REPORTER

McCULLOCH CORPORATION • DECEMBER 1963



December 15th, 1963

To Our McCulloch Power Tool Distributors and Dealers Throughout The World:

Once again we have come to the Christmas season, which is not only a holiday for all of us in Christian countries, but an event which is honored and respected by all people in our rapidly-shrinking world. I'm sure that even behind the Iron Curtain it is still remembered and celebrated, despite years of official suppression.

In the United States, one of our Christmas customs is a personal message from the chief officers of our companies to the people whom they have served, and whom have served them during the preceding year. At McCulloch Corporation, this custom is mine, and it is one that I undertake to follow most sincerely and wholeheartedly each December.

To everyone in the free world, and particularly to we Americans, I think that Christmas this year brings to all of us a deeper sense of responsibility than in many years past. All during 1963, we have been confronted with serious problems, climaxed by a national and international tragedy which occurred only in the last 30 days.

And speaking honestly and frankly to you, within our own company, we've had some problems, too. Strangely, I'd say they were problems brought about by what would ordinarily be considered the best of good fortune. This year, we experienced an unusually extensive and somewhat unexpected demand for every one of our products. Suddenly saws, outboards, kart engines, welders were being ordered in record quantities. Believe me, the very amount of those orders has been a tremendous testimonial to the enthusiasm and loyalty of you, our distributors and dealers.

In other days — and in future days — such would have been and will be, I promise you, a very profitable situation. This last year, however, our factory at Los Angeles could not fully capitalize on the unforeseen rush of business. Committed to more gradual growth, we were caught up in the complexities of consolidating both power tool and outboard operations into one manufacturing facility. Inevitably, shortages began to develop, despite every effort to overcome them, despite 24 hour days, six day production weeks and thousands of hours of overtime. It was the only dark spot in what otherwise would have been a business picture as bright as all the lights of Christmas.



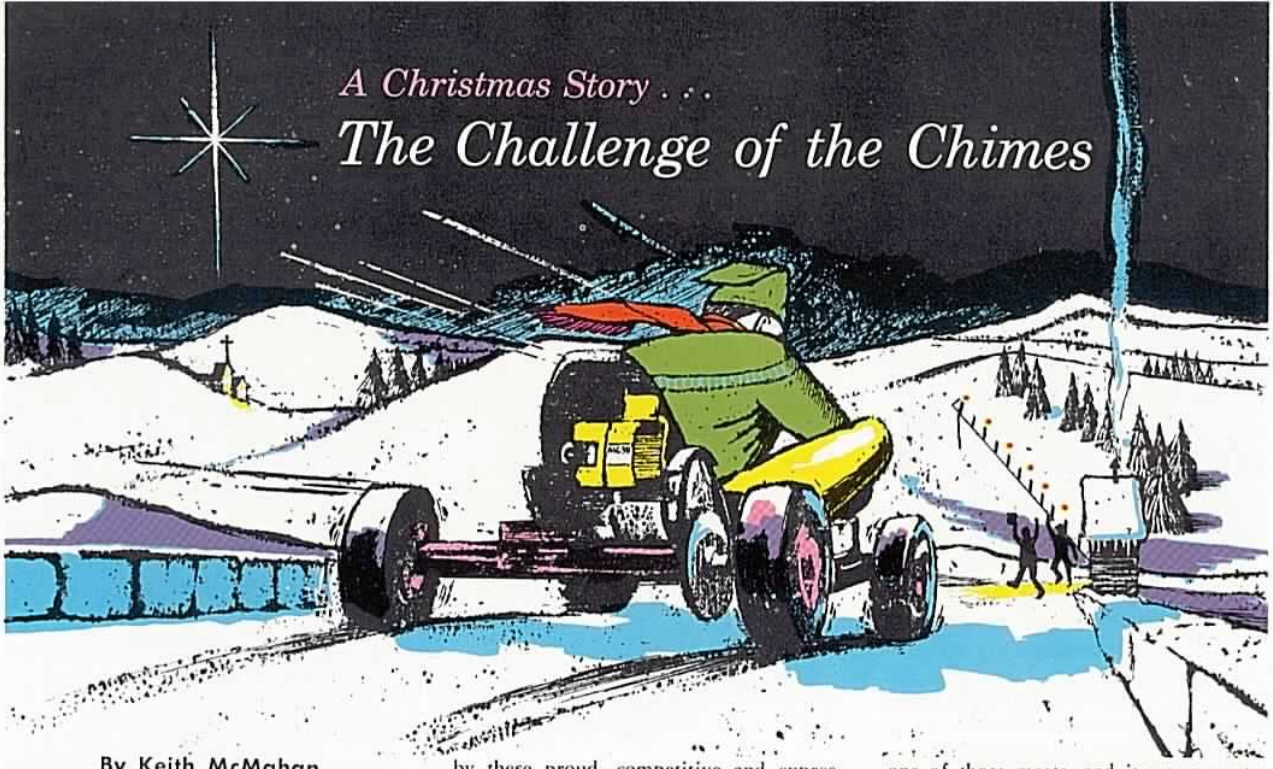
But — and I want to say this personally to each of you with a sense of responsibility and determination more intense than any I have experienced since this company was founded. Never are our people working harder on all fronts, to supply you with product when and where you need it. One by one, this Christmas, our problems ARE being overcome. Day by day we move into increasingly favorable positions, both in production and in meeting our competitive challenges. Some of our effort has required very difficult decisions, as I'm sure that you — as businessmen in your own right — will deeply understand. But they are decisions which have had to be made for the long range prosperity of our company, and for the greatest benefit to the greatest number of human beings who depend upon it.

