can you beat them?

THE HIRE-FIRE TESTS

Many employers are now using a new standard in selecting personnel. It is the personality test, a small-scale brainwash designed to map your mind and job-rate you for life. You must pass it to get or hold a job—any job.

Illustrated by

[Signature]
The sample below is a typical personality test. Take it for fun—before you have to take it in earnest.

* * * *

- How do you rate? Answers on pg. 75
- How would an employer rate you?
- Are you a “good job risk”?
- How many employers really believe in these results?
- How can you lick the brain-pickers in an actual testing situation?

For the answers to these questions and the full, behind-the-scenes story of the shocking menace that may soon affect your earning power, be sure to read next month’s TRUE expose:

THE BRAIN-PICKERS CAN COST YOU YOUR JOB

By MARTIN L. GROSS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Answer the following questions (1-15) by circling either “Yes” or “No.”</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1. Is your sex life satisfactory?</td>
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<td>2. Are you talkative at social gatherings?</td>
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<tr>
<td>3. Did you ever take anything that belonged to someone else?</td>
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<td>4. Do you tend to be unconventional in your social or religious beliefs?</td>
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<td>5. Do you enjoy spending a good evening alone?</td>
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<td>6. Do you always tell the truth?</td>
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<td>7. Would you like a job such as a forest ranger’s that kept you away for a few years?</td>
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<tr>
<td>8. Did you ever greedily take more than you should?</td>
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<td>9. Can you express yourself better writing than talking?</td>
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<tr>
<td>10. Do ideas run through your head that keep you awake?</td>
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<tr>
<td>11. Have you ever kept anybody waiting for an appointment?</td>
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<tr>
<td>12. Do you lose your appetite when you get upset?</td>
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<tr>
<td>13. Does it bother you to have people watch you work?</td>
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<tr>
<td>14. Are you considered a little indifferent to the opposite sex?</td>
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<tr>
<td>15. Did you ever want to get even with somebody?</td>
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The SUPER SHYSTERS

Crookeder than their clients, craftier than their rivals,
the legal-eagle team of Howe & Hummel
made a mockery of justice—and once damn near legalized murder

By ALAN HYND

Of all the lawyers who have ever confused witnesses, pulled the wool over the eyes of jurors and confounded judges, the shyster firm of Howe and Hummel, which functioned in New York City between 1869 and 1907, remains, even to this day, pre-eminent. Many of the great advocates, such as Clarence Darrow, have, while honest, specialized in magnetizing jurors by the sheer power of their personalities. Others, like Earl Rogers, the California whiz, were unbeatable experts at locating loopholes in the statutes. Some, like William J. Fallon, of New York, were outright crooks. Howe and Hummel were all three. Howe could charm the birds out of the trees, Hummel was so expert at finding loopholes in the statutes that he once came within a whisper of legalizing murder in the State of New York, and, when the sun of inquiry was on them, both boys cast corkscrew shadows.

Most great mouthpieces have specialized in one type of case—murder, divorce, breach-of-promise, or civil litigation. Howe and Hummel, who functioned in a crummy three-room suite of offices on the ground floor of a brick building in downtown Manhattan, across the street from the Tombs, handled everything from murder through divorce and breach of promise to the and/or and where in theatrical contracts.

Murder, though, was the staff of life to Howe at Hummel. Their mouths watered every time they heard of a premeditated death, knowing that the chances were to one that the slayer, if well heeled, would beat a path to their door. In their 38 years of practice they defended more than a thousand men and women accused of murder or manslaughter, or an average of one every two weeks for the highest score of any practitioner in the field of jurisprudence. There are no existing records of what the firm’s exact batting average was in the homicide league but old newspaper accounts would indicate that the boys hoodwinked the jury, [Continued on page 10

Illustrated by LOUIS S. GLANZMAN
TRUE'S PERSONALITY INVENTORY

[Continued from page 43]

