

THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

50 CENTS AUGUST 1967 A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

TRUE

Startling New Theory:

ANIMATED UFO'S

Are They Living Organisms?

HOW A U.S. GUERRILLA DOUBLE-CROSSED CASTRO

THE HOOD WHO INVENTED LAS VEGAS

Bugsy Siegel's Explosive Story



HOW
BRUCE BROWN'S
"ENDLESS SUMMER"
OF SURFING
MADE HIM
\$1,000,000



*Bruce Brown was one of the first gods of the surfboard. He also had a rare photographer's eye. The talents came together in *The Endless Summer*, a surprise movie hit which will make him a million dollars*



A barefoot tycoon, Brown runs business informally. When bored, he takes off and goes surfing (left).

A COOL SURFER RIDES A JACKPOT WAVE

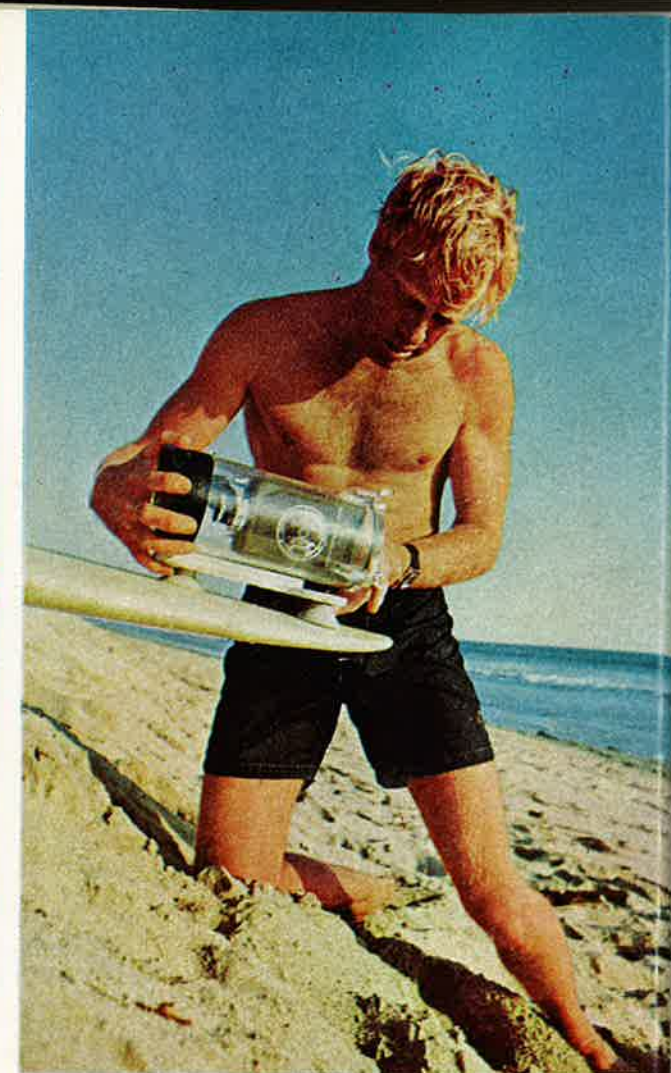
■ The squat, rambling bungalow belonging to Bruce Brown perches atop a cliff overlooking Dana Point, where another adventurer named Richard Henry Dana landed during his two years before the mast. Bruce Brown, a slim man of 29 with sun-whitened hair and weathered face, sits in a concrete niche at cliff's edge. He studies the barges that are bringing huge rocks to build a breakwater. Occasionally he glances halfway down the precipitous slope, where his sons Dana, seven, and Wade, four, are learning the twin lessons of adventure and survival.

The telephone rings. A secretary with a phony English accent announces that Brown is being called by a high-powered film producer in Hollywood, 65 miles to the north.

"I want to talk to you about making a picture for us," says the executive. "Come on up to the studio and see me."

For a moment Brown contemplates the soft California sunshine and the endless reach of ocean. "No, you come down here," he replies, and the astonished producer agrees to do so at Brown's convenience.

