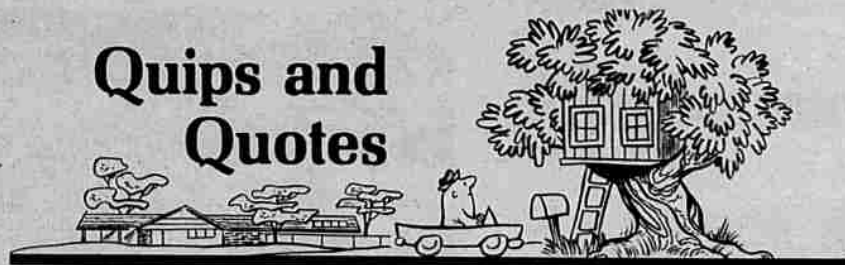


Quips and Quotes



Come to Our House

Drive east on Lone Pine Road, turn right At Crescent Lane where there's a light. Then farther on, about a mile, Look for a big white house, ranch style, With swimming pool and gorgeous flowers— The house beyond is ours.

—Dorothy R. McWood

A gossip is a person who believes the best bargains are in debasement.

—Frank McInnis

A traveler hurried to an airline agent. "I just heard your line has been hit by a strike," he said worriedly. "Will I have any trouble flying to Los Angeles on schedule?" "Oh, no," the agent said calmly. "The strike affects only our pilots."

Nightmare on the Santa Maria! (Continued)

on board, I broke down for the first time. I cried myself to sleep, convinced that our voyage could end only in disaster.

The final two days were ones of almost unbearable anxiety. Three or four times we heard that we were getting off and went to prepare our things. Each time, it was a false alarm.

Galvao had promised the crew that they could disembark with the passengers, but when they met on Wednesday, he changed his mind. When he told them, we heard an almost unhuman wail come from below decks. "No, no, no," hundreds of voices chorused. Some of them burst out on deck wild-eyed, ready to commit murder to get off the ship. So we went to our cabin, fearing that a second mutiny might explode any moment.

The Violence Continues

That night I saw the pistoleros lined up in smart military fashion. "Someone important to those fellows must be coming on board," I mentioned to Del. It turned out to be Gen. Humberto Delgado, in whose name the Santa Maria had been seized. He conferred into the night with Galvao.

No matter what their decision, their course was plotted for them when a Brazilian officer came aboard the next (and final) morning to negotiate the transfer of passengers. The tourist-class passengers, whose existence had been pitiful, joined with the crew and stormed the first-class lounge where the officer was meeting with Galvao. Del, Debbie, and I happened to be in the lounge when the mob surged

The family took a historical tour of America's East Coast, stopping regularly to read the historical markers along the roadsides. When they returned home, the six-year-old son was asked what impressed him most about our country's past.

"Well," he said, "I think it was thoughtful of all those people to make history right along the main highways." —Jim Harget

Just as a man answered the telephone, lightning struck the line and knocked him to the floor. He got to his feet dazedly, listened a moment to the dead phone, and hung up.

"Who was it, dear?" his wife called from the kitchen.

"We were disconnected," he said. "But from the way the conversation started, I think it was your mother." —Ken Kraft

onto the deck and crashed through a heavy restraining gate.

A frightened pistolero, gun drawn, guarded the double glass doors to the lounge. He motioned for the surging crowd to halt just as they engulfed him. The weight of their numbers hurled him through the heavy plate glass that had been built to withstand tropical storms. Blood spurted from deep gashes.

Debbie screamed hysterically. I clutched her so tightly I nearly crushed her. It's happening, I thought. So close to the end, and it's happening!

Before I could scream, the Brazilian officer shouted something to the terrified mob, and they calmed down somewhat. Then Galvao said placatingly: "Be calm. You're getting off right now." The crowd receded like a spent wave. Mob violence had been averted by the narrowest of margins.

Even then there was no indication that we were actually getting off. We went to the dining room and were about to be served lunch when we were told that we were to transfer immediately to a tug alongside. Confusion had reigned to the last, but we didn't care. We were escaping our prison of the last 11 days.

As our Brazilian tugboat drew steadily closer to the dock, I cast one backward glance at the Santa Maria. A lonely khaki-clad figure paced the bridge. I think it must have been Henrique Galvao. Even then, I felt little sympathy for the gaunt rebel leader who had endangered so many lives.

And then we were stepping off the tug onto the dock. Our nightmare was over.

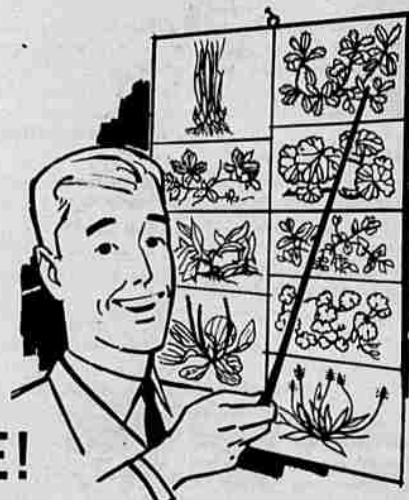
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