedule Holds

By PAUL GHALI
(Special Radio to Chicago Daily News and Ketchikan Alaska Chronicle)
VICHY — Fuehrer Adolf Hitler expects to conquer England by October and in that event Marshal Petain's Vichy regime would be welcomed to a Paris restored as France's capital.

That is the qualified promise which Pierre Laval has brought back after a conference in Paris with Otto von Abetz, nazi ambassador to France. Laval returned Thursday night from what he called an "extremely cordial" exchange of views.

Laval reiterated Vichy's desire to transfer to Paris, but the Germans amiably repeated their previous objections that nazi military preparations for prosecution of their blitzkrieg against England would be jeopardized by presence of the French government, diplomats and journalists in Paris.

Another reason proffered was concern for security of the French government as the R. A. F. has been remarkably active in the skies over the Paris vicinity. Laval was told that the British, apparently using German parachute troops, are throwing enormous numbers of men on French soil to inquire about German military activity. These parachutists, it was alleged, try to pass under various disguises which the Germans originated.

(Copyright 1940, Chicago Daily News Inc.)

Rumanians Stunned By Losses

Post-War Nation Now Has Gone the Way Of the Czechs and Poles

By LELAND STOWE
(Special Radio to Chicago Daily News and Ketchikan Alaska Chronicle)
BUCHAREST — The sun shone when peace came to Helsinki and the Finns hated it. Last night, shortly after this nation learned

Author Comes Here In Small Boat

Captain L. Ron Hubbard And Wife Are After Adventure, Writing Data

Captain L. Ron Hubbard, author and world traveler, arrived in Ketchikan yesterday in company with his wife aboard the vest pocket yacht, Magician.

His purpose in coming to Alaska was two-fold, one to win a bet and another to gather material for a novel of Alaskan salmon fishing.

According to Captain Hubbard, several associates maintained it would be impossible for him to sail a vessel as small as the Magician, which is a 27 foot auxiliary sloop, to Alaska. Knowing the smallness of the boats which take this route, Captain Hubbard covered their bets and, now that he has arrived, will have the satisfaction of collecting.

"The trip" said Hubbard, "was not so difficult even though we ran into heavy weather in Queen Charlotte sound, Straits of Georgia and Dixon entrance.

GLAD TO BE HERE

"I never much suspect myself of patriotism when I am within the limits of the states but right now I am waving the flag. We came into Revillagigedo channel in the dark and rain with the wind screaming in our rigging and, if we had still been in British Columbia, nothing would have kept us from going ashore. But there were the lights, certain and well planned and by golly, it was just like walking up Broadway. Good charts, good lights, good channels. Uncle Sam's got them wherever I go."

His wife, besides being cook and boatswain, also is his navigator and, according to the captain, "a darned good one."

The Magician, lying in the Thomas basin, will be here for several days.

Clubs and Lodges

The Lutheran Fed. ...

Brigadier Is Found

WASHINGTON — Brigadier General ... 52, decorated ... World war, ... the gas-filled ... he was visitin ... After the war ... ant to the chic ... corps.

Soldiers Get \$60 in Go

BAKER, Ore. — ... discovered a ... an old barn in ... to join the arm ... General Georg ... read:

"To all brave ... bodied and we ... men in this ... have an inclin ... troops now rais ... Washington for ... the United State ... tile designs of ... It offers \$60 ... and closed with ... Save the United

I

do

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1940

WATERFRONT WITH JAMISON

in- women who baked them and giving
ire the much-to-be-desired home
he touch to this day of days.

ri- Taking care of sailors during the
as Christmas holidays, especially
m- those at the hospital, is a big task
on- and Lightle and his aids and the
he Propeller club are doing, as al-
ways, a fine job, but if you'd like
ri- to help I'd suggest that you call
or J. Willis Lightle, secretary of the
Seaman's Branch of the Y. M. C.
A., MAIn-4583.

For about a week the Forester,
of Juneau, was moored at Pier 9,
under my windows. Just before
the big cannery tender left for
Alaska Capt. "Kinky" Bayers, the
skipper, said that he had been
pestered with many men and boys
who were laboring under the de-
lusion that jobs were to be had in
the territory.

"I wish you'd tell the folks down
here," he said seriously, "that
when I left there were 600 people
out of work in Juneau alone, and
some of the towns have still more
out of work."

"Shucks," he went on, "I don't
mind carrying people to Alaska,
but there's no use taking them up
there when there isn't a China-
man's chance of obtaining work."

Al Hauske's Monk-designed
auxiliary ketch, Gallant Lady,
met her element Sunday at
Frank's marine repair and dry-
dock, on Lake Union.

Hauske has been planning a
world cruise for several years, and
has leaped the first hurdle—a sea-
going boat. The new craft looks
well able to take what the major
oceans have to offer. Beyond that,
she is roomy and comfortable be-
ow decks.

Skipper Hauske's plans are not

WITH JAMISON

definite as yet, but as soon as the
boat is completed he expects to
head south on the first leg of his
audacious journey.

Speaking of Midget Magellans,
Writer L. Ron Hubbard has
shipped his wife home from Ketch-
ikan and if his plans materialized,
he is now heading the bowsprit of
32-foot Magician toward Seattle.

Hubbard writes, "I am press-
ganging a crew of one if I can
find anybody that foolish. His
brain will have to be pretty limp
I guess, for anybody would take
one glance at the barometer and
the open cockpit and run some-
where else under a full head of
steam."

"However, all this is a challenge
to my pride, and so southward ho!
Probably the greatest danger is of
dying of my own cooking."

"See you in sailor's heaven, or
Seattle!"

More power to Hubbard. I'd hate
to buck the southeasters from
Ketchikan to Seattle at this time
of year in a 32-foot auxiliary sail-
boat. But at the same time, I'd
rather be in an auxiliary sailboat
than any other type of craft of
the same size.

—BY H. E. JAMISON.

(Jamison is heard over radio
station KOMO every Tuesday
and Friday night at 8:15).

ALONG THE WATERFRONT

Haywire Motor Brings Troubles

L. Ron Hubbard is writer of red-blooded "westerns" and it would surprise many

of his readers to know that he doesn't spend his time gathering material at Jackson's Hole or some other section of the country that refuses to out-grow boots, spurs and chaps and cow ponies as means of transportation.



Jamison

No sir, the red-headed Ron went overboard in a big way for boating, and at the moment he has achieved that predicament that so many of us dream of—being marooned a great distance from the marts of trade.

Ron has written a long and interesting letter about his latest salt-water sojourn, and I think you'll all enjoy it. If I comment between paragraphs, it is only because his remarks kindle Marietta memories.

"Honestly," he begins, "I meant to write you all about it when I left Seattle in July and, later on, trekking by the white horsepower over your old wake. But somehow when one is handling boat gear, he doesn't handle a typewriter very well even tho that is supposedly his profession—at least editors USED to hear from me."

He's telling us that it's difficult to write while cruising in a small boat!

"Anyway," Ron continues, "here we are in Ketchikan, the Skipper (Mrs. Ron) and myself, looking

southward but not moving in that direction. We should have been home six or eight weeks ago and I should have been in the east by November 1, at the very latest, but lo and woe, here we are.

"And so I write you an apology for the lateness of this communication and take this opportunity to go about explaining how one, with a perfectly good boat, gets marooned in Alaska.

"Who was it first said that gas engines and sails did not mix? Probably sea-going Noah. I have steadily maintained that fact despite my own follies to the contrary.

"In Puget Sound before we left I installed a new engine and tho I had misgivings on first hearing it run, it carried 32-foot Magician along at the rate of eight knots and I was as anxious as my wife to get going if we were ever to get to Alaska.

"So in the Strait of Juan de Fuca, the engine having gasped along that far in a dead calm, I ground the valves and coughed on into Victoria. I tinkered with the plant enough to get to Nanaimo.

"I coaxed it across the roaring Straits of Georgia. I blew out its muffler an hour after slack water right in Seymour narrows. A hospital ship turned over its engine operating room at Salmon bay and we again got it running. It died a noisy death once more at Bull Harbor.

"Now you know this country as well as I do and you know that a fellow has as much chance taking in these narrow, rock-studded channels against the wind as a cat has of climbing a tin church steeple, but I worked ship until we were both ready to drop, trying to forget that confounded engine. But once across Queen Charlotte, contrary winds wouldn't let us forget it and I wheedled it into propelling us to Prince Rupert.

"The last thing that happened to her before Prince Rupert was the inner water jacket bursting and filling, of all things, the crankcase with salt water. So in Prince Rupert we laid around a week getting the engine all taken down.

"It ran as far as Metlakatlah passage (Venn passage in the coast pilot, about seven miles toward Chatham, remember?) where it broke all four valve springs."

You bet I remember Venn passage. Associated with it are such caution-inspiring names as Grind-

stone point, Wolfe Island and, of course, old Metlakatlah, where Father Duncan began converting Tsimpsian Indians to the Christian faith.

You know much has been written about Father Duncan and a few have inferred that he took advantage of the Indians, but after visiting new Metlakatlah (in Alaska), where he moved his followers lock, stock and barrel after getting in dutch with one of the bishops of his church, and after having talked with some of his followers who know him, I'm inclined to believe that the old boy was just 100 per cent okay for the natives.

I'll never forget Mayor Murchinson of new Metlakatlah saying that many of the stories one heard of Father Duncan were true, but if he were to judge the man, he would say, and he described a small circle with his hands, that that was the bad in Father Dun-

WITH JAMISON

can, and making a great sweeping circle, he declared that would be the good in him.

In spite of the disturbing names in Venn passage, it is a beautiful (if tricky) channel. As a matter of fact, all of the inlets and passages around Prince Rupert are beautiful.

"We sailed back to Prince Rupert," continues Ron, "and had new springs made. Three days or so later we put forth again."

We'll conclude Hubbard's letter tomorrow. It's a pretty good example of what the small boater who braves the inside passage to Alaska is up against if his engine goes haywire.

—BY H. E. JAMISON.

(Jamison is heard over radio station KOMO every Tuesday and Friday night at 8:15.)

