

HOW 50,000 MEN DISAPPEAR EVERY YEAR IN THE U.S. See page 38

# TRUE

\$4.95 Condensed  
Book Bonus

## THE MURDERERS

By Harry J. Anslinger  
U. S. Narcotics Chief

35c JANUARY 1962 A FAWCETT PUBLICATION



No. 1 MAN'S MAGAZINE

# DOING IT THE HARD WAY by *haff*

(GETTING RID OF DANDRUFF, THAT IS!)



## easier 3-minute way for men: FITCH

Men, get rid of embarrassing dandruff easy as 1-2-3 with FITCH! In just 3 minutes (one rubbing, one lathering, one rinsing), every trace of dandruff, grime, gammy old hair tonic goes down the drain! Your hair looks handsomer, healthier. Your scalp feels so refreshed. Use FITCH Dandruff Remover SHAMPOO every week for positive dandruff control. Keep your hair and scalp really clean, dandruff-free!

**FITCH**  
LEADING MAN'S  
SHAMPOO



## Who makes it this easy to shop for a new appliance?

Brand Name appliance manufacturers! Each year, these reliable firms use many types of media (magazine advertising is just one example) to keep you informed of the latest improvements.

Why? Because Brand Name appliance manufacturers have a basic conviction about their products.

Count on Brand Name companies. They're leaders—in new products—new ideas—and quality (of course). They're the authorities on style and fashion. Be sure to look closely at the ads in this magazine. You'll see what we mean.

LOOK FOR



BUY LEADERSHIP BRANDS • Brand Names Foundation, Inc., 437 Fifth Avenue, New York 36, N.Y.

President  
W. H. Fawcett, Jr.  
General Manager  
Roger Fawcett  
Sec.-Treas.  
Gordon Fawcett  
Circulation Director  
Russell K. Fawcett  
Asst. General Manager  
Donald P. Hanson  
Editorial Director  
Ralph Dalgh  
Advertising Director  
James B. Boylan  
Production Director  
George H. Carl  
Art Director  
Al Allard  
Assoc. Art Director  
Ralph Mattison



EDITOR

**Douglas S. Kennedy**

MANAGING EDITOR

**Charles M. Barnard**

ART EDITOR

**C. Edward Cevalle**

SUPERVISING EDITOR

**Lowwood H. Bowman**

ASST. MANAGING EDITOR

**Don McKinney**

OUTDOORS EDITOR

**Peter Barrett**

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

**H. M. Mason, Jr.**

**Clyde F. Newstrand**

**John Bender**

**Andrew Mills**

**Joel H. Block**

**Jim Wolfe**

**Narbert R. Borgo**

ASST. ART EDITOR

**Brent MacIsaac**

ART ASSOCIATES

**Jerry Garcia**

**Alexis Santiago**

APPAREL COORDINATOR

**Carl M. T. Sloss**

RESEARCH EDITOR

**D. Van Dyke**

RESEARCH ASSOCIATE

**F. A. Davies**

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

GUNS—**Lucien Cory**

HUMOR—**Virgil (Vip) Parikh**

SENIOR ADVERTISING MANAGER

**William Swagerman**



PRINTING CREDIT

22-0702, WFF

22-0702, WFF

22-0702, WFF

22-0702, WFF

22-0702, WFF

For Mailing Address, see page 2.

TRUE THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

# TRUE

'Tis strange, but true: for truth is always strange  
—stranger than fiction. BYRON

JANUARY ♦ 1962

## CONTENTS

### bonus book condensation

- The Muddmen: The Story of the Narcotic Gangs  
*Harry J. Anslinger & Will Gardner* 99
- Note: for the first time, America's top narcotics cop gives a full report from his own files on the vicious underworld that controls the traffic in drugs.*

### free adventure

- Bullets for His Buckles ..... *Kenn C. East* 22
- One-Man Adventure in a Homemade Sub ..... *Herb Shuman* 31
- Russia's Bloodiest Blender ..... *Henry Jordan & Richard Bauer* 40

