



MARIO COOPER

"Water! Water!" the walking wounded screamed. Ladies rushed inside to bring out buckets, pitchers and basins to give drink to the famished men

Marse Jeff Davis

By Harris Dickson

Following the fortunes of Jefferson Davis—as they were seen through the eyes of Aunt Florida, his brother's slave—Mr. Dickson has described how he became President of the Confederacy. Here's life on Brierfield Plantation amid the war



Grant's army entering Vicksburg, July 4, 1863, from a drawing made on the spot

V. WAR ALONG THE MISSISSIPPI

EVERY crossroads community below the Potomac and Ohio rivers sent out gay troops of farm lads, clerks and businessmen taking a few days off to lick the Yankees. However fatuous and misled these volunteers might have been, they proved their mettle as first-class fighters, yet the spring of 1863 opened a third year of indecisive battles. By this time Jefferson Davis at Richmond saw his worst forebodings fall short of the paralyzing facts, for the Confederacy was strangled by a cordon of warships that choked its ports.

His government couldn't sell cotton to buy munitions, or even to secure medical supplies so desperately begged for by overflowing hospitals. Southern women brought out their long-discarded spinning wheels and made rough cloth on hand looms. Planters produced little or no cotton but more and more corn to feed half-rationed troops.

The commonest food brought such excessive prices that even a commanding general had scarcely enough to eat. The families of private soldiers suffered most because their pay in depreciated currency would not keep the babes at home from going hungry. Thousands of farm wives wrote their husbands, "Me an' the chillun is starvin'," so that thousands of husbands sneaked away from the front, went home and planted some corn, then returned to duty. Officers had to wink at their absence and nothing could be done to punish these "crop deserters" who kept the gray ranks thinned.

War now went to Hurricane and Brierfield, war combined with the tremendous flood of 1862, which compelled Joe

Davis to send his white family away, stock, cattle and some cotton all being loaded on a scow and ferried across the narrow channel that separated them from the mainland. Mr. Davis would probably have sent the ladies and children to safety even if there had been no flood, because New Orleans had fallen and the river below Vicksburg lay open to Union warships.

Day by day the master kept posted on the course of military events. General Sherman's previous attack on Vicksburg from the north had been repulsed at Chickasaw Bayou but Grant himself was coming now, moving southward along the west bank of the Mississippi River. A few miles above Hurricane he had stopped long enough to dig a canal across the peninsula at Young's Point, hoping that through this artificial cut-off he might run his vessels past the deadly guns of Vicksburg.

That project failed, so Grant resumed his slow march, impeded by rising waters in the bayous and marshes of Louisiana. This maneuver must mean that he would attempt to capture Vicksburg so as to open the Mississippi River and cut the Confederacy in two. With New Orleans in its hands Porter's great fleet could come upstream and Hurricane would lie directly in its path, so the brother of the Confederate President must abandon his property.

Leaving Hurricane to destruction tore out his very heart. Joe Davis was now passing his eightieth milestone and loved this place that represented the toil of a lifetime. His needs were great, not for himself but for a large family connection of nieces, nephews and

(Continued on page 32)



So little money buys so much G-E Refrigerator this year that practically everybody can now afford this finest and thriftiest refrigeration service. First choice of millions, the G-E is now popularly priced! See the beautiful new 1938 General Electric models. They are roomier and have more convenience features than ever!



STAINLESS STEEL SUPER FREEZER, with new fast-freezing trays for ice cubes and desserts. Defrosts without interrupting refrigeration. One-button control gives a range of 12 temperatures. Thermometer shows safety-zone temperature at a glance.

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REFRIGERATOR

MORE THAN TWO MILLION USERS are justifiably enthusiastic over their investment in G-E Refrigerators. But never before could a dollar buy so much value as that offered to you in today's

G-E models. There's no need to put up with an inadequate, old-fashioned refrigerator. The finest G-Es ever built—product of 60 years electrical experience—are popularly priced!