ALONG THE WATERFRONT

Final Chapter Of Hubbard's Run

Here's the rest of L. Ron Hubbard's account of his recent run from Ketchikan to Bremerton in his 32-foot auxiliary sailboat *Magician*.



Jamison

"We were lucky with the Yucletaws, probably because we timed them so closely. Running from the north it is a wonder that anyone will use Seymour, for if one leaves at slack water at Whirlpool rapids, he catches the Green Point rapids just one hour and 20 minutes after slack water, and Green Point is so mild that it is a beautiful passage.

"Then by laying over a couple hours in Shoal bay and getting out just an hour and 40 minutes with a six-knot boat, the exact slack can be caught at the Dent island swirl and, because that is 28 minutes earlier than Yucletaw rapids, one can make the latter exactly at slack water.

"Henning was a little anxious (Henning was a fisherman accompanying Hubbard with a trolling boat) and got the last edge of the

run and was tossed a bit, but by some chance we hung back and made it exactly.

"It's plain to see that the Yucletaws can be wicked and it is said that plenty of vessels have been lost there and that it was at one time considered impossible to use that end of Cordero Channel at all.

"However, a good pilot stands a far better chance of a calm passage in the Yucletaws than in Seymour, for Cape Mudge can be something, can't it?

"We floundered southward in a dead calm sea and pea soup by dead reckoning, the moon giving a weird luminosity to the blank atmosphere. We finally dropped our hooks in Blubber bay at the north end of Texada—and is that one easy to get into!—and slept a few hours.

"We got up to a barometer which read 29.25. But we decided to risk it and out we went. I've never seen such an oddly glassy sea or such villainously purple clouds.

"At 2 in the afternoon there sounded from the cabin a hollow clank and we glanced down to find that the barometer was a shade below 29.0! And a tap made it wiggle even lower! We hurriedly ducked for Dodd narrows.

"Henning had no charts of this area, usually using the other shore of Georgia, and so he hung on my wake. It was very dark for the moon lacked an hour and half of rising when we got to the narrows. I had to keep the state of Dodd a secret. I was not to be impressed for I had run it in full flood in daylight. And just at the moment when we would reach it, it would be with us, full blast! And in the ink!

"Joan point light got bigger and bigger to starboard and the 'No-no' (sailing companion) yelped in a hopeless sort of way, 'It's running!' For the white gleam and the flash-flash of the light were

there and gone and the pass was opening like a yanked door. And the shores were a vague mergence with the night.

"Swoosh! The swirls grabbed us. There was so much white water in there going so fast in so many different directions that the phosphorous made 'No-no's' face a ghastly green. He had the helm and I was doing the piloting.

"And then, in the very center of the wild meleé, 'No-no' said in a resigned way, 'The helm is jammed.'

"Holding on, I got my knife into the tiller lines which, fortunately, were cotton, and got the tiller free. Pulling it into my belt buckle, I glanced wildly to port where I knew shore must be and found that we were sideways in that narrow channel. As 'Maggie' spun, her cabin lights showed up the seams in the rocks on the steep-to walls. We shot away and boomed thru.

"Henning had had no knowledge of what was in store for him until he felt his boat gang awry. The Narrows shook him up and spewed him down upon us and on our way we went. I have not had a chance to ask Henning just what he thought when he hit Dodd narrows. I would also like to know what he said.

"Southward thru Tincornall and then into Haro straits. We stuck our noses around the south end of the San Juans and WHAM! Sou-

WITH JAMISON

easter! In a space of seconds, it seemed, a calm sea turned into a reducing machine.

"I stood 'Maggie' on her stern post and came about and dashed back toward Roche harbor, a 45-minute run behind us. As I had been doing the navigating for both of us, I expected Henning to hang on. I had the charts.

"When he bounced up alongside I yelled to him above the wind that I had an anchorage just ahead of us and he started to follow me. The sea began to get mad. I glanced back and found no Henning.

"Instead, I saw a light hard into the shore where a cove was apparent. I flashed my searchlight at him but he flashed back without coming out. I knew two things. That I might be able to sneak thru the San Juans the next morning if I had no straits to buck and I knew that the cove we had chosen had just a half fathom of water in it. Enough for his boat, but not enough for fathom-deep Maggie."

We will conclude Hubbard's account of his winter Alaska cruise tomorrow.

—BY H. E. JAMISON.

(Jamison is heard over radio station KOMO every Tuesday and Friday night at 8:15.)

ALONG THE WATERFRONT

Writer Has Wild Trip From North

L. Ron Hubbard, a writer of western stories who traded his horse for a 32-foot auxiliary sailboat and headed north this summer, just landed at Bremerton after an exciting trip down from Ketchikan.



Jamison

Ron joined up with a troller named Henning and each boat not only afforded the occupants of the other a bit of company, but took turns leading the way. Yesterday, Hubbard related how a sudden southeaster chased the trolling boat into a cove too shallow for the deep-keel sailboat.

"I swung back and forth (outside the cove)," writes Hubbard, "signaling, but he stayed in there. Finally I went on to Roche harbor. Next morning it was blowing badly and I could not risk a slide down to the cove and so, with very real regrets, carved thru the San Juans, Deception pass and Skagit bay.

"We anchored for a short respite from the rain and wind at Utsaladdy and then, very early, got out and slid thru Agate pass and so, home.

"But the mystery is—where is Henning? He stuck by me all the way down. He piloted me thru the Yucluetaws and I piloted him thru fog—and favor for favor, together we managed to make a heart-breaking run only to be separated within a day's run of our destination.

"And I wish the word could be spread for him to drop me a card. He has a little white troller, 31D-

576. I won't feel easy until I know he's okay. I know he made it all right for trollers are that way—cat-lived. But he's too fine a chap for contact to be so suddenly severed.

"Anyway, it's back to the grind. Nine days for a south passage in a 5.5 knot cruising speed craft at this season of the year is a pretty wearing proposition for I don't think I slept 15 hours in those nine days, nor did Henning.

"It was quite a strain aliding down the barometer dial and watching the wind gradually veer to the sou'east. And it wasn't exactly comfortable in that open cockpit. But I don't suppose there's anything very marvelous about the south passage.

It was said up north, 'When people come here from the outside everybody raves and cheers, but the really tough passage is southbound and nobody ever says a word about it.' Even so, we had all the breaks.

"One person I must exonerate. The reason I am not dead from my own cooking is the Skipper. She had her ticket and was all packed to go south on the steamer and I asked her to ride over to the oil dock in Ketchikan while I refueled. Then I couldn't get her off the boat.

"She said she'd never live it down if she quit and maybe she was right. For the gas boat gals in Thomas basin snubbed her when they found that she was leaving the ship and when she said she was going south on 'Maggie' they immediately showered down their smiles.

"There's a funny pride about such things among women, huh? She knitted thru Dodd narrows and she slung out hot chow and she kept the ship clean and warm and I think she was one of the best reasons why we made it.

"Now comes the job of laying up 'Maggie.' And that I am going to do with care and flourishes. For she has been a faithful boat. The beating she has taken has left no scars which cannot be remedied by paint and new hemp.

"Carefully does it for next year it will be northward again. That's the life. Engines, rain, blows and bad tempers, none of them can spoil the kind of cruising which lies to the north.

"And as sort of a postscript—one bit of information which might or might not be generally known: Our tide and current tables on B. C. waters vary as much as an hour

and a half from the Canadian tide current tables."

The last afternoon of this year—just a few hours before the Master Pilot steers the New Year thru the Straits and down into Elliott bay, the Puget sound pilots will celebrate the occasion at their headquarters in the Smith tower.

This is one of the real seagoing events of the year. Nine out of 10 persons invited will be master mariners and the shoreside souls feel mighty lucky to be privileged to rub shoulders and crook elbows with the salty skippers.

WITH JAMISON

The pilot's open house is reminiscent of George Broom's famous clam bake that he held annually, up to the time of his death, at his Pier 3 sail loft. And you are really not one of the initiated until you've eaten steamed clams in a loft that reeks of Stockholm tar, hemp, old canvas and other morale-shattering odors.

BY H. E. JAMISON.
(Jamison is heard over radio station KOMO every Tuesday and Friday night at 8:15.)

Union
Tuesday, May 27, 1941

On the produce
we're growing.

HIGHLIGHTS In Today's Books

Also High Water

If you like adventure, pull up a chair and sit down at the Explorers' Club's Long Table for a couple of evenings of varied and fascinating entertainment. "Through Hell and High Water" is a collection of stories told by some of the world's foremost modern adventurers, all members of the club. The story Captain L. Ron Hubbard tells of an Alaskan Kodiak bear is a combination of humor and danger. A survey officer and a fisherman had lassoed the bear and were towing it in the water behind their boat. Here's the rest of the tale:

MORE and more bear had been coming out of the water and the trolling boat was heeling and taking in an ocean at a gulp.

The officer had no wish to match blows with three-quarters of a ton of Kodiak and dodged back around the lump of a pilothouse which stood out of the deck. The bear, making the little boat rock as if a hurricane had struck it, lunged in pursuit.

"Come in!" screamed the fisherman, meaning the officer, not the bear, and yanked his human passenger into the pilothouse. Together they got the door solidly bolted.

Finally they had an idea. They took a pike pole which could be reached from the pilothouse port and to the end of it lashed a long knife. Then, moving slowly so as not to attract the ire of the brownie, began to saw through the line by remote control.

But when the line was parted the brownie made no effort to avail himself of the fact. He was not grateful. He had calmed considerably and had become interested in the delicious odor of fish which assailed his nostrils. Finally he located the source and with one tap of his paw knocked the top off the fish hold. There he found a number of beautiful fish and proceeded to take one bite from the belly of each, casting the 30-pound remains overboard.

Desperation caused the two exhausted men to peg chunks of coal at the bear who had now begun to doze.

The first few blows went unnoticed but finally the bear roused himself, gave the pilothouse a final rush and then, stalking angrily, stepped to the rocks and went ashore.

Post Salsbury N.C.