Now Brown summons his towheaded sons, and they reluctantly join their year-old sister Nancy in taking naps. Still in sport shirt and chinos, Brown says good-bye to his pretty wife



Brown has no trouble maneuvering, despite gear on surfboard. Mounted camera provides a wave-height view of surfers.



A precise editor, Brown looks over film. It took two years before he was satisfied with *The Endless Summer*.

He was told there were certain movie shots that couldn't be made. Then he went out and made them

and rides his motorcycle to the office of Bruce Brown Enterprises, two blocks away. There he, his office manager and a secretary operate the business of distributing the five surfing movies Brown produced earlier in his career.

Long a legend in the surfing community, Brown has lately become known to the general public because of his sixth film, *The Endless Summer*. It is the unlikely story of a round-the-world search for a perfect surfer's wave. Produced, written and narrated by Brown, it stars two men who were unknown before and haven't been seen in a movie since. It involved months of skimping and budget trimming and cost only \$50,000 to make. But what could—and by traditional Hollywood standards, should—have been a slapdash, forgettable documentary, somehow captures all the excitement and wonder of today's "coolest" sport. The film has been hailed by the sniffiest of critics as a modern classic, and so many people have flocked to see it that *Summer* has popped up on *Variety's* weekly lists of top boxoffice winners in the company of movies that cost 200 times as much.

Brown, who flirted with bankruptcy to make the film, stands to make a million dollars from it.

His office hours are occupied by numerous telephone calls from the eastern capitals where *Summer* is playing. The telephone rings once too often, and Brown escapes on his motorcycle. He returns home, straps his surfboard onto his Jeep and goes tooling down the Pacific Highway in search of some waves.

He finds them at San Onofre, one of the great surfing beaches of Southern California. Brown strips to his trunks and paddles through the onrushing waves, unmindful of the wintry chill in the water.

Three hundred yards offshore, he turns his board to the beach and waits. Soon it arrives, the large, menacing swell that holds promise of a fine wave. Brown is on his knees, chopping his hands into the water to meet the momentum of the swell. Now it is carrying the board along, and he rises to his feet as the immense power of the wave starts to break.

He leans forward on the board and the full force of the water hurtles him toward the shore. The wave starts to wane and he crouches down to paddle



Brown and cliff-dwelling family live his dream.

swiftly. Another swell breaks from behind and Brown rides it upright until the force is spent and he steps off into ankle-deep water. Here, personified, is the skill and joy of great surfing. It could have been the movie.

This daily routine is often repeated by Brown, with slight variations. Some days he may escape by hunting for quail with his golden retriever Arf in the unspoiled hills behind Dana Point. Or he may take his commercial fishing boat out on the Pacific to track down and harpoon sailfish.

"Bruce leads the kind of life that most men dream about," says an admiring friend. "What's more, he's getting rich doing it."

But that's a recent development. Until a year ago, Bruce Brown earned an often precarious financial existence as "the Fellini of the foam"—he was so dubbed by *The New York Times*. Then the dice came up seven on *The Endless Summer*.

The results have delighted Brown, but he is the kind of man who can live with success or without it. The office is new, and he [Continued on page 63]

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY BOB GRANT

can only be spotted at distances of a mile or so, while angels have been detected up to 25 miles. Ionized air masses are detectable on radarscopes, but are recognizable as sprawling blotches with cometlike tails. Such masses do not contain enough electrified particles to duplicate the sharply-defined angel blips.

Angels appear day and night in all types of weather, moving usually at speeds between 30 and 60 miles an hour, and have been known to disappear without moving out of the scope's range. They cruise at various heights, but sometimes as low as 800 feet. Moreover, they fly downwind, upwind or crosswind.

Efforts to explain angels in conventional terms have been unsatisfactory.

Dr. Luis W. Alvarez, inventor of the radar Ground Control Approach System (GCA), once suggested that angels might be exceptional masses of ionized atmosphere (which might also describe the Wassilko-Serecki and Cage creatures). But, he continued, he could not imagine how so many ions got jammed into so few cubic yards of air. "And I don't understand," he added, "why the gizmos don't always move with the wind, if they aren't alive."

