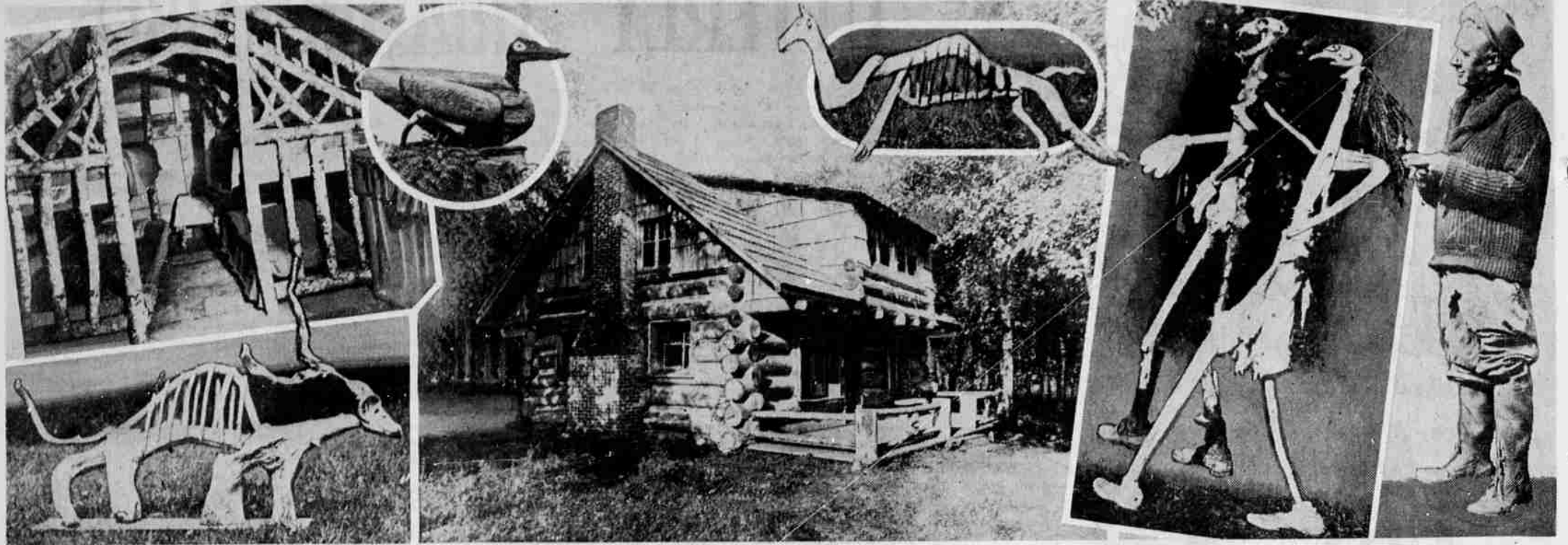


# Angry Sea Wrecks Ships and Gives a Man His Dream Home!



A house and its interior that was salvaged from the sea by Guy Allison (right) of Portland, Oregon, is pictured here. The strange animals are ornaments made of driftwood and stray bits picked from the beach near Ocean Park, Wash., while the lumber and wood for the house was tossed upon the beach by angry waves as though to answer the dream of a man who wanted a home and had not the wherewithal. From time to time during his meanderings through the piles of drift along the beach, strangely formed freaks of wood were found. With imagination and a little ingenuity, these finally developed into the Wreckage "Zoo," the only one of its kind in existence. There is the "swindleoseros," the "pop-eyed oofus," the "gyrumpus," camel, Jiggs, Maggie, duck, seal and a boa constrictor, each resembling the skeleton of some strange distorted animal.

HERE is a strange story of a strange House-by-the-side-of-the-sea! A house given to a man who dreamed, "even as you and I" of a beach lodge and peace.

The man, Guy Allison of Portland, Oregon, was broken in health and had only dreams with which to build his place, but oddly enough the spirit of the deep caught up his vision and in tempestuous moods lashed and whipped and tore rafts and ships apart until it gave to him the things he needed.

Trying to get an elusive grasp on health, Allison walked the beach of Ocean Park, Washington, and as he walked he picked up stray bits of driftwood, what

he calls "floatsam and jetsam from Davy Jones' Locker."

Then one day, the sea, in a tempestuous mood, gave up thousands of tawny brown poles, varying in length from 30 to 50 feet and from 12 to 18 inches in diameter. There was a great storm and after it passed the beach for 50 miles was covered with the wreckage of a great raft.