Answer the following questions (16-28) by circling either A or B

16. When I am late for a public meeting, I prefer:
   (A.) To stand in the rear  (B.) To take a seat up front

17. When doing my work, I generally
   (A.) Plan far ahead  (B.) Concentrate on the immediate

18. Life is
   (A.) Wonderful  (B.) Too much trouble

19. Are you more interested in reading, about
   (A.) Julius Caesar  (B.) Aristotle

20. The main objective of scientific research is
   (A.) Practical application  (B.) Discovery of truth

21. In regard to the AFL-CIO, workers should be encouraged to
   (A.) Join  (B.) Stay out if they want

22. Which society represents the higher degree of civilization?
   (A.) Modern industrial society  (B.) Ancient Greeks

23. Which makes you feel better?
   (A.) Admiration  (B.) Achievement

24. Which would you rather have?
   (A.) A good friend  (B.) $500

25. Which would read first in the New York Times?
   (A.) Stock market reports  (B.) Drama section

26. Which activity interests you more?
   (A.) Athletics  (B.) Intellectual affairs

27. Which would you prefer?
   (A.) A hard, interesting job  (B.) An easy, uninteresting job

28. Which would you prefer?
   (A.) $20,000 in 1970  (B.) One new car and its upkeep now

The following questions (29-64) are a test of your interests. Next to each mark whether you like (L), dislike (D) or are indifferent (I) to the item or activity.

29. Boxing matches
30. Repairing a jet engine
31. Beautiful scenery
32. Smoking
33. Ladies' Home Journal
34. Looking in store windows
35. Shooting a machine gun
36. Snakes
37. True
38. Modernielle
39. Writing letters to friends
40. Sniping
41. Buying furniture
42. Going to auctions
43. Teaching school children
44. Running a cann
45. Football
46. Seeing scientific exhibits

47. Art galleries
48. "Blue" movies
49. Bridge
50. Racing a sports car
51. Raising flowers
52. Poker
53. Long walks
54. Croquet
55. Formal dance affairs
56. Bashy girls
57. Being a frogman
58. Sporting pages
59. House and Garden
60. Professional hunting
61. Burlesque
62. Mechanix Illustrated
63. Running a lathe
64. Cooking

65-79. Decide quickly whether the statement is True (T) or False (F) and mark each one appropriately.

65. I often get athlete's foot, especially in the summertime.
66. Most attorneys are honest.
67. There are too many frills in modern education.
68. Almost anything can be fixed up in the courts if you have enough money.
69. I like mannish women.
70. I get angry when I run out of whisky when the store is closed.
71. People should not patronize stores that are on strike.
72. I have used alcohol excessively.
73. Taxes on large incomes are too high.
74. I am interested in accumulating a substantial amount of money.
75. Manners are an essential aspect of life.
76. I believe in God but I think some people make too much of a fuss over religion.
77. We should encourage public housing projects for poorer people.
78. I prefer looking at scientific apparatus than at new products of industry.
79. There is something wrong with my mind.

80-103. Mark to what degree the following questions apply to you.

(A.) Almost Always  (B.) Frequently  (C.) Rarely  (D.) Almost Never

80. Do people regard you as queer? ( )
81. Do you find it difficult to start conversations with people of the opposite sex? ( )
82. Are you at ease with older people? ( )
83. Do you catch cold? ( )
84. Are you critical of the American way of life? ( )
85. Do you cry? ( )
86. Do you feel that people are watching you on the street? ( )
87. Do you feel ill at ease at a party when you are dressed more informally than others? ( )
88. Are books more entertaining than companions? ( )
89. Do you find it hard to brush off salesmen? ( )
90. Do you object verbally when a person steps in front of you in a line? ( )
91. Do you enjoy a good drink of whisky or a cocktail in the morning? ( )
92. Do you have trouble making friends? ( )
93. Do you try to persuade people to do things? ( )
94. Does criticism bother you much? ( )
95. Do your teeth need dental work? ( )
96. Are you tired when you wake up in the morning? ( )
97. Are you self-conscious in front of superiors in business or school? ( )
98. Have you been a leader in groups or clubs? ( )
99. Do you ignore feelings of other people when working for an important goal? ( )
100. Do you think about possible misfortunes? ( )
101. Do you feel inferior? ( )
102. Do you get pimples, carbuncles, or boils? ( )
103. When you get hungry, do the pangs come on quickly? ( )

104-106. Sense-of-humor test. Read the following jokes and choose the punch line you believe is funniest.