Since 1947 many UFO photographs have been taken, some probably authentic, many questionable. A majority of the ones that can be regarded as authentic show little detail. They simply indicate that something unidentifiable was in the atmosphere.

One man, however, decided to do some personal research. He went out into the California desert and took thousands of pictures. These photographs do not reveal extraterrestrial, artificial constructions. They do disclose what may well be atmospheric life-forms.

The man is Trevor James, a Los Angeles businessman and author of the book *They Live in the Sky* which contains 30 pages of his photographs.

At first the experiments of Trevor James and his associate, James O. Woods, were hit or miss efforts. They had very little success with an infrared telescope (or "snooperscope") which seemed to be insensitive to the required vibrations or wavelengths. Then they turned to cameras, certain filters and high-speed infrared film. The two men did not see the creatures with their physical eyesight, but after a time James developed the ability to "feel" their presence. "First," he writes, "one becomes conscious that such things do exist, and then an awareness of their actual presence follows."

The use of infrared film (Kodak IR 135) requires special care to prevent fogging and must be kept cool. The cassettes must be spooled, stored and loaded and unloaded into and from the camera in dim light. To record the invisible light, one should employ an 87, 88A or 87C Kodak Wratten filter over the lens, although a 25A or 29 Wratten filter will work.

In two of James's most remarkable shots he used a Leica with an 87 filter, lens opened to maximum f3.5 setting, shutter set at 1/30 of a second; and a Praktica FX2, with high-speed infrared film exposed 1/50 of a second at f11.

The pictures were taken day and night, but some of the best were shot in the immediate postdawn period. They were principally taken in the area of the Lucerne Valley of the Mojave Desert between Victorville and Yucca Valley.

"For experimental purposes," James tells us, "it is not necessary to have any conditions other than a perfectly cloudless day. Take a few rolls of infrared film, and shoot the horizon in overlapping segments through the full 360 degrees. It is possible that in the Mojave Desert area strange objects will appear in your pictures which should be examined minutely . . . You may catch an invisible flying animal or a creature. Try it and see, and you will find for yourselves that we speak the truth."

And what are these creatures or life-forms like?

According to James, they are self-illuminated; sometimes the light is steady and at other times it flashes. Some resemble large amoebas or bladders, cigar or sausage-shaped; others are heel or disk-shaped. The larger ones occasionally reveal reptilian features or beaks. They appear to contract and expand as they move through the air. A curious feature is that some seem to be transparent even

COMING . . .

Orbiting eyes
from outer space

SECRETS OF THE "BLACK AIR FORCE"

A report on
new spies in the
sky which make the
U-2 as obsolete
as a birchbark canoe

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

to infrared and to be two-dimensional (to have no depth), although this may be due to the way they register on the film's emulsion.

We now have a theoretical basis for explaining some of the UFO's. We especially have a basis for explaining the curious actions of "lights" and "fireballs."

In the atmosphere of an electrical storm, couldn't these creatures occasionally become charged by friction or otherwise build up sufficient energy to become visible to human sight? Then, in the brief span of their visible existence, couldn't they express their curiosity by following planes, cars and trains?

Is it possible that large atmospheric animals sometimes cause flocks of migrating birds to fly blindly in panic? On September 11, 1948, for example, thousands of birds of different species were killed or injured when they crashed into the Empire State Building, New York, and the transmitting tower of Radio Station WBAL at Baltimore. Fog and beacon lights are usually blamed for such incidents, but in these cases there was no fog and weather conditions were good during the night and morning.

Is it possible that radiation from these creatures may occasionally kill flocks of

birds? In May, 1917, there was a report of hundreds of dead birds of varied species falling from the sky at Baton Rouge, Louisiana. The sky was clear and the nearest storm was on the Florida coast. A similar fall of thousands of petrels occurred in August, 1960, at Capitola beach, east of Santa Cruz, California. In both instances the cause of the deaths could not be determined.