### in the news

- Do-It-Yourself Divorce for Fed-Up Males ..... *Max Gunther* 38
- The Craziest Game Since Bingo ..... *Don Kingery* 51
- Jackpot Jackets ..... *Joe Wolfe* 40
- More Ideas for Christmas Giving ..... 62

### true's who

- Edward Bennett Williams: Defender of Wronged Rights ..... *Bill Davidson* 12

### hunting

- Legal Sport in a Royal Forest ..... *Daniel P. Munn* 23
- He Sells Sly Smells ..... *Dale Shaw* 46

### sports

- Green Bay's Golden Blast ..... *Jimmy Breslin* 56

### pictorial

- Peace Pipe Medals for Good Indians ..... *Sid Lothman* 54

### escape to riches

- A Head for Skin ..... *Arthur Meeing* 45

### fact crime

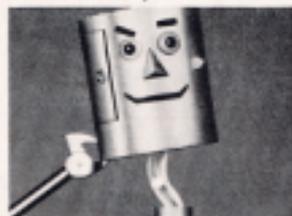
- The Million Dollar Gun ..... *Alan Hynd* 25

### short features

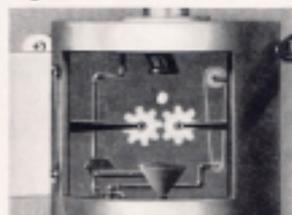
- |                             |    |                          |     |
|-----------------------------|----|--------------------------|-----|
| TRUEly Yours .....          | 2  | Man to Man Answers ..... | 67  |
| It's a Man's World .....    | 1  | TRUE Goes Shopping ..... | 96  |
| TRUE's Travel Service ..... | 66 | This Funny Life .....    | 104 |

Reproduction strictly prohibited by copyright law. This issue of this magazine is either an advertisement, or a feature article, and must be read in the substance of copyright 1962, by Fawcett Publications, Inc. Reproduction and resale is prohibited.

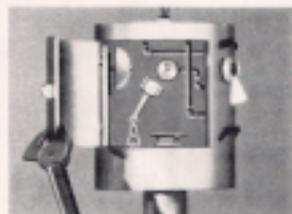
There are pills for...



glass tubes...



iron stomachs...



iron heads, but...

# Alka-Seltzer

is for people!

When you have an upset stomach or a headache, you want *fast* relief. Pills can take time to break up in the stomach. People want the speedy relief Alka-Seltzer<sup>®</sup> gives. Alka-Seltzer is already a liquid when you take it, so it works quickly, effectively. When people take Alka-Seltzer, that feel-better feeling is just a swallow away. Make Alka-Seltzer your relief for upset stomach, headache pain.



Once in a while there comes to every man a day when he wishes he could chuck it all. You know how those days are. Man's burden is heavy in this modern industrial society. The endless and sometimes conflicting demands of job and family sap the strength, drain the spirit. Usually you manage to carry the weight without too much trouble. But then comes a day when it seems too much. Your boss piles on the work. You stagger home. Your wife sulks because you're late for dinner, complains that you don't take her out enough and demands to know when you're going to fix that leaky faucet in the bathroom. Seeking solace, you reach for your favorite pipe. But the kids have been using it to blow soap bubbles.

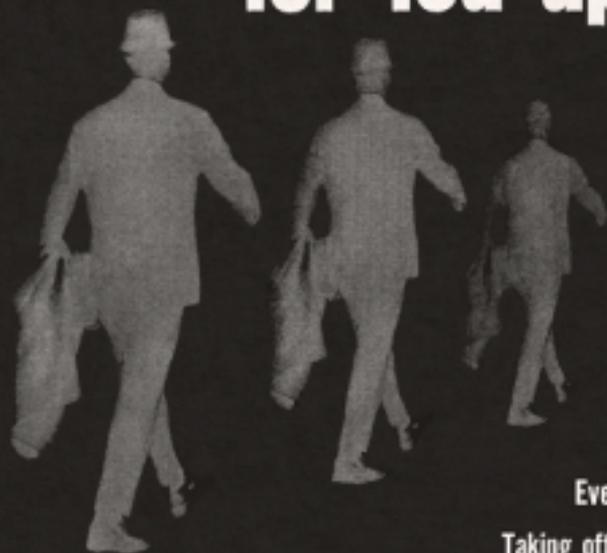
You feel like a grasshopper caught in the lawnmower of destiny. You wonder: how the hell did I ever get into this?