To these thoughts, I would like to add my personal pledge for the coming year. As America and the free world have steadfastly faced their crises in 1963, and have surmounted some very trying times, so shall we do the same as a company. With courage, hard work, determination and mutual goodwill we shall continue to move forward together in 1964. These qualities between our factory people and you out there on the "firing line" have been the major reasons for our success from the beginning, and now, more than ever before, we shall continue to strengthen them.

And, in another sense, they are the same qualities that make up the Spirit of Christmas which so happily surrounds all of us at this time of the year, and makes us better persons. I think they are also why Christmas is greatest of all holidays, and why it is indestructible. So let me fulfill my Christmas custom by again saluting you who distribute and sell our products. To each of you, your employees and your families, let me speak for all of us at Los Angeles in wishing you a Merry Christmas, and a Happy New Year.

Sincerely,

Robert P. McCulloch



A Christmas Story . . .

The Challenge of the Chimes

By Keith McMahan

Yes, this is a Christmas story, a sad one and a glad one, and one that must be told confidentally. Actual names and places are fictitious. It began on a day in early autumn, a warm and sunlit Sunday.

The place was central Europe. And for want of a better locality, we'll say that it was near the small city of Sopron, which rests in the sharp hills of western Hungary, less than a kilometer from the border of free Austria.

At the edge of Sopron, this Sunday morning, a small but enthusiastic crowd had gathered around a twisting, dirt-packed racecourse.

More specifically, it was a makeshift kart track, and at this moment clouds of dust were swirling over it, challenging the crisp sunlight.

In the morass of dust and noise, eagerly crowding around the barriers of straw bales and discarded tires, were scores of people and double that number of eyes watching the gyrations of the many machines careening around turns and roaring down straightaways. The eyes glistened in loyal delight as they preceived through the haze that the rough-welded tube-and-bar karts were keeping pace with the sleek factory-manufactured vehicles of their competitors.

Perhaps now is the time to explain about the advent of karting in Hungary. For about two years before this Sunday, this motorized sport had been insidiously creeping into this communist-controlled nation from the western world. The authorities had never explained why they had permitted such a "subversion" to come about, for most certainly, karting, in a strict interpretation of party dogma, could only be considered a "decadent frivolity of capitalist culture." But permit it they had — or had at least ignored it. Perhaps, as were so many of the other "liberties" the people were "granted", it was another of the sacrifices to expediency, another phase of the new "soft" policy, which all Hungarians well-knew to be nothing more than a carefully calculated effort to forestall any repeat performances of that magnificent drama which had occurred in October-November of 1956.

But, whatever the reasons, karting had come to Hungary — and was welcomed by these proud, competitive and expressive people as a sport compatible with their very souls.

Such was natural. The Hungarian nation is descended from the Magyars, a fiercely independent tribe of Euro-Asians who moved west in the 9th Century to settle in central Europe. Their first King, Stephen I, forged the tribe into a nation and brought about its conversion to Christianity. For this, he was made a Saint, and the crown presented to him by Pope Sylvester II became the symbol around which Hungarians in the generations since have claimed their national independennce and honor. They have needed such a symbol, for Hungarians, by reason of the geopraphic position of their country, have been subject to the unceasing pressures of foreign domination. In the Middle Ages, they withstood the advances of the Mongols and Moslem Turks. In the last century they rebelled against their fellow-Christians, the Austrians, who had made them a part of the great Austro-Hungarian Empire of the Hapsburgs. That was in 1848, when a country lawyer by the name of Louis Kossuth rose to lead the Magyars in a revolution doomed to failure. And now in the twentieth century, they were dominated again, by the ruthless forces of communist Russia. No wonder then, in their frustrations, that the sport of karting was eagerly accepted by Hungarians as an outlet for free expression.