104. Two men and a well-shaped blonde are flying in a small airplane when the engine conks out and they decide to jump. The man grab the only two chutes. Says one man to the other: "What about her?" The second man answers: "We'll have to scratch her." Surprised, the first man asks:

105. Politician speaking to a farm crowd looks for a place to speak from. One farmer obligingly brings a enormous spreader which the politician mounts. Says the politician as an opening remark:

106. Scotsman whose large valise has just been thrown off a moving train because he refused to pay the baggage fee:

ANSWERS ON PAGE 75
He Populated a Private Paradise

(Continued from page 32)

...not be precisely what he was searching for, but this coral-ringed, palm-shaded port, where bonges of friendly Polynesians paddled around in outriggers, was close enough to the ideal. Marsters jumped ship.

For two weeks, he wandered around the dirty, overpopulated island talking to native traders and the skippers of copra schooners about neighboring islands. They all had tales about favorite places, but none sounded quite right.

The day something truly marvelous happened. He was in the market waiting for a loading agent who had worked for him, when he saw a 19-year-old girl buying some cloth from the Chinese shop keeper. She was different from most of the girls he’d seen on the island, so many of whom wore fat and flacid, bony necks and flat noses. This girl’s slim body was wrapped in a red and white pareu, her hair hung long and dark against her golden skin and her face was beautiful.

When Marsters spoke to her she smiled a friendly smile and her dark eyes looked appreciatively at his Englishman. She knew a little English and they made themselves understood easily enough.

After a stroll along the dock she took him inland to a special fresh water pond she knew of. Imbued with the casual island approach to the human body, she stripped off her clothes, wrapping them around her middle, and went into the water.

Ahab’s hand flew to his pocket for a two-cent piece.

But there was no need. Marsters didn’t even hand over the coin. He simply gave her a smile and let her escape. She was just the kind of girl he was searching for, the kind who would be an ideal wife. For two weeks, he wandered around the island, seeking his paradise isle as relentlessly as Ahab sought his white whale. One day he finally spotted the island he was looking for, a dirty hatched that passed for a saloon and reproofed Marsters for idling.

“I came here,” Marsters replied, “to build myself a paradise. I am going to do so.”

“Paradise is up there,” said the minister, “and you will only get there if you live the right way.”

Marsters smiled. “For you, maybe. I am going to make my paradise on earth.”

One day a native copra trader happened to mention a tiny island 500 miles south called Palmerston. Marsters’ ears pricked up. He bought the man another drink, encouraged him to talk. Palmerston had been discovered by Captain Cook in 1774; it was small, attractive, and uninhabited, the trader said. He had never actually been on the island, but he had heard that there was a passage through the island.

This was enough for Marsters. On the next schooner he set off for Rarotonga with the two women. There he invested most of his savings in a small, broad-beamed, seaworthy boat. He outfitted it with food, tools, and seeds, and after a few shakedown cruises set sail for Palmerston, 270 miles away.

His brief service aboard the Mary Denham had taught Marsters next to nothing about seamanship and navigation, but luck was with him—after 10 days at sea, he hit the surf-ringed speck of coral on the nose.

That first sight of the atoll was a thrill one to Marsters. Only a mile long and a mile wide, it was as beautiful and gem-like as the native had claimed, an incredible green mirage floating in a blue and white sea.

With his heart pounding, Marsters sailed in as close as he dared, but there was a vicious surf crashing on the reef surrounding the island. He could not possibly get through.

He began sailing around the island looking for a passage through the submerged coral jungle. Here he was only a few hundred yards from his coveted paradise—but how to reach it?

On the westernmost side of the island he finally spotted the only passage. A foaming turbulent strip of water rushed through the jagged coral chute to land.