Then, maybe, you begin to dream a little. Briefly, the thought flashes through your head that it would be pleasant to escape, to go to some far place where nobody will ever find you. You think of a lake in the north woods where you went fishing one time. Or you remember the peaceful little French village where you were billeted during the war. Or you imagine life on a tropical island. You think: I'll disappear, and the hell with everything. Then, sadly, you dismiss the whole idea as ridiculous, and the dream fades.

But hold on there, old friend. Don't let that dream wither. As any psychiatrist will tell you, daydreaming is a good safety valve. So stack up your feet over there by the fireplace and gaze awhile into the embers. Though your dream may never become a reality, it can at least be given some substance. It can be beefed up by relating  
*[Continued on page 98]*



# do-it-yourself divorce for fed-up males



Ever dream of disappearing?  
Taking off to a tropical isle alone?  
Starting a new life where no one will ever find you?  
It can be done — 50,000 men do it every year.

By **MAX GUNTHER**

PHOTOGRAPH FOR TRUE BY LESTER KRAUSS



after peace and detainer, wireless entertainment. Then the head greengrocer offered him a regular 9-to-5 job doing maintenance work around the course. Nobody was surprised when he said he had no Social Security card, nor when he admitted he'd driven trucks on farms but hadn't ever bothered to get a driver's license. Many of the caddies were drifters with similar undocumented passes. The club helped him get card and license.

Now Jeff Williams was a full-fledged, documented man. He could stay away in definitely, moving up into higher jobs if he wanted to. He no longer came from nowhere. People knew him; he could put them down as references.

But his curiosity got the best of him. He had an itching desire to go home and see what his grasping wife had made of life without a wage-earner. A little sadly, after two years of blissful freedom, he went back to the New York suburbs and exhumed Bill Jones.

His first contact was with an old and trusted friend in town. The friend reported that Bill's wife had sold the house in his absence, unable to pay the mortgage, and had moved into her parents' house with her daughters. She'd also been forced to get a job. She had put private detectives on Bill's trail but had called them off when the money ran out. The experient, said the friend, had left her a rather meek, quiet, thoughtfully chastened woman.

Grimacing happily, Bill went to his in-laws' house. His wife answered the doorbell.

"Hi," said Bill.

His wife opened her mouth to speak, uttered a hoarse croak and slithered down the doorjamb in a dead faint.

After that, Bill's room was his to rule. His wife pressed no charges against him; for she had learned what life is like without a provider and wasn't anxious to send him to jail. She became a model of wifely cooperation. When Bill got a new engineer's job, she gladly let him decide what house to buy. She agreed that her daughters should work for their keep. When, occasionally, she slipped into her old habit of pushing him, Bill dropped a few quiet hints about disappearing again. This calmed her like a bucket of cold water.

Bill was a good-hearted guy. He only wanted peace; he wasn't much interested in revenge. But disappearing can be, and has been, used as a weapon of terrible vengeance. If your wife ever needles you into a real, low-down, nasty mood, tell her the story of Bart Kilroy.

Like Bill Jones, Bart was kicked around by females until he couldn't take it any more. He had a little roadside service station that was doing pretty well. He enjoyed working with cars, liked the congenial group that hung around the place, took home a respectable income. But his wife and her family—particularly her mother—aspired to higher social status. They didn't like the idea of his coming home in grease-stained overalls. There wanted him to get a white-collar job like other men in town.