Not that it had been an easy sport for even the most enthusiastic to follow. Karting requires equipment — "hard goods" such as steel, engines and tires, goods which were manufactured by state-controlled industries, and whose "quotas" were concerned with automobiles, trucks and industrial equipment. Nevertheless, the Hungarians had used their native ingenuity and mechanical aptitudes to the hilt. Karts had been fashioned from such items as old bedposts. Engines had been adapted from ancient motorcycles and cars. Some even had been procured from Western Europe despite economic trade restrictions and problems with currency exchange. Karting clubs had been formed, and this year, meets had been held every weekend.

The event at Sopron this Sunday was one of those meets, and it was an extra-special one in that a karting team from an Austrian army post on the other side of the border had been invited, had accepted, had been allowed to enter the country, and were now giving the Hungarians their toughest competition.

The race now underway was the single engine event and it was already causing the Hungarians to cheer with joy and excitement. One of their own was in the lead — a kart powered by a small yellow engine. It was the kart of 22-year old Janos Molnar of Budapest, whose acquisition of a McCulloch kart engine from America had made him one of the most envied karters in all of Hungary, as well as one of the most consistent winners. And here was Janos doing it again, winning over some of the most expensive engines in Europe!

Suddenly, however, their favorite faltered. With a wild flapping noise the rubber on his front tires was beginning to disintegrate. Waving his arm wildly at the crowd, Janos veered off the track, rolled into the pit area and stopped.

Shaking his head, he stood up, removed his helmet and sadly surveyed the ruined rubber. A look of his disgust crossed his face.

Immediately, Sandor Karbek, his 16 year old cousin, and Miklos Varga, his friend who worked with him at the Zabordin Aviation Works in Budapest, came running up. They had travelled to Sopron with him to act as his pit crew.

Janos muttered angrily. "I have the best engine in all of Hungary and the worst tires!"

He turned to Sandor and Miklos. "Is there anybody here who has some replacements we could buy?"

"Not that would do us any good," Miklos said. "The Austrians have some, but they won't accept our money."

"You would have won for sure, Janos," Sandor spoke-up quietly, feeling very hurt because his mother, with whom they both lived, had insisted upon using the stove in their small apartment for baking last night instead of permitting them to put new rubber on second set of tire casings.

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REACH
FOR NEW CUSTOMERS WITH THE MAC 15

McCulloch's "Lowest-Priced Quality Saw" Can Bring You New Customers, New Sales, New Profits If You Know How and Where To Merchandise It — And To Whom.



New chain saw owner finds the MAC 15 ideal for getting rid of that overgrown limb in his patio . . .

In McCulloch Corporation's new MAC 15 chain saw, dealers have an unique opportunity to capture their share of today's expanding chain saw market. And this does not mean selling this "lowest-priced" unit in deference to the higher-priced, more advanced models. The MAC -15 has a separate and distinct market all of its own. The saw was designed for this market and represents the best chain saw buy in the world as far as this market is concerned.

New Chain Saw Owners

To fully understand the MAC 15's market, let us again examine recent trends in chain saw purchasing, not only in the United States, but in Canada, Australia and Western Europe. In addition to the professional logger, pulpwood cutter, contractor, tree surgeon, farmer, etc., along has come a new type of chain saw owner. Generally, he's a city fellow, and his woodcutting requirements are limited to pruning around his yard, cutting firewood a few weekends a year, or cutting wood on a hunting or fishing trip. Increasingly, his high salary or wages permit him the now common luxuries of power tools. In his basement is a wood lathe and a drill press, and his garage boasts a power lawnmower, edger, paint sprayer, and so on. Just lately, he had added or is thinking of adding soon, a chain saw to that collection. After all, it sure takes the work out of sawing.

"Do It Yourself"

Then, too, this fellow may also be a member of the great and growing army of leisure-time "do-it-yourselfers." He takes great pride in his own building and construction, whether it's an add-on to his garage, a cabin on his lot by the lakefront, or a fence around his yard. More and more he comes to realize that what he really needs now is a chain saw.

Now, this fellow has never given too much thought to a chain saw before, and if he has ever operated one, it has been a rental unit. But the important thing is, he and thousands more like him each year, are thinking of chain saws and buying saws. THEY ARE A TOTALLY NEW MARKET—AND NO OTHER COMPETITOR HAS A SAW MORE PERFECTLY SUITED FOR THEIR "FIRST-TIME" NEEDS IN EITHER QUALITY OR PRICE THAN DOES McCULLOCH WITH ITS MAC-15.

Money For You

Further, let's consider your — the dealer's stake in MAC-15 sales. There is profit to be made from this saw, and very good profit when it is sold in volume. This is the quality McCulloch saw designed to put you two or three steps ahead of anything the largest chain store operation has to sell. And it is in the chain store context of merchandising that dealers will realize their greatest success with the MAC-15.