There was no other break in the reef. Marsters gathered his crew and prepared to risk it. He shouted over the roar of the surf for the girls to move back in the boat and brace themselves. Then he headed in through the surf toward the island, dropping the sails as he did.

A big wave caught the craft and propelled it into the channel, and as the shore was only a hundred yards distant, it was tossed down into the foam and the boat skidded dangerously as the girls clung to the gunwales. Marsters fought the tiller, straightened the craft and kept it straight as the wave carried them in fast. Once out of the thrashing water, their momentum sent them skidding past the trees on either side and out into the quiet waters of the lagoon.

Exhausted but exhilarated, Marsters looked around him, breathing hard. The lagoon was large and encircling it was a thin strip of land covered with green jungle and an incredible green mirage floating in a blur of boatswain birds sat on the beaches. The highest hill rose only 20 feet and the island certainly could use more coconut trees, but still it was more beautiful than Marsters had dreamed it could be. Even the girls, who had spent all their lives in the islands, were impressed and excited.

Marsters hoisted the canvas and sailed a quarter of a mile across the clear lagoon to what looked like the best spot for docking. After reaching the boat they went ashore; the women prepared tasty beds of big leaves on the sand and the trio fell fast asleep on them. Marsters slept for 12 hours, Esther beside him and Adeline nearby.

Early the next morning, while the two sisters unloaded the boat and prepared breakfast from their dwindling stores, Marsters set out to explore his new kingdom. He soon discovered he had a much better land than he had thought. There were several fresh water springs—they would not have to depend on rainwater for drinking.

After eating, Marsters put out the fish lines, some in the lagoon, some out in the troughs in the coral. He anchored the boat they went to where the dock would be also the most sheltered and attractive place to build. He staked out the dimensions for a log house along European rather than Polynesian lines, and immediately set to work. The biggest trees needed for the basic structure were a considerable distance from the clearing and Marsters would have to sail the lagoon and float them down to where he wanted them. Then he and Adeline would drag them up the beach and into position with ropes and pulleys; Esther was pregnant and could do little else but the fishing and planting. The sisters gavè up their work and pets to Marsters.

Marsters re-worked the boards with his skillful ax and saw. He was working far harder and longer than he had ever done for his father, but now he had a purpose.

In less than a month they had a simple but complete house with a living room and a storage room containing a small kitchen with running water and a sink; the water was diverted from the nearby well in a series of hollow cisterns.
TRUE'S PERSONALITY INVENTORY ANSWER SHEET

The questions on page 71 were designed to test you for seven traits, plus possible clues to alcoholism. The traits are listed by keys in the scoring box. Record each answer in the appropriate box according to the following key:

ES — Emotional Stability
M — Masculinity
S — Sociability
SH — Sense of Humor
SC — Self-Confidence
T — Truthfulness
BV — Business Values

1-15. Yes or No questions. Score five points for each correct answer

16-28. A or B questions. Score five points for each correct answer

29-64. This was a test of your masculinity. The correct answers are listed below. Record all items in the “M” box on the scoring sheet. Score +2 for each correct answer. Score —2 for each incorrect answer. Score “0” for each “I” (Indifferent) answer.

29. L 38. D 47. D 56. L
32. L 41. L 50. L 59. D
33. D 42. D 51. L 60. L
34. D 43. D 52. L 61. L
35. L 44. D 53. D 62. L
36. L 45. L 54. D 63. L
37. L 46. L 55. D 64. D

65-79. True or False questions. Score five points for each correct answer.
65. F ES 70. F ES 75. T BV
66. T BV 71. F BV 76. T BV
67. T BV 72. F ES 77. F BV
68. F BV 73. T BV 78. F BV
69. F M 74. T BV 79. F ES

80-103. Choice of A, B, C, D questions. All correct A or D answers score five points. All correct B or C answers score two points. Incorrect answers receive no points.
80. C, D D 88. C, D S 96. C, D ES
81. C, D SC 89. C, D SC 97. C, D SC
82. A, B SC 90. A, B SC 98. A, B SC
84. C, D BV 92. C, D S 100. C, D ES
87. C, D SC 95. C, D ES 103. C, D ES

104-106. Score 10 points in Sense of Humor (SH) for each correct answer.