They pressured him without letup. On her mother's advice, his wife refused to wash his overalls. He had to wash

them himself. Sometimes he'd come home at night and find his wife and some of her family eating dinner. They were eating his groceries at his table, but he wasn't allowed to join them. He had his choice: either eat alone in the kitchen; or go upstairs and clean up, by which time the meal would be over and only scrapings would be left—cold scrapings, at that.

Like Bill Jones and like most men, Bart could take a lot of heat before blowing up. But when he blew, he blew hard.

His wife came home one night from a movie. In the kitchen, she found that Bart hadn't touched the cold supper she'd left him. Puzzled, she went into the living room. What she saw there made her gasp with horror. On the rug were two words in huge block capitals, written with thick, black, gummy, used motor oil. The words were: "SO LONG."

Upstairs in the bedroom, Bart's wife was greeted by a still more ghastly sight. All her clothes were laid out on the bed.

---

## NEXT MONTH IN TRUE ANNOUNCING TRUE'S EXCITING \$100,000 BULWARDS CONTEST

**First prize worth \$7,500, is a 1962 Pontiac station wagon, Scott boat and motor, plus trailer. Full details tell you how to win other fabulous prizes, including scores of boats and station wagons.**

---

At least a gallon of the same black gunk had been poured over them—not hurriedly splashed, but poured with great care so as not to miss a single inch.

The final blow in this classic vengeance—the coup de grease, so to speak—arrived next morning. It was a letter from Bart. It explained that he was taking the long road. Realizing that she needed money to pay the rent, he said, he was leaving her the gas station. The rest of the letter contained detailed instructions for operating a gas pump and inserting the pouring spout in an oil can.

That was six years ago. Bart's wife has sold the station and is now working in a humble chemical job. Bart? Nobody knows where he is. Maybe he's working at a gas station somewhere. Possibly, every now and then, he passes in his work to gaze perversely into a pool of oil, and a sardonic grin fits across his face.

The tales of Bill Jones and Bart Kilroy illustrate a key fact about the art of disappearing: your chances of getting caught are quite slim unless you're careless. No great hue-and-cry is likely to set out after you. Few police departments or other law-enforcement agencies pay much attention to missing husbands; most such agencies are already overworked with other, more important business.

But vandahs do get caught, and the reason is that few are as cautious as Bill

Jones. "You'd be surprised if you knew how clear a trail some men leave," says big, genial Ed Goldfeder, general manager of the Tracers Co. of America.

Tracers Co., headquartered in New York, is the biggest private organization in the country devoted exclusively to hunting missing persons. It has about 300 operatives from coast to coast. Missing husbands make up the third-biggest list in its files: 87,000 cases since 1924. (Biggest and second-biggest? Stockholders and debtors.)

In its 36 years in business, Tracers Co. has found some 85 percent of the people it has been asked to hunt. This impressive record results partly from the fact that many of Tracers' quarryies aren't trying to hide. But it also indicates that, in a highly civilized nation where voracious records are kept, people can't lose their identities and themselves without very careful figuring.

"From the day you were born, information about you has been piling up," says Don Eisenberg, Tracers' genial, energetic founder and president. "Every time you make a move such as changing your job or buying a car, a new bit of data goes into somebody's files somewhere." The information is collected so determinedly and so carefully that, if you go over the hill and aren't careful, it may be possible to find you simply by writing letters.

The Family Location Service, in fact, operating on a limited staff and budget, does almost all of its hunting by mail. According to executive director Jacob Zukerman, one of the most valuable tools of his trade is a knowledge of places to write. A letter to your family and one to your last employer may stir up information on the kind of work you do, a city or state you've expressed a liking for, your tastes in clothing, distinguishing habits. All these items of data will help narrow down the search. Letters to other sources may bring back data that pinpoints you. A state motor vehicle bureau may report that you've applied for a license under your own name, being unable to prove any other identity. The Internal Revenue Service will know your new address if you've filed a Form 1040 under your right name. If you've been collecting GI benefits and haven't wanted to give them up, the Veterans' Administration will know where you're holed up. If you belong to a union and can't easily get work without your card, the union's files will show your new place of employment.