Is it possible that atmospheric animals occasionally "materialize" into our physical realm and meet disaster by disintegration? There have been many accounts of the fall of mysterious gelatinous and organic substances from the sky. In one case, reported in the *Transactions of the Swedish Academy of Sciences*, a "tremendous procession" of round bodies with tails passed overhead, and occasionally one fell to the ground leaving a "soapy and jellied film" which soon dried and vanished.

On September 26, 1950, Patrolmen John Collins and Joseph Keenan saw an object fall into a field in southwest Philadelphia, as they were riding in their patrol car. With two other officers called to the scene, they found that the object was of irregular shape, about six feet in length and a foot thick at its center, and it gave off a misty purplish glow. Collins touched it and determined that it was a jellylike mass; the material on his hand dissolved, leaving a sticky, odorless residue. Within half an hour the entire object had evaporated. The officers told reporters that they believed the object was organic.

A similar incident occurred on February 28, 1958, at Miami, Florida, when an object fell from a clear sky into the backyard of Faustin Gallegos, a police detective. It was roughly globular, transparent like glass, and about the size of a medicine ball. Its surface glittered, and it "seemed to be made up of thousands of minute cells resembling those of a honeycomb, and it was pulsating over its entire body." There was no odor.

The detective and later his wife stuck their fingers into it. "To my amazement I could feel nothing," Gallegos said. "I withdrew my finger at once and saw that I had left a hole in the material the size and length of my finger. This was the first time in my life that I had been able to see and touch an object, yet be unable to feel it."

By the time neighbors appeared on the scene, the weird mass was spreading out over the lawn and shrinking. Gallegos managed to scoop up enough of the material to fill a pickle jar and seal it with the lid. Half an hour from the time of the fall, the mass had dissolved, leaving no trace. It took the detective 20 minutes to drive to the police station, but when he arrived the jar was empty. There was not even a trace of moisture.

What was the strange object that fell in Detective Gallegos's yard? Was it a space animal? We'll never know for sure. But as scientific progress continues, and astronauts make more and more voyages into the upper atmosphere, it may well be that evidence for the existence of such creatures will continue to accumulate. —Vincent Gaddis

A COOL SURFER RIDES A JACKPOT WAVE

[Continued from page 39]

enjoys the idea of a staff, bank balance and debt-free existence. On the other hand, he refuses to change his values or to be impressed by the plaudits and attention that have come his way. He takes part in the publicity hoopla when *Summer* opens in major cities because he recognizes that salesmanship is needed to help put the movie over. But after each premiere he jets back to Los Angeles and flies the helicopter to Dana Point, where he chooses to swing a lot more like a Robinson Crusoe than a Frank Sinatra.

He has resisted the blandishments of the film Establishment. Among his offers was one from producer Ivan Tors (*Flipper*, *Daktari*), who told him: "If you will make a television series based on surfing, I could sell it in one hour."

"But I don't want to make a television series based on surfing," replied Brown, and that was that.

Brown has a very special, almost lyrical view of surfing which goes back to days long before a pair of knobby knees—formed by long hours of kneeling on surfboards—became a badge of honor for California youth. He was born in San Francisco, the son of a salesman who moved his family to Southern California when Bruce was 10. Shortly afterward, the boy was introduced to the idea of riding a wave into shore and became one of a small band of pioneers who surfed at Hermosa and Huntington Beach in every kind of weather.

"Bruce was a big Kahuna [Hawaiian god of surfing] when I started out," his close friend, Del Cannon, now manager of a surfboard shop, recalls in typical surfing lingo. "He did hot-dogging [tricks on smaller waves] that most of the others wouldn't handle. He was great at stalling [angling the board just as a wave breaks], traveling [walking atop board during a wave] and hanging 10 [dangling toes over

front of board]; and he was absolutely fearless at shooting the pier [riding a wave through pier pilings]."

Graduating from Wilson High School in Long Beach at 17, he decided to get his service duty over with. He naturally chose the Navy and volunteered for submarine duty.

"I had heard that the top 10 percent in the class could choose between the east and west coasts," he recalls, "and the honor man could pick his own base and sub. I was honor man, and I chose the *Gudgeon* because it happened to be in the shipyard at Pearl Harbor." And Pearl Harbor, of course, happens to be in Hawaii, the crown jewel of all surfing country.