This approach means first of all — stocking the new saw IN QUANTITY. It means displaying IN QUANTITY with both PRICE and QUALITY highly emphasized. It means featuring the MAC-15 in any local advertising — and featuring it on the sports and outdoor pages — sections of the paper "city fellows" always read. Direct mail — utilizing the MAC-15 mailer to people in the "modern suburban areas" of your city should also be considered, and the MAC 15 should play a prominent part in all your special store promotions, such as OPEN HOUSE.

ALL IN ALL, you have a tremendous opportunity for winter sales and profits if you will spot the MAC-15 to new saw "city fellow" prospects and sell it hard in volume!



Or for cutting his own fireplace wood.



This homeowner has brightened his property with a log fence and the MAC 15 has helped him do it.



Now he has time for fishing — and sure enough, the MAC-15 goes along for trail clearing, firewood cutting.

MAC 15 CAPTURES FANCY OF McCULLOCH DEALERS IN IRELAND



McCulloch Chain Saw dealers in the Emerald Isle are introduced to the MAC 15 at a meeting held in Dublin in September. Pointing out the flush-cut handle feature is Gene Koll, General Manager of McCulloch International. Irish dealers were most impressed with the new unit (despite its yellow instead of green color) and a predicted great success in selling it. The enthusiastic meeting was staged by McCulloch Corp's Irish distributor R. Broderick and Sons, Ltd, and had dealers from all over Ireland in attendance.

International Brochure On Chain Saws Tells Story In Pictures Only



This unique brochure on McCulloch chain saws has been forwarded to International distributors throughout the world. There is not a word of copy in it — only pictures and drawings showing chain saws and power tools on various jobs. Included is a complete photo sequence of a saw being used to build a log cabin. Created by the International advertising department, the brochure is designed to capture the attention of national and local government officials in underdeveloped countries, and to acquaint even the illiterate peoples of those countries with the uses and advantages of McCulloch Products. International distributors desiring more information and ordering details concerning this brochure should contact Don Marton at the factory. It is recommended that distribution be confined to a select list of individuals in governments, forestry bureaus, agricultural bureaus, large construction and mining firms, highway and road departments, etc. The brochure can be powerfully effective in showing that a chain saw is a very pactical tool and should be given top-priority consideration in improving economic conditions.

"PATIENT" WAITS FOR DEALER "DOCTOR"



McCulloch dealer Junior Swift of Baker County Saw Shop, Macclenny, Florida returns from lunch to find a "patient" outside the door of his "private offices." Junior's pulpwood cutting client had stuffed a note into the bow with advice on what to do with the ONE/62. And curiously enough, the writing was every bit as undecipherable (almost) as a physician's prescription. Nevertheless, Junior and his brother Junior proceeded to inject the saw with massive doses of service — the same procedure they've been practicing most successfully now for almost 6 years as McCulloch "M.D.'s."

Conaway & Porters Sponsor Successful School Tie-Ins



Boyd Welles of distributor Conaway-McCulloch looks on approvingly as West Virginia student Bob Miller puts a 740 through its paces.

McCulloch U.S. distributors regularly recognize the value of acquainting future prospects with the "right name" in chain saws, and for this reason they co-operate closely with colleges and forestry schools in many events.

Two top-notch examples of this type of promotion are the Forestry Day held by West Virginia University in Morgantown, West Virginia, and Clemson Colleges Home & Farm week in Clemson, South Carolina.

At the first affair, distributor Conaway-McCulloch pitched in with Morgantown dealer Gary Price to furnish the saws and the logs) with which and on which some 400 students could test their woodcutting abilities. In addition to the West Virginia collegiates, students from both Syracuse and Penn State also received first hand demonstrations.

In South Carolina, Clemson College's show is a big one. It lasts for a week and the public attends in droves. Distributor Porter Bros, Inc. was represented in this one with a sensational exhibit and demonstration area which was packed with both students and "present" prospects every hour the show was open.

Congrats are in order to all distributors and dealers who made both of these college-originated shows an "educational bonanza" for McCulloch products.



Hidden among the demonstration logs, the saw displays, the tent and the signs at Clemson, South Carolina is Bob Setchfield, are sales-and-showman for Porter Bros., Inc.