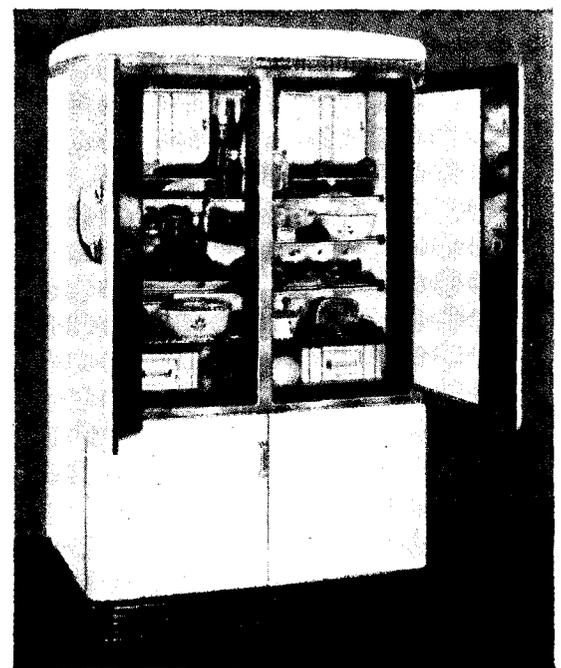
YOU SAVE 3 WAYS! Bigger dollar-for-dollar value—lower current cost—long life! That's what you get in the new General Electric *Triple-Thrift* Refrigerator. Beautifully styled, roomy cabinets are ALL-STEEL with one-piece porcelain interiors and latest convenience features.



OIL COOLING is a feature of the G-E Monitor Mechanism that assures quiet operation, low current cost and long life. All new G-E models have this sealed-in-steel Thrift Unit that carries 5 years performance protection.



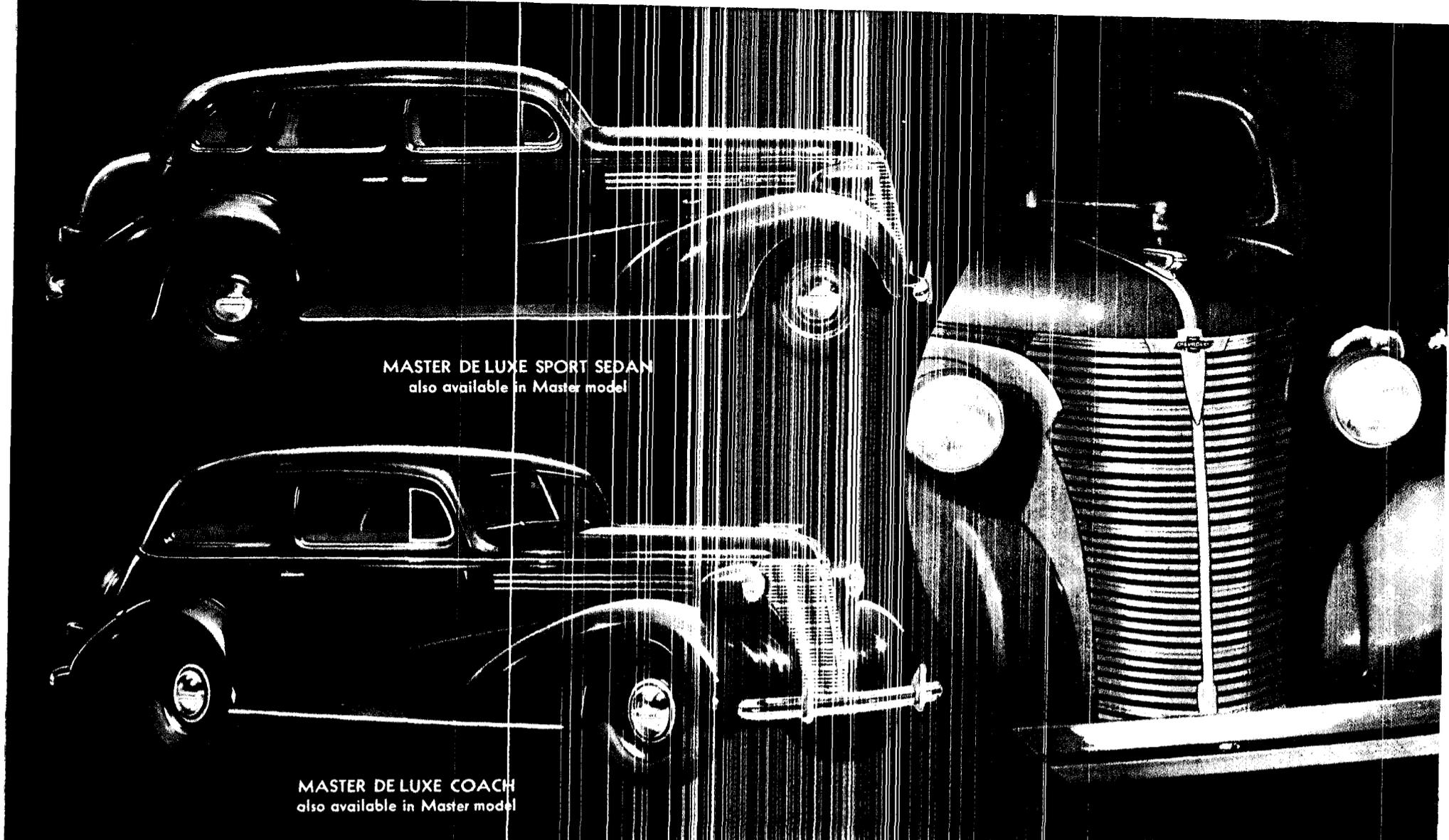
TAILOR-MADE INTERIORS. New G-E cabinets have more usable storage space. Many models have sliding shelves that are adjustable in spacing to meet every need. Other features include bottle rack, automatic interior light, vegetable drawer, water flask, and a beautiful set of matched refrigerator dishes that is standard equipment in most of the all-porcelain models. Your dealer now has new General Electric models on display. See them today.