"If a man wants to escape so we can't find him," says the Tracers' Ed Goldfeder, putting it in a nutshell, "he must escape from himself." This means abandoning not only your old identity and all the hard-earned benefits and conveniences that went with it, but also your career skills, hobbies, habits, tastes—everything. "If we know a man is a horse enthusiast, we look for him around race tracks. If we know he likes Chinese food, we look in Chinese restaurants."

Goldfeder gives an example of how a man can be given away by his habits. Tracers had looked high and low for this particular vandaher without finding a clue. It looked pretty certain he'd suc-

casually changed his identity. One day, rummaging through the stack of data that had been collected on the man, Goldfader noted that he was an antique-car fan and an avid reader of a monthly auto magazine. In this fact by the man's downfall.

Goldfader called the magazine's subscription department, got the names of all new subscribers in the past month. Several of the subscribers were in a city where previous clues indicated the man might be. Goldfader had an operative check the addresses. Tracer got his man.

Thus, if you want your dream of disappearance to be a realistic one, plan in it to get far away from yourself. Go to a place you've never visited before and never mentioned to anybody. Drop your old identity completely. Take up a new line of work, new interests.

Joe Mullins (as we'll call him) was an escapee who, like Bill Jones, figured out these fundamentals for himself. But his vanishing plan was different from Bill's. Joe was a salesman and as such, perhaps, a somewhat less cautious man than Bill.

Joe had long been looking for a means of shodding his wife. He had reason to think she was cuckolding him regularly, and she made no secret of the fact that she'd be delighted if he divorced her. But he was damned if he'd do it. Why should he pay alimony so she could go on living off his sweat?

Finally, one day, Joe saw the answer: vanish.

In his early planning stages, his reasoning paralleled Bill Jones'. But then he came to the problem of documents. Where Bill had wrestled long and hard with this problem, Joe looked at it in the light of a necessary gamble.

Reasoned Joe: "Would my life change if I burned all my documents tomorrow? Not a bit. Not once in ten years has anybody asked to see my driver's license, birth certificate or any other scrap of paper. My employer, when he hired me, believed what I said about my education and experience. He didn't even check with the men I put down as references. The income tax boys don't care who I am as long as my name and other data on my tax return check with what my employer sends in. Nobody has ever checked to see whether I'm really Joe Mullins. I am who I say I am. Who needs documents?"

Joe realized his idea involved certain risks. He might have to apply for many jobs before he found an employer who required no documentary proof of schooling and experience. And suppose, after he changed his name, some IRS agents knocked at his door and asked why he'd never before filed a tax return? But, unlike Bill Jones, Joe accepted the gamble.

So he went over the hill undocumented, but with the appearance of a documented man. He changed his name. He applied for a job in a big industrial equipment company. On the application form he put down a high school and college he'd never attended, listed as references three names he made up. He was hired. He continued to bluff his way through life for six years. Nobody ever

asked him for documents. He said he was Harry Parker; and in the world's eyes, that's who he was.

At the end of six years, his company had to close down because of a long-drawn-out labor strike. Harry thought it would be fun to sneak home and see what had happened to his wife.

He discovered, not without satisfaction, that she'd had a rather bleak time of it. The bank had foreclosed the mortgage on the house, and a finance company had repossessed the car. Flat broke, she'd crawled to a married sister for help. The sister took her in. But the sister's husband, a friend of Joe's and a tough-minded gent, issued an ultimatum: pay rent or get out. This led to a bitter argument, after which Joe's wife got a job and moved to a small, swarming apartment. Finally, after five years, she'd had Joe declared legally dead and remarried.

Knowing she wouldn't make a fuss about his reappearance, since it might assist her new marriage, Joe showed himself openly. He hung around a few weeks, looked up some old friends, then vanished again. It's possible he's back in his identity of Harry Parker (not the name he's really using, of course), living a prosperous, if undocumented, life.