With his savings from sub school and his hazardous-duty pay, the lanky new sailor promptly bought an Austin-Healey sports car and had his surfboard shipped over from California. Instead of spending nights aboard the *Gudgeon*, he rented a \$25-a-month room on the beach at Waikiki.

"I wasn't too popular with the other men on the sub," he admits. "They resented it when this apprentice seaman—the lowest man on the totem pole—went racing off in an Austin-Healey with a babe at his side and a surfboard on top of the car. Surfing was strange to them then. Their idea of fun was to get tattooed and then go out and get drunk. Hell, I could live for a week on what they spent on booze."

As a result of his minimal gung-ho, Brown set new Pearl Harbor records for the amount of time spent by an apprentice seaman in paint-chipping and mess duty. After two years of service, including voyages to Alaska and Samoa, he was discharged in California. He returned to Hawaii immediately.

There Brown joined a few other Californians who were living on the beach. Some slept on the sand, in vacant lots or derelict cars; one nonacrophobic type positioned his mattress in a tree. Brown shared a \$16-a-month room that included

nothing more than two cots and a hot plate.

Brown and his fellow surfers skin dived for lobsters and speared fish, which they exchanged for meals from the local citizens. Girls invited to their haunts were told: "Better bring a bag of groceries if you want to eat." In an extremity some of the surfers took jobs, but only long enough to supply food money. They preferred to spend their days astride boards in the cobalt water, waiting for that perfect wave.

Not only did Brown live the surfer's life. He photographed it.

As a hobby, he had been taking surfing movies with an 8mm. camera since he was a boy. During his on-the-beach period in Hawaii, he began developing the techniques that were to establish him as the master of the art.

Brown did not invent the surfing film; others were in the field before him. But their efforts consisted of an endless procession of waves of all sizes which fascinated surfers but generally made nonsurfers a little seasick. Brown photographed wave-riding, too, but he also focused his camera on the surfers themselves and the way they lived.

More important, he learned how the camera could be used to make movie audiences almost feel they were riding the waves. He tried longer and better lenses that brought the camera eye in so close on a surfer surrounded by a mountain of water that viewers instinctively ducked. And being a superb surfer, he was able to balance himself on a board, camera in hand, and capture a surfer's eye view of the ride to shore. He even attached a camera to the front of his board for unprecedented shots of a fellow Kahuna during a wave.

Brown's daredevil camera work often caused dings (dents) on his board, not to mention his head and body—a 30-pound board in a crashing surf can be a lethal instrument. Many times he dropped his camera, and only its waterproof housing saved it.

But if Brown was happy living a nomadic surfer's life and experimenting with pictures, his parents weren't. They demanded that he return to the mainland to enter Long Beach City College.

He became a college dropout in his first semester.

The American literature professor was describing the death of Edgar Allan Poe. Freshman Brown, who had read the complete works and several biographies of Poe while in the Navy, cited varying theories about the author's death.

"You write down on the test what I've said or you will be marked incorrect," the professor decreed.

That did it. Brown figured if the students were being misinformed in American lit, there was no telling how much more bogus knowledge was being purveyed in other classes. He quit school and lit out for Mexico with a friend.

Their aim was to reach Mexico City, but they were fated never to get there. They had paid \$40 for a 1947 Kaiser which had a dozen blowouts before they reached the border. The gas tank was so leaky they had to put coffee cans under it whenever they stopped, then refill the



"Oh, good heavens! You're not co-ed, are you?"

tank when they started again. Going through Mexican mountains, they suffered two simultaneous blowouts that dislodged the tank and sent it plummeting down a 300-foot cliff. A passing truck driver lent Brown a rope to rappel down the cliff to retrieve the tank.

The Kaiser finally chugged to a complete stop, and Brown hitchhiked back to California. But he had seen Mexico and had spotted some virgin surfing country near Mazatlan. Now he was ready to go to work. He took a lifeguard job at San Clemente.