JUN 1 - 1941

Explorers' Club Issues Stories

If you like adventure, pull up a chair and sit down at the Explorers' Club's Long Table for a couple of evenings of varied and fascinating entertainment. "Through Hell and High Water" (McBride: \$3) is a collection of stories told by some of the world's foremost modern adventurers, all members of the club. The story Captain L. Ron Hubbard tells of an Alaskan Kodiak bear is a combination of humor and danger. A survey officer and a fisherman had lassoed the bear and were towing it in the water behind their boat. Here's the rest of the tale:

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BOOK REVIEW

STORY COLLECTION

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THE CATALINA ISLANDER

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1946

Avalon Softball News

The South Construction Company game determined not to lose a game. It was their second of eight wins and it means there is little chance for opponent. The other teams, however, will be anxious to win anything. They are still waiting to surprise the Avalon. Nothing can happen and the balance of the season should be very interesting.

League standings are as follows:

Team	Win	Lost	Pct.
South Construction Co.	8	0	1.000
The Department	6	2	.750
United Air Lines	5	2	.714
W. C. I. Co.	4	4	.500
Amusement Agency	4	4	.500
Langhorne	2	6	.250
Tally Ho	1	6	.143
W. C. I. Co.	1	7	.125

Games of previous Sunday, November 17:
 South vs. 7, Amusement Agency, 1;
 The Dept. vs. United Air Lines, 4;
 W. C. I. Co. vs. Tally Ho, 7;
 Langhorne vs. Rotary, 5.

Schedule for Sunday, Nov. 24:
 The Dept. vs. South Construction,
 Amusement Agency vs. U. Air Lines,
 W. C. I. Co. vs. Tally Ho,
 Langhorne vs. R. C. I. Co.

There is a catcher and an outfielder in the league who are very much concerned as to the whereabouts of their respective gloves. They have been missing all season, so help. Any one who has these gloves can contact any member of the R. C. I. Co. team.

The records are circulating weekly to avoid the guess. (Actual count last week was 9.) Well, anyway, not many more than that.

See you on Sunday at 9 I. S. A. M.

Fountain Fish

(Continued from page 1)
 tional spots on the island.

"Additionally, we need a fish row and then to feed our fin-feathered friends, for when we don't feed them their numbers mysteriously diminish."

McKee did not state that unless somebody stopped catching the perch for frying, the population of Avalon was also going to diminish mysteriously. But McKee is a gentleman.

NEW UNITED AIR LINES STATION MANAGER HERE

Walter G. Carson, with the United Air Lines for six years, has been named station manager at Catalina Island, it was announced today by S. V. Hall, western regional vice president of operations. Carson replaces Donald S. Fowler, who has moved to the company's Chicago headquarters as field coordinator on the staff of the vice-president of administration.

Mr. Carson has held various passenger service posts since he joined the United Air Lines in 1940, and most recently he was chief passenger agent at Los Angeles. During the war he served with the Army Air Forces.

The first telegraph line in the United States was completed in May, 1844.

Modernize your home with a low cost Title I. F. H. A. loan from the Catalina Island branch of Security-First National Bank. They are readily available and will help you make whatever home improvements you may want—painting, remodeling or landscaping. Talk to Mr. W. J. Laurin, branch manager today. (adv.)

SURF & SAND

NOW SERVING

Dinner 4 p. m. to 11 p. m.

COCKTAILS MIXED DRINKS

Food Served 7 Days a Week

SPECIAL LISTING

ONE OF THE FINEST VIEW PROPERTIES IN ALL AVALON. PARTLY IMPROVED WITH MODERN INCOME PROPERTY SO LARGE AND SO SITUATED, WILL DIVIDE INTO 4 MORE INCOME OR HOME SITES EACH WITH WONDERFUL VIEW OF HARBOR. JUST WHAT YOU HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR.

EXCLUSIVE AGENT

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CHRISTMAS PORTRAITS

NOVEMBER 1948

News Letter
Bloomington Ind
Nov 1948

FINAL BLACKOUT -by- ~~L. Ron Hubbard~~
(\$3, Hadley Press, Providence, RI, 1948)

First appearing as a magazine novel in 1940, Hubbard's grim story calls the war as it then appeared: Europe dragging the world down with it to total destruction; and a few wandering armies left on the continent, forever cut off from home, living off the land as they drifted north and south across Europe with the seasons.

The story concerns a brigade in which the command has come down to a lieutenant and his non-coms, a group of "unkillables" who go on fighting the war on their own, mainly to stay alive. Read as a companion to "The 25th Hour" (by Herbert Best, Random House, 1940,) the twin books make an almost continuous history of the fall of mankind, 20th century.

SEPTEMBER 3, 1949

News
Los Angeles Calif

SEP 3 1949

"Triton," by L. Ron Hubbard
(Fantasy Book Co., \$3) is
a short novel concerning Bill
Greyson, whose body is invaded
by the nephew of Neptune, the
lord of the ocean. His antics
thereafter, both above and below
the ocean, are enough to convince
quite a number of people that he
is insane. This volume also con-
tains one short story of a battle
between science and sorcery on a
distant planet. Not too well writ-
ten, but with interesting ideas.

DECEMBER 17, 1949

DEC 17 1949

News

Los Angeles Calif

"Death's Deputy" by L. Ron Hubbard (Fantasy Publishing Company: \$2.50) is a novel about a young man who learns that he is an accident prone. . . . Wherever Clayton McLean found himself, the people around him had accidents or were killed while nothing happened to him. He was the only one to be alive after a passenger plane crash, the doctor who saved him from being a cripple died as a result of the operation, his crew on an RAF plane were invariably killed. After a number of exciting adventures, Clayton finds his release. Good job.

The Preble County News

Vol 81 No. 18

Thursday, July 21, 1983

USPS 441-760 FIFTEEN CENTS

Controversial Author-Stunt Flyer Landed in Gratis 52 Years Ago

As recorded in "The Preble County News," on September 17, 1931, L. Ron "Flash" Hubbard and his friend Phillip W. "Flys" Browning roared down out of the sky just east of Gratis, their stunt plane "The Sparrow" low on fuel. Raymond Boomershine offered to buy gas for their little ship in exchange for a ride. "Flys" took him up, and before very long a crowd gathered around "Flash" clamoring for rides. The two young men spent the rest of the day giving rides from George Swisher's field to 36 daring souls from Preble County. Night fell and Mr. and Mrs. Luther Kiracofe boarded the boys for the night. The next day Hubbard and Browning roared on to St. Louis, headed for more adventures.

Today, L. Ron Hubbard is a New York Times best selling author; his latest book *Battlefield Earth*, has appeared on seven other national best seller lists. But it was his barnstorming adventures that were to initiate his professional writing career.

One of the first journals to regularly publish Hubbard's articles was the "The Sportsman Pilot." Also a glider pilot of some renown, Hubbard provided them with aviation articles and photographs. In a feature story in "The Pilot" H. Latane Lewis II wrote of the man behind the popular articles:

"Whenever two or three pilots are gathered together around the nation's Capital, whether it be a Congressional hearing or just in back of some hangar, you'll probably hear the name of Ron Hubbard mentioned, accompanied by such adjectives as 'crazy,' 'wild,' 'dizzy.' For the flaming haired pilot hit the city like a tornado a few years ago and made the women scream and strong men weep by his serial antics. He just dared the ground to come up and hit him.

(continued on next page)



L. RON "FLASH" HUBBARD, THEN . . .



. . . AND NOW

Here And There

(Ed. Note: The following article appeared in the Preble County News on September 17, 1931 under the headline "Here And There".)

Phillip W. "Flys" Browning and A. L. Ron "Flash" Hubbard, dare-devil speed pilot and parachute artist, were forced east of Gratis about ten o'clock Sunday morning, through lack of fuel. Raymond Boomershine offered to buy gas for the flyers in exchange for a ride in the famous little ship. When "Flys" had circled the town and landed back on George Swisher's field, he found "Flash" surrounded by a crowd, clamoring for a ride.

The team hastily held a consultation, and decided that since their business in St. Louis would not require them until Monday afternoon, they might as well spend the day barnstorming for their own amusement. Although they intended to leave Gratis later in the day, the prospective passengers were so numerous that darkness finally stopped activities at the improvised flying field.

The flyers spent the night in Gratis as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. M.L. Kiracofe and left for St. Louis Monday afternoon.

Stunt Flier

THE PREBLE COUNTY NEWS THURSDAY, JULY 21, 1983

(continued from previous page)

"In the beginning, Ron (also known as 'Flash') hailed from out west, but only stayed long enough to be born. Since then he has been a dweller of the world at large, and there are few nooks and corners of the earth that he hasn't poked into. Before he fell from grace and became an aviator, he was, at various times, top sergeant in the Marines, radio crooner, newspaper reporter, gold miner in the West Indies and a movie director-explorer, having led a motion picture expedition into the south seas aboard an ancient windjammer.

"Then he turned to glider flying. Ron could do more stunts in a sailplane than most pilots can in a pursuit job. Once he took a glider up at a Chicago airport which was surrounded by a concrete road. It was a hot day and waves of heat were rising off the road as if it had been a stove. Ron sat up on that current of air and stayed there. Round and round the airport he went like a merry-go-round, until everybody got dizzy from watching him. Finally, he got tired of chasing his tail and came down, after establishing something of a record for sustained flight over the same field."

By 1938, with stories and articles pouring out at an unprecedented rate, Ron Hubbard ranked with the top of his profession. He joined forces with one of the greatest editors of any genre, John W. Campbell, Jr., and they helped launch what came to be called "The Golden Age of Science Fiction." For the next decade, save the war years of 1941-1945, Hubbard dominated the field along with such names as Robert Heinlein, Isaac Asimov, Ray Bradbury, A.E. Van Vogt, Theodore Sturgeon and others.

When it seemed as if Hubbard had given up non-fiction for good, he returned to non-fiction with *Dianetics*, the *Modern Science of Mental Health*. The book rose to the top of the best-seller lists and stayed there for months. Hubbard's concept of people helping each other improve their mental health swept the country.

"*Dianetics*" directly countered the psychiatric ("electroshock") establishment, which launched an all-out, if ineffective, smear campaign. If anything, that campaign helped his popularity as an author. His fiction written before launching "*Dianetics*" was republished consistently. Although his non-fiction writings since 1950 sold in the millions of copies, his fans longed for more fiction. It wasn't until 1982 that he delivered.