Alcoholism: Check numbers 70, 72, and 91. Two or more incorrect answers might mean a future "lost weekend."

Truthfulness: If you score 10 or less in the “T” scale, throw away your test results. They won’t trust your other answers.

Business Values are a test of your "conservatism" and "hard-headedness." If you score less than 55 in the BV scale, you may be too "liberal, impractical, or aesthetic" for American industry.

truthfulness Total

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>ES</th>
<th>S</th>
<th>SC</th>
<th>BV</th>
<th>M</th>
<th>SH</th>
<th>T</th>
<th>Total</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Superior</td>
<td>90-100</td>
<td>30-40</td>
<td>40-55</td>
<td>60-80</td>
<td>55-85</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>25</td>
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<tr>
<td>Norm</td>
<td>80-80</td>
<td>20-30</td>
<td>30-40</td>
<td>55-50</td>
<td>50-55</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Below Norm</td>
<td>40-60</td>
<td>10-20</td>
<td>15-30</td>
<td>35-35</td>
<td>15-30</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>10</td>
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<tr>
<td>Very low</td>
<td>0-40</td>
<td>0-10</td>
<td>0-15</td>
<td>0-25</td>
<td>0-15</td>
<td>0-10</td>
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YOUR SCORE

YOUR SCORE
and habitable ship than the ordinary ship of war, which was usually crammed with men and guns to the limit of habitability. And as a sea-going vessel she was superb; Humphreys built into her those qualities which had already begun to distinguish American sailing ships and which later were to reach their ultimate expression in the clippers of mid-century.

The materials employed—thanks in large degree to that same convenient vagueness regarding costs—were the best that could be obtained in America. There was a good deal of red cedar in her construction (the British were to speak of her as a "fir-built" frigate) but the most important material was New England live oak, which, besides its natural toughness and resilience, possessed the great advantage of growing in contorted shapes so as to satisfy (or rather, to satisfy those for whom they conscientiously) the natural crooks, stronger than any man-made joint, for the "knees" and other bent sections. Her copper sheathing and spikes were supplied by no less a person than Paul Revere—the supply of copper for ships was one of the many important activities of Revere's busy life. The copper, of course, was merely to inhibit the growth of marine creatures on her bottom; for protection against the enemy's fire she relied on oak—22 inches of it at the thickest parts. She had been a long time planning and had done notable work. In 1798 she had distinguished herself against the French privateer, she had carried Preble's pennant in the Mediterranean, and during the years of the cold war with Britain, (not so cold when one remembers the Little Belt incident) she had formed a part of Commodore Rodgers' squadron while the American Navy was being wrought up to the pitch of excellence to become the first great American Navy. Isaac Hull was now her captain, a man not yet 40, but already a man of mark. Yet with the outbreak of war it almost seemed as if the evil omens attending her launching were now to be justified, for she was without a crew, and she was lying in the Chesapeake, Bible at any moment to close blockade, in danger of actual capture if the British were to push a force into the Chesapeake as they were to do not long after.

The terms of enlistment into the United States Navy had been astonishingly liberal by comparison with those of other navies. Ordinary seamen were paid as much as $15 a month, were well fed, and could claim their discharge after two years of service. Such conditions attracted a fine class of seamen; it was not Hull's fault that in his ship the period of enlistment expired in less than 12 months after the moment of the declaration of war—it would have been asking far too much of Mr. Madison's administration to have foreseen this tiresome complication and to have taken measures to deal with it beforehand. Mr. Madison's message requesting war went to Congress on June 1 and war was declared on June 18, but no one thought during that interval of sending the news to Commodore Hull far off than Antigua (or elsewhere) to start enlisting a fresh crew before parting with the old one, nor in those days of leisurely mobilization did it seem strange for the men who had served their two years to claim their discharge.