Brown continued fiddling with the film he had shot in Hawaii. Occasionally he showed his movies at surfboard shops for 25 cents a customer. To his amazement, he discovered he could earn as much as 10 dollars a night. One shop owner was equally amazed.

"I'll stake you to a 16mm. camera and all the film you need," he told Brown. "I'll pay your fare to Hawaii, too. Make a real movie, and I'll split the profits with you fifty-fifty."

And so in 1957, Brown embarked on his first feature movie. He recalls: "I devoured every book I could find about cinema technique. As a result, the first picture was a book-type movie, with long-shot, medium-shot, close-up, and so forth. It wasn't until I learned the rules that I realized they were made to be broken."

He returned from Hawaii with thousands of feet of film. For weeks he cut, uncut and recut the footage, trying to assemble it into something he liked. Occasionally he was visited by Patricia Hunter, a California girl he had met in Hawaii, who "removed the top three feet of clothes and newspapers that littered my apartment."

He had assembled a half hour of film when he got a call to show his movies at nearby Orange Coast College for a \$25 fee. Stone-broke, Brown couldn't afford to pass up the opportunity.

"Suddenly I realized that I would have to narrate the damn thing," he says. "I used to panic when I had to make a report in class; now I had to face a whole assembly."

"I wrote out a list of things to say, then forgot about them when I got onstage. I decided to tell the truth: that I had never before appeared in front of an audience, that the movie wasn't finished yet, that nobody had ever seen it—except maybe my dog."

"They laughed. I was amazed. I kept on telling the truth about the problems of making the movie and they laughed harder. I ended up laughing more than they did. From then on I followed the same policy: never tell an audience anything that wasn't true."

Brown finally finished editing the film, dubbed it *Slippery When Wet*, and began showing it up and down the Southern California littoral to groups of sun-bronzed surfers. The surfing boom was barely getting started. Audiences were enthusiastic but limited in numbers, and Brown's profits were tiny. But his needs were few, and he was fascinated with the medium of film.

His partner dropped out of the enterprise when he was unable to pay Brown his share of the money that had been col-

lected for showings. The shop owner gave Brown the camera instead. On his own again, Brown produced a new film each year with increasing professionalism: *Surf Crazy*, *Barefoot Adventure*, *Surfing Hollow Days*, *Waterlogged*. Each movie provided barely enough profit to supply the film and transportation costs for the next one.

In June of 1959, when he was 21 and his assets consisted of little more than an aged station wagon with doors that detached when pulled too hard, Brown married Pat Hunter. She is a snub-nosed brunette who shares his love of sea and adventure. With Brown she's had plenty of both.

Their routine became standard. Movie shot and edited, Bruce would borrow some money for the rental of a high-school auditorium. Pat silk-screened posters in their garage. Friends were enlisted to help take tickets and run the projector on the night of the showing. The profits—\$200 to \$300—were generally enough to allow the Browns to live and surf for a week or two, then they repeated the process.

Business improved with the addition in 1962 of another surfer, R. Paul Allen, an advance man. But even when surfing music and fads became a nationwide

COMING . . .

A noted scientist casts an approving eye at positive tipping

EAT, DRINK AND STAY MERRY

Learn why research shows the drink-knockers generally are all wet

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

craze, it appeared that the appeal of Bruce Brown films would be limited to the amphibious athletes of Southern California.

Brown didn't think so. He felt the excitement and pictorial beauty of surfing held enough appeal for a wide audience, provided he could present the sport in a vital way. He continued to hone his technique, striving to develop better style and daring to ride the big ones, camera in hand, to capture on film the exhilaration of surfing.

For his sixth movie, Brown wanted something challenging and different. While talking one winter day to a pair of young surfers, Robert August and Mike Hynson, the trio deplored the seasonal nature of the surfing sport in California.

"But it's summer in South Africa," said Brown. "Why don't we fly down there and look for some waves?"

The idea he'd been looking for emerged. They would embark on a quest for "the perfect wave," searching the southern hemisphere during November, December and January, and add pictures taken at home from June to September, thus realizing an "endless summer."