Finding that he had time on his hands, and "in celebration of his fifty years of writing," he published *Battlefield Earth*: 430,000 words, 800 pages. The reviews are in, and (not surprisingly) they're terrific. *Publisher's Weekly*: "... a superlative storyteller with a total mastery of plot and pacing... if you like Heinlein, you'll like Hubbard... This has everything: suspense, pathos, politics, war, humor, diplomacy and intergalactic finance..."

The first and second printings were gone practically before they hit the bookstores and the epic is now in its fifth printing. It's still on the best-seller lists today, six months later and climbing.

You don't have to read much of Hubbard to tell he likes flying. From his 1937 article, the "Test Pilot":

"She whipped down that runway and into the air before I could blink. The earth went by in a blurred stream. The factory flashed under the wings and was gone... Within a space of seconds I was up to five thousand feet... I was riding on the tail of a bullet. Tricky and restless and fast, she blasted through the sky at three hundred miles an hour, making a slipstream as hard as a brick wall." From 1982, *Battlefield Earth*:

He felt awe. Was this how it was to be an eagle? Is that how the world looked from the sky?

The panorama of the mountains to the west began to open in relief. And in a few moments he realized they were now higher than Highpeak, seen whitely in the cold clear air.

For fifteen minutes he was enthralled. They were at height

of about four miles. He had never realized there was so much world! Or that one could feel so thrilled.

... The main thing, he instinctively knew, was not to get too close to that ground!"

With this latest in his long string of successes it doesn't look like there's much chance of Hubbard ever getting too close to the ground! Hubbard himself still seems to be blasting along at 300 miles an hour, with "a slipstream as hard as a brick wall."

Sounds a lot like "Flash" Hubbard, the boy who landed at George Swisher's field so long ago, and it's awfully good to have him back.

The Preble County News

Vol. 81 Nol 23 Thursday, August 25, 1983 USPS441-760 FIFTEEN CENTS

Letters To The Editor:

Hubbard Recalls People In Preble County Landing

To the Editor:

I was touched to be still known in Preble County. And, not strange at all, well remember Preble County, but for different reasons than were given in your very nice article on me in your issue of July 21, 1983. You recounted that my fellow pilot Browning landed low on fuel in George Swisher's field. And it is very true that Raymond Boomershine offered to buy us gas if we would take him for a ride and that we were promptly surrounded by people clamoring for rides and that we obliged. And that Mr. and Mrs. Kiracofe did take us as guests for the night.

But there is more to the story — the people of Preble County.

Here were a couple of shipwrecked aviators and the folks took them in, owned them and would not take no for an answer.

There was no crop in the field but one might expect its owner to object to a strange craft from the sky. But not George Swisher. He said, "Anything I can do for you, boys?"

Hubbard Day Proclaimed in Gratis

Mayor Russell Wilson of Gratis at the August 17 meeting of the Gratis Village Council proclaimed Sept. 13 each year as L. Ron Hubbard day and made Hubbard an honorary citizen of the village.

Marlyse Brock of Switzerland and Pam Schwartz, members of the Hubbard organization, attended on behalf of the author who has not appeared in public for several years. Hubbard is author of "Battlefield Earth," and has also written science fiction and Church of Scientology books.

The setting aside of L. Ron Hubbard Day came after reading of a plaque from Hubbard. The plaque thanked Gratis and Preble County for helping him after he was forced to land his airplane near Gratis during a barnstorming tour 52 years ago.

The proclamation was made official by a unanimous vote of council.

We said, "We're out of fuel."

And Raymond Boomershine said, "You wait right there," and tore off to the local gas station.

Meanwhile an awful lot of people were arriving. They wanted to know if we needed any help. And we said the plane had to be turned around and although they were all in their Sunday best, they grabbed at the tail and turned her around.

Then Raymond Boomershine came back with the gas and he helped us fill the tank. We tried to pay him and he said, "Nope," and my pal said, "We don't know how to thank you." And Raymond said, "Well if you put it that way, I always wanted to ride in one of them things. How about a short hop?"

That started it. Everyone and his kids got a ride.

There are people probably around today who as kids, had a ride in that airplane.

Finally, Mr. Kiracofe came up and pointed at the sun and said, "It's going to be dark too soon for you boys to fly on. Me and the missus would be pleased to have you stay with us tonight."

And that was my first encounter with Ohio cooking. Mrs. Kiracofe really could cook! We had a dinner I never forgot and breakfast would have fed a threshing crew! Delicious! But Mrs. Kiracofe seemed surprised I could not eat another dozen fried eggs with the next foot high stack of hotcakes.

Finally we got ourselves to the plane and George Swisher was shoving cows off it (they loved to lick the banana oil paint used on the plane fabric). And a whole crowd was on hand to bid us goodbye and they cleared cows out of the field and we took off for an air meet in St. Louis amid waves and cheers.

And about 500 feet up I looked back at the waving hands and the lovely countryside spread below and with real regret to leave.

And I said to my pal, "They ought to change that song from 'Beautiful Ohio' to 'Beautiful Ohio People'."

And those days in Ohio have lived on in fond memory.

So hello again!

May all go well with you and the people of Preble County and God bless. With such kindly people, who would want to live anywhere else?

L. Ron Hubbard

Hubbard Identified As Native

Was Born In
Campbell Hospital
In 1911

There have been several answers to the query about L. Ron Hubbard which appeared in last week's Citizen. Mrs. Frank Bassett is the source of most of our information and help was also given by Mrs. C. C. Scott, Mrs. P. E. Dames of Waterloo, Iowa, and Mrs. Fritz Von Seggern of Pasco, Wash. Letters written by Mrs. Dames and Mrs. Von Seggern appear elsewhere in the Citizen.

According to our informants, L. Ron Hubbard was born in March, 1911, at Dr. Campbell's hospital which was located in the residence now occupied by the Donald Dempster family on Oak Street in Tilden. His parents are Mr. and Mrs. Harry R. Hubbard, the latter being Miss Mae Waterbury before her marriage. She is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. O. Waterbury, and is a cousin of Frank Bassett of Tilden.

Mrs. Hubbard left Tilden with her parents and was engaged in some kind of government work and might have met and married her husband during this time. The Waterbury family resided in Oklahoma and Montana after leaving here.

Mr. Hubbard was evidently in the navy at the time L. Ron was born as his mother came back to Tilden for the blessed event and later joined her husband who was stationed in California. Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard now reside in Bremerton, Wash.

According to Mrs. Scott, Wesley Newhall, a former Tildenite, served in the navy under Lieut. Commander Harry Hubbard.

Now that it is known that the originator of the "Dianetics" way of living is a native of Tilden, perhaps townspeople will want to adopt this new philosophy.

The University Hatchet

STUDENT

WEEKLY



PUBLISHED IN TWO SECTIONS

WASHINGTON, D. C., TUESDAY, MAY 24, 1932

SECTION ONE

L. Ron Hubbard Heads Movie Cruise Among Old American Piratical Haunts

Ray Heimburger, University Engineer, Also on Crew of Old
Four-Mast Schooner Which Will Record on Celluloid
Famous Pirate Strongholds

Contrary to popular belief, wind-jammer days are not over, and romance refuses to die the death of romance. Fifty young gentlemen, most of them from Baltimore on June 20 for the pirate haunts of the Spanish Main, are to head the cruise, which is called "The Caribbean Motion Picture Expedition." Their ship is the *Doris Hamilton*, a 1961 gross ton, four-mast, 200 feet by 34 feet sailing ship which is being equipped with labs and School. Acting in the capacity of purser is Ray Heimburger, also a G. W. U. engineer.

(Continued on Page 4, Col. 2)

Hubbard Heads Movie Cruise To American Pirate Haunts

(Continued from Page 1)

being entirely innocent of auxiliary power.

Captain Experienced

Captain F. E. Garfield will guide the ship through the islands on the six thousand mile cruise. He has been thirty years at the business of sailing cargo and men "down to the sea."

Equipment at the disposal of the expedition is varied. It includes a light airplane with which the flying members of the staff will sail through an entirely different element over green seas and greener jungles. A battery of 35mm cameras will grind out 25,000 feet of film on the cruise. The University of Michigan is providing all the paraphernalia dear to the hearts of botanists, zoologists and ornithologists and is sending a representative who hopes to obtain valuable specimens from the little-visited islands. The expedition will also have an 800-mile-range radio transmitter.

Excursions, however, will have the center of the stars. According to Hubbard the strongholds and bivouacs of the Spanish Main have lain neglected and forgotten for centuries, and there has never been a concerted attempt to tear apart the jungles to find the castles of Teach, Morgan, Bonnet, Bluebeard, Kidd, Sharp, Kingross, and L'Ollonais, to name a few.

To Film Terror Scenes

Down there where the sun is whipping heat waves from the palms, this crew of gentleman rovers will re-enact the scenes which struck terror to the hearts of the world only a few hundred years ago—with the difference that this time it will be for the benefit of the fun and the flickering ribbon of celluloid.

In their spare time, if they have any, they will scale the heights of belching volcanoes, hunt in the thick jungles, shoot flying fish on the wing, and collect whatever one collects for exhibit in the museum.

One hundred days has been set as the duration of the cruise. During that time, the C. M. P. will touch in the order named, P. R. de France, Martinique; Prince Rupert, Dominica; Bacon Terra, Guadeloupe; Charles-town, Nevis; Montserrat; St. Croix; St. Thomas; Dewey, de Vieques; Santa Rosa Sound; Ponce, Porto Rico; Santa Domingo, Haiti; Kingston, Jamaica; I. de la Gonave; Tortuga I.; Cape Haitien; the Bahamas; returning to Baltimore by September 25.

Prominent Scientists on Ship


The expedition has been wholly financed and guided by Hubbard and Philip W. Browning, Michigan aviator and writer. They now have on their staff James S. Frazer, writer, who graduated in 1922 from the University of Alabama; C. W. Mead, Michigan architect; John J. White, set designer, and Charles Schmidt, writer. Their chief photographer is Preston W. Nichols, manager of the Mountain States Air Photo Service, and their photo lab expert is Edward Groch, formerly of Eastman. Don Diegel, transport pilot, will aid Browning with the flying.