You at Christma
Christmas











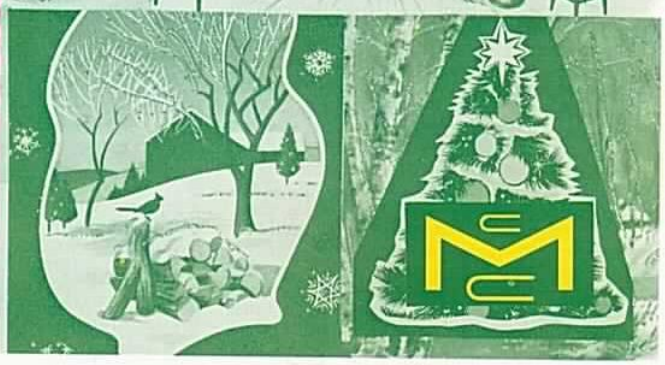


Not pictured, but joining with us . . .

Gordon Barron	Tony Gros	Chuck Rhea
Jack Carroll	John Helding	Gene Stewart
Jim Cassidey	Bill Johnson	Blake Stretton
Hans Engdahl	Tom Jones	Don Sullivan
Mike Faus	Jim Mansfield	Paul Taylor
Ted Fabian	Bob Moody	Lyle Tigges
Clyde Fishback	Maurice Peabody	Les Wisuri
Stan Granec	John Ricks	Glen Woodworth

ought we would surprise you,
ur Christmas cards this year,
uping 'round our office trees,
tting pictures show our cheer.
e we are, as you can see,
g you throughout the world,
each and every factory face,
e the warmest smile unfurled.

Of course, there are quite a few of us,
Who are out in the field with you,
Not available for any pictures,
So we hope just our names will do.
But whether it's in name or face
All Mac "salesmen" entered here,
Wish you a MERRY CHRISTMAS
And a happy, hearty NEW YEAR!



TOM JONES Chain Engineer In South & East



J. T. "TOM" JONES is the new Regional Chain Engineer for McCulloch Corporation in the Eastern and Southeastern regions of the United States, reporting directly to Regional Manager Bill Johnson at Decatur, Georgia. In his position, Tom specializes in sales and service assistance on McCulloch chain.

Tom has a wide background of experience in both saws and chain, having held responsible positions with other manufacturers during the past six years. Much of this experience involved extensive field work with both distributors and retail dealers.

A veteran of World War II, Tom served with General Patton in the 5th Infantry Division, where he received a Purple Heart with two clusters and a Combat Infantryman's badge with two clusters.

Tom and his wife Marigene have three children: Sue, 21; Tricia, 16; and Tommy, age 11. They presently make their home in Decatur, Georgia, where Tom can be right at hand to the regional office.

CHILEAN DISTRIBUTOR DISPLAY OUTSTANDING



"Way down south" in South America, distributors such as RAAB, ROCHETTE Y CIA, LTD. prove that they are just as adept at chain saw showmanship as are their Yankee counterparts. Here's a section of this distributor's outstanding display at the FERIA INTERNACIONAL DE SANTIAGO fair, held this autumn (spring) in Santiago, Chile. Note how the saws are displayed for easy viewing and how advantages of the earth-drill are highlighted by leaving auger half-way in the ground. Above this exhibit was a huge circular sign which stood high over the fairground. It attracted crowds from everywhere to view the saws and watch the demonstrations. Chain saws are rapidly becoming an important tool in the development of many South American areas, and Raab, Rochette is out to make sure those saws in Chile carry the M-C-C trademark. Congrats to this fine organization!

JOHN CACIOPPO New Distributor In Washington, Idaho, Montana

Spokane-McCulloch, Inc. Spokane, Washington has been appointed distributor of all McCulloch products in the inland empire area of western Washington, Northern Idaho, and Montana, it was announced this month by Don Blasius, McCulloch Vice President-Sales.

The new independently owned and operated organization replaces the former factory subsidiary which previously had been the McCulloch distributor for this area.

President and General Manager of Spokane-McCulloch, Inc. is John Cacioppo, a youthful and energetic member of McCulloch's famous Cacioppo "family" of distributors (Carlos, Timberland Saw Co.; Cyrus, Twin-C McCulloch, Inc.). Since 1947, John has worked with his brother Carlos in the wholesaling of McCulloch chain saws throughout the mid-South. Their promotion and merchandising abilities, combined with their dedication to having the finest network of dealers, gave McCulloch chain saws indisputed sales leadership in their territory.

In 1955, John opened and managed Timberland Saw Company's branch office at Little Rock, Arkansas, which supervised sales in that state.



John Cacioppo

It is this background of knowledge, success and service that John now brings to the dealers in his new area.

John is a World War II veteran, having served with the U.S. Combat Engineers in Europe. His interests in business have also included active participation in forestry and logging associations, 4-H, university extention education programs, and the Chamber of Commerce.

John and his wife are now residing at 820 Westmount Way, Spokane.

Karting Korner

By JIM MUNSON
Manager Karting Sales



Bah — Humbug! — It appears as if some feel that this is our attitude for those wanting to give MC-8's for Christmas.