August and Hynson would be the major actors in the movie; Brown, of course,

would do all the filming. Brown promised to pay expenses if August and Hynson provided their own fare. (He'd repay them for the jet tickets when and if the film made a profit.)

The only thing that stood between the three men and the ambitious project was money. Brown had long operated on the most tattered of shoestrings. Fortunately he had access to a sympathetic banker, who agreed to put up \$5,000 to get the venture started.

And so the trio of surfers set out in late 1963 on a trip that took them to Senegal, Ghana, Nigeria, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, Tahiti and Hawaii. Once he had taken care of his immediate costs, Brown had only \$1,500 to stretch over a round-the-world three-month journey for three healthy, hungry young men. They made it do by scrounging for meals whenever possible and hitchhiking over the foreign roads—a significant accomplishment since anyone who picked them up also had to cart their 10-foot surfboards.

Their biggest challenge was avoiding overweight charges on airlines.

"We stuffed the clothes we were wearing with the heavy camera equipment," recalls Hynson, "and we carried everything else we could in our hand baggage. Then we dawdled around the air terminal until the final call. The announcement would come: 'Will passengers Brown, August and Hynson please report for their flight?'"

"That was our signal to go waddling for the gate, trying not to appear too loaded down. The man on the gate was faced with two possibilities: he could let us go through, or he could delay the flight and charge us for excess baggage. We were stopped only twice."

The name of the game for surfers is "finding the waves," and through the years Brown has demonstrated an uncanny knack for doing so. Surfing champion Phil Edwards recalls a trip to the South Pacific for an earlier Brown film. "Bruce would look at a map and note how deep the offshore water was and whether there were shoals. Then he'd find out where the storms generated and what direction the swells traveled. Damned if he didn't come up with good waves every time."

"Another time we were in a little town called Katsura, southeast of Tokyo," adds Del Cannon. "The ocean looked like a lake, but Bruce was convinced there would be surf. We stuck it out for three days, and sure enough, the waves began rising to four and five feet. Then there was a typhoon at sea, and they came in at 10 and 12 feet."

Brown's sixth sense held for *The Endless Summer*. The travelers' luck was phenomenal. They managed to find sunny weather and rideable waves nearly everywhere. Only in Australia did they encounter unfriendly skies and placid surf—and it was almost a welcome break. Brown occupied his camera there with shots of his two stars sparking over-ripe beauties in bikinis, the sole hint of sex in the movie.

And during the trip Brown did indeed find the perfect wave. It was on a lonely, sun-swept stretch of beach near Durban,



"A terribly amusing incident occurred out in the kitchen, sir—what would be monsieur's second choice?"

South Africa, that had perhaps never been swum, much less surfed. There Hynson and August rode flawlessly-formed four-foot rollers that continued so long that Brown's camera ran out of film.

Returning to California, Brown began piecing together the footage he had exposed on the journey. A perfectionist, he continued seeking more exciting shots; he made six return trips to Hawaii.

His labors continued for two years. The \$5,000 he had borrowed was long gone; now he borrowed some more and sunk in every dollar he earned from showings of his first five movies on the Southern California auditorium circuit. His total investment approached \$50,000.

Test showings of *The Endless Summer* indicated he had an attraction far superior to his previous efforts. But Brown realized he could never get his money back in high-school auditoriums, so he tried to interest major film companies in releasing it.

"It's not commercial," a studio boss told him. "It'll never sell outside the beach towns of Southern California. Now if the picture had Frankie Avalon and Annette Funicello. . . ."

Brown and Paul Allen were convinced that the film *was* commercial. To prove it, they decided to hire their own theater in that most landlocked of cities, Wichita, Kansas. Allen traveled to Wichita in February, 1966, to conduct a publicity campaign; Brown, hedging his bet, flew off to Hawaii to begin shooting his next film.

The Wichita engagement held promise of disaster. Brown and Allen knew that you could count the surfers in Wichita on two hands. What they didn't know was that their movie would open during a strike of theater employees—and a blizzard. The first two days' attendance was sparse, but by the weekend the theater was sold out.