Their New York agent for this summer will be Samuel Fales of Postal Telegraph who is associated with the Carnegie Institute.

Still photography and writing articles for travel magazines which have accepted their material in the past is expected to fill out the crammed program of the two directors.

The motion pictures will be made for release with Fox Movietone News and with the Fox division of short subjects. Scenarios will be written on the spot in accordance with the legends of the particular island and after a thorough research through the ship's library which is to include many authoritative books on pirates.

The University Hatchet



Monthly Literary Review

Vol. 28, No. 33

MAY 24, 1932

SECTION 2

Editor's Column



We take pleasure in announcing with this issue the addition of four new members to the editorial staff of the REVIEW. L. Ron Hubbard, a student in the Engineering school, will be remembered as the author of *Grounded and Tied*. Elizabeth Neyman, who came to George Washington from Stephens College in Columbia, Missouri, has published in these pages *The Gray Dress and Bonnet* and *Snowbound*, the latter in our issue of April 5, besides occasional poems. Eleanor Berge, a former student of the University of Nebraska, appeared last month as a short story writer with *White Rice*. Helen Swick is a Junior in Columbia College and the author of *Candle Light* which appeared in a recent issue.

We take this opportunity to thank Eire Mooney, retiring editor, Helene Kreutzer, and Gladys Wright, all three of whom are to receive degrees in June, for the benefit of their experienced assistance in the publication of this issue.

We are pleased to introduce several new writers to our readers. Ethel Raynor McDonald takes time off from her duties as a cavalry officer's wife to study as a special student in Columbian College. Alice Cowles Morris, of the Division of Library Science, shows herself a promising poetess with *Rhythm*. She is an active member of the Creative Poetry Club. *Sea Ecstasy* is Lee Anna Embrey's first appearance in prose; her former contributions have been poetry.

Look Down, Olympus is Frank Westbrook's first story for some time. His stories have appeared frequently in former years. James Whiting Saunders has written too many excellent poems in the past to need any introductory remarks.

STAFF OF The Monthly Literary Review

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HERBERT L. ALEXANDER II

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Published Monthly as the literary section of
The University Hatchet

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Fifty Adventurous Students Prepare For Summer Cruise

Baltimore Schooner Doris Hamlin Made Ready To Start Next Week On Three-Month Expedition To Caribbean

The Baltimore schooner Doris Hamlin left the graving dock at the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corporation's lower yard yesterday after a final inspection of her hull prior to her sailing next week for the West Indies with a crew of fifty adventurous college students aboard.

The big schooner will spread her four great sails in her departure from Baltimore, which is scheduled to take place Tuesday or Wednesday.

Students Report For Duty

While the shipyard employes drove oakum into her seams and scrubbed her hard-rising bilge in the graving dock, the blows of many hammers rose from the schooner's hold. For nearly a score of the half-hundred students who plan a summer of sailing, motion-picture taking, scientific research and discovery aboard the vessel already have reported for duty.

More are expected to appear today, and the others will report next week.

... of two who will

building a ladder from deck into the schooner's hold where extra sleeping quarters have been installed to provide for the unusually large crew. Cots, mattresses and pillows have been taken aboard and passed below, while in the quarters aft rooms have been prepared for scientific and photographic laboratories.

L. R. Hubbard, a student at the George Washington University Engineering School, is the leader of the expedition.

Columbia University, Ohio State and the University of Michigan are among the institutions whose undergraduates are included in the crew.

To Last Three Months

The cruise will last three months, the points to be visited including Fort de France, Martinique; Prince Rupert, Dominica; Basses Terre, Guadeloupe; Charlotte de la Croix, St. Croix, S. Vieques, Porto Rico;

Kingston, Jamaica; Gonave and Tortugas Islands, and Cape Haitian. The schooner will return to Baltimore about September 25.

The Doris Hamlin has been chartered to the expedition by W. B. Vane.



L. RON HUBBARD

We had fished for sharks and dolphin, had held chess tournaments, written and yarned. But the proximity of those islands we wanted so much to visit and photograph and the stubborn way the schooner was held to her course was too much even for our youthful spirits.

Saba, a veritable motion picture treasure island, passed on our starboard bow. St. Kitts with its underwater city was left far astern. Anegada Island remained hidden behind a far horizon.

As the captain saw the necessity for more water and food, he tried to put into St. Thomas, but brought the Doris Hamlin to landfall miles to the leeward of the harbor. We plowed thru beautiful Vieques Sound without reefing a sail and finally struck the wide mouth of Ponce, Porto Rico.

RETURN TO STATES

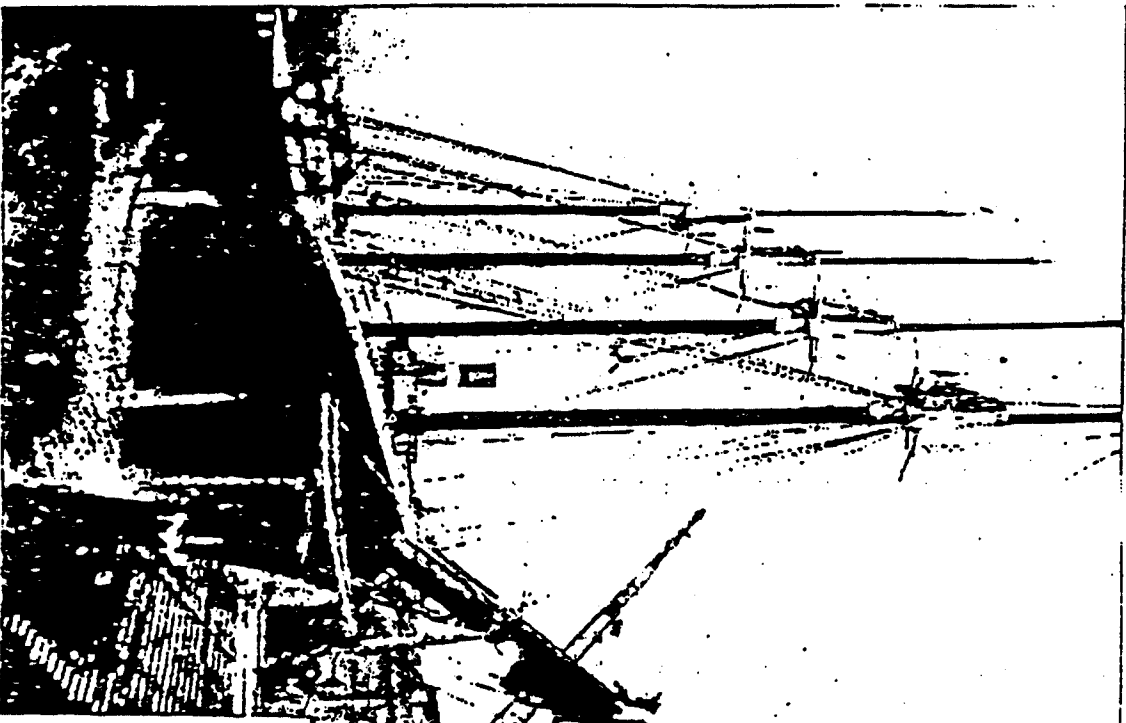
The Ponce Harbor Board advised me as to my status and told me that I could easily throw the matter into court there. However, I knew that such a step would require months and I had no wish to cause our men such inconvenience.

I then did the only possible thing and returned to the States to straighten matters there with the owners who had sent the captain the money in Martinique.

Despite these difficulties, we had a wonderful summer. The lot of us are tanned and healthy and we know what few men know these speedy days—the thrill of plowing thru blue seas in a wooden ship with nothing but white wings to drive us over the horizon.

THE SUN, BALTIMORE, SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 18, 1932

College Students Prepare Here For West Indies Expedition



SCHOONER DORIS HAMLIN



In the foreground is Ted Parly (left), of Columbia University, passing a mattress to Ray Heimbarger (right), of George Washington Uni-

versity. The vessel will leave Baltimore next week.

BULLETIN

tion to all members of the
men of the Summer Session
day.

27, 1932

NUMBER 27

MICHIGAN DAILY 27 JULY 1932

Eleven Students Hunt Adventure On Camera Trip

Michigan Men Assisting Moving Picture Expedi- tion in Caribbean

All-College Crew

Party on Schooner Will Get Short Feature for Movietone News

Eleven Michigan men who left early in the summer for a cruise aboard the four-masted schooner, "Doris Hamlin," are now taking motion pictures beneath the ocean in the vicinity of the West Indies, according to information received here yesterday.

The expedition, known as the Caribbean Motion Picture expedition, under the direction of L. Ron Hubbard of Washington, D. C., and Philip Browning of Michigan, has as its primary object the search of adventure with a camera in which an attempt will be made to furnish numerous short subjects for Fox Movietone News.

Has Modern Laboratories

The cruise also will foster a number of different branches of tropical research, in preparation for which a number of modern equipped laboratories have been constructed aboard the sailing vessel.

Members of the crew are all college men, and the eleven men chosen from Michigan were selected from more than 1,500 applicants representing all the major colleges of the East. Seven of the men from Michigan are making the trip with all expenses paid. They are: C. Wayne Mead, Grad.; John J. White, Jr., '32A; Edward H. Groth, '24E; Paul L. Tietjen, '35E; Willard Happy, Grad.; Walter F. Kristiansen, '32E; and Percy E. Knudsen, Grad.