The administration's war plans were vague in any case; the orders that were eventually sent to Rodgers at New York most recklessly envisaged sending the whole of America's small naval force to sea and breaking it into two even smaller fractions which were to cruise about on the coast most conveniently for the British Navy to discover them and destroy them. Rodgers had more sense—he put to sea within the hour with every available ship in a single squadron and vanished out into the Atlantic so that the British were on centerhooks wondering where he would appear. Hull was under no orders to join him, and he needed no urging in the matter of getting to sea, away from his dangerous situation, even though he had the same opinion of the orders given to Rodgers as Rodgers had. He considered it a duty with provisions and water, and hurried to sea at the earliest possible moment.

He had five days after leaving the Capes to shake down his new crew before his first encounter with the enemy—only five days, but he had good material to work with, and the experienced officers to help him. He put those five days to the best possible use, luckily for the Constitution, for himself, and for the United States of America. He was in most terrible danger, the most urgent, frightful peril, from which he could only save himself by using all his skill and experience and the trained—and well-organized—exertions of his crew.

It was July 17, hot, breathless, humid and hazy, as one would expect at that season and in that area—the future site of Atlantic City lay just on the horizon on the eastern horizon. It was heading for New York as fast as the fickle winds would permit; somewhere along the route Hull expected to encounter Rodgers' squadron coming down to meet him. That was what his instructions from Washington encouraged him to believe. Sure enough, in the afternoon, the lookout at the masthead reported a sail on the horizon in that direction, somewhat nearer to the shore than the Constitution. Soon he reported three more sails, and an hour later a fifth sail, this one considerably farther out to sea. They were ships of war, and as far as the haze would allow them to be identified, exactly where Hull expected to sight Rodgers and his five ships. In the tiny breeze, and with night coming on, Hull headed to meet them. And it was not Rodgers' squadron at all, but the English captain Broke's. He was about to sink a battleship. Only the day before an American ship of war, the brig Nautilus had sailed into his hands and had been captured.

Thanks to Hull, the Constitution avoided a similar fate. Even in the haze and in the fading light there was something about those distant sails that excited his suspicion. At sunset he sent his men to the lookout to see, and during the first hours of darkness the ffilful and erratic breeze brought the two ships closer and closer together until at last Hull could make the private night signal to the stranger. The stranger did not answer.

This was His Majesty's ship Guerriere, Capt. James Dacres. She had been parted from Broke's main body and was making her way to rejoin. Now in the darkness there was a strange ship of war making strange signals. It was Dacres' duty to find out who she was, and if she was an enemy, to engage her. The ships crept closer and closer together until they were within long cannon shot, too distant, the same, to open fire in the darkness when it could not be seen where she fell. Then at this moment Dacres' lost lookout reported four other ships just visible in the darkness near the land—Broke's four ships, of course.

It was not so obvious to Dacres what they were. He knew that Rogers was out with five American ships, and he was one American ship under his lee and four strangers in the distance. Located to him on the other side was the forecastle of the Nautilus. He knew his identification signal, and the British ships did not answer. He assumed that Dacres knew who they were and merely reporting his rejoicing was an effort that was to cost the Brits a very dear. Dacres then gave the order to windward to bring the wind closer to the windward point to come to close quarters with the Constitution. Ship to ship he stood no chance of a victory, as subsequent events were to prove, but in a night battle he had an advantage that certainly would not be inflicted enough in such a short time the least enough delay to enable the rest of Broke's squadron to close with the Constitution.

As it was, he did what any sensible man would do; he hailed his wind and kept as far away from all the strangers as he could. His orders were his own until the opportunity was lost in the haze. Now, in the faint breeze the distance between the Constitution and the Guerriere widened steadily. Then it was dawn and all the mysteries were cleared up. Hull could see four frigates and a battle-ship astern of him. If any two of the frigates, or the battleship by herself, could get within range of him, he was lost; and he had no sooner reached this conclusion than the wind died away to a dead flat calm.

Now began the historic chase. Hull put his boats overside and set them to work to bring down the frigates. He worked in the still heat, the oarblades dragging with seeming ineffectiveness through the water, the towlines tightening and slackening with malevolent jerks at each stroke, and the huge ship, moving too