The sudden demand caught us in a short position and there just wasn't time to schedule a new production run. Our apologies to those who missed some sales due to this shortage. Our suggestion to the phone calls and letters we received, were to sell gift certificates for the engines and the recipient would actually have two thrills. One, knowing he received a kart engine, and then when he actually gets it.

This brings us to the other question. What's new for the coming year? It's no secret that we have announced new kart engines every year. We will probably do so again this year. Does this mean to stop selling what we now can offer? I don't think so. As you remember — the MC-8 did not obsolete the MC-7, nor did the MC-40 wipe out the MC-30. Of course, the MC-70 was a new addition.

We want to continue with this philosophy generally and do not intend to completely outdate prior models. Let's face it — we have to stay at 6.1 cubic inches with two of our models and anything else we could do for performance changes has generally been done by the kart modifier anyway. We will always strive for quality, and the beating these little engines take show that the quality has always been high.

If you're running a year end or Christmas special — hit it hard. Yes, we are out of MC-8's but the distributors are running specials on the MC-40's and MC-70's, so get your share of this business by doing the same. Any new model plans won't force any present buyers out of competition in the coming year.

I sincerely wish the many people who have made this sport and business the big one it is — A Happy Christmas and an improved New Year.

℞ FOR BETTER BUSINESS

Customers And - The Golden Rule...



(Editor's Note: The following is an RX For Better Business article which appeared in the REPORTER a year ago. By request, it is being repeated because of its continuing importance as advice for successful retailing, and its timeliness at this season of the year.)

There has been a lot of discussion lately about the "twilight of service" in American business. It centers upon observations such as "clerks couldn't care less whether you buy or not," "it takes hours to get waited on," "mechanics are sloppy, all they worry about is getting you in, getting you out."

The sad thing about all this is that these quotes are not exaggerated nor are they isolated instances. Many leading business authorities have noted the same condition seeping slowly into retail operations and wholesale as well. They are rightly worried, because if such an attitude gains a general foothold, it could seriously affect our entire economy by substantially depressing sales in a time when the mass volume movement of goods and services is vital to our nation's financial health and growth.

Sociologists and other experts have advanced reasons for the decline in willingness to serve, to work for a sale, to please the buyer. Some have claimed that mass volume in itself is the culprit, that it cheapens the product and thus its esteem in the mind of the person selling it. Others say it's nothing so complicated as all that. It's just ordinary human laziness nutured by our comparatively easy life plus all too benevolent governments, unions and even companies.

We, being basically old-fashioned and fundamentalistic, are inclined to agree with the latter theory. And by this theory, the situation is capable of correction forthwith. It involves re-instilling into your employees and even yourself that old fashioned enthusiasm and loyalty for the product you're selling. And more than that, it means re-establishing the right perspective as to what each and every customer means to the success of your business and your employees' paychecks.

It's simple. The customer is the man with the money, who is seeking to exchange that money for what he considers to be the best value in a product or service. Ignore him and he's impatient with you, show that you consider him an imposition and he'll treat you likewise, argue with him and he'll take his money to your competitor, cheat him with shoddy service and merchandise and you'll certainly lose any future money he might spend in your store.

Perhaps now — during the Christmas season, when the thoughts of all men turn to the consideration of other men — is the time for all of us to think once again how important that customer is to each of us — dealer, distributor, factory. Now is the time to resolve accordingly that we will treat every customer in a spirit of friendly, helpful service, putting his considerations above our own.

What is a customer? Well, he is a person who is king for a moment — the moment he's in your store. If we who serve him would keep this in the back of minds every time we deal with him, there would be no danger of a "twilight of service," which can only lead to a "midnight of failure" regardless of how large or how small a business we work for or are engaged in. If we would remember, too that each of us are also customers almost every day of our lives, we would soon see that an earnest, out-going application of the Golden Rule is not only good for our business, but good for ourselves in all respects.

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Keith McMahan .....Editor

Editorial Offices:
6101 W. Century Boulevard,
Los Angeles 45, California

Power Saw Manufacturers' Association

PSMA

American Association of Industrial Editors.

Christmas Story

(Continued From Page 3)

"Let's take the kart back to the bus," Janos then said with a tone of finality, referring to the vehicle which had brought their Budapest Kart Club to Sopron early that morning.

Janos was so disheartened that he did not join the others as they went back to watch the karting contests continue. Instead he took his lunch and walked up the road alone, perhaps not to have to bear the triumphs of others who would win the honors that day.

The road wound upward around the ridge of a huge hill, and Janos followed it. Near the top he spotted a grassy knoll and climbed up to it. A hundred meters or so above the road, he found a shady sycamore tree. He sat down beneath it and opened up his bag of sandwiches.