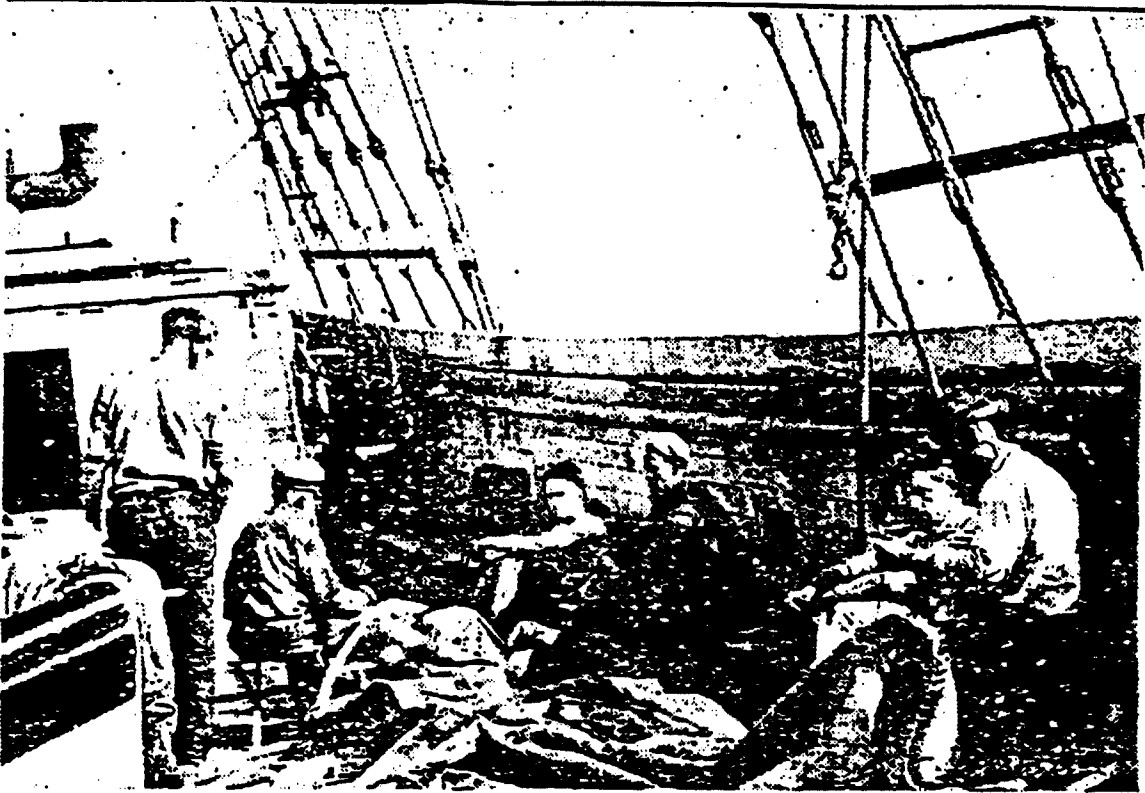
Three Are Seamen

Mead and White were chosen as staff members, while the others are members of the general crew. Groth is a photography laboratory man; Happy has charge of the radio transmitting; and Tietjen, Kristiansen and Knudsen are acting as seamen on the all-college crew.

Others from the University who are on the cruise are Richard G. Finch, '34E; William C. Stratton, '32A; Robert A. Wolf, Grad.; and James Auer, Grad. Finch was sent by the botany department of the University to study sea flora and fauna in the tropical waters.

The cruise will end about Sept. 25.

Caribbean Motion Picture Expedition Left in Lurch at Outset of Voyage When 10 Canceled Passages



Scene aboard the schooner Doris Hamlin, which carried a group of undergraduates on the voyage by L. Ron Hubbard.

EDITOR'S NOTE: A group of college men, who set out June 24 in the schooner Doris Hamlin to take motion pictures along the Spanish Main, wearily dropped anchor at Baltimore recently after what the captain called "the worst trip I ever made." Many conflicting reports of the voyage have been printed, and the following story is that of L. Ron Hubbard, of George Washington University, who led the expedition.

By L. RON HUBBARD

On June 23, 1932, the chartered fourmaster schooner Doris Hamlin sailed from Baltimore for the West Indies with 56 men aboard. Exclusive of six old seadogs, the complement consisted of young men between the ages of 20 and 30 who thirsted for adventure and the high seas. A movie camera, scientific apparatus and a radio completed the Caribbean Motion Picture Expedition.

It had been financed by the members themselves and all were to share in the profits netted from the sale of the motion pictures.

With James S. Free, journalist, as co-director, I was supposed to guide the destinies of the enterprise. Paul Wilkerson, formerly of Paramount, had charge of the movies. Fred Garfield captained the ship and became, for the first time, master of a white crew.

Just 12 hours before the Doris Hamlin slipped her whips, 10 men cancelled their passage and left us in a delicate financial situation. However, we had assurances of sufficient money along the way, providing the crew behaved and did not demand their wages in full. Thus, with our initial capital sunk in food, charter money and equipment, we put to sea.

Our first port of call was Bermuda. The captain was ordered to stand off the island while we landed for mail, but leaky water tanks gave him excuse to put into the harbor.

Towage, pilotage, and expensive water further depleted the treasury. Two days at sea the water again leaked out and left us with the same amount we had before entering Bermuda.

TO MARTINIQUE

Due to the prevailing direction of the trade winds, it was necessary that we go to Martinique that we might make the more important ports in our itinerary. At Fort de France, Martinique, we put in for mail and supplies.

I refused to turn money over to the captain. Immediately, the

crew demanded their wages. I wired home for more money, but before it could arrive the captain told me he had received money from the owners and that the ship was going back home.

I fought the situation as well as I could but the consul at Fort de France allowed a protest to be filed and my hands were tied.

11 GO HOME

In Bermuda 11 men had become disgusted with the somewhat turbulent seas and had obtained discharge that they might return home. We had fired our cook there due to his inability to stay above decks thru stormy weather and had hired two men from Bermuda. In Martinique we lost several other men who had become disgusted with the situation.

When we left Martinique, the whole aspect of the trip had changed. Morale was down to zero. The 17 days we had been at sea from Bermuda to Ft. de France had been joyous ones. Everyone was primed for adventure.

Gold's Prominent Part in Far East C

Youthful D. C. Adventurer Finds Gold in Nearby Maryland After Trek Fails

By STEWART DOWRICK

Gold! Yes, shiny, glittering gold, and plenty of it, within a short distance of Washington.

The strike was discovered by L. Ron Hubbard at Beallsville, Md., a short time ago on his wife's farm, quite by accident. Hubbard, who attended the School of Engineering at George Washington University here several years ago, is the general manager of the West-Indies Mineral Inc., and is here on furlough.

He had several samples of the ore, taken from the property, sent to a New York assaying firm, which estimated the gold content of each at \$82.47.

Hubbard has already obtained more than one-fifth of an ounce of gold dust from an improvised sluice erected on the farm. He said it took about a day to pan the dust which was estimated to be worth \$4.

Hubbard, still in his twenties, left here last year for Antilles, West Indies, in search of gold so that he might return and marry the girl he met shortly before his departure. He returned a short time ago empty-handed and considerably weakened from fever. But he looked up the girl and between them they managed to achieve \$12 and they were married in Rockville.

ACCIDENTAL FIND

Several days following their marriage, Hubbard and his bride were shooting at a target in the orchard at the latter's farm at Beallsville. He asked his wife, formerly Louise Grubb, a florist, for a rock with which to nail up the fallen target.

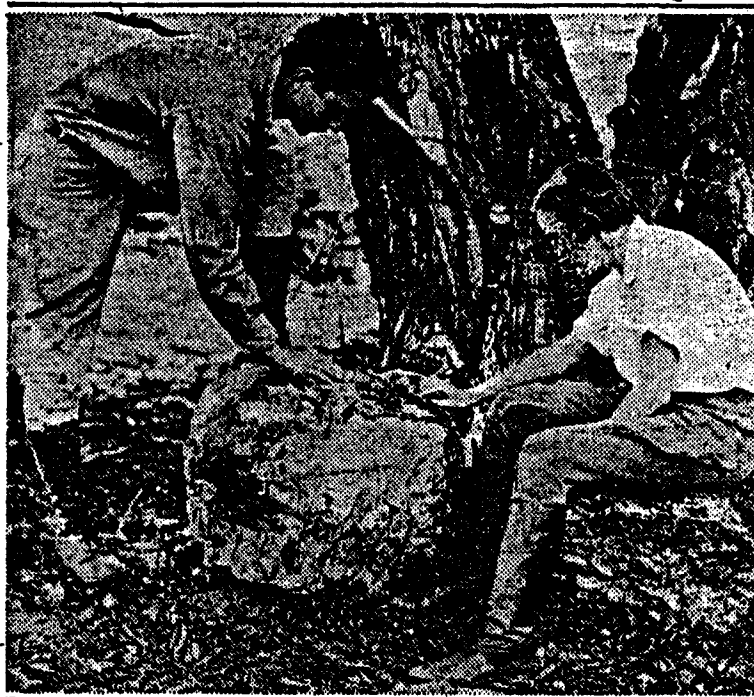
The rock broke into pieces and he discovered he was holding gold quartz in his hand. Hubbard consulted his mining manuals and found the samples he had gathered from different sections of the farm had all the characteristics of gold ore.

Hubbard said a strike of \$15 a ton gold ore is considered fair and the usual run of ore is around \$30 per ton. The famous Rand mine in South Africa runs less than \$8, and the well known Homestake mines are paying dividends on \$5 ore, he said.

"Imagine me going 1300 miles in search of gold when it lay right at the back door of my bride-to-be," Hubbard said dejectedly.

VEIN WIDE AND LONG

The vein, which begins a short distance from the house, is several yards in width and runs over a mile in length. Hubbard has made a very thoro survey of the vein which crops out of the ground in several places and lies just below the surface.



The object being inspected above is not a gold nugget but, according to observers, does contain a large amount of the precious metal. L. Ron Hubbard, the prospector, says the boulder in the above photo is the largest specimen of gold quartz he has ever seen. He is pictured with his wife, owner of the land in nearby Maryland on which the gold vein was discovered. Below Hubbard's wife is shown "panning" for gold with a "gaveta," used in the West Indies.



Gold has been discovered at Bethesda and Great Falls but these veins soon gave out and the mines were abandoned.

"The farmers around here continue to curse the rock as a drawback to agriculture," Hubbard said, "and when I told them there was gold here they laughed. Now that I have some authentic proof of the presence of gold they're beginning to listen to me."

Hubbard has hired a colored farm hand, nicknamed "Monk," to operate the small sluice erected at a nearby creek. However, it seems "Monk" also thinks the prospector is "a little off" and says he prefers to dig post holes.

OPERATIONS SOON

Hubbard has encountered several specimens of a curious white metal and said he believed it to be plati-

num or iridium but will send this to the assayer when drawing any conclusions. The quantity found, only a few grains, would not amount to much, however, he explained.