Joe Mullins' wife was allowed to re-marry without divorcing him because he'd been gone longer than five years. The law is loose on this point. Generally, for purposes of life insurance, wills and most other matters, a man is considered legally dead if he hasn't been seen for seven years and reasonable efforts haven't turned him up. But courts in some states will sometimes declare him dead in five years if his wife wants to re-marry. Aware of this, some men see disappearance as a substitute for divorce. They figure it's easier and a lot cheaper to vanish for five years than live the rest of their lives in the saw-toothed trap of alimony.

The law is also hazy in other areas involving the vanisher. There's no law against vanishing or changing your

name, provided you aren't a minor. There are laws, of course, against deserting a wife or family. But enforcement agencies aren't much concerned over the man who disappears for a short while to catch a breath of freedom or teach his wife a lesson. The man most likely to find the law after him is the long-term vanisher whose wife and kids have to go on public relief.

The law's husband-hunters usually work out of district attorneys' offices or welfare departments. But their numbers are limited and their budgets slim. Most of the hunting is done by philanthropic outfits like the Family Location Service and, for wives who can afford a more thorough kind of search, by private detective agencies like the Tracers.

Husband hunting is seldom considered a police matter. "One of the most common misconceptions about us is that we hunt missing husbands," says mild, quietly compassionate Lt. John Cronin, chief of the New York Police Department's Bureau of Missing Persons. "Normally, we'll take on a missing husband case only when there's evidence the man has met with foul play, he had an accident or is in some other kind of trouble. If he has taken his own life or we see other evidence that he's voluntarily absent, alive and well, we stay out of the case."

Most of Lieutenant Cronin's missing-husband work is the reverse of Tracer's kind of work. The Missing Persons Bureau gets in at the end of the story, when a vanisher turns up dead in a hotel room or fireplace, with no family around to bury him.

Occasionally, when a vanisher rigs evidence to suggest he has been killed, the Missing Persons Bureau gets in at the beginning of the story. This is a fairly common trick, especially when the vanisher plans to be gone for good. He feels guilty about his family, wants to provide for them when he's gone. So he

[Continued on page 98]



"Which lousy woman's magazine had this foul idea?"

stages a phony death, hoping his wife will collect his life insurance. He also figures the trick will prevent his being hunted, since he'll be thought dead.

Undoubtedly this dodge sometimes works. The trouble with it, though, is that it brings onto the vanisher's trail two very powerful, experienced and clever breeds of hunter who wouldn't otherwise be interested: the police, who must find missing bodies, and life-insurance investigators.

Dan Hawkins (to use another pseudonym) was a vanisher who used the death trick, and his scheme had flashes of brilliance. Dan was in his mid-forties. He'd seen his kids through school and out into the world, and now he wanted a break. He wanted to slack his business suit, go down to Miami, Florida, and get a job working around boats. But his wife wouldn't hear of such a drop in status; she refused to go. So Dan decided to disappear.

He hid his time until summer, when he and his wife habitually spent a few weeks at a New Jersey seaside resort. He waited for a hot, sunny Saturday when many swimmers would be in the water. When such a Saturday dawned he drove into town early in the morning and bought himself a complete set of clothes—shoes, socks, slacks, shirt and underswear. Then he drove to a beach about half a mile from the one where he and his wife usually swam. He rented a bathhouse locker for the day and put the new clothes in it, along with a few hundred dollars in cash. He drove back to his hotel.

That afternoon he and his wife went down to their regular beach. In his bathing-suit pocket, Dan had the plastic tag that would admit him to the locker where his new clothes hung. While his wife settled down to sunbathe, Dan stepped into the water—never, he hoped, to be seen again. He swam in the surf for a while, working his way down the beach. Soon he was far enough from his wife so that she couldn't pick him out in the milling crowds. He emerged from the water, went up to the boardwalk, strolled to the beach where his clothes were. He changed into them, threw his bathing suit in a trash can and set out for the nearest big airport.