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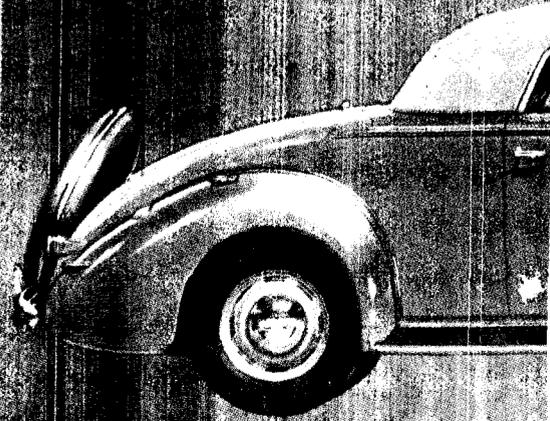
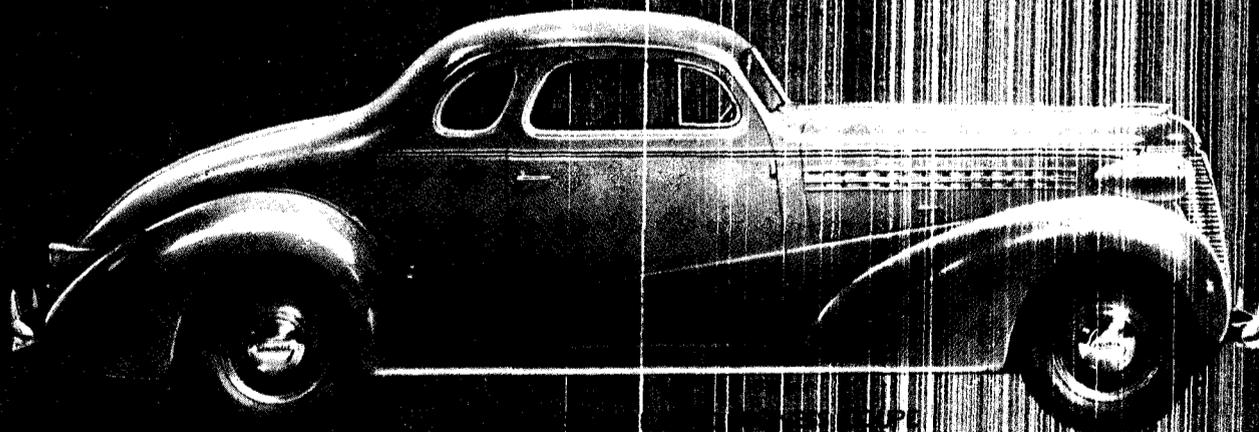


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also available in Master model

MASTER DE LUXE COACH
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choice of any
beautiful
models and
the choice motor
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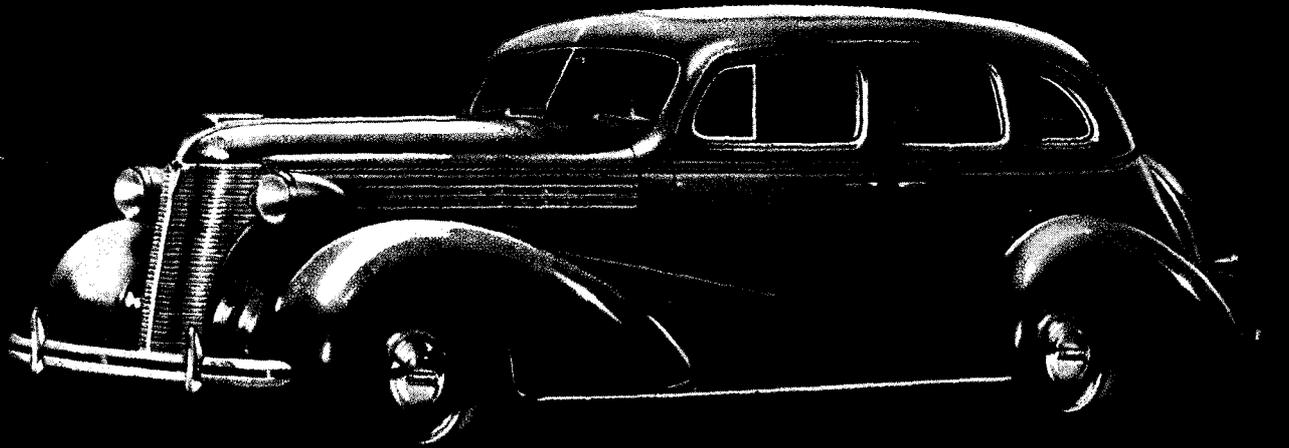


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MASTER DE LUXE SEDAN
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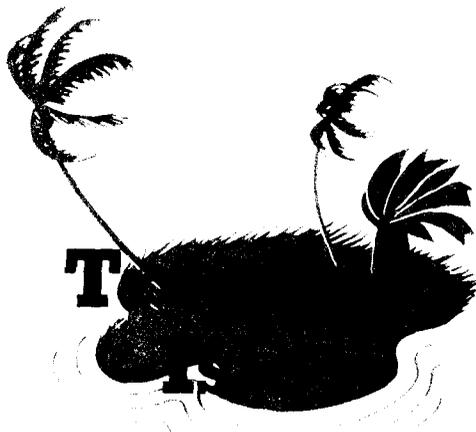
Golden Wedding

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By Jim Marshall

Here's a people that have outgrown crime, poverty, taxes and government. They're so sensible they take your breath away. Perhaps that's because they've had almost no contact with the world for some three thousand years



HOW'D you like to live on a tropical island where there are no taxes, rent, poverty, crime, jails or depressions?

Don't throw up your job, forget your Social Security number and buy a one-way ticket. There are No Admittance signs all over the place—backed up, if necessary, with Japanese bayonets.

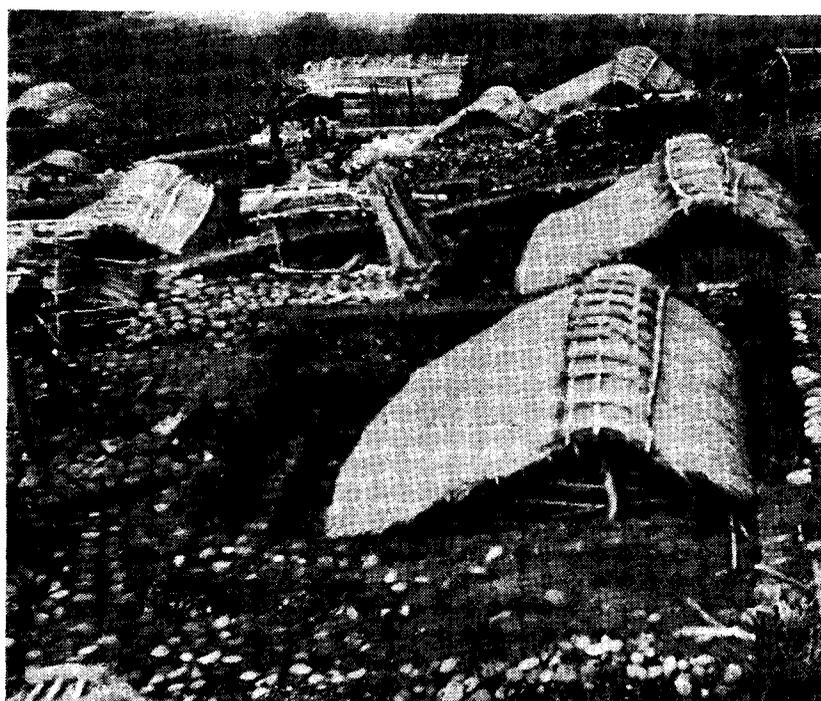
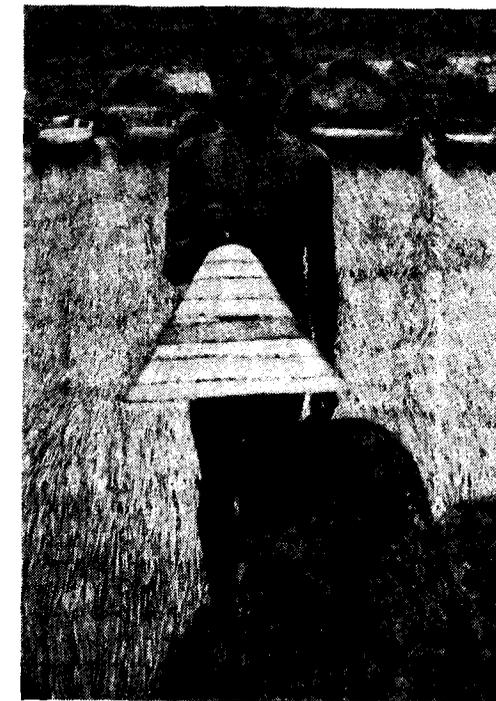
However, if you'll get a map of the Orient and trace down the curving length of Japan, you'll come to Formosa, or Taiwan, as the Chinese call it. The Japs took Formosa away from China in '98 and have been exploiting its wealth ever since. At the southern end of Formosa is Cape Garanbi, farthest south of the Nipponese empire, to date.

Thirty miles due east of Cape Garanbi, on big maps, you'll find a dot. This dot will be named Botel Tobago on some maps; Kotosho on Japanese maps. Kotosho is where we're going and you're going to be good and seasick before you get there. Still, it'll be worth it.

There are only thirty square miles of Kotosho and if you tramp all around it on the beach you'll cover less than twenty-five miles. When they feel like it, the more vigorous of the sophisticated little democracy's canoe men paddle right around the island in a day, which is quite a trick because there's always a storm going on somewhere near.

You find out about that soon after your little Japanese freighter puts out from Takao, on the western Formosa coast, swings to port and goes plunging across thirty of the roughest miles in the Western Pacific. It's a fourteen-hour trip from Takao to the island. The ship drops her hook about two in the morning, riding the long swells, heading into the wet monsoon. But if you think you're going to stay in your bunk until morning, you're crazy! The ladder is down and bobbing over the swells comes a long slim canoe.

So grab your grip, say "Sayonara!" to the fat little captain, and down the ladder you go. Wait for the canoe to come up on a wave and then jump—fast. If



you mistime it, you'll have a long drop. . . . Well, you made it, a bit breathless and sopping wet. The waves beat in over the low gunwales and you crouch under the curve of the high Viking prow that shears through the whitecaps. When you can see through the scud you notice that the little brown men aren't paddling. They're rowing. That's a surprise—nowhere in the Pacific do natives row, except around Kotosho.

The canoe hurls itself on shore and you clamber over the waterworn rocks, up the slope toward the village. It looks as if it's half buried, which it is. You clamber down into a rock-walled excavation. In this pit sits a low two-storied house, its eaves level with the ground. Around are a score of similar houses, their thatched roofs bright in the moonlight.

The wind's howling stops as you de-

scend and you realize why each home is built in a sort of cellar. It's to cheat the constant hurricanes.

There are no lights. For tonight, you'll have to bunk on a bare board floor. The Yami have been doing it for centuries, anyway. But better spread your mosquito net, or you'll find out one of the reasons for the Yami's isolation. The island is a plague spot for anyone not immune to the effects of virulent malaria.

Your hosts, the little brown people, are up at crack of dawn. Smoke from the stone fireplace fills the room, makes you cough, snaps you out of slumber, sends you outside to the clear spring to freshen up. Soon, there's a mess of poi waiting for you in a pottery bowl, and an egg. You are one of the strange freaks who eat eggs, the Yami have heard. Themselves, they know that eggs

Kotosho's only contact with the outside world is a small Japanese freighter. The native Yami have but one use for money: they pound it into strips from which they make hats, one of which Tadiho is holding in the lower left picture. The natives' houses are sunk below ground level to dodge the hurricanes that sweep the island

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S
BY WILLARD TREVOR