Allen splurged on a phone call to Brown in Hawaii. "We're a sensation," he cried. "We're doing bigger business than *My Fair Lady* and *The Great Race* in their first weeks here."

These facts, complete with adjectives and grosses, were duly reported to the movie bosses. Their retort: "A freak. Just because it did business in Wichita doesn't mean it will make money elsewhere."

"Okay," Brown said to Allen, "we'll hit them where they'll have to say 'uncle.' That means a successful run in New York City."

It also meant expense. It would cost \$50,000 to blow up the print from 16mm. to 35mm., plus another \$25,000 for publicity, advertising and rental of a theater. Brown borrowed \$25,000 from his indulgent banker and deferred payment for 30 days on the lab costs and other expenses. He was in hock up to his neck, yet he remained confident. His morale was bolstered by his wife.

"I think the picture will go over," she assured him. The kids were too little to comment.

Brown could find no available theater in the main entertainment district of Manhattan, and he had to settle for an offbeat house, the Kips Bay.

Two days before the June opening, Allen announced they would have to hire a projection room to screen *The Endless Summer* for the critics.

"But we're almost out of dough," Brown protested. "Let 'em see it at the theater."

"In this town you've got to show the critics a picture at a special screening," Allen insisted. "They demand it."

The New York critics assembled for the preview with an air of vague foreboding. They looked at the amateur moviemaker with suspicion, and their humor wasn't improved when the tanned Californian said bouncily: "This projection room cost

me 50 bucks, so you'd better give me good reviews."

The critics left quickly after the screening, and Brown had visions of foreclosure on his Dana Point home.

Now it was Brown's turn to be surprised. The blasé New York critics had been stunned by what they saw. They had come expecting a home-movie production, but they had witnessed a film of rare beauty and ingenuous charm. Brown's restless camera had captured all the zest of a challenging sport, and he had not been afraid to shoot into the sun or to dampen his lens in a crashing wave in order to achieve an effective scene. His two leading players fitted the subject to perfection; they were wholesome and unaffected. The narrative took them from California to exotic foreign beaches, climaxing with waves of near-tsunami (tidal wave) proportions on Oahu's north coast. The 91-minute movie was tied together by Brown's unsophisticated humor and embellished with a thumping, melodic score.

Brown couldn't believe the reviews. "Perfect movie . . . great movie"—*The New Yorker*. "A dazzling ode to sun, sand and surf"—*Time*. "Breathtaking! Sweeping and exciting"—*Newsweek*. "Extraordinary entertainment . . . breathtakingly beautiful"—*Daily News*.

The Kips Bay theater did triple its previous best business in the first week. But Brown did no celebrating. He still was faced with his debts to the bank and a mass of unpaid bills. He finally got out of hock by making a deal with Cinema V to distribute the movie nationally.

Obviously *The Endless Summer* has proved to be no mere critics' film. At the end of nine months, it was still drawing crowds to the Kips Bay, becoming the longest-running film in New York. Cinema V gave the film special art-house releases in the major cities of the country, followed by saturation bookings. The returns were so impressive (it promises to gross \$3 million in this country alone), that Columbia made a deal to release the film overseas.

It is the code of the surfer to play it cool, and Bruce Brown must be the coolest of them all. He hasn't changed home, friends, clothes or way of living. He's as lean and brown as when he lived on the beach in Hawaii. He abhors big-city cocktail parties and the other yardsticks of urban and suburban prosperity, preferring the untouched outdoors and the conversation of his fellow surfers.

He is a man who smokes too much and drinks little alcohol—"but when I do drink, I make up for it." On one such occasion he and Paul Allen amused themselves by shooting skeet off the ocean cliff behind Brown's house, an activity which the Dana Point police took pains to discourage. Brown is given to other urges, such as a yen he had to travel by motorcycle to the tip of Baja California; he made the 1,200-mile trip over primitive roads in three weeks.

About the only outward evidence of Brown's recent success was the purchase of 200 acres of timberland adjacent to Sierra National Forest in central California. He bought the place unseen, and he takes his family there a few times a