Hubbard said he is not seeking to sell any stock; nor will he accept outside funds for the purchase of machinery with which to crush the ore. He said several close friends have already volunteered their aid and the mining will soon get under way on a large scale.

NAVY AND MARINE PETS HAVE THEIR OWN SERVICE BOOKS
The Serious Business of Enlisting a Mascot, Stories of Odd Pets,
and Some of Their Strange Tricks and Habits

By L. Ron Hubbard

The Sunday Star, Washington, D. C., August 27, 1933, p. 11

When Sergt. Maj. Jiggs of the United States Marine Corps passed to his final rest Marines without number mourned his passing. His bowed front legs and sagging jaw had companioned expeditions by the dozen and the wag of his stumped tail had been seen on the decks of a dozen battleships. When he was first taken sick a well known pilot of the corps bundled the sergeant major into the cockpit of a Corsair and brought him pell-mell to the Naval Hospital in Washington from the base at Quantico. But the effort availed nothing and the old devil-dog was given a military funeral. Gene Tunney presented the Marine Corps with another bulldog now taking the place of the famous Jiggs.

The maintenance of pets in the Navy and Marine Corps is a very serious business. Whenever a new animal is brought aboard a ship or officially presented to a station, he is read into muster, given a service record book, and if he seems to deserve it, a military rating. These service record books have all the entries proper to the conduct of a navy.

"Deck court martial. Five days ashore A.W.O.L. 15 days bread and water." Or "general court and demotion to apprentice seaman for chewing up captain's epaulets." Or "ordered to sick bay for treatment of severe cut on foreleg suffered in a valiant combat with rat." And in all seriousness subsistence matters, leave due and length of service are solemnly recorded.

This custom of pets on shipboard originated centuries ago when international law stated that a ship could be salvaged only when every living member of the crew was absent. Wily captains accordingly entered cats and dogs on the ship's articles as full members of their ship's company, and in this way were able to avert salvage proceedings should it be necessary to abandon their craft. The cat or dog would be left behind, and if the ship still stood above the waves, whoever should come aboard to claim salvage would find that a living member of the crew in the person of a cat was steadfastly guarding the owner's rights.

However, the Navy's pets are not limited to cats and dogs. Almost every kind of animal has at one time or another, found its way into the ranks of the Navy. The Australian cruise of the fleet several years ago peopled the decks of the trim men o' war with all sorts of weird creatures - kangaroos, cockatoos, parrots, monkeys, bears, lions, leopards, seals and so on down the roll of the animal kingdom.

Aboard one of the battleships which returned to San Francisco after that cruise was a huge boxing kangaroo, the height and half again the weight of a man. This kangaroo could actually box. He would strike out with his small front feet, loved to sheath the dangerous claws and simulate a man well versed in the art of self-defense. He was named according to the custom of the Navy, which seems to dictate that all kangaroos shall be called Spud Murphy.

All went well with Spud until the night of the first big smoker in port. The champion of the fleet came aboard to put on an exhibition and just for the delight of the sailors, Spud was thrust into the ring and gloves were tied to his paws. Out beyond the lights he could see the blur of faces and hear the dinning cheers of his friends, but it was strange, and he didn't like it. The boxing champion of the fleet squared off and tapped Spud lightly on the chest. Spud struck back half-heartedly. Boxing was all right in the quiet sunshine, but not here. The champion thought it would be better to stir Spud up a bit and there he made his mistake. He slapped the big kangaroo on the nose and Spud's nose was tender. Without flicking an eye and as quick as dynamite, Spud whirled on this tail, struck out with those powerful hind feet and the champion of the fleet took the count of 10.

During his stay in Frisco, Spud made friends with a dog which also belonged to the Navy, and every time Spud's ship came anywhere near the dog's destroyer, the two would go on a terrible binge and their superior officers would not see them for days. But civilians by the score were shocked by the spectacle of a little collie dog trotting beside a huge buff monster who covered a block in a dozen jumps.

Another story is told of a shaggy brown bear which had come down from his home in the high Rockies to join the Navy and see the world. This bear was the essence of humor. And seeing that he could make his friends laugh with his antics, he was quick to think up new ways of gaining more and better applause. So he developed a trick which caused not a few blue jackets to rue the day they had seen him come aboard.

As sailors in those days had no chairs, it was customary for them to use their small gray ditty boxes in that office. These boxes are about 18 inches high and 2 feet long. It was a common sight to see a blue jacket seated on his ditty box facing a gun port and writing a letter home. In spite of his service record and title, the bear had no ditty box but coupled with this he had run out of tricks. He sat down upon the deck and watched a sailor gazing out a gun port and it was probably the longing attitude of the sailor which stirred the bear's sense of humor. He wagged his tongue for a moment in thought and then lumbered silently across the deck until he was directly to the rear of the sailor. Raising a shaggy paw and taking careful aim the bear walloped the end of the box and sent it skidding down the deck. And the sailor thudded to the planks. The bear grinned and

sedately walked over to the box and seated himself thereupon, to gaze longingly out over the sea. The bear had discovered his favorite pastime, which he pursued until he was finally placed behind the bars of a zoo.

There is a legend about a monkey which is worthy of notice. He belonged on an old armored cruiser which had found him in the jungles of Central or South America. Like every monkey, he conceived violent passions for a manner of strange things, but he invented a pastime which will probably stand as an all-time record for Navy monkeys.

While the crew of the ship was at quarters the monkey, having been assigned no station, wandered down through the ship alone and unobserved. And when the crew returned to bunks and baggage they found that all the tooth paste, shaving cream and in short, everything which came in a tube was missing from their ditty boxes. The mystery remained unsolved for some hours, until a sailor chanced to glance behind a turret. And there seated on the deck away from prying eyes, the monkey was having the time of his life. One by one he had squeezed the tubes dry of contents and he had become a lather of shaving cream and tooth paste. The Navy was never able to cure him of this passion for squeezing tubes, and whenever a tube was left unguarded, the monkey was sure to clamp down upon it.

Probably the most startling yarn that ever came out of the Navy had to do with a harbor seal. As Uncle Sam has placed a heavy fine on those who shoot harbor seals, the little beasts became quite tame and any harbor on the Pacific Coast has its quota of seals. They are spotted brown and white and weigh about 100 pounds, and they can swim with terrific speed.

This particular seal paid a visit to a battleship. He hitched himself up on the landing platform of the ship's gangway and barked to the officer of the deck for permission to come aboard. The officer of the deck thought it would be all right so the little seal took his place in the ship's company. He flopped about the deck begging apples from the cook and pettings from the sailors and generally made himself at home. When he tired of his diet of apples and other handouts, he would stand at the top of the gangway and bark until some one was thoughtful enough to help him into the water. Then he would fish and return to the ship.

When the battleship was ordered to Magdalena Bay for target practice and maneuvers the seal went along, content to let the Navy pay for his transportation. At Magdalena Bay he followed his usual procedure of going over the side whenever he felt the need of a fish or a bath. But one day he had evidently neglected to read the bulletin board for he went over the side an hour before the ship sailed. Sudden orders from the flagship demanded that all anchors should be weighted within the hour and though the crew left the landing stage over the side until the last minute, no seal was to be seen. The battleship put to sea.

In a few months the seal had been forgotten, and the battleship lay in San Francisco, many latitudes north of Magdalena Bay. The officer of the deck heard a faint bark and looked down at the landing stage. There was the little harbor seal asking permission to come aboard, asking for apples and giving his apologies all in one breath.

Herald
Durham N C

BUCKSKIN BRIGADES. By L. Ron Hubbard. Macaulay: New York \$2.

L. Ron Hubbard has written a crack adventure yarn back in the fur trading days of early America when the whites fought with the Indians to take over the lucrative fur business. To the Indian it was nothing more than a natural bit of human barter, but when the moguls of the white race came in to racketeer on the furs, there was bound to be some trouble. Though this is an exciting yarn, it's historically accurate in its exposure.

The author exposes how the white man ruthlessly took what he wanted from the Indian. He writes in his preface, "It required a peculiar kind of courage to condemn one's own race, a malign kind of cowardice to malign men dead these hundred years. But I stand with my right hand on a stack of affidavits. I face a library full of facts. And in this book I have tried to set forth the fur traders, not as they are thought to have been, but as they were.

"I have overdrawn no picture with my McClincy—now picture. Look, if you will, to the greatest authorities of those times and you cannot but corroborate my statements. But my interest have been primarily with the Blackfeet. I try to present the Indians, not as they are today, but as they were in the height of their power—the mightiest body of fighters—the plains; the truest of gentlemen. . ."

The warhoop is heard across the wide, unbroken prairie. Yellow Hair, a white man with the soul of an Indian, is thrown into the impact of the intrigue—the open warfare between white fur traders greedy for pelts. The author has used the damning evidence the fur traders left strewn from the Mississippi to the Rockies in this exciting and adventurous narrative. "Buckskin Brigade" presents a new struggle and a new scene in fiction.

AUGUST 20, 1937

Republican
Waterbury Conn
AUG 20 1937

BUCKSKIN BRIGADES. By L. Ron Hubbard. The Macaulay Co., New York. \$2.
In this story of fur trapping days in the Old West, Mr. Hub-

bard presents what he sees as the true story of the traffic and relations between the white fur dealers and the Indians. He has taken up the defense of the Indian and somewhat indignantly proceeds to demonstrate that the Indian wasn't as bad as he is painted. Perhaps his stand is justified in view of the popular belief in the legend that "the only good Indian is a dead Indian." His fur traders are anything but the noble romantic figures history makes them out to be.

This is the story of a white youth who had been brought up among the Blackfeet Indians as one of them, but who on reaching manhood became suspected by his red brethren because he failed to kill a white man, the tribe's bitter enemy. How he clears himself of this suspicion and wins the Indian girl of his choice against big odds makes a highly diverting story.