The reaction to his disappearance was as he expected. Finding his clothes and all his other belongings just as he'd left them in the hotel, his wife, the lifeguards and the police figured he'd drowned and been washed out to sea by the undertow. After a decent interval of mourning, his wife turned her attention to life insurance.

A month later, two insurance investigators hounded Dan at a Miami marina and that was the end of his dreams. The cautious Bill James could have warned him about all five of his serious mistakes: Dan had bought all his clothes (1) at the same store and (2) in a small town. The investigators quickly found a store-owner who remembered Dan and his large purchase. Dan had also (3) traveled to a place he'd often mentioned as an ideal spot and (4) gone there directly on a single long-distance airline

ticket. A stewardess told the investigators she remembered Dan on that night's Miami flight. Finally, the incognito Dan began his new life by (5) working around boats, a long-time interest of his. It was only a matter of time before the investigators found him at a marina.

In many ways, Dan was a typical vanisher. Like the majority of others, he was in his forties; he wanted to vanish until his youngsters were grown and most of his family obligations discharged. Of all husbands the Tracers have been asked to hunt, 73.4 percent have been in the 40-50 age bracket. Some 17 percent have been younger than 30, and only eight percent have been over 50.

Dan's summer disappearance was not typical. Spring is the biggest vanishing season, says Goldfeder of the Tracers, with fall a close second, summer third and winter last.

So as you dream of taking the long road, don't be jenny. Just be careful. Take heart from the statistics. Dear assistance from the magnificent examples of Careful Bill Jones, Bart the Average and Gambler Joe Mullins. Or if you want to contemplate a real case of non-jenny, a devil-may-care, spit-in-your-eye attitude of the highest quality, consider the story of Fred Loomis.

Fred's wife was a sweeper and sulker. Whenever he didn't let her have her way, she'd burst into tears, complain that he didn't love her any more (which got to be true enough after a while) and go into days-long fits of silent sulking. During these fits she wouldn't cook meals, make beds or perform any other wifely duties.

Fred put up with it until his sons were almost through high school. Then he decided it was time to go. He went up to his wife and told her he was taking off, never to return. She began to weep. Grinning, Fred left.

Couple of months later he telephoned her from a coin booth in a faraway city. In a norm of tears, she threatened to prosecute him to the full extent of the law if he didn't come back. He suggested that she come and get him. Then he hung up.

A few months went by, and he called again from another city. He reported on the wonderful time he was having. Crying copiously, she said she'd sided private detectives on his trail, and he'd be sorry when they got him. He wished her good luck and hung up.

And so it went. Every few months, Fearless Fred would phone in, apparently for the sheer joy of hanging up on a weeping fit. Once he even went so far as to call the private detective agency and have a leisurely chat with an operative. After two years of this, however, his calls became less frequent. Finally there was silence. Fred hasn't been heard from since 1937. Presumably he has found a pleasant spot somewhere and settled down.

So dare that dream along, old friend. When the world starts to close in on you, sit awhile and think of that quiet pine-ripped lake or that happy tropical isle. Maybe it isn't quite as far away as you thought.—Max Gamber

**\$4.95**  
**READING**  
**BONUS**  
**CONDENSED**  
**SPECIAL**  
**FEATURE**



Harry J. Anslinger, commissioner of the U.S. Narcotics Bureau since its inception over 30 years ago.

**MOUNTAIN RESCUE EXPERT** Robert Byhre risks his life — without pay — to save people in distress high in the mountains. A long time Camel smoker, Bob says Camels seem to taste even better to him today than when he started smoking. They give him the satisfaction he wants — every time he lights up!



Are you smoking more now but enjoying it less?

Have a real cigarette-**CAMEL**



*Bob Byhre*

Mountain rescue expert takes time out to enjoy a smooth, rich-tasting Camel on Mt. Baker, Glacier, Washington

© 1991 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., WASHINGTON, D.C.

*The best tobacco makes the best smoke!*