He visioned a strange, weird house which would be so unusual that it would always hold interest for him—that he could add to, from month to month as the sea gave up its driftwood to the beach near the fort of his dream house.

Allison began to see his dream. But how could he start? In the

village near by was a youth with block and tackle, a peavy, an axe, and a cross-cut saw. Almost any village has such a person—and they usually can be sold on dreams!

DAY after day the woods resounded with the strokes of the axe and the hum of the saw. Day after day the creaking pulleys drew into position the heavy logs. Two, three, and four weeks passed, and a structure resembling a mammoth pig pen or corn crib arose. No preliminary plans, or blue prints were followed, but in Allison's mind there was the memory of an old Russian Block House, which he had visited several years previously in Sitka, Alaska. This block house had

been built over a hundred years previously for a fort. The upper story of it overhung the lower story, so that it was larger. Why not make this cabin that way? With large, airy bedrooms above, it would look different from ordinary houses.

The thought was father to the deed, and when the second story was reached, long logs were placed crosswise, extending five feet over the lower side walls.

His house began to take form. He stood on the beach from whence he had taken the "wall for his castle," and contemplated this work thus far accomplished with great satisfaction. The exterior was almost complete, he decided, and his mind wandered to the interior.

Then there arose the question of lumber for rafters, for sills, joists and door and window frames. Lumber was high for there was no mill within twenty miles. Why not try the beach? Maybe along that twenty-nine mile stretch of driftwood enough lumber could be found. Then something unexpected happened which solved the problem.

AGAIN the sea answered his call and a lumber vessel was wrecked in a great storm. Not believing that it could be possible, Allison wandered along the beach after a storm and two miles below Ocean Park, as he looked over the line of breakers he saw the jostling of hundreds of planks as they were being floated shore-

ward by the incoming tide. There they were, two by four's, two by six's, two by eight's; just the kind of timbers needed for rafters, sills and joists. As they drifted ashore, with feverish haste, he carried them beyond the reach of the ebbing waves. After hours of work he rushed back to the village and got a team and hauled his valuable find to the slowly rising house. Within a week rafters were in place, sills were laid, partitions were made and door and window frames were ready.

But the house was not rain proof. Where would the shingle come from? The sea had given up everything needed thus far, and back to the beach the builder went. Among the floatsam and jetsam were found seasoned shingle

bolts, which had drifted down the Columbia from the shingle mills and washed ashore. These were hauled in, and with a fro, one by one, the shakes were split off, and soon the house was covered with long, home-made shingles, a roof to last a life time.

Next came the chinking between the wide cracks of the logs. For this purpose, Allison took his axe and went to the nearby forest and cut down fir poles. These were peeled by his wife and later they were inserted between the openings of the logs.

Finally, his strange "house by the sea" was complete, and Allison and his wife comfortably located.

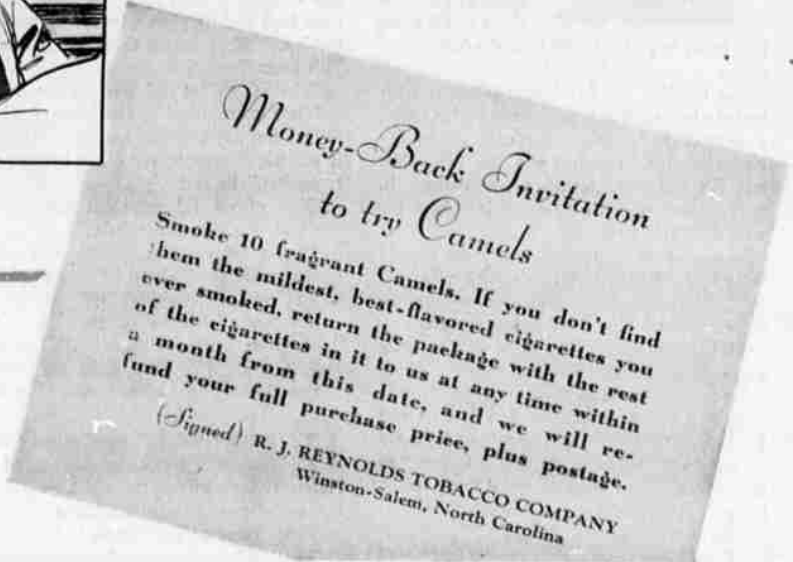
And so his dream came true. He is happy in his unique driftwood home.



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