It wasn't that Janos was disturbed so much by being out of a kart race. This had happened before and would again. But this latest little grievance was another of many personal dissatisfactions which had been building within him most strongly ever since he had left technical school three years ago.

He had come to accept through time the tragedy which had struck him when he was a teen-ager — the tragedy of that short week's revolution in which his older brother had actively taken part. He remembered well how the Soviet tank guns had tore their Budapest apartment building apart, killing his mother and father, but leaving him with only a few scratches. He remembered when his brother had found him in the streets and insisted he go over to his Aunt and Uncles, firmly refusing his anguished cries for a rifle of his own with which to take revenge. It was the last time he had ever seen his brother, he remembered.

In the bitter aftermath of those heroic days, Janos had shut his grief inside him. His uncle had a reasonably excellent job as a Chief Mechanic at the Aviation works, and he was one who "stayed out of politics." He'd decided that Janos, as well as his son, Miklos, should follow him into a mechanics trade, and had arranged with the authorities for both of them to attend the technical institute. Janos had graduated with honors, and was now employed with his Uncle. The revolution was long ago.

But somewhere within him a longing for something better out of life had steadfastly persisted. He was sick of the restrictions, the regulations, the petty tyrannies of petty officials. He was disgusted with ration cards, travel permits, and the endless shortages, shortages. And yes, there was something deeper, a gnawing and burning desire to be the master of his own destiny, to be free — just as those Austrian karters down there were free. Listen to the way they talked, shouted, laughed. Were they not truly happy men?

He looked back down the hill over the small track. The competition was still going full bore and the screams of the engines sounded like a high wind.

Janos then looked around, down the other side of the hill. The road followed a wide curve as it came down the other side of the ridge and then straightened out to proceed across a stone bridge over a deep ravine. In the center of the bridge, the road was no longer Hungar-

(Continued On Back Page)

(Continued From Page 11)

ian, but Austrian, for this was the border. At the far end, Janos could see the border station of Austria, with its barriers and troops and customs officers. Below him, closer, at the near end of the bridge, he could see the same thing. More barriers and more troops. The only difference between the two stations, it seemed to him was that his had the greatest number of troops. But the Hungarian barrier didn't seem to be as sturdily constructed as the Austrian.

Bet a kart could sneak under that thing, he thought to himself.

With a shrug he put such a possibility out of his mind. His gaze wandered on across the bridge, to the lush green hills of Austria. Up behind the border outpost, he could see the spires and towers of a church, and as he looked at it, suddenly he could hear chimes.

They started softly, then slowly rose to an ever higher and higher crescendo of sound until they reverberated against the hills on both sides of the border — and Janos could almost feel their vibrations.

Must be High Mass, he thought as he got up and started back down the hill — High Mass, once a solemn event in Hungarian churches, especially to altar boys, but now only an "opiate" for old women.

As he approached the karters once more, he could see that by now the dust had thickened — for the twin engine races were being held. Strange, though, he could not hear any engines. The penetrating ring of the chimes seemed to be overpowering all other noise. The chimes continued for the better part of an hour, while the spectators experienced the phenomenom of seeing kart races and hearing church music. Later in the day, as the Budapest karters were packing up to return to the city, Janos jokingly remarked about them to one of the karters who lived in Sopron.

"That's right," the fellow replied. "When those chimes get fired up, nobody for kilometers around can hear a thing. But today was nothing. You should hear them on Christmas Eve. They go on for hours. But, of course, they sound more beautiful, then."

It was on the bus back to Budapest that Janos began to think of a bold new challenge for his kart and engine, and a daring plan formed in his mind.

And in the days that followed, he told no one about his thoughts, particularly not the fellow members of his kart club. One of the club leaders — and a "friend" of Janos — was Bela Piroska, who was an officer in the AVH, the hated Security Police.

Neither did he say a word to his Aunt and Uncle, or to his cousin Sandor, or even to his best friend, Miklos. No one must know, for regardless of whether he was successful or not, his relatives and friends were not to suffer for it.

And as the days and weeks went by, he worked on his engine, tuning and retuning it for maximum performance. He tested and re-welded his kart, making a few of his own design changes and beefing up the joints and engine mount.

One problem, though, continued to confront him. He would need a starter assembly for his McCulloch engine — there'd be no one on hand to push-start for this race!

Janos had obtained his McCulloch kart by writing directly to far-away America — to McCulloch Corporation in Los Angeles. His letter explained his great desire to own one of these units, and how it was impossible for him to buy one at any price because of trade restrictions. He had asked the company if they would give him one in return for his promotion of their engine in Hungary. They had agreed and shortly thereafter he had received a treasured yellow package from the McCulloch factory in Belgium.

