

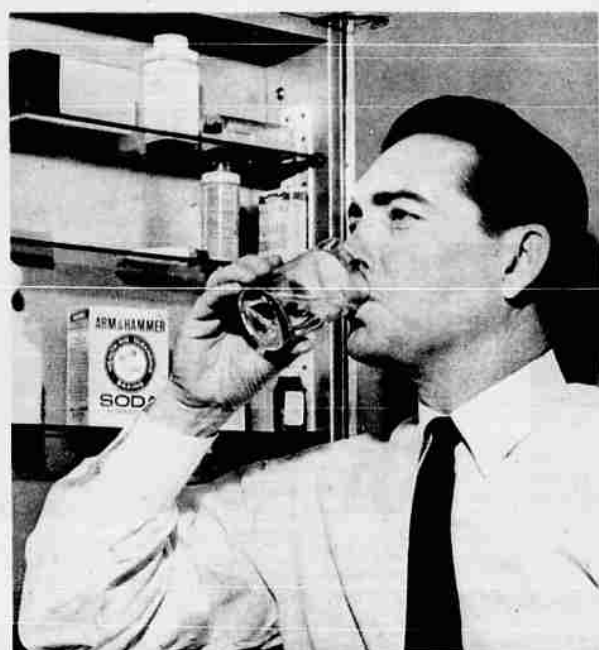
Great Idea! Do it with

ARM & HAMMER

SODA

(BAKING SODA)
BICARBONATE

MEETS ALL REQUIREMENTS OF U.S. PHARMACOPOEIA



RELIEVE ACID INDIGESTION—For fast relief next time you suffer stomach upset from overacidity, call on Arm & Hammer bicarbonate of soda. Half a teaspoon to half a glass of water does the trick. Soda works right away—brings comfort as it neutralizes excessive stomach acid. Keep Arm & Hammer soda in your medicine cabinet.



SOOTHE PAINFUL BURNS—Apply a paste of soda and water as first aid for superficial burns and scalds. Keep affected areas moist with wet cloths. This effective treatment brings soothing relief to inflamed skin. Buy Arm & Hammer soda at food stores.



REFRESH MOUTH AND THROAT—Use a soda mouthwash daily to cleanse mouth, sweeten breath. So soothing for sore throat too. Mix one teaspoon of soda (commonly called baking soda) in a glass of water for a gentle, effective mouthwash or gargle.



In certain areas, such as metropolitan New York, the same high quality soda is sold under the name COW BRAND.

FREE: How to Live Better and Save Money. Illustrated booklet describes accepted ways to use soda bicarbonate for good health, baking, cleansing. Mail coupon below.

Church & Dwight Co., Inc., Dept. FW-5
P. O. Box 2266, Grand Central Station,
New York 17, N. Y.

Please send free booklet "How to Live Better and Save Money."

PRINT YOUR NAME

STREET

CITY

ZONE

STATE



This is how they looked just after their rescue—dazed, dog-tired, and ravenously hungry.

THEY FOUGHT THE PACIFIC AND WON

(Continued)

about home because they could think of nothing but their gnawing hunger.

Sometimes they read from the four novels they had aboard. One of them was Jack London's classic, "Martin Eden," which contains this line: "The food he ate must have been worse than what a sailor gets on the worst-feedin' deep-water ships, than which there ain't much that can possibly be worse."

Their deep-water ship knew worse by that time. On Feb. 24, Zygonschi made another entry in the diary: **Ate the last of our food. What now?**

They boiled their shoe leather (cowhide) and tried unsuccessfully to fry it in engine oil. The leather of the accordion was eaten next (lamb's hide). There were times when they joked feebly about their "varied diet" of lamb and beef.

Like the food, their water, which they had rationed to a spoonful a day, gave out. So they drained the water, rusty but drinkable, from the cooling system of the engine and, when that was gone, caught rain water in tarpaulins. Once, high seas contaminated their meager supply with salt, but they drank it anyway.

INDICATIVE of their high morale is the way they stretched their food an extra day. They had decided by mutual consent to have a "party" on Feb. 23, Soviet Army Day, at which they would eat their last potato in celebration. But at the last moment, they decided to give up their ration and have a cigarette instead (cigarettes had been rationed as carefully as everything else). They felt that as Soviet soldiers their duty was to stay alive; saving the potato for one more day might help their chances.

February passed. Premier Khrushchev had toured India; President Eisenhower had visited South America; Queen Elizabeth had borne her third child only a few days before Princess Margaret announced

her engagement to a commoner; the aircraft carrier *Kearsarge* plowed through the Pacific to meet an unexpected date with fate; an infant, christened Alexander Fedotov, was born in a Siberian village called Bogorodckoe; and a youth, who no longer looked young, scrawled in a water-stained book: **49th day. When we wake up after we have slept, we are surprised to be alive.**

Then came rescue.

Before fate, in the guise of the U.S.S. *Kearsarge*, delivered Victor Zygonschi, Anatoly Kryuchkovsky, Philip Poplavsky, and Ivan Fedotov, it was to taunt them cruelly. Sea gulls, to the seafaring man a sign of nearby land, circled their tiny craft continuously, squawking as if mocking them.

Only a few days before their rescue, their hopes had soared when they spotted a ship scudding through the heavy seas. But hopes were dashed when towering swells obscured their boat. Two more ships passed them while they vainly tried to signal.

Navy doctors later estimated that they could have survived for only five or six more days.

The four soldiers have returned to Russia. It's doubtful that we will hear of them again. Their language is different, the doctrines they are sworn to defend are a threat to our country. Yet every American can certainly admire their titanic 49-day struggle against the sea.

And as Americans, we might wonder why it remained for the U.S. Navy to write the happy chapter that closed the lost diary. Since there was radio contact between the landing craft and shore, why hadn't an international call for a massive search gone out from Moscow? That's where the difference in ideology comes in. In America, we stress the importance and dignity of each individual, no matter how inconsequential he might seem. The Communist mind works in a different fashion—one that we'll never be able to understand fully.