

SPECIAL BOOK BONUS

# THE BLONDE TRAP

A SAVAGE EXPLOSION OF BACK COUNTRY LUST

SEPT.

# MALE



CHAMPAGNE  
CHARLIE:  
KING of the  
SPENDERS

25c

## FRÄULEIN JUNGLE

*The Tragedy of  
Man-Starved Women*



**The NAIROBI  
AFFAIR**

*M. Kinstler*

# Tools

## Wholesale



**EARN BIG *Spot Cash* PROFITS**  
**IN A BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN . . . FULL OR PART TIME**  
**MAKE \$20 A DAY**

### NATIONALLY ADVERTISED TOOLS

at a Wholesale  
**DISCOUNT up to**  
**50% OFF**

You can buy as you need it. A million dollar inventory at your fingertips.  
 . . . Stanley, Millers Falls, Plumb, Disston, Wiss, Black & Decker, Clemson, Thor, Ridgid, K & E, Lufkin and hundreds of other nationally advertised name brand tools, appliances, motors, electric tools, power tools and others too numerous to mention.



### START YOUR OWN BUSINESS

Sell tools to your friends, neighbors, for industrial and institutional use. Everyone needs tools. Meet the demands of the tremendous Do-It-Yourself Market.

Build your own business selling nationally advertised tools from an illustrated coded catalog bearing your name and only your name on it. You get all the orders and reorders. You sell merchandise that is pre-sold for you through national advertising by the country's leading tool manufacturers, such as Black and Decker, Clemson, Disston, K & E, Lufkin, Millers Falls, Ridgid, Stanley, Thor, Wiss and many others! You need not carry any stock — use our capital! All orders received are shipped the same day from our warehouse stock of over 15,000 items. All merchandise sold on unconditional money-back guarantee. Don't Wait. Act today! Send \$1.00 Deposit for Dealer's card and get our giant new 1956 wholesale catalog at no extra charge. Your \$1.00 is credited to your first purchase or refunded if you are not 100% satisfied. **MAIL COUPON NOW!** Tool Discount House, Dept 133 318 Market Street, Newark, New Jersey.

You can buy Nationally Advertised Hand Tools, Power Tools, Appliances and Hardware at a **DISCOUNT up to**  
**50% OFF**  
 Order as you need it. No Investment Required.

**ACT NOW! MAIL COUPON TODAY!**

## 1956 WHOLESALE CATALOG

- Hand Tools
- Power Tools
- Hardware
- Appliances

100% MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.

ENCLOSE \$1.00 FOR DEALERS CARD & MAMMOTH TOOL CATALOG

### This Coupon Gets You Started!

TOOL DISCOUNT HOUSE, Dept.133  
 318 MARKET STREET, NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

I am enclosing \$1.00. Rush me your dealer's card and big Catalog Today. If I am not completely satisfied with your plan, I understand that I can return the Dealer's Card and Catalog for refund, and if I decide to order, my \$1.00 will be deductible from my first order.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address \_\_\_\_\_  
 City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

# THIS FREE BOOK

will prove that you can become an expert

# ACCOUNTANT...AUDITOR

# OR C.P.A.

**GET THIS BOOK FREE!**

We offer you this free book so that you can *prove to yourself* that you CAN master Accounting—quickly, thoroughly—in spare time at home.

You will see exactly how LaSalle's famous "Problem Method" works...how you are led step-by-step through actual accounting work—*learning by doing* and not by study of theory alone. First you tackle easy problems, then more difficult ones—until soon you master them all. And at every step you have the close personal guidance of LaSalle's large staff of C.P.A. instructors.

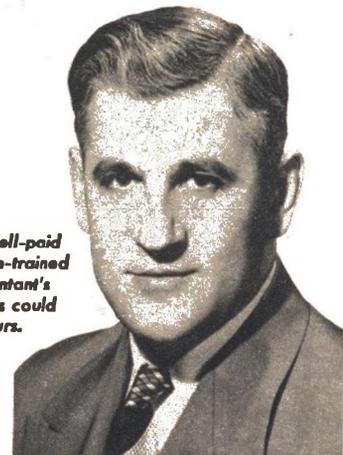
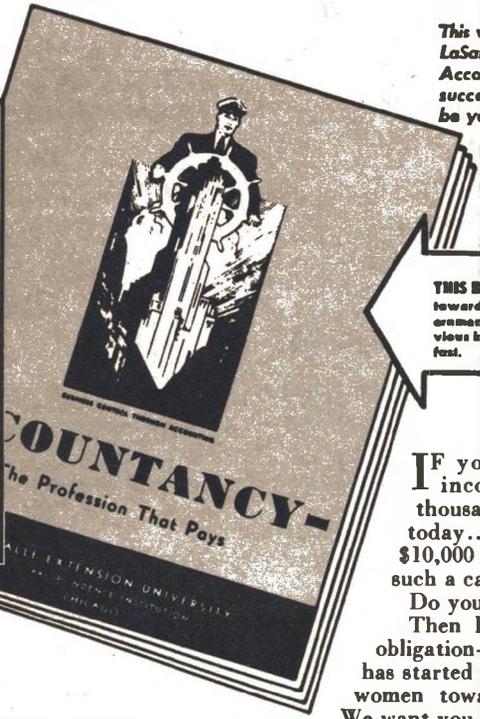
One out of every 13 of all C.P.A.'s in the U.S. has been trained by the LaSalle Problem Method

## PREPARE FOR A HIGH-PAY POSITION

If you were an expert accountant right now, chances are you would find yourself among the highest-paid of all professional men and women. Accountants earn more than many men in other major professions.

There are several big fields of opportunity open to men and women trained in Accounting...opportunities that are wide open and highly inviting, offering maximum income and job security in good times or bad. And under LaSalle's "Problem Method" you can start earning while still learning—either in spare-time or full-time employment...or in business for yourself with no capital required.

Get the latest information by sending for our illustrated booklet, "Accountancy, The Profession That Pays". The coupon at right will bring it to you without cost or obligation. LaSalle Extension University, 417 S. Dearborn St., Chicago 5, Illinois.



This well-paid LaSalle-trained Accountant's success could be yours.

THIS BOOK HAS STARTED HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS toward well-paid accounting careers—in business, government, and public practice as C.P.A.'s. Even without previous knowledge, progress is rapid—earning power climbs fast.

If you have been envying the high incomes and good jobs enjoyed by thousands of men and women Accountants today...incomes ranging from \$4,000 to \$10,000 and more per year...why not launch such a career for yourself?

Do you doubt that you can? Then let us send you—without cost or obligation—the same book with which LaSalle has started several hundred thousand men and women toward successful accounting careers. We want you to see for yourself how this remarkable method, originated by LaSalle, makes

Accounting simple, interesting, practical, and certain...how it leads you step-by-step to a complete mastery of Accounting—and on up to the Certified Public Accountant Certificate if you so aspire.

It doesn't matter whether you've had previous bookkeeping experience, or whether you don't know a debit from a credit. Whether you wish to qualify as an expert accountant, advanced accountant, cost accountant, auditor, government accountant, income tax specialist, or public accountant...you'll find in LaSalle's Problem Method the exact plan to prepare you rapidly and inexpensively—in spare hours at home—without losing a day from your present job.

So right now, today...if you are an adult, employed, and earnestly ambitious for rapid advancement in one of the highest paying professions...send your name and address on the coupon below. We'll send you free our latest book outlining today's career opportunities and how you can qualify for them. A coupon like this has started many thousands toward greater success. It can do the same for you. Mail it today!

Member, National Home Study Council

.....Clip Coupon... Mail TODAY!.....

**LaSalle Extension University . . . A Correspondence Institution**

Dept. 9378-H, 417 S. Dearborn Street, Chicago 5, Illinois

YES, I want to see how LaSalle's "Problem Method" works...how I can qualify for high-pay Accounting positions. Send your book, "Accountancy, The Profession That Pays"...without cost or obligation.

Name.....Age.....

Street Address.....

City, Zone & State.....

Present Position.....



# MALE

September, 1956 Vol. 6, No. 9

Cover Painting by  
Mort Künstler

## CONTENTS

<b>ADVENTURE . . .</b>	<b>ANDREWS' SUICIDE RAID</b> . . . . .	Don Dwiggins	11
	<i>"General," he said, "I can split the South in two."</i>		
	<b>"MISSING—60 FEET OF SHIP!"</b> . . . . .	Joseph Cabezud	14
	<i>The bow was drifting past the stern.</i>		
	<b>THE NAIROBI AFFAIR</b> . . . . .	Stan Smith	18
	<i>The private battle of Radioman Smith.</i>		
	<b>DEATH OF AN ISRAELI PATROL</b> . . . . .	Aaron Gold	24
	<i>Four men against a platoon—a ready-made rabbit shoot.</i>		
	<b>LAST STAND AT THE ARIKAREE</b> . . . . .	Gil Paust	38
	<i>The day the cavalry killed Roman Nose.</i>		
<b>EXPOSÉ . . . . .</b>	<b>CHAMPAGNE CHARLIE: KING OF THE SPENDERS</b> . . . . .	W. T. Hartnage	16
	<i>He cared for only three things: money, money, money.</i>		
	<b>FRAÜLEIN</b> . . . . .	Otto Lange	20
	<i>A shocking report on Germany's desperate women.</i>		
<b>BOOK BONUS . . .</b>	<b>THE BLONDE TRAP</b> . . . . .	William Fuller	32
	<i>He was caught in an orgy of swampland lust.</i>		
<b>FICTION . . . . .</b>	<b>THE FASTEST GUN IN TOWN</b> . . . . .	Bill Kiley	28
	<i>He could outdraw anybody—even Billy the Kid.</i>		
	<b>THE INTERROGATION OF ROY BOND</b> . . . . .	David Cooke	44
	<i>"Tell us how you killed her, son. You'll feel better."</i>		
<b>OFF TRAIL . . . .</b>	<b>HOW HOLLYWOOD BEATS THE JITTERS</b> . . . . .	Frank D. Ellis	30
	<i>Science calls it meproamate. You just ask for Milton.</i>		
	<b>THE BIG TRAIN</b> . . . . .	Marshall Lang	36
	<i>He threw the fastest ball any human had ever thrown.</i>		
	<b>THE STRANGE SUMMER</b> . . . . .	Peter Basch	40
	<i>A MALE photo feature.</i>		
<b>DEPARTMENTS . .</b>	<b>DEADLINE MALE</b> . . . . .		6
	<b>MEDICINE FOR MALES</b> . . . . .	Anthony Ridge	8
	<b>INSIDE FOR MEN</b> . . . . .		26
	<b>MALE CALL</b> . . . . .		84

Editorial Director: NOAH SARLAT; Business Manager: MONROE FROELICH

Art Director: MEL BLUM; Managing Editor: K. T. MEYER; Executive Editor: MARV KARP; Picture Editor: DAN MERRIN

Associate Editors: E. F. GALLAGHER, V. A. JIRSA; Book Editor: PAT UNTERMEYER

Art Editor: BILL GANAN

Circulation Manager: ARTHUR BARCHARD

MALE is published MONTHLY by MALE PUBLISHING CORP. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 655 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 21, N. Y. SECOND-CLASS MAIL PRIVILEGES AUTHORIZED AT NEW YORK, N. Y. Additional entry at CHICAGO, ILLINOIS. Copyright 1956 by MALE PUBLISHING CORP., 655 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y. Vol. 6, No. 9, SEPTEMBER 1956 issue. Price 25c per copy. Subscription rate \$3.25 for 12 issues including postage. Not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, and all manuscripts must be accompanied by stamped self-addressed envelopes. Advertising offices: New York—Sid Kalish, Advertising Director, 655 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y.; Midwest—William R. Stewart, 9 South Clinton Street, Chicago 6, Illinois; West Coast—Lloyd B. Chappell, 810 So. Robertson, Los Angeles 35, California. Printed in the U.S.A.

# Just Pick the Kind of Body YOU Want

**RIGHT IN THE COUPON BELOW!**

...and I'll PROVE How EASILY You Can Have It...

**Almost Overnight**

## Why Be Half a Man?

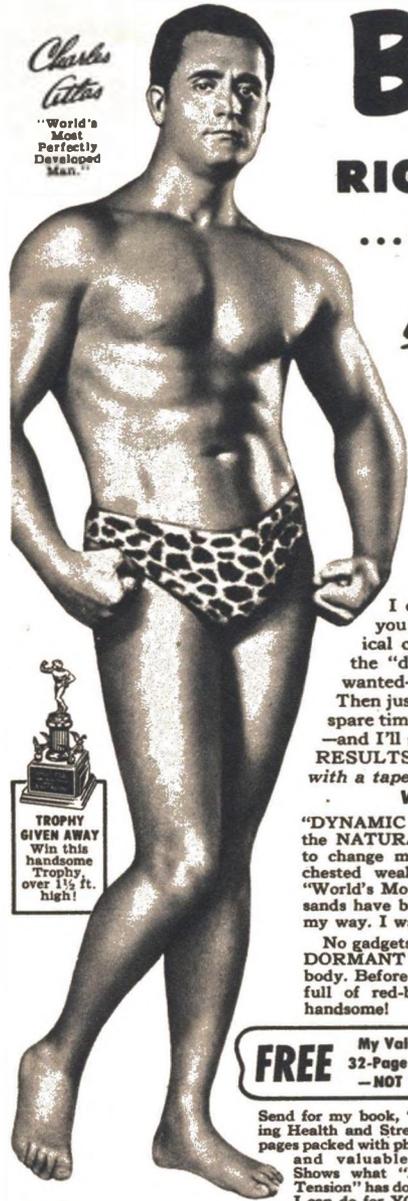
... when it's so easy to become a real **HE-MAN** my natural way Most fellows spend all of their lives feeling only **HALF ALIVE**. But you don't have to put up with that. Give yourself honest answers to these important questions. **ARE YOU:**

- Skinny and Run Down?
- Overweight and Short of Breath?
- Always Tired?
- Nervous?
- Shy and Lacking in Confidence?
- Constipated or Irregular?
- Slow at Sports?
- Do You Want to Gain or Lose Weight?
- Are you ashamed of your **HALF-MAN** build?

I tell you what you can do about these **HALF-ALIVE** symptoms in my valuable **FREE** Book. Pick the kind of body you want - right in the coupon below. Mail it to me personally and I'll rush you my free Book at once!

### Here's The Kind of Men I Build:

Meet Hector Romero, a recent winner of one of my Atlas Trophies for the most improvement in just 3 months.



*Charles Atlas*

"World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."



**TROPHY GIVEN AWAY**  
Win this handsome Trophy over 1 1/2 ft. high!

**WHAT** kind of body do YOU want? One with the kind of power-packed shoulders that make girls go "Ga-Ga" on the beach? Or sledge-hammer biceps that will make the toughest bully respect you! Or strong-as-steel stomach muscles; a slim waist? Just tell me **WHERE** you want it—and I'll add **SOLID INCHES** of muscle, **FAST!**

I don't care how old or how young you are—or what your present physical condition may be. Just check the "dream build" you've always wanted—right in the coupon below. Then just give me 15 minutes a day of your spare time—in the privacy of your own room—and I'll give you *exactly what you ask for*: **RESULTS** you can see, feel, and measure with a tape!

### WHAT'S MY SECRET?

"**DYNAMIC TENSION**"—that's my secret! It's the **NATURAL** method that I myself developed to change my body from the miserable skinny-chested weakling I was at 17 to my present "World's Most Perfectly Developed" body. Thousands have become marvelous physical specimens my way. I want YOU to be next!

No gadgets, no contraptions. You simply use the **DORMANT** muscle-power in your own God-given body. Before you know it, you're a **NEW MAN**—full of red-blooded get-up-and-go—healthy and handsome!

**FREE** My Valuable Illustrated 32-Page Book. **NOT \$1.00**—NOT 10¢—but **FREE!**

Send for my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength," 32 pages packed with photographs and valuable advice. Shows what "Dynamic Tension" has done, what I can do for YOU.

This book is a real prize. It may mean the turning point in your life! Rush coupon to me personally: **CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 1409, 115 E. 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.**



Charles Atlas thrilled millions of TV viewers with his handsome build and dynamic personality when he recently appeared as a guest on two TV shows, "Masquerade Party," and "I've Got A Secret."

### JUST LOOK AT THE RESULTS I GET!



"My arms increased 1 1/2"; chest 2 1/2"; forearm 3/4."  
—C.W., W.Va.



"When I started your Course I weighed only 141. Now weigh 170."  
—T.K., N. Y.



"Have put 3 1/2" on chest (normal), 2 1/2" expanded."  
—F.S., N. Y.

**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 1409, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.**

*Dear Charles Atlas: Here's the kind of Body I Want:*

(Check as many as you like)

- More Weight - Solid in The Right Places
- Broader Chest and Shoulders
- More Powerful Arms and Grip
- Slimmer Waist and Hips
- More Powerful Leg Muscles
- Better Sleep, More Energy

Send me absolutely **FREE** a copy of your famous book, "Everlasting Health and Strength"—32 pages, crammed with photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice. I understand this book is mine to keep and sending for it does not obligate me in any way.

Name.....Age.....  
(Please Print Plainly)

Address.....

City.....State.....

If under 14 years of age check here for Booklet A.

# deadline

MALE

**B**efore Scotland Yard locked him up last March, one Patrick George Michael Cecil Johnson, or Champagne Charlie as he was more affectionately called, was working hard to become the world's greatest con man and Casanova. In fact, detectives called him the worst threat to the British treasury and the virtue of British women since the Spanish Armada. His incredible adventures that begin on page 16 leave no doubt of that.

However, with all due respect for the British underworld, England never turned out a mountebank to equal an American of the last century named Daniel Sickles. This Sickles swindled millions. The women he seduced included the queen of Spain. The lives he took—directly and indirectly—ran into the thousands. Sickles was, in his life, a congressman, general, stock manipulator and counselor of five presidents. When he died in 1914 at age 94, he was still chasing girls and working on a scheme to embezzle \$28,000 from a veterans' monument fund.

How did he get away with it all? The answer is charm. And for some unexplainable reason, this charm worked on men as well as women. The broad-shouldered bucko induced judges to dismiss charges of mail robbery and ballot box tampering against him. He got himself appointed ambassador to Britain, then showed up at the Court of St. James with a sexy tramp on his arm and charmed the stuffy lords and ladies into accepting her.

And this same magnetism even induced President Buchanan to do some rather un-presidential things in one messy affair to save Sickles' neck. It seems that Sickles, then Congressman Sickles, had coolly and viciously blown out the brains of the son of Francis Scott Key for philandering with his wife. Sickles' defense was that of a wronged husband who was so blind with rage that he didn't know what he was doing. It was the first successful defense of this kind. Today we call it temporary insanity.

But there was one witness who might have proven him quite sane and even deliberate, and this was where Buchanan stepped in. He gave this witness money and a fancy

razor and booted him out of Washington so he couldn't testify.

It's true that there were occasions of Sickles doing things for others, but even these good deeds were aimed at just one thing—advancing his own career.

The full extent to which he would go to do this is perhaps best shown by a picnic he staged during the Civil War at a time when even hardtack brought its weight in gold. This time, Sickles was a general.

He invited 20 high-ranking Union officers to a "light lunch" on a river bank, a short distance from, but out of sight of, hungry Union troops. The dusty brass found a white cloth set out on the turf. It was covered with porcelain plates. The chow included fresh strawberries, orange and pineapple slices, roast turkey, chicken, steaming hams, beef and fresh vegetables.

"This rascal has robbed a hotel," someone joked with a full mouth.

"The truth is," Sickles confessed later, "that a steamboat had arrived from the North with gifts for the sick and wounded. The agent in charge asked me for wagons to transport the supplies to our hospital camps. I complied, but kept a wagon load for myself."

Another man would have hung for robbing the wounded, but Sickles just went on winning friends and robbing them blind. Just how the man spent his 94 years getting away with murder is told in the October issue of STAG magazine, on sale September 00. When you read it you'll see that whatever he was—crooked, ruthless, immoral and vicious—the flamboyant Sickles was never dull.



# STOP CHEATING YOURSELF of these joys of playing MUSIC!



RELAXATION



NEW FRIENDS



SELF-CONFIDENCE



EXTRA MONEY



A FINE CAREER

## START Playing Real Music Tomorrow-- Even If You Don't Know A Single Note Today!

SO MANY people needlessly cheat themselves of the pleasures of playing! They miss out on the good times, the increased popularity; the wonderful feeling of accomplishment that comes with the ability to play!

And why? Simply because they imagine that learning to play requires some mysterious special "talent" and long hours of practicing scales and exercises. But that's not true any more—and it's a pity more people don't realize it.

### No Boring Scales or Exercises

You can sit right down at the piano (or any other musical instrument), and actually play a piece of real music in your very first week. Your skill will improve steadily and rapidly. And soon you'll find yourself playing all your favorite pieces—easily, confidently, and properly—by note.

**Choose Your Favorite Instrument**  
Now it's easy to learn — by note —  
—Piano, Guitar, Accordion, Violin, Hawaiian Guitar, Mandolin, Trumpet, Cornet, Saxophone, Tenor Banjo, Organ, Ukulele, Clarinet, Trombone, Flute, or Piccolo. —  
Write your choice in coupon.

The famous U. S. School of Music method (which 900,000 people in all parts of the world

have taken up) makes learning music an exciting hobby. No boring exercises and scales. You learn by playing pieces, delightful pieces. And you do it right in the privacy of your own home—in the spare time of your own choosing—at only about one TENTH the cost of having a private teacher.

### MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOK

Let us PROVE that what we say is true. See for yourself why our School has been so successful for 58 years. Mail the coupon below and we'll gladly send you our valuable 36-page illustrated FREE BOOK. It tells you all about this fascinating way to learn music right at home. No obligation; no salesman will call on you.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Studio 99, Port Washington, N. Y.

(Special reduced prices on instruments.)



### Gave Famous Band Leader His Start



"Got my start with a U. S. School Course. It's easy to learn to read notes and play an instrument this 'teach-yourself' way!"

—Lawrence Walk, well-known orchestra leader.

### Gets Many Invitations



"It's been fun—and hasn't cost me anywhere near as much as a private teacher. Now I'm invited to all kinds of affairs and dances. A week ago I auditioned for 'Barn Dance Jamboree' in Syracuse."

—Howard Hopkins, East Syracuse, N. Y.

### Plays for Church

"I'm 12 years old. I have played for our church. My sister also uses the course. She can play anything—and had never taken lessons before."—Patsy Jeffrey, Sweetwater, Tex.



### Never Believed It Possible

"Wouldn't have believed it possible—learning to play in such a short time. Friends can't get over it—they think it's me, but it's your wonderful lessons!" —Eileen Turner, St. Victor, Canada.



U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Studio 99, Port Washington, New York

Send me your 36-page illustrated FREE BOOK. No obligation—and no salesman is to call upon me. I'm interested in playing (name instrument):

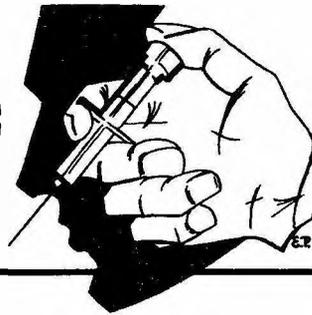
( ) I do ( ) I do NOT—have instrument now.

Name ..... (PLEASE PRINT)

Address .....

City ..... State .....  
(Insert Zone Number, If Any)

# Medicine for Males



By Anthony Ridge

**SMOKE IN YOUR EYES**—If you suddenly find one day that you can't see as clearly as you used to, it may be because you're smoking too much. An early symptom of tobacco amblyopia (dimness of vision) may be a numbness and coldness of the fingertips. As time goes on, gradually the recognition of red and green



begins to fade and distant vision isn't so good. Eventually, eyesight may drop to 20/200 or even less. Fortunately, a Virginia ophthalmologist points out, many victims of the ailment recover when the cause—smoking—is eliminated. The potential damage to the eyes by the tobacco, warns the specialist, is not appreciated enough by most men.

R

**MYSTERIOUS CANCER CURES**—Is it possible for cancers to be cured by themselves, without treatment? In the past half-century about 90 such cases have occurred and the chances today are about one in 100,000. A survey by a Chicago expert reveals that numerous so-called cured cases had not been correctly diagnosed by biopsy as cancer in the first place. Other "cured" patients couldn't be traced to see if the disappearance of the cancer was true and complete. Spontaneous regression is not a matter of miracles; often there are known causes. For instance, some cancers are no larger than a pinhead and they're cut out by the examining doctor when he removes a bit of tissue for microscopic study. Sometimes, incomplete surgery may block off the blood supply, thus starving the tumor. X-rays and radium may have a delayed effect which cures the cancer after the medics give up the case as hopeless. Many of these cases

are picked up by notorious quacks who treat them with phony ointments and then set them up as exhibits of their alleged cancer healing. Reputable doctors now heal from 25 to 30 per cent of all cancers.

R

**NEW FOR ULCERS**—In the search for a sure-fire remedy for stomach ulcers, British doctors are building high hopes for a new group of drugs which has been effective in lowering blood pressure. The drug combination, thus far known only as 356C54, is related to pain killers and antihistamines. Injected under the skin, it acts by blocking nerve ganglia. Because of the great ability to cut down secretion of stomach juices and stomach activity, its use against ulcers has been recommended.

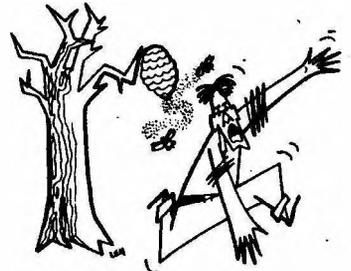
R

**FAT GOT YOU DOWN?**—Pudgy and paunchy men may be putting on too much weight because they're sad and emotionally disturbed. Under such stress, the body mechanism for handling sugars and starches is upset. When sugar is removed from the blood too fast after eating, the tubby man feels he hasn't had enough food—so he tends to overeat. This idea was brought out by a New York psychiatric team which used hypnotism to cause hunger contractions.



When sugar solutions were injected into the veins of fat men who were unhappy or emotionally disturbed, the sugar was removed from their blood at abnormally fast rates. When they were calm, the sugar was discharged at a normal rate. To reduce your gorging of food and resulting rotundity, cultivate peace of mind.

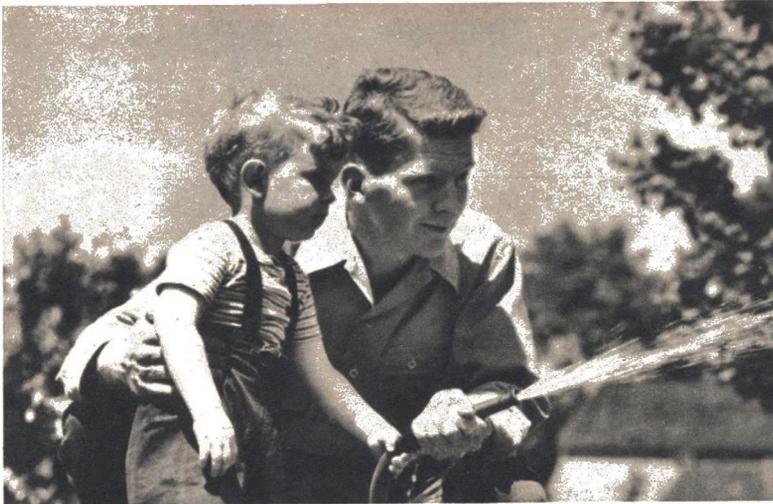
**FATAL HONEYDRIPPERS**—Death or severe illness after a man has been stung by a bee or wasp is due to allergic rather than poisonous reaction, contends a well-known allergist. The poison of the venom from the sting of a honeybee, bumblebee, paper wasp, yellow jacket or hornet is not great enough to account for the body reactions, sometimes ending in death. Apparently these victims are too



sensitive to some insect antigen. Some protection against later stings can be had by desensitization with increasing amounts of venom, but how long immunity will last is not known. The decision whether to immunize a man depends on how severe was his reaction and the likelihood of future stings. Drugs used include epinephrine, an oral antihistamine, and ACTH for severe reactions.

R

**STOP THIS KILLER**—Hardening of the arteries, the nation's biggest killer because of the heart disease it causes, may be prevented before long by adding vitamins or other chemicals to our diet. This prediction comes from a leading heart specialist who hopes a simple food additive can influence the body's handling of fat, considered the key to the problem of coronary disease. Arteriosclerosis (hardening of the arteries) begins when a man is in his early thirties, though the disease may be not recognized until he reaches his fifties. If he can take the disease stopper in his food year after year, the arteriosclerosis could be prevented. Basis for the theory is the discovery, in lab experiments with monkeys, that sustained lack of one B vitamin will induce the most serious artery hardening known as arteriosclerosis.



# This man is a "security risk"!

Age, 29. Married. Two children. High school education. Active in local lodge, church, veterans' organization. Employed by large manufacturing concern. Earns \$82 a week.

SOUNDS like an Average Joe. And he is. Too average! He's got a job. It pays fairly well. He's satisfied.

But here's the catch. With the right kind of training, this young

man could be stepping into better jobs. He could be making \$7-8000 a year. He could be cashing in on those spare-time hours he now wastes.

As it stands now, he's stuck in his job. Can't seem to make any headway. He's reluctant to try. So he just hangs on.

This man is a "Security Risk" to his wife and children.

His family probably will never enjoy the comforts, the prestige, the good living that could be theirs. If hard times come, they are almost sure to be hurt. For an Average Joe can't expect to compete with trained men when the chips are down.

A man like this would do well to start a planned program of self-improvement. In his spare time. In a field related to his interests and abilities. Right NOW!

One good way to start—a way proved by hundreds of thousands of once-Average Joes who are making good today—is to enroll for special training with a recognized correspondence school. One like I. C. S., the oldest and largest in the world.

Don't you be a "Security Risk." Mail the coupon for full, free details while there is still time.

For Real Job Security—Get an I. C. S. Diploma! I. C. S., Scranton 9, Penna. Member, National Home Study Council

## INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

65<sup>TH</sup> YEAR

BOX 93365G, SCRANTON 9, PENNA.

(Partial list of 256 courses)

Without cost or obligation, send me "HOW TO SUCCEED" and the opportunity booklet about the field

BEFORE which I have marked X (plus sample lesson):

- ARCHITECTURE and BUILDING CONSTRUCTION**
  - Air Conditioning—Refrig.
  - Architecture
  - Architectural Interiors
  - Building Contractor
  - Building Estimator
  - Building Maintenance
  - Carpentry and Mill Work
  - Heating
  - Painting Contractor
  - Plumbing
  - Reading Arch. Blueprints
- ART**
  - Cartooning
  - Commercial Art
  - Fashion Illustrating
  - Magazine Illustrating
  - Show Card and Sign Lettering
  - Sketching and Painting
- AUTOMOTIVE**
  - Auto Body Rebuilding
  - Auto Elec. Technician
  - Auto-Engine Tune Up
  - Automobile Mechanic

- AVIATION**
  - Aeronautical Engineering Jr.
  - Aircraft & Engine Mechanic
- BUSINESS**
  - Advertising
  - Bookkeeping and Accounting
  - Business Administration
  - Business Correspondence
  - Public Accounting
  - Creative Salesmanship
  - Federal Tax
  - Letter-writing Improvement
  - Office Management
  - Professional Secretary
  - Retail Business Management
  - Sales Management
  - Stenographic-Secretarial
  - Traffic Management
- CHEMISTRY**
  - Analytical Chemistry
  - Chemical Engineering
  - Chem. Lab. Technician
  - General Chemistry
  - Natural Gas Prod. & Trans.
  - Petroleum Engineering
  - Plastics
  - Pulp and Paper Making

- CIVIL, STRUCTURAL ENGINEERING**
  - Civil Engineering
  - Construction Engineering
  - Highway Engineering
  - Reading Struct. Blueprints
  - Sanitary Engineering
  - Structural Engineering
  - Surveying and Mapping
- DRAFTING**
  - Aircraft Drafting
  - Architectural Drafting
  - Electrical Drafting
  - Mechanical Drafting
  - Mine Surveying and Mapping
  - Plumbing Drawing and Estimating
- STRUCTURAL DRAFTING**
  - Electrical Engineering
  - Electrical Maintenance
  - Electrician  Contracting
  - Lineman
- HIGH SCHOOL**
  - Commercial  Good English
  - High School Subjects
  - Mathematics

- LEADERSHIP**
  - Foremanship
  - Industrial Supervision
  - Leadership and Organization
  - Personnel-Labor Relations
- MECHANICAL AND SHOP**
  - Gas—Electric Welding
  - Heat Treatment  Metallurgy
  - Industrial Engineering
  - Industrial Instrumentation
  - Industrial Supervision
  - Internal Combustion Engines
  - Machine Design—Drafting
  - Machine Shop Inspection
  - Machine Shop Practice
  - Mechanical Engineering
  - Quality Control
  - Reading Shop Blueprints
  - Refrigeration
  - Sheet Metal Worker
  - Tool Design  Toolmaking
- RADIO, TELEVISION**
  - Industrial Electronics
  - Practical Radio TV Eng'ng
  - Radio and TV Servicing
  - Radio Operating

- Television Technician
- RAILROAD**
  - Air Brake Equipment
  - Car Inspector
  - Diesel Engineer & Fireman
  - Section Foreman
- STEAM AND DIESEL POWER**
  - Combustion Engineering
  - Diesel—Elec.  Diesel Eng's
  - Electric Light and Power
  - Stationary Fireman
  - Stationary Steam Engineering
- TEXTILE**
  - Carding and Spinning
  - Colton, Rayon, Woolen Mfg.
  - Finishing and Dyeing
  - Loom Fix'g  Textile Des'g
  - Textile Eng'g  Throwing
  - Warping and Weaving
- MISCELLANEOUS**
  - Domestic Refrigeration
  - Marine Engineering
  - Ocean Navigation
  - Professional Engineering
  - Short Story Writing
  - Telephony

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_ Home Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Working Hours \_\_\_\_\_ A.M. to P.M. \_\_\_\_\_

Occupation \_\_\_\_\_

Canadian residents send coupon to International Correspondence Schools, Canadian, Ltd., Montreal, Canada. . . . Special tuition rates to members of the U. S. Armed Forces.



**Want better pay,  
steady work and  
a way to make  
extra money?**

# Learn at Home IN YOUR SPARE TIME to Fix Electrical Appliances

To build a better future, get into a field where there's much important work and the security that comes from knowing a good trade. Servicing electrical appliances offers that OPPORTUNITY. Every wired home has an average of 8 electrical appliances. Up to 10 million new appliances are sold every year and owners pay well to keep them in repair. That's making a fast-growing need for trained men.

## Start Soon to Earn \$3, \$4, \$5 an Hour Extra in Your Spare Time

Start soon to fix electric toasters, clocks, fans, vacuum cleaners and other appliances for neighbors and friends. Work in your basement, garage or spare room. Pick up \$3 to \$5 an hour *extra that way*. It's easy to increase your earning power—to pay for this training many times over with your spare time earnings.

## Learn and Earn with Multi-Use Tester Built with Parts We Send

This course includes the parts to build a portable, sturdy Appliance Tester that helps you locate electrical defects quickly and easily. You use it to learn and do actual electrical appliance repair

jobs. If you want better pay, learn this good trade. No need to give up your present job. You can train at home in your spare time for only \$2.50 down and \$5.00 a month. A small price to pay for increased earnings, a more secure future. Paste coupon below on a 2¢ postal or mail in envelope for free book and sample lesson. Address National Radio Institute, Dept. G1J6, Washington 9, D. C.

**2c TO MAIL THIS  
COUPON MAY START  
YOU TO SUCCESS  
LESSON AND BOOK  
FREE**



**NATIONAL RADIO INSTITUTE**  
Dept. G1J6, Washington 9, D. C.

Please send me Electric Appliance Training lesson and book free.  
(No salesman will call.)

Name..... Age.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

APPROVED MEMBER NATIONAL HOME STUDY COUNCIL

By  
DON  
DWIGGINS



While others feverishly restocked the engine, Scott nipped the wires.

# Andrews' SUICIDE RAID

The smuggler's plan to split the South had only one flaw. It was impossible.

► Blinding lightning flashed across the night sky, and for a brief instant, before the peal of thunder came, Jim Andrews, Yankee spy, caught a glimpse of the shadowed figures grouped silently about him.

The heavens opened with a torrential downpour. Andrews wrapped his long cloak tighter about him against the wet chill of the April night.

"Any of you can go back," Andrews' rich, deep

voice said. "It's not too late. You're all volunteers, and the decision to risk your lives rests with you alone."

There was no sound then, except the hammering of rain, and the rushing rivulets of muddy water that swept along the side of the single spur railroad track on the outskirts of Shelbyville, Tennessee.

Lightning flashed again, and this time Andrews saw the eager resoluteness burning in the eyes of the score of men from General Ormsby Knight Mitchell's little Union army, encamped near Nashville.

"We haven't much time," Andrews went on. "This is a dangerous mission. To be caught means almost certain death. If you are caught and questioned, say you're from Fleming County, Kentucky, going south to join the Confederacy. There are no Rebs from Fleming County, and the lie may work."

For an instant Andrews thought about his Ken-

tucky home, and his pretty fiance, Elizabeth Layton. He'd had to lie to her, to hide the fact he was a Yankee spy, even though her sentiments were with the North.

Kentucky was split by the Civil War, and her men were fighting on both sides. She even supplied both presidents—Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis. Andrews himself had found the war profitable, as a blockade runner, smuggling vital quinine to the Rebels. And now he was using the contacts he had made for a daring strike at the very heart of the South to steal one of the strangest things ever stolen in any war—a locomotive.

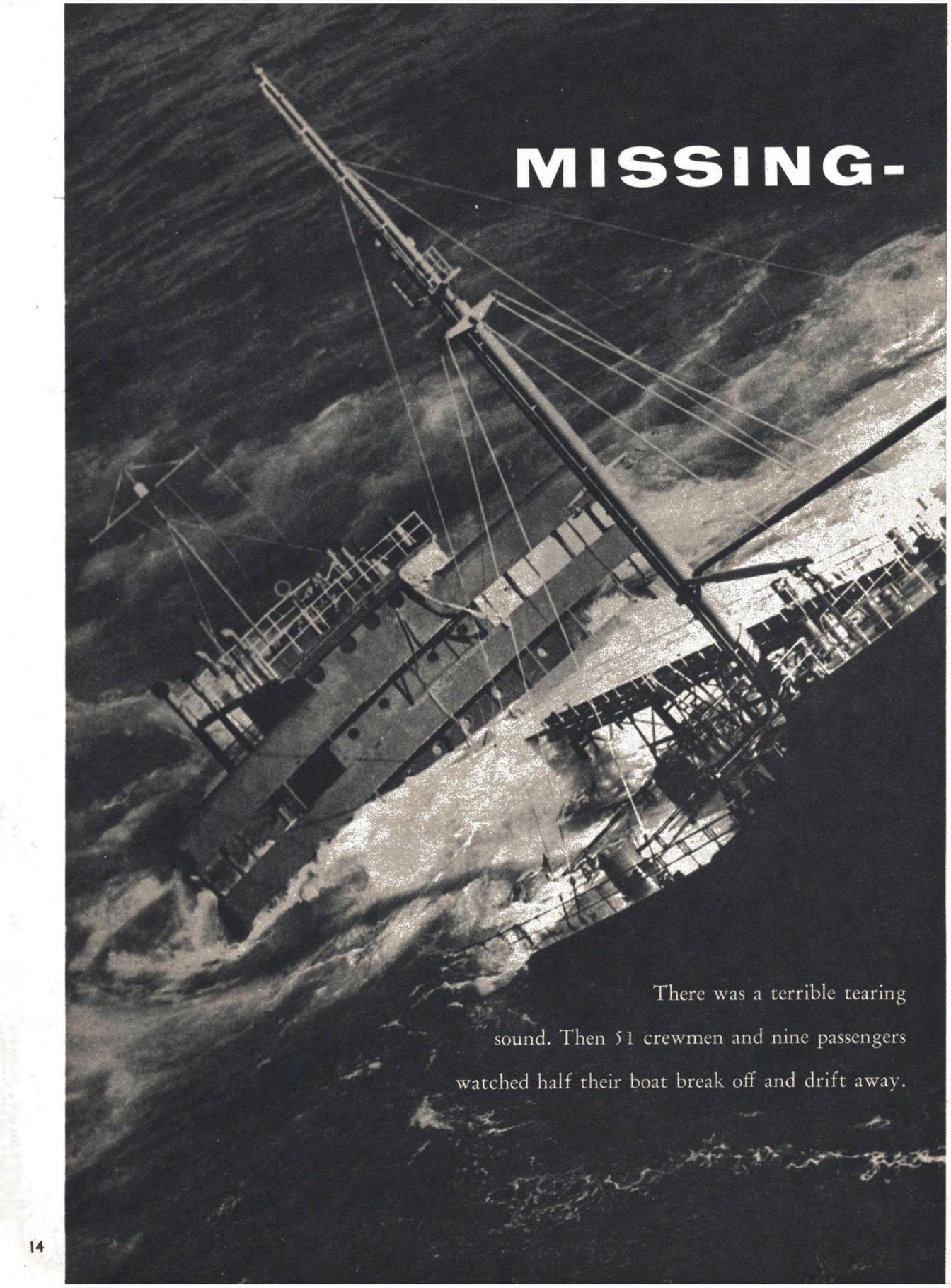
"Break up into small groups and be off," he said. "Meet in Marietta, Georgia, the first station this side of Atlanta, on Thursday. You all have money. Buy transportation when you can. Good luck—and be careful." The little band of (Continued on page 68)

ILLUSTRATED BY HERB MOTT





Racing at a mile a minute, they broke open the box car and dumped logs on the track.



# MISSING-

There was a terrible tearing sound. Then 51 crewmen and nine passengers watched half their boat break off and drift away.

# 60 FEET OF SHIP

By JOSEPH CABEZUD

► The deep-throated sound cracked and rumbled through the 8,105-ton cargo liner, *Washington Mail*. Explosion in the engine room, I thought, swinging my feet off the bunk in the crew's quarters. I slipped into my waiter's uniform—T-shirt, white coat, white pants—and hurried up to the deck.

The deck was coated with ice. A blustery wind pelted my face with flurries of snow. Mountainous waves thrashed violently on the Pacific Ocean's surface. A gray, murky overcast blanketed the sky above us.

Out in the water, 20 feet away from me, the black-painted bow of a ship bucked the waves. It was backing away from our ship.

My eyes skimmed the graceful lines of the other bow and focused on large letters. They spelled out "Washington Mail." It couldn't be. That was our name.

I stared hard in disbelief at the other bow; then turned and hurried to the railing in front of our own superstructure.

I looked down. Our vessel didn't have a bow. The ocean had wrenched it loose from the number three hold forward. At least 60 feet (Continued on page 58)



Thankful to be alive, the *Mail's* survivors ran ashore from the rescue ship.



Take it from the Yard: No one will ever beat Patrick George Michael Cecil

Johnson at fleeing women and making them love it.

# CHAMPAGNE CHARLIE: KING OF THE SPENDERS

By WILLIAM HARTNAGE

► Late in the gray afternoon of March 13 of this year, a couple of chunky, barrel-chested Scotland Yard men politely escorted a prized prisoner to famed Dartmoor Prison. Walking erectly between them was the suave, impeccably-groomed 34-year-old Major Michael Woodfall, D.S.O., M.C., self-styled spy-catcher extraordinary for the British MI 5.

At precisely the same moment, the big gates of The Moor creaked shut on the five following characters:

Sir Patrick Murphy, ex-governor of the Bahamas.

Captain "J", man of mystery.

Sir Patrick Johnson, son of Lord Manchester.

Lt. Roland Jones, who claimed to be heir to a fortune.

Captain George Johnson of the British Secret Service.

Actually, however, there was still only one man going to jail. All of these aforementioned characters, and a few more besides, added up to the one and the same Champagne Charlie, the Pride of Mayfair and Prince of Confidence Men who even at that grim moment, looked as all confidence men should, confident. His elegant handle bar mustache and Savile Row suit completed this picture.

*(Continued on page 47)*

"Come along, Charlie," they said. "Sorry there are no blondes and champagne at Old Bailey."

ILLUSTRATED BY MORT KÜNSTLER





The big lion was hunched up in the grass, tearing and gulping at a fly-ridden carcass, switching its tail in

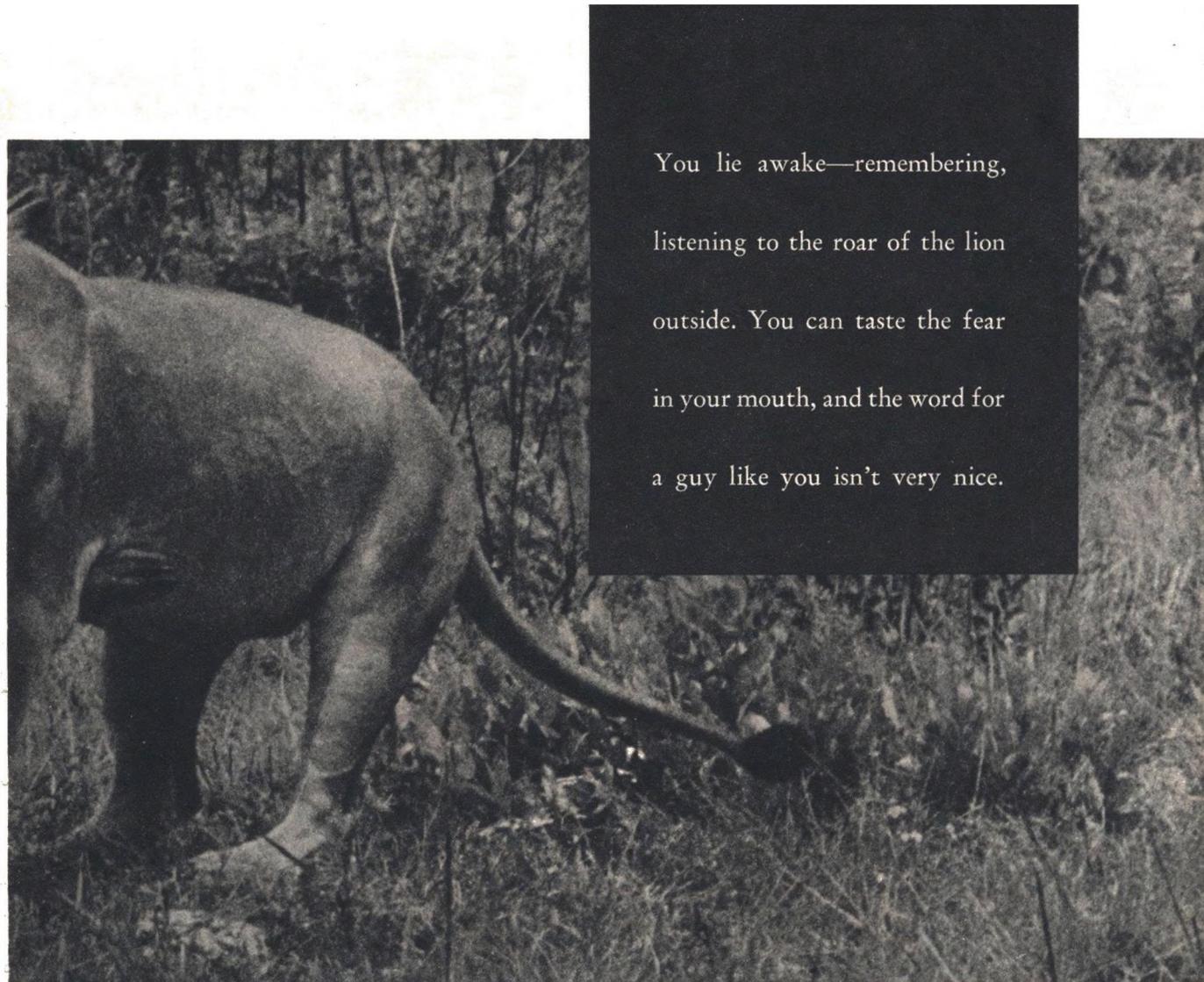
## THE NAIROBI

► The muted roar of the lion wafting over the veld woke me, and I reached under the cot for the pack of cigarettes and found one and lit it. I fell back on the cot and stared beyond the open tent flap, and listened to the lion until the sky blanched.

When I couldn't listen any longer, I slipped into my dungarees and eased through the tent past Taylor and Hazlett. I poked up the embers, started the Primus, filled the coffee pot and splashed a handful of cold water over my face. Then I sat on the fender of the gray pickup truck and remembered.

There had been two lions. Taylor killed one: two shots; the first breaking her spine, the second tearing away the right side of her skull. Instead of charging, the male raced for the peripheral acacia bushes and roared defiantly before he vanished. I heard him there and now I heard him again, and I knew why he was there.

In the vague purple dawn, I also remembered the sequel to that killing and how, later at dinner, Taylor and Hazlett had glossed over the fact that I hadn't shot, saying the lion was going away at the



You lie awake—remembering,  
listening to the roar of the lion  
outside. You can taste the fear  
in your mouth, and the word for  
a guy like you isn't very nice.

hunger. We crept so close I could almost smell the blood and hear the sound of ripping tendons and flesh.

# AFFAIR

By STAN SMITH

time and other things that didn't ring quite true.

I poured myself a jolt of black coffee and stood near the fire, warming myself, resisting the urge to wake Hazlett and tell him let's forget it; let's go back because I'm only 23 and my guts come from a whiskey bottle.

I heard the obligato of death calling from over the veld, and I imagined the lion was impatient.

Taylor and I flew into Nairobi in February, 1943, two members of an Allied VHF and radar crew—six of us—ferried over from Free French Headquar-

ters, Brazzaville. In war you go to places like that.

It was my first flight to Kenya and it left me cold. At the airport, only a Kikuyu youngster shuffled up to our lorry, bumming cigarettes. It was a bright morning and I halfway expected to see a safari but Africa was not quite as I'd pictured it. Only lorries and brass and other personnel like ourselves.

I was a chief radioman, newly rated, singularly confused. Even Charles Ewert Potts, an Army Signal Corps first lieutenant, (*Continued on page 64*)



She was born out of wedlock, reared in a free love camp, ravished in the ruins of Berlin. She lives only for today and knows but one desperate code: "An empty stomach has no conscience."

By OTTO LANGE

▶ Idling on a corner of Friedrich-Ebert-Strasse in Frankfurt some weeks ago, an American tourist and his friend were eyeing the sturdy, full-bosomed, hip-swaying *fräuleins* strolling before them.

"You know what I like about these German women?" said the American. "They're chock full of virtues and no virtue."

An ex-GI from Minnesota, he had fraternized with many a German girl when he was in uniform. Now nostalgia had brought him back to the scenes of his pleasant acquaintances. For many thousands of Yanks like him who spent hours, weeks, even years with the blue-eyed, blonde *Brünnhildes*, those were probably the most memorable experiences of their otherwise dull lives.

What's happened to those obliging, wonderful *fräuleins*? What are they like today? What have they got that our homegrown girls—and wives—presumably don't have?

I found the answers during a recent month-long trip through Germany where I visited some of my old haunts and talked to scores of the *fräuleins* and expatriate Americans. In a nutshell, this is how I sized up German women today:

Having borrowed some of the sexy techniques and characteristics of the French, and retained their own inimitable assets, the new-fashioned *fräuleins* are possibly the most desirable women in the world.

Just what were the ingredients of a "most desirable" female I learned from my old friend Bob Willis, a former Army major, whom I met by chance in Munich's famous beerhall, the *Hofbrauhaus*. Bob had been stationed in Germany for several years with the Occupation Forces. Now he was in the export business, living permanently in Munich—with a new wife.

I was astonished to hear that he'd shed his Boston spouse and two children. He had seemed happily married, devoted to his family. But Ursula, the *fräulein* he'd met and lived with here—had such a strong pull for Bob that he'd forsaken his home



# Fräulein!





The men of Berlin have such a wide choice they walk away from any but the most attractive girls.



Names and addresses of eligible Lubeck males are peddled from street corner coin machines.

## fräulein!

"Once we've got a man," the blonde said, "we are happy no

and country for her. He knew what he was doing. Bob tried to explain it all to me over a mug of beer.

"You see," he said, "it was much more than that Ursula is young and beautiful. A fräulein makes you experience what it's really like to live with a woman who's satisfied to be just a *woman*, who thinks you're terrific just because you're her man.

"A fräulein makes a man feel comfortable. Not just the old bull about putting your pipe and slippers by your chair in the evening. I mean she gives a man a feeling of ease; he's not under strain and tension the way he is with those too-independent, dominating and pampered American women. What I'm trying to say is, a German girl isn't interested in anything but her man—and concentrates on making him happy. She has a real sense of intimacy with her man, of belonging to him and of his belonging to her."

I could understand after this why some of the embittered American occupation wives—"fräulein widows"—had shot their husbands in arguments over German girl-friends.