This was one of the things that made Janos sad about his plan, as did the fact that he would be "deserting" the people who loved him. Now he would no longer be able to carry out his part of the bargain with the McCulloch people. But he vowed that once in the free world he would make things up to everyone.

So it was with some sadness, that he wrote another long letter to McCulloch, enclosing every bit of publicity he had received in the Hungarian newspapers, and requesting a starter mechanism.

It was just two weeks before Christmas when a warm letter told him his request would again be granted.

* * *

Christmas is a holiday still observed in Hungary, but only under the most discouraging circumstances. But this year it had fallen on a weekend, which gave Janos a reason for taking a trip to Sopron. To transport the kart, he carefully made arrangements with another member of the club, the owner of a delapidated truck, which, because of its owner, boasted a first-rate engine.

Janos was sorry that the truck owner would have to go to Sopron to bring his vehicle home, but he knew the Sopron karters would take good care of it.

The next hurdle was a travel permit. And for this, Janos went to a club member also — to Security Policeman Bela Piroska who had the power to issue it to him. Bela seemed suspicious when Janos told him that he was going to sell his machine to a karter in Sopron. He questioned Janos very closely, and the latter admitted that he needed money urgently to pay back a loan from his Uncle. This story satisfied Bela for the moment and he issued the permit.

* * *

The night was cold and dark, but brilliantly clear. Snow covered the ground and the hills around the small racecourse. Standing starkly alone in the pit area was the ancient truck. The person who had just drove it in had scampered out and ran up the road.

The road had been plowed, but the hillside was deep and slushy as Janos, bundled in heavy winter gear, climbed to his vantage point near the sycamore tree. Down below all was quiet, save for the crunching steps of a few guards and the silent, sweeping beams of searchlights which illuminated the barbed wire stretched out along the hillside on either side of the bridge. Strange, he had not noticed that last summer. But there was the barrier — and that opening!

Across the bridge he noticed the other barrier and above it, the lights of the church. This caused Janos some added trepidation. Recently, the Austrians had been refusing all escapees. Would they this time? He could not wait too long. There were border patrols in this area.

Just then it started — the surging, all encompassing sound. Janos turned, half slid down the hill, and ran all the way to the track. Frantically, he lifted the kart out of the back, not noticing the shadowy figure hidden on the other side of the truck, nor the small automobile parked over by a clump of bushes.

"Adeste Fidelis" was the song the chimes were booming. Janos wheeled the kart up on the road, put on his helmet and reached for the starter.

"Halt." came a shout which sounded like a whisper. But it was just behind him. "You are under arrest."

Janos heart sank as he turned around. Before him stood a small man in civilian clothes, a German Luger gleaming in his hand.

"Security Police," the man said. "You have been followed on orders from Budapest. Come now, take this contraption back to that truck and come with me, please."

For a moment there was silence, as if the chimes had stopped along with Janos' hopes and dreams. But then they started up again and the song was NOT a Christmas carol, but a tune both men standing there seemed to know well.

"Magyars rise, your country calls you!
Meet this hour, what'er befalls you!
Shall we free men be, or slaves?
Choose the lot your spirit craves!"

Yes, it was the old National Anthem, written long ago by Sandor Petofi, a poet who was killed in the 1848 rebellion. It was a song Hungarians learned at birth and sang till death — before the communist takeover.

For long minutes the chimes thundered out every verse, and neither man made a move. Neither noticed that almost all the lights in the darkened city had quietly come on.

The little man's eyes glistened. The Luger disappeared into his pocket. "I could not find you," he said, and walked away.

Janos stared after him in astonishment, but only for a second. The chimes were pealing again, "Stille Nacht, Heilege Nacht." He reached for the starter and gave it a pull. The engine roared. He jammed down his visor, jumped in the seat and hit the throttle.

Up the road he shot, gingerly holding her fast on the hard-packed snow. He was at the top of the hill — now around the curve. The guards ahead had not even turned. Down the slope he came. The red and white striping on the barrier was coming at him, faster, faster. He crouched closer and closer to the wheel.

The colors blurred, and then were no more. Now he was on the stone roadway. Throttle down, more speed, more speed. Now the barrier ahead was in view. He could not go under this. He could not stop. Would they see him? Would they open it?

A few seconds later there were no more questions for Janos Molnar. There had been another pause, filled with amazed but friendly shouts, and the second barrier had swung open. It was over. It was Christmas eve and this Hungarian karter had met the challenge of the chimes.

And so had many other people, we now know. The policeman, and a certain church pastor, too. Nor must we forget the Austrian border guard, nor the HUNGARIAN soldiers and guards, either. Not a shot was fired at Janos Molnar that night, although Russian-made burp guns fire fast and accurate.