AUGUST 22, 1937

Union
San Diego Calif

AUG 22 1937

BUCKSKIN BRIGADES
By L. Ron Hubbard

The entire Indian race, particularly the Blackfeet, should give L. Ron Hubbard a vote of thanks for his novel, "Buckskin Brigades." Nearly every one concedes that in fact the red man has not received a square deal from his white brothers. In fiction he may have fared a little better, but not well enough to remove the still prevailing impression that an Indian was just something to be shot at.

Hubbard has written of the conflict between the Hudson Bay Co. and the nor'westers over the fur trade in the vast country to the northward. No matter which company won the Indians were bound to lose.

The hero is a white man with the soul of an Indian, Yellow Hair. The chief villain is McGlincy, typical of the fur traders of his day. Treachery with McGlincy is merely a matter of every day business.

The author insists that his picture is not overdrawn. He drew it from information gained from authorities of the period and there is no reason to doubt his statement.

The book is far from flattering to the white race. It brings a bit of belated justice for the Indians.—
Eli Whitney.

(The Macaulay Co.)

AUGUST 22, 1937

Observer
Raleigh N c

AUG 22 1937

Adventure

BUCKSKIN BRIGADES. By L.
Ron Hubbard. Macaulay, New
York. Price \$2.00.

It's quite a relief to read a thriller with a new locale. "Buckskin Brigades" is an adventure yarn with a distinct new setting in fiction. It is a story of the warfare between the Hudson Bay Company and the Nor'westers for control of the fur-trading territory of the Northwest. The empire of the American Indians lives again in the pages of this thriller.

Yellow Hair, a rare personality, is a white man with the soul of an Indian. He is thrown into intrigue and war for monopoly of the fur-trading area. The Indians tried to hold their ground, but were forced back and beaten by the white men. Their own bows and arrows were quite anti-dated in the fight.

In writing this historical yarn, the author has made use of evidence which places most of our fur-trader millionaires in a rather unfavorable light. This damning evidence has been left by the American fur mogols all the way from Mississippi to the Rockies. The author has stacks of affidavits to show just how they raped the Indians of their empire and fur gold. He has reconstructed as historically true a narrative as he could from the facts at hand, and he has written some exciting reading.

—REMY HORTON.

AUGUST 28, 1938

Constitution
Atlanta Ga

AUG 28 1938

Indian Lore.

BUCKSKIN BRIGADES. By L. Ron
Hubbard. Macaulay Co., New York.
316 pp. \$2.

This is again the story of the old west, told this time from the Indian's angle. For that one reason the story of "Yellow Hair," a white man brought up to live among and to act and think as the Indians becomes interesting reading. Here, for perhaps the first time, is the white man authentically represented as he must have looked to the harried Indian, whom he had robbed, first, of his game, then of his lands, and finally of his liberty and manhood. Against a true historical background, in which members of the Lewis and Clark expedition are glimpsed briefly, moves an exciting tale of scalping parties and forest warfare, duly seasoned with romance in Yellow Hair's search for Bright Star, his Indian bride. Good reading for lovers of western and Indian lore.

Ronald Hubbard Tells of His Trip to Orient and Many Experiences

Ronald Hubbard, son of Lieutenant and Mrs. H. R. Hubbard, and grandson of Mr. and Mrs. L. O. Waterbury, 736 Fifth avenue, enjoyed a trip to the orient with his parents who are now located at Guam, M.I., naval base. Ronald is a pupil at Helena high school, having returned from Guam the first of September to stay with his grandparents. Lieutenant and Mr. Hubbard visited in Helena last summer a year ago while Mr. Hubbard was on a furlough before being sent to Guam.

Ronald has kept a complete diary of his trip in which he visited the Hawaiian islands, Philippines, China, Japan, Guam and the small island of Wake. While in China he witnessed an execution, which was possible through a naval officer with whom Hubbard had become friendly.

Last night, in speaking of his trip, Ronald said:

"We left San Francisco, April 30, on an oriental liner for the Hawaiian islands and from there we sailed for the orient.

Visits Philippines

"We visited the Philippine islands, where we spent two days. The Army and Navy club is the big center of attraction for visitors. I went into the inland country to see the natives in their homes. Some till farms but the greatest occupation is the preparation of copra, which is the meat of the cocoanut dried and broken into small pieces. The natives cut the cocoanuts from the trees with a bolo, an instrument resembling a huge butcher knife. They also use these in eating their food and in olden times they were the chief weapon of defense.

15-Minute Snakes

"There are five old forts in one group each connected with the other by underground tunnels. The tunnels are said to be filled with gold and other precious stones. The gold is perfectly safe for the tunnels are alive with small snakes, known as 15 and 20-minute snakes, the time necessary for the bite to become fatal. Many natives have attempted to secure the valuables but none ever came out alive.

Celebrate Imperial Day

"In China we saw many interesting sights. Hong Kong appears very much British on the surface but one need not go far to see the Chinese customs in evidence. China was celebrating Imperial day when we ar-

rived, the ships in the Hong Kong harbor were gaily decorated and flags were flying. Three or four regiments of British soldiers were drilling on the drill grounds.

"Perhaps the cultivation of the hill-sides was the most interesting sight in Japan. Hills that appeared to be almost 90 per cent grade are terraced and 10 to 20 people live from production on half an acre of land.

Earthquake Ruins

"The harbor of Yokohama showed evidence of the earthquake. Two forts at the mouth of Yokohama harbor, in which 2,700 were killed in the earthquake are now in ruins. One is being rebuilt. Guns can be seen protruding through the debris and beneath hundreds of bodies are still buried. One of the forts was built on a submerging plain and was never seen above the ground until the earthquake forced it up and then shook it to ruins. Our ship was met by a submarine chaser, torpedo boats and airplanes, which was none too pleasant for those on board.

Guam Interesting Place

"Guam is under an autocratic government and the marines conduct the martial law. This place is exceedingly hot but beautiful. The natives engage in copra production while some corn is grown. The intense heat and moisture make the island very productive, many crops maturing in a month's time.

"While with my parents in Guam I taught school for about a month. It was good experience and in my opinion an adventure. The natives were none too easy to handle and I would not care to continue as a teacher there.

Birds are Friendly

"We stopped at Wake island, which is 1,000 miles from no where. There are no inhabitants on the island and very little vegetation. There are, however, beautiful tropical birds and they have no fear of people. They flew onto the boat and we could walk up to their nests on the island and touch the mother birds. The water around Wake island is a deep blue and one can see down in the water for 60 feet. It gives you a sort of gruesome feeling to see the huge fish swimming around the sea plants on the bottom."

Ronald Hubbard has the distinction of being the only boy in the country to secure an eagle scout badge at the age of 12 years. He was a boy scout in Washington, D.C., before coming to Helena.

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TUESDAY, MARCH 25,

ORATORY CONTEST WINNERS IN SIX SCHOOLS CHOSEN

Philip M. Hannan, 17, Takes
First Place in St. John's
Competition.

VICTOR AT WOODWARD
IS RONALD HUBBARD

Helen Cogan, Mary Smith, Eleanor
Rattigan and Marie McCray
Are Other Victors.

Winners of elimination tests in six schools of the private and parochial district were announced today by National Oratorical Contest Headquarters. Included among the schools was St. John's College High School, whose representative last year, James L. Butach, was awarded first place in The Star area finals.

This year Philip M. Hannan, 17 years old, who was runner-up to Butach, was adjudged the best orator in the school, after a competition in which 13 students took part. For two months the orators had been preparing and rehearsing their speeches under tutelage of faculty members.

Speaking on "The Constitution; an Aid to World Peace," Hannan appealed to the world at large for a return to the observance of the sound principles embodied in the Constitution. Edward Barnes, who spoke on "The Constitution and the Individual," was second choice. George Miller's speech, "George Washington and the Constitution," was judged deserving of third place.

Wide Interest at St. John's.

St. John's School is one of the largest institutions in the private and parochial district, and for several years has been among the leaders in interest manifested in the contest and quality of oratory produced. Both this year and last the entire student body wrote orations on constitutional subjects.

Hannan, who lives at 1801 Seventeenth street, is a junior and has been president of his class each of his three years at the school. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick P. Hannan.

Ronald Hubbard, 13 years old, at one time the youngest Eagle Scout in America, was the winner of the contest at the Woodward School for Boys, which is part of the Young Men's Christian Association educational system.

Speaking on "The Constitution; a Guarantee of the Liberty of the Individual," he was chosen from the five boys who took part in the school finals. As a reward he was presented with a silver loving cup by school officials. He is the son of Lieut. Harry Ross Hubbard, U. S. N., and Mrs. Hubbard.

Other Winners Announced.

Other winners include Helen M. Cogan, 19 years old, of the Immaculate Conception Academy; Mary Smith, 18 years old, of St. Patrick's Academy; Eleanor M. Rattigan, 17 years old, of the Sacred Heart High School, and Marie E. McCray, 18 years old, of St. Cecilia's Academy.

They spoke respectively on "The Constitution and the Importance of Preserving It," "Unity—the Keystone of the Constitution," "The Constitution; a Guarantee of Liberty for the Individual," and "The Citizen; His Privileges and Duties Under the Constitution."



Volume II.

SWAVELY SCHOOL, DECEMBER, 1929.

Number 3

**PLAYERS TO PRESENT ONE
ACT PLAYS ON DECEMBER 13**

Despite a larger school, the membership of The Swavely Players is smaller this year than last. It remains to be seen whether the quality of the actors has improved enough to compensate for this loss.

The players' first performance is scheduled for December 13th. It will consist of three one-act plays.

"Episode", a subtle comedy, will be given first. The tragedy "Release", which features prison life and an incidental murder, will create a tenseness to be happily relieved by "Three Pills In a Bottle", a delightful little fantasy designed to utilize the talent of the younger members of the student body.

Those recalling last year's dramatic successes in general, and the evening of one-act plays in particular, will have no qualms about either the merit or the success of a presentation of The Swavely Players directed by Prof. Robert S. Illingworth.

L. R. Hubbard, Francis Cunningham, jr., and Leonard Freeman have been cast in "Episode" as Anatol, Max, and Bianca, respectively. Daniel J. Carr, John Kress, and Melville Taff, jr., are starring in the low life of "Release". Messrs. John Peck, Robert Weston, and Robert Rummier have been tentatively cast as our fascinators in "Three Pills in a Bottle".

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