The fairly typical German girl today is someone like a girl named Gretl Schultz. She comes from a simple, middle-class family. I met Gretl in Essen and got to know her pretty well. Gretl is willowy and long-legged, her flaxen hair cut short in the latest Paris fashion. It's no longer true that *Die*

*deutsche Frau schminkt sich nich* (German women never use make-up). Lipstick highlights Gretl's flawless complexion, and occasionally she uses face powder and a touch of rouge. In some ways, she reminded me of Grace Kelly, without that haughty aloofness, for Gretl has a contagious warmth, a care-free manner, an unflagging zest for a good time.

Like other young German women of her era, Gretl had gone through the hell of six years of war and 11 years of occupation. She had grown up under Nazi tutelage—youth societies, "free love" with an SS man, a home for unmarried mothers when she was a teenager. During the war, both her parents were killed when her home was bombed. In Berlin, she was grabbed by a squad of rampaging Russian troops, suffered traumatic shock when she was raped by nine men.

She spent weeks in a stinking, buggy jail—lived with a GI from St. Louis who promised to marry her and then vanished—worked as a domestic and a barmaid, forced herself to do a lot of things just to keep alive. For a time she swung her pocketbook up and down Kurfurstendamm, drumming up business in four languages.

Once, Gretl was part of a six-girl line in a night club where they played the "fish game." The girls wore flimsy dresses over black panties and brasieres. Patrons, provided with long fishing poles and plastic hooks, reached out to "fish" the garments off



To survive in Hamburg's red light district, a girl must be able to shout as loud as her competitor next door.



No matter where you go, almost every dark street is a lover's lane.

matter what he does. Even when he's unfaithful, he's better than no man at all."

the girls. The lucky man who yanked the last remaining item was paid off with a bottle of champagne and ten dances with his "catch." Gretl took such mauling only as long as she was hungry.

Today, Gretl Schultz gets by with a small job at a milliner's shop, plus what she picks up as gifts from the men she knows. About her morals, Gretl told me: "Foreigners don't understand why German girls were so eager to be with the Amis. Well, you know the saying, 'an empty belly knows no conscience.' Remember, many of us had experiences with the Nazis, and the Russians, so our virtue is just academic.

"You see, we've resigned ourselves to live in a world which we didn't make, where all that mattered was to keep on living."

This grim philosophical attitude among the *fräuleins* may account for the plentiful supply of prostitutes throughout Germany. In Hamburg, for instance, which has the most flamboyant, largest and most concentrated night life in Europe today, there are some 9,000 such girls. In one sector, three streets are walled off at each end so that only pedestrians can get in. On each door hangs a sign, "*Zimmer frei*" (Room Vacant), and the girls sit at dimly lit picture windows haggling with customers outside. The street is appropriately called *Grosse Freiheit* (Great Freedom).

Key to the *fräulein's* moral code is the tremen-

dous shortage of German men. In West Germany, there are 3,000,000 more girls than men. For every 100 men aged 20-29, there are an estimated 173 women. In the American sector alone, there are 40,000 widows.

These are the most decisive factors in changing the status and character of women in post-war Germany, and it's happened in every hamlet and town, as well as in the big cities:

Like Gretl, many *fräuleins* have given up hope of ever finding a man of their own. But bluntly, often desperately, they keep trying—for either a temporary or permanent hitch-up, in or out of wedlock.

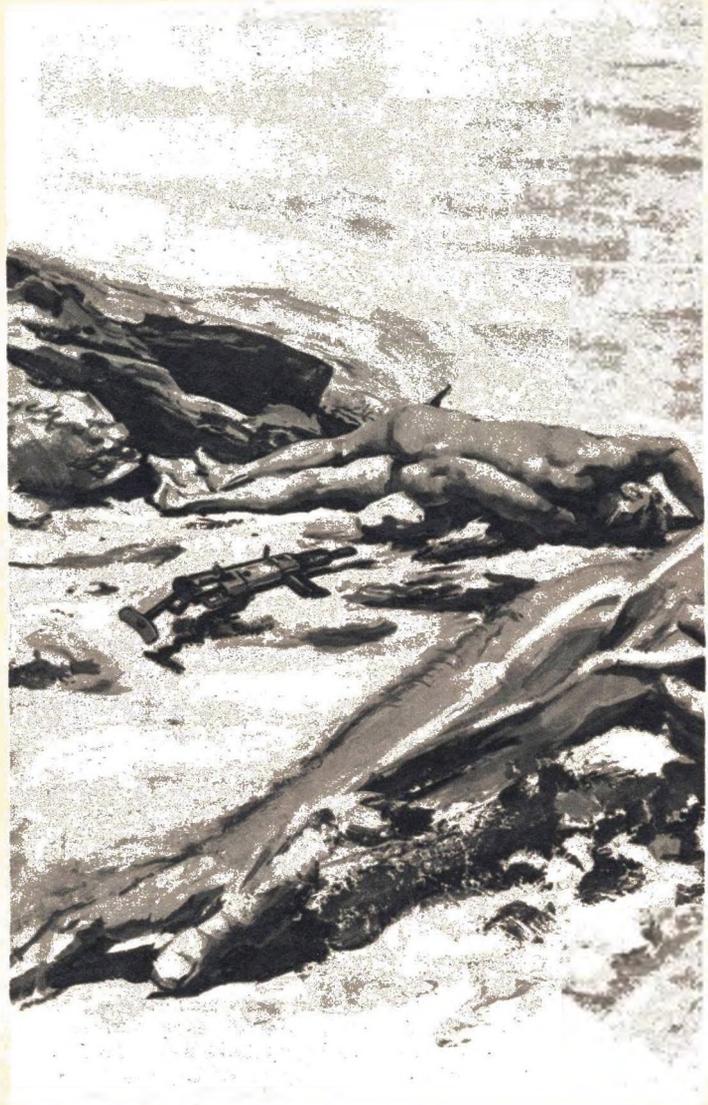
The man shortage is so acute that for the first time in modern history polygamy has been openly advocated—not by the free-wheeling, variety-seeking male, but by the traditional ever-constant female. Led by a middle-aged widow, and supported by many respectable women, the movement demanded that at least two women should legally be able to share a man. So far, the idea hasn't taken hold officially. But millions of girls are putting it into practice every day.

I saw evidence of the shortage on the *Werbe Dienst* (advertising service) bulletin boards visible in every German city. Under advertisements for "Marriage, Social Life, Acquaintances" there were such frank appeals as these:

"Good-looking, lively, (Continued on page 82)

We were stripped, mutilated and thrown out in the sun to wither. But I still had one chance of getting out alive, and that was to play dead.

By AARON GOLD  
Illustrated by Tony Kokinos



# Death

OF AN  
**ISRAELI PATROL**



I got to my feet and screamed. My back felt like it had been torn off.

► Had I moved so much as a finger, had I made the slightest sound when I came to, I'd be dead now. I'd be lying on a nameless hill in the Negev, with my bones long since picked clean by the jackals and bleached white by the sun.

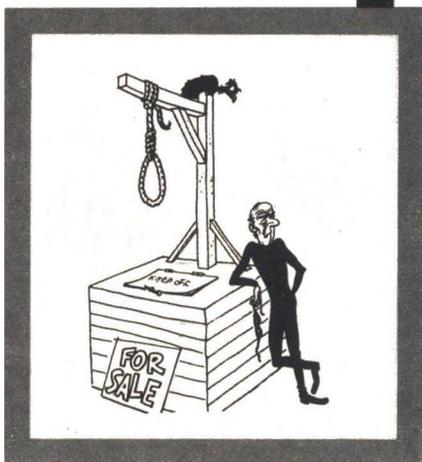
The first thing I saw when I opened my eyes was three pairs of booted feet standing inches away from my head. I heard angry voices, speaking a language I didn't understand, but which I knew to be Egyptian.

Presently one pair of feet stamped off up the hill; the other two men walked over to a boulder a couple of feet away and sat down in the shade. One of them, a big hairy fellow with a straggly black mustache and a cast in one eye, was holding a gold wristwatch in

his hand. He turned it over so that the sun flashed from its surface, then dropped it in his shirt pocket. He said something to the other, laughing, but the other only grunted and looked angry and dissatisfied.

He had a pair of khaki pants on his lap and began going through the pockets. As I watched, he took out a little red leather address book, leafed through the pages for a moment, then tossed it carelessly to the side. It took several moments for me to realize that it was my wristwatch—given to me by my wife as a birthday present—which the big hairy one had dropped in his pocket, and my address book the other had thrown to the side. And with that realization I suddenly became aware of (*Continued on page 56*)

# INSIDE FOR



OUT OF THE UNDERWORLD . . .



HITS AND MISC'S . . .

SMART MONEY . . .

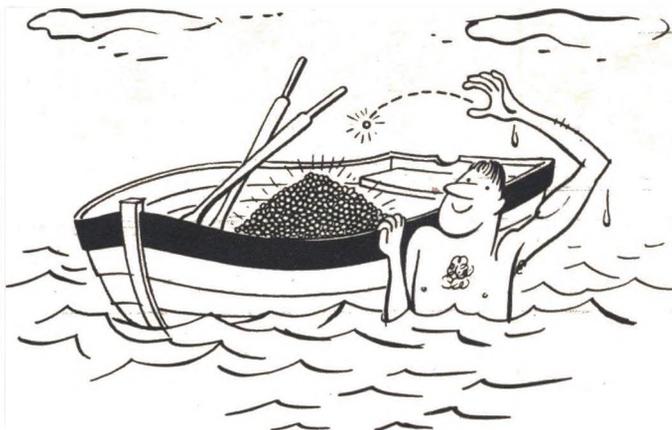
## HITS AND MISC'S

THE STRANGEST DAY IN THE WORLD is one Sunday in Czechoslovakia. Czech men are allowed to chase young girls, also wet them down and toss them into rivers. Only defense girls have is to "buy off" their attackers with kisses . . . Tourists who visit outlying Russian cities often have to share hotel rooms WITH STRANGE WOMEN . . . The world's naughtiest night club is located in Cairo. Buxom girls offer to WRESTLE ANY MAN IN THE HOUSE . . .

There are more churches per citizen in Las Vegas than in any other town its size . . . THE MOST RAVISHING GIRLS IN Japan all joining the police force to combat sex crimes . . . SIX OR SEVEN HUSBANDS SHARE ONE WIFE these days in Tibet. The guy who's doing the honors on a particular night leaves his shoes outside the room as a signal to the others to stay away . . .

## DAILY GRIND

INDUSTRY TEARING ITS HAIR OUT TRYING TO



# MEN

**GET THESE SKILLED WORKERS:** Machinists, toolmakers, diemakers, machine tool operators, electronics technicians, sheet metal workers, millwrights, patternmakers, airplane mechanics . . . **AND THESE PROFESSIONALS:** Chemists, metallurgists, physicists, mathematicians . . .

With all the dough flying around Las Vegas, it's almost impossible to land a steady job there. They'll let you gamble, chase women, drink, but the town's old-timers give you the fish eye when you start talking about work . . . You're a goofball these days for thinking twice about a salesman job that doesn't offer you a free car, to use at work. Least you ought to get is **FREE** insurance, gas, oil, and six cents a mile.

Guys in the **BOTTOM RUNG** who work on government contracts in these fields due for a minimum wage jump from \$1/hr. to \$1.20: Drugs and medicines, scientific instruments, electric light bulbs and office machines . . . **ALASKA JOBS, IT TURNS OUT, ARE OVER-RATED.** You may have to wait around a long time for an opening, and it'll cost you \$6/day while you're standing . . .



**FISH AND GAME GAMBITS . . .**

The sex outbreak in U.S. industry is turning company heads gray—as silly as it seems. For some reasons, couples are waking up to rascally possibilities on the job. So now security guards inspect warehouses, rooftops, stockrooms, enclosed fire escapes, etc., looking for couples who've sneaked off.

## SMART MONEY

**YOU CAN SALT AWAY A COMFORTABLE FORTUNE** by becoming a **TAX TIPSTER**. These are people who tip the government to others who've been holding back taxes from Uncle Sam. All you can expect is ten per cent of the dough Uncle Sam recovers, but last year **THE INTERNAL REVENUE SERVICE SHELLED OUT \$602,817** to 576 tipsters. The payments varied from \$25 to \$41,000. **LARGEST CHUNK OF MONEY EVER PAID OUT WAS \$76,000** to a guy who told on a doctor who'd held back \$2.4

continued on page 46



**SPORT BEAT . . .**



**DAILY GRIND . . .**

# the Fastest GUN in town

He was a stable punk who wanted to be a killer. But he found out the hard way that there was more to killing than big talk and quick draw.

By BILL KILEY



The kid took the big blue from the stranger and walked him into a stable. He didn't pay any attention to the new man because he was deep in thought. He was thinking about Billy The Kid and Wes Hardin and Hank Barry. He didn't even notice the marshal standing across the street watching them until after the stranger had gone. He hadn't seen the way the marshal studied every move the stranger made.

The tall gray-haired lawman strolled over to the livery stable to examine the blue. It was a giant horse. A charger fit for a king.

The marshal questioned the kid while he studied the horse. He wanted to know everything the stranger had said—did he give a name? Where did he come from? How long was he going to be in town?

"He didn't say anything, marshal," the kid replied. "He told me to let the horse cool off for a while, and then to double grain him. And he said I should go easy on the water."

The marshal started to leave, then turned back to the kid. "By the way, Alvie, Old Man Mallory is raising a little hell about your shooting. You know how he (Continued on page 72)



The skinny kid elbowed his way between the two men. "Leave him be," he said. "He doesn't have a gun."

ILLUSTRATED BY DON MULLER





**HOW  
HOLLYWOOD  
BEATS THE  
JITTERS**



Of the stop-worry drug, Berle quipped: "Just call me Miltown."



All it takes to start a wild stampede these days is a big sign in the drug store window that reads, "Yes, we have Miltown."

By FRANK D. ELLIS



For Groucho and Schnoz, the happy pills are better than mothers-in-law for gag fodder.



Bob Hope tells one about a dog that neither barked nor bit after a day on the Miltown.

► In Hollywood, home of the frenetic, the frustrated and the fouled-up, the word "Miltown" was whispered from ear to ear through movie and television studios one recent morning. As the word buzzed along, stars, directors and executives dropped what they were doing, jammed prescription blanks into pockets and purses, hopped into their Caddies and Jaguars, and took off for a Sunset Boulevard drug store. Soon there was a fine, unrehearsed mob scene taking place, as they milled around impatiently until their turns came to exchange the prescriptions for little vials of pills.

After a few hours of booming business, the harassed druggist had enough. He stumbled out to remove a sign he had attached to his window early that morning. That sign, blazoned in big red letters across the window, read:

"Yes, we have Miltown!"

Several days later, perhaps alerted by that mob scene, another Hollywood drug store, freshly supplied with the hard-to-get substance, advertised in a local newspaper:

"We deliver Miltown promptly."

What is Miltown, this colossal, super-wonder, four-star medical smash hit that has such tremendous appeal for the nerve-racked inhabitants of the movie colony? Miltown, trade name for the synthesized chemical meprobamate, happens to be the latest, and apparently the safest, tranquilizing drug on the market. For the tension-twisted characters of this jitterland, a dependable pacifier like Miltown is as essential as food, (Continued on page 79)

MALE

BOOK BONUS

# the BLONDE trap

By WILLIAM FULLER

ILLUSTRATED BY RAY HOULIHAN

In the back country, everything belonged to Ringo—the dice, the numbers, the women, even the rope they tried to wrap around Dolan's neck.

► I left Highway 41 and headed east for the Gold Coast. The macadam road waved and dipped like a live thing. Canals, shimmering in heat waves, stretched along either side of the road. Egrets stood knee-deep in the dirty-brown water of these canals and lumbered into the air from a standing start as they tuned in on the roar of my beat-up Ford.

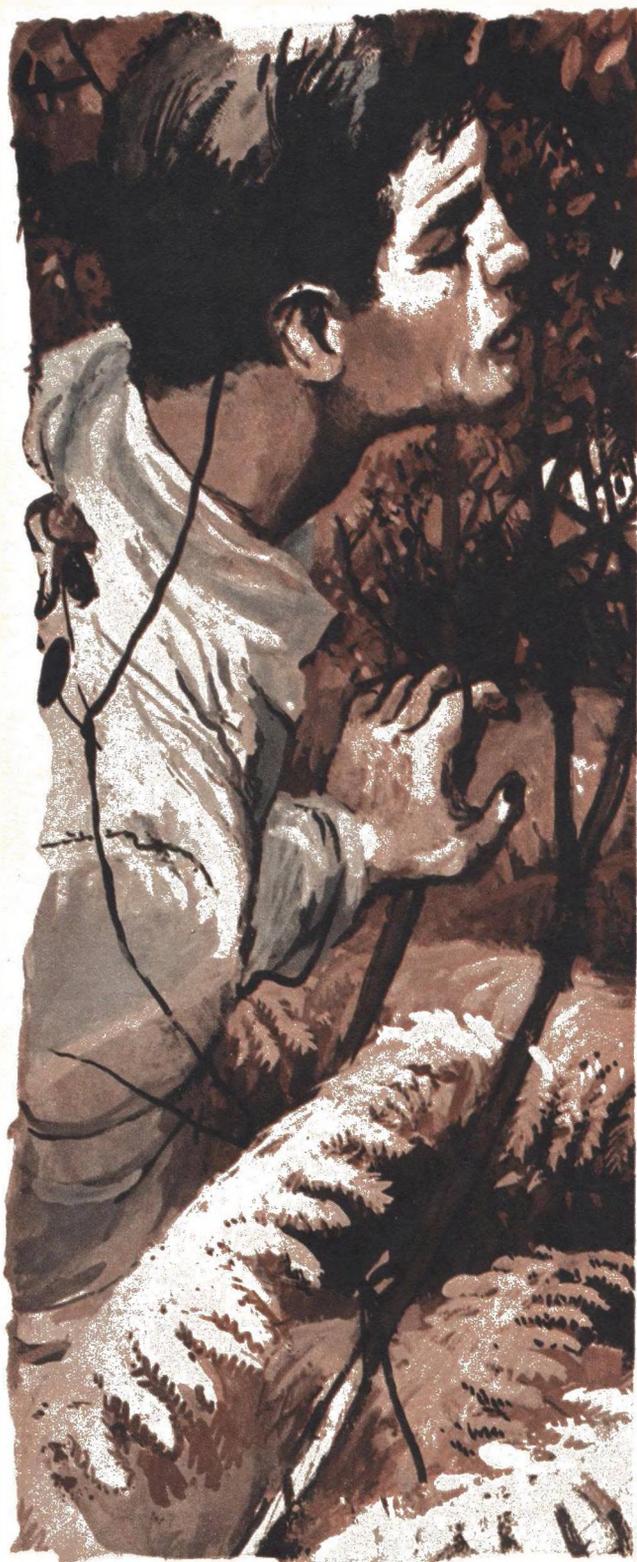
If this is Florida, I thought, they can have it.

I gunned the Ford. I was somewhere north of Lake Okeechobee, somewhere close to the Kissimmee River valley—and all I wanted of inland Florida was out.

I passed a sign that said: "WELCOME TO CARTER COUNTY. STAY AWHILE—YOU'LL LIKE IT!" I had to laugh.

That's when the Ford started clattering—bad. It sounded like all hell had broken loose. I jerked to a stop and got out, cussing. I lifted the lid and had a look. I'd thrown a rod. I don't know

CONTINUED ON PAGE 34





I turned to go before she saw me. Then I stepped on a limb that popped like a firecracker.

R. Houlahan

what I might have expected. I'd had the pedal on the floor for the best part of two days and a night—all the way from Walter Reed, where the Army had turned me loose with a small fortune in silver plate in my left leg and a medical discharge. I had been in a hurry. You lie in a ditch somewhere east of Wonsan in Korea for seventy hours and your leg looks like something laid out on a butcher's block and it's thirty degrees below zero—you can get pretty cold. And you never want to be cold again.

So I went to Florida.

I figured I could make civilization if I cooled the Ford out and took it easy. I cranked up and limped and clattered along at a fast fifteen miles an hour. The scenery improved—I'll give it that.

In ten minutes I was in Cartersville. The town lay sleeping on four sides of a dusty park. *This is the Florida the tourists never see*, I thought. *This is small town anywhere.*

The town stank and I wanted none of it—except a good fast mechanic.

I pulled into a seedy-looking garage. A tall, lean, sad-faced man wiped his hands on a batch of waste and listened to my story. He grunted and poked beneath the lid.

"How long?"

He took his time answering me. "Tomorrow, maybe."

"Do it tonight," I said. "I'll pay your overtime."

"You ain't working for Mr. Ringo, by any chance?"

"Who in hell is Mr. Ringo?"

He turned to his bench. "Tomorrow," he said. "If I can find the time."

And so I ended up parking my bag beside an iron bedstead under a fifty-watt light bulb in Cartersville's Home Away From Home.

I had a quick bath and a change of clothes and went down to the lobby. My leg was stiff from driving. It was five o'clock in the afternoon and I wanted a drink. I went to the desk.

"Where's the bar?"

The desk clerk delicately removed a stove match from between brown teeth. I've seen friendlier eyes on a dead mackerel.

"Dry county, mister."

I'd hit them before, of course, but I'd thought Florida was different. "All right," I said. "So it's dry. Where can I get a bottle?"

He stared at me with those dead eyes. "You acquainted with Mr. Rand Ringo?"

"No," I said.

"Package store over the county line. That's

thirty miles away. Are you sure you want a drink?"

All right. So I wouldn't have a drink before chow. I wandered through town. There wasn't much to it. A yellow brick county courthouse squatted morosely on one corner. I saw a Baptist church and a Methodist church. They didn't look very prosperous.

I went to Demetrios'. The lights glared from the ceiling, the way they do in all cheap restaurants. I thought too much of my stomach to go for Demetrios' Fine Old Southern Cuisine. I ordered shrimp cocktail and a sirloin steak.

After I finished eating the thought of spending an evening in Cartersville's Home Away From Home sickened me. I walked around the square. I came to a taxi stand. A cabby dozed in the front seat of a battered 1941 Plymouth. I shook him.

"I'm restless. There must be a couple of places in this county where a man can have a couple of drinks and a few laughs. How about it?"

"Well, we got a juke or so. Outside of town."

I climbed into the front seat with him. "Crank this heap," I said.

"These jukes, they're a ways out of town. They'll cost you—"

"Crank it up, pal," I said.

Joe's Place was eight miles out of town beside a crumpling asphalt county road. I went inside. The joint looked like ten thousand other deep-Southern jukes. The Jax beer ads. The juke with the swirling colors. The corn meal on the warped and splintery floor. The shadowy booths sheltering couples who wanted to make their pitch in the dark. The stale and musty smell . . .

When I had given my cabby a ten spot he'd warmed up enough to tell me the fun went on in an outbuilding behind the juke. I was to tell the fat man behind the beer bar that Al said I was okay. The fat man was leaning against his bar. I walked across the room toward him.

He narrowed fat-rimmed eyes at me.

"Al knows I'm okay."

"Al, huh?" He kept staring at me. Then his eyes strayed to the two singles on the bar. "Well, I reckon you're all right." I saw his fat hand stray to a buzzer beneath his bar. "Straight back and knock on the door."

I started for the back door. A colored man answered my knock at the door of the one-story frame building a hundred yards behind the juke. He bowed me into a brilliantly lighted room. The house was getting a real good play.

At the rear of the building were two small rooms. One was an office. A thin, ferret-faced character—



They were moving in and I braced my back against the bar for the rush.

the boss, I figured—was standing in his office. He was watching me pretty closely. When I looked at him he shifted his eyes. I could see a bar through the open door of the other room. A colored man in a white jacket was tending it. I headed for it, ordered a double Old Forester and water and went back into the main room. Something pretty exciting seemed to be going on at the crap table. Somebody having a hot run, I supposed.

I went to the table and shouldered my way to a spot at the rim. Directly across the table from me I saw what was causing the excitement—and as far as I was concerned it had nothing to do with hot runs or cold runs. The blonde standing there was exciting enough. Her shining hair was pulled straight back from her forehead and caught in the back with a scrap of ribbon. Her eyes were huge, and a deep, almost violet, blue. She'd been around, this girl—it was there in the set of her mouth. She was thirty, perhaps, or a well-lived twenty-seven. She was beautifully tanned. One shoulder strap of her sheer dress had slipped its moorings, and there was a line across her full, high breast where the tan left off and the milky whiteness began. It was not until she moved, stiffly, mechanically, to place her bet—ten blue chips, a hundred bucks—on the line that I noticed that she was quite drunk.

"New point coming out," the stick man droned.

The bets went down around the table. The blonde was the shooter.

On her second throw she sevened out. I heard someone whisper, "That must be two thousand she's blown!"

The dice went to the next player.

"A new shooter, and a good one!"

The blonde must have felt my stare. She looked at me. There were little shining lights in those great eyes. She licked her lips.

I cashed a twenty and threw a few bucks into the game as the dice made their rounds. I played the Big Six and the Big Eight, just feeling the game out, testing my luck, and my luck was good.

It wasn't long before I knew I should quit, just as I knew my name was Brad Dolan.

I pocketed five hundred and ninety-five dollars worth of chips, left a single yellow chip on the line, threw a four, and sevened out two throws later. I grinned at the blonde. She stared at me, her face expressionless. I turned and left the crap table. I was pretty sure she'd follow me. I traded my chips for six hundred and twenty bucks at the cashier's window and went to the bar.

Without looking up I could tell when the girl was standing beside me. I could smell her. She smelled good—good and expensive. I turned to her.

"Well, hello," I said.

Her voice was a little thick. "Why did you quit?"

I grinned. "You quit when you're ahead."

"You were hot. You were chicken to quit."

"I've got money in my pocket." Maybe I shouldn't have rubbed it in. "You?"

"There's plenty where mine came from!"

"It's nice to know rich girls. Let me buy you a drink, rich girl."

She was still staring at me. She nodded.

I turned to the bartender. "Give the lady what she's been drinking. Make mine Old Forester and water. And—"

"No more for the lady," a voice behind me said.

"Yes, sir, Mr. Fanchon," the bartender said.

I spun on my heels. There was the ferret-faced



I didn't have to look to know she was watching me. I could feel her eyes drilling into my head.

man I'd seen in the office earlier in the night.

"What do you mean, no more for the lady?" I said.

The girl stared at him. "Damn you, Joe!"

"You've had enough, Billy."

"I'm buying her a drink," I said.

I looked over Joe's shoulder. A couple of fairly tough looking characters—bouncers, by the looks of them—were on their way.

"Go home, Billy," Joe said.

"No!" Billy said.

"You heard the lady, pal," I said. "That's your cue. Blow!"

"Listen, mister," Joe said. "We don't want no trouble. Why don't you just hit the road, huh? Come on, now. Outside!"

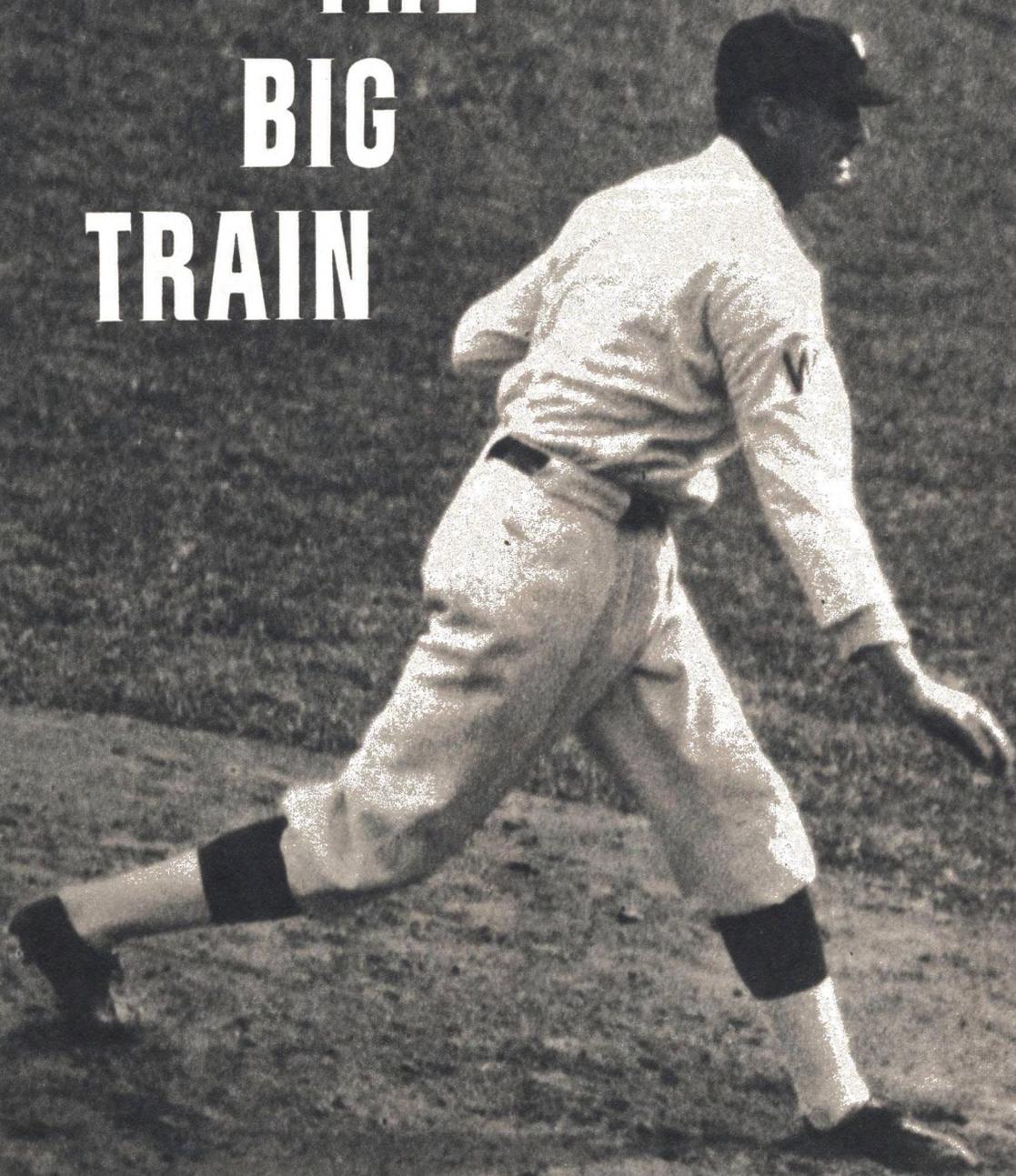
There are ways of saying and doing things. I lost my temper. Joe wasn't big enough to hit, really. So I grabbed the lapels of his coat with my left hand and lifted him off his feet and slapped him two or three times—not too hard. Then I dropped him. One of the bouncers charged me. Billy screamed. I braced my back against the bar and let this party have a hard knee in his belly. He grunted once as the wind left him and he went to the floor on all fours and stayed there gasping for breath. I had used my left knee on him—the left leg was the one with the new silver in it—and it hurt like hell.

Billy screamed, "Look out!"

The other guy was coming at me swinging a sap. I ducked and came up swinging wildly and I felt my left fist crunch against jawbone. He grunted and staggered a little, then shook his head and came back in again swinging that sap. I sidestepped him and clipped him with a right cross to the side of his head as he went by. The one on the floor was grappling for my knees now and I half fell, off balance, back against the bar. I had been awfully dumb. I had forgotten about Joe. I heard Billy scream again and that's the last thing I heard for awhile. Just as she screamed I felt something bite into the back of my skull and I tasted every filling in my teeth and then I felt the floor come up and hit me.

I opened my eyes. I was lying on a wooden bench. A big, bullet-headed man with eyes like an angry pig was standing (Continued on page 86)

# THE BIG TRAIN





Aging but able, the Great Gabby in 1943 showed them how he made his DC catch.

He had nothing but a fast ball—no curve and no slider.  
But it was the fastest ball any human had ever thrown.

By MARSHALL LANG

► The white blur came plummeting out of the summer sky, and the man who stood at the base of the Washington Monument, some 555 feet from the top, squinted into the sun until his eyes teared. The falling blur came closer and closer, its speed accelerating with each foot it traveled. The crowd of the curious and skeptical instinctively retreated. But the man, now tapping the large glove on his left hand, now circling uncertainly within a radius of several yards, was drawn to the blur like a magnet.

Suddenly he reached up, and the blur that could have been a hot rivet disappeared into the cushion of the glove. The man seemed to lose his balance, like a comedian feigning vertigo. Then the crowd yipped its approval, and Gabby Street removed the blur from the center of the glove, so they could all see it was a white baseball, none the worse for wear after its rapid odyssey.

Street, on that day in 1908, had become the first man ever to catch a ball thrown from the crest of the Washington Monument. But he never doubted for a moment that he was equal to the task. After all, he had been catching Walter Johnson's fast balls all these years—and any man who could do that could catch a ball from the Washington Monument.

"It was nothing," Street insisted afterwards. "It was like catching a short foul, compared to Walter's pitches. When I see Walter's arm go up, my big glove is up and ready. It's too late to wait another tenth of a second. But here I had plenty of time to get set."

However, in 21 years of pitching in the American League, no batter ever got set for what Walter Johnson threw, which was probably the fastest, most blinding pitch that ever took the starch out of a professional hitter.

The pitch helped Johnson win 414 games for the

Washington Senators, an all-time record excelled only by Cy Young's 511 victories. It fanned 3,497 batters, and shut out 113 teams, records that may never be equalled. It blazed in 60 games that ended in 1-0 scores—40 that were won, 20 that were lost.

The pitch was thrown with a motion that was the essence of simplicity. Johnson just reared back and threw, with all the power behind a loose, raw-boned frame of six feet, one inch, that carried Johnson's 200 pounds.

The pitch won Walter Johnson the early nickname of the "Big Train," because it was popular to assess his fast ball at a rate of speed that exceeded a steam engine's. The pitch was the only pitch Johnson possessed—his change of pace was a fast ball thrown not so fast—but it was enough to baffle batters for two decades.

It was so dependable that on one occasion it extricated a Washington Senator scout from an extremely ticklish situation with the club's management. Joe Engel, the scout, was also a personal friend of Walter. He had been assigned the job of reporting on a young Pacific Coast League ballplayer named Paul Strand, who was racking up a magnificent record as a batter.

"See what the boy's got," Clark Griffith, the Washington president, told Joe. Engel went, watched, but was scarcely impressed with what Strand had to show.

On the other hand, one of Connie Mack's intrepid bird dogs took a few sniffs at Strand and recommended that the Athletics pay a good bundle of cash for him. They did, and Strand found himself opposing the Senators the following spring in an exhibition game.

Johnson was scheduled to pitch that day, and Engel was scheduled to go through the tortures of the damned if Strand (*Continued on page 62*)



They waited until Roman Nose's screaming braves were almost in their laps. Then,

# Last stand at

They were the most ragged-looking bunch of vagrants ever to call themselves cavalrymen. But they didn't begin to fight until the odds rose to 20 to 1.

By GIL PAUST  
ILLUSTRATED BY GIL COHEN

► On September 18, 1868, a small company of Indian fighters camped for the night on the shore of the Arikaree branch of Colorado's Republican River. There were 54 men, each armed with a Spencer repeating rifle and a Colt revolver. They had been sent by General "Little Phil" Sheridan to avenge the massacre of 150 settlers by "Dog Soldiers" of the Cheyennes, Sioux and "Dirty Noses," as the Arapahoes were known, who were determined to turn back the white man.

Only three of the company wore uniforms of the United States Army: Colonel George "Sandy" Forsyth in command; Lieutenant Fred Beecher, who was a nephew of Henry Ward Beecher and already lamed by a wound suffered at Gettysburg; and General Bill McCall, who had been reduced to sergeant for the expedition at his own request. A fourth, in cotton shirt and buckskin trousers, was a surgeon, Dr. John Mowers. The remainder, no two dressed alike, were the roughest, toughest frontiersmen in the West—scouts, woodsmen and buffalo hunters—30 of whom had been assembled at Fort Harker and 20 at Fort Hays. They had volunteered at a salary of \$1 a day. Their guide was the veteran scout, Abner "Sharp" Grover, who had once single-handedly wiped out a band of 14 Indians after they had murdered his friend, Bill Comstock.

Before (Continued on page 76)

50 guns boomed and the Indians went down like mowed wheat.

# the Arikaree

For Lori Rogers, splashing in the

old mill pond suddenly

wasn't fun any more, and

when she pulled on her old

jeans, she found they looked ugly.



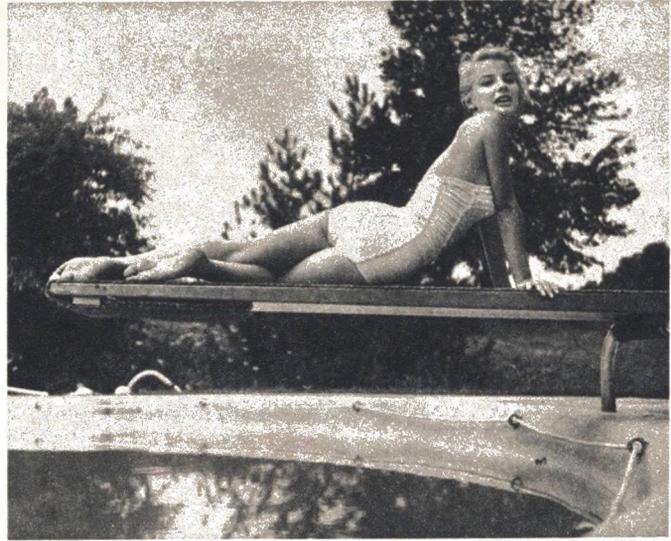
THE

STRANGE

SUMMER



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE ▶



In general, she realized she was bored with kid stuff and began thinking of new clothes, new things to do. It happens to every girl during her 19th summer. She grows up.





Someone had to pay for the killing and as the only stranger in town, it looked like that someone was me.

# INTERROGATION of ROY BOND

By DAVID G. COOKE



"I want a lawyer," I said.  
"I know my rights. You can't hold me without a lawyer to look out for me."

"You'll get a lawyer, punk," the fat one said. He wound up and hit me across the side of the face. "You'll get a lawyer. But first, you talk."

I didn't know how long it had been going on like that. They'd had me in that lousy chair for hours, it seemed. The fat lout with the gravy stains on his necktie and a blue-black shadow of beard on his jaws and that foul way he had of belching. Him and the quiet thin guy whose clothes hung on him like there was no body under them. They were cops. That's what they were paid to be, anyway. Deputy sheriffs, to keep the farm town clean of drunks or whatever. And I was their target for the night.

"You shouldn't ought to hit him, Sims," the thin guy named King said in that quiet voice of his. Real quiet it was, like a voice from six feet under. "He ain't a criminal, far as we know. He didn't do nothing, far as we know. We got to treat him like an honest taxpayer till we know for sure."

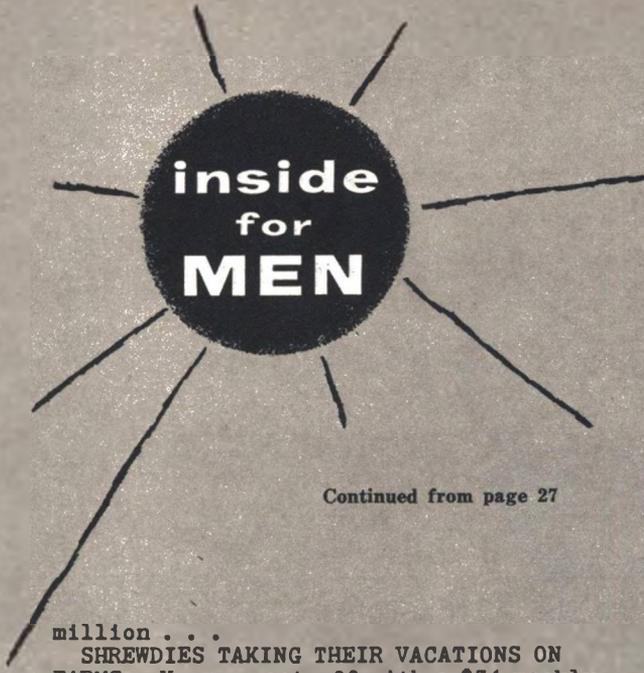
The fat one, Sims, brought up a burp from around his belly, blowing it out between his thick (Continued on page 52)

"Talk, punk, talk," he said, and his face was so close to mine I could smell his rotten breath.

ILLUSTRATED BY JIM BENTLEY







# inside for MEN

Continued from page 27

million . . .

**SHREWDIES TAKING THEIR VACATIONS ON FARMS.** You can get off with a \$34 weekly bill which is PEANUTS compared to other vacations. Write: Farm Vacations and Holidays, Inc., 500 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C. . . .

If you're a PEARL DIVER, take off for Australia. They've come up with acres of pearl fields, BUT THERE'S NO ONE TO DIVE . . .

**HERE'S HOW SHARP CAR OPERATORS STEAL YOUR TEETH:** They give you a liberal trade-in, but then they insist you stretch out finance terms as long as possible because the sky's the limit on finance service charges. They get you paying at the rate of 30% . . .

## JUST OFF THE GRIDDLE

**PILLS THAT GIVE YOU A SUNTAN . . .** A way to carry extra-dry martinis (with olives) IN A POCKET ENVELOPE . . . Mink-lined waste baskets . . . A movie camera that sets its lens automatically, also throws up a warning signal when light is insufficient . . .

Plastic snow for warm-weather skiers . . .

A two-buck pocket butane blow torch. Each charge gives you 30 minutes of intense pinpoint 3500-degree flame . . .

Sweet potato chips . . . A tree that yields FIVE DIFFERENT KINDS OF APPLES . . .

A six-cylinder, 200 hp motor that runs on LIQUID GAS instead of gasoline or diesel oil . . . Textured WALLPAPER for a man's den.

## FISH AND GAME GAMBITS

**SOUTH CAROLINA SCARED STIFF ABOUT WILD PANTHERS RUNNING THROUGH THE STATE . . .** Powerful fight put up by the BONE FISH keeps mystifying fishermen. Anglers have watched this demon take out 250 yards of mono-filament line, THEN SNAP IT CLEAN . . .

It's tougher to drown in quicksand than it is in water. You can get footing if you're a swimmer. If not, when you lie still, you'll sink part way, leaving one-third of your body exposed . . . Most dis-

gusting outdoor sight of all is to watch Arctic dogs at a deer that's snowed in and can't move . . . Supposedly outlawed poison arrow is driving African game wardens batty . . . Some oddball game laws: Sheep can graze on Baldwin Hill, Los Angeles, if they chew no more than two inches from the ground. You can't OWN OR SELL an alligator in Florida less than four feet long . . .

## OUT OF THE UNDERWORLD

**BOOKMAKERS USING THE UNDERTAKER BUSINESS AS A COVER . . .** The PRISONS IN MONACO are almost as plush as Prince Rainier's yacht. Cons get their meals from a local restaurant and prisoners share the same ocean view **AS TOURISTS DO AT \$50/DAY IN ADJACENT HOTELS . . .** Wardens amazed at how easy it is for KINSEY to get hardened criminals who never stooped on anyone to TALK FOR HOURS ABOUT THEIR SEX LIVES . . . In Vietnam, stock exchange swindlers who give out bad tips knowingly ARE GIVEN THE DEATH PENALTY . . .

Most frustrated man in the world is Harry Allen. He had to apprentice for 20 years before he could become a BRITISH HANGMAN. Now that he is one, capital punishment has been abolished, leaving him jobless . . .

## SPORT BEAT

**VERY FEW MAJOR LEAGUE PITCHERS TALK TO THE BATTERS,** but Tommy Byrne is one. He yells, "Fast ball" or "Right Down the Pipe" usually telling the batters EXACTLY WHAT HE'S DEALING UP. This rattles rookies, but the old guys usually just chuckle and clout the ball out of the park . . .

**MOST PECULIAR PART OF WILLIE MAYS' TRAINING** occurs when he practices not running into fences.

The American Indians played a wild game called "Anetsa" similar to lacrosse, actually had a league and spring training. Before games, each contestant HAD TO HAVE HIS FLESH TORN WITH SPLINTERS FROM THE LEG BONES OF A TURKEY. The game began after upraised sticks were set up as goalposts and the wounds had healed. Twelve "HOME RUNS" won a game, and it was all right to try to CRIPPLE OR KILL opposing players . . .

## MOTOR MEMO

**A FRENCH CITROEN GADGET THAT SOMEONE HERE OUGHT TO PICK UP:** Jacking system in which you touch a button and wheels, two on one side, can be retracted clear off the ground, automatically . . . Black is back as a car color, showing up third in color preferences . . .

Legit garage men can't overemphasize how important it is to drain out anti-freeze in the summer. Leaving it in causes overheating, serious damage . . . Dealers report Continental buyers never haggle over price, look car over once, then sit down and scribble out the \$10,000 check . . .



## Champagne Charlie

Continued from page 17

In his fantastic career, Charlie had suavely separated hundreds of gullible Britons from many thousands of pounds. His chief hobby was women, and those who fell headlong for the debonair, gallant flimflammer with the upswept bristles ranged all the way from a luscious beauty queen to the daughters of a parson, a leading jockey and a Life Guards major, in that order. When the master rogue was nabbed this year for a brash, bold jewel swindle, it was his tenth conviction. Never discouraged, the resilient Champagne Charlie may have been a glorious flop as an arch-criminal, but he always had a ripping good time.

The saga of this high-living, persistent phony begins in Mandalay where he was born, the son of an Army officer, with the marathon moniker of Patrick George Michael Cecil Johnson. This may have prompted him to acquire later some other fancy handles. After his parents died, the boy's uncle, Major G. E. Duckworth, promised to look after him. The incredibly patient major was to spend almost his entire fortune trying to repay the suckers his nephew fleeced.

Uncle George couldn't soothe the ruffled army, however, when at 18 young Patrick joined up as a private in 1939. Twice, Patrick George Michael Cecil Johnson was put on probation for throwing lavish parties he couldn't pay for. Finally, he was jailed because he had the gall to steal an officer's uniform and pose as a captain so that he could seduce a local belle. After only nine months of service, the harassed army was delighted to get rid of him with a dishonorable discharge.

That brief army career was enough to provide the young mythomaniac—later dubbed by Dartmoor fellow-inmates as "Champagne Charlie"—with a lush military mustache, a phony D.S.O. and Military Cross, and enough other equally phony decorations to distinguish him as at least a battle-worn general.

A year later, Charlie made his first big social splash with a grand wing-ding for 60 guests at London's plush Savoy. Among them were four or five Members of Parliament, a banker, a cabinet minister, two famous actresses and a batch of minor royalty. Just how he deftly lured such a bevy of notables to a party staged by an unknown "Sir Patrick Johnson, son of Lord Manchester," remains a mystery that can be explained only by the naive upper-crust awe of a title, any title. Champagne flowed freely and Charlie had a lordly time—until the headwaiter approached him with the bill for 300 pounds. Airily, he brushed it aside.

"Don't annoy me with trifles at this moment," he said brusquely.

But the hotel manager, summoned to

the scene, was adamant. Charlie scribbled off a check to pay the bill. It bounced, and so did Charlie—right into jail for a three-year stretch.

When he was released the gay masquerader headed for a wild spree with female companions he had sorely missed behind the bars. And in wartime, there were plenty of impressionable women around who found his finely polished glamour and gallantry irresistible. At this stage, he was "Captain George Johnson."

"Confidentially," he'd whisper to them, "I'm with MI5. Secret mission, y'understand." (MI5 is the top secret level of British secret service.)

To make the proper impact on his women, Charlie traveled around with them in hired cars equipped with two-way radios. Every once in a while, he'd call up "headquarters" and ask, "Any message for me?" and would carry on imaginary conversations with himself.

Often, to bolster his own ego as well as to stage a show for pigeons about to be plucked, Captain Johnson took them along on visits to the Foreign Office, the Air Ministry, secret airfields, and even Scotland Yard. While the woman waited outside for her hero, Charlie would walk in and chat about the weather with sentries, military police or reception clerks. When he emerged, he'd stuff important-looking papers into a pocket and remark to his friend:

"New assignment. Very dangerous. Top secret, you know."

With this line, Charlie seduced dozens of women, became engaged to most of them (sometimes two or three in a week), borrowed or stole money from them, and then vanished. He could have gone merrily on with this technique if he hadn't overreached himself.

At that period in 1944, Rudolph Hess, the top Nazi leader who had flown to England on his "peace" mission, was being heavily guarded in a secret prison. Charlie's imaginative mind worked up an ingenious scheme which would take advantage of the popular curiosity about Hitler's strange right-hand man.

One of Charlie's current flames was a wealthy, plump Mayfair divorcee named Alicia. One night, at a corner table in a London night club, he bent close to her in great excitement.

"My dear," he said in a muffled voice, "what I tell you must not be repeated to anyone. Rudolph Hess has escaped!"

He paused dramatically. "Only I and two others in the Secret Service know about it. I have been assigned to find him as quickly as possible before he can leave the country."

Then, as Alicia listened wide-eyed, Charlie unfolded his preposterous con game.

"I've tracked down a Belgian refugee in Liverpool who knows just where Hess is hiding, waiting for a boat to take him to Spain. But the Belgian wants 5,000 pounds for his information. The government can't be placed in a position of advancing the funds—policy, you know. It would leak out; embarrassing and all that. Now, if you could lend me the funds, I would have you reimbursed after I return Hess safely to prison. You would render a great patriotic service, and after I obtain my promotion we could be married. . . ."

Smooth-talking Charlie evidently convinced the adoring Alicia. It wasn't what he said so much as his authoritative military appearance. He gave women the impression of dynamic motion even when he was at ease. His glorious mustache alone was enough to command the respect of the stoniest of Mayfair's headwaiters.

So Alicia, next day, withdrew 5,000 pounds from her bank and handed the cash to Charlie. Then she waited, day after day, week after week. No word from "Captain Johnson." Worried over the safety of her fiancé, she inquired about him at the War Office. No one there had ever heard of Captain Johnson. Herr Rudolph Hess was certainly still where he should be; he had never escaped.

In the dragnet that followed, Charlie was pulled in, picked up right out of the comfortable bed he was sharing with a newly-acquired blue-eyed "secretary." For suggesting that he was in the service of His Majesty as an MI5 agent, and for obtaining funds under false pretenses, Charlie was again incarcerated, this time for five years.

Even at Dartmoor, the fabulous fraud continued his make-believe. Often he would lecture the other convicts on "my MI5 work" and spin hair-raising yarns of his exploits as an undercover agent. At the time, medical examiners, seeking some insight into what made Charlie tick, concluded that he was "a hundred per cent humbug." Charlie, convict number 567, was "a poor creature guilty of the folly of self-deception and a firm believer in his own lies."

**C**HARLIE didn't relax while he vacationed at The Moor. For leading a protest against bad food, he was deprived of tobacco privileges. But that was only a challenge for him. Soon he organized a cigarette-at-a-time racket by which he was able to obtain preferred books from the prison library for convicts in return for cigarettes. Before long, Champagne Charlie was the tobacco baron of Dartmoor.

An incurable "spy-catcher," Charlie again slipped into his counter-espionage identity after he walked out of Dartmoor in 1950. This time he was chasing Communist spies. More urbane and poised than ever, the distinguished-looking "Lieutenant Roland Jones" casually informed his female pushovers that he was heir to a huge Australian fortune.

One of his new lady friends was Ingrid, a hefty Norwegian blonde visiting London, whom he took on a mad tour of southern England in pursuit of an ephemeral "enemy agent." Charlie's bizarre

# This \$1000 SALES KIT is Free!



## Puts You in the BIG MONEY Tailoring Business Quick MAKE UP TO \$30 IN A DAY!

If you'd like to make up to \$30 in a day, even in spare time, I'll send you this amazing \$10.00 Tailoring Kit absolutely Free! Contains everything you need to start your in big-pay Made-to-Measure Tailoring Business — over 100 Actual Fabrics, Style Display of smartest new Suits and Coats for men and women, at low prices — plus complete money-making plans and equipment. No experience needed — just show Kit to friends, neighbors, fellow-workers, etc., take easy fast orders, collect Generous Advance Profit. We deliver to customers.



**YOUR OWN SUITS to Wear Without 1c Cost!** Your best-selling ad is your own Made-to-Measure Suit... and we'll show you how to get yours without paying 1c! Mail coupon today for Valuable Tailoring Kit and Suit Offer — all sent FREE!

**W. Z. GIBSON, INCORPORATED**  
500 S. Throop Street, Dept. X-495, Chicago 7, Ill.

W. Z. GIBSON, INC., Dept. X-495,  
500 S. Throop St., Chicago 7, Ill.

Rush FREE and Postpaid, your valuable \$10.00 Tailoring Kit so I can start making good money quickly. Include Actual Fabric Samples, Style Display, money-making plans and details of how I can get my own Suit without a penny of cost.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

gizmo this time was that the Communists had hatched a monstrous conspiracy of forging currency. The incredible yarn was enough to pry from Ingrid 10,000 francs which Charlie contended was obviously counterfeit. For that escapade, the durable con man received another five years in the jug. But all of these were dull drama compared to the caper which climaxed Champagne Charlie's weird career.

It was to be a wholly fresh—and final—start for Patrick George Michael Cecil Johnson when he emerged to freedom one day in July last year. His long-suffering uncle, Major Duckworth, along with assorted other loyal relatives and friends, had formed a company to acquire the fashionable Royal Talbot Hotel at Lostwithiel in Cornwall. Charlie, assuming the name of Major Michael Woodfall, was designated as resident managing director of the hotel. No one in Cornwall presumably had any inkling of his questionable past. Surely this time, his friends believed, he would be different—he'd settle down as a respectable citizen. Such was their unbounded faith in him that he was given authority to sign checks for the hotel.

As hotel manager, Charlie was in his element, riding high, wide and handsome. He was the perfect host, and business was always brisk. Of course, he still sported the ribbons of the D.S.O. and M.C., but the fantasies he wove for himself seemed harmless. The hotel guests and neighbors took it for granted that this relatively humble job as managing director of the hotel was in reality a cover for the vital secret service work at which he often hinted over a confidential whisky and soda.

Within ten days of his arrival at Lostwithiel, Charlie subscribed 100 guineas to the very social North Cornwall Hunt, spent another 100 guineas on a riding kit and bought two horses. He rode regularly to hounds, stood for drinks all around at pubs and boasted glibly of his heroic war record.

The magnificent champagne-type housewarming Charlie staged at his hotel was graced by some 200 gentry from the area. They included such bigwigs as Sir Robert Howe, former Governor of the Sudan, the Prior of Bodmen Abbey, where Charlie attended church regularly, the mayors of Bodmen and Lostwithiel. Also present—a defiant gesture symbolizing Charlie's brazen impudence—were the chaplain from Dartmoor Prison and six discreet "old lags" who had done time with Charlie. His cronies from The Moor were quite proud of him.

From Cornwall, Charlie extended his merry-making to London. There, his sumptuous parties at the Ritz, the Cafe de Paris, the Four Hundred Club and the Astor won him the rating of "Mayfair's Perfect Host."

Charlie might still be at large as a good-hearted and generous but honest hotel host if it weren't for the inevitable *femme fatale*. As always in the past, a woman triggered his doom. Now it was a 22-year-old beauty queen, statuesque Helen Hackman.

He met her one night in a London club and fell for her like a ton of bricks. Confiding to her that he was in military in-

telligence, Charlie related a grisly tale of how he'd been one of seven men who escaped from a Japanese prison camp after blood-curdling tortures, how he had single-handedly rounded up a ring of 13 Communist atomic spies. Two days later, Charlie proposed marriage.

Helen promptly signed on as his private secretary, and with her black poodle was soon bivouacked at the Royal Talbot Hotel in Lostwithiel. Many a happy hour she spent in Major Woodfall's company, driving through the countryside by day, dropping in at supper clubs by night.

To Helen, he was a perfect gentleman. As she told Scotland Yard detectives later, when disillusionment set in, "The major was a fantastic man. He named his 200-guinea hunter Helen of Troy after me. He never went out alone because he feared enemy agents. I was shocked, of course, to learn of all the other women he had tricked before."

Charlie—or rather, Major Woodfall—seemed to be serious this time about marriage. Like everything the major did, the purchase of a suitable wedding gift for his bride had to be done in style. He sent a message to the plush jewelry firm of Brody Williams & Son of Hatton Garden, and the next day Mr. Theodore Williams showed up with a dazzling display of sample jewels.

"I WOULD like to buy," said the major haughtily, "a quantity of these baubles for my forthcoming marriage."

An appointment was immediately made by the pleased Mr. Williams for the major and his fiancée to visit the firm's London shop the following day. That evening, the major—in full dress uniform replete with medals—threw a big party at the Ritz and insisted that Mr. Williams come as his guest. From the Ritz, the party spilled over to various night clubs, and at the end the major had spent some 70 guineas for entertainment.

The maneuvers that followed got a little complicated. Late the next afternoon, at the jeweler's, Major Woodfall shrewdly selected some £6,800 (about \$20,000) worth of gems. He paid for the lot with a check. Before he left, he fondly fingered a sparkling diamond and ruby brooch worth about \$1,500.

"I find this particularly appealing," said the major. "It would be quite nice if my fiancée wore it over the weekend. You don't mind, do you?"

"Of course not," said Mr. Williams, smugly patting the fat check in his pocket.

The major calmly walked off with the brooch. In the morning, Williams showed up, by arrangement, at the London hotel where the major was staying. The two were to go to the major's bank where the check was to be expedited. But no one answered the phone in the major's room. Major Woodfall had disappeared. So had the diamond and ruby clip.

When an investigation was launched, there were a lot of ruby-red faces among London's upper crust—eminent citizens too friendly with the veteran con man who had lent him money they preferred not to report. As for the luscious Helen

(Continued on page 50)

# ARE YOU TOO OLD TO LEARN?

*not at all, scientists say*

New tests show that: your ability to think increases with age; your powers of deduction are greater; your judgment is better.

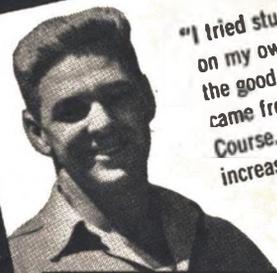
In the I. C. S. files are thousands of cases of men and women of every age. Their successes, their promotions, their raises prove that men and women past school age can learn!

**I.C.S. GIVES YOU EXPERT GUIDANCE FREE!** Do you have the feeling you're "stuck" in your job? Your trained I. C. S. counselor will appraise your abilities, help you plan for the future.

**IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO GET STARTED!** You study with I. C. S. at home, in your spare time. There's no interference with business or social activity. Famous I. C. S. texts make learning easy. Don't delay. Pick your field from the coupon below. And mail it today!

## 3 FREE BOOKS

86-page, pocket-size guide to advancement, a gold mine of tips on "How to Succeed." Big catalog outlining opportunities in your field of interest. Also sample lesson (Mathematics).



"I tried studying my work on my own, but I never got the good out of it that came from my I. C. S. Course. My salary has been increased 73.3%!"  
E.L.B.  
Ohio

"I am president of a small corporation. A year ago I enrolled with I. C. S. as the most practical means available to me to learn what I needed."

W.J.A.  
Michigan



"It's been so long since I went to school, I've forgotten much. But now that I'm taking an I. C. S. Course, I have confidence in my ability again."

H.A.R.  
New Jersey



Actual statements.  
Posed by models.

For Real Job Security—Get an I. C. S. Diploma! I. C. S., Scranton 9, Penna. Member, National Home Study Council

## INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

65<sup>TH</sup> YEAR

BOX 99365G, SCRANTON 9, PENNA.

Without cost or obligation, send me "HOW TO SUCCEED" and the opportunity booklet about the field BEFORE which I have marked X (plus sample lesson):

- |  |   |  |  |   |
|--|---|--|--|---|
| <p><b>ARCHITECTURE and BUILDING CONSTRUCTION</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Air Conditioning—Refrig.</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Architecture</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Interiors</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Building Contractor</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Building Estimator</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Building Maintenance</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Carpentry and Mill Work</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Heating</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Painting Contractor</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Plumbing</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Reading Arch. Blueprints</li> </ul> <p><b>ART</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Cartooning</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Art</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Fashion Illustrating</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Magazine Illustrating</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Show Card and Sign Lettering</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Sketching and Painting</li> </ul> <p><b>AUTOMOTIVE</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Auto Body Rebuilding</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Auto Elec. Technician</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Auto-Engine Tune Up</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Automobile Mechanic</li> </ul> | <p><b>AVIATION</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Aeronautical Engineering Jr.</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Aircraft &amp; Engine Mechanic</li> </ul> <p><b>BUSINESS</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Advertising</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Bookkeeping and Accounting</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Business Administration</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Business Correspondence</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Public Accounting</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Creative Salesmanship</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Federal Tax</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Letter-writing Improvement</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Office Management</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Professional Secretary</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Retail Business Management</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Sales Management</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Stenographic Secretarial</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management</li> </ul> <p><b>CHEMISTRY</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Analytical Chemistry</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Chemical Engineering</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Chem. Lab. Technician</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> General Chemistry</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Natural Gas Prod. &amp; Trans.</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Petroleum Engineering</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Plastics</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Pulp and Paper Making</li> </ul> | <p><b>CIVIL, STRUCTURAL ENGINEERING</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Civil Engineering</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Construction Engineering</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Highway Engineering</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Reading Struct. Blueprints</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Sanitary Engineering</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineering</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping</li> </ul> <p><b>DRAFTING</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Aircraft Drafting</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Drafting</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Drafting</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Drafting</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Mine Surveying and Mapping</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Plumbing Drawing and Estimating</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Structural Drafting</li> </ul> <p><b>ELECTRICAL</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Engineering</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Maintenance</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Electrician <input type="checkbox"/> Contracting</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Lineman</li> </ul> <p><b>HIGH SCHOOL</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Commercial <input type="checkbox"/> Good English</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> High School Subjects</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Mathematics</li> </ul> | <p><b>LEADERSHIP</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Foremanship</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Supervision</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Leadership and Organization</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Personnel-Labor Relations</li> </ul> <p><b>MECHANICAL AND SHOP</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Gas—Electric Welding</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Heat Treatment <input type="checkbox"/> Metallurgy</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Engineering</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Instrumentation</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Supervision</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Internal Combustion Engines</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Machine Design—Drafting</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop Inspection</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop Practice</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Engineering</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Quality Control</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Reading Shop Blueprints</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Refrigeration</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Sheet Metal Worker</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Tool Design <input type="checkbox"/> Toolmaking</li> </ul> <p><b>RADIO, TELEVISION</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Electronics</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Practical Radio TV Eng'ing</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Radio and TV Servicing</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Radio Operating</li> </ul> | <p><b>TELEVISION TECHNICIAN</b></p> <p><b>RAILROAD</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Air Brake Equipment</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Car Inspector</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Diesel Engineer &amp; Fireman</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Section Foreman</li> </ul> <p><b>STEAM AND DIESEL POWER</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Combustion Engineering</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Diesel—Elec. <input type="checkbox"/> Diesel Eng's</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Electric Light and Power</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Stationary Fireman</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Stationary Steam Engineering</li> </ul> <p><b>TEXTILE</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Carding and Spinning</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Cotton, Rayon, Woolen Mfg.</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Finishing and Dyeing</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Loom Fix'g <input type="checkbox"/> Textile Des'g</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Textile Eng'g <input type="checkbox"/> Throwing</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Warping and Weaving</li> </ul> <p><b>MISCELLANEOUS</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Domestic Refrigeration</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Marine Engineering</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Ocean Navigation</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Professional Engineering</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Short Story Writing</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Telephony</li> </ul> |
|--|---|--|--|---|

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_ Home Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Working Hours \_\_\_\_\_ A.M. to P.M.

Occupation \_\_\_\_\_

Canadian residents send coupon to International Correspondence Schools, Canadian, Ltd., Montreal, Canada. . . . Special tuition rates to members of the U. S. Armed Forces.

**"He may be a thief," the blonde pouted, "but he was always a gentleman about it."**

(Continued from page 48)

Hackman, forlorn and bereft, she was left holding the bag, wondering who would pay her hotel bill.

Charlie, by that time, was on a boat to Ireland. In Dublin, he promptly pawned the jewel for £250 under the name of Pat Willis. Then the gay flimflammer strolled elegantly into Irish society as "Sir Patrick Murphy," colonel of the Royal Horse Artillery and former governor of the Bahamas. He also made it known that he was doing international secret work that took him to Dublin, Cork, Galway and Westport.

His pose, as usual, was faultless; throughout his career not one of his acquaintances ever saw through it. At Galway's best hotel, for instance, Charlie made friends with an American tourist. On one occasion, a page boy, taking Charlie's walking stick and bowler hat, bowed low.

"You know, old boy," Charlie (Sir Patrick now) said to his American companion, "you get respect when you have an important handle to your name like I have."

Charlie nicked the American for a fast \$1,000, handing him as security the pledge-ticket on the "priceless" jewel he had pawned.

Attending hunt balls and parties, Sir Patrick met and quickly conquered 22-year-old Katherine Hill, described as "the most beautiful colleen in Eire." With his superb hocus-pocus, Charlie soon induced her to pretend to be his wife. Several times he had bouquets sent to them, a note attached bearing variations of this sentiment:

"To Sir Patrick and Lady Murphy. With best wishes for your future, from Lord and Lady Carlton."

Working his chasing-enemy-agents dodge on his "wife," Charlie had her believing that Russian spies were using

checks to send out messages. Dutifully, Kathy handed him her checkbook. Then, for eight blissful weeks, Charlie and his latest bride had a bang-up time touring Ireland.

On Christmas Eve, Charlie decided he'd like to attend the top-hole Garrison ball of Eire's Gaelic Number One Battalion.

At the ball, "Sir Patrick Murphy" proposed an after-dinner toast. "To the great president of glorious Eire!" he announced. That was all right. But when the garrison commandant replied with a toast to the gallant Sir Patrick, his regiment and the Queen, all hell broke loose. Some of the Irish guests dashed their glasses to the floor and stalked out.

Amid the uproar that broke up the party, Sir Patrick in his headwaiter's suit sat back quietly enjoying the brawl he had sparked.

The next night, Sir Patrick and Kathy were prominent guests at the West Waterford Hunt Ball at Lismore Castle. As they danced in the full glare of the BBC television cameras, Charlie showed not the slightest self-consciousness or anxiety. The ridiculous ease with which he hoodwinked the upper echelons of society had made him arrogantly cocky. But that careless moment was his undoing. Someone from Scotland Yard, relaxing at home before his television set, recognized Charlie on the screen.

**O**N New Year's Eve, Sir Patrick was weekend guest at the 300-year-old stately mansion owned by Kathy's mother. The doorbell rang and in walked Detective Sergeant Leonard Burt of Scotland Yard.

Confronting Sir Patrick in the drawing room, Sergeant Burt didn't have to say much. "Come along, Charlie," was all that was necessary. Charlie sighed—and came along.

Kathy was aghast. The next 24 hours

she spent on the phone, pleading with senior government officials to obtain the release of her "special agent."

For Sergeant Burt, Charlie had a brand-new pitch:

"Look here," he said earnestly, "I want to tell you about that silly, mad escapade with the jewel clip. I admit the false pretense charge, but I need medical treatment, not punishment. I did it under an irresistible impulse. If I had wanted to, I could have taken the 10,000 pounds' worth of jewelry that the fellow brought down to my hotel."

Sergeant Burt shrugged. "Tell it to the court, old boy."

**C**HARLIE remained a debonair dandy even when he was put behind bars in Cork Bridewell. There he had chicken, steak—and champagne, of course—brought to him on silver trays from one of the leading hotels.

At the trial last March in London's Old Bailey, Charlie stood in the dock, dapper as ever as he pleaded guilty to stealing the diamond and ruby brooch. His lawyer, Mr. Chrismas Humphreys, must have been inspired by Charlie to heights of oratory.

"The defendant," he told the court, "is intelligent and well-educated. He is not insane, but a psychopath with periods of insecurity and balloon-like emotional instability. The period of instability which led to the present charge was brought about by a double-cross last November. Major Woodfall had not known that his fiancée was already married, and when she wanted to break off the engagement, he got panicky."

Charlie nodded sadly at the cock-and-bull story and his lawyer continued:

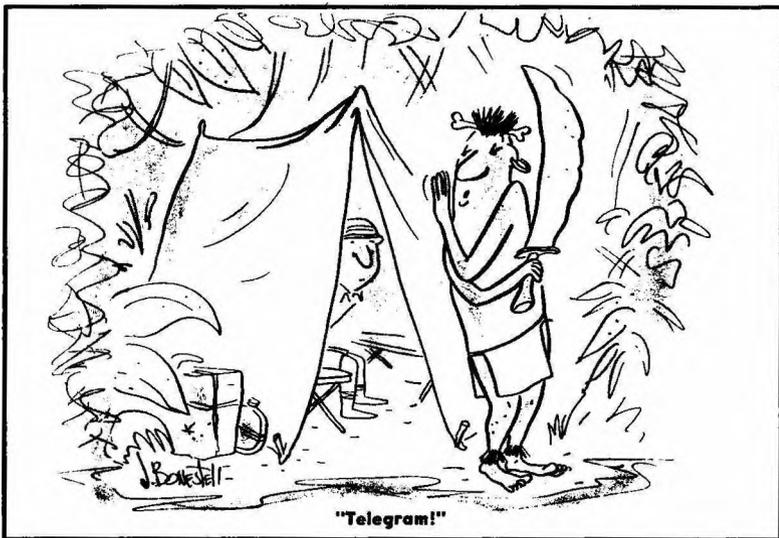
"The defendant is an immature man who at times found it impossible to fit into the ordinary social scale and behave as a rational human being. It is clear that prison had no effect on him, but he has got to be controlled. I ask the Court to consider confining him to a mental institution for 12 months."

But the bewigged Mr. Justice Cassels wouldn't fall for Charlie's latest maneuver.

"You are really a danger to the community," the judge said to Charlie, because when you are free, you commit offenses with no thought of the victims of your conduct or for those who are closely related to you. I think it is in the best interests of the public that you should be kept in some form of detention for a prolonged period."

Charlie got nine years of "preventive detention"—the longest stop on his long and rocky road from Mandalay. When he heard the sentence, Major Michael Woodfall, Sir Patrick Murphy, Lt. Roland Jones and Patrick George Michael Cecil Johnson clicked his heels to attention. As jaunty as ever, he lightly flicked his handlebar mustache as he left the courtroom.

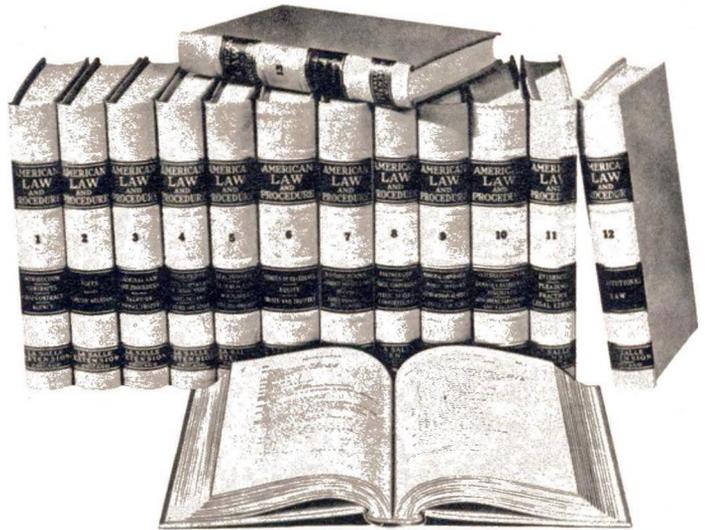
Champagne Charlie was corked up—until the next time out. \*\*\*



# LAW TRAINING *for* BUSINESS

*[in spare time at home]*

## Earn LL.B. Degree



Thousands of men and women who never intend to practice are studying Law in spare time at home—not for a legal career but as an aid to business advancement.

Law today is involved in almost every major business decision. In many lines of work it is almost indispensable—credits and collections, accounting, traffic and transportation, employee relations, real estate, insurance, finance, taxation, etc. For all types of work, Law training develops keen, clear, quick, correct, and decisive thinking.

You can study LaSalle's American Law and Procedure right in the privacy of your own home—progressing as rapidly as your time and ability permit. LaSalle has, for nearly 50 years, helped more than 1,350,000 ambitious people get ahead in the business world. Thousands of letters in our files from grateful students and businessmen who have achieved greater success speak of—better jobs, more money and the satisfaction it brings, prestige and leadership.

### A MOST UNUSUAL LAW LIBRARY

This training includes the fourteen-volume LaSalle Law library—AMERICAN LAW AND PROCEDURE, which is the basis of all the instruction service. This library has been compiled by leaders in the field of Law. It covers the whole basic field of Law in an orderly and simple manner that is easy to learn and understand. Collateral reading and printed lectures on legal problems which are furnished at regular intervals throughout the training, supplement the text. Law instructors personally supervise your program from the first assignment to the LL.B. degree or diploma. Under the LaSalle method you deal with legal problems—you learn by

doing—actually solving legal problems—not just memorizing rules.

### WRITE TODAY FOR TWO FREE BOOKS

You are determined to get ahead—to prepare for greater future possibilities—and to earn more money. Send the coupon below and find out how to qualify yourself for the many openings available to the Law-trained man. In our FREE books, "Law Training for Leadership" and "Evidence," you will find answers to all your questions about the study of Law and the LaSalle method.

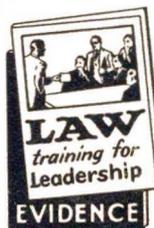
No investment is likely to pay higher returns than an investment in yourself, by enrolling in the American Law and Procedure training. Send coupon today for full information—no obligation, of course.

### LaSalle Extension University

A Correspondence Institution

Dept. 9378-L, 417 S. Dearborn St., Chicago 5, Ill.

Gentlemen: Please send me your two free booklets, "Law Training for Leadership" and "Evidence," which tell how I may study Law at home and qualify for the LL. B. degree.



Name ..... Age .....

Street .....

City ..... Zone ..... State .....



## Interrogation of Roy Bond

Continued from page 44

lips. "Nuts," he growled. "The son's guilty, all right. You know it; I know it; he knows it. He killed her sure as hell. Whacked the Widder Taylor in the head with a hunk of pipe, bashin' her brains in like you slaughter a steer, scatterin' 'em all over the livin' room rug. Then he robbed her, took every damn penny she had stashed away in her flour tin."

He turned to me again. "You gonna admit it, punk, or do we have to beat your lousy head off?"

"I'm not admitting anything," I told him. "I didn't do it, that's why."

"Where'd you hide the dough?"

"I didn't take her money."

"You worked on her farm, didn't you?"

"Sure. You know that."

"How long?"

"Three months."

"You knew where she kept her dough, didn't you? You knew about the flour tin, that she was afraid of banks?"

"No. I didn't know anything."

"Couldn't you of just taken her dough without killin' her? You didn't have to do that."

"I didn't kill her, I tell you. She was good to me, treated me nice. Real nice."

"And you bashed her brains in for it. Damn your hide, I'm gonna see you hang if it's the last thing I do." He drew his hand back and whacked me again. He was fast, even with all the fat on him. Fast and hard and mean. He liked to hurt people. Maybe he thought he was getting even for all the time he was called a plop of glop. All you had to do to see the meanness in him was look at those little pig eyes of his. Small, set close together, red and ugly in the whites, overlapped with heavy lids that looked like they needed props to keep them open.

"By God," I said, starting to get up from the chair. "You hit me again, and—"

"And what? You'll kill me? Like you did her? Look at her, punk," he screamed at me. "Look at her!" He grabbed my head between his clammy hands and turned me toward Mrs. Taylor, who was still stretched out on the living room floor, not even a blanket thrown over her, her housedress up over her thighs.

The sight made me sick. Her head was bashed in, right down the part in her graying hair. There was blood and brains down the side of her face, across the smooth cheek, pooling on the worn rug, sopping in a rusty reddish-brown. My stomach turned over.

"Nice, ain't it?" Sims screamed at me. "Nice sight to look at, somethin' to remember and give you nightmares and keep you awake at night."

I jerked away from him. "I didn't do it," I yelled. "Can't you see I'm telling the truth? Why would I want to kill her? I told you she was good to me."

He wiped the back of his hairy hand across his mouth, twisting his blubber lips all out of shape. And he burped again. A foul beer burp, and it smelled sour.

"Where's the dough, punk?" he asked again. "What'd you do with it, where'd you hide it?"

"You can ask all night long, and all tomorrow night too, but I didn't take it," I said.

"Where'd you hide the pipe you killed her with?"

I didn't say anything. What was the use? He kept asking the same questions over and over, and I knew that no matter how many times I answered them, he'd keep on asking. I couldn't keep it up. There wasn't any use keeping it up.

"I asked you a question, punk. You gonna answer me, or do I gotta kick it outa you?"

I didn't say anything.

He pulled his hand back to hit me again, and I winced. The way he hit, it wasn't like being slapped. His hand was too heavy, too solid, too much meat and bone. King stopped him.

"Hold it, Sims," he said quietly. "You know Hoskins don't go for that rough stuff."

"Sheriff Hoskins is an old lady," Sims growled. "He don't go for anything except a bottle of gin."

"Maybe so," King told him, "but he's still the sheriff. Maybe you don't like what he does and what he says, but he says no rough stuff, and we're not going to have any while I'm on a job. If this kid is innocent and raises a squawk, there'd be hell to pay."

"And there'll be hell to pay if we don't get the guy that bashed in the widow's brains," Sims snapped. "You can't handle killers like they was human."

"We've got courts to decide how to handle criminals," King reminded him. "It's our job to find people that break the law. It's the court's job to punish them."

"I DON'T need lessons from you. But give me five minutes with this punk and I'll get a confession outa him."

"One that'd stand up in court? Don't be a fool."

The fat man took a step forward menacingly, his pig eyes blazing. "Don't you call me a fool. By God, I don't take that from no man."

For a moment I could almost see sparks flying between them. I think Sims hated his partner's guts almost as much as he hated mine, maybe even more. But there wasn't anything chicken about King. I had to give him that much. He just stared at Sims, his eyes cold and steady, his face just as cold, just as steady.

"Shut up," he said, his voice so quiet

you could hardly hear it. "If you're not a fool, don't act one."

Sims stood a moment, turning it over in his fat brain. He could have broken King in two with one blow of his beefy fists. But he was muscle-bound in the brains too, a crazy bull with a red flag waving in front of his eyes. King was smarter than three of him.

Sims went back and sat down. His fat lips were working, cursing to himself, but he didn't say a word. He sat down and boiled, like a volcano.

King pulled up a chair. He looked tired, a little beat, unhealthy around the eyes, like maybe he hadn't been sleeping too well, or maybe had liver trouble.

"Now, what's your name, son?"

"Roy Bond."

"All right, Roy. You know that things look bad?"

"Yeah, I know it. But I didn't kill her. That's what I've been telling you guys over and over."

"The mark of an honest man is how many times he can tell a story the same way."

SIMS grunted unpleasantly. "You don't need a badge," he said, "you need a pencil. You're hot as a philosopher."

King ignored him. "How long'd you say you worked for Mrs. Taylor?"

"Three months, about."

"Did you know her before?"

I shook my head.

"How come she gave you a job?"

"I was hitching through, going west. I was broke and figured maybe I could work out a meal. She liked the way I did things and said she could use a man and offered me the job."

"Did you plan to stay on?"

I shook my head again. "Just long enough to make a stake. She knew that."

"How much was she paying you?"

"Fifty a month, plus keep."

"Not much, was it?"

"I got along."

"How much you got left?"

"All of it. I didn't spend a nickel. It's in my wallet. You saw it when you searched me."

King leaned forward toward me, his bony shoulders poking under the cloth of his coat.

"You were here three months—and you didn't spend any money at all? That's hard to believe."

"I don't care whether you believe me or not," I said, "it's true. I don't smoke, I don't drink, I didn't have to spend money."

"What about girls? Don't you like girls?"

"Yes, I like them. But I wanted to get a stake together. I told you that."

He paused a moment, and I could see that something was stirring behind his eyes.

"You know," he finally said. "Mrs. Taylor wasn't so old. Maybe 40, 42. Not old at all; in fact, quite young. She wasn't only a nice woman, she was a good looking woman. Isn't that right?"

"Yes."

"So maybe you didn't have to spend money on girls. Maybe you had every-

(Continued on page 54)

**STARTING TO GET BALD?**

# take hope

## for new hair with the Brandenfels Home System!

Like you...and you...and you, these men were losing their hair, or were actually bald. Look at them now! They used the Brandenfels Home System of Applications and Massage. Their heart-warming experience offers you a wonderful incentive for action.

Even where you now have no hair, the roots — or follicles — may still be alive—in many cases lacking only proper stimulation to bring them back into production.

You see, medical research has shown that hair grows in cycles. The follicle produces a hair, then "rests" before normal hair growth starts again. And the crucial time, it is believed, is this "resting" period.

If, because of a poor scalp condition this "resting" time is lengthened, the follicle may deteriorate so far it can never recover. So the important point is to do something NOW — before it is too late.



### MICROSCOPE SHOWS MIRACLE OF HAIR REGROWTH

1. Cross section from one scalp in a test group, made before the use of the Brandenfels System. Doctors said: The follicle is small (and "resting"), the opening is plugged with sebaceous gum (dandruff scale) and scaly skin layers; no hair evident.

2. Typical cross-section made from scalp of a successful Brandenfels user, a few weeks after following instructions. Now the doctors' comments were: the follicle has increased in size, the opening is no longer plugged and a tiny hair is in evidence.

3. Now, with hair regrown, this microscopic enlargement of a cross-section was made. The doctors said: the follicle has increased in size, the plug in the opening has disappeared and the hair shaft in the follicle is proof of new production.

### PLEASANT TO USE AT HOME... 1 TO 4 BENEFITS

If you have (1) excessively falling hair, (2) ugly dandruff, (3) a rapidly receding hair line, or (4) any unhealthy scalp condition, DON'T WAIT! It may be possible for you to arrest these conditions right at home, without expensive office calls.

Carl Brandenfels does not guarantee to promote new hair growth because not every user has grown new hair. But he emphatically believes that his formulas and unique pressure massage will bring about a more healthy condition of the scalp that in many cases helps nature grow hair. You owe it to yourself, your business acquaintances, and to your family to give the Brandenfels System a thorough trial.

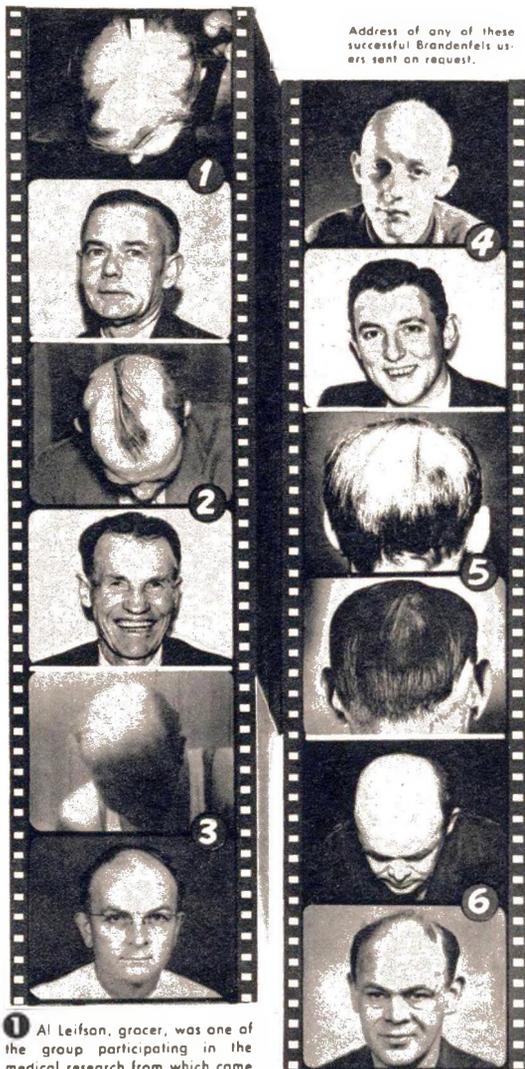
Brandenfels wonderful formulas are non-sticky, non-odorless, and they will not rub off on bed linens or hat bands. The formulas and massage are pleasant and easy to use.

From more than 20,000 letters (CPA audit) attesting to the benefits from the Brandenfels System you can take heart and confidence for your own case. If you, or anyone in your family are losing hair rapidly, or have already become bald, SEND TODAY for a five-week supply of Brandenfels Scalp and Hair Applications with full directions and complete easy-to-follow instructions on how to use and how to follow the special massage method.

### ORDER BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE

Enclose \$18 (includes Federal tax, postage, mailing). For U. S. or APO or FPO air shipments add \$2 (total \$20). Order from Carl Brandenfels, St. Helens, Oregon, U.S.A.

Send the coupon RIGHT NOW before you misplace this important message. Remember, every day you wait you may make your problem more difficult. Act Now!



Address of any of these successful Brandenfels users sent on request.

1 Al Leifson, grocer, was one of the group participating in the medical research from which came the microscopic enlargements of follicles "before" and "after" shown at the left.

2 Would you believe a man 63 years old, and bald for more than 20 years, could ever regrow hair? Here's proof that he did—with the Brandenfels Home System.

3 The wonderful improvement in his own hair growth has made this man a sincere booster for the Brandenfels Home System among his relatives and acquaintances.

4 This young man was completely bald but these two pictures show what he accomplished in 8 weeks with the Brandenfels System, and the full head of hair he finally achieved.

5 Where follicles (roots) were still alive this man was able to achieve a very considerable hair regrowth with the Brandenfels Home System—as these pictures show.

6 First, a light fuzz; then this became real hair. Another case showing that the Brandenfels System offers new hope for those who have lost much of their hair.

### Mail this coupon before you misplace it

**CARL BRANDENFELS, St. Helens, Oregon**

Please send me—in plain wrapper—a 5-week supply of Brandenfels Scalp & Hair Applications & Massage with directions for use in my own home

- I enclose \$18 (includes Federal tax, postage and mailing). Ship prepaid.
- I enclose \$20 for RUSH air shipment (APO, FPO, or U.S.A.).
- C.O.D.—I agree to pay postman the \$18.00 plus postal charges.

Name: \_\_\_\_\_  
Address: \_\_\_\_\_  
Town: \_\_\_\_\_ Zone: \_\_\_\_\_ State: \_\_\_\_\_

Cash orders are pharmaceutically compounded and shipped immediately, postage prepaid.  
C.O.D. orders are compounded after prepaid orders are filled. No C.O.D. orders to APO or FPO addresses or to foreign countries (postage regulations).

SG-90

### IMPORTANT

When filling out this order please check X the following on which you want specific information:

- Excessively Falling Hair
- Tight, Itchy Scalp
- Ugly Dandruff Scale
- Alopecia

WORLD-FAMOUS

# Brandenfels

SCALP AND HAIR APPLICATIONS AND MASSAGE



Easily applied without waste from new plastic squeezable and non-breakable bottles. Convenient for traveling.

## His pig eyes turned on me. Then his fist exploded in my belly, again and again.

(Continued from page 52)

thing you wanted right here. Maybe she got used to having a man around after going two years without one and sort of raised a squawk when you told her you were going to leave. Maybe she threatened to tell us—the cops, I mean—something about you that you didn't want known. Maybe that's the reason you killed her."

"No!" I said. "You're all wrong!"

"Maybe you hadn't planned to take her money at first, but then decided it wouldn't do no harm, seeing how she was dead and wouldn't need it."

"I didn't kill her, and I didn't take her money," I said, almost yelling. "I told your fat slob partner the same thing."

Sims's beady eyes narrowed and he got up from his chair, but King stopped him with a look. He went back again, grumbling.

"It won't do you no good to get wound up like that," King went on. "Take it easy, relax. You're innocent till you're proven guilty, and we're just trying to do our job. If you're conscience is clear, my questions shouldn't bother you none."

"My conscience is clear," I said. "I just don't like the way you're trying to twist things."

He sat back in the chair and crossed his legs, making himself comfortable. "Just a few more questions, Roy," he said, "that's all. Like why you were in town with Mrs. Taylor's car. Where were you going?"

"To the drug store," I said. "She wasn't feeling well and asked me to pick up some medicine."

"What kind?"

"Hell, I don't know what's in it. The druggist made the stuff up special for her."

"She phone ahead by any chance and tell him you were coming?"

"Yeah. Check if you want."

"We will. But how were you going to

pay for it, all the money you had was your own?"

"Same as I always did. Charge it. She's got an account. Had one, I mean."

"I see. But why were you in such a golblamed rush? You must of been going 50, and you'd already passed the drugstore."

"I wanted to get back as soon as possible. Mrs. Taylor, she felt real bad. I was going to U-turn and park in front of the drugstore. That's when you pulled me over."

During all this time Sims, who'd been sitting behind King, was boiling hotter and hotter. Suddenly he jumped to his feet.

"You're a dirty liar," he snarled. "You were beatin' it outa town, that's what. You weren't no more goin' to the druggist than a flea's got wings. If we hadn't stopped you, you'd be 100 miles away by now. By God, I'm gonna beat the truth outa you!"

"Don't touch him," King warned, a whiplash snap to his quiet voice. "So help me, I'll report you to the attorney general if you do."

"You tryin' to threaten me?" Sims demanded.

"That's just what I'm doing. I'm threatening to shove your badge down your throat unless you lay off the rough stuff."

"Try it. Just try it!"

It was an explosive moment, like a match being struck in a powder room. One spark and Sims would have torn into King, and beat him to chopped meat with those hard fists of his.

Then the telephone rang. Tension snapped.

"I'll get it," King said. The phone was at the back of the house, in the kitchen.

Sims didn't move a muscle till King was out of the room. Then, slowly, he turned his eyes on me. He was still hot under his double chins, still hankering to work off his hate of King, still itching to

smash something. It was all written on his face so plain nobody could miss it.

And I was alone with him.

"Now I'm gonna beat the truth outa you, punk," he growled. He grabbed me by the front of my shirt before I could move and hauled me to my feet. His other hand crashed against the side of my face so hard I thought my neck would break. Then he backhanded me on the other side of the face.

"All right, punk—talk. Quick. You killed her, didn't you?"

My head was spinning and my lips were numb and sore, but I managed to tell him to go to hell.

He doubled up his fist and chopped me in the stomach. It wasn't a snapping punch, it was a solid blow, like being hit with the end of a telephone pole, and it spread liquid fire through my insides and made me yawl in pain. Before I could gasp for breath he hit me twice more in the same spot and almost ripped my guts apart.

"TALK, punk," he whispered hoarsely.

"Talk!" His face was so close to mine I could smell the stink of his unhealthy fat and the sourness of his breath.

I shook my head, fighting for air. Then I knew what was going to happen. Unless I said what he wanted me to say, he was going to give me such a beating that I'd never be the same again. He'd have only a couple of minutes till King returned, but that would be enough.

"Don't hit me any more," I said weakly. "I'll talk."

He let go my shirt, his blubber lips spreading in a satisfied smile. And I lashed out with my foot.

I kicked him in the shins as hard as I could, and he stumbled back, a look of surprise and pain flashing across his face. Then I lunged for his holster and had the gun out and was away from him again before he regained his balance. He let out a bellow and started to lunge, but I stood still and raised the muzzle of the gun.

"Don't try it," I panted at him, "or I'll blow your damn head off."

Sims' face turned the color of fresh dripping blood and his eyes bugged out like they were going to pop.

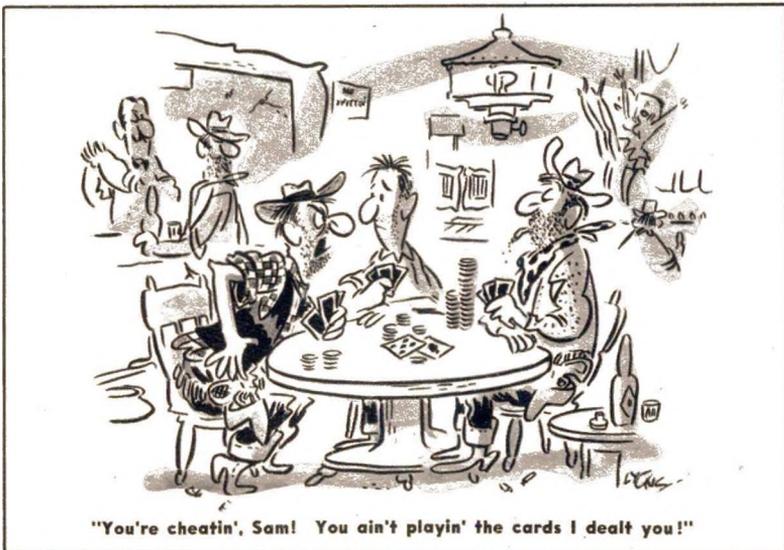
"How's it feel now, fat slob?" I taunted him. "How do you like being on the other end? Don't feel so good, does it? You're not such a hotshot now."

Then there were footsteps coming from the kitchen. King had finished on the phone. Sims turned his head and belatedly, "Watch out—he's got a gun!"

"It's all right," I said, before King got any ideas. "I'm not going to use it." I broke the gun and spilled the slugs on the floor, then threw it at Sims' feet.

"I'm sorry," I said to King as he came into the room, "but your pal was trying to kill me. That's why I took his gun."

King's face was drawn and set for a moment. Slowly it broke into a grin, then he



"You're cheatin', Sam! You ain't playin' the cards I dealt you!"

(Continued on page 56)



# HOTELS CALL FOR TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN!

Which of these **SUCCESS STORIES** will come true for **YOU?**



## Can You Succeed as a Hotel Executive?

"Immediately after receiving my Lewis diploma, I gave up my office job and accepted a position obtained for me by the Lewis Placement Service. At the end of the season, I was appointed Manager of another hotel. Later, I came to this hotel. Each change meant an increase in salary. I give credit to the Lewis Course."—Don E. Ulmer.



## "How I Stepped into a BIG PAY HOTEL JOB"

"I inquired about the advantages of Lewis Training for a man my age and, later, enrolled. After graduation, I received the greatest offer of my life. The position I now hold pays me an excellent salary plus a suite of rooms and meals for my family."—E. A. Kaler, Sr.



## "Can A Man My Age Become A Hotel Executive?"

"I was eager for success in the hotel field and I achieved it . . . thanks to Lewis Hotel Training. With the excellent training Lewis gave me, I am now Hotel Manager. Anyone can go places in the hotel field with the wonderful Lewis Course."—M. F. Finch.



## "Hotels Call For Trained Men & Women"

"Words just can't tell how glad I am that I enrolled for Lewis Hotel Training. Soon after graduating from the Lewis Course, their Employment Bureau placed me as Social Director of a New York hotel. The work is enjoyable and I have a good income. I owe everything to the Lewis Hotel Training School."—Patricia O'Connor.

Did you ever sit in a beautiful hotel lobby and say to yourself, "It certainly must be a joy to be a hotel executive here!"

Did you ever watch (perhaps envy a bit) the hotel manager as he went about his thrilling duties?

Did you ever notice the importance—and prestige—of the hotel manager and wonder, "What would I have to do to enjoy a position like his?"

In short—did you ever consider what it could mean to you in happiness as well as good pay, if you could qualify for one of the glamorous, thrillingly different executive positions in a luxurious hotel, fashionable resort, smart town and country club, motel, apartment house project, or humanity-serving institution, school or hospital?

## You Can Step Into a Well-Paid Hotel Position Certified To "Make Good"

Lewis Training qualifies you quickly at home in leisure time or through resident classes in Washington for these well-paid, ever-increasing opportunities, in the fascinating hotel, motel, and institutional field. Thousands of Lewis graduates from 20 to past 50 are "making good" as managers, assistant managers, stewards, executive housekeepers, hostesses, and in 55 other types of important positions. A happy ever-growing future awaits you in this business where previous experience has proved unnecessary and you are not dropped because you are over 40.

FREE BOOK GIVES FASCINATING FACTS—Our FREE book, "Your Big Opportunity," explains how easily you can qualify for a well-paid position. It tells how you are registered FREE in the Lewis National Placement Service; how you can be a Lewis Certified Employee—certified to "make good" when you are placed in a position! MAIL THE COUPON NOW.

### Some of the WELL-PAID Positions Open to Both MEN and WOMEN

- Manager
- Asst. Manager
- Hostess
- Steward
- Executive Housekeeper
- Auditor
- Purchasing Agent
- Office Manager
- Social Director
- Sports Director
- Apt. Hotel Manager
- Banquet Manager
- Maitre d'Hotel
- Personnel Director
- Publicity Director
- Club Manager
- Restaurant or Coffee Shop Manager

And more than 55 other well-paid positions

M. C. Lewis, Pres. **40** YEARS OF SUCCESSFUL TRAINING SCHOOL

Room 80-125-52, Washington 7, D. C.

Please send me FREE and without obligation, details as to how to qualify for the hotel and institutional field. I am particularly interested in the positions I have checked.

Home Study  Resident Training

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

Check here if eligible for Veteran Training.

**COURSE APPROVED FOR ALL VETERAN TRAINING**

**Lewis Hotel Training School**  
Room 80-125-52, Washington 7, D. C.

started to laugh. "You took his gun! That's a good one." He simmered down and his face became serious again, but the laughter didn't go out of his eyes.

Sims kicked his gun out of the way with a vicious sweep of his foot, bouncing it off the wall. I'd never seen a man in more of a rage in my life, and I hoped that King would be able to stand him off.

"Just watch yourself, Sims," the thin man said in warning. "Another minute and you'll be up on assault and battery. You'll be lucky if Roy, here, don't have you arrested as it is."

"Him have me arrested?" Sims screamed at the top of his lungs. "The rat's a lousy killer!"

"He's an innocent man," King said quietly. "That was Betty Lou Allingham on the phone. She said they're about to close the store, and if Mrs. Taylor wants her medicine tonight she'd better send for it right smart quick."

"SO what does that prove?" Sims growled. "Nobody said she didn't order no medicine. This punk sapped her after she'd phoned in, that's all."

"No, that's not all. Betty Lou said Mrs. Taylor phoned again around nine o'clock and said she wanted Roy to pick up some bread from the grocery store while he was in town. That was just about five minutes before we stopped him, and even at 50 miles an hour he couldn't of killed her and got in town that quick!"

"But even without that," he said, turning to me, "I think I would have believed you, after seeing this little business with Sims. If you'd been a killer, you could of shot both of us and beat it. You're free to go or stay, son, whichever. And I'm sorry."

I breathed in relief. I don't know when I'd ever felt better. It was like—well, I just don't know. Some things you can't put into words, and the way I felt right then I'd never be able to tell anybody, it was such a good feeling.

I said, "I think I'll go. But can I take Mrs. Taylor's car as far as the train station? I'll park it in the lot and leave the keys. I want to get out of here."

"Yeah, I guess it'll be all right." He looked at Sims. "You got any objections?"

Sims was still too shocked to say anything, but he shook his head.

It felt good to breathe fresh air again, after the smell of death in there. It was good to get away from Sims and King and Mrs. Taylor's body. As I rode into town I had an idea of going to Sims' house and waiting for him to come home and hitting him over the head with a tire iron or something. Old Lard Butt had given me a rough time, and I wanted to pay him back. But that was a silly thought. I knew I'd be able to forget him without any trouble.

Well, maybe I'd need a little bit of help, and I knew Betty Lou would give it to me. Just like she had with that phone call. I was going to pick her up and then head for California, the way we'd planned it in the first place. And I knew we'd get along right well—with the wad of money I'd hidden under the seat of the car before they'd picked me up. \*\*\*



the sun burning my back and legs, and I knew then that I'd been stripped to the skin while I lay unconscious.

I closed my eyes again, then opened them just enough so that I could peer through my lashes. I had a splitting headache. My right arm, which was folded beneath my chest, had lost all feeling, and there was taste of blood in my mouth.

I saw other Egyptian soldiers, perhaps 15 or 20 of them, on the crest of the hill; and behind and all around me I could hear still others moving about and talking. Then I saw Kurnitz, lying as he had fallen, with his head pointed downhill—except that now he, too, was naked. There was something odd about the shape of his face. It looked lumpy. Then I saw what it was and I gagged. They had mutilated him and stuffed his organs into his mouth.

Kurnitz was the only one I'd seen die. He'd been kneeling in the sand, blazing away with his Sten gun when the mortar shell had gone off in front of him and knocked him over backwards, his chest a bloody mess. After that, the last thing I remembered was Malke, our patrol leader, waving us down and yelling, "Rega! Rega!" ("Wait! Wait!") Then something had hit me on the head.

We hadn't had a chance, really; four men with Sten guns against a platoon armed with rifles, machine guns and mortars. We had left Tel-Lachmed, our kibbutz, or farm community, the day before to reconnoiter the hills near Wadi Halifa.

We'd set up camp on top of the hill instead of in defilade, and had sat around talking and smoking till after dark. It had been a beautiful night, with a full moon so bright it hid the stars. The wailing of the jackals sounded like babies' cries. But some watchful Egyptian scout had seen the glowing tips of our cigarettes—visible for many miles in the clear desert night. And now . . . now I was as good as dead.

The sun blazed down. It was mid-July and 15 minutes, unprotected by clothing, in the full glare at that time of year, was enough to cook you. I had a sickening idea of what my back would look like if I had to stay motionless much longer. But I couldn't understand why they hadn't killed and mutilated me too.

I knew why they'd taken our clothes off, why they'd cut up Kurnitz. It was to frighten the rest of us into giving up the kibbutz and the land we'd redeemed from the desert. It was to make us give up the barracks we'd built, the wells we'd dug, the fields we'd tilled—now covered with their first sparse crop—to make us forget the months of back-breaking work and go somewhere else. They didn't realize that, for most of us at any rate, there was nowhere else.

## Death of an Israeli Patrol

Continued from page 25

Take me, for instance: I'd lost all my family, except for my cousin Max (who'd been smart enough to leave Germany in '35) in Buchenwald and Dachau. Since I was eight years old I'd known nothing but camps—concentration-camps, refugee camps, rehabilitation camps. Where could I go if the kibbutz was forced to close?

So, when we found the mutilated bodies of our friends—men and women—there was nothing to do but double our precautions, send out retaliatory raiders, and keep on with our work. Since I had been at Tel-Lachmed (almost a year) we'd lost 15 kibbutzniks in that fashion . . .

Have you ever tried staying absolutely immobile for even ten minutes? It's a refined form of torture. Your muscles cramp and begin to tremble; you itch, now in one spot, now in another; your eyes begin to water. So you can understand then what it felt like to stay in the same position from nine-thirty in the morning (about the time I regained consciousness) on into the late afternoon.

AFTER a while two Egyptians moved away from the boulder. But I still didn't dare change my position for there was no way of knowing who was behind me. My back and legs were on fire; I became feverish; wild hopes passed through my brain. Perhaps Malke or Blau had got away, were even now at the kibbutz gathering a rescue party. Perhaps the Fourth Gedut of the Palmach (the Israeli equivalent of the Rangers), which was stationed in Bir-Sheba, would send out a patrol and find me. Then, from this peak of wild hope, I would tumble down to a pit of black despair. I felt a terrible urge to jump to my feet and shout at the Egyptians.

It seemed hopeless. My death had been merely postponed. Our patrol wasn't due back at the kibbutz till the next morning, so I could expect no help from that quarter. And even after the Egyptians left, presuming they didn't discover me to be still alive before then, how was I, with my head wound, with my back and legs burned to a crisp, to walk the ten miles home?

Finally, after what seemed an eternity, I heard them preparing to leave. I guessed it to be about 4:30 P.M. The one with the cast in his eye came and stood over me. Then I felt the rough leather toe of his boot slide under my belly and suddenly I was rolled over on my back. I was nearly paralyzed by fear.

The sun blinded me for a long moment, and when I could see again I saw the knife—a long, gleaming blade—in his hand. I was going to leap to my feet and do something. I didn't know what—run, attack him. . . . Then I heard someone—the officer in charge, I guess—call out

(Continued on page 58)

# MEN PAST 40

## Who are Troubled with *Getting Up Nights* Pains in Back, Hips, Legs, Nervousness-Tiredness, Loss of Physical Vigor *The Cause may be* **Glandular Dysfunction**



The Excelsior Institute is completely equipped to give the latest and most modern scientific Diagnostic and treatment services.

The highly trained Staff of Doctors and Technicians is so extensive that your physical condition may be thoroughly checked during the day you arrive here.

### Treatments Are Particularly for Men

The Excelsior Institute is an institution devoted particularly to the treatment of diseases of men of advancing years. If you were to visit here you would find men of all walks of life. Here for one purpose —improving their health, finding new health in life and adding years of happiness to their lives.

During the past few years men from over 3,000 cities and towns from all parts of the United States have been successfully treated here at the Excelsior Institute. Undoubtedly one or more of these men are from your locality or close by . . . we will gladly send you their names for reference.

#### Facilities for the Non-Surgical Treatment of Rectal and Colon

Rectal and Colon disorders are often associated with Glandular Dysfunction. These disorders if not corrected will gradually grow worse and often require painful and expensive surgery.

We are in a position to take care of these troubles either with or without Glandular Dysfunction treatments.

The proper treatment of such disorders can very easily change your entire outlook on life.

## FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOK GIVES YOU FULL INFORMATION

The Excelsior Institute has published a New FREE Book that is fully illustrated and deals with Diseases peculiar to men. It gives excellent factual knowledge and could prove of utmost importance to your future life. It tells how new modern non-surgical methods are proving successful. It is to your best interest in life to write for a FREE copy today.

Men as they grow older too often become negligent and take for granted unusual aches and pains. They mistakenly think that these indications of Ill Health are the USUAL signs of older age.

This negligence can prove Tragical, resulting in a condition where expensive and painful surgery is the only chance.

If you, a relative or a friend have the symptoms of Ill Health indicated above, the trouble may be due to Glandular Dysfunction.

GLANDULAR DYSFUNCTION very commonly occurs in men of middle age or past and is accompanied by such physical changes as Frequent Lapses of Memory, Early Graying of the Hair and Excess Increase in weight . . . signs that the Glands are not functioning properly.

Neglect of such conditions or a false conception of inadequate treatments cause men to grow old before their time . . . leading to premature senility, loss of vigor in life and possibly incurable conditions.

### NON-SURGICAL TREATMENTS

The non-surgical treatments of Glandular Dysfunction and other diseases of older men afforded at the Excelsior Institute have been the result of over 20 years scientific research on the part of a group of Doctors who were not satisfied with painful surgical treatment methods.

The War brought many new techniques and many new wonder working drugs. These new discoveries were added to the research development already accomplished. The result has been a new type of treatment that is proving of great benefit to men suffering from Glandular Dysfunction or Rectal and Colon trouble.

#### COMPLETE EXAMINATION AT LOW COST

On your arrival here we first make a complete examination. The Doctors who examine you are experienced specialists. You are told frankly what your condition is and the cost of the treatments you need. You then decide whether or not you will take treatments recommended.

#### Definite Reservations Not Necessary

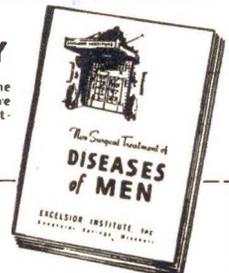
If your condition is acute and painful you may come here at once without reservation. Complete examination will be made promptly.

#### Select Your Own Hotel Accommodations

Treatments are so mild that hospitalization is not necessary so the saving in your expense is considerable. You are free to select any type of hotel accommodation you may desire.

### DO SOMETHING TODAY

Taking a few minutes right now in filling out the coupon below may enable you to better enjoy the future years of your life and prove to be one of the best investments you ever made.



Excelsior Institute  
Dept. 9043  
Excelsior Springs, Mo.

Gentlemen: Kindly send me at once your New FREE Book on Diseases peculiar to men. I am ..... years old.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

something. It sounded like an order. The soldier looked at me for a moment longer, then shrugged, slipped his knife into the scabbard hanging from his belt, and left.

I waited till the sound of their marching was far away before I got to my feet. And I almost screamed in agony. My head wound opened up and I felt the blood running down my face, into my mouth and eyes, blinding me. But my back—my back felt as though it was being torn off. Half-unconscious, I fell to my knees with my head hanging down, bleeding into the sand.

After a few minutes, when the blackness cleared away, I got slowly, gingerly, to my feet and looked around. I saw Malke first. He was sprawled on top of the hill, two bloody wounds where his ears had been. Blau I found on the other side of the hill. He was dead also, mutilated like Kurnitz. I looked around for a canteen. My mouth was a ball of cotton and tasted vile. But the Egyptians had taken everything; there wasn't even a scrap of clothing to cover my nakedness.

I almost gave up then. My head was spinning so that I didn't even know in which direction the kibbutz was. But I had come through alive so far, and again—there were Sarah and Miriam. And as long as I was alive, I could walk.

But I had one thing to do before I left: Protect the bodies of my friends from the jackals and vultures. It took me well over an hour, but finally I laid the three of them in a narrow crevasse and covered them with rocks. Then, slowly, each step a torment, I started stumbling toward the kibbutz.

**A**BOUT the rest of that day and night that followed I remember very little. When pain becomes too intense to be borne, Nature has a wonderful remedy: delirium. I remember looking down at my feet sometime later and being surprised to see that they were bleeding. I remember shivering violently with the cold. Nights in the desert, even in mid-July, are bitter cold. Oddly enough, however, my back and legs didn't bother me much. I was to find out later that I had third-degree burns, and I carry the reminder of those hours in the sun—scarred, twisted flesh and skin—to this day. But at the time I was in a state of shock and they just felt numb.

I remember finding some *sabra*, the prickly pear that grows wild in the desert, and sucking the juice from them. The long, sharp thorns went into my hands and lips, but I didn't even feel them.

Shortly after dawn the next morning I looked down on the most beautiful sight I've ever seen: the fields and barracks of Tel-Lachmed. Some of the kibbutzniks were just coming out of the mess hall to start the day's work. I saw Sarah and Miriam among them and tried to call out.

I weaved drunkenly downhill—feeling, in my delirium, that I could go on forever—and collapsed at the gate. The last thing I heard was Sarah's voice crying my name. The last thing I felt was the hard, sure hands of my friends as they picked me up. The nightmare was over. I was home. \*\*\*



of our ship was missing and floating away behind us.

The lumber-laden bow had snapped our radio antenna as it broke loose from the ship. We couldn't flash an SOS, though a Navy troopship, also Orient-bound, was only 65 miles away.

Sixty of us—51 crewmen and nine passengers—were at the sea's mercy. We were 700 miles northwest of Seattle, trapped in a storm howling across the Gulf of Alaska.

Beneath my perch, 20-foot-high waves slammed against the ship's steel bulkhead. Some of the water had found holes and was spilling into the *Washington Mail's* belly.

Our skipper, Captain Dudley A. Durrant, ordered the ship's engines in reverse. We began moving backwards. Now the force of the waves wasn't so great against the front bulkhead. Pumps began disgorging water swirling into one of the ship's holds. For the present the pumps could handle the water intake. The big question was: for how long?

It had been a fateful, last minute decision that had brought me aboard the *Washington Mail*.

In November last year I began reporting in daily to the seamen's union hall at Portland, Oregon. I wanted a job as an assistant cook, but nearly three months passed without any jobs opening up. My funds were running low and my shipping card was about to expire. With a new card, I'd be back at the bottom of the list again. It might be a long time before I got a job.

One morning, as I made my first shipping call, I noticed there was an officers' waiter's position open. The ship was the *Washington Mail*, bound for Japan, the Philippines and other Far Eastern points.

**I** NUGGED the red-faced man in front of me and he turned. "Are you going to take the job?" I asked him. He would have first crack at it.

"Nah," he answered, and turned around.

When it came my turn, I told the union agent I'd take the job. He drove me out to the pier and I got my first glimpse of the *Washington Mail*. It had a black hull and a white superstructure. It looked clean and well-kept, though it was a World War Two-built C-3.

I climbed aboard and reported to the chief steward. He issued me my uniform and I served the officers two meals that day before I returned to the hotel in Portland for my gear.

The next day the *Washington Mail* left Portland and took on a load of flour at Longview, Washington; then it steamed up the coastline to the Puget Sound cities of Tacoma and Seattle. At Tacoma, lumber was piled high on the ship's front

## "Missing— 60 Feet of Ship"

Continued from page 15

deck, and at Seattle, 30 miles away. Army cargo was lowered aboard.

We had passengers, too—nine of them: a stocky civil engineer and his wife from Canada, two Catholic priests, a grain merchant and his wife, two middleaged nurses and a tall, thin lawyer.

I didn't know it, but the *General H. B. Freeman*, a Navy troopship, was at another Seattle port. She was taking soldiers aboard for a trip to Japan, which was our first destination.

The two ships left Seattle the same day, February 29, 1956.

Captain Durrant headed the *Washington Mail* up the main channel of Puget Sound. Scores of fir-topped islands slipped past. When we reached the Gulf of Alaska, the water became choppy. On our first night out of Seattle, the *Washington Mail* began to pitch as her bow rode up and down the high waves.

**I** N THE mess room, I'd take the officers' orders and relay them to the pantryman behind his counter. He would ladle food on dishes and I'd carry them to the tables.

In my 20 years of seagoing, I'd been in storms before, and I thought this one would soon wear itself out. But instead, the storm became worse.

The weather dipped to freezing. Rain squalls pounded unmercifully. When the rain would stop, hail would streak down, and then there'd be snow.

Each time the ship would sink her nose down into the bottom of a wave, a wall of water would lash over the bow. It was so rough we couldn't keep a lookout at the forepeak, a station atop the ship's pointed nose. He had to remain on a wing of the bridge.

Saturday I'd finished serving lunch and was reading a magazine on my bunk. Charlie, the pantryman, was on his bunk, too. The other crewmen who shared our quarters were at work. I looked over at Charlie. He's a thin, wiry man, about 60. That's when the cracking sound swept through the ship. Two others followed it in succession.

"That sounded like an engine room explosion," I said. The ship's engines had stopped.

Charlie looked out a porthole. "Wasn't the engine room," he said. "There's lumber out in the water. I'll bet one of the deck chains broke when the deck load slipped."

Suddenly, the general alarm bell in the room began clang-clang, signaling every crewman to head for his emergency station. My post was lifeboat number one, on the starboard side.

I got into my waiter's uniform, ran up

(Continued on page 60)

This Practical Self-Study Course will give you



# A COMPLETE MASTERY OF MATHEMATICS EASILY, QUICKLY

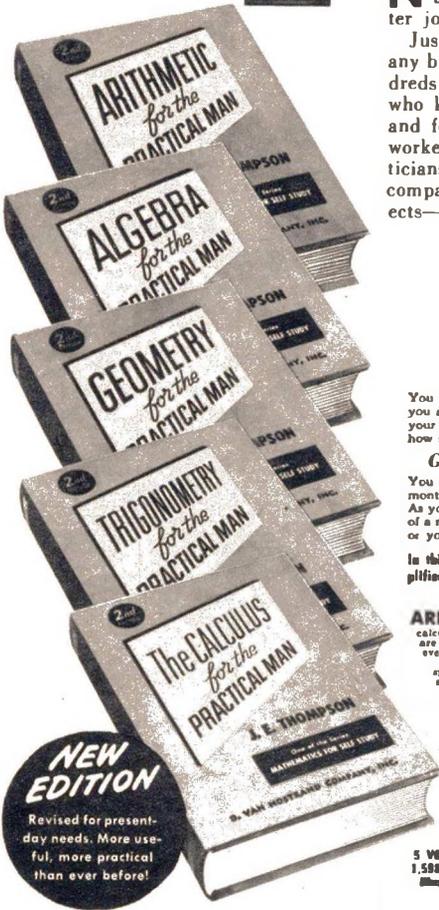
Learn Mathematics... get a BETTER JOB!

Now you, too, can learn mathematics and get the basic training for a better job.

Just look at the "help wanted" ads in any big-time newspaper—look at the hundreds of wonderful opportunities for men who know mathematics: superintendents and foremen, technicians and laboratory workers, designers, draftsmen, mathematicians and engineers. Look at the huge companies, laboratories and research projects—page after page of them—that are

advertising for help every day in the year! They all need trained men, men who know mathematics, to help them keep up with the ever-increasing demands in aviation, electronics, nuclear science, automation, jets and missiles.

Now you can learn mathematics—the foundation of all technical work—quickly, easily, inexpensively and right in your own home. Every minute you spend on this complete, practical course in mathematics will pay you big dividends.



## MATHEMATICS For Self Study

By J. E. Thompson, B.S. in E.E., A.M., Dept. of Mathematics, Pratt Institute  
A COMPLETE COURSE AND REFERENCE LIBRARY

You start right from the beginning with a review of arithmetic that gives you all special short cuts and trick problems that save countless hours of your time. Then, step by step, you go into higher mathematics and learn how simple it all can be when an expert explains it to you.

### Get This Training in Only Ten Minutes a Day

You can gain all the benefits of a mathematical training in a period of months, if you will devote ten minutes' time each day to these easy lessons. As your training in mathematics progresses, you will begin to see evidences of a new impetus toward successful work in your business, your profession, or your industrial activity.

In this new edition these are but a few of the hundreds of subjects simplified and explained in this complete self-study course in mathematics.

### An Expert Gives You His Simplified Methods

Mr. Thompson, the author of these books, is not an ordinary teacher of mathematics. He has had many years' experience in giving students the kind of mathematical training they need in practical work. He presents each practical method and problem in the clearest and simplest way. He goes right down to the kind of information that you need in your daily work.

**ARITHMETIC:** Starting with a quick review of principles, this book gives you the special calculation methods used in business and industry that are rarely given in ordinary arithmetic books, and which every practical man should know.

Above all else this volume shows you how to attain speed and accuracy with fractions and decimals, ratio and proportions, powers and roots, etc. Fundamentals in all computations in engineering—in both plot and field—and the special methods for rapid calculation such as is needed in setting lathe, etc. are made clear and simple. Important business subjects made easy in this book include bank interest, discount, income on securities, payment on mortgages, insurance plans, etc.

**ALGEBRA:** This book makes algebra a live interesting subject. The author starts with simple problems from everyday life that can be solved by arithmetic and shows you how to apply algebraic methods among other subjects. This book teaches you all about logarithms—the method of computation that engineers use to save time. It also shows you how to solve problems

which are involved in all business and industrial work relating to machines, engines, ships, autos, planes, etc.

**GEOMETRY:** This book gives you the practical common-sense method for solving all problems in both plane and solid geometry—problems ranging from the simplest distance problems to the geometry of spheres which has applications in all the way from the atom to the earth itself! Here you will find all the facts you need to deal with angles, triangles, circles, and the many other geometric figures that are basic to engineering design.

**TRIGONOMETRY:** Practically every problem in machine work, surveying, mechanics, astronomy and navigation is solved by methods of trigonometry; and this interesting volume makes the methods of solving them clear and easy. These methods are explained

simply, with actual examples of calculations of height and distance as applied to meteorology, the determination of the position of a ship at sea, the construction of buildings, bridges and dams, the cutting of gears, etc. The great range of problems includes those arising in the work of the civil engineer, whether he is surveying land, laying out a road or railroad track, or merely "leveling off" a lawn or tennis court.

**CALCULUS:** This branch of mathematics deals with rate problems and is essential in computation involving objects moving with varying rates of speed. It also enables us to find the most efficient design for any kind of mechanism, engine, or moving vehicle. The practical application of calculus forms much of the foundation for our present world of engineering and mechanics. In each chapter, author shows you, step by step, how to work out practical problems that occur in business and industry.

5 VOLUMES  
1,588 Pages  
Illustrated

**Thousands of Jobs Are Waiting for Trained Men**  
INDUSTRY is working at top capacity to meet the needs of our gigantic industrial program. Trained mechanics and technicians are in urgent demand, and in practically ALL OF THESE JOBS a knowledge of mathematics is required.

Remember, mathematics is the foundation of all technical work. Give yourself this basic preparation now by this quick, convenient, inexpensive method.

## SEND NO MONEY

Send no money now, not a penny! The coupon at right will bring you the complete course in book form for 10 days' trial. Look the books over, spend some time with them and decide for yourself how useful the practical, simplified course will be to you. Unless you are convinced that it is exactly what you need and want you may return the books and owe nothing; or you may keep them by sending us the small down payment of \$1.85, balance in four monthly payments of \$2.00 each. Take advantage of this opportunity to acquire a complete training in mathematics this simple, inexpensive way. Mail the coupon NOW!

## MAIL THIS COUPON

D. Van Nostrand Company Inc., 120 Alexander Street, Princeton, New Jersey

Send me MATHEMATICS FOR SELF STUDY in 5 volumes. Within 10 days I will either return the books or send you \$1.85 as first payment and \$2.00 per month for four months until the total price of \$9.85, plus a few cents' postage, is paid.

(If you send remittance of \$5.01 with this coupon, we will pay the postage. Same return privilege, refund guaranteed.)

Name ..... (Please print)  
Address .....  
City ..... Zone ..... State .....  
Reference .....  
Address .....

In Canada, Order From D. VAN NOSTRAND COMPANY (CANADA) LTD.  
23 Hollinger Road, Toronto, Canada CMG-B-58

## A quick check told us one boat was still missing—the boat with the women.

(Continued from page 58)

ladders and onto the main boat deck. Then I saw the hulk of a ship going past us, headed aft. It was the *Washington Mail's* bow!

The passengers, dressed in a wide assortment of clothing, came out to the deck. "Anything wrong?" one of them asked me.

"Look over the railing," I told him. He went to the front of the superstructure and looked down. He saw the water directly beneath him.

His face was the color of a bedsheet as he walked back to me.

"Doesn't look good, does it?" he asked.

"Nothing to worry about," I said. Why get the guy worried?

"Shut off the starboard boiler and get the pumps working," the skipper told the chief engineer. To the passengers, he said, "You'd better get warmer clothes on." To the crewmen, he ordered, "Get blankets in the lifeboats."

The first impact of our approaching trouble left me, and I shivered in my thin clothes. It was now cold.

It was shortly after one o'clock in the afternoon as I threaded my way back down to crew quarters. I put another pair of pants on over the ones I wore, a sweater and a topcoat. I didn't want any more clothing, because if we had to abandon ship and I fell into the water, too much weight might prove fatal.

There was no panic among the passengers and none of the crew was concerned at the time. It would be only a matter of hours before we'd have another emergency antenna installed.

Our ship—at least what there was left of it—was still coasting in reverse on its engine power.

Suddenly, someone cried out, "The bow is sinking." I rushed to the rail and looked out into the darkness.

Our bow had tipped over. As I watched, it was buried by waves.

Captain Durrant ordered a seaman to climb a kingpost, and install an antenna wire. Our radio operator, Perry Harrison, sent out his first SOS signal which was picked up by the Navy boat, which put sharply to port, and began its fight through murderous sea to rescue us.

On our derelict, everything was calm, for the moment. The rest of our ship was still intact and the pumps were able to cope with the water seeping through the front bulkhead.

Passengers stayed in their cabins. There was nothing for them to do but wait. One BR (a room steward) kept one batch of passengers enthralled with sea stories. After four o'clock, the cooks and I went down into the galley and prepared cold cuts, sandwiches and coffee for everyone.

We knew the *General Freeman* was enroute from the north, but we didn't know how long the shortened *Washington Mail* could withstand the ocean's battering force.

Captain Robert Fulton, skipper of the *General Freeman*, had to calculate the

drift of our boat since we were headed backwards and unable to control our direction. The *General Freeman*, bound for us at 18 knots, probably would reach us about seven P.M.

Trouble loomed big for us, however, a half-hour before that time. Seawater was pouring through our steel bulkhead in such quantities our pumps were becoming useless. If the *Freeman* didn't reach us in time, we would sink. Simple as that.

Captain Durrant ordered the engines stopped. Now that we had no pull through the water, our ship bobbed around as if it were a cork. We weren't going anywhere through the black night, except where the ocean wanted to push us.

A voice suddenly sparked our dismal spirit: "Lights!" it called out.

**O**FF our port side, I saw ship lights twinkling in the distance. The *General Freeman* had arrived and was closing the gap between us.

I glanced down at the wild sea beneath us, and my heart quickened. The waves were higher, their crests boiled into a gleaming whiteness. It seemed as if each wave was trying to top the next.

The *General Freeman* broke the storm-whipped waters and pulled to a half-mile windward of our sinking ship.

Captain Durrant ordered all passengers and half our crew into the number two lifeboat. It was on our lee side, opposite the storm's direction.

I remained at the number one boat, my legs braced on the deck as the wind, rain and snow hit me.

Women were lifted into the number two boat, then the men and sailors got inside it. The boat was swung off its davits and lowered down into the frothing ocean.

"Number one boat away!" Captain Durrant called out.

The rest of us aboard the *Washington Mail* piled into the lifeboat.

As soon as our boat touched water, Captain Durrant ordered her away from

the *Washington Mail*. Any second a tremendous wave could pick our little boat up and smash it against the side of the *Washington Mail*.

Huge waves battered our little boat, and soaked us. It was more like a roller coaster ride as we charged down into the bottom of a swell, and then rode straight up towards the crest.

"Can anyone see the other life boat?" Captain Durrant shouted above the screaming wind. Several of us looked to one side but we couldn't see a thing, just a wall of sea water.

I turned around once, and at the top of a wave I saw the *Washington Mail* behind us. She had tipped over and was resting on one side in the water. Then she upended and gurgled down into the sea.

Ahead, the *General Freeman* had all her searchlights turned on. Their white rays fell across the water.

Our lifeboat crept in closer to the Navy troopship. A wave's crest would carry us up to within five feet of the railing. Then, when we'd drop into the bottom of a swell, it would seem the deck above was a million miles away.

Sailors aboard the *General Freeman* had dropped a Jacobs ladder and cargo nets down her side. Whenever our lifeboat would get in close to the troopship's side, several of our crewmen would grab cargo nets and scramble up them to safety.

More ropes had been lowered to us. Each one had a big noose fashioned at one end. The wind carried one of the ropes towards me and I caught it, slipped the noose over my shoulders and tightened it around my chest beneath the armpits. I was carried up the side of the ship, and over the railing.

Those of us who had reached the *General Freeman* were concerned about the passengers and crewmen still in the lifeboat that had been first lowered from the *Washington Mail*.

"She's coming," someone said. "I just saw someone with a flashlight."

We scanned the ocean and dark night in front of us. Suddenly, there was a flashlight's beam. Another one. Then a third one.

When the lifeboat nudged up close to the *Freeman*, sailors dropped baskets. Women in the lifeboat were helped into the baskets, then hauled into the troopship.

One lifeboat passenger, John Kodoszinski, wasn't so lucky. He was lifted 30 feet up in a sling when it broke. His body plummeted back down into the water. As he rose with a high wave, a sailor held out a ten-foot-long cargo hook and he was helped into the lifeboat.

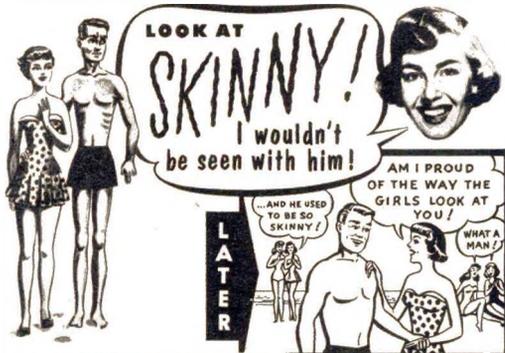
A rope was lowered down to him and he caught it, securing it around his body. Then he was pulled up.

When all of us had been rescued, we were taken to the medical ward.

As I drank spiked coffee, a *Freeman* sailor, standing next to me, said with a wide grin, "Sure glad to have you aboard."

I turned to him and said, "Mister, I'm sure glad to be aboard." \*\*\*





# SKINNY

MEN ARE OFTEN ASHAMED TO STRIP FOR SPORTS OR FOR A SWIM!

GIRLS ARE NOT ALLURING AND DON'T HAVE EYE-CATCHING CURVES!

CHILDREN WHO WON'T EAT AND ARE UNDERWEIGHT, OFTEN CALLED SKINNY!

Now at last More-Wate plan that puts firm, attractive pounds and inches on your body, chest, arms and legs.

## GAIN MORE WEIGHT IN 10 DAYS OR YOUR MONEY BACK!

We don't want **SKINNY** on our team!



Amazing New Way developed by modern medical science to put on weight on lean bodies. **Guaranteed** to give you up to an **extra pound a day!** Or your money back! Why should you dread going to parties and socials, simply because you look scrawny and spindly? Why ever feel self-conscious about your body again? If you're **underweight\*** . . . or just a little on the thin side, due to faulty appetite, or had dietary habits, you can **put on up to a pound a day of attractive weight** without exercise . . . dangerous drug . . . or special diet . . . and more quickly, more easily than you ever dreamed possible . . . with **MORE-WATE**.

**MORE-WATE** contains no dangerous drugs . . . you eat it like candy! Yet . . . if you were to have this same prescription compounded to your order, it would cost you many times more. However, through this introductory offer, you can obtain **4-way MORE-WATE** tablets . . . a full 10 days' supply . . . for just \$1.00 or a 30 day supply for only \$2.98, plus a 10 day supply free, with an absolute money-back guarantee! Yes, try **MORE-WATE** for **TEN DAYS** . . . and if not entirely delighted with weight gained, return the unused supply for full refund! You've nothing to lose . . . and **weight to gain!** Act now! Stop being the guy or the gal that everyone calls "skinny." Stop being the guy or the gal who dreads

Not one child yet has failed to go for and ask for more **MORE-WATE** tablets! Stop worrying about children not eating enough, give them **MORE-WATE** tablets—it stimulates their appetite . . . they eat it like candy!

summer and going to parties and socials because it means everyone will enjoy themselves and you won't. Don't be a wall-flower, because you have a figure like a broomstick! **Gain more weight!**

**10-DAY SUPPLY \$1. ONLY**

The 4-way **MORE-WATE** tablets are **unconditionally guaranteed** to put on weight . . . or it doesn't cost you a penny! **MORE-WATE** is a **delicious, full strength, 4-way tablet** . . . that combines not just one . . . or two . . . but 4 of the most amazing aids for **gaining weight** known to medical science. **MORE-WATE** is not a liquid . . . not a powder. It's **delicious, pleasant-tasting tablet!** It contains vitamin B-12 . . . the **amazing red vitamin doctors** give many **underweight patients in hospitals** . . . It contains Iron that helps correct iron deficiency, anemia and builds rich, red blood. It contains appetite-building vitamin B-1 . . . and it contains nutritious easily assimilated malt, the amazing ingredient that helps your body turn much of the food you eat into **well rounded flesh** instead of being wasted. **That's the secret of putting on weight.** Now you can help your food to **add new pounds** to your arms, chest, hips, thighs, and legs. Now you don't have to be **skinny** . . . or afraid to be seen socially and be ashamed of your figure! **You must achieve the figure you want . . . or don't pay anything.** Act now!



### SENSATIONAL 10-DAY TEST!

Mail the coupon now! Test the amazing **MORE-WATE** tablet plan for 10 days at our expense. If after 10 days your friends, your mirror and your scale do not tell you that you have gained weight and look better you pay nothing!

## MAIL THIS NO RISK TRIAL COUPON NOW!

**MORE-WATE CO., Dept. M271**  
 318 Market Street, Newark, N. J.  
 Just mail us your name and address, and \$1.00 cash, check or money order. You will receive a 10 day supply of **MORE-WATE** tablets and plan, postage prepaid.

Send me 30 day supply plus an extra 10 day supply (that's a 40 day supply) for \$2.98. I understand that if I am not delighted with **MORE-WATE** tablets and plan, I can return the 30 day supply in 10 days for full purchase price refund, and keep the 10 day supply without charge.

NAME..... ADDRESS.....  
 CITY..... STATE.....

## SENT ON APPROVAL—MAKE AMAZING 10-DAY TEST

make **BIG MONEY**  
with amazing new  
**INSULATED**  
Jackets and Shoes!



Top Men Make  
**\$5 - \$10**  
in an hour!

Get Sales Kit  
**FREE!**

**QUICK CASH IN SPARE TIME!**  
Same Type Subzero Insulation As In  
U. S. Army Coldbar Suit!

**HOLDS YOU AFLOAT INDEFINITELY!**



Now! Start a highly profitable business without investing a cent! Act quick, be **FIRST** in town to take orders for sensational new Mason Insulated Jackets and Shoes... results of a remarkable scientific discovery: a new miracle insulation with thousands of vinyl air cells that provide perfect "dead air space" insulation! • **Keeps you WARM** even at Arctic temperatures! • **DRY** in downpours (can't absorb water)! • **Protected from strong WINDS!** It's the same type miracle insulation used in famous U.S. Army Coldbar Suit! Because these Mason Products are not sold in stores, folks must buy from you!

Take orders for just 2 amazing Insulated Shoe and Jacket combinations a day in spare time and you'll earn \$90 Extra Income in one week!

**Miracle Features Make Money for You Fast!**

Your friends, fellow workers, truck drivers, postmen, gas station, construction men—hundreds right around home will fill your pockets with cash! Lightweight jacket, covered with water-repellent Nylon, has detachable hood. Both Boots, Shoes are rugged leather, feature Air Cushion insoles, Neoprene Cush-N-Crepe outsoles. With this miracle combination, walk out in cold, wet, snowy, or windy weather and stay warm and dry! **ADDED FEATURE:** Men wearing Insulated Jacket & Shoes plus Mason's Insulated Pants can float in water indefinitely! Outdoor men will buy all THREE!

**190 OTHER Money-makers**

You have 190 OTHER fast-selling shoes, jackets to help you build a big, repeat-order business! EVERYBODY needs shoes and jackets. Nationally-advertised Mason products sell fast. You offer 10 styles for men, women; dress, sport, work shoes, complete jacket line. You actually show more shoes in a greater range of sizes, widths than any stores in your town!

To start this exciting business, right away, rush the coupon now. You'll receive FREE a powerful Jacket & Shoe Sales Kit including 10-second Air Cushion demonstrator. How to make BIG MONEY Booklet. Everything else you need to start making BIG CASH PROFITS the first hour! Send now!

**MASON SHOE MFG. CO., DEPT. 268**  
**CHIPPEWA FALLS, WISCONSIN**

**Send for FREE Outfit!**

Mr. Ned Mason, Dept. 268  
Mason Shoe Mfg. Co., Chippewa Falls, Wis.

Yes! I want to be FIRST to take orders and make quick cash in spare time with Mason's amazing new Insulated Jackets & Shoes! Rush my FREE Sales Kit!

Name.....

Address.....

Town..... State.....



**The Big Train**

Continued from page 37

showed the earmarks of a "phenom" against the Senators.

With the stage thus set for a difficult afternoon for Engel, the scout meandered over to Johnson before the game.

"I told Griff this kid didn't have it," said Joe, "but I'd like you to prove it today. Could you throw him a few of those fast balls for me, Walter?"

"I'll see what I can do," the Big Train promised.

By the time the ninth inning rolled around, Strand had been a strikeout victim three times, and Joe Engel had established a job security with the Washington club that was beyond his wildest dreams. The pitch had done its duty again.

Walter Johnson's big pitch was a joy to behold—if you weren't facing it. The pitch was a colorful product. But Walter wasn't. He was an early-to-bed, early-to-rise easy-going guy who managed never to fight with an umpire or get himself thrown out of any of the 802 ball games in which he pitched. He was never fined; he never cursed. He was, in a very real sense, the American League's Christy Mathewson—a mild-mannered, quiet, decent, well-conditioned athlete, who loved his chosen profession, felt a deep sense of gratitude toward the public, and never stopped trying to win.

Unlike Mathewson, who had the good fortune to hurl for a team that was seldom out of the first division, Johnson labored in an atmosphere of mediocrity. In 15 of his 21 years with the Senators, the team foundered in the second division. It was only in the true twilight of his career that Johnson had the joy of pitching for a pennant winner, and in a World Series. Then it was almost too late. But not quite—for with the big right-hander's most cherished ambition at last realized, the authentic drama that had been missing for so long from Walter's career intruded to make the 1924 World Series one of the most memorable ever played.

When the chance came finally for Walter Perry Johnson and the Senators, in 1924, an entire baseball world rooted, if not for the Senators, at least for Walter.

And when Walter's aging right arm lasted through four innings of relief in the seventh game, as the Senators won, 4-3, in 12 innings, Johnson had registered the sweetest victory of his life.

At the advanced baseball age of 37 he had withstood the constant extra-inning threats of John McGraw's New York Giants. For just long enough Johnson was the Johnson of old, and because he was so heroic, a city went completely berserk. The spontaneity of joy, and unrestrained enthusiasm that swept Washington after

25 Series-less years, was the equal of the celebration that greeted Bobby Thompson's home run for the Giants 27 years later. Sedate Senators competed with shoeshine boys in this madness. Crowds milled in Pennsylvania Avenue, but there was no inauguration going on there. The Senators—and Walter—had won at last, and wasn't that enough to yell about, at least until daybreak the following day?

Even the President of the United States, Calvin Coolidge, broke his calm with a statement congratulating the victors, above all the great Walter Johnson.

Johnson, born in Humboldt, Kansas, in November, 1887, never had a baseball in his broad palm until he was 14 years old. By then his family had moved to the oil fields of Fullerton, California. It was there that young Walter took up pitching in high school, and later while he attended business college at Santa Ana.

WHEN he was 18, practically at his full growth, Walter signed his first pro contract with Tacoma of the Northwestern League. Then he traveled to Idaho, where he pitched for a semi-pro team in the town of Weiser. He pitched one game a week, and on holidays, for \$100 a month, and seemed to be quite satisfied with his lot, even when a scout for the New York Giants came around and tried to sign him up. The Giants, who trained in California in those days, had heard of a string of 86 scoreless innings that Johnson had put together for Weiser, and this was impressive in any man's league.

But Walter was unimpressed with the Giants and the big leagues. "I didn't know anything about the Giants," he reminisced about the incident years later, "and I was afraid they might drop me off in the sticks somewhere without the price of a return ticket. So I wasn't interested in their offers."

While his reputation as a strikeout king spread throughout the mining communities of the Northwest, the mild-mannered Walter married Hazel Roberts, the daughter of a Nevada congressman. They had a ginger ale marriage, and Walter resumed his pitching for Weiser.

In 1907 Cliff Blankenship, a Washington catcher who was on the injured list, went west to scout Johnson, and refused to go home without Walter's name on a contract.

"I was suspicious of those city fellows at the time," Walter told a reporter, "so I made them agree to pay my expenses both ways before I'd come along."

The lanky, blond Swede arrived in Washington, D.C., in July, 1907, card-

board suitcase in hand and wristbones jutting out of his coat sleeves. He never left.

He was only 19 when he faced the Detroit Tigers in August, 1907, and lost, 3-2, though he gave up only six hits to a crew that included the fearsome Ty Cobb and Wahoo Sam Crawford.

From 1910 through 1919 Johnson's tremendous speed pleased nobody but the fans and the Washington management. In one stretch in 1910 he captured 14 in a row; in another in 1912 he took 16 in a row. In 1912 and 1913 he won 32 and 36 games respectively, and each year the Senators finished second. In 1913 he pitched 56 consecutive scoreless innings. In 1909, within the space of four days, he shut out the Yankees three times!

The letters that the good citizens of Idaho had once written to Griffith, extolling Johnson, were obviously not exaggerated. One that Blankenship carried with him the week he signed Walter, for \$100 cash and a promise of \$300 a month thereafter, was as close to the truth as any report that was ever made subsequently on Johnson's talent.

"This fellow has a pitch faster than Amos Rusie's," said the note. "His control's better than Mathewson's. He throws so fast it's impossible to see the ball. But he knows exactly where he's throwing, because if he didn't there'd be dead bodies all over the state of Idaho . . ."

Johnson became the idol of America's youngsters, and as far as wily Clark Griffith was concerned, he was willing to reward the swift farmer with almost anything—except money. One year—the year he blanked the Yankees three times in 96 hours—Johnson pulled down the sum of \$2,700. He pitched 25 victories in 1910 for \$4,500, then managed to worm a three-year contract for \$7,000 a season out of Griff, who had nothing else to recommend the Washington ball park as a place of entertainment.

In 1914, Griff woke up one morning to find that Johnson—loyal, humble Johnson—was threatening to bolt to the newly-formed Federal League. It was a matter of \$10,000, Johnson informed Griff, and if Griff could see himself clear to raising that amount he'd stay with Washington instead of jumping to the new Chicago club on the North Side.

**CHARLIE COMISKEY**, who owned the Chicago White Sox, got up the ten grand for Griff, when Griff reminded him that he wouldn't want another club in the same town featuring Johnson as a drawing card.

From 1920 through 1923, Johnson failed to win his usual 20 games, and there were some suspicions that his strong right arm was ailing. But in 1924, with 27-year-old Bucky Harris, the kid second baseman, as manager, the Senators rose to new heights—their first American League pennant. And Walter's 23-7 record paced the triumph.

It was then, of course, that Johnson made such pleasant history in the seven-game set with the Giants. Though the Giants lashed Walter for 14 hits to win the opener, 4-3, in 12 innings, and belted him again, 6-2, in the fifth game, it remained for Johnson to contribute his

## Examine FREE!

A startling new concept of  
how to earn your living and  
build your future security . . .

# HOW TO WIN SUCCESS BEFORE FORTY

by William G. Damroth



Are you taking advantage of the new attitude in business today? The young man working his way to the top is no longer content to drudge along for twenty or thirty years and find himself still a job-slave at age 50 or 55. He wants to ENJOY the fruits of his efforts while he's still *young enough* to get a bang out of living. Astonishing new techniques to speed advancement in business have come forth *within the last few years*. Many young men and women have already climbed to the top *while in their twenties and early thirties*. They are living examples of today's new, faster way of achieving larger earnings, career satisfaction, and financial security.

These new methods are revealed in clear, concise, 1-2-3 fashion, in the unusual book just published: "HOW TO WIN SUCCESS BEFORE FORTY." Here are some of the *first-time-in-print topics* that will guide you to faster advancement and greater earnings:

- How to make employers bid for your services.
- How to make important contacts.
- 8 proven strategies for selling yourself to others.
- How you can ride just one original idea to lifetime success.
- 40 living success stories of people who got to the top fast with these methods.
- How to turn a hum-drum job into a stepping stone.
- Job changing—how to determine whether to move up or out.
- 10 things all successful people have in common.
- How to simplify complex problems.
- 4 ways to improve your judgment 100 percent.
- How to raise your chances of attracting opportunity.
- How to manufacture "breaks" and play them for all they're worth.
- The "store-house" of your mind—how to triple its capacity.
- How to work half as hard but twice as effectively.

## SEE FOR YOURSELF—READ 10 DAYS FREE

It costs you nothing to examine this remarkable guide, to see how it can give immediate momentum to your career. At the end of 10 days, if you decide to keep it, send only \$4.95 plus a few cents for postage. Otherwise, just send the book back to us and owe nothing. Mail the coupon NOW to get your free trial copy.

## FREE EXAMINATION COUPON—MAIL NOW

Prentice-Hall, Inc., Dept. 5125-K2  
Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey.

Without obligation, please send me for 10 DAYS' FREE EXAMINATION, a copy of "HOW TO WIN SUCCESS BEFORE FORTY," by William G. Damroth. At the end of ten days I will either remit \$4.95 plus a few cents for postage, in full payment, or return the book and owe nothing.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

SAVE! Send \$4.95 with this coupon and we will pay all shipping charges. (Same return-and-refund privilege.)

### HERE IS PROOF THESE METHODS CAN WORK FOR YOU

"This book covers every basic ingredient of success. The person who puts these principles into practice, effectively and thoroughly, cannot help but be successful."

—Don G. Mitchell,  
Chairman & Pres.,  
Sylvania Electric  
Products, Inc.

"Not only is this an extremely fast reading and fascinating book but it should also help its readers to fast and fascinating success."

—Lloyd H. Dalsell,  
Pres., Young Presi-  
dents' Organization.

"Here's a real textbook on Success, and how to achieve it."

—Frank Leahy,  
football coach.

"If every young man would think through the guides set forth in this book and put them into practice as they affect his situation, the attainment of his career goals would be assured."

—Henry O. Gollightly,  
McKinsey & Co.

"There is still plenty of room on top for ambitious young people. This book certainly spells out how to make the climb!"

—John W. Rollins,  
Lt. Gov., Delaware

"The book is a must, not only for people under 40, but for everybody over 40. It is well written, pithy and powerful!"

—Steve Allen, NBC-TV star

"A practical guide to extending both a man's time and his power."

—Bernard Haldane,  
Pres., Executive Job  
Counselors, Inc.

"I wish we had a book like this to guide me twenty years ago, so I wouldn't have had to learn all these principles the hard way."

—Harry R. White,  
Exec. Secy., Sales  
Exec. Club, N. Y.

guttery performance in the seventh and deciding game at Washington. "There was a prayer on every pitch," wrote Bill Corum for the *New York Times*, "but there was something else on them, too."

Washington repeated for the pennant in 1925, as Walter won 20 and again lost 7. Facing the Pittsburgh Pirates in the World Series, Johnson reversed his form of the previous year and won the first game, 4-1, and the fourth, 4-0. The veteran had yielded only one run, and 11 hits in 18 innings, and the Nats looked like winners. Then the roof fell in on Washington. They dropped the next two games, and once again found themselves in a seventh game.

Johnson, naturally, was ready to come back, but this time the fates were against him and his stout heart. The day of the final game was cold, and foggy, and the game itself was actually played in a steady downpour. Nobody will ever know what the pitcher would have done on a nice day, especially with the four-run first inning lead the Senators staked him to.

He couldn't hold onto that, or a 6-3 lead he had by the fifth. In the seventh the Pirates bombed Walter for two runs, and in the eighth they got three more. It was a pity, but not for the 42,000 Pittsburgh fans who subjected themselves to the dreadful elements to see Bucky Harris go all the way with his tired, worn hurler.

**W**HEN it was over, the Pirates had won the world title. And Ban Johnson, President of the American League, furious that Harris had blown a 3-1 advantage in games, wired the down-cast "boy wonder" of 1924: "You sacrificed a world's championship, which the American League should have won, to maudlin sentiment." The rap was directed at Harris' refusal to lift Walter in the closing innings of the last game, or even when the Nats had garnered their big lead.

But Bucky was adamant and is still so to this day.

"If I had to do it over again, I still would have stuck with old Barney," (another pet name for Johnson) he said. "With all the chips down, and on such a day, I still would rather have gambled with Johnson than any other pitcher on the staff."

A few years later, when Walter had closed out his active pitching career, he knew what Bucky was up against, for he, too, had entered the managerial ranks. He had four years at the helm in Washington, then a bit over two in Cleveland. He never won, but his teams usually were contenders. The chief misfortune was that they didn't have Walter to pitch for them.

When Walter died in 1946, a whole new generation of fans, none of whom had seen his great pitch, still were told the story of the day in 1924 when the crowd in Washington screamed "We want Johnson," and how he came in from the bullpen and beat the Giants—for his one and only World Series triumph.

But it was a big triumph. And he did it on nothing but heart and desire. For by that time the incomparable blaze ball was just a memory. \*\*\*



the titular head of our detail was confused. We had no more business in that country than a band wagon on top of Old Smoky.

For reasons known only to the Navy, I'd been called to the bridge of the U.S.S. *Arkansas* a month earlier and told I was being transferred to Dakar, down-coast a piece. Important assignment. So important nobody knew a thing about it, least of all me.

Seven days and a couple of thousand air miles later, I'd gladly have taken a bust in rate to be back aboard the senescent lady with the 14-inchers. Operation Whatchamacallit, the new assignment, was so damned secret that it bypassed civilization entirely. Except for occasional stops for fuel and feed, we saw nothing but air and then, after that, only the bright, warm sands of French Equatorial Africa.

Two fleet CRM's, two British sergeant majors, one master sergeant and Looney Potts comprised our detail. Nice guys but to be perfectly frank about it, had I been able to palaver Ubangi or whatever the Middle Congo lingo is, I'd have damned sure hit for the nearest hill and kept going.

To add insult to tragedy, when we did finally land at Brazzaville, De Gaulle's Free French Headquarters, we were not driven to the modern city we'd seen from the plane. Instead, we were herded aboard a truck and promptly taxied to a nothing place between Loango and Pointe Noire, and there went to work. We'd been there a while setting up equipment when Potts came in with more palpitating news: We ride again. Brace yourselves, gentlemen, said he, a ride across darkest Africa.

Needless to say, by the time we arrived at Nairobi, Lieutenant Potts had a small war of his own festering under his nose. Either liberty once in a while, or a crack at some Nazis. Anything but the awful boredom that comes of isolation. That was the nature of our ultimatum to Potts, and he took the cue.

Despite himself, Potts made a case of our plight with the result that we were given immediate liberty and a lorry to make it in. That same afternoon in the Norfolk Bar we toasted the leader of men until he passed out.

Byron Taylor, the other chief radio-man, conned me out of the bar for a tour of Nairobi. We got as far as a haberdasher and bought two safari hats. There weren't any SP's around so it became a plain case of enjoying ourselves. We strolled along Delamere Avenue and

## The Nairobi Affair

Continued from page 19

eventually came to the post office, where we bought picture postcards of Wakambas and stared at colony women. After a bit we retraced our course to the Norfolk but the other four guys had taken off on their own. There we met Hazlett.

"Would you mind telling me something, mister," Taylor said, almost bawling into his scotch. "Where do you guys keep your lions?"

"Out there," Hazlett grinned, jerking his thumb.

"The vast beyond?" I grinned.

"Uh huh! Vast and more vast!" Hazlett smiled.

"Buy me one!" Taylor grunted, calling the guy for another round. "Tell me all about the lions!"

Well, one thing and another we sat in Norfolk Bar until Hazlett suggested dinner at his home. He had a son flying Lancaster bombers over Holland, so I guess that explained his interest. His gun collection and trophies were more than Taylor and I could stand, and I guess he sensed that, too.

**P**RECIOUS little hunting these days. The war you know. Game control but only by a certain few and when absolutely necessary. A pity—

"Can't it be finaged?" Taylor said.

"I doubt it," Hazlett said ruefully.

"For sure?" I asked.

"I believe so, unfortunately," Hazlett said, dropping the subject.

But at 2:30 we'd left Hazlett's home for the barracks, Hazlett driving a loaded pickup. At 3:30 Taylor and I stopped off at the barracks, grabbed a few clothes, left a terse note under the looney's door and took off again. In the prosaic sense of the word *safari* it was no safari. Just three men, guns, camping equipment and, as far as I know, no legal permits for any of us. We drove 80 miles to the Konza turnoff, then cut west toward Magadi.

"Y'know," Taylor said several times during the morning ride, "I'd give anything to see the look on that Potts' face when he reads the note."

"What did you write?" Hazlett grinned.

"Hold up war a while. Going lion hunting. Love and kisses," I said.

Hazlett didn't say much then but we knew what he must have been thinking. Something along the order of I hope these boys aren't disappointed. He probably thought of us and his own son, and linked the two somehow.

Taylor and I got our Africa in a big lump that next morning. The thatched

(Continued on page 66)

# MEAT CUTTING OFFERS YOU SUCCESS And SECURITY

In The Best Established Business In The World • PEOPLE MUST EAT!

TRAIN QUICKLY in 8 short weeks for a job with a bright and secure future in the vital meat business. Trained meat men needed. Good pay, full-time jobs, year-round income, no lay-offs—HAVE A PROFITABLE MARKET OF YOUR OWN!

## LEARN BY DOING

Get your training under actual meat market conditions in our big modern cutting and processing rooms and retail meat market. Expert instructors show you how—then you do each job yourself. Nearly a million dollars worth of meat is cut, processed, displayed and merchandised by National students yearly!

## PAY AFTER GRADUATION

Come to National for complete 8-weeks course and pay your tuition in easy installments after you graduate. Diploma awarded. Free employment help. Thousands of successful graduates. OUR 33rd Year!

## FREE CATALOG—MAIL COUPON

Send now for big illustrated National School catalog. See students in training. Read what graduates are doing and earning. See meat you cut and equipment you work with. No obligation. No salesman will call. Send coupon in envelope or paste on postal card. Get all the facts NOW! G. I. APPROVED.

National School Of Meat Cutting, Inc.  
Dept. K-47 Toledo 4, Ohio



NATIONAL SCHOOL OF MEAT CUTTING, INC., Dept. K-47, Toledo 4, Ohio  
Send me FREE 52-page school catalog on LEARN-BY-DOING training in PROFITABLE MEAT CUTTING, SUCCESSFUL MEAT MERCHANDISING and SELF-SERVICE MEAT at Toledo. No obligation. No salesman will call.  
(Approved for Training Korean Veterans)

Name..... Age.....  
Address.....  
City..... Zone..... State.....

FREE BOOKLET  
and "Select-A-Job  
Chart" Information!

## How To Become A GAME WARDEN - GOVT. HUNTER

OR JOIN FORESTRY, FISHERY OR WILDLIFE SERVICES!



WIN THE JOB OF YOUR CHOICE TODAY!  
"I have never read or seen anything but what is the world-be wild life worker such as a general background and general orientation on job... great facilities in this field... should prove of waiting value to anyone (career) (an outdoor career)."  
J.F.C., GAME WARDEN, Minn.  
"I am now employed by U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, Forest Service and hold title of Fire Control and G.S.-5. Started at \$2,950.00."  
Jess Snyder, Ohio  
"Thanks for the assistance in obtaining a better position with the Game Commission. I was given a promotion and a supervisory of \$80.00 and a supervisory of 5 men." C. G., Neb.

### WHICH OF THESE FASCINATING CAREERS DO YOU WANT?

- GAME WARDEN.** A rewarding job for the conservation-minded sportsman! Wardens protect wildlife, apprehend law violators... often supervise refugees, feeding stations, make game counts, tag wildfowl, etc. Starting salaries good. Opportunities open! Prepare Now—at Home!
- GOVT. HUNTER.** Hunt and get paid for it! Most states have a predatory animal problem—hire hunters to trap, shoot and poison mountain lions, coyotes, wolves, etc. Some states pay up to \$150.00 bounty per major predator plus salary. Education requirements low—hunting "know how" is what counts!
- FORESTRY WORK.** Work amid towering timber, crystal clear mountain streams, crisp bracing weather! Rangers protect trees against fire, insects, diseases... supervise patrols. Starting salaries good. Opportunities open in many areas! Prepare now—at home!
- FISHERY WORK.** A job a fisherman might dream about! Artificially propagate trout, bass, pike, etc... Stock depleted lakes and streams, construct and maintain hatchery equipment. Beginners' pay good. Foremen earn up to \$7000 yr. Wonderful opportunities. Prepare now—at home!
- PRIVATE FISHERIES & GAME FARMING.** Because of increasing hunting and fishing, private preserves, farms, "Catch-em-Yourself" Trout Pools are springing up all over the U. S. Many urgently need qualified men. They are in business to make money—pay well above average. Prepare NOW!

### COMPARE THESE MANY EXCITING ADVANTAGES!

- NO SPECIAL SCHOOLING OR TRAINING REQUIRED.** You don't need a college education, even a High School Diploma, for many fine beginning positions. Hunting, farming, military service, other skills all help to get most outdoor jobs.
- AGE NO HANDICAP.** Positions open to men between 17 and 45 years of age, in many states.
- GOOD PAY, SECURITY.** Start at up to \$3000 a year, with regular pay increases! Work toward a \$6000 to \$10,000 position! You'll never worry about your employer "going out of business" or unjust firing!
- PRESTIGE.** Command the respect of others! Your uniform symbolizes the vigilance needed to conserve America's precious natural resources.
- HEALTHFUL, INTERESTING WORK.** Experience the stimulating feeling you enjoy on vacations and outdoors all the time! You'll live better, longer in a clean, outdoor environment. Raise your family in health and happiness!
- BENEFIT FROM LOW COST HOUSING, RETIREMENT INCOME,** many other valuable benefits—possible with some outdoor government careers! No job offers more of the truly important things in life! Learn now how to apply.

### INVESTIGATE NEW CAREER OPPORTUNITIES IN THE GREAT OUTDOORS!

Why just "put in your time" on a dull, uninteresting job... living only for the moments you can go hunting, fishing, or camping? Prepare NOW—at home, spare time. Learn how to apply for the fascinating conservation job you've always wanted. Let your love of field and forest guide you to real success and happiness, as it has so many others! Discover how easy it may be to prepare yourself, to go after and GET, the outdoor position of your choice—Mail coupon below today.



### BOTH FREE!

Large colorful success BOOK-LET. Tells, explains complete job-getting facts, plus how to get free "SELECT-A-JOB CHART".

This revealing chart lets you instantly match your background, education, interests, etc. against many fascinating outdoor job opportunities.

### FREE INFORMATION—MAIL TODAY!

HOME STUDY EDUCATORS, Dept. CM-8  
1038 S. La Brea, Los Angeles 19, California  
Rush me FREE "Job Opportunity" booklet & FREE "Select-A-Job Chart" details, without obligation. (No salesman will call.)

NAME.....  
ADDRESS.....  
CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....

Home Study  
EDUCATORS

1038 S. La Brea,  
Los Angeles 19, Calif.

©1956

**CAREER CONSERVATIONISTS ARE URGENTLY NEEDED!**  
With more and more sportsmen taking to field and forest... with states allocating more money for conservation... career opportunities are good. Make the great outdoors "Your Business"! We are not government sponsored but dedicated to helping you get ready for the next examination in your area! Mail Coupon Today.

(Continued from page 64)

houses of the Kikuyu disappeared as we traveled West. The land became sparse and rolling, punctuated occasionally by isolated *shambas* and stray cattle. We drove until three that afternoon and set up camp on the veld near a spring. Our position was a little southwest of Lake Natron and cool because of the lake.

**I**N a sense, I knew as much about Byron Taylor as I did Hazlett, which wasn't much. We were the same rate, CRM, and approximately the same age. Taylor maybe a few months older. Taylor was a tall, easy-going kid, full of hell and any kind of liquor he could lay his hands on. His home was San Diego and his last ship, the cruiser *Philadelphia*.

Hazlett was a Nairobi businessman who looked like maybe he was out of place in conventional clothes. I had no idea whether he knew anything about lions but from the way he spoke, I figured we were reasonably safe. He was a medium-size gent, about 170 pounds with light gray eyes and a scar over his right temple. He never explained the scar and I never asked. He was British, and he smoked a pipe. That's absolutely all I knew about him.

Late that afternoon we climbed in the pickup truck again and drove slowly across the veld. It was cool, muggy cool and we rode in silence. We rolled to the top of a long grade several miles from

camp when Hazlett suddenly braked the truck.

I checked the Magnum he'd given me and Taylor worked the bolt on his. Then we climbed out of the truck and began walking down the glade. I was very hot after a while. My ankles hurt from the sharp grass. Taylor didn't mind, though. He said he came from a part of Diego where they never wore shoes. He went ahead into the high grass with Hazlett.

The grade was long and gradual, the tall grass sweeping back toward us cutting into the softness of the dungarees. At the bottom there were acacia trees and low boulders and sand, the land rising up again onto a new plain. I heard Hazlett grunt and I looked up and both men were stopped. They were about ten yards ahead looking in the direction of a lone tree.

"Your lions," I heard Hazlett say, and I saw Taylor leave him and walk ahead.

**I** SAW the lioness and the tawny form to her rear hugging the grass. They were feeding. I didn't know which to take and I didn't risk calling to Taylor. I saw the lioness pick up her head, rolling it curiously to one side, tail twitching. Taylor was almost in a direct line with her.

Taylor's first shot boomed off in my ear and I saw the lioness double up at 40 yards and scream wildly, twisting, bunching herself for a second charge which never materialized because Taylor's piece thundered again and he tore her head half off.

I checked myself as the mate cut a wide swath in the tall grass. I could see only the top of his back. I did not shoot. I stood there, hot and cold chills raging down my shirt, watching until the vague form disappeared in the gully. Then I heard the long and challenging invitation roaring up to me, but I did not accept. Instead, I wiped the sweat from my hands and joined Hazlett and Taylor inspecting the lioness.

We had a fair feed that night and Hazlett and I drank to Taylor, and Taylor kept saying wasn't it remarkable the things guys could do even with a war going on somewhere. On the face of it, a good time was had—but not by me. The roar of the mate kept rumbling in my brain and I kept seeing that long, tapering shadow racing through the grass, away, then inviting me to take him on his own grounds.

I wanted to stick with the party but I guess I didn't have the heart for it. I told them I hadn't shot because I was afraid I'd wound the lion. I don't know whether they believed me but they said it wasn't important, not as long as Taylor had vindicated the hunt. I sat at the fire drinking scotch and trying to make lion palaver but after a while I gave up. Everything I said sounded like an excuse.

There were three cots in the tent and I flopped out on the first, scotched enough to doze. I kept thinking about the lion and rationalizing my inadequacy until, at length, I fell asleep.

The muted roar of the lion wafting over the veld woke me, and I reached under the cot for the cigarettes. Sometimes the head was turned away, sometimes toward me. But always it roared, and I knew why. When I couldn't take it any longer, I eased out of the tent and made some coffee and sat on the fender of the pickup watching the sky, remembering my fear.

I listened to the last night sounds and thought put up or shut up. Kill or be killed. You or the lion. But if you don't take the lion, if you run away, the thing stays with you and burns into your brain and the word for it isn't nice. I listened to thunder on the veld and heard the hyenas talking and suddenly behind me, I heard Taylor and Hazlett.

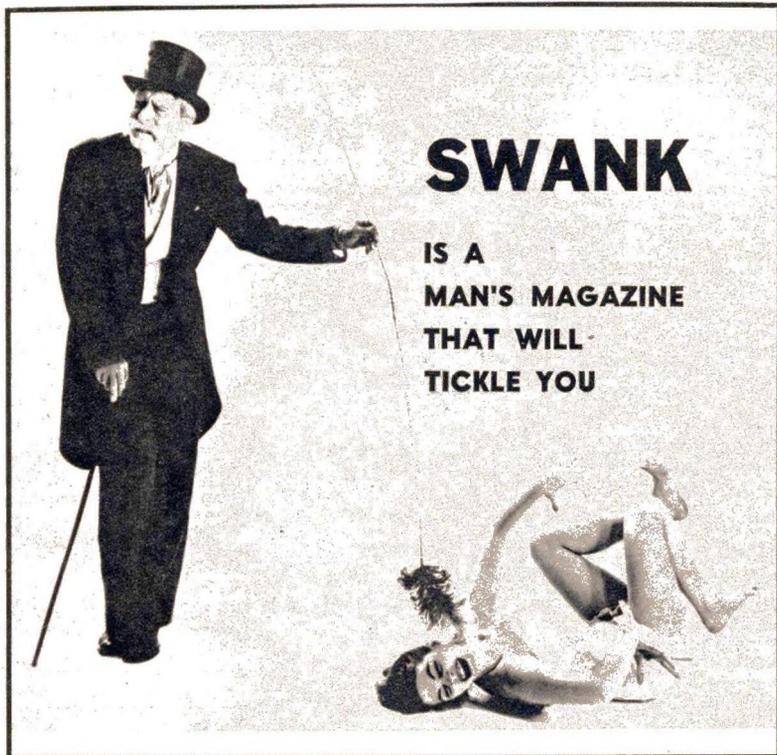
It was a cold morning and no matter how much coffee I poured into myself, I was still cold. Taylor and Hazlett tried not to notice but I'm sure they did.

"Perfect day," Hazlett said matter of factly. "Sure you don't want an egg?"

"Chow down! Can't hunt lions on an empty stomach!" Taylor grinned.

I don't remember what I said, or if I said anything. I felt my dungaree shirt sticking to my back and I wanted to shove my hands in a pocket. I put down the coffee and walked to the truck, waiting for them, listening to the lion call me.

We drove to the head of the gully where Taylor had killed the lioness and I got out. Purple morning. I went alone, walking slowly through the brown grass down-



out and shut him up.

hill to the sand bottom. Once I heard him. I stopped. I wiped my hands on my pants legs, checked the gun, swallowed a bitter taste.

I stubbed my toe on a boulder and winced and stood there in the twigs and sand, listening to the scream of tick birds plaguing a monkey. It was darker in the drain but it was light enough. I heard nothing.

It was a long gully that bore around to the left, perhaps a dozen feet wide and high and sloping at the sides. The air was cooler as I walked. Twenty yards ahead of the bend, I stopped again and brought the gun up, then walked again.

**W**HEN I made the turn I saw the scrub, and rising from it, the open end of the gully. Something flicked ahead to my left, roaring once, filling the gully and the air both.

I shot once and fell backward, the gun wrenching around as the wind arched behind me. I saw the profile close enough to touch him with the barrel, the first shot breaking his right shoulder. I saw the blood welling out of a hole as he raged past me, twisting, claws raking the air and just missing me—just.

My second shot broke his neck as he staggered up for the follow through. Then I lay back on the slanting glade and watched him die, the nose twitching under a rush of blood and the eyes blinking disbelievingly. I felt the gun slipping from my hands into the sand but I couldn't pick it up.

I lay there soaked, raging with the same hot and cold chills, shaking uncontrollably as I stared at the lion that had called me. I watched the sight pass from his glazed eyes and when I knew he was dead I crawled the four yards on my hands and knees and touched him.

I sat beside the lion under the hill of tall grass until Taylor and Hazlett came down and got me. I don't know how much later—five minutes—five hours. I don't know.

I took no trophies of that hunt, nor did I hate the lion I killed. Except for the fact that I had proved something to myself, I wasn't especially proud. I figured had I been the lion and someone wrecked my life, I'd have looked for a showdown, too. That's not the kind of thing for a hunter to say but I say it, and I don't give a hoot what you think.

Two days later, I said goodbye to Hazlett at the barracks and Taylor and I got read off something fierce by Lieutenant Potts. He'd held up a flight to Dakar by way of Brazzaville for us. Didn't we know there was a war going on, he kept asking. That's about all he said except did we have any scotch in our foot lockers.

I never saw Hazlett again after that last morning. And after we reached Dakar I never saw Taylor again, either. At Dakar I drew a transfer to sub base, New London, Connecticut.

The rest of the war was a breeze. \*\*\*

# Do You Laugh Your Greatest Powers Away?

## THOSE STRANGE INNER URGES

You have heard the phrase, "Laugh, clown, laugh." Well, that fits me perfectly. I'd fret, worry and try to reason my way out of difficulties—all to no avail; then I'd have a hunch, a something within that would tell me to do a certain thing. I'd laugh it off with a shrug. I knew too much, I thought, to heed these impressions. Well, it's different now—I've learned to use this inner power and I no longer make the mistakes I did, because I do the right thing at the right time.

## This FREE BOOK will prove what your mind can do!

Here is how I got started right. I had heard about hypnosis revealing past lives. I began to think there must be some inner intelligence with which we were born. In fact, I often heard it said there was; but how could I use it, how could I make it work for me daily? That was my problem. I wanted to



learn to direct this inner voice, master it if I could. Finally, I wrote to the Rosicrucians, a world-wide fraternity of progressive men and women, who offered to send me, without obligation, a free book entitled *The Mastery of Life*.

That book opened a new world to me. I advise *you* to write today and ask for your copy. *It will prove to you* what your mind can demonstrate. Don't go through life laughing your mental powers away. Use the coupon below or write: Scribe V.M.X.

### USE THIS GIFT COUPON

SCRIBE V.M.X.  
The Rosicrucians (AMORC)  
San Jose, California

Please send free copy of *The Mastery of Life*, which I shall read as directed.

Name.....  
Address.....  
City..... State.....

## The ROSICRUCIANS (AMORC)

SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA • NOT A RELIGIOUS ORGANIZATION



## Andrews' Suicide Raid

Continued from page 13

raiders moved off into the rainy void.

Andrews followed, and through the long hours of the night of April 7, 1862, he carefully recalled the things that had led up to the daring plan.

General Mitchel, a West Pointer and chief engineer of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad before the war, had been approached by Andrews and had quickly grasped the significance of what he had proposed.

Huddled over a map table, under a flickering kerosene lamp in Mitchel's field tent, Andrews had traced a line with his finger, where the Georgia State Railroad ran from Atlanta to Chattanooga, a military lifeline that linked the separated Rebel armies of Generals Robert E. Lee and Joseph Johnston.

"If you strike south to Huntsville," Andrews had said in his low, sincere voice, "you could burn the railroad bridges between Atlanta and Chattanooga and that would divide the South."

"How do you propose to do it, Andrews?" Mitchel had said, his voice tense with excitement.

"Give me a band of good men and I'll steal a locomotive at Big Shanty. I'll run it clear back up the line to meet your army as it strikes south."

Andrew and Mitchel looked evenly into each other's eyes. The Union army commander suddenly smiled and gripped the hand of the Yankee spy.

"When do you wish to leave?" he said quickly.

"Tomorrow night."

Andrews' raiders slipped across the

flood-swollen Tennessee River on the morning of Friday, April 11, and cautiously entered Chattanooga. The rains had delayed them a full day. Everywhere they found confusion. Mitchel's army had struck at Huntsville on schedule, capturing 15 locomotives and 80 cars.

Knowing that the general would be expecting them to arrive on the stolen locomotive even now, Andrews and his little band boarded the southbound train for Atlanta and settled down in their seats among the Confederate soldiers and civilians crowded aboard the train.

Near midnight, the train ground to a halt at Marietta. Andrews' party got off and went casually to a nearby hotel, taking rooms for the night. Behind locked doors, Andrews gave them a final briefing.

During that meeting, Andrews studied his men closely. There were John Porter and Martin Hawkins, an experienced engineer. Andrews had two other hand-picked engineers—Wilson Brown and William Knight.

**T**HE rest were Union troops, except William Campbell, who had joined the raid for the hell of it. Four were from the Ohio Second Infantry: Sergeant Major Marion A. Ross, and Privates William Pittinger, Perry Shadrack and George Wilson.

Six were from the 21st Ohio: Sergeants John M. Scott and Elihu H. Mason, and Privates William Bensinger, Robert Bufum, John A. Wilson and Mark Wood. The 33rd Ohio had supplied Corporals William H. Reddick and Daniel Dorsey

and Privates Jacob Parrott, Samuel Robertson, Samuel Slavens and John Wollam.

In each man, Andrews saw an adventurous spirit burning, fanned by the thought of racing through the South aboard a stolen locomotive to join Mitchel's army.

A light drizzle fell the next morning as Andrews' men walked to the Marietta station and casually mingled with the other passengers waiting for the train from Atlanta. It soon chugged into view. Andrews saw that the engine was the *General*, a piece of machinery of wide reputation that pulled a tender, three box cars and a string of coaches.

Andrews led his men aboard, then learned Hawkins and Porter were not with the party; they'd overslept!

Exasperated, Andrews cursed his luck, but he still had two good engineers in Knight and Brown. As the train picked up speed and rolled northward, Andrews noticed a pretty young Southern belle he had once met in Atlanta sitting across the aisle from him. The handsome Yankee spy avoided her glances. The last thing in the world he wanted was to be recognized by anyone he had met during his contraband-running ventures.

Soon the conductor, a youthful Southerner named William A. Fuller, passed through the coaches calling: "Big Shanty! Twenty minutes for breakfast!"

Andrews sat still as the other passengers rose to leave the train. His men and a few passengers followed suit, idly looking out the windows as the train emptied.

Now the crowd of passengers was entering the long building which gave Big Shanty its name. Then Andrews leisurely stood up and stretched. It was a signal for Knight to follow him.

Together, they stepped from the train on the side away from the station platform and moved slowly forward to the big engine. From the corner of his eye, Andrews saw a large Rebel troop camp bivouacked next to the tracks.

There was no one in the engine cab. Engineer and fireman had joined the breakfast party. After all, what was there to fear at Big Shanty?

Andrews and Knight turned and sauntered back along the tracks. They passed the three box cars and saw they were empty, no doubt to pick up bacon and other provisions for the Rebels at Atlanta.

"Uncouple here and wait for me," Andrews said softly. He turned and walked to the first coach, where the other raiders sat tensely waiting for action. Opening the door to the car, Andrews stepped inside and said casually, "Come on, boys. It's time to go now."

As they passed Knight, the engineer pulled out the coupling pin and laid it on the draw bar, then moved up to the engine. Brown, the other engineer, and Wilson, his fireman, hurried after Knight. The others silently climbed into the last empty box car.

Andrews suddenly sucked in his breath as a sentry reached for his rifle hesitantly. "Let's go!" he said hoarsely. Knight quickly opened the valve, and with a lurch the giant locomotive leaped forward.

In a second the wheels made traction, and the historic flight of the stolen loco-



"I stood her nagging fine. Then we went to Echo Lake, Echo Lake, Echo Lake..."

motive began. It was a moment of triumph for Andrews as the train shot off from Big Shanty, leaving the soldiers and the station crowd staring open-mouthed.

In the rear box car, the 18 others secreted themselves to form a surprise element should the train be ambushed. Armed with heavy pistols, they were a formidable fighting team.

The first burst of speed was followed by an alarming deceleration, less than a mile up the track. In their excitement, the engineers had neglected to open the draught doors. The fire had almost gone out.

While Brown, Wilson and Knight poured oil on the fire to restart it, Andrews sent John Scott shinning up a telegraph pole to cut wires. Now no message could be sent ahead from Big Shanty.

The train moved once more. As it picked up speed, Andrews peered anxiously ahead, through the drizzling rain. A southbound freight was due soon, on an uncertain schedule. Two other southbound passenger trains were on their way from Chattanooga by now, but Andrews knew their schedules. He could pass them at station sidings.

It would take at least an hour for a horseman to race from Big Shanty back to Marietta and telegraph to Atlanta for a pursuit engine, Andrews knew. In that time, they'd be miles on their way, with bridges burning brightly behind them.

The first engine to the north would be at Kingston, 30 miles distant. They'd be safely past that station by the time anyone could be alerted.

Knight ordered a red flag hung from the rear car, a signal that another train was coming.

ANDREWS' eyes flashed excitedly as he gave orders to his men not to hurry. A speed of 16 miles an hour would do. "No sense in getting people excited or causing an accident."

Up the tracks, Andrews saw the big Etowah River bridge loom up. With a shock, he saw a smoking locomotive idling on a spur leading up to the Etowah Iron Works. It would be folly to stop and try to fire the bridge, because of this, and besides, it was thoroughly rain-soaked.

Slowly, Knight moved the *General* over the bridge and past the spur, waving at the other engineer as he passed.

Soon the raiders came to Cass Station, a refueling point. They'd have to stop and take on wood and water. Andrews was ready with a fictitious story to put the station manager at ease. "Emergency train," he said abruptly. "General Beau-regard needs powder in a hurry."

Andrews' commanding manner and the logic of his statement cleared any doubt that Andrews was not working for the Rebel cause. Quickly they refueled and shot off again for Kingston.

There, the raiders found their first trouble waiting. A branch track from Rome connected at Kingston, and the morning Rome train was waiting for the Atlanta special. The Chattanooga freight hadn't appeared yet, and Andrews began to feel trapped. He ordered Knight to pull onto a siding.

The engineer of the Rome train came

# Salesmen!

TAKE THIS \$4.95 VALUE . . .

## "THE POWER OF CREATIVE SELLING"

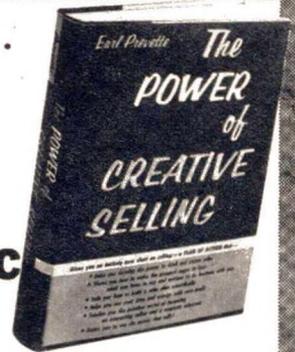
for only **99c**

with **FREE 3-MONTH TRIAL MEMBERSHIP**

in the

## SALESMEN'S BOOK CLUB

(no obligation to buy any minimum number of books)



**A**CT now on this amazingly generous demonstration offer, and get your copy of "The Power of Creative Selling"—regularly priced at \$4.95—for only 99c. In addition, you will be enrolled as a member of the Salesmen's Book Club for a three-month trial period, without cost or obligation. See for yourself how you can benefit by being a member—see how this Club brings you fresh viewpoints, new ideas on how to increase your sales and boost your earnings.

As your first selection under this trial membership, you will receive—for only 99c—a copy of:

### "THE POWER OF CREATIVE SELLING" by Earl Prevette

This great book, just published, brings you the most powerful business-developing technique that the mind of man can conceive. It is an irresistible force that simply cannot be stopped. Read what a few users say:

"Before I got this book my sales production was practically nothing. My commissions are now running over \$1500.00 per month."

Sam F. Wagler, Wichita, Kansas.

"The Power of Creative Selling" has helped me make two sales where I formerly made one. It is worth its weight in gold."

Lloyd MacKenzie, General Agent, Provident Life Insurance Co., Los Angeles, Calif.

"You could throw away all other books on selling because all that it takes to sell is found in this one book."

Glen S. Slough, President, Vita-Craft Corporation, Kansas City, Mo.

The technique of creative selling as explained in this book is as real and practical as a dollar bill . . . and potentially worth THOUSANDS of dollars in your

pocket. Here are just a few of the sales-making possibilities this book opens for you:

- How to plant YOUR ideas in the prospect's mind.
- How to gain the complete attention and interest of every prospect.
- How to anticipate your prospect's questions.
- How to look behind an objection and learn what the prospect is really trying to tell you.
- How to use the Law of Repetition.
- How to use the Law of Averages.
- How to use the Rule of Adaptation.
- How to turn your "hunches" into sales—why your instinct is often wiser than your judgment.
- How to use "key words" that move your prospect's mind toward a decision to buy.
- How to train your imagination to originate a new selling idea, or improve an old one.
- How to draw upon an "inner power" to make sales. ● AND MUCH MORE!

Your copy of "The Power of Creative Selling" will enable you to come up with an unlimited supply of sales-building procedures that will carry you to the heights of successful selling and a bigger income. It is a practical demonstration of the kind of workable selling help you can expect regularly as a member of the Salesmen's Book Club.

**START YOUR 3-MONTH TRIAL MEMBERSHIP NOW.** Just fill in and mail coupon below to receive Club benefits, free of charge, for a 3-month trial period—and get your copy of "The Power of Creative Selling" for only 99c.

### PRIVILEGES OF MEMBERSHIP:

1. You will be under *no obligation* to buy any specific number of Club selections.
2. You will be kept informed, *free of charge*, of the good new books on selling being published.
3. You will be entitled to buy—at the members' *special discount price*—any of the Club's selections that appeal to you.
4. You receive the first selection, "The Power of Creative Selling," for only 99c (reg. price \$4.95) under this demonstration offer.

### TRIAL MEMBERSHIP COUPON—MAIL NOW

The Salesmen's Book Club, Dept. S125-K4  
Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey

Please enroll me in the Salesmen's Book Club for a 3-month trial period. I am to receive the Club's announcements, free of charge, and will be entitled to full membership privileges, *without obligation to buy any specific number of Club selections*. As my first selection under this trial membership, send me "The Power of Creative Selling" (regular price \$4.95) and bill me only 99c.

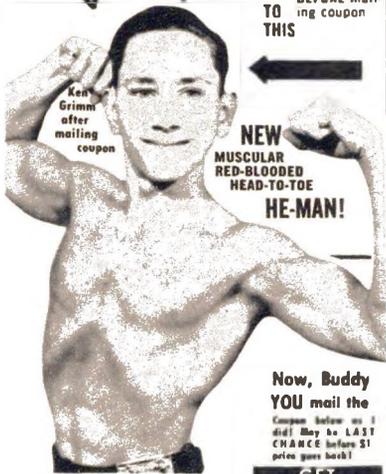
Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....

State.....

In 10 Minutes of FUN  
a day I changed my-  
self from this Blood-  
less, Pitiful SKINNY



SHRIMP  
TO  
THIS

NEW  
MUSCULAR  
RED-BLOODED  
HEAD-TO-TOE  
HE-MAN!

Now, Buddy  
YOU mail the

Coupon below as I  
did! May be LAST  
CHANCE before \$1  
price goes back!

GET  
ALL THESE  
5 PICTURE-  
PACKED  
COURSES  
FREE  
If you mail  
coupon  
NOW!

I just GAINED  
35 NEW LBS.  
OF SHAPELY POWER-PACKED  
MUSCLES!

You can do the same as I  
and THOUSANDS have.  
You can add 10 inches to  
your CHEST, 6 inches  
to each ARM and the rest  
in proportion as I did.

NO! friend you don't  
have to be SKINNY,  
WEAK or FLABBY any  
more just mail NOW the  
FREE coupon  
below as I did.  
Besides getting  
all 5 Courses  
(pictured on  
this page) FREE  
(Millions Have  
Been Sold for  
\$1.) You'll ALSO  
get FREE a big  
BOOK OF PHO-  
TOS OF STRONG MEN and  
BOYS who were WEAK-  
LINGS like you BEFORE  
mailing coupon. This  
Thrilling Book Will Also  
Tell You



HOW YOU  
CAN WIN A BIG  
15" TALL SILVER  
CUP as I just did  
and how to  
WIN \$100.

**LAST CHANCE-ALL FREE COUPON**

1. FIVE COURSES 2. MUSCLE METER  
3. Photo Book of STRONG MEN

Dept. MS-69

Send to: **UNITED ASSOCIATE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING**  
230 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

Name: \_\_\_\_\_  
Address: \_\_\_\_\_  
City: \_\_\_\_\_ State: \_\_\_\_\_

over to Andrews. "What's up?" he asked, suspiciously.

"We're running a special to General Beauregard with ammunition, by government authority," Andrews snapped. The engineer shrugged and walked off.

A tense wait began for the freight to come through. Andrews and his engineers carefully examined the *General* much more than they had to.

A whistle sounded, and soon the Confederate freight pulled in and stopped on the main track. To his alarm, Andrews saw that a red flag hung from the last car.

"Extra train today," the freight engineer said, mopping his face with a greasy rag. "Mitchel's occupied Huntsville. He's heading for Chattanooga, and they're sending out all rolling stock to the south."

A new anxiety gripped Andrews. He had to decide whether to wait for the extra train or chance a sudden dash northward. Luckily, Andrews decided to wait. When the extra train arrived at Kingston, it too carried a red flag!

By the time the third train had passed, Andrews had lost an hour and five minutes. And, unknown to him and his raiders, another locomotive was now in close pursuit, from the south.

Aboard the approaching pursuit engine was the *General's* conductor, Fuller, and one Anthony Murphy, shop foreman for the whole George State Railroad. They'd run on foot for two miles after the stolen locomotive, then commandeered a hand-car, which they rode to Etowah.

Commandeering the Etowah Iron Works engine, the *Yonah*, Fuller and Murphy had opened her up and covered the 13 miles to Kingston in 16 minutes, arriving four minutes after the *General* raced off to the north.

Finding the track at Kingston jammed with the southbound freight and the two extras from Chattanooga, the Rebel railroadmen abandoned the *Yonah* and leaped aboard the engine of the Rome train, which had a clear track ahead.

Andrews meanwhile had stopped once more to cut the telegraph wires, then had ordered Knight to proceed at full speed at last for Adairsville, ten miles up the line. The expected southbound freight sat puffing on a siding, and from its engineer Andrews learned that a passenger train was coming behind it.

Recklessly now, he ordered full steam ahead. Clutching his watch in his hand and straining to see through the driving rain, he timed the *General* over the nine-mile run to Calhoun in seven and one-half minutes. The *General* could really roll when given her head!

At Calhoun, the stolen locomotive suddenly bore down on the southbound passenger train, which had just pulled out from the station.

As Andrews blasted his whistle shrilly, the passenger train hurriedly backed up to let the *General* shoot onto the Calhoun siding. Andrews argued briefly to clear the tracks once more, and soon was off on what he believed was the last dash to Chattanooga.

Behind him, Fuller and Murphy made a thrilling switch at Adairsville. Blocked by the southbound freight, they jumped

on that train and backed it onto the siding at full speed, cut off the box cars and shot northward—in reverse—in an engine called the *Texas*, one of the fastest on the road.

Bearing down on the Oostanaula River Bridge, Andrews again pulled to a stop and ordered his men to tear up the tracks behind them. As they did so, Andrews suddenly bent down and placed his ear to the rail. The unmistakable clickity-clack of the *Texas'* drive-wheels telegraphed a warning of disaster. "Forget the tracks!" he shouted. "Get aboard!"

Off again, the raiders smashed a hole in the end of their last box-car and began throwing heavy railroad ties onto the tracks into the path of their pursuers.

Andrews got another idea. He ordered the *General* stopped and reversed, then uncoupled the last car and sent it rocking down the rails into the path of the *Texas*. The *Texas* also hurriedly reversed itself and caught the box car on the fly, then raced forward again, pushing the box car ahead.

Once more Andrews tried this trick, gaining a few precious moments of time as the *Texas* shoved the two box cars across the Oostanaula Bridge and onto the Resaca siding on the other side.

Coming up on Dalton, Andrews' raiders made a last emergency stop for fuel, and there piled more obstructions on the track to force the *Texas* to halt while they raced on into Dalton.

Knight bent the throttle forward and shot through the station without stopping, scattering the frightened passengers in all directions. Now, there remained only one more station before Chattanooga—Ringgold.

If they could make Chattanooga before the *Texas* overtook them, they had every chance of racing on to meet Mitchel's army at Huntsville, Andrews knew. But he still had to burn the Chickamauga Creek bridges—the real purpose of the fantastic raid—to cut off Chattanooga from Atlanta.

THROUGH driving rain, the raiders could see the outline of Taylor's Ridge and the dark mouth of a big railroad tunnel. Beyond that lay the bridges. Andrews' men pleaded with him to stop in the tunnel and ambush the pursuers, but their leader refused.

"Set the last box car afire!" he shouted. As they raced along through the tunnel, hot coals were passed back from the engine's firebox, and quickly the car filled with smoke and flames.

Andrews could see the first covered bridge up ahead. He turned to Knight and said, "Slow down!"

Then, as they coasted to a stop on the bridge, he ordered the blazing box car cut off. The *General* raced ahead, leaving the bridge to burn—Andrews hoped.

Again the valiant rebels outwitted Andrews. After clearing the tracks below Dalton, they shot ahead at full throttle, aware of what the raiders intended doing.

Fuller and Murphy saw the great column of smoke boiling skyward from the covered bridge, and knew that the Confederate lifeline was at stake.

"Do we stop?" Fuller asked. "Hell no!" shouted Murphy. Holding a

handkerchief to his mouth, he drove the *Texas* into the inferno and felt the engine crash into the blazing car. Slowly, with wheels spinning, the *Texas* forced the car across the bridge and off onto a siding.

Now Andrews knew it was too late to fire the other bridges. He made a quick decision to abandon the *General* and take to the woods, scattering and returning to Union lines as they had come.

Then, one by one, they dove from the *General* into the brambles along the track and hid in the thickets to watch the *Texas* close in on the abandoned locomotive.

It was the end of a glorious adventure, and the shattering of a grand dream for Andrews.

But more was to come. Quickly the countryside was overrun by Johnny Rebs, cavalrymen and slave-hunters with dreaded bloodhounds.

The baying beasts quickly ran down Campbell, Slavens and Shadrack, and then Parrott and Robinson were captured.

To learn who was their leader, Parrott was given 100 lashes, but he kept his silence. The bloodhounds next flushed out Dorsey, Bensing, Buffum and Wilson. Hawkins and Porter, who had overslept at Marietta, tried enlisting with the Ninth Georgia Battalion to escape detection, but they too were discovered and jailed.

The bloodhounds found Andrews on Monday. With Sergeant Ross and Wolam, he had been trailed three days to

a hiding-place near Lookout Mountain. Andrews had burned all his papers in the dying locomotive fire, except \$2,000 in Confederate money, with which he unsuccessfully tried to buy freedom.

On June 8, 1862, the body of Jim Andrews swung on a gallows rope in Atlanta. Ten days later, seven more of Andrews' raiders died on the gallows—Wilson, Campbell, Slavens, Robertson, Ross, Scott and Shadrack.

The remaining 15 Yankees broke jail in Atlanta, eight escaping to make their way back to the North. Wood and Wilson survived an unbelievable journey down the Chattahoochee River to the Atlantic, where a Union gunboat, the blockade ship *Stars and Stripes*, took them aboard, more dead than alive.

**T**HAT left six, held under guard in Richmond in *Castle Thunder*, the famed Bastille of the South. Unexpectedly, they were paroled in an exchange of prisoners on March 18, 1863.

In Washington, one more surprise awaited the last six men. While they recovered from their harsh treatment, Secretary of War Stanton summoned them to his office. There, they shook hands with Salmon P. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury, and Andrew Johnson, Vice President of the United States.

Stanton turned to the first man, Private Jacob Parrott—the raider who had suffered a whip-lashing—and showed him a morocco case containing a gleaming medallion.

"Congress has authorized this medal for soldiers who have shown outstanding bravery in service to their country," he began. "None has yet been awarded."

Parrott stared in awe, and vaguely wondered why Stanton was showing it to him. It hadn't occurred to him that what he had done was beyond the call of simple duty.

"**N**OW," Stanton hurried on, "I have the privilege to present you with the first Congressional Medal of Honor."

Dumbfounded, Parrott could say nothing as Stanton pinned the medal to his breast. In succession, Stanton then pinned similar medals on Buffum, Bensing, Reddick, Mason and Pittinger.

The incredible story of the great locomotive chase was closed, and though the raid had flopped miserably in its purpose, something bigger and more valuable came from it—a thing no one had ever dreamed of.

At a time when the morale of the North was at a low ebb, the daring strike of Andrews' raiders shone as proof that heroism was traditional of the whole United States, and not the sole property of the swashbuckling rebels.

Also, an American heritage was born, the Congressional Medal of Honor. And there was one thing more.

America now had a new legend—how a handful of Yankees stole a whole locomotive from the very heart of the Confederacy, in sight of four regiments of Johnny Rebs! \*\*\*

# What makes WRITING ABILITY GROW?



## SELLS 95 STORIES AND NOVELETTES

"The introduction you gave me to your editor friend resulting in my assignment to do a novel for him monthly is appreciated especially since I had finished my N.I.A. Course some time ago. To date now, I have sold 95 stories and novelettes in 20 national magazines." —Darrell Jordan, P.O. Box 279, Friendship, N. Y.



## THANKS N.I.A. FOR WRITING ACHIEVEMENT

"One day while looking through a magazine, I saw an N.I.A. ad and decided to enroll. I have sold a question and answer to the 'Quiz-Em' column in 'The Week' Magazine. I also had a feature published with a by-line in the *Lapeer County Press*. Thanks to N.I.A. for my writing success." —Mrs. Norma Sullivan, Marlette, Mich.

For a number of years, the Newspaper Institute of America has been giving FREE Writing Aptitude Tests to men and women with literary ambitions.

Sometimes it seems half the people in America who are fired with the desire to write have taken advantage of this offer to measure their ability.

### What the tests show

Up to date, no one who could be called a "born writer" has filled out our Writing Aptitude Test. We have not yet discovered a single individual miraculously endowed by nature with all the qualities that go to make up a successful author.

One aspirant has interesting ideas—and a dull, uninteresting style. Another has great creative imagination but is woefully weak on structure and technique. A third has a natural writing knack—yet lacks judgment and knowledge of human behavior. In each case success can come only after the missing links have been forged in.

Here, then, is the principal reason why so many promising writers fail to go ahead. Their talent is one-sided—incomplete. It needs rounding out.

### Learn to write by writing

NEWSPAPER INSTITUTE training is based on continuous writing—the sort of training that turns out more successful writers than any other experience. Many of the authors of today's "best sellers" are newspaper-trained men and women.

One advantage of our New York Copy Desk Method is that it starts you writing and keeps you writing in your own home, on your own time. Week by week you receive actual assignments, just as if you were right at work on a great metropolitan daily.

All your writing is individually corrected and criticized by veteran writers with years of experience "breaking in" new authors. They will point out those faults of style, structure or viewpoint that keep you from progressing. At the same time they will give you constructive suggestions for building up and developing your natural aptitudes.

In fact, so stimulating is this association that student members often begin to sell their work *before* they finish the course. We do not mean to insinuate that they skyrocket into the "big money" or become prominent overnight. Most beginnings are made with earnings of \$25, \$50, \$100 or more for material that takes little time to write—stories, articles on business, travel, sports, hobbies, local, club and church activities, etc.—things that can easily be turned out in leisure hours, and often on the impulse of the moment.

## FREE to those who want to know

If you really want to know the truth about your writing ambitions, send for our interesting Writing Aptitude Test. This searching test of your native abilities is FREE—entirely without obligation. You will enjoy it. Fill in and send the coupon. Newspaper Institute of America, One Park Ave., New York 16, N. Y. (Founded 1925.)

(Licensed by State of N. Y.)

(Approved Member National Home Study Council)

Newspaper Institute of America  
One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

*Free*

Send me, without cost or obligation, your Writing Aptitude Test and further information about writing for profit.

Mr. }  
Mrs. }  
Miss }

Address .....

City..... Zone..... State.....

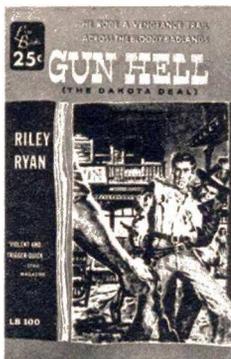
(All correspondence confidential. No salesman will call on you.)

164-P-436

Copyright 1955 Newspaper Institute of America



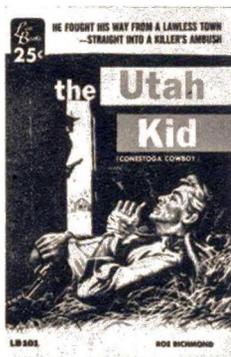
out of the badlands . . .  
two trigger-fast west-  
erns from LION BOOKS



**GUN HELL**  
(THE DAKOTA DEAL)  
by Riley Ryan

The story of a man who rode a vengeance trail for a thousand miles—straight into a blazing range feud . . .

and



**THE UTAH KID**  
(CONESTOGA COWBOY)  
by Roe Richmond

**LION BOOKS**

Available wherever paper-bound books are sold—or else via mail: send 25¢ plus 5¢ per copy to cover postage to:

**LION BOOKS, INC.**  
Dept. 93  
655 Madison Avenue  
New York City



likes those afternoon naps. It's a good thing to learn how to handle a gun, but you'd better ride a little farther out to do your practicin' from now on."

The kid blushed red as the marshal walked away. All this time he thought his shooting had been a secret.

For more than a year he had been sneaking out into the grove by old Mallory's place every afternoon. On the way he would stop off at the saloon and load his pack with all the empty bottles he could find. Then he would pretend that he was Billy the Kid, or Wes Hardin, or this new badman, Hank Barry. He would pretend that a posse was after him. He would ram the spurs into his little gray mare and they would gallop out of town like the wind.

By the time he reached the grove late that afternoon the little gray was dark with sweat. The kid dismounted and pulled the holster from his saddle bag. His thin fingers caressed the long barrel of the Colt .44.

As he set bottles on the ground and tied them to tree limbs, he smiled to himself. I'm almost ready. One of these days I'm going to ride into town and show those folks that old Alvie Happett isn't just the kid who works in the livery. I'll make them talk about me. I'm going to make them remember me for a long time. I'm going to go gunning all over the territory. I'll be famous like Wes Hardin and them others.

The kid tied a string around the neck of a whiskey bottle and hung it to the limb of a cedar. He turned his back on the bottle and walked slowly away. He had walked ten paces when he exploded into motion. He spun on his heel and swung to face the bottle. Long before he had completed the turn, his right hand had made a blurred grab for the Colt in the low-slung holster.

In a thousandth part of a second the gun was leveled at the bottle. The first shot snapped the string. The second shot shattered the bottle before it could fall the four feet to the ground.

The kid was wearing a twisted smile when he slipped the gun back into the shiny black holster. So old man Mallory says he don't like me shootin' on his property. He thought. Well, I think I'm ready. I can beat any man in these parts. I know I can. I'm ready to show them.

As he rode back into town he was making his plans. Those plans included The Old-timer.

"I'll start with him," thought the kid. "He's supposed to be one of the fastest gunmen in the territory. I'll cuss him into

**Fastest Gun  
In Town**

Continued from page 28

a draw, and when they pick up his body they'll know that Alvie Happett is the new gun."

The man known as The Old-timer was only 48 years old, but that was a long time for a gunfighter, even a retired one, to live in these days.

The Old-timer had ridden into town nearly six years ago. Everyone knew him on sight. Everyone feared him. He had ridden to the marshal's office as soon as he arrived in town. Nobody knows for sure what happened in the office, but when The Old-timer came out he looked happy. The town people didn't know that the gunman had told the marshal that his fighting days were over and that he was tired of moving.

He had promised the marshal that he would never again pull his gun first in any fight, if the marshal would let him settle down in town. No one had ever seen The Old-timer draw his six gun since that day.

It was almost dark when Alvie Happett rode up the wide, dusty street and halted in front of the saloon. He looped his horse's reins over the hitchrack, crossed the wooden sidewalk, and elbowed his way through the batwing doors.

He stopped just inside the doors and stood with his hands at his side. He eyed the half-dozen men playing poker at the table. They glanced up from the game and gave him a quick look; then, satisfied that it was only Alvie, the kid from the livery, they returned their interest to the game.

Alvie frowned and moved to the bar. "Gimme a glass of whiskey," he called to the bartender. His voice was strained and a little too loud. The bartender looked at the kid and smiled. "So, you're takin' up drinkin' Alvie?"

"Keep your face shut, and give me a drink," Alvie demanded.

THE smile faded from the face of the bartender. Several of the men at the poker table looked over at the kid. He could feel their eyes on his back.

"I can't serve you, kid," said the bartender. "You won't be 18 for a couple of months. You come back and see me then. And let me give you some advice: If you don't watch the way you talk to people, you might never get to be 18."

The kid backed a few feet away from the bar. His hands were tensed, waist high. "You think you can make me stop talkin' that way?" he asked.

The bartender's eyes moved down to the kid's black holster and the butt of the big Colt. He knew the kid was look-

ing for a fight, and he didn't know what to do next. A look of relief came over his face when he saw The Old-timer slide his chair back and walk toward the kid.

Alvie heard the steps behind him, and he whirled to face the old gunman. Things were working out just as he had planned them.

"Maybe you think you can learn me how to talk, too, huh, gramps?"

The older man flinched at the word. The cords in his neck tightened and stood out. He was silent for a few seconds, and then said, "Relax, Alvie. You can drink all you want to when you're 18. You know damned good and well the marshal won't let Pete serve you until you're—"

"Shut up, gramps," yelled the kid. "You don't scare anybody anymore. You're too yellow to grab for your gun. Go ahead. Make a move; it'll be your last!"

**T**HE Old-timer felt his face burning. He looked into the kid's face. He had seen that face a dozen times. The face of a kid who wanted to kill him because he had a reputation as a fast man with a gun. They all wanted to take that reputation away from him. They wanted to leave him dead on the floor so they could pick up that reputation and wear it like a badge.

He had killed nine men who had forced him into a draw. He had wounded seven others—they were the kids. He remembered his promise to the marshal six years ago—the promise that he would never draw his gun except to save his own life.

He hoped his hand was still as fast as it always had been. He had to reach the kid before he could grab that Colt.

The kid was expecting him to draw, and he hesitated for a fraction of a second, a fraction too long, when he saw the old gunman lunge toward him. The kid's hand was just closing over the grip of the gun when the big fist smashed into his nose. A red flash exploded in his brain. He was falling backward when that same powerful fist dug into the pit of his stomach.

He couldn't remember how long he was out, but as soon as he came to, his hand reached for his holster. It was empty. The Old-timer was standing over him with his beloved Colt dangling from one finger by the trigger guard.

He reached down and grabbed the kid by the shirtfront. He pulled him to his feet and shoved the gun back into the kid's holster. He spun him around and shoved him toward the doors of the saloon. The Old-timer's heavy black, knee-high boot smacked into the kid's tail and he stumbled through the door and fell in the dirt beneath his horse. He was glad it was dark so no one could see the botch he had made of his career as a gunman.

His nose was swollen and twisted when he rode to the livery stable the next morning. His stomach still refused food.

The marshal was standing next to the stranger's big blue. He looked at the kid and smiled. "Looks like you got kicked by a horse, kid," he said. "An old horse."

The kid nodded and sat down on the

# OPPORTUNITIES FOR EVERYBODY

Publisher's Classified Department (Trademark)

For classified advertising rates, write to William R. Stewart, 9 South Clinton Street, Chicago 6 (Mar-May) 6

## EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES

**AERONAUTICAL ENGINEERING** in Two Years. Northrop Aeronautical Institute in Southern California prepares you for top jobs in Aviation Industry. Highly paid positions waiting for our graduates. Approved for Veterans. Write for free catalog. Northrop Institute, 1169 Arbor Vista, Inglewood 1, California.

**COMPLETE HIGH SCHOOL** at home in spare time with 59-year-old school; tests furnished; diploma; no classes; booklet free. Write American School, Dept. XB64, Drexel at 58th, Chicago 37, Illinois.

**HIGH SCHOOL DIPLOMA** at Home. Licensed teachers. Approved material. Southern States Academy, Box 144-M, Station E, Atlanta, Ga.

**PHYSICAL THERAPY AND Massage** Pays big profits. Learn at home. Free Catalog. National Institute, Desk 5, 159 East Ontario, Chicago 11.

**SOLVE MENTAL WORRIES.** Become Doctor of Psychology. Correspondence only. Free Book. Universal Truth, 23-S East Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4.

**\$4 TO \$10 Hour Spare time** in billion-dollar Adjustment Field. Free Book—Now! Universal Schools, P-7, 6601 Hillcrest, Dallas 5, Texas.

**BE A REAL Estate Broker.** Home Study. Write for free book. Weaver School of Real Estate, 2018A Grand, Kansas City, Mo.

## MONEY MAKING OPPORTUNITIES

**MAKE \$25-\$30 Week** Home-spare time Clipping newspaper items. Certain clippings worth \$1-\$5 each. Particulars free. National Plans, Box 81-A, Knickerbocker Station, New York.

**MAKE SPARE TIME** Money preparing & Mailing sales literature. Adams Surveys, 3513-AW Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles 26, California.

**HOME MAILING WORK!** No Selling! Guaranteed Pay! Gemcor, Box 142-P, Boston 24, Massachusetts.

**SELL TITANIA GEMS;** far more brilliant than diamonds. Catalog Free. Diamond, 2420-P 77th, Oakland 5, California.

**\$25 WEEKLY POSSIBLE,** sparetime preparing advertising mailings at home. Temple Co., Muncie 1, Indiana.

## AGENTS WANTED

**HOW MUCH MONEY** can you make with amazing new product giving 58% more power, 54% saving, to cars, trucks, and power by Laboratory Test, 15¢ test kit possible. Write for free money-making plans and proof. Pope Chemical, 224 W. Huron, Dept. F-55, Chicago.

**BUY WHOLESALE THOUSANDS** nationally advertised products at big discount Free "Wholesale Plan." American Buyers, Hertel Station, Buffalo 16-AG, N.Y.

**PERFUME BEADS, ESSENTIAL OILS.** Particulars free. Mission, 2328-A West Pico, Los Angeles 5, Calif.

**EARN UP TO \$250.00** per week soliciting delinquent accounts. Metro, Box 5687, Kansas City 11, Missouri.

## BOOKS & PERIODICALS

**DISPOSAL SALE:** 12 Extremely Interesting Books \$1. Bargain List Sample 30c. (Stamp Collectors Grab Bag 50c) Persil, 436 N.Y. Ave., Brooklyn 25, N.Y.

**FREE ILLUSTRATED HYPNOTISM Catalogue.** Write Hypnotist, 1324 Wilshire, Los Angeles 17W, California.

## LEATHERCRAFT

**FREE "DO-IT-Yourself!"** Leathercraft Catalog. Tandy Leather Company, Box 791-A16, Fort Worth, Texas.

## DETECTIVES

**CRIMINAL INVESTIGATORS COURSE,** credentials, diploma, easy terms, free details. Southwestern Institute of Criminology, Box 294, Sheridan Station, Lawton, Oklahoma.

**LEARN CIVIL and Criminal Investigation** at home. Earn Steady good pay. Inst. Applied Science, 1920 Sunnydale, Dept. 14-B, Chicago 40, Ill.

**FINGERPRINTING COURSE** \$12.00. Write Alabama School of Fingerprinting, Box 185-B, Fairfield, Alabama.

## STAMP COLLECTING

**GIGANTIC COLLECTION FREE!** Includes Triangles—Early United States—Animals—Commemoratives—British Colonies—High Value Piedrols, etc. Complete Collection plus Big Illustrated Magazine all free. Send 5c for postage. Gray Stamp Co., Dept. MB, Toronto, Canada.

**THOUSANDS OF EXCITING Stamps** only 1c, 2c each. Free Examination! Cole, 43-P Rinevalt, Buffalo 21, N.Y.

## BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

**\$150 WEEK—EASY!** Start home Venetian Blind Laundry. Revealing book free. B. T. Co., 101 S. 44th, Philadelphia 4, Penna.

**OPERATE RESTAURANT OR diner.** Free booklet reveals plan. Write Restaurant, 6177, Fremont, Ohio.

**INVENTIONS PROMOTED** Write for free booklet "Your Invention". Kessler Corporation, 127, Fremont, Ohio.

## MALE & FEMALE HELP WANTED

**EARN EXTRA MONEY** selling Advertising Book Matches. Free sample kit furnished. Matchcorp. Dept. PC-45, Chicago 32, Illinois.

## FOREIGN & U.S.A. JOB LISTINGS

**"FOREIGN, ALASKAN, USA Jobs!"** To \$1500.00 Monthly! Million Americans Employed Overseas! Latest Reports. Who to contact for Highest Paying Jobs. Laborers-Trades-Truck Drivers-Office-Engineers-Others. 52 Countries—St. Lawrence Project, Spain, Latin America, Northern Projects, Etc. Year Registration-Advisory Service. Application forms. Unconditional Money-Back Guarantee. Only \$2.00. Airmailed \$2.25. (COD's Accepted). International Reporter, St. Louis 1-MG, Missouri.

**JOBS—HIGH PAY.** South America, the Islands, USA, foreign countries. All trades. Clean labor, engineers, drivers, superintendents, others. Fare paid. Application forms. Free information. Write Section 95A, National Employment Information, 1020 Broad, Newark, N.J.

**JOBS PAYING TO \$350 weekly** now available on overseas and American projects. Men and women. All trades. Transportation paid. Free information. Write Transworld, Dept. C7 200 W. 34th St., New York, N.Y.

**SAN FRANCISCO, OAKLAND HELP** Wanted Columna \$1.00. State Sec. and Paper. Howard, Box 26, Oakland 4, Calif.

**MIAMI HELP-WANTED** columna, \$1.00. Evans, Box 4325, Coral Gables, Florida.

**DALLAS, TEXAS—HELP** Wanted columna \$1.00. Gaeton Service, Box 11564, Dallas 18, Texas.

## SALESMEN WANTED

**WILL YOU WEAR** new suits and topcoats without one penny cost and agree to show them to friends? You can make up to \$30.00 in a day even in spare time, without canvassing. Big Sale! Write: Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Thompson, Dept. U-159, Chicago 7, Illinois.

**SELL ADVERTISING BOOK** matches Big daily commission in advance—Union Label plus Glamour Girls, Scenic, Hill-billies; standard styles and sizes. Big Free Master Catalog. Fast selling—steady repeat business. Superior Match Co., Dept. Z-756, 7528 So. Greenwood, Chicago, 19.

**CALENDARS ADVERTISING NOVELTIES,** Matched! Good Side Line or Full Time. Now is the Time to Sell—All Types of Calendars, Hundreds of Advertising Novelties, Book Matches, etc. Fleming Calendar Co., 6533 Cottage Grove, Chicago 37, Ill.

## PERSONAL

**LEARN AUCTIONEERING, HOMESTEADY OR Classes.** Sample Chart free. Nelson Auction School, Renville 10, Minnesota.

**BIZARRE BOOK SERVICE.** Secures hard-to-find, out-of-print curiosities. Give titles, authors, subjects. Send stamped self-addressed envelope 40¢. East 23rd, New York 10.

**BIG MAIL, 25c** Listing with us will fill your mailbox with mail. C. M. Box 1211-T, Chattanooga, Tennessee.

## INSTRUCTION

**HOTELS CALL** For Trained Men. Record-breaking travel means nation-wide opportunities and a sound, substantial future for trained men in hotels, motels, clubs. Fascinating field; fine living; quick advancement. Qualify at home or through resident classes in Washington. Previous experience proved unnecessary. Placement Service Free. Write for Free Book. Course Approved for Veteran Training. 40th Year. Leeward Hotel Training School, Room BL-9112, Washington 7, D.C.

**U.S. CIVIL SERVICE Test** Training until appointed. Men-Women, 18-55. Start high as \$377.00 monthly. Many jobs open. Qualify Now! Get Free 36-Page illustrated book showing all requirements, sample tests. Write: Franklin Institute, Dept. S-36, Rochester, N.Y.

**BE A Real Estate Broker.** Study at home. Write for Free book today. GI Approved Weaver School of Real Estate, 2018A Grand, Kansas City, Missouri.

**MASTER WATCHMAKING** at Home. Free sample lesson. Chicago School, Dept. PC-76, 2330 Milwaukee, Chicago 47.

## LOANS BY MAIL

**BORROW \$50 TO \$500.** Employed men and women over 25 eligible. Confidential—no co-signers—no inquiries of employers or friends. Repay in monthly payments to fit your income. Supervised by State of Nebraska. Loan applications sent free in plain envelope. Give occupation. American Loan Plan, City National Bldg., Dept. CD-7, Omaha, Nebraska.

## OF INTEREST TO MEN

**"INTERESTING MAILS"**—25c keeps your mail box full three months. Bentz (deak-M/97), Chawata, Mississippi.

## MISCELLANEOUS

**LOOKING FOR A Book Publisher?** Send for Free Booklet M.N. Vantage, 120 West 31, New York.

## PATENT ATTORNEYS

**INVENTORS WRITE** PATRICK D. Beavers, Registered Patent Attorney, 1092 Columbian Bldg., Washington 1, D.C.

**You Can REPAIR**



**Cracked Dentures Yourself in a Jiffy!**

with New, Miracle-Like **PLASTO-FIX**

**1001 USES** Sensational new development used by Dentists and Dental Laboratories. Now you can avoid embarrassing accidents to your full plates and tooth dentures. Repairs in minutes any denture made of plastic material. Don't be without PLASTO-FIX. Just \$2.00 postpaid, or C.O.D. plus postage, on 10-day money-back guarantee. Order today—and be ready for emergencies.

**ALTON PRODS. CO., Dept. C.G.**  
2 Allen Street, New York 2, N. Y.

**SEWS LEATHER AND TOUGH TEXTILES LIKE A MACHINE**



With **SPREDDY STITCHER** Automatic Sewing Awl, anyone can quickly and skillfully sew or repair anything made of **LEATHER, CANVAS, NYLON, PLASTIC, or other heavy materials.** Sew firm, even lock-stitches like a machine. Get into hard-to-reach places. Specially made for heavy duty sewing on **LUGGAGE, FOOTWEAR, RUBBER AWNINGS, BAGS, SADDLERY, UPHOLSTERY, OVER-ALLS, AUTO-TOPS, SPORTS EQUIPMENT** and other tough sewing jobs. Here's the handiest tool you'll ever own. Will save you many times its small cost. Comes ready for instant use. Sew with both of waxed thread and 3 different types of diamond-pointed needles. Easy-to-follow will make you an expert in 15 minutes. Sewing needles and waxed thread always available. Save money, send \$1.98 for postpaid delivery. If C.O.D., \$1.98 plus postage. **MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.**

**1.98**

**SPORTSMAN'S POST**

366 Madison Ave. Dept. A-700, New York 17



# JOBS

## on SHIPS & YACHTS

... going to foreign countries for men and women. We cover jobs on passenger liners, tankers, colliers, freighters, sailing yachts, house yachts and sport fishermen. Full time and seasonal jobs. Pay from \$3500 and up yearly, plus substantial overtime pay. Experience unnecessary to start. Do as thousands do, get paid as you learn. We cover all jobs at sea such as: deck hand, master at arms, ordinary seamen, able seamen, mate, captain, wiper, oiler, porter, elevator operator, fire watchman, carpenter, hospital attendant, bartender, Stewardess, Nurse, Waitress, etc. Seamen are now considered in the highest paid industry in America, thanks to the fighting progress made by maritime unions. Yachting jobs are non union and paying higher than ever. FOR THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING SEAMAN'S AND YACHTING EMPLOYMENT GUIDE SEND \$2.00 TODAY FOR DAVENPORT'S YACHTING & SEAMAN'S EMPLOYMENT GUIDE. (Over 25,000 GUIDES sold since 1951.)



**DAVENPORT SEAMEN'S SERVICE, DEPT. A**  
Guide Employment Department  
GPO BOX 1354, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

### 40 ACRE GOVERNMENT OIL LEASES—\$100

You do no drilling, pay no taxes, may realize a king-size profit without ever leaving home. Free map and booklet. Write to **AMERICAN OIL SCOUTS, Dept. M-5** 7321 Beverly Blvd. Los Angeles 36, Calif.

## NERVOUS

My name is John Winters and "nerves" made my life miserable—that simple, every-day kind of nervousness which can cause such untold anguish. So compare my suffering with yours and be prepared to hear the happiest news in years—for both women and men. I was jumpy, listless, irritable, couldn't sleep, almost frantic at times. No one seemed to understand. I was growing older, full of fears and anxieties about my job, family affairs, health. I read books on how to conquer "nerves". I took vitamins, tonics, even powerful sedatives which I hated. Then one day a famous doctor told me about the new discovery of a remarkable "safety factor", now compounded in a formula of highly approved medical value for both men and women. This new medicine calms and tranquilizes the nerves and is never habit-forming. I am so happy I want everyone who suffers to know about this wonderful way to help you feel calm all day, sleep well at night—to feel free from the fear of "nerves". But the story is too long to tell here. Please send your name and address and I'll send you the most welcome news in years. John Winters, 30 East 48th St., Apt. 3109 N. Y. 17, N. Y.

**BORROW BY MAIL**

**PRIVATE \$50 to \$500**

You can get the cash you need immediately... entirely by mail. No co-signers or endorsers required. No inquiries of employers, relatives, or friends. Convenient monthly payments to fit your income. Men and women with steady income eligible, anywhere in U. S. If you need \$50 to \$500 extra cash for any purpose, mail the coupon today; we'll rush free application blank to you.

(Insured by FEDERAL SAVINGS DEPARTMENT)

**AMERICAN LOAN PLAN**  
City National Bank Bldg.  
Omaha 2, Nebraska... Dept. ST-9

**FREE** Application Blank sent in Plain Envelope. Amount Wanted

NAME.....  
ADDRESS.....  
CITY..... STATE.....  
OCCUPATION..... AGE.....  
Occupation of Wife's Occupation.....

"When I don't like a thing," the rider said, "I don't

bench beside the marshal. "I guess you heard all about it, huh?" The marshal nodded and waited.

"I'm sorry," said the kid. "I wanted to be like Billy the Kid, or maybe Wes Hardin. I was going to try myself on The Old-timer, then I was going to move up north and hunt for this fella Barry."

The marshal frowned and looked at the blue in the stall.

After a few seconds he said, "You still don't know how fast you are with that gun, kid. And don't let me catch you trying to find out again with any man in this town."

He smiled at the kid. "You're lucky you tried it with The Old-timer. Any other man might have blown the hide off you. A lot of people are laughing about you today. Why don't you show them you can be a man without being a killer. Go on over to the saloon and apologize to Pete and The Old-timer."

The kid's head shot up. "Aw, Marshal, I couldn't do—"

The marshal interrupted: "It takes as much guts to apologize when you're wrong, as it does to face a man with a fast gun." He turned to leave, and as he walked past the kid's horse he reached into the saddle bag and drew out the black holster. He threw it to the kid.

"You might as well start wearing that, kid," said the marshal. "Like it or not, you ended your baby days last night."

An hour later the kid had worked up the courage to go to the saloon and eat crow for Pete and The Old-timer.

His boots seemed too loud on the wooden walk. His gun felt heavy against his leg. The band of his crumpled brown Stetson was dark with sweat.

Pete was standing beside the poker table watching a game between the older man

and three other men when the kid eased through the doors. The only other man in the saloon was the stranger who had ridden into town the previous afternoon. He was standing with his back against the bar as he sipped a beer and watched the other men.

Pete frowned and nudged The Old-timer when he saw the kid approaching them.

All eyes in the room were on Alvie as he stopped in front of him.

"About last night," the kid said. "I'm sorry I made such a fool of myself. I was wrong. You was right."

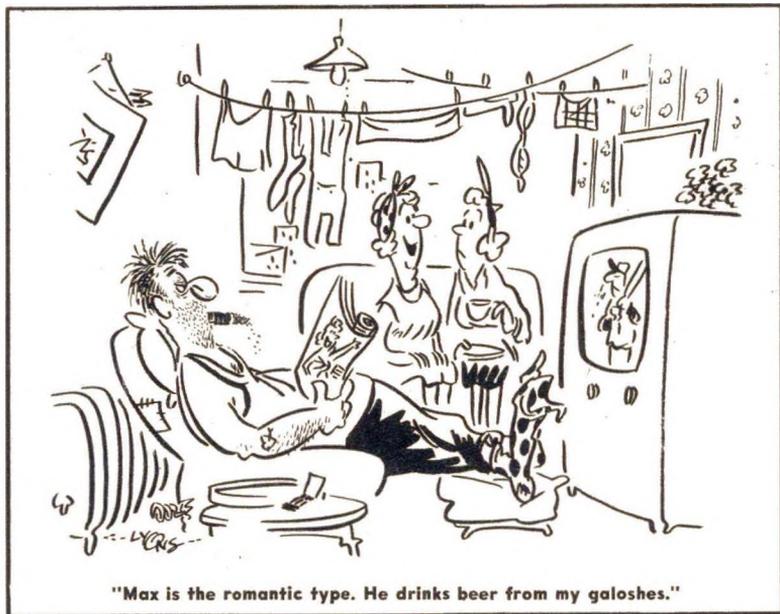
Alvie thought he could hear the whole room relax.

The Old-timer smiled and held up his hand. "Forget it, Alvie," he said. "It's happened to me plenty of times before. But I don't think it'll ever happen again." He patted his right hip. It was bare. A worn spot on the blue trousers showed where the holster and the famous six-shooter had ridden for years. "If I don't carry a gun, I don't figger anyone will try to make me use it."

**ALVIE** nodded and started to leave. The Old-timer stood up and took his arm. "Let's have a beer, kid," he said. "I don't reckon the marshal would get sore about one little beer."

"Thanks," he said. "Thanks a lot." Pete set the beer on the bar in front of them. The kid felt better after a sip of the cold liquid washed his throat.

He glanced at the man's face and smiled. Over the older man's shoulder he saw the stranger walking toward them. The stranger was a big man wearing black, soiled trousers and a brown leather jacket. A pinched seamed face peered out from beneath a black flat-crowned Stet-



"Max is the romantic type. He drinks beer from my galoshes."

leave it. I change it."

son. A deadly looking revolver reared from a holster on each hip.

The stranger stopped next to them and slid a silver dollar across the bar.

"Gimme my change," he demanded. "I don't like drinking with babies."

"Now just a minute, stranger," said Pete. "Alvie here just proved himself to be a man. He can drink beer in here any time he wants to."

The stranger looked at Alvie and laughed loudly. "He don't look like no man to me," he said. "He looks like a punk with a busted nose."

The kid clenched his teeth and looked down at the bar.

"Listen, stranger," said the Old-timer. "I don't know who you are, but if you don't like the way we do things here it only takes a few minutes to get out of town."

The smile left the stranger's face. "My name's Hank Barry," he said, "and when I don't like something, I don't leave—I change it."

The Old-timer started to move his hand to his hip. Then he remembered that his gun was not there.

The thin figure of the kid moved in front of him and faced Barry.

"Get out of the way, punk," said Barry. "My beef is with the old crow who wants me to leave town."

"He don't have a gun," said the kid. "He can't fight you."

Barry's eyes traveled down to the kid's bright black holster. His lips peeled back to show a row of crooked brown teeth. "I see you got a gun, little fella," he snarled. "Let's see if you know how to use it."

The kid didn't move. He was staring into the dark face of Barry. "Stop watching his face, Alvie," came from behind him. "Keep your eyes on his hands."

The warning came none too soon. The kid saw Barry's hands drop to his hips.

The months of practice sprang into the hands of Alvie Happett. Barry's guns were just sliding out of the holsters when the first bullet hit him in the throat, about an inch above his Adam's apple. He was reaching for his throat when the second bullet smashed between his eyes. He didn't live long enough to feel the other four bullets that tore into his body before he could fall to the floor.

The next afternoon, the marshal saw the kid riding past on the splendid big blue he had given him. It had belonged to Barry the day before. He waved, Alvie waved back, and then rode on toward the old grove on Mallory's place.

Just before he reached it, he turned off and pulled up in front of the house. Old Man Mallory came out, stood on the porch, and asked him what he wanted.

Alvie explained, "I just wanted you to know that I won't be botherin' you with any more of my shootin' out there, Mr. Mallory, and I'm sorry if I caused you any discomfort." And before he rode off, he added that he would be right obliged to clean up the mess of broken bottles he'd left there. \*\*\*

# FREE! This Jeweled BALL POINT PEN with Perfumed Ink!

ACTUAL SIZE!

GOLD and WHITE Contains Perfumed Ink!

—and a Chance to Make EASY SPARE TIME MONEY just showing Popular New Line of Exclusive Novelties, Stationery, Gift Wraps and Greeting Cards

Friends and neighbors—even strangers—all rave about these new "EXCLUSIVES." Wait till you see what we send you and you'll understand why everybody's crazy about these new Creations.

Don't wait a minute to see for yourself. In addition to the Jeweled Ball Point Pen we send you FREE, you'll also get a big "Wonder Box" that contains a display of the most amazing assortment of Exclusive Gift Novelties, Personal Stationery, and Colorful Gift Wrappings you ever saw—plus three boxes of Greeting Cards on approval. We'll also tell you about our Plan that shows you how to make lots of easy money in your spare time. You don't send a penny now and you don't need a bit of experience to make extra money the easy way we show you. Remember—the Jeweled Pen is yours to keep. So send for it while a limited supply lasts.

## SEND NO MONEY Just Mail Coupon

Simply put your name on the coupon and mail now. Your big "Wonder Box" containing FREE PEN, and other new creations will be in your hands within the next few days.

GENERAL CARD COMPANY, Dept. 14-K  
1200 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 7, Illinois

GENERAL CARD COMPANY, Dept. 14-K  
1300 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 7, Illinois

Please send me the Jeweled White and Gold Ball-Point Pen with Perfumed Ink shown here absolutely FREE. Also send me, on approval, your "Wonder Box" that contains a Display of Stationery, Gifts, Christmas Cards, as well as a Table Novelty and 3 Boxes of Greeting Cards that can be sold at once. Include complete details of your SPARE-TIME MONEY-MAKING PLAN.

YOUR NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

# HERE IS THE KIND OF HE-MAN BODY YOU CAN HAVE!

## WHAT'S THE SECRET?

You can broaden your shoulders, strengthen your back; add inches to your chest, develop a vise-like grip, make those legs of yours powerful, shoot new strength into your backbone, exercise those inner organs, cram your body full of vigor and red-blooded vitality! The new "home gym method" that's the sure best and most inexpensive. It has changed many a 90 lb. weakling to a he-man. It has turned many a skinny boy into a marvelous physical specimen. It can do the same for you! No \$50.00 courses! No expensive gadgets. You simply use the inexpensive home gym which helps you use the dormant muscle power in your own body. You will watch it increase in double time into solid muscle. The home gym method is easy!

No matter how skinny or flabby you are the amazing new muscle power body builder can help you gain inches of solid muscle in double quick time—only 10 minutes a day!

THE HOME GYM IS SOMETHING EVERYONE WHO WANTS A BETTER BUILD WILL PRIZE! JUST MAILING THE COUPON MAY MEAN THE TURNING POINT IN YOUR LIFE!

YOU MAIL THE COUPON BELOW AND YOU CAN PROVE TO YOURSELF YOU CAN BE A HE-MAN! THE SECRET METHOD CALLED THE "HOME GYM METHOD" HAS DONE WONDERS FOR THOUSANDS. HERE'S WHAT IT WILL DO FOR YOU IN JUST 10 MINUTES A DAY!

You'll be a winner where muscles count! Many gain up to 60 lbs. of muscles and add inches to chest and arms...

Many turn fat into muscles... You can develop your back, your grip, your legs—you'll look, feel, act like a real he-man. You'll find it easier to win women and men friends...

You'll win in sports, win promotion, you'll win more praise and popularity! You get everything you need in one compact package—you do it all in just 10 minutes!

Just 10 minutes a day, with the HOME GYM. You get complete and full instructions with the HOME GYM... you'll be amazed at how easy it is to get in shape and stay in shape with the HOME GYM.



WIN A SILVER CUP Awarded to Users Making Greatest Improvement in Next 3 Months.

## MAIL NO RISK COUPON NOW!

HOME GYM CO., DEPT. 123

318 Market Street, Newark, New Jersey  
PLEASE RUSH THE HOME GYM WITH FULL INSTRUCTIONS FOR ONLY \$2.98 complete on guarantee that I must gain inches of solid muscle, and I must be 100% satisfied or I get my money back!  I enclose \$3.98. Send Deluxe Model.  I enclose \$2.98 cash, check or money order, send postage prepaid (I save up to 50¢ postage by sending \$2.98 with my order).

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!

# A Way WITH Women!



They seek you out, they come tearing down your doors, they won't let you go! They are yours, YOURS ALONE. In these confidential books you'll find ancient love magic and modern techniques . . . Don Juan and the Man-About-Town . . . And ways to make the male personality more potent and irresistible!  
It's a double secret—Intimate romance and social strategy. That's why YOURS ALONE offers in 2 complete books: *How to Get Along with Girls* and *The Book of Etiquette*. Single, engaged or married, you'll be thrilled with your new power. It's so easy when you know how! Only \$2. Money-back guarantee.

PLAZA BOOK CO., Dept. DY-719  
109 Broad St., New York 4, N. Y.

Send YOURS ALONE in plain wrapper. If not deli-  
ghted, I may return it in 10 days for refund.

I enclose \$2. You pay all postage.

Send C.O.D. I'll pay postman \$2 plus postal  
charges.

Name.....

Address.....

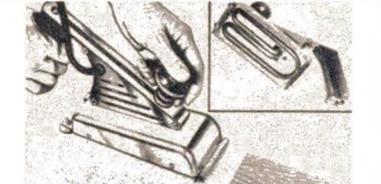
City.....Zone.....State.....

Canada & Foreign—\$2.50 with order

**GOVERNMENT 40 ACRE  
OIL LEASE \$100**

Act of Congress gives citizens equal rights with  
Oil Co.'s. to obtain Govt. leases. You do no drilling  
yet may share in fortunes made from oil on public  
lands. (Payments if desired) Licensed & Bonded  
Oil Brokers. Free Information & Maps of booming  
areas. Write:  
**NORTH AMERICAN OIL SURVEYS**  
8272-W Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles 46, Calif.

**RUPTURED**  
**BE FREE FROM TRUSS SLAVERY**  
NOW there is a new modern Non-Surgical treatment  
that permanently corrects rupture. These Non-Sur-  
gical treatments are so certain, that a Lifetime Cer-  
tificate of Assurance is given. Write today for our New  
FREE Book that gives facts that may save you painful  
and expensive surgery, and tells how non-surgi-  
cally you may again work, live, play and love and en-  
joy life in the manner you desire. There is no obligation.  
Excelsior Hernia Clinic Dept. 4105 Excelsior Springs, Mo.



**NEW ELECTRIC PAINT PEELER**  
Gets to bare wood fast

New, faster SUPER-POWERMET peels old paint, enamel,  
varnish, shellac clean to bare wood grain like cutting butter  
with a hot knife. Super-hot tube softens paint electrically.  
Removes up to 12 layers fast as 3 1/2 square feet per minute.  
A heavy-duty professional-type tool. Ends scraping, cutting,  
burning, sanding, chemicals. Just plug into any 110-120  
volts AC or 800 Watts DC outlet and allow to heat to 1200  
degrees in less than two minutes. Then put it to work on  
interior or exterior regular or irregular surfaces, like wood-  
work, clapboards, floors, cupboards, doors, furniture, boats  
and see it peel off paint like magic. Can be used for remov-  
ing wall paper, paint from plastered walls, asphalt tile  
from floors. Heating surface measures 3" x 7" (comes com-  
plete with 8 foot U.L. approved heater cord). ONLY \$11.98  
postpaid. If C.O.D., send \$2.00 deposit, balance plus  
postal charges. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.  
MERIDIAN CO., 368 Madison Ave., Dept. D-700, New York 17



## Last Stand at The Arikaree

Continued from page 39

turning in, they tethered their horses and four supply mules to a cluster of cottonwoods. There was little sound from the river to disturb their sleep. The Arikaree was an almost dry bed, a rushing torrent in the spring but in September a mere trickle of water a few inches deep.

In its center was a small island, scarcely more than an acre, covered with wild plum bushes and a scattering of trees. From the river the land sloped westward toward the stronghold of the Indian nations.

The first glow of dawn had just begun to lighten the sky when the sentry awoke the men with a shout. "Buffalo comin'!" he called.

They turned over in their blankets. They could hear the distant rumble, but a few buffalo weren't things to worry about—unless they came right into camp. But then they heard another noise, a chorus of Indian yells and whoops. As they scrambled for their rifles, they saw a half-dozen Redskins in war paint trying to stampede the tethered horses.

They drove them off, killing two, but not before the four pack mules and several of the horses had been lost. By that time the entire camp was alert, and the rumble was coming steadily closer. Soon, over the crest of the horizon appeared a sight which was magnificent in spite of its ominousness—a long array of over 1,000 painted, screeching savages riding hard toward them. At their head was Chief Roman Nose followed by Chief Medicine Man. Roman Nose, a powerful, handsome, six-foot warrior, knew he was destined to die before the day ended. His people had called him to lead them in battle against the scouts before he'd finished his purification ritual.

In a short time the plain became an inferno. Arrows, and bullets from rifles taken off the bodies of the massacred settlers, poured into the white men. The latter held their fire at Colonel Forsyth's order as they hid behind their horses for shelter. When scarcely 50 yards separated them from the enemy, they heard the command to commence fire. The Spencers responded and huge gaps opened in the massed line of Indians. Those attackers whose horses had been shot from under them continued to fight on foot. The rest of the line wheeled and retreated, re-formed and came on once more.

Colonel Forsyth knew his position was untenable and he was in danger of being overcome by sheer weight of numbers. Reluctantly he gave the order to fall back. The men obeyed and eventually the steep bank of the Arikaree was behind them. One by one they slipped their mounts down the slope and sought refuge on the little island. Those who

reached it first covered the retreat of their companions with rifle fire. Then they formed a protective circle with their horses, tying them to the bushes, and resumed fighting, forcing back the Indians in attack after attack. With their tin cups, mess plates, knives and bare hands they scooped up the earth to form a breastwork. Finally the Redmen disappeared, leaving their dead in heaps on the plain and shore.

The time was then 9 A.M. and Colonel Forsyth counted his casualties. Dr. Mowers had been shot, the bullet passing through his brain, he was unconscious. He remained so until he died two days later. Two scouts had been killed and over a dozen wounded. All the horses were dead. Forsyth himself had been hit in the shin by an arrow and a bullet had creased his head.

Roman Nose gave small respite, however, for within a half-hour his warriors charged again but this time the white men were ready. From behind their earthen mounds they picked their targets carefully. All were expert marksmen with both Colt and rifle and at every shot one of the enemy dropped and lay still. Forsyth and Beecher, the former with a Colt in each hand, were firing from behind several small trees which were growing close together. They were standing erect instead of lying prone, as were their men, so they could survey the scene of battle. Arrows protruded from the front of the trunks like pins from a pincushion. They had just decided to find a safer spot and had begun to crawl away when concentrated rifle fire cut one of the trees in half. It barely missed them as it fell.

AT one point during the attack, Forsyth saw one of his scouts crouching behind a dead horse and firing calmly although the shaft of a broken arrow stuck out from his forehead.

"Are you hurt, man?" he asked. The injured man fired his rifle and drew back. "Not much," he replied with a smile.

Forsyth examined him and saw the head of the arrow hadn't penetrated deeply but simply was wedged in the bone. He tried to tug it loose but it was immovable and he decided it would be best to leave it as it was. A short time later he heard the man call him. When he went to him, he found the shaft was gone, a jagged, bleeding wound in its place.

"Bullet plucked it right out," the scout explained with another grin. After an hour's fighting, Roman Nose withdrew once more, disappointed at his heavy losses. He had violated his code by attempting to take the invaders by storm. Like all Indians, he much preferred to strike from ambush or to pick

off his enemy silently, one at a time, to destroy their morale before closing in for the final kill.

When he had gone and the field of battle was quiet once more, the colonel made plans for a siege. He guessed that the chief would try to starve him into submission. Lack of medical supplies was his greatest problem at the moment.

There were new casualties and his men were suffering, but he had no chance of sending for help, at least not until darkness came. Even if a scout could get through the wall of Indians, the nearest post was 112 miles away. His men had plenty of water and they didn't have to expose themselves to get it. They obtained it by digging small wells a few feet deep. For food, he would depend upon the meat of the dead horses. After building their breastwork of earth, the men had piled the carcasses upon it for a further shelter. Then, at 2 P.M., Roman Nose made his final charge.

WITH 300 picked men, sworn to victory or death, he swooped down on the island. The Spencers waited for him, this time until he was scarcely 20 yards away. At a signal the rifles roared as one and with every volley the enemy tumbled by the dozens. A handful reached the barricade of dead horses and leaped it. Among them was Roman Nose, already wounded several times. He was the last to fall, his entire charge wiped out to a man. One of the grizzled Indian fighters took out his knife and deftly scalped him, shoving the scalp into his pocket.

"Damn brave injun!" was his comment.

But Roman Nose wasn't the only great warrior to die. His next in command, Medicine Man, also fell, as did Lieutenant Fred Beecher after whom the island has been named. Colonel Forsyth was hit again, a bullet lodging in his thigh and causing him much pain. He endured it as long as he could, then reached for a long-bladed knife from one of his men. Making a fire, he sterilized the steel in the flame. With it he probed for the bullet in his leg. Finally he dug it out. He heated the blade again and cauterized the wound. Then he fainted.

When he recovered consciousness, he counted his men. There remained only 28 still able to handle their weapons.

The rest of the day, the Indians sniped at them from the trees and bushes fringing the river. Guards were posted that night and their alertness prevented still other casualties. Three of the enemy, squirming forward on their bellies among their fallen comrades so their movements wouldn't be detected in the dim moonlight, succeeded in reaching the island.

Only the scouts' experience with the Indians' resourcefulness and uncanny ability to move without appearing to do so, enabled them to distinguish the live men from the dead and shoot them in time. Knowing that outside help was necessary if he and his scouts were to survive, Forsyth decided to send out two men for help under cover of the darkness.

When he asked for volunteers, the first to respond was John Stillwell, a boy of 19, who in spite of his age was an ac-



# Like to be an Artist?

Take free Art Talent Test! Find out if you have talent worth training. Demand for artists is increasing—for advertising, cartooning, illustrating. Earnings range up to \$600 a week. Thousands got started by taking this simple Art Talent Test. You take it at home in spare time. Test was developed by professional artists to uncover new talent. Offered free. No obligation. Mail coupon today for your copy!

ART INSTRUCTION, INC.

STUDIO 9726 • 500 S. 4th St., Minneapolis 15, Minn

Please send me your free Talent Test.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address \_\_\_\_\_ Phone \_\_\_\_\_  
 City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ County \_\_\_\_\_  
 State \_\_\_\_\_ Occupation \_\_\_\_\_

**PEE WEE BATTERYLESS "LIFETIME" RADIO**

REALLY WORKS—FOR LIFE! WITHOUT TUBES, BATTERIES OR ELECTRICAL PLUGGING. Never mind down. SMALLER THAN A PACK OF CIGARETTES! GUARANTEED TO RECEIVE LOCAL RADIO STATIONS ANYTIME—ANYWHERE! YOU GO! Sensational new **Varrite Selective Tuner**—**Perma-Crystal diode**. Super **SPEAKER-FRONE**. Durable black and gold plastic case.

Send only \$2.00 bill or check. **FREE** on arrival or send \$8.00 for postpaid delivery. **RENT COMPLETE READY TO LISTEN WITH LIFE-TIME GUARANTEE.** Nothing extra to buy—over. Available only from: **MIDWAY CO.**, Dept. WCM-9, Kearney, Nebr.

**MAKE EXTRA MONEY**

EVERY BUSINESS EVERYWHERE USES UNION LABEL BOOK MATCHES

No experience needed to earn big daily commissions. Be a direct factory representative of the world's largest exclusive **UNION LABEL Book Match** manufacturer. Prospects everywhere. Feature **Glamour Girls**, **Hillbillies**, **seniors** and dozens of other styles—**Double Books**—**Jumbo Books**—nearly 100 color combinations. New, bigger portfolio makes this fastest selling line a real profit maker for you. Write TODAY for full details.

**SUPERIOR MATCH CO.**  
 Dept. R 958 7828 S. Greenwood Ave., Chicago 19, Ill.

**WELD YOUR WAY AHEAD!**

Learn Arc and Gas Welding In Spare Time

Your opportunities are greater when you learn to use this great tool of modern industry. Training in welding opens the door to many key industries. Now you can train at home with UEI's practical course. Includes techniques, metallurgy, blueprints, shop practices, other important phases.

**We're For FREE Facts!** You can follow home-study training with actual shop practice. High school diploma not necessary. Write NOW!

**UTILITIES ENGINEERING INSTITUTE**  
 2523 Sheffield Ave., Dept. WCM-5, Chicago 14, Ill.

**VIOLIN Wheat Germ Oil**

Improves Heart Response and Physical Endurance!

6 YEARS UNIVERSITY TESTS  
 200 MEN, MIDDLE-AGE, FRATERNITY, ATHLETES.

Full details—Bulletin No. 10  
**VIOLIN, Monticello, Illinois**

At Drug and Health Food Stores  
 REFUSE SUBSTITUTES!  
 Only ViaBin proved to be effective.

Get info... **PLASTIC LAMINATING AT HOME!**

Make \$20 to \$30 a Day by **MAGIC MAIL PLAN!**

Get **ORDERS and CASH** from your mail—do work in **SPARE TIME** at home—**or expand into FULL TIME** business. Send coupon for Free facts about the newest and most fascinating of all home operated businesses. For the first time a simplified machine brings the fabulous profits of Plastic Sealing and Plastic Laminating within the reach of the small operator. Anyone can learn to operate the machine with a few minutes practice—then with our Magic Mail Plan can get mail orders pouring in daily with cash in every envelope. No canvassing—no selling. We even supply the circulars you mail to bring back cash and orders. Don't waste a minute. Rush your name. We'll send you **FREE** and postpaid pictures, prices, details, and all the facts you need to start. Mail coupon or send name on postcard. No charge.

**WARNER ELECTRIC CO.**  
 1512 Jarvis Av., Dept. L-509, Chicago 26, Ill.

**Make Thousands of Beautiful Art Creations**  
 COSTUME JEWELRY • CIGARETTE BOXES  
 TRAYS • CANDLESICKERS • COASTERS  
 LAMP BASES • BOOK ENDS... ALL IN  
 SPARKLING COLORED PLASTIC

**THIS MAN**... is taking out of the machine a Plastic Sealing Job—ordered by mail—only 11c in material cost, brings back \$2.68 in cash by mail. Capacity of machine: \$28.00 profit per hour of operation.

**WARNER ELECTRIC CO., 1512 Jarvis Av. Dept. L-509, Chicago 26, Ill.**  
 At no cost to me, please rush complete details postage prepaid. I am under no obligation.  
 Name \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address \_\_\_\_\_  
 City \_\_\_\_\_

# "I Earned Over \$1000 While Learning in CUSTOM UPHOLSTERY"



Fidilis A. Ehly, owner of Ehly's Upholstery Shop, Stanton, Nebraska, invites you to write to him about UTS Course!

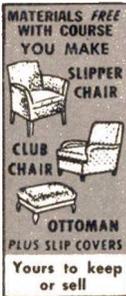
"I have been doing upholstery spare time, 3 hours a night, and hope to make it my full-time job soon. I would recommend this course to anyone interested in their future! Just write me!"

**WHAT DO YOU WANT? Your Own Business—A Steady Job—Substantial Sparetime Earnings—A Better Future? They're all Waiting for You in the Big Opportunity Field of Custom Furniture Upholstery.**

AT HOME in spare time you can master this valuable craft just as Fidilis Ehly and hundreds of other Upholstery Trades School graduates have done—easily, quickly! Trained upholsterers are scarce. You can earn as you learn to make good money all year round at home, in your own shop, or in a well-paid job. The practical N.Y. State-approved UTS course teaches you professional custom furniture upholstery, reupholstery, furniture finishing, repairs—slip cover, window cornice, cushion and drapery making. You get—FREE with course—all tools, complete frames, fabrics and all materials to make beautiful upholstered furniture and slip covers—yours to keep or sell!

## Big Free Book With FREE Sample Lesson

Our FREE book, "Your New Way to A Successful Career" with FREE sample lesson shows you how. Tells how you earn as you prepare at home for this fascinating, well-paid, big opportunity trade. Write Today! Training in N.Y. School Also Available: UPHOLSTERY TRADES SCHOOL, Dept. 80-1305, 723 Broadway, N. Y. 3, N. Y.



## APPROVED VETERANS FOR

UPHOLSTERY TRADES SCHOOL  
Dept. 80-1305, 723 Broadway,  
N. Y. 3, N. Y.

Send me FREE book with FREE sample lesson. No obligation. No cash payment will call.  
 Home Study  N. Y. School

Name: \_\_\_\_\_  
Please Print Plainly

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City: \_\_\_\_\_ Zone: \_\_\_\_\_ State: \_\_\_\_\_

Check here if Korean Veteran.

## Cabinet Making



LOW COST HOME TRAINING COURSE for Beginners & Advanced Craftsmen

Make money. Learn skills and secrets of fine woodworking and tool use. Professionally prepared shop method training tells and shows how. Covers everything. Easy to master.

Write for Free Booklet

INTERSTATE TRAINING SERVICE  
DEPT. F-96, PORTLAND 13, OREGON

## MEN! how to win a WOMAN!

Don't miss this, mister! It's your big chance to be popular—your golden opportunity to win that certain girl I reveal every secret to you in my "How to Win a Woman" booklet. (Incidentally, one real good way to light the stars in her eyes is with an enchanting gift from Frederick's) Rush 10¢ for postage and wrapping—and I'll send you my Free Booklet plus Frederick's new catalog of glamour styles, lingerie, and gifts. (The pictures alone are worth the price!) Supply is limited—so write Now! You'll never regret it!



from Frederick

Both Free!

DEPT. 1288 1438 N. CAHUENGA BLVD., HOLLYWOOD 28, CALIF.

## "YOU ARE UNDER ARREST!"



There's a Thrill in Bringing a Crook to Justice Through Scientific CRIME DETECTION!

We have taught thousands this exciting, profitable, abundant profession. Let us teach you, too, in your own home. Learn Fingerprinting, Firearms Identification, Police Photography and Criminal Investigation thoroughly, quickly and at small cost.

Over 800 American Bureaus of Identification employ students or graduates of I. A. S. You, too, can fit yourself to fill a responsible crime detection job with good pay and steady employment. Don't lose 1 day—get the details now. Let us show you how easily and completely I can prepare you for this fascinating work, during spare time, in your own home. You may be as young as 18. Write today. No salesman will call. Send for Thrilling "BLUE BOOK OF CRIME"

Be A FINGER PRINT Expert!

FREE!!!

(A Correspondence School Since 1916)  
INSTITUTE OF APPLIED SCIENCE  
1920 Sunnyside Ave., Dept. 3706 Chicago 40, Ill.

complished woodsman and Indian fighter. The second was David Trudeau, a trapper. Together they disappeared into the night as quietly as the Indians.

The following day the sniping continued and the wounded men suffered miserably in the hot sun. If the uninjured survivors hadn't been conditioned to the hard life of the frontier, the stench of the decaying horse flesh would have made them too ill to carry on.

The human bodies, too, began to decompose and shallow graves were dug to hold them. The horses weren't touched, however. They still were shields against enemy fire. That night Forsyth sent out two more men, but these were forced to turn back when they almost crawled into the Indian camp in the dark.

By the third day, the meat which had been buried for food began to spoil and still the Indians continued their sniping, waiting for the final surrender. Again, in the darkness, two men left for help. These did not return. On the sixth day of the siege, September 25th, with his men's wounds becoming gangrenous and all food gone, Colonel Forsyth commanded that those men who were still able to try to escape while he and the wounded remained behind to hold off the Indians. But his order was never fulfilled.

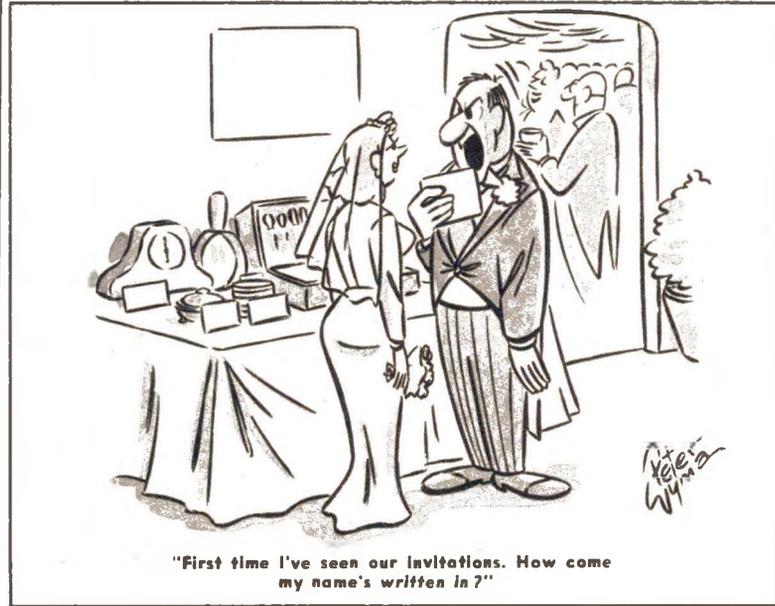
When Trudeau and young Stillwell had left on the first night, they stayed together, moving like shadows through the bushes and trees. They suspected that the Indians would have a watch concentrated on their line of retreat, knowing that the white men would try to send for help, and so they went up the river into the Indians' country and then turned in a wide, sweeping circle. The following dawn found them in the open prairie. Here they separated to decrease the chance of both of them being seen and captured. It is told that Stillwell, crawling up a slight, rocky slope in order to survey the land beyond for danger, bumped into a large rattlesnake rearing its head several feet from him. Without hesi-

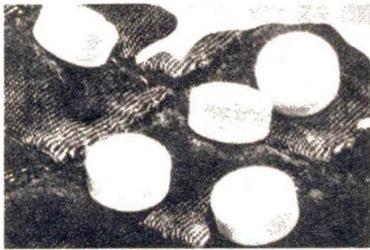
tation, the boy cheeked his cud of chewing tobacco and sent a stream of yellow juice accurately into its face. The snake wriggled off at full speed and Stillwell continued his own snake-like progress. Two days later he staggered into Fort Wallace.

COLONEL Forsyth's men were ready to leave their stronghold in accordance with his command when they heard hoofbeats. Expecting another Indian attack, they made ready for a last, desperate stand. The horses drew closer but at a trot, not at a gallop. When they finally came into view, the exhausted defenders of Beecher's Island saw that they carried troops of Colonel E. A. Carpenter's Fifth Cavalry. It was an advance detachment coming to their rescue under the leadership of "Buffalo" Bill Cody. Forsyth's leg had developed blood poisoning and he was in agony on the slow journey back to Fort Wallace, although he was gratified to learn that Trudeau and the other two scouts whom he had sent for help had arrived safely.

The main body of the Fifth Cavalry pressed on in pursuit of the Indians. It was composed mainly of Negro soldiers trained since the termination of the Civil War. The Redmen called them "Buffalo Soldiers" and feared them greatly, believing that their scalps were bad luck. As a result, the buffalo soldiers never succeeded in engaging the main army of Indians, although they did drive them far into the West. The Redmen were in full retreat, completely disheartened by the loss of their war leaders Roman Nose and Medicine Man, and by their failure to wipe out the little band of heroic frontiersmen.

Actually, it was not lack of guts or brains that lost the Arikaree for the Indian. Both sides had unlimited amounts of both. When it comes down to it, the Indian lost the Arikaree, just as he was to lose everything else in years to come, to white men who always seemed to have more reinforcements. \*\*\*





## How Hollywood Beats the Jitters

Continued from page 31

drink and love—maybe even more so.

Most revealing clue to Miltown's magical potency may be seen in its laboratory effects upon (strangely enough) wild monkeys. As reported in medical journals, obstreperous monkeys who were given Miltown forgot fear, hostility and aggressiveness. Their appetite was unaffected and "full interest in the environment retained." Evidently the human toilers in our West Coast vineyards may now be expected to be fearless and friendly.

Hollywood's dire need for peace of mind has enabled Schwab's, best-known drugstore in Los Angeles, to sell a quarter-million Miltown pills within four months, and they've had to turn down more prescriptions for it than they could fill. The fad has even erupted a rash of yaks that place Miltown alongside smog and mothers-in-law as fodder for gag writers.

During the nationwide telecasts in March of the Emmy awards for the best TV programs and performances, two of the masters of ceremonies with references to Miltown, startled doctors who happened to be listening.

Jimmy Durante described a new kind of Emmy in which the head screws off and the belly is full of Miltown. Bob Cummings, ostensibly nervous at the mike, read off a list of nominees for the documentary award and then turned to an official with this remark: "... and now give me the Miltown—I mean the envelope." It got a laugh from the hep Hollywood audience.

Bob Hope, during some banter with Greer Garson in a TV show called "The Awful Truth," injected a line, "That dog is just having a Miltown." Groucho Marx relates the story of a debt-ridden actor who was interrupted at breakfast by his wife carrying in a pile of unpaid bills. "What'll I do with these?" she asked. "Tear 'em up and order some more Miltown," was the reply.

A steady customer of the stop-worrying drug, Milton Berle has pulled this one: "It's worked wonders for me. In fact, I'm thinking of changing my name to Miltown Berle."

One veteran observer of the Hollywood scene, a distaff columnist for the *Mirror-News*, recorded this experience: "I went from Ginger Rogers' party to José Ferrer's party and then to another dinner party, and everywhere they were talking about Miltown. Even my husband is on it now. He used to be very nervous, really just miserable. Now he doesn't get mad as quick or stay mad as long."

Hollywood, however, is not the only town to go hell-bent for the wondrous soothing pill. The demand for Miltown is almost as strong, though not so blatant, on Times Square, in conservative Boston,

Washington, Charlotte, N. C., and Houston. In these and other communities, strangers may find their prescriptions can't be filled because druggists save their Miltown for regular customers. One pharmaceutical firm did \$15,000,000 business in the past year with the new drug.

Today, about a year since Miltown was first introduced, it is the fourth best seller in American drugstores. (The first three are acromycin, gantricin and empirin in compound form.) Under another licensed trade name, meprobamate is also sold as Equanil.

A white crystalline powder with a characteristic bitter taste, meprobamate was originally developed as a muscle-relaxing drug, and at first its calming effect seemed incidental. Experimenting at the Wallace Laboratories in New Brunswick, N. J., Dr. Frank M. Berger was looking for an improvement on mephenesin, which has only a temporary action in relieving muscle spasms.

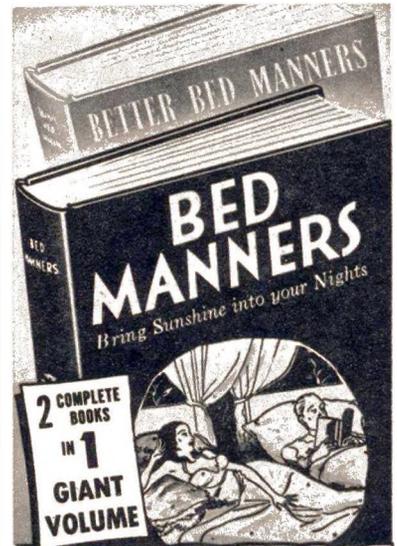
**H**E finally came up with meprobamate, a chemical cousin of mephenesin. After he found that it soothed laboratory monkeys, the drug was tested on patients in hospitals at Washington, D. C., and Cheverly, Md. There were men and women with chronic or acute low back strain, osteoarthritis, muscle inflammations and various rheumatic conditions. Results were amazing: from 92 to 100 percent improvement.

Trials on the monkeys, which demonstrated that with Miltown they became far less frightened and pugnacious, led to its use for allaying anxiety and tensions. It is used as a crutch to help cure alcoholism and drug addiction, and for a variety of other purposes in promoting the well-being of the troubled and sick.

How does Miltown work? Basically, it has a depressant effect on the central nervous system. Its greatest influence is in the area of the thalamus in the brain, a relay station between incoming stimuli and the cortex, which gives us the power to think. Miltown helps the relay station screen out bad stimuli before they reach the thinking mechanism.

As an anxiety reliever, Miltown was found to be uniformly successful, with reports of recoveries and improvement ranging from 70 to 85 percent. It proved an invaluable aid in controlling irrational fears and vague senses of dread, in relaxing bodily tension, lessening irritability and improving the ability to concentrate. Unsociable patients again could take part in social activities. Men who were mentally ill dropped their emotional defenses, got more confidence in their doctors and were able to take psychotherapy.

What probably appeals strongly to the frenzied characters of Hollywood is that



Men and women are "Bed Animals", say the authors and they proceed to prove it with the friskiest discussion of nighttime intimacies you will ever read! This is a book full of roguish, frolicsome wit that will keep you laughing from cover to cover. For the strangest adventure of all is to find yourself locked in a bedroom with someone of the opposite sex with whom you are required to go to bed and get up for thousands of nights... it's called marriage. It may have just happened to you or it may happen when you least expect it and are least prepared. But whatever your marital state, you'll want to send for this hilarious book of Bediquette today!

### CRAMMED WITH RIBALD HUMOR

Laugh and learn from 247 riotous pages... full of devilish illustrations. Become well-bred in 37 wise-cracking chapters containing dissertations on...

How to get undressed • A short history of Bed Manners (the early French had some peculiar ones!) • Birth control in the sleeping car • The 7 great problems of marriage • and many more.

### ORDER NOW

Get *Bed Manners* and *Better Bed Manners* complete in 1 giant volume — only \$1.98. Learn your mate's intimate secrets. But married or single... for yourself or a gift, this is the sauciest, racy, provocative book ever! Written by Dr. Ralph Y. Hopton and Anne Balliol... Illustrated by John Groth.



### 10-DAY FREE TRIAL

Read in the privacy of your home. If you don't agree it's the most sensational book of bedroom-humor... return in 10 days for full \$1.98 REFUND.

Both Books  
Bound as 1  
For Only

**\$1.98**  
POSTPAID

### CLIP AND MAIL COUPON TODAY

ARDEN BOOK CO., Publishers, Dept. 8224  
384 Fourth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

RUSH me both books... *Bed Manners* and *Better Bed Manners*, bound in 1 giant volume, for FREE 10 DAY TRIAL.

enclose \$1.98. Send Prepaid. I SAVE POSTAGE.  
 Send C.O.D. I'll pay postman \$1.98 plus postage and C.O.D. charges.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

C.O.D. in U.S. only. Foreign send \$1.98 in U.S. funds or payable in U.S.

**MEN OVER 40 ENERGY! VITALITY!**  
 or your money back in 30 days!

Strength low? Energy down? Muscle tone gone? Are nerves upsetting your home life? Normal wear and tear of living weakens the blood, puts extra strain on vital organs. A subclinical deficiency may exist in your system or blood. Science has the answer for both! Fortify your daily intake of vital nutritive elements. Dr. Burkard, M.D. gives you miraculous VITERONE (crystalline B12, plus vital elements) acclaimed by thousands of users. Rushed in confidential wrapper.

.....

DR. BURKARD LABORATORIES Lab GM-31  
 3006 Olympic Station • Beverly Hills, Calif

Please rush 50 Viterone capsules for \$5.00  
 I prefer 100 Viterone capsules for \$9.00  
 Postpaid if paid in advance

Name.....  
 Address.....  
 City..... State.....

**POEMS WANTED**  
**To Be Set To Music**  
 Send one or more of your best poems today for FREE EXAMINATION. Any Subject. Immediate Consideration.  
 Phonograph Records Made  
 CROWN MUSIC CO., 1472-C Broadway, New York 36, N.Y.

**SPEAK AND WRITE LIKE A College Graduate**

If you lack complete college training in English you can now become an effective speaker, writer, and conversationalist without going back to school. With the new CAREER INSTITUTE METHOD you can stop making mistakes in English, build up your vocabulary, speed up your reading, acquire real writing skill, learn the "secrets" of fluent conversation. Method successfully used by thousands. Take only 15 minutes a day at home. Costs little. 32-page booklet mailed FREE upon request. Send card or letter NOW!  
 Career Institute, Dept. 309, 26 E. Jackson, Chicago 4

**HIGH PAYING OPPORTUNITIES**  
 Work in fabulous So. America, the Islands, Africa, U. S. A., or other foreign countries. All Trades, Labor, Clerical, Drivers, Mechanics, Engineers, etc. Many benefits. Tax-free earnings. Chance to travel. Fees paid if hired. Make and save a fortune. Application forms. Opportunities for women also.  
 For information Write Dept. 95M  
 NATIONAL EMPLOYMENT INFORMATION  
 1020 Broad, Newark, N. J.

**LAW FREE BOOK THE LAW TRAINED MAN**

Write today for a FREE copy of illustrated law book, "THE LAW-TRAINED MAN," which shows how to earn the professional Bachelor of Laws (LL.B.) degree through home study of the famous Blackstone Law Course. All necessary books and lessons provided. Moderate cost; convenient terms. Write for FREE law training book today.  
 Blackstone School of Law, 225 N. Michigan Ave.  
 Founded 1890 Dept. 146, Chicago 1, Ill.

**LOWEST-PRICED REAL ADDING MACHINE**

Adds up to One Billion .. Subtracts only \$95  
 Multiplies .. Divides .. Guaranteed

Stop making costly mistakes! Become a "wiz" at figures. BABY CALCULATOR is not a toy, but a real calculator that works as accurately as expensive machines. With just a flick of your finger, YOU CAN ADD UP TO ONE BILLION, OR SUBTRACT, MULTIPLY, DIVIDE. Precision made—palm size—yet it works like thousands in satisfactory use by Bookkeepers, Cashiers, Students, Business Men, Housewives and others who can't afford making mistakes. Supermarket shoppers carry in pocket or purse to keep purchases within budget and total them before reaching checkout counter. Comes in handsome made-like METAL case. ORDER NOW FOR 10 DAYS FREE TRIAL. Send \$3.95 and we pay postage. Postage added on C. O. D. orders. MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.



Miltown works fast. No costly time-wasting with these pills. When men are extremely jittery, in what psychiatrists call "anxiety states," the drug has an almost immediate effect—acting within 30 minutes for a period of six hours. Many a movie and TV star who's been so morbidly preoccupied with his symptoms that he couldn't work has swallowed a couple of Miltowns and bounced back to apparent normalcy.

One dramatic case of human salvage occurred some months ago in St. Louis. A well-known business executive we'll call John Stanton had found the pressures of his responsibilities were making him a nervous wreck. Under the piled-up strains, he turned to liquor, became a lush and finally lost his job.

**F**INALLY, his doctor persuaded Stanton to try Miltown and put him on 16 pills a day. Upon his doctor's advice, Stanton sought a job with a minimum of responsibility. He's still working today, calm and efficient. Gaining confidence in himself, Stanton has cut his Miltowns down to only six a day and he expects to drop them altogether before long.

Cases like these, far from being isolated, are frequent and are reported in careful studies made by doctors on large groups of patients. Dr. Lowell S. Selling of Orlando, Fla., tried Miltown on 187 patients suffering from tension and anxiety, alcoholism and similar neurotic conditions. Many of these men complained that their muscles were so taut that they couldn't sleep. Results of Dr. Selling's study showed that between 90 and 95 percent of his patients either recovered or improved.

Many men who are keyed up, as Dr. Selling pointed out, suffer acutely from a headache located at the base of the skull, with secondary pain in the neck and shoulders. These tension headaches can be so maddening that they rob a man of the ability to function. With Miltown, remarkable recoveries have been recorded by a number of medical investigators. Miltown's value clearly lies not only in its action on psychoneurotic symptoms (caused by difficult life situations) but also in its unquestionable relaxing effect on skeletal muscles.

Sexual maladjustment among married couples, often due to emotional tensions, have been straightened out by Miltown. Take the case of the unhappy couple in Kansas City, married a few months and very much in love but unable to do much about it. The husband, it seems, was too nervous and overanxious. Miltown fixed him up and the couple are now on a perpetual honeymoon.

For men who hit the bottle, probably the most popular sober-upper is "the hair of the dog that bit them." Doctors reject that notion on the grounds that it tends to lead back to more drunkenness. Nor are habit-forming and depression-prolonging drugs such as paraldehyde, chloral hydrate and barbiturates satisfactory as a rapid and humane method of keeping a

man out of alcoholic bouts. Consequently, Miltown was tried out on 65 alcoholic patients at the Washingtonian Hospital in Boston.

It was hoped that the drug would reduce their tension and anxiety in the critical days following their binges. That's the time most problem drinkers and alcoholics suffer from tremors, insomnia, "rum fits," low blood pressure and other discomforts. After taking the wonder pills, a majority of the Boston alcoholics became far less restless, lost the feeling of "butterflies in the stomach," ate well, slept in long naps and felt in a better mood.

What happened to a 35-year-old alcoholic (here called Bill Adams) illustrates the amazing power of Miltown. When he was admitted to the hospital for treatment of an acute brain syndrome due to alcoholism, Bill had been a lost weekend for some 15 years. A college graduate, his weakness was vodka and beer. When he tried to stop drinking, he heard "voices," had hallucinations of persecution, became fearful that some "enemy group" was planning to maim him. On two occasions, he appealed to police for help, even changed his address to elude his "pursuers."

At the hospital, a psychiatric examination two days after admission showed that he was a borderline schizophrenic. He'd had considerable sexual conflict since adolescence and had tried, unsuccessfully, to have intercourse with a woman only once. In the first three days at the hospital, doctors put Bill on insulin and vitamins. On the fourth day, he was given Miltown pills.

The response was, as Dr. Joseph Thimann declared, "immediate and very complete." Bill's anxiety tension definitely diminished. He was able to loosen up, to focus attention, to better tolerate irritating factors. In less than a week, his hallucinations completely disappeared, though it took longer for some of his delusions of persecution to fade.

Two months later, Bill showed no evidence of any psychotic reaction. He was allowed to go back to his job, returning to the protective environment of the hospital every night. Finally, after another two weeks, he was discharged. When he left the hospital, he was given a supply of Miltown with instructions to use one or two tablets whenever he became anxious or couldn't sleep. Once again, Miltown had saved a man from the human dump heap.

**S**INCE sleeplessness accompanies many cases of alcoholism, as well as every state of anxiety and tension, Miltown was naturally tried out for serious persistent insomnia. In Baltimore, Dr. Louis LaSagna of Johns Hopkins tested Miltown on 46 chronically ill patients with insomnia. He found they fell asleep faster and slept longer than other patients given placebos (dummy pills).

Another researcher reported that Miltown causes people to sleep naturally, rather than forcing sleep, like other drugs. After taking a barbiturate, unconscious-

**suggests: "Give her a peace pipe full of Miltown."**

ness sets in suddenly. On the other hand, with Miltown you're able to lie quietly without worrying until you drift into sleep. You can be readily wakened and there's no "dopey" feeling in the morning.

If you don't want to dream at night, Miltown is for you. A fascinating side-light of the drug's effect is that a Miltown-induced sleep is somehow dreamless; to tensed-up men, this means they won't be tortured by nightmares.

In ever-widening areas, the amazing pill is being utilized as a multi-pronged medical tool. Besides subduing anxiety, Miltown has been good for alleviating gastro-intestinal distress, nervous skin disorders, pre-menstrual tension. Reports are soon expected on its use in relieving cancer pain and in treating certain forms of epilepsy.

**B**UT what makes Miltown stand out among all the other earlier and much-touted tranquilizing drugs? Why didn't Hollywood rush to reserpine and chlorpromazine when these quieting pills were introduced about two years ago? The answer is that Miltown is considered by doctors as unusually safe—probably almost as safe as aspirin. It is not habit-forming and it's free from the unpleasant—and sometimes dangerous—side effects of other peace-of-mind drugs.

After taking reserpine, for instance, people have been known to become so depressed that they attempt suicide. With chlorpromazine, sometimes jaundice breaks out; it may also cause a shock-like drop in blood pressure, racing of the heart, a condition resembling shaking palsy or a reduction of disease-fighting white blood cells.

In the experiments with laboratory monkeys, scientists found that the animals on reserpine became listless and catatonic; those who took chlorpromazine lost interest in their surroundings but remained suspicious and capable of attacking when handled or prodded. Mil-

town, however, left them quiet and friendly, their senses unaffected.

Unlike barbiturates and other drugs, Miltown can't be used for suicide. At least five people have tried it, swallowing between 20 and 50 Miltown tablets at a time. They just became sleepy, recovered spontaneously within 48 hours and showed no after-effects. A cup of hot coffee put them back into shape. In one extreme case, revealed by Dr. Sellers, a man hoarded a supply of Miltown until he accumulated about 100 tablets. Although he gulped them all down, he suffered no serious harm.

The only known disadvantages of Miltown to date are occasional drowsiness and allergic reactions when taken by certain patients. If there is an allergy, it usually occurs after one to four doses, and appears as an itchy rash usually confined to the groin. Some severe cases of fever, fainting spells and bronchial spasm have occurred. A more frequent side effect is drowsiness but this may be eliminated by cutting down the dosage from six to three tablets a day.

With so few side effects and an overwhelming record of safe, effective conquest of all kinds of jitters, it's not surprising that the super-charged, hypochondriacal Hollywood characters, Madison Avenue hucksters and anxiety-haunted Americans elsewhere have gone Miltown-mad.

Maybe, too, they'll all become more lovable. From Palm Springs, Herman Salk—brother of polio vaccine discoverer Dr. Jonas Salk—recently came out with a fascinating report on his use of Miltown. A veterinarian, Herman Salk gave the pills to some particularly neurotic, vicious, man-hating, man-biting dogs. In two days, the canine brutes were converted by Miltown into gentle, affectionate, perfectly harmless tail-waggers.

Next time he snaps at you, maybe it would be a good idea to hand some Miltown to your boss. \*\*\*

# Get Rid of UGLY PIMPLES

this new easy way!

**Amazing new medicated lotion developed by a doctor works wonders by clearing up complexion in one week or less!**

**D**ON'T let a bad complexion ruin romance, spoil your fun, cause you to be embarrassed, shy or ashamed if you suffer from acne, the common external cause of pimples among young people, try this wonderfully effective medicated lotion that was developed by a practicing physician to clear up his own daughter's complexion after other methods had failed. It has produced astonishing results for many thousands of others. It is **GUARANTEED** to help you or it won't cost you a single cent!

### Doesn't Show On Your Face

Keraplex is a skin-colored lotion (NOT a greasy ointment) that is quickly absorbed by the skin and gets right down in the pores where its healing and antiseptic ingredients can go to work. After you have applied it, there is no trace left on the surface. In fact, it makes a perfect powder base... actually improves the tone of the skin! It is pleasant and easy to use—leaving your skin soft, clean and fragrant.



**BEFORE**

This young man suffered from a severe case of acne for years and tried all the usual "remedies" without success.



**AFTER**

Same young man after using KERAPLEX twice a day for just one week. Notice the decided improvement—pimples completely gone!

### NO COST Unless It ACTUALLY DOES Clear Up Your Skin!

An analysis of results, taken from the "case history" records, indicates that Keraplex is successful in clearing up six out of seven cases of externally caused pimples.

#### What Users Say:

"I was suffering from a severe case of acne and with only 4 days' treatment with Keraplex was completely relieved."—P. S.

"I have been completely satisfied with your lotion to help clear up the pimples on my face."—K. W.

"I have used Keraplex and for the first time in my life my pimples are clearing up in good shape."—E. A.

And men—in your pimples on shoulders and back KERAPLEX does an amazing effective job of clearing them up FAST—without soiling clothes, without messiness or greasiness!

Mail the convenient coupon below now, for a bottle of Keraplex. Then use it as directed for a full week. If you don't see results that delight you within that time, simply return empty bottle and your money will be refunded at once. Don't delay a single minute. Clip and mail the coupon NOW. Underwood Laboratories, Inc., Stratford, Conn.

### — MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE —

UNDERWOOD LABORATORIES, Inc., Dept. 90  
STRATFORD, CONN.

Yes! I want to try Keraplex ON APPROVAL. Send size checked below in plain wrapper marked "personal." When it is delivered I will deposit with postman amount indicated below, plus postage. If not delighted with the RESULTS, I will return empty bottle within seven days for a full refund of the purchase price.

- Regular Size, \$1.00
- Double Quantity (Two Bottles), \$3.50

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

SAVE POSTAGE. Check here if you ENCLOSE payment, in which case we pay postage. Same money-back Guarantee applies!

Payment must be sent with all orders to be shipped to A.P.O.'s, Canada and foreign countries.



"I'd like to get my hands on the guy who issued these new uniforms."

# BECOME AN EXPERT IN TRAFFIC and TRANSPORTATION

Today the man trained in TRAFFIC AND TRANSPORTATION is one of the most important and well paid individuals in business and industry. Thousands of firms need experts on rates, tariffs, regulations, etc.

We train you thoroly at home in spare time thru the famous LaSalle Problem Method under the personal guidance of expert traffic authorities.

Splendid opportunities developing rapidly in MOTOR TRUCK and other phases of the Traffic and Transportation field.

Get the facts. Mail coupon today for FREE 48-page book, "Traffic and Transportation—the Fast Growing Profession." Learn about the opportunities and how you can qualify as an expert in the TRAFFIC AND TRANSPORTATION field.

**LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY**  
*A Correspondence Institution*  
417 S. Dearborn St., Dept. 9378-T Chicago 5, Ill.

Name.....  
Address.....  
City..... Zone..... State.....

## BUY U. S. SAVINGS BONDS

**LAW** MEN AND WOMEN STUDY AT HOME for Business Success and LARGER PERSONAL EARNINGS. 44 years expert instruction—over 114,000 students enrolled. L.L.B. Degree awarded. All text materials furnished. Easy payment plan. Send for FREE BOOK.  
**AMERICAN EXTENSION SCHOOL OF LAW**  
Dept. A-21, 201 N. Wells St., Chicago 6, Ill.

**Finish HIGH SCHOOL HOME**  
Complete 4 Yrs. in 12 Months  
Learn More! Earn More! Enter professional or technical schools. Advance Socially. Live a Happier, Fuller Life. Individual Courses or complete schedule. WRITE FOR SCHOOL BULLETIN.  
**ACADEMY FOR ADULTS**  
30 W. Washington, Dept. CG-98, Chicago, Ill.

### OPENS CLOGGED SINK WITH ONE STROKE

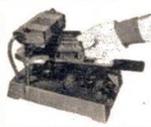


Now you can stop using strong chemicals that eat away pipes; cause high plumbing bills; ruined clothing; splattered floors and walls; plus risk of injury to eyes or skin. **DRAIN-BLOW** is completely safe in use. Brains up to 60 lbs. pressure, and with one fast downward stroke instantly opens up clogged sink. Light and easy to use. Sturdy 13 1/2" long. Fits all sinks except those with garbage disposal unit. Order **DRAIN-BLOW** now to have handy when needed. Send only \$3.98 for postpaid delivery. Postage added on C. O. D. orders.

**Money-Back Guarantee**  
**MERIDIAN CO.**  
Dept. B-700  
366 Madison Ave., New York 17

For Kitchen Sinks Only  
ONLY \$3.98 Ppd.

### New Table Top Invention Puts You In... PROFITABLE RUBBER STAMP BUSINESS



Home Operators now make \$9.40 AN HOUR in business once monopolized by a few big companies.

Special rubber stamps bring high prices—cost only pennies to make on new, low-cost table top machine. Take 23 cents worth of material, make perfect stamps, the kind businesses and offices now buy by the dozen at \$1.80 each. Make up to \$9.40 an hour. Start in spare time in your own home. Run machine on kitchen table using ordinary electrical outlet. Make any kind of stamp. We'll send you free information without obligation about this established, highly profitable business, now open to individuals for the first time. For free information send name today on a post card to Rubber Stamp Div., 1512 Jarvis Ave., Dept. B-378, Chicago 26, Ill.



## Fraulein!

Continued from page 23

25-year-old girl with cozy apartment seeks lonely young man to occupy evenings."

Strangely, off-color innuendoes aren't as effective as some of the respectable pleas like this one:

"War widow in her late thirties. Delicate constitution. Three children. Wants to meet amiable responsible gentleman. Object, marriage."

A German acquaintance I met at my hotel, Wilhelm Korner, told me of his own experience with the *Werbe Dienst*. His "love wanted" advertisement had read:

"What fraulein would like to go on a two-week holiday to Bavaria by car, all expenses paid? Congenial and well-to-do gentleman is looking for a girl at least five feet all, not older than 22. She must not wear glasses."

**WILLY** got 17 replies. He selected a luscious, athletic, dark-haired girl who worked as a government clerk and they gaily went off on their holiday. Willy enjoyed every minute of it.

"What happened to the girl?" I asked Willy.

He shrugged. "We said goodbye after our nice vacation and that was that. There're plenty of other frauleins around."

One disturbing result of the man shortage is the obvious rise in lesbianism. At a *bierstube* in Düsseldorf, I found advertisements by women for female companions. Their hangouts are clubs where they dance intimately to American jazz.

It's taken hectic evolution and revolution to make the fraulein what she is today. Wars, privation, social and economic changes have left their indelible marks. By tradition, the German hausfrau had always been the slave of the three Ks'—*kirche, kinder, kueche* (church, children, kitchen). But all that is dead as the dodo today.

The first important change in the status and morals of German women came as an aftermath of World War One. The resulting debacle, revolution and inflation had much to do with the breakdown of their once-rigid moral code. Equally important was the example set by the hordes of Russian emigres who flooded Berlin in the early 1920's.

Viewing the elegance and self-assurance of the upper-class Russian women, the frauleins cut off their long braids, pulled in their broad hips and flowing bosoms. They passed up their beloved *kartoffelpuffer* (potato pancakes) and left kitchen and nursery for the bars. Berlin, plunged into a whirlpool of vice, became for a time the sexiest wide-open city in Europe. Outside of Berlin, however,

women were still dull and chunky, subservient to their tyrannical husbands. Then Hitler changed all that.

According to Hitler, women were put on earth to breed children. If they couldn't find a husband, let some SS (Elite Guard) man service them. The head of his Women's Corps, Gertrud Scholtz-Klink, announced: "Girls today return to their basic urges. They submit to them humbly and with pleasure." Illegitimate offspring were not considered social pariahs; the word "illegitimate" was frowned upon as an anti-Nazi expression.

Thus Hitler "liberated" the girls of Germany so that they could perform their most patriotic task—bearing children as soon as possible. Agents from the elite Women's Corps visited the homes of women who hadn't had children for 18 months, or who weren't pregnant, and demanded to know why they refused to fulfill their "eternal mission." Germany's maternity wards overflowed and the birth rate reached a new high in 1940.

Baby farms known as *Lebensborn* (fount of life) sprung up at plush health resorts. Here were quartered Germany's "part-time brides," girls mated with young SS stalwarts whose traits Hitler's racial experts considered necessary in order to preserve the "master race."

As more men died in battle, and young women began to fear spinsterhood, it was easy to recruit rosy-cheeked *maedchen* to spend weekends at elegant villas with German soldiers on furlough. These part-time brides were even given money to buy a trousseau and take special beauty treatments.

At least a quarter-million of these *Lebensborn* brides were thrown on their own when the war ended. Most of them landed helpless and confused in the American and British zones. Emerging from the ruins, they and millions of others discovered that their men were missing or dead. It was natural for them to turn to the Americans.

From the first day the Amis entered the Reich in the autumn of 1944, the love-starved frauleins went out of their way to play up to the conquerors. And the war-weary GIs naturally yearned for female companionship. No matter how fat, gawky or ratty-looking an Ami was, he never had trouble establishing a liaison with an attractive German girl.

Worried by this, our Army command issued its famous order forbidding troops to "fraternize." But it was just about as effective as Prohibition.

In Army usage, fraternization came to be synonymous with love-making. And since no workable law against it has ever been enacted in all history, the shame-

faced Army soon had to rescind the ban.

The GI who wasn't content with random pick-ups got a steady girl, visiting her regularly in her room, paying her rent and supplying her with food and clothes from the PX. The longer they stayed in Germany, the more likely they were to have a "friend." Officials in the Military Government were so receptive to the custom that German men referred to MG as "Government by Mistresses."

Thus, the average Joe got to learn about the delightful attributes of the natives he called "Frowline." Compared to his spoiled, domineering sweetheart or wife back in his home town—and to the gimme-gimme, predatory French girls—the *fräuleins* were surprisingly submissive, wholesome and immaculate. The GI was flattered. His unspoiled "frowline" was happy to fulfill his slightest wish. Instead of receiving "Dear John" letters from home, he was now writing, "Dear Mary. I'm sorry to . . ."

**WHAT** most impressed GIs was the way the *fräuleins* knew how to treat men as males everywhere dream of being treated—with deference and affection. Thus exposed to the intimate charms of German girls, our GIs became convinced that American girls couldn't hold a candle to their competition.

And GIs still feel that way today. When I was in Heidelberg, I spent an evening with a young Army sergeant from a Chicago suburb. George was living with a 28-year-old woman who had a young child. He could speak little German and she knew even less English. But they got along blissfully like honeymooners.

"These krauts are swell," he told me. "They're far nicer than the girls back in Chicago or the French and English girls I've known. American girls are conceited, too uppity, they step all over you if you give them a chance. English women pretend they're like Americans, and the French I just don't like—always trying to rook you for something."

"Take my girl Irmgarde, for instance. She's a real lady, better educated than I am. From the upper classes—her father was a lawyer. Yet, when I get up in the morning, I find my pants pressed and my shoes shined. Can you picture any doll in Kalamazoo or Los Angeles doing that for you?"

No wonder, then, that my friend Bob Willis and so many other ex-Army men decided to marry their doting *fräuleins*. In many more instances, the arrangements were "duration marriages," without benefit of clergy. As a result, today there are about 300,000 *uneheliche Besatzungskinder* (illegitimate Occupation children) in Germany.

Most of these Yanks had a real feeling of home life with their girls and treated them with sincere affection. They

may have wanted to marry them, but too often it was tough to get security clearance before a commander would approve a wedding. Maybe there was a black mark somewhere in the girl's past—a Nazi uncle, a Commie cousin, a brief period as a prostitute—and with such no wedding bells could ring.

**STILL** on the prowl these days, the fascinating *fräulein* of Germany is determined to hook her man. If you look like an American, your chances of an easy and quick liaison are pretty good. Consider what happened to me before I left.

I was passing through a railroad station in Berlin when a tall, well-built *fräulein* in her mid-20's touched my elbow. She was standing at a railing, a suitcase at her feet, a coat on her arm, apparently waiting for someone.

"Cigarette, *bitte*?" she asked me.

I stopped, offered her one from my pack of filter tips. She took the cigarette slowly, making it clear she was used to American brands. Her name, I soon learned, was Edda Boeckler. We got talking.

It turned out that Edda lived in Weimar and came to Berlin every week-end to see her boyfriend, a GI. Her Ami had promised to find a room for her near his barracks, so that she could avoid the weekly trip.

"Jimmy says it isn't easy to find a room and he's scared maybe he'll get into trouble. But I know if he wants to bad enough, he can do it. I think maybe he does not like me any more, and he is trying to, as you say, brush me off."

I sympathized with her. Edda took off her hat and fluffed out her luxuriant yellow hair.

"One way or another. I'm going to find a place in Berlin," she said firmly. "There's nothing for a girl like me in the Russian Zone. Did you ever try getting fun and affection out of a Russian? All they do is drink vodka. No, I want to come to Berlin, but I don't think Jimmy wants me."

"**HAVE** another cigarette," I said. She took another filter tip from my pack and smiled at me through a cloud of smoke as she exhaled.

"Are you going to be in Berlin very long, mister . . . mister—I don't believe I know your name," she said.

"Lange," I answered. "Why?" As if I didn't know what was coming.

"Well, I thought if you weren't busy, maybe we could have a real long talk next week-end. I always like talking to someone interesting. Jimmy doesn't talk much anymore except about things in America and he's gotten to be a bore. You don't look boring. We could have a lot of fun together, don't you think?"

That's *fräulein*. With her, life never ends. It's always only the beginning. \*\*\*

# They All Chose LINGUAPHONE for Languages

because:

"Conversational Practice Great Help in Quebec," writes Gilbert De Simone of Devon, Penna.



"Your course was a great help to me in Quebec this summer. As you know, in college the emphasis is primarily on literary French with little conversational practice. I will recommend your Course to my classmates."



Mrs. P. H. Lyman of Portland, Oregon

"I bought the Linguaphone Spanish Conversational Course to produce more family fun and to give my three-year-old daughter the long-term advantages of knowing another language. I was very pleased at how quickly and easily we both learned Spanish this natural way."



## LINGUAPHONE

and only LINGUAPHONE

Offers: The Most Outstanding LINGUISTIC TRAINING on Record—

Your Choice of 34 LANGUAGES including Spanish (American or European) French • German • Japanese Italian • Russian • Icelandic Modern Greek

The Most Outstanding FACULTY and SPEECH EXPERTS on Record—

Only LINGUAPHONE brings 8 to 12 of the world's best native language teachers into your home. A roster of distinguished educators in 34 languages speak and teach their native languages . . . from the SORBONNE to the UNIVERSITY OF MADRID . . . from ATHENS to AMSTERDAM . . . from the UNIVERSITY OF TOKYO to COLUMBIA.

That's why LINGUAPHONE COURSES are used by over 14,000 leading schools, colleges, and universities. More than a million home-study students have learned another language this ideal way.

You LISTEN . . . and . . . LEARN

that's how you first learned to speak . . . that's why it's child's play to speak another language with LINGUAPHONE. Many begin with a single language, then go on to become 3, 4, 5 language linguists the LINGUAPHONE way.

COMPLETE Course on FREE TRIAL—

Write for FREE BOOKLET: "Your Passport to a New World of Opportunity," and details of FREE TRIAL OFFER!

THE LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE  
T-141-096 Reck. Plaza, N. Y. 20, N. Y.



LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE  
T-141-096 Reck. Plaza,  
New York 20, N. Y.

Please send me:  FREE Booklet  
 Details of FREE Trial. No obligation, of course.

My language interest is.....

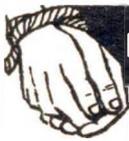
Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

World's Standard Conversational Method  
for Over Half a Century

**PHOTO CREDITS:** pp. 14-15—FPG; p. 15—Wide World; pp. 18-19—Watt of Pix, Inc.; p. 22—(left) author; (right) Pix, Inc.; p. 23—(left) Ramago of FPG. (right) Sirman of Pix, Inc.; p. 30—Al Naidoff; p. 31—NBC; p. 36—INP; p. 37—Wide World; pp. 40-43—Peter Basch; p. 84—Wide World.



## HANDS TIED?

—because you lack a  
**HIGH SCHOOL DIPLOMA**

• You can qualify for an American School Diploma in spare time at home! If you have left school, write or mail coupon for FREE booklet that tells how. No obligation of any kind.

---OUR 59TH YEAR---

**AMERICAN SCHOOL, Dept. H629**  
Drexel at 58th, Chicago 37, Illinois

Please send FREE High School booklet.

Name.....

Address.....

City & State.....

Complete Canadian Courses available Write American School, Dept. H629, 6083 Sherbrooke St. W., Montreal

## ● PSYCHIC ● **DOMINANCE**

How to **RULE OTHERS** with your THOUGHTS.  
Full course — with stirring avertisim  
(ADULTS ONLY) — \$2 POSTPAID (NO C.O.D.)  
DELMAR WISDOM, 846- M5 Sunnydale, Chicago 40, Ill.

## **SONG POEMS** WANTED TO BE SET TO MUSIC

★ **Submit your best poems** for immediate consideration. Any subject. Send poems today. No obligation.

★ **Phonograph Records Made**  
★ **FIVE STAR MUSIC MASTERS, 442 BEACON BLDG., BOSTON, MASS.**

## Hit the Jackpot in **FABULOUS LAS VEGAS, NEVADA**

Be a dealer. Own a government homesite. 17 page booklet tells how. Also gives authentic information on employment and business opportunities. Price \$2.

**GRAHAM ASSOCIATES**

Dept. G, 115 Carlton Drive, Monterey, California

## **BE A CLAIM INVESTIGATOR**



**INVESTIGATE ACCIDENTS!** Many earning \$750 to \$1000 a month. Thousands of insurance companies, airlines, steamship lines and Government Offices need Claim Investigators. Also big opportunities for your own spare time business. We train you at home. National Placement Service FREE of extra charge. Bill King writes: "Your course has paid off for me with large earnings. You can quote me—your Adjuster Training Course is worth many times the cost." Write TODAY for FREE book.

**UNIVERSAL SCHOOLS**

University Park, Dept. S-9 • Box 8202, Dallas 5, Texas

## **Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery**

Science Finds Healing Substance That Relieves Pain—Shrinks Hemorrhoids  
For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain — without surgery.

In case after case, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

Most amazing of all — results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®)—discovery of a world-famous research institute.

This substance is now available in suppository or ointment form under the name *Preparation H*. Ask for it at all drug counters—money back guaranteed. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

# MALE CALL

## OVER AND OUT

To the Editor:

I have just read your article, *To the End of the Line* in the May issue of MALE and enjoyed it very much, but I have to criticize one part of it. I am in the Air Force stationed in Japan. I am a radio operator and therefore, transmitting to aircraft is an everyday thing with me. In the story, the phrase "over and out" was used three times.

Now, the word "over" is used at the end of a transmission to let the pilot know you expect an answer to the transmission. The word "out" is used to let the pilot know you do not expect an answer and are through with your transmission.

Therefore, using "over" and "out" together would be contradictory.

*A/3c Harry Sanders  
Misawa, Japan*

... the author keeps using the expression "over and out." Over means "This is the end of this transmission and an answer is expected." Out means "This is the end of this transmission and I DO NOT expect an answer." As the two words have altogether different meanings, it is impossible to use them together and make sense.

*Hugh E. Gibson  
Muskegon, Michigan*

▶ Red-faced author Mayfield, in answer to readers Sanders, Gibson and others, states: I wish to commend you on your astuteness in catching the phrase "over and out." After completing the story, I had it checked by a number of USAF pilots, but the phrase in question slipped by unnoticed.

## LEAPING LIZARDS

To the Editor:

At last someone has seen a lizard as large as the one I've seen. (Refer to *I Hunted the Island of Dragons*, MALE, July, 1955) When I tell anyone of such a creature, they're skeptical.

I saw this lizard while I was with the 350th AA in New Guinea. I was returning to my outfit one day with an extra heavy load on my truck. The grade was long and steep, so I was going only about five miles an hour. When about three quarters of the way up, this creature came out of the brush. It was about 12-15 feet long with a skinny, forked tongue and its body was about two-and-a-half feet thick. It came out on the road about 75 feet in front of my truck; took its time crossing in front of me. I didn't want to shoot it; I thought I'd only wound it. What would I do then? I told other guys in the outfit about it, but they thought I was going island crazy.

About three weeks later, another driver saw two of them crossing in the same spot, but the guys laughed at him, too. How I've wished many times since that I'd had a camera with me. Do you have any pictures so I can prove these creatures do exist?

*Robert E. Barrett  
Revere, Massachusetts*

▶ We're still getting mail on this 1955 story, and for those who don't believe in Mr. Barrett's dragon lizards or *varani komodenses* as they are called in textbooks, this fellow named "Djago," now a permanent guest at the Bronx Zoo in New York City, should constitute all the proof needed. He is a small



one, only nine feet long and weighing only 218 pounds. However, he considers a chunk of meat the size of a cabbage to be nothing but a light snack. These lizards are found in the Dutch East Indies where Mr. Barrett was stationed, and are thought to be creatures who defied evolution to remain as they were in the age of dinosaurs.

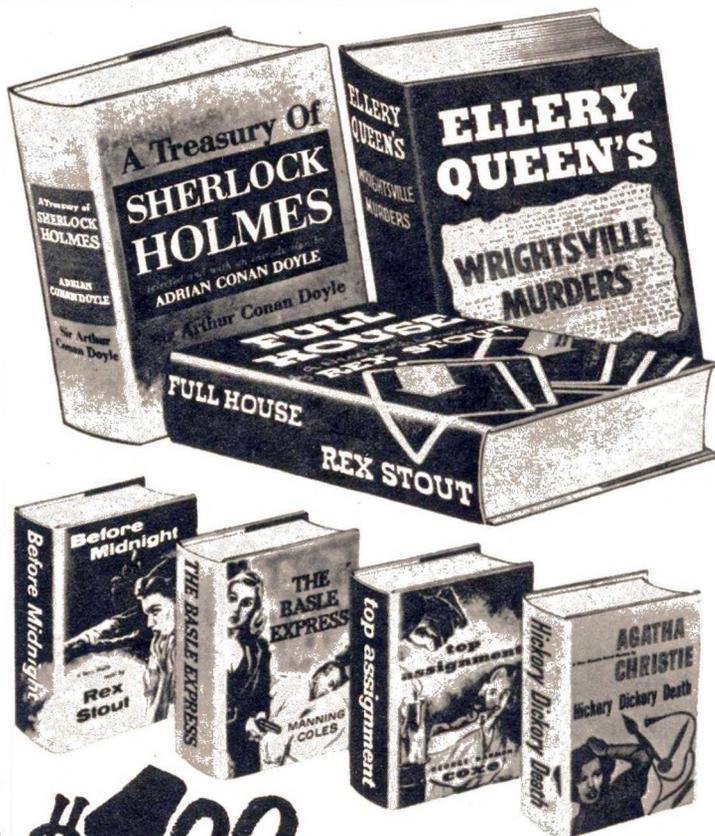
# A New Kind of Bargain Offer to MYSTERY READERS

take **3 GIANT VOLUMES**  
(WORTH \$10.40)  
IN PUBLISHERS' EDITIONS

plus **4 NEW NOVELS**  
(WORTH \$11.25)  
IN PUBLISHERS' EDITIONS

TOTAL  
VALUE  
\$21.65

all **7** for only **\$1.00**



WHEN YOU JOIN THE DOLLAR MYSTERY GUILD AND AGREE TO ACCEPT AS FEW AS FOUR NEW MYSTERIES (AT ONLY \$1 EACH) DURING THE COMING YEAR

**WRIGHTSVILLE MURDERS** by Ellery Queen. 576 pages! All three of Ellery's mystery novel "classics" in one super-sized triple-decker volume - *Calamity Town, Ten Days' Wonder and The Murderer is a Fox!* Pub. ed. \$3.95.

**TREASURY OF SHERLOCK HOLMES** by Sir A. Conan Doyle. Big 630-page omnibus of the most thrilling tales from the casebook of the world's master detective! 27 short-story adventures PLUS two complete novels. Pub. ed. \$2.95.

**FULL HOUSE** by Rex Stout. Try to out-guess Nero Wolfe in this 534-page hand-picked selection of his fastest-moving tales—TWO full-length novels plus THREE exciting novelettes. Pub. ed. \$3.50.

**HICKORY DICKORY DEATH** by Agatha Christie. A girls' school is plagued by thefts . . . Hercule Poirot investigates . . . a pretty young student confesses . . . and then is murdered in her bed! Pub. ed. \$3.00.

**TOP ASSIGNMENT** by G. H. Coxe. After reporter Larry Palmer interviewed three different girls, they all met violence, one after another! Larry was wondering who would be next . . . when a knock came at his own door! Pub. ed. \$2.75.

**BEFORE MIDNIGHT** by Rex Stout. The world's largest ad agency was sponsoring a million-dollar quiz—and someone had killed to learn the Big Answer. Now Nero Wolfe had to find the killer—before the contest ended in a "DEAD heat!" Pub. ed. \$2.75.

**THE BASLE EXPRESS** by Manning Coles. The wrong man had been murdered. Tommy Hambleton knew that the right man was still in danger. But he didn't know that the man marked for death was . . . Tommy Hambleton! Pub. ed. \$2.75.

Just imagine getting ALL these new books by top mystery authors for just a dollar. They're worth \$21.65 in publishers' editions, but you can have all seven in one giant package, if you join the Mystery Guild on this amazing offer.

The club's plan is simple and popular: Each month the editorial board selects two top-notch new books—often by authors like Rex Stout, Ellery Queen and Agatha Christie. These are described to members well IN ADVANCE. If you don't want a book, simply tell the Club. It will not be sent. You pay the postman nothing; bills are due only after you examine your selections.

These brand new novels cost \$2.50 to \$3.50 in the publishers' editions. But members pay only ONE DOLLAR each (plus a few cents for shipping) for their hard bound, large sized volumes! Occasionally you will have the opportunity to choose extra-value, three-in-one optional selections at \$1.49. But you buy only the books you want—as few as four \$1.00 selections a year if you wish—and build a fine library almost for pennies.

No wonder so many people consider Dollar Mystery Guild membership the greatest value in the world of books. Best of all, if you join NOW, you can get SEVEN new books for ONE DOLLAR as a membership bonus! Send the coupon today!

DOLLAR MYSTERY GUILD, Dept. CMG-9  
Garden City, N. Y.

Please enroll me in the Dollar Mystery Guild and rush me these new books worth \$21.65 in publishers' editions. Later, I'll send only \$1.00 (plus shipping) for the entire package.

3 GIANT VOLUMES PLUS 4 NEW NOVELS  
ALL SEVEN FOR ONLY \$1.00

Wrightsville Murders  
Treasury of Sherlock Holmes • Full House  
Hickory Dickory Death • Top Assignment  
Before Midnight • The Basle Express

New book bargains will be described to me each month in the Club's advance bulletin "Mystery Guild Clues." Whenever I don't want a book I will notify you, and it won't be sent. I pay nothing except \$1.00 for each selection I accept, plus a few cents for shipping (unless I choose an extra-value selection.) I need take only four selections a year—and I may resign any time after accepting four selections. NO-RISK GUARANTEE: If not delighted, return books in 7 days and membership will be cancelled.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
(please print)

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

(Same offer in Canada; Address Dollar Mystery Guild, 105 Bond St., Toronto 2, Ont. Good only in U. S. A. and Canada.)

## The Blonde Trap

continued from page 35

over me. He had a wet towel in one hand. "Wake up, bum," he said. He swung the towel and it slapped me across the face, hard. Then I sat up.

I was in a room in a back-country county courthouse. Two men leaned back in chairs across the room and smirked at me. They were big, red-faced, pot-gutted men—almost as big and red-faced and pot-gutted as the man with the wet towel. A sign on the desk across the room said *Sheriff Loy Bailey*.

"Tell me this," I said. "Why is it all you country sheriffs and deputies run to fat?"

"Must be a frostie, Loy," one of the deputies said. "All these snowbirds is full of piss and vinegar when they first get down here to God's country."

"We got enough on this here frostie to thaw him out for a spell," Loy said. "Assault and battery. Wilful destruction of property. Drunk and disorderly."

I remembered then to slap my hip pocket to see if my wallet was there. I should have known better. It was gone, of course. In addition to the cash I'd picked up at Joe Fanchon's crap table that evening I'd had just under two hundred dollars of my own. Plus my driver's license, the photostat of my Army discharge and other odds and ends.

"On your feet, bum," Loy growled.

I staggered to my feet. The three of them herded me through the door, down the hall, down the front steps, and into the back seat of a car.

We drove to a two-story red brick building—the county jail. The three men herded me up the steps and through the main room to the single cell block in the rear. An old man with a sad and broken face was asleep, his head back, snoring, in a chair by the cell block door. Loy Bailey shook him awake.

"You sleep messy," he said. "On your feet. Fresh meat."

The old man flashed a look of pure hatred at him, creaked to his feet and fumbled open the cell block door. He led the way to an empty cell, and Bailey and his deputies escorted me to it. Bailey led me in. He turned to go, then wheeled—very fast for a man his size—and threw a hamlike fist at my face. I caught it on my left cheek and went down on the dirty cement floor.

"There ain't but one kind of exercise I like, bum," he said. "That's it." Then the sheriff of Carter County kicked me in the ribs, and I didn't have what it took to get off the floor.

I caught a glimpse of the old jailer; he was trembling, and his face looked sick with disgust. Bailey slammed the cell door shut and they all left me alone.

I came awake the next morning to the sight of a king-sized cockroach crawling over the dish of cold oatmeal somebody had brought me for breakfast. I was feeling pretty rocky but I guessed I'd live.

It wasn't long before the old jailer rattled a key in the lock on my cell door. The door swung open. I just sat there on my bunk.

"You're Mr. Dolan, ain't you?"

"That's right."

"I've been told to turn you a'loose.

Mr. Rand Ringo left word that he wants to see you this morning."

I was halfway to the open door of the cell block. I stopped and turned. "Do me a favor, will you, pop?"

"Maybe. Then again maybe not."

"Give Ringo a message. Tell him Mr. Dolan said to stuff it."

The old man's mouth gaped open and then his face lighted with an expression of pure, unadulterated admiration. I turned and left him.

I felt a lot better after a bath and a change of clothes. As I passed the desk on my way to find breakfast the desk clerk stopped me. "Mr. Dolan," he said. "Mr. Ringo called. Mr. Rand Ringo. He asked me to remind you of your appointment with him this morning."

"I—"

"You know where he lives?"

I shook my head. A man can take just so much. I listened to the desk clerk tell me how to get to Ringo's house in the country. I didn't commit myself one way or the other. When he'd finished talking I asked him if he'd had a call about my car.

"It's outside, sir. Ready to go."

"You pay for it?" I asked, wondering if he'd squawk when I had to write him a check.

"Oh, that's all been taken care of," He waved an airy hand. "Mr. Ringo—"

That did it. I knew I wouldn't have a night's sleep until I met Ringo. I had breakfast at a diner down the street. Then I started for Ringo's house.

I went out of town the way the desk clerk had told me to go.

**T**HE graveled road swung sharply to the right and the arch of banyans ended and there it was—a huge, expensive, sprawling, bewildering hulk of pink stucco and red-tiled roof.

Five hundred yards behind the house were whitewashed stables. Just beyond my car was a kidney-shaped swimming pool.

I left my Ford, walked to the brass-studded front door and rang the bell. The door swung open almost immediately. A white-wooled old colored man grinned at me.

"Mr. Ringo, he's waiting for you," He bowed me inside and led me down a high, dark hall. He knocked at a door.

A smooth voice, deep, cultivated, said, "Come in, please."

The old man opened the door. I glanced quickly around the room. It seemed to be a combination study and office. Shelves of books. Filing cabinets.

Ringo stood at his desk. He was a tall man—as tall as I—but running slightly to flesh around the middle. He was, I guessed, in his late forties. He wore a white shirt, beautifully tailored riding-breeches and glistening, dark brown, soft-leathered riding-boots. His face, neck, wrists, and hands were deeply tanned. His hair was black shot with gray. His jaw

was strong, his lips full but firm. These features were all dominated, however, by his eyes; they were huge, soft, luminous, black-brown, with an almost Oriental slant.

He moved toward me, his hand outstretched. I shook Ringo's hand.

"Thanks for coming, Dolan. Drink?"

"Whatever you're having, Ringo." If he could dispense with the "Mr.," then so could I.

He fixed a drink at the portable bar, then handed me a glass of bourbon over ice. Suddenly Ringo went to his desk, opened a drawer, and tossed me my wallet.

I caught it and stared at it, stupidly. "I like the way you handled yourself in Joe Fanchon's place last night, Dolan," he said, "even if the whole thing was rather useless."

I waited.

"I like the way you stood up to Loy Bailey and his deputies—even if that was rather futile also."

"How do you know these things? How did you get my wallet?"

"I know everything that happens in Carter County."

"How?"

"Because, by God, Carter County is mine! What I don't own, I control. How would you like to work for me, Dolan?"

I didn't have a chance to answer him. The door opened. The girl standing there was nineteen—twenty, at the most. Her face was a delicate oval, her hair was a dark and shining mass, and her skin was a transparent, translucent, off-white cream color. She was dressed in white shorts and a white halter top that left her shoulders bare. Her black-brown eyes were huge and shining, and slanted in an almost Oriental way—and I knew of course that she was Ringo's daughter. I stood there staring at her, and I knew that I had never wanted a woman as much as I wanted this one.

Ringo's voice was soft behind me. "My daughter, Gloria," he said. "Gloria, this is Brad Dolan."

She stared solemnly at me, her face expressionless. When she spoke it was in a husky monotone: "How do you do?"

I nodded.

Ringo said, "We're talking business, kitten. Run along now. I'll see you at luncheon."

When Gloria had closed the door he turned to me. "About that job," he said. "I need someone like you."

"I'm not interested, Ringo," I said. But as I said it I knew it didn't ring true.

"I need you, Dolan. Or someone like you. I've been looking for a man like you simply to take over some of the messy details, to be on hand when he's needed. When I heard the way you operated last night I thought you might do. Now that I've seen you, I'm sure of it. Besides, I've checked on you." He took a notebook from his hip pocket, thumbed through it for a moment, then put it back in his pocket.

"All right, Dolan," he went on. "you're thirty-one years old. Right?" I said nothing. He smiled. "You were born in a two-bit town called Amasa, in West Virginia. When you finished high school you spent approximately a year and a half in the

Merchant Marine, then jumped ship in Tangiers. You were picked up several months later by British authorities and implicated in a gun-running operation between there and Saudi Arabia. You beat that rap—probably because of your tender years—but you were sent home. I lose track of you for a while.

"You enlisted in the infantry in 1941. You were in the fighting on Guadalcanal. You won a Silver Star for gallantry in action there and you were subsequently evacuated stateside with a hole in your chest from a Jap hand grenade. They patched you up and you eventually made the big drop into Normandy with the 101st Airborne. You were given a battlefield commission soon after this. During the defense of Bastogne by the 101st your platoon was cut off and slashed to pieces. Those of you left alive were taken prisoner by the Germans."

He took the notebook from his pocket again. He thumbed through it. "Let's see. Oh. here. I lose you for almost a year after the war. Dolan. But here—here's the part I like best. You must have decided to settle down then. The next line I've got on you is in New York. An Army friend of yours—a colonel—had given you a job in his advertising agency. You fell in love with and married a model—and a beautiful one, too—" He checked his notebook. "—Randall, her name was. Dusty Randall. Things went along smoothly for a while. But you couldn't stand the routine of a steady, respectable job. Dolan. The old, old story. You began drinking a little too much. You became suspicious of your wife and jealous of the fact that she was making three times as much money as you.

"One night you got back from an out-of-town trip twelve hours earlier than you were expected. You opened the door of your apartment. The ex-colonel, your boss, your benefactor, was sitting in your favorite chair. He was wearing the dressing-gown your wife had given you the Christmas before. He was drinking your whisky. Your wife Dusty was asleep, or passed out, on the studio couch in the living-room. She was naked. You almost, but not quite, killed your benefactor, the ex-colonel, with your fists.

"Before you'd even got your divorce you went back into the Army. You were sent to Korea, badly wounded, hospitalized for more than a year—and here we are."

I realized that my teeth were clenched. I could feel a vein throbbing in my forehead. The stuff he'd given me wasn't a hundred-percent true. But it was all close enough to hurt.

"How—"

Ringo interrupted me. "I had your wallet, don't forget, Dolan. Your Army discharge, and so on. Names and addresses. Don't you ever throw anything away?" He waved his notebook. "The rest of this information took exactly three long-distance calls. I've got friends here and there, you know. It's my business to know everything about everybody in Carter County. Dolan. And that's why I'm in power, Dolan! Because knowledge plus strength is power! And if you come with me you'll share this power!"

I shrugged and turned to the window.

I saw Gloria Ringo walking down the wide lawn toward the river. A breeze was rippling her hair. At the sight of her proud body and her rhythmical walk, a warmth crept over my body and I made up my mind. I turned to Ringo.

"I'll take your job," I said.

Ringo went to his desk, scribbled something on a pad, tore the sheet off, and handed it to me. "Take this to Al Hastings—in town," he said. "He'll take care of you. I'll call you when I need you."

I took the note, stuffed it into a pocket, and left Ringo's office. Halfway down the dark hall I sensed, rather than heard, someone behind me. I turned. Billy stood in the shadows at the far end of the hall.

"Hello, hero." She gave me a big smile.

"What are you doing here?"

She stared at me. "I'm his ever-loving wife, that's what. Ringo's. I'm Mrs. Rand Ringo. Pretty name, isn't it? Packs a lot of wallop."

I'd had enough for one day. I got out of there.

**A**L HASTINGS ran a real estate and personal loan company in town—and I supposed that belonged to Ringo, too. Ringo had called in before I got to Hastings' office. Hastings gave me the VIP treatment. He yes-sirred me out of his office and into his car and for three miles out of town and down a clay road through an orange grove. At the end of the clay road was a little bungalow nestled right into the edge of the grove and it was fronted by a narrow lawn that sloped to the shore of a lake.

"Here it is," Hastings said. "Mr. Ringo says you're to stay here as long as you want."

I had a peaceful, contented feeling just looking at it. My wheels were spinning. A place like this, I was thinking, with the right sort of a woman to go with it, and the right sort of a job, and . . .

I pinched these thoughts in the bud. *Dolan, Dolan, I thought. You know all about this thing called domestic bliss. Remember? Remember Dusty sprawled drunk and naked on her back on that couch with her arms over her head?*

Hastings was looking at me curiously. "Like the place?"

"It'll do," I told him.

"You'll find everything you need here. Come on inside."

There wasn't much to it, but there was all I needed—and more. Mostly front room, with a big fireplace, a Capehart combination radio and phonograph, and shelves of books and records. An all-electric kitchen, a big bedroom and bath on the front of the house, a small bedroom and bath on the back. It was perfect. There was even beer in the refrigerator. I opened a can for Hastings and one for myself. We went back into the front room.

"I don't want to forget this," Hastings said. He groped in a pocket for a fat wallet, cracked it, pawed out a slip of paper, and handed it to me. It was a deposit slip from the Cartersville Farmers' Exchange Bank. A single entry on the slip showed that five thousand dollars had been deposited in a checking account in my name.

I played it straight, dead pan.

Hastings sounded disappointed. "That's an advance on your salary. Mr. Ringo said to tell you."

"It'll do," I said, "for a while."

We went back to town then. I gathered my gear from Cartersville's Home Away From Home, tossed my bag in the back seat of my Ford, and headed for my new home. I had no orders to report to anyone or to do anything. As a matter of fact I didn't even know what I was supposed to do when the time came. I decided to just let it ride. I stopped off in a grocery store and stocked up on provisions and supplies. Then I went home, got the boat—a fourteen-foot runabout—into the lake, picked a casting rod and reel from the half-dozen in the closet, gassed the 5-h.p. Johnson kicker, and took off down the lake.

I fished lazily, absorbing the peace and the beauty of the spot. In a couple of hours I had taken six bass averaging, I guessed, four pounds.

It was getting dark and I cranked the outboard and headed home. I beached the boat and covered it with a tarp I found in the bow. I went to the house, turned up the lights, found an LP recording of the Toscanini version of Beethoven's Ninth, started it, and turned it up loud enough to hear in the kitchen. I'd found bourbon in a kitchen cabinet. I cracked



"Wake up, bum," he said, as he slapped me across the face with his wet towel.

## BOOK BONUS

a jug of it and made a tall highball with plenty of ice and not too much water, and started cleaning my fish.

I finished my drink, made another, turned the Beethoven over and had a hot shower. I dressed in soft moccasins, a pair of old and faded G.I. slacks, and a T-shirt. I was feeling good. I was thinking about a third highball to nurse while I cooked my fish and made coffee and a salad, when I heard a knock at the door.

I opened the door. It was Billy Ringo. "Come in," I said.

This time she was dressed in some sort of a flaring peasant skirt and her hair was caught up in the back with that ribbon again and lots of smooth, tanned skin showed above the blouse she was wearing. I grinned at her as I pulled the shades.

"After all, the boss's wife—" I said. Her voice was flat. "You're going to stay here? In this lousy town?"

"I might like it here."  
"You're a fool, Dolan!"  
"Could be. Drink?"

She nodded. She sat on the sofa and I went to the kitchen, made a drink for her and a fresh one for myself.

I took the drinks into the front room, tuned the juke down so that the music was a muted background, watched Billy gulp her drink, and said, "You don't seem to think much of this section of the country. If you don't like it here, why don't you leave?"

Her voice was flat. "Because it's too late for me to leave. It's not too late for you to leave, but it will be for you too—if you stick around."

I grinned. "I'm a big boy, mother."

She went on in that flat, detached voice. "You won't believe me. You think I sound as if I were reading lines from a third-rate bleeder. Let me tell you this, pal. I've tried leaving. The first time I left he had me picked up in Miami Beach ten hours later. The next time I got as far as New York. He had men waiting at the plane at La Guardia. He beat me that time, Dolan. He whipped me. And he told me that if I ever tried leaving again he'd kill me."

She started sobbing.

"For God's sake, Billy," I said. I went to her. I couldn't help it. "Billy, for God's sake—" I sat beside her. She turned to me. I wanted to stroke those tears away and I knew that I could surely do it. I wanted her in my arms but I knew she was poison. I stood and crossed the room to the bottle. I slopped bourbon into my glass and started it to my lips. Billy was beside me, tugging at me, turning me towards her, glomming onto me. I lifted her into my arms and took her into my bedroom. And when, later, I turned on the light and looked at her the fear had gone from her eyes and she looked at me sleepily and said, "You're my kind of a guy, Dolan."

And then we both heard it together, the crackling noise of a small branch breaking—just outside the bedroom window. There was an inch-and-a-half between the bottom of the shade and the window sill. Billy stifled a scream. I groped for my slacks, then on the dresser for my .45 and a flashlight. I ran for the porch.

But I was too late. The row of azaleas that grew under the bedroom window had been pretty well trampled. Heavy footsteps, men's footsteps, were in the azalea bed. But whoever it was had gone.

After Billy left I made myself a quick sandwich and poured a glass of milk. Then I showered again, stuck my .45 under my pillow, and went to bed.

**I** WAS pretty jumpy the next day. I imagined that word had gotten back to Ringo that his wife had been with me. I was geared for trouble and I wondered why it didn't come. Ringo called me three days later, on a Friday. He wanted to see me. His voice was friendly, casual. Perhaps he didn't know about Billy.

"Sit down, Dolan," Ringo said. He shoved a package of Camels at me. I took

one, lighted it carefully and sat down.

"In the quarters east of town there's a colored man named Sam Foster," he said.

I waited, watching him.

"Sam runs our bolita game out there. Do you understand bolita?"

"Numbers, isn't it?"

"It's our most profitable"—Ringo smiled—"shall we say, sideline? It's sometimes known as nighthouse. We have five houses in the county. Sam Foster runs one of them. There's a separate throwing every night at each of the five houses. You can buy your ticket for the throwing at any or all of the houses. You bet a number from one through a hundred. A dollar on a winning number will get you seventy."

"Nice odds," I said. "For the house."

"We're not in this business for our health," Ringo said. "And it's plenty big. Like all numbers rackets, bolita thrives on the underprivileged and the ignorant. Unfortunately Carter County has more than its share of the underprivileged and the ignorant."

"Now the Dade County boys and the Orange County boys have had their eyes on us for a long time. They're big, well-organized groups—both members of nationwide syndicates. The Dade County mob takes its orders from the present bosses of the old Capone regime. So far, I've been able to keep them out. It hasn't been easy and it hasn't been cheap. I've had to buy some pretty important politicians in this state. But there's going to be trouble, Dolan."

"I've been in trouble before. Plenty."

"All right. About the bolita. I said that there was a throwing every night at each of the five houses. Here are the mechanics of the throwing: it's done in the presence of as many players as want to be on hand. A hundred wooden balls, each one no bigger than a big marble, numbered one to a hundred, are dumped—while the players watch—into a cloth bag. The bag is sealed. The house man tosses the bag to one of the players. The player fingers the balls—through the cloth—until he's got one that feels good. The house man ties it off from the others, cuts it away—and there's your winning number."

"Any rigging?" I asked.

"It's possible," Ringo said. "A good house man can palm a number that has gotten a big play. There are two or three other methods—" Ringo cleared his throat. "About Sam Foster."

"I'm listening," I said.

"Sam has always done a good job for us out there. He's made us a lot of money. But Sam has gotten a lot of funny ideas lately. He's been reading the wrong kind of literature; he's been talking to the wrong kind of people. He's gotten some sort of a biggety idea that the people around here are being taken advantage of. He won't rig his game. He won't take bets from those he thinks can't afford to bet. His receipts have fallen off out there—"

"Why don't you just can him? Get yourself a new bolita boy?" I asked.

"I'm surprised at you, Dolan. The Negroes all love Sam Foster out there. If I let Sam Foster go and put another man



Virgie was waiting for me, ready to go to work. I got out of there fast.

in his place I believe they would refuse to play bolita. I'm really surprised at you.

"I've got something special in mind for Sam Foster. If he doesn't stop breeding unhappiness out there. But for now, you go out and throw the fear of God into him. Dolan, in a nice, refined way. A hint should be enough."

I stood up, thankful for a chance to get out of there.

"Let me know how you make out," Ringo said.

**S**AM FOSTER's house in the quarters was small but neat. I knocked at his door. A big sad-eyed man, quite dark and no longer young, opened the door.

"Sam Foster?"

"Yes, sir."

"I'm Dolan. I work for Mr. Ringo."

I didn't quite know how to start. The quietness, the dignity, the self-possession of this big man with the sad and knowing eyes was throwing me for a loss.

Before I could stop myself I said, "What are you doing in this rotten racket, Sam?"

Foster grinned, showing white, even teeth. "I could ask you the same question maybe, Mr. Dolan."

"All right, Sam," I said. "I'll lay it on the table. Mr. Ringo says you're talking when you ought to be listening. He says you're stirring up the people out here. He wants you to cut it out."

His eyes were veiled with trouble. "Mr. Dolan, I'm a peace-loving man. I don't want no trouble. But a man has to do what he thinks is right. If he don't, he's lost. My folks out here need help. They're going to play bolita, Mr. Dolan. At least until they're educated out of it. But with me running the game out here they're going to get a square deal—as square as the game allows."

I stood. "You won't take my warning?"

He shook his head mournfully.

"Foster, you're a damned fool."

He looked me straight in the eyes.

"Mr. Dolan, your heart and your tongue don't meet."

I went home thinking about that one.

**I** CALLED Ringo the next day and told him I'd seen and warned Sam Foster. When he asked me about Sam's reaction I hedged. I don't know why I hedged—but I did. I told him I was pretty sure Sam would straighten out and fly right. I asked him if he had any more orders and he laughed at me. "We never hurry down here. I know where to find you when I need you. Take it easy. Relax."

I went home and went back to my record playing, my reading, my fishing, and my swimming. Relax, the man had said. Those were my orders and I tried to comply. But after a few days of this I was restless, lonesome. I had plenty on my mind. And first and foremost was Gloria Ringo. I knew that I must see her again, hear her speak, touch her, make her come alive.

And so I went to Ringo's on the slight chance that I might see her alone. I ran in luck.

Ben met me at the door. "Mr. Ringo's gone to Miami on business," he told me. "Don't know when he'll be back. Mr.

Ringo, he comes and he goes. Miz Ringo, she taken off after lunch, didn't say when she'd be back."

"And Miss Gloria?" I tried to throw the line away.

"Miss Gloria, she went on up to the stables. Had her riding britches on. Reckon she taken one of her horses out."

"Oh," I hoped I didn't sound too disappointed. I turned to leave.

Ben waited until I was out on the lawn. "Got some pretty good hosses up there in the stables. It's near about all Miss Gloria and Early the stable boy can do to keep them hosses exercised."

"All right, Ben," I grinned at him.

"Miss Gloria, she likes to ride that-away." He waved a skinny arm, then ducked into the house.

I wasn't dressed for it and I hadn't been aboard a horse for ten years—but these were minor matters. The stable boy was asleep on a bale of hay. I shook him awake. I told him that I was a friend of Mr. Ringo's and that Ben had suggested I take one of the horses out.

When he had bridled and saddled an elderly looking gelding I swung aboard in what I hoped was a competent manner. "Miss Gloria say which way she was going?"

"Nossir."

Ben had waved toward the river and south. A well-traveled trail outside the corral led in that general direction. I took it.

Fresh marks of hoofs were in the soft soil of the winding trail and I knew that Gloria was somewhere ahead of me.

The trail forked. The hoof marks went left and I followed them. The ground rose gently, and suddenly I was in a clearing on a bluff overlooking the winding river. The weather-whitened bones of a house lay sprawled around the half-crumbled field stone fireplace and chimney in the middle of the clearing. I dismounted, looped the reins to a branch of a wild orange tree, and walked around the clearing. Beyond the clearing the trail disappeared into forest again. My leg was stiff from the riding I'd done and I decided to walk for a while.

Just off a sharp turn of the trail I saw a horse, unbridled, unsaddled—but with saddle marks on him—picking at grass under a giant live oak. I could smell water, fresh and sweet, and then I could hear it running. I was in ferns, now—head high, fragrant, damp.

I moved slowly, cautiously. Suddenly, through an opening in the ferns, I saw the moss-grown remains of a cypress spring house. Water, fresh and clean, ran sparkling from its ruined entrance. I took another step forward and caught my breath; I froze to the spot.

The water from the spring ran downhill over a limestone bed and formed a pool. About fifty feet across and thirty feet long. The water in the middle was dark and green and it looked deep. Blood-red hibiscus clamored for attention on the far side of the pool. But they were out-classed. On my side of the pool, ankle-deep in water, in profile to me, stood Gloria Ringo. She was naked. Her hair clung wet and shining to the proud column of her neck, and water glistened from her lovely body—and I wished then

that I had never come looking for her. I felt old, and dirty, and ruined, and I knew that I must go, but I couldn't tear my eyes away. I watched her as she poised to dive. She split the water cleanly and swam in long, easy strokes toward the other side of the pool.

When she was halfway across I turned to leave. I cursed my clumsiness as I stepped squarely on a dead limb; it made a cracking noise as it broke. I looked back, into Gloria's frightened eyes, and I said—fumbling for words like a schoolboy on his first date—"I didn't know. I'm sorry—"

She was treading water in the middle of the pool. I was amazed then to see and hear her laugh. "Why are men so clumsy?" she said. "And how did you get here?"

I relaxed and grinned at her. "All men are clumsy when they're caught peeking through keyholes. I followed you here—it was Ben's idea. I had no idea I would find you in—"

She smiled. "In the altogether? Now you know my secret. This is my favorite spot—I come here as often as I can. Don't just stand there gawking. Go away. Go back to the clearing. When I'm dressed I'll see you there. We'll ride back together."

"All right," I left.

I took off my shirt and let the sun beat hot on my back as I waited for her by the ruins of the old house. And as I waited I marveled at the difference in Gloria's personality when she was away from that ungodly hulk of a house, away from her father. The other times I had seen her she had seemed half-awake. Now she was vitally alive.

She wore jodhpurs and a white blouse, and the translucent skin of her arms and neck and face glowed with health and well-being and cleanliness. She dismounted and let her horse go free to forage the grass in the clearing. She sat beside me on a fallen beam.

"Gloria," I said. "I want to tell you something—and I want you to believe me. When I first saw you today—I couldn't breathe. I felt that I was seeing something that I was unworthy of seeing."

She put a hand to my mouth. Her eyes were soft and shining and her full lips were slightly parted. I swept her hand from my mouth and I slid from the beam to the heavy, sweet-smelling grass beside it, and I pulled her with me. As I pressed my lips to hers something, somewhere inside me, was saying, *Dolan, don't do it, don't do it*, and I knew that wild horses couldn't keep me away from her. I felt Gloria's nails rip the flesh of my shoulders but it didn't hurt and then the world spun to a stop on the last note of Gloria's cry and we lay trembling in each other's arms.

"Come on," she said. She took my hand and together we returned to the spring pool in the forest and we stripped again, and plunged together into the cool, refreshing water. We swam and dived and played, laughing like kids, and when my breath came short I pulled myself from the pool to a shady, grassy ledge beside it and Gloria joined me. She started to speak, then clung to me as if she

## BOOK BONUS

would never let me go as I hushed her lovely mouth with a kiss.

THE place known simply as Adele's was eighteen miles from Cartersville, and the last eight or ten miles of the eighteen were over a rutted clay road. Nobody could get in unless he was known or unless he had a letter from Adele, Rand Ringo, or one of the regulars.

The area around Adele's was a hunting preserve. It was a hunting preserve, all right, because there was a sign over the heavy gate at the entrance that read: SEMINOLE ROD AND GUN CLUB. PRIVATE—KEEP OUT! and the whole area was heavily fenced.

Adele and her girls had entertained some pretty important people, it was said. Some pretty influential men in the state—friends of Ringo's—and on one occasion even a governor of the state. Not that Ringo kept the place there just to entertain his friends. It was there to make money. And make money it did. Adele was a good madam.

But Ringo wasn't especially satisfied with the way things were going at Adele's. "Call it a routine checkup, perhaps," he said to me. "Call it anything you'd like. But there's something going on out there that I want to know about. For one thing, Adele's been drinking a lot lately. And

the receipts are way off. But these things are minor. I've been informed that a couple of the Dade County boys have been seen sucking around out there recently. Go out and see what you can find out." He wrote me a note that would get me through the gate.

It was a pleasant spot, built along the order of some beach and mountain resorts I had seen.

I went into the main building. There was a desk in the small entrance hall and I was asked to register. Ringo had thought I might operate better under an assumed name. Adele had never seen me but she might have heard of me. He'd called me Danton in the note I'd given the gatekeeper. I registered as such. The pimply desk clerk asked me if I planned to spend the night and I told him I did. He assigned me to a cabin. I took the key, stowed my gear in the cabin he'd given me, and went back to the main building.

Half of the downstairs was living-room. There was a bar in a small room off the dining-room. The girls and Adele lived upstairs.

The sun was setting and it was time for a drink. Two couples shared a booth opposite one end of the bar. I sat at a stool at the other end of the bar and ordered Old Forester and water from the barkeeper. A girl came in, sat at the other end of the short bar, and ordered a rum and coke. She was a pretty little thing—dark, very shapely, with smoldering, resentful eyes and a mouth that was a brilliant slash against a dead-white face. I signaled the bartender that the rum and coke was mine.

"All right, good-looking," she said. "Thanks." She walked towards me.

"The pleasure is mine," I said.

"You want to go upstairs, good-looking?"

I grinned at her. "Don't rush me."

"You spending the night at this joint?"

I nodded.

"Ask for me if you want me. Virgie Lupfers."

"I'll keep you in mind, Virgie."

Her hand shook as she gulped down the rum and coke. I ordered her another one.

Virgie said, "Sometimes I get all wound up, and things start churning around inside, like broken gears. Usually between

**Billie's throat had been slashed, and my razor lay in a pool of blood beside her.**

the second and third drink—after that it's all right."

"You've been working too hard." I grinned at her. "What you need is a vacation. How'd you like to fly down to Havana with me for a week-end sometime?"

She looked as if she was about to cry then, and I suddenly realized how very young she was. "Adele wouldn't let me go."

"Does she own you?"

Her eyes were mournful. "Would you believe me if I said she did?"

I shrugged. "I want to meet Adele, anyway. I've heard a lot about her. Maybe I'll speak to her about that little trip."

"Adele don't come down much anymore. She's been sick, or something. Nobody's seen much of her lately, not counting this big old sheriff, Loy Bailey. Him and Adele sit up there in her place and talk and argue for hours."

It might be a lead, I thought. I played it slow and easy. "Yeah? Funny place for a sheriff to hang out. You say you've heard them talking?"

She stared at me. "You're sort of curious, ain't you?"

"Forget it. Have another drink."

Her face softened. "Sure. And forget what I just said, good-looking. I don't mind telling you what they argue about. Just this and that. It don't make sense anyway. Things about bolita and bootlegging, just for instance. How the rackets should be run."

I ordered another rum and coke for her. "Hear anything else?"

She grabbed for her drink. "Oh, they had a dandy here a week or so ago. Adele must have been drunk. I never heard her roar and rant so. I like to have felt sorry for poor old Loy, and him trying to shush her up. 'Ringo,' she kept screaming. 'Ringo! All I hear is Ringo!!' When are you going to do something?"

I grinned at her. I had my lead. And if it went where I thought it went it would finish Loy Bailey.

"Let's go meet Adele." I said.

Virgie and I went upstairs. In the dark upstairs hall she stopped suddenly, wheeled, and threw herself against me, her thighs hard against mine. Her fingers dug into my shoulders. "Don't forget now, good-looking. You want me tonight, I'll be waiting. You just ask for me. Virgie. Virgie Lupfers."

Adele must have been, at one time, a very beautiful woman. Take away the hardness, now, and the puffiness around her eyes and the blatancy of her hennaed hair, and she still wasn't bad. I had been introduced by Virgie simply as her friend. Adele waved her hand toward the portable bar in a corner of the living-room. She seemed fairly drunk.

"You do the honors, please, Mr.—"

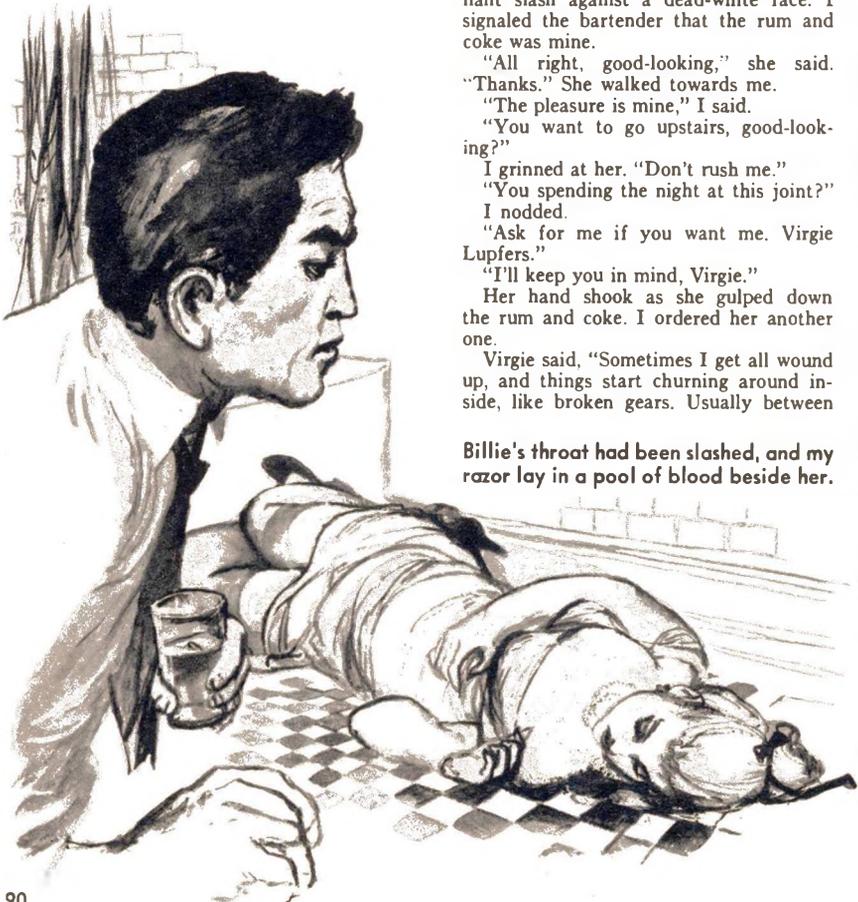
"Danton, ma'am. What shall I make you?"

"Martini, please. Six to one. And no more 'Ma'ams,' please."

I busied myself at the bar. The remains of a Martini were in the cocktail shaker. I poured them out and built a new one.

"Please sit down, Mr. Danton."

I sat in a chair and she arranged herself, a little unsteadily, on a davenport.



"You've come to find out about Virgie Lupfers?"

That was as good as anything. I nodded.

"I admire a man who wants to know what he's buying. It proves that he's smart, discriminating. About Virgie. I think you'll like Virgie. She's quite young—she came to me two years ago when she was sixteen—young, but very passionate. And she has a lovely, firm young body."

"You've recommended Virgie. That's good enough for me." I'd decided to try a little flattery. "You've got a pretty fine reputation, Adele." I filled her glass. "I've always heard that you ran the best place in the state. I'm surprised to find you involved in an operation as small as this one."

I'd hit some kind of pay dirt with that. Adele went tense, catlike. "Did you come to see me to talk about that girl?"

I was groping in the dark. "Maybe." "Where are you from. Mr. Danton?" "Around."

"Such as where?" "Such as Miami Beach, for one place."

"And such as Chicago, for another place?"

"Perhaps." I was flying blind. But I was remembering Ringo's statement about the Dade County boys and how they would love to move in on him.

"Damn it, Danton, say what you came here to say!"

"I'm just making conversation, Adele. I'm simply saying that you could go places with the right connections. This could be a real uptown joint with the right backing. No more of this small-time, chicken—"

That did it. Her eyes flashed. "I don't know who sent you here, Danton. But I can find out. And I've got a pretty good idea who it was, anyhow! And I'll tell you the same thing I told the other two mugs that were hanging around here last week! You go back to your people in Miami Beach and tell them that Adele is doing all right!"

I had found out exactly nothing—except that Adele didn't care for the boys from Dade County. On the other hand, perhaps she was playing hard to get. Waiting. If she was leveling with Ringo, why hadn't she told him that the boys from down the state were making passes at her? If I wasn't adding two and two and getting five, then she and Loy Bailey had plans for knocking over Ringo. Or she had plans and was trying to sell them to Loy. The arguments between them that Virgie had overheard could mean little else.

I said softly, "Now don't get upset again, Adele. It's bad for your stomach. Just relax and hear me out. The man down there is a sportsman. A regular Abercrombie and Fitch sort of a guy. You know, very high class. Likes everything real nice. He's interested in acquiring a hunting preserve in this county. This one, or one just like it, with you running it. There's a rumble around that you might be interested in a deal. *Later*, that is."

Her eyes were wary. "What do you mean—*later*?"

I grinned at her. "You're pretty friendly with a man named Loy Bailey, aren't

you, Adele? Maybe I ought to talk to Bailey."

"Him!" she shouted. "That stupid jerk! Listen, mister. I'm the one who'll be—" she choked it off with an ugly, gurgling sound. "Get out of here! Hit the road, you cheap hood!"

She was heading for the Martini pitcher when I left her. Whether to throw it at me or build another drink I didn't know. But I would have bet on the former. There was no doubt in my mind that she and Bailey had plans to take over the county. And Adele was smart enough to know what I was thinking. And when she'd called the gatekeeper to check on me, when she'd found out that my note was from Ringo, my life wouldn't be worth much around this particular health resort. I rigged a quick excuse for the desk clerk, paid my bill, and went to my cabin for my bag. Virgie was there, ready to go to work. I told her I had to leave. "Take me with you. For God's sake take me with you!"

I wrenched her arms from around my neck.

"I'm sorry, kid," I said.

I got out of there fast.

The information I had was red hot. I knew that I should pass it along to Ringo. Adele would certainly tell him that I knew too much. But I was greedy. I had information that would blow this organization sky-high. And I tried to figure how to use it best to my own advantage. I decided to sit on it for a few days, be extremely careful, and see what happened.

When I reported to Ringo I told him I'd talked with Adele, that she'd been on a booze kick, all right—but that he didn't have a thing to worry about as far as her playing ball with the Dade County boys. He seemed satisfied. As a matter of fact, he asked me on an outing.

"How long has it been since you've seen a cockfight?"

"Quite a while," I said. As a matter of fact I'd raised them, pitted them, and handled them myself when I was a high-school kid back in West Virginia.

"I have a pit at my place down the river. We're running an eight-cock derby down there on Sunday afternoon. The best of my pit stock will be there."

**G**LORIA and Billy had gone when I arrived at Ringo's on Saturday; they were making the trip down the river in Gloria's speedboat. Ringo and I made the trip in my Ford.

That evening we sat around drinking and Ringo abused Billy in front of Gloria and me.

Billy didn't show up for the late breakfast the next morning. Gloria had eaten earlier and was on the river. Ringo and I finished breakfast and went to the cock-pit.

Ringo's cocks had been brought up from Cartersville in a truck by a man introduced to me as Fee. Fee showed me the stock he'd brought for the day's pit-tings—likely looking Roundheads, fit and aggressive. He saved the best until last:

"Right here's the boss-man's favorite," he said, "and well he should be. The finest, airiest gamecock in the Southeast,

at least. Osceola, the boss-man calls him."

I made the rounds, listening to the talk, sizing up cocks that looked like good bets. I found one man—a sharp-eyed, gnarly little old cracker with a squirrely way of moving—who had a truckload of chickens that caught my fancy, they were Pure Law Grays. The little old man was trying to heel one of his cocks and he was having a tough time of it; one of his hands was heavily bandaged.

"Hold him steady," I said. I was surprised how quickly it all came back to me. I wrapped the spurs quickly and neatly and I took the needle-pointed gaffs from their leather case and I fitted the leather bases of the gaffs over the spurs. Then I bound them firmly to the cock's horny legs. The little man tested them. His face warmed.

"Son, I'm mighty obliged to you." I grinned at him. "Glad to give you a hand."

"A hand is just what I needed. Snagged this one on a barbed wire fence three days ago. Thought nothing of it until she started swelling up on me the middle of last night."

"I'll be around to help you."

"Son, that's mighty nice of you. You're hired. O.D. Bigelow's the name, from Tifton, Georgia."

"Dolan, O.D. And I'm doing it for fun."

"All right, son. See that shake there at the left of the truckbed?"

I nodded.

"That shake will go six pounds seven ounces, and there ain't an ounce of fat on him. He's all heart and pecker. That cock means more to me than anything."

The first fight had started while I was heeling Bigelow's cocks.

I sat in the bleachers. The bets were conservative—ten, twenty, or thirty dollars—and I knew they'd get bigger as the excitement rose.

Billy had joined her husband and they sat together in the bleachers. Cockfighting was apparently not Gloria's dish—she didn't show.

It looked like a good fight and I wanted to see it. But Bigelow's Gray shake—the one he was so proud of—was on next and I had to heel him. On the way back to Bigelow's truck I stopped by the board to see if the match had been made. It had—with Ringo's Osceola.

Bigelow held the shake while I strapped his spurs and heeled him. He was a fighter. I could feel it in his quiet tenseness. The old man was babbling a little incoherently about his bird. I watched him carefully, then saw him stagger and almost fall. I picked the Gray shake from the ground and laid him across my left arm. I faced the old man.

"I'm going to handle this bird for you," I said.

"Good luck to you, son. Good luck."

I went to the pit. Ringo was there with his Roundhead shake. He was going to handle him himself, as Fee had said that he might. His eyes went wide as he saw me, then hard, narrow, vicious. "All right, Dolan," he said as I approached him. "I don't know what you're trying to prove—but you're going a little too far!" He turned from me and faced the

## BOOK BONUS

bleachers. "I've got five thousand dollars that says this cock is a winner," he said. "I'm offering five thousand dollars at five to three." There were no takers.

"Bill your birds!" the referee said.

Ringo met me in the center of the pit and we billed the cocks.

"I won't make another offer. Is there a taker?"

I couldn't stand it any longer. "Sure. I'll take it," I said.

Ringo whirled. "How much of it?"

"All of it."

Somebody in the crowd laughed happily. Ringo's face was a mask of rage. "Do you want more?"

I shrugged. "Name it."

"Double it. Ten to five!"

I grinned. The five grand I was betting was the five grand Ringo had advanced me.

"You're on," I said.

"Pit your cocks!"

The Gray raced straight for the Roundhead. The Roundhead, having won all its previous fights, was perhaps not as eager as the Gray. The Gray flew at him and the two cocks shot into the air, shuffling.

I spent the twenty-second rest period before the next pitting dousing the Gray's head with water, stroking his back to ease him, slapping his head to madden him.

"Pit!"

The Roundhead, flushed with success, again broke on top as the two cocks shot in the middle of the pit. They came down shuffling, angling against the wall of the pit. They rolled in the dirt and the call came to handle. The Roundhead had buried a gaff in the Gray's neck this time, just above the breastbone. The Gray was in bad shape.

"Pit!"

The Gray staggered, dead game, toward the Roundhead. The Roundhead met him and the Gray tried to shoot but couldn't make it and fell back onto the ground.

Then suddenly, unbelievably, the Gray refused to let himself die. He got one leg under him, then the other—and wobbled to his feet.

And then the Gray shot valiantly to meet the Roundhead's shuffle. The two cocks went three feet into the air and seemed to hang there. And then they hit the ground in a welter of flying feathers and blood and one of the Gray's gaffs was buried in the Roundhead's head and the Roundhead was dead.

The crowd poured into the pit and the first among them was O. D. Bigelow and the second among them was Billy Ringo. The old man cradled his Pure Law Gray to his chest and the tears poured down his leathery cheeks. Billy stood beside me and her breath came in quick gasps and savage triumph was naked on her face. Ringo walked across the pit and faced me. His lips were drawn in a smile, and his eyes spelled murder.

"All right, Dolan. It was a good fight. You'll have my check in the morning."

I DIDN'T see Ringo again that night. I left right after the cockfight with Bigelow—I'd made arrangements with

an acquaintance of his to take care of his trucks and gamecocks—and I didn't go home until I'd put him under a doctor's care in the Cartersville hospital.

When I got home the telephone rang.

It was Sam Foster, Ringo's bolita man. He wanted to see me right away. I told him to come right out.

Sam's face was deeply troubled as I showed him into the front room. He didn't waste any words. He showed a typewritten letter at me. I motioned him to a chair. He took the letter, sat down and read it:

*Sam Foster:*

*You will be out of Carter County, for good, by sundown the evening of August Six. This is the only warning you will have. Heed it or before sunup August Seven you'll be dead.*

*The Committee of Twelve.*

August six was the next day.

"What will you do?" I asked Sam.

He stared at me. "What would you do, Mr. Dolan?"

"I'd get out of town. Out of the county. For good."

He was slow in answering me. "I somehow don't think you would. You ain't running now, are you? And I hear you're in trouble with Mr. Ringo."

"You think Ringo sent this letter to you?"

"He had it sent."

"Why?"

"Those things I was doing, or wasn't doing, that he sent you out to warn me about."

"Damn it, Sam, what is it you want of me?"

"Talk to Mr. Ringo. About me."

"You know how I stand with Ringo."

"Maybe you got some way of getting back in good with him. Maybe you got something to trade."

I looked at him and his eyes told me nothing.

Sam stood. "You won't try and help me, Mr. Dolan?"

I wanted to get him out of there. I wanted to tell him to leave me alone. But he stood there in my doorway and he looked at me with those sad and knowing eyes and he was like some huge, shadowy conscience and I said, "I'll do what I can, Sam."

"I sort of figured you would, Mr. Dolan. Right from the start."

And then he was gone and I was left cursing myself for nineteen kinds of a chicken-hearted damned fool.

I TRIED calling Ringo a half-dozen times the next day, and just after dark I made the trip out to his house on the chance that he might be there and was simply trying to avoid me.

I made my way to the front door of that monstrous monument to vulgar wealth and bad taste and I rang the doorbell. Ben answered it.

"Mr. Ringo in, Ben?"

Ben's eyes rolled. He seemed frightened. "I ain't seen Mr. Ringo since early this morning, Mr. Dolan, sir."

I said, "Ben, you're lying to me."

I thought of brushing the old man aside and having a look for myself but I decided against it. "All right Ben," I said. "Will you ask Mr. Ringo to call me when

you see him? Tell him it's very important."

"Yes, sir, Mr. Dolan."

I turned and left him. Halfway between the house and my Ford was a banyan tree. I was almost past it when my name was spoken softly.

"Brad—"

I wheeled as Gloria stepped from under the banyan into the moonlight.

"I—I saw your car."

She was lovely and I wanted her in my arms, but she was trouble—and I had trouble enough. "Yes?" I said.

"Brad—" And then she was in my arms, and her lips were soft and sweet against my own. Then she took my hand firmly, and led me across the shimmering lawn to the boathouse by the river. The speedboat coughed once, then purred, as I cast off the lines.

Twenty minutes later Gloria throttled down and nosed the boat gently toward the shoreline and I made it fast to the remains of a dock. A bluff loomed above us and I recognized it as the same one I'd seen before—and we climbed the hill and sat on the same ruined beam we'd sat on before.

It was hours later when I headed the boat home. Her head was nestled in the hollow of my shoulder. I wondered what more any man could want than such a woman beside him, forever. And I cursed myself for thinking these thoughts because I knew I could never completely belong to any other woman than Dusty until I had forgotten her, or until I had been shocked out of her.

I took Gloria to her door. The house was dark. She turned to me. "Thank you, my darling," she whispered. I hushed her with a kiss.

I drove slowly home, thinking hard. When I got home I was still deep in thought. I poured myself a stiff drink and took the drink into my bathroom to shower. Billy Ringo was there—on the floor. Her dress was torn and twisted around her thighs. She was no longer beautiful, because her throat had been cut, and my straight razor lay in a pool of blood beside her and she was very dead.

I knew then—once and for all—that I'd overstayed my welcome in Carter County. I closed the bathroom door to shut out the sight of Billy lying there in her own blood.

I sat down and tried to figure it out.

The first step, naturally, would be to call the law. And the law was Loy Bailey and company, and I almost felt like laughing as I thought of the chance I'd stand with them. Then I heard the sound of a car slithering to a stop, the slam of a car door, then the clomp of several pairs of heavy feet on the front porch, and a series of loud knocks.

I went to the door and opened it on Loy Bailey and two of his deputies.

"I've been expecting you," I said.

Bailey narrowed his pig eyes at me. "Why?"

"You answer that one, Loy," I said.

"I'll ask the questions, bum. You'll answer them. Billy Ringo's turned up missing. Ringo's out of town. The people out at Ringo's house have been told to

keep tabs on her when the boss is away."

"So why come here?"

"Don't band me that crap."

I forced a grin, "I think I know now who trampled my azaleas. A peeping Tom, huh, Loy?"

Bailey fought to control himself. "So I saw you two in the sack. I needed something on you and I got it. How do you think Ringo's going to like it when he knows you've been sleeping with his wife? I've been saying that one, bum, until I really needed it."

"How's Adele, Loy? You two been having any long talks?"

Bailey's face paled. "Is Billy here, Dolan?"

"She's here, all right."

"Where?"

"In the bathroom."

"Keep an eye on him," Bailey told his deputies. He started to walk into the bathroom.

"You wouldn't walk in on a lady while she's in the bathroom, would you?" I said.

I watched to see if he'd knock. He did, but I couldn't tell whether he was doing it for my benefit or not. He waited a minute, then knocked again. He opened the door.

"No," he screamed.

His ugly face was bluish-green as he faced us. "See if he's clean," he shouted to his deputies, "then shackle him! He's cut her throat!"

The deputies relieved me of my pocket knife and my wallet, then handcuffed me. Loy called the coroner, then crossed the room to me. His color had returned.

"You've had it, bum," he said. "You're all through." His shoulders twitched and he telegraphed the roundhouse right he threw at my chin, but my reflexes had been slowed by the course of events and the room seemed to explode in flashes of light before it went black.

**I** WOKE up in darkness, too, but I knew where I was because I'd been there before. The same slimy floor, the same stinking mattress.

The door to the cell block opened. The old jailer clumped down the corridor to my cell.

"Come on. The sheriff wants to talk with you."

He unlocked the cell door and swung it open. He kept one hand on the gun on his hip and motioned me toward the open cell-block door and followed me through it into the room beyond it. Loy Bailey and the two deputies who had been with him earlier were sitting there drinking coffee and waiting for me.

Bailey stood up. "Come on," he said to me. "Me and my associates here have got a couple of questions we'd like answered."

He crossed the room, opened a side door, and motioned me into the room beyond it. It was a small, low-ceilinged, bare room with peeling, discolored paper on its walls. A stained shade was drawn the length of the only window. There was one chair in the room. In front of the chair was a floodlamp. Across the room was a desk. On the desk were half a dozen eighteen- or twenty-inch pieces of ordi-

nary garden hose and a disconnected recording machine.

"Sit down, bum!"

There didn't seem to be much else to do. I sat in that chair and the light from that floodlamp bit into my eyes.

"That's better," Loy said. He sounded almost reasonable now. "You had any breakfast? Maybe you'd like a cup of coffee."

I nodded.

"Mallie!"

Mallie left the room and returned with a cup of steaming coffee. He handed it to Loy.

"We can't let a man go without coffee in the morning, can we, boys?" He said, "That wouldn't be nice, would it, boys?"

He threw the coffee in my face. It was hot enough to make me stifle a scream and for a split second the room was whirling black with red around the edges and I started out of that chair, swinging blindly, but the bruising sting of a rubber hose across the side of my face and neck knocked me back into the chair.

"That might give you some kind of an idea who's boss farmer around here, bright boy. Why'd you kill her?"

"I want a lawyer."

"Why'd you kill her?"

"You know I didn't kill her, Bailey."

This time the rubber hose caught me across my chin and mouth and I tasted the saltiness of my blood and felt the swelling numbness of my lips.

"Hold off a minute, boss," Mallie said. He lighted the stub of his cigar, puffed it a couple of times, then took it from between yellowed teeth and held it close to my bare arm.

"Ask him again, boss."

"Why'd you kill her, Dolan?"

I said nothing.

Mallie ground the lighted butt into my forearm.

I smelled the sickening smell of burning flesh and the pain came in red and yellow and purple waves and my stomach twisted and knotted and I vomited.

"All right," Bailey said. "We'll put it this way. You didn't do it, you say. That right?"

I nodded.

"All right. Where were you last night?"

"Out. Just out, that's all."

Bailey slapped me across the face. "You remember the first time we picked you up? The time you started that brawl out at Joe's place? We fingerprinted you that night over at my office at the courthouse. You were passed out drunk on the bench in my office but we got your prints. The fresh prints on that straight razor beside Billy Ringo—the *only* prints on that razor—are yours, Dolan."

"So what?" I said.

"Damn you!" Bailey screamed. "A man can take just so much!" He swung on me with his rubber hose. I felt the first blow across my face to the marrow of my bones; the second was a dull, indifferent, impersonal sort of pain, and the third one didn't hurt at all. I felt myself slumping, then slipping from the chair to the floor, and then my only sensation was a vast, bruised tiredness.

I opened a swollen eye and stared at the pocked and splintery floor. My



He threw the hot coffee in my face, and the pain forced me out of the chair.

body ached and throbbed from head to toe. My throat felt choked with cotton and my mouth was brassy with the taste of old blood.

I heard, as if from far away, the voice of the fat deputy, Mallie. "What now, boss?"

"When he comes out of it take him back to his cell. Give him a chance to think it over. Then we'll bring him back. Next time I think he'll talk plenty."

"You know what I've been thinking, Loy?" Mallie said. "I been thinking that when the State tries this guy for murder there's bound to be some things brought out that ain't favorable to us."

"You're dumb, ain't you, Mallie?"

"Now wait a minute, Loy. What do you—"

"This bum will be shot down trying to escape. Only thing I'm waiting for is his confession. And after one more session in here I think I'll get it. I ain't had breakfast, boys, and I can't remember when I've been hungrier. Throw a basin of water on him and get him back to his cell. I might have time to work him over again today and I might not. It's going to be a busy day. And I'm going out to Ringo's fishing lodge tonight. That's between us. If anybody asks you, you won't know where I'm at. There's pretty apt to be some exciting things going on around town tonight—things a good sheriff has got no right to see, and I don't aim to be around to see them."

They left me alone the rest of the day. The day floated by on wings of fever and throbbing pain and dreams.

The old jailer brought me a tin dipper

## BOOK BONUS

full of ice water. I pulled myself up shakily.

He stared at me for a moment. "Who you reckon killed her, son?"

"I wouldn't know. Somebody who wanted Billy Ringo out of the way, and me, too, and figured that was a good way of doing it. Two birds with one stone. Very slick. I don't know who wanted Billy dead. Loy Bailey wants me out of the way. And a woman called Adele. And maybe even Ringo."

The old man was frightened. "They're a bad lot," he half-whispered. "Bad! What'd they use on you today?"

"Hoses. And a lighted cigar butt."

"Bailey's got worse than that. Whips. Lighted matches under your nails. Ice picks. Turpentine where it hurts the worst. Castor oil. Bailey knows his business."

I interrupted him. "Spare me the details, pop. I've got troubles enough."

"And Ringo. He's the worst of the lot."

I stood and grasped the old man's shoulder. "Pop," I said quietly, "get me a lawyer."

He wrenched free of my grasp. "I can't get you no lawyer, boy." He shook his head as if to clear it. "They'd skin me alive—" He left the cell and closed the door behind him.

I lay back on my bunk. I was feeling better, stronger, but I felt that I must somehow preserve what strength I had to meet whatever might be coming next.

When I woke up the lights were on in the cell blocks and I was amazed to discover that I had slept the afternoon away.

Suddenly I heard a sound that puzzled me. I stood quietly listening to it. It was like the hum of a swarm of bees. And then, as it grew closer, the pattern of the hum changed, and I recognized, though I could not understand, the excited, shouted voices of men.

And then the old jailer burst excitedly into the cell block.

"Hear that, boy? It's a mob! It's the first mob I've seen in Cartersville in eleven years!"

"For me?" I asked.

"Hell, no! This mob don't want you. This mob wants Sam Foster. He's gone and raped a white woman. Young woman, pretty. Virgie Lupfers, her name is!"

Then I remembered Loy Bailey's words, the ones he'd spoken early that morning, the words he hadn't thought I'd hear:

*"... It's going to be a busy day. And I'm going out to Ringo's fishing lodge tonight. There's pretty apt to be some exciting things going on around town tonight..."*

I knew I had to get out of there. I called to the old jailer. He came over and I told him that Sam had been framed by Ringo.

"Ringo." He stared at me.

I talked quickly, desperately, because I knew now that the old man was my only chance.

He fumbled in his pocket for keys. I watched him, afraid to breathe. He reached a key toward the lock. Then his body sagged again. He dropped the hand

that held the key. "No. I'm an old man. It's all I got, this job. I can't do it, boy. I can't do it—"

The door to the cell block was not quite closed. Through the crack in the door came a rasping, shouting voice. I thought I recognized it as Mallie's.

"George! George—where are you?"

The old man's body straightened and he squared his shoulders.

"Yes, sir!" he shouted, and his voice was strong.

He turned quickly and opened the door to my cell. He stepped through the door. "The door'll lock when it's closed. I was bringing you water and you jumped me!"

I nodded.

He took the .38 special from the worn holster at his hip and handed it to me.

"For Ringo," he said.

I squeezed his thin old shoulder. Then I turned, stepped through the cell door and left him.

The cell-block door creaked angrily as I swung it open. Mallie was sitting at a desk opposite the door. He was reading a newspaper. As the door creaked he said, "Now damnit, George, when I—" and then he saw me standing in the doorway grinning at him and he saw the .38 leveled at his chest and his jaw dropped open and the cigar stub he held between his yellow teeth dropped to the desk.

"Keep your hands on the desk, Mallie," I said.

I crossed the room to him, still grinning.

"I'm glad you proved to me that a good cigar butt can come in handy, Mallie." I said. "I really am. Hold out your hand, Mallie."

He stared at me, then turned one hand over slowly, palm up, on the desk. The slimy butt on the desk was still burning. I picked it up, blew on the lighted end until it glowed red, then ground it into his palm.

He screamed.

"Step out here, Mallie." I said.

He stepped out, shakily, from behind the desk.

I frisked him. He was clean.

"All right. I know you've been getting reports. Have they got Sam Foster yet, Mallie?"

He shook his head.

"I'm going to ask you to do a couple of little favors for me, Mallie. You like me well enough to do a couple of favors for me, don't you?"

He nodded.

"Pick up the telephone. Ask the operator for the Federal Bureau of Investigation in Miami. It's all right. They're in all the phone books. Anybody can call them."

He did as he was told.

While the operator was putting the call through I gave him his instructions. "Tell them you're a deputy sheriff of Carter County—that you're calling for your boss, who's out of town. Tell them a mob has formed here, that it's completely out of hand, and that there's going to be violence—either a race riot, a lynching, or both! Ask them to get somebody up here—quick. Tell them we'll meet them—if we're able to—at the junction of the main highway and highway 606."

Mallie's voice broke as he spoke.

"Bailey'll kill me, Dolan. And if he don't, then Ringo will!"

I nudged his fat belly with the muzzle of the .38. "My nerves, Mallie. You don't want to forget my nerves."

The connection was made. Mallie started blurring out his business and was put through to a man named Carlton.

Carlton agreed to meet us.

Carlton hung up and Mallie fumbled his receiver to its cradle.

"Get going," I said.

"Where to?"

"Sam Foster's house. In a big hurry!"

We drove in one of the sheriff's cars.

We heard the disordered sound of the mob before we saw it.

**T**HE streets were deserted, doors were shut, and windows were shuttered or blanked with shades. We slid to a hurried stop in front of Sam's house. Sam's living-room was lighted.

"Get in there," I told Mallie.

I didn't bother to knock. The door was unatched and I threw it open, shoved Mallie through it, and followed him into the room. Sam rose. He looked at me and he said calmly, "I might of known you'd come, Mr. Dolan."

"It was close. And it'll get closer. Why did you wait, Sam?" I said.

"A man's got to face up to a thing, that's all. If I wasn't here when that mob got here they'd take it out on my people." "Let me handle it, Sam."

"You won't get away with it, Dolan!" Mallie said.

I wheeled on him. I gave him the back of my hand across his loose face. He fell back. "Listen, you fathead—and listen good!" I told him. "You've got one chance of living to see the light of day. One chance! You're going out on that front porch and you're going to face that bunch of maniacs and make a little speech. Sam Foster and I are going to be with you. You're going to tell them that there's been a couple of big mistakes. You're going to tell them that there wasn't any rape—that the girl was drunk when she told her story and when she came out of it she admitted that she'd dreamed the whole thing up. She'd been buying bolita tickets from Sam, here, and she'd been losing more than she could afford and she and Sam had had some kind of an argument over money and she'd decided to get even with him.

"They'll ask you about me. You're going to tell them that your office let the word get around that I'd killed Billy Ringo so Bailey could catch the real killer with his pants down. And that Bailey nabbed the killer this afternoon and has a signed confession from him. When they want to know who it is, tell them you're not at liberty to say—that this information will have to come from Loy Bailey, himself. If anybody asks you what I'm doing here with you and Sam, you'll tell them I've been deputized by your office to help you see to it that an innocent man does not become a victim of mob violence."

Mallie's face was greenish-white. "You won't get away with it, Dolan!"

I grabbed his wet shirt and I brought his face close enough to mine to smell the

foul breath of him and I said, "You'll do what I said. You'll do it, by God, and you'll do it good, or you'll be dead!"

We could hear them now at the end of the road.

I loosened my grip on Mallie's shirt.

"Ready, Sam?" I asked.

"I'm ready, Mr. Dolan."

Sam was quiet for a moment. Then he said softly, "They're about out in front now. Mr. Dolan."

I PUT the .38 slowly into my right pants pocket. "I'll be standing on your left, Mallie," I said. "And I'll be standing close. There won't be more than ten inches between you and the business end of this gun. Let's go."

I'd timed it well. The first ten or twelve men in the ragged column were milling onto Sam's lawn. Mallie stepped through the front door onto Sam's porch. I followed him and Sam followed me.

Mallie's voice trembled as he spoke: "Hold off, boys—there's been a mistake." Then he proceeded to tell them exactly what the mistake was.

The crowd didn't believe Mallie, but he had sown the seeds of doubt. I had one chance left and I took it. I palmed the butt of the .38 and I held it loosely before me and my fingers caressed its trigger. I grinned at them.

"Most of you know who I am, boys," I said. "I work for Ringo. Ringo doesn't want any violence here tonight. I was deputized to help see that there is none. Mallie's done the talking. He's told you the truth. I'm here to back that truth up with lead if it becomes necessary. We're leaving now, boys—Sam Foster, Mallie, and I. I hope there won't be any trouble."

Sam walked slowly down his front porch steps. Mallie stumbled in his wake. I followed Mallie. Sam led the way diagonally across his little lawn. Sam, then Mallie, then I, passed within four feet of the wall of men. Those few minutes seemed agonizingly long.

And then, finally, Sam reached the car. He opened the rear door and climbed slowly into the back seat. Mallie climbed beside him. I got behind the wheel.

And then we were through the crowd and out of their sight.

I pulled to a stop at the side of the highway. I slid from under the wheel and opened the trunk. Among the tools and odds and ends I found a stretch of inch-and-a-half towline. Too heavy, but the strands would separate. I dragged the line from the trunk and piled it into the back seat. "Got a knife?" I asked Sam. He nodded. "Peel off a strand of this. Get me eight or ten yards and cut it in half." Sam nodded and went to work. I drove on, slowly. A clay road left the highway and disappeared in a grove of live oaks. I took it, drove several hundred yards, then stopped again.

"Outside, Mallie," I said.

He got out, groaning. I followed him. He turned to face me. I grabbed a fat shoulder and spun him around. Sam handed me a stretch of rope. I tied Mallie's hands behind him. Then I stuck a foot in front of him, shoved, and dumped him to the ground. I tied his ankles together. He

was sobbing now. "You can't leave me out here. You can't do it, Mr. Dolan. A man could die out here before somebody found him!"

"That's true, Mallie," I said. Sam got into the seat beside me. I backed, turned, and the rear wheels fought for traction as I churned out of there.

There were no cars at the junction of the main highway and 606. A hundred yards down 606, just off the road, was a crazily leaning, dilapidated barn. I pulled in behind it, parked the car so I could see the junction, doused the lights, and waited.

Finally Carlton, with two other men, pulled up in his car.

"Carlton?" I called.

"That's right. You the deputy that called?"

"No," I said.

"Then where in hell is the—"

I interrupted him. "We haven't much time. You've got to listen to me. I'll level with you—right from the start. Let me finish and then I'll answer your questions."

Carlton waited, his eyes narrow, wary.

"My name is Dolan. An hour and a half ago I was in jail in Cartersville—accused of murdering a woman named Billy Ringo."

Carlton's right hand snaked beneath

his open jacket toward the bulge beneath his left shoulder.

"Got it, Tom," the man in the back seat drawled—and I looked into the muzzle of a .45.

"Relax," I said. "I'm clean. There's a .38 in the front seat of my car if you want it."

"Who's the man in your car?" Carlton asked.

"That's a friend of mine named Sam Foster. He's the man you want to see. He's the man bucking the bum rape charge. He's the man the mob's been after."

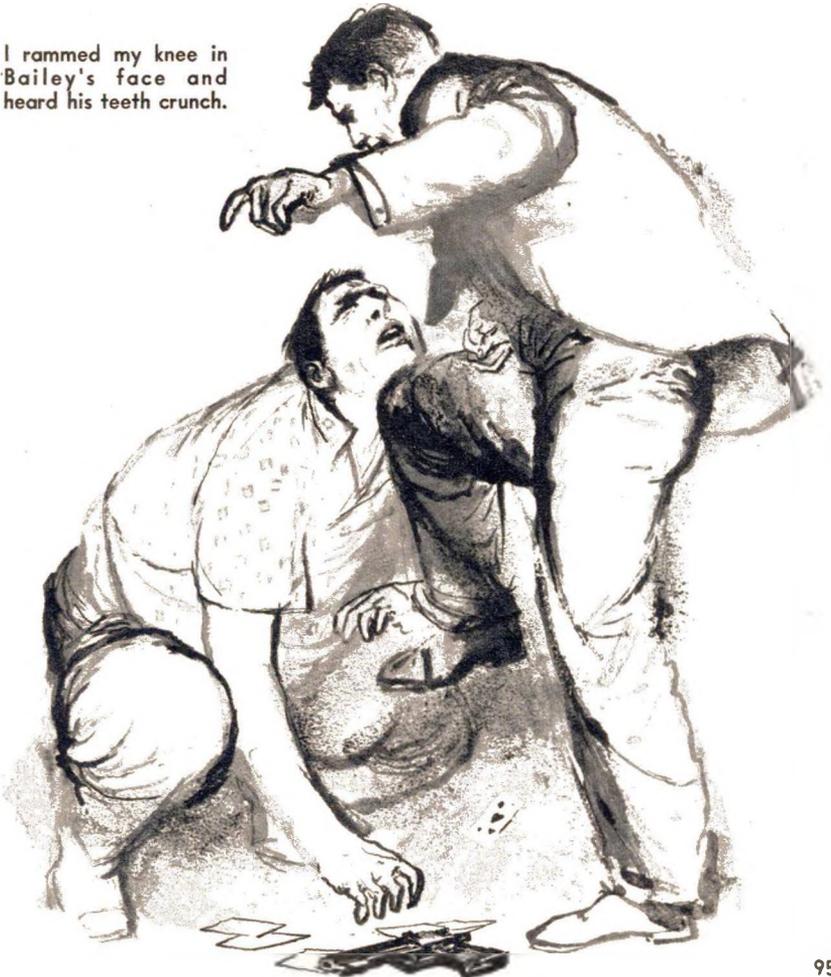
Now Carlton's gun was in his hand. "Come out of there!" he shouted at Sam. "Come out of there with your hands high!"

The other men were out of the car. Sam stumbled into the circle of light, his hands high above his head, his face mournful. One of the men frisked him. Then he checked me. "Nothing," he grunted.

"Get the .38 in the car," Carlton said. "All right, uncle," he said to Sam, "drop your hands." He turned to me. "Start talking. And you'd better talk good!"

I didn't pull any punches. I told them what I knew about the way the county was run and I didn't dodge the fact that

I rammed my knee in Bailey's face and heard his teeth crunch.



Sam Foster and I had been knee-deep in the filth and rottenness of it. I knew that the F.B.I.'s interest was in the lynch threat, the violation of civil rights, but I was trying to wrap that and my murder rap in the same neat package and hand it to them.

I finished my story. "That's it," I said. Carlton stared at me for a moment with those cold eyes. "I'm not saying I'm buying your yarn, Dolan. I'm not saying that. But I'm going to give you a chance to prove it. So far we've heard one version of this melodrama—yours. I want another version. You say you've got the deputy who called me in Miami hobbled and hogtied back the road a piece. Let's go get him, Dolan. Let's listen to him talk. And if I still think there's a chance that you might be leveling I'll want to talk with the girl who is supposed to have claimed rape.

"We'll take both cars. We might need them. Joe, you drive our car and take the old guy with you. Harry and I'll ride with Dolan, here. Follow us. And stay close."

I nosed down the clay road five minutes later. I pulled into the grove of oaks where Sam and I had left Mallie.

But Mallie was not there. Those cold eyes were on me again. The voice was as thin and wiry as Carlton himself:



Dusty moved slowly across the room while Ringo trained the Luger on her.

"I don't know what you're trying to pull, Dolan. But I'm beginning to feel a little unhappy about the whole thing. I'm going to give you one more chance. Can you find me the girl, Dolan?"

He had me sweating. "I can find you the sheriff of this county, Carlton—if the man I left here hasn't gotten to a phone and warned him that all hell was breaking loose in town and that you people were on your way from Miami. I can find him and I can make him tell us where the girl is. It's a forty-five minute drive from here. Will you take a chance?"

He thought for a moment. "This time you'd better be right, Dolan."

I left the highway and slithered along the back country roads that led to Ringo's fishing lodge. I spoke once:

"Will you let me handle this my own way, if Bailey's there?"

Carlton thought it over. Then: "I've played along with you this far. I've promised you a chance to prove you're leveling. If that's the way you want it—then that's the way it will be."

The miles seemed endless. It wasn't until we were two hundred yards from the house and I saw Bailey's Mercury sedan that the tension that had churned my stomach eased up.

"All right. He's here!" I told Carlton.

I made the front corner of the house, stepped noiselessly to the dock that ran along the front of the house, tried the door to the front porch, found it unlocked, and stepped from the dock to the porch. A radio was blaring jive. Through a window I could see the back of Bailey's bullet head and over his heavy shoulders I could see a card table. He was deep in a game of solitaire. Beside the cards on the table was his artillery—his gun belt and his holstered .45. Across the room, at the bar, I saw a woman building a drink. When she raised her head I saw that it was Adele.

It was obvious, from the open door, the lights, the blaring radio, the relaxed attitudes, that Bailey had had no warning from Mallie. I leaned easily against the solid door between the porch and the front room, and slowly turned the knob.

Adele screamed. "You—" Bailey said, and he half stood, and the split second it took him to get his thoughts in gear and go for his gun was a split second too many. I aimed a foot at the card table and the cards flew and the gun thumped to the floor and when Bailey stooped, clawing for it, I brought a knee to his face and heard him grunt and felt teeth give.

He swung at me—a roundhouse right that a blind man could have seen coming—and I went inside it, pumping short jabs to his soft belly, and he fell back, gasping.

And then a voice, a screaming voice, hysterical, drunken, or both—a woman's voice, not Adele's—came from the end of the room. "Kill him! Kill him!" I looked quickly toward the far end of the room and saw that the girl, half-sitting, half-lying on the couch, her hair matted, her torn slip twisted about her thighs, her eyes wild and staring, was Virgie Lupfers.

Carlton had decided it was time to

take over. He and his two pals, guns drawn, came through the door from the porch.

I fought for breath to speak. "All right, Carlton. This side of beef on the floor is the sheriff of Carter County. The woman behind the bar is his girl-friend and, incidentally, the madam of a first-rate cathouse. The kid on the couch is Virgie Lupfers. These gentlemen, my friends, are agents from the Federal Bureau of Investigation in Miami. They have a few questions they'd like answered. Like who was responsible for the rape charge against Sam Foster, just for instance."

VIRGIE ran a shaking hand through her hair in an abortive attempt to straighten it, smoothed her torn slip modestly around her thighs, and said, "There wasn't no rape. Adele made me say there was."

"It was him!" she blurted, pointing to Bailey. "It was his idea, right from the start! He said he needed one of my girls for a special job. I didn't know what he wanted her for. Honest!"

Bailey struggled to his feet and stood, swaying, shaking his head to clear it, and said, "By God, I'm the sheriff of this county. I've got some rights here, and I'll by God—"

I couldn't stand it any longer. At this rate we'd be here all night, and I had a little unfinished business to attend to. I knew Bailey was yellow and I knew how to get the truth out of him, and get it quick. I moved in on him, too fast for Carlton to stop me.

This time, I was holding the cards. His arms covered his face and I went for his belly again. He went backward, back against the wall, gasping, and his shoulders drooped and his heavy arms dropped to cover his mid-section and I went to work on his face. It was like shooting a sitting duck, but I took a certain pleasure in it. Short, quick jabs—like a workout with a light bag. Bailey was making hoarse, grunting sounds now, hurt-animal sounds, and I hated to leave my work but I was afraid he couldn't take any more.

I stood away from him. "Who rigged this thing? Who got the girl to lie?"

He was crying now, blubbing. "Ringo," he said. "It was Ringo—it was his idea. He wanted Sam Foster out of the way. He made me do it. Made me get the girl, have her lie. Then get out of town so the boys could take care of Sam Foster. I reckon they got him by now. But it was Ringo. Ringo, I tell you!"

"Foster's with us, Bailey. We've got Foster."

If Bailey heard this he made no sign of understanding it. He was babbling now. "Like Billy Ringo—that was Ringo, too! I had nothing to do with it. You go get Rand Ringo . . ."

I'd heard all I wanted to hear. Carlton and his boys were wrapping things up and tying them with a pretty red ribbon.

Now I had things to do on my own and I didn't want any interference. I edged toward the door. Nobody noticed me. I eased through the door and I didn't stop running until I reached the car I'd

driven out from town. I slammed behind the wheel, started the car, whipped it backward, and then headed it back the way we'd just come. Sam Foster had gotten out of the other car. He was staring anxiously at me. "Mr. Dolan, what—" "Later, Sam," I said. "It's all right. Later—"

I had no definite plan as I left the highway and wheeled into the graveled drive that led to Ringo's house. Three-quarters of the way in from the highway I pulled off the drive and yanked the car to a stop behind a banyan.

I decided to try entering the house from the back.

"Mr. Dolan—" The sound behind me was almost a hiss. I felt my mouth go dry as I whirled.

The voice was frightened now. "Ain't nobody but me, Ben. