



In no time they had made several dandy rafts, cut pusher poles, and established bus lines to higher ground,

CHICAGO SAFARI

By HANNIBAL COONS

All dear George has to do this trip is chaperone six oversized cannibals, imported from darkest Africa. But George isn't scared—not George. He's too brash to be scared

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

Collier's for August 18, 1951



not only for our covey of scared motorists, but for various damp citizens in the surrounding housetops

FEDERAL PICTURES
Hollywood, California

From RICHARD L. REED
Director of Publicity

July 6, 1951
Air Mail

Mr. George Seibert
Special Representative, Federal Pictures
Hotel Mayflower
Washington, D.C.

Dear George:

Well, George, you can call a halt to that fool gumshoe activity there. We've shelved the Alaskan deal, so just rub noses all around, tell everybody we'll see them later, and thanks a lot.

As is not unusual in this business, we are off in another direction. Do you own anything decent in the way of a pith helmet? Anything you'd want to go out in? If not, purchase one immediately; they are becoming an absolute necessity in the movie business. Any studio today that isn't mak-

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ing at least one picture in darkest Africa just isn't in it at all. There's one sport at which we're undisputed world's champions out here, and that's follow-the-leader. King Solomon's Mines makes money, and boom! Africa is so crowded with actors there is hardly any space left for the animals. From now on if a lion isn't in the picture he can't get a room, and that's that. If you and I had any sense we'd quit this publicity dodge, open a branch of the Brown Derby at Nairobi, and make a fortune.

At any rate, till this travel epidemic blows over, just think of us as Burton Holmes. If people want a look at some of these foreign lands they're reading about, Heaven knows we're willing to oblige. So willing we'd almost take home movies of people's children if the people would promise to attend.

But at the moment we're all of course busy in Africa. And with a cartload of African epics either already playing or about due to open, who has had the only original idea in the proceedings? Me.

The problem, as usual, has been how to give our

own horn the loudest toot. Our thing, Nairobi Nights, is not a bad African travelogue at all, but most of the others, from what we hear, are just as genuine. So how to stand out?

Then I got it. The other day our elegant Mr. Conrad J. Thorne, who directed the epic, was showing us some of the crates of souvenirs and relics he brought back with him to impress his Palm Springs house guests. And the stuff was really interesting. At least I'd never seen a lot of the things, and I'm not exactly a stay-at-home. And suddenly I thought: If this stuff is interesting to me it ought to be to others. And in no time we whipped up the plans.

We are going to start the picture off with what we hope will be quite a bang by taking a fast road tour of the big cities, with Director Thorne and several of the stars going along to show the audiences all the actual stuff they brought back and telling some of their interesting and very genuine experiences during the making of the picture. And the kicker will be when Thorne brings out six genuine African cannibals, (Continued on page 70)

For a Big-Game Fishing



According to ex-boxing champion Gene Tunney, landing his 612-pound Nova Scotia bluefin was the toughest battle ever

FOR more than a thousand years, anglers have been panting to land a fish so large that they would not be tempted to lie when describing its immensity, but it is only recently—with the development of fishing tackle to handle the giant bluefin tuna—that such feats have actually verged on the commonplace.

During the past half century the rod and reel records on this fish have surged from 183 pounds to 977, but the last 20 years have marked the real development of big-game angling—the term employed to describe these tuna-tussles. Only a brief generation ago, the angler who managed to bring in a fish scaling more than 500 pounds went home and rested temporarily on his laurels while writing a book on his unusual accomplishment. But meanwhile another angler had sallied forth and returned with a fish 15 pounds heavier.

Such a situation is not to be tolerated by the average member-in-good-standing of the big-game angling fraternity. These enthusiasts, and today they are literally legion, are interested not merely in getting a big fish—but in getting one bigger than the next man's. So, in this king-size form of angling, individual competition has been an increasingly important element.

Like all participant sports, big-game fishing had its hardy pioneers, and although today no one thinks of California when big tuna are mentioned, it was the anglers of this state who perfected the early methods and techniques of the sport.

Tuna are quite plentiful off the California coast from May to December, a longer season than that enjoyed on the East Coast, but the largest one ever taken in California waters scaled a mere 251 pounds—a minnow compared to the 1,200-pounders harpooned in the Atlantic, and the 1,600-pounders "reported" there. However, it was a Californian, Dr. Frederick Holder, founder of the famous Catalina Tuna Club, who landed the first really big tuna in 1898. The fish weighed only 183 pounds, but considering the tackle employed by the sporting doctor, this was no mean accomplishment.

In Holder's era there was only one method of slowing down a running fish: the application of thumb pressure on the whirling spool of the reel,

Lou Mead of Sheepshead Bay Tuna Club lands giant after 2½-hour struggle off Long Island

DAVE EDWARDS



ARTHUR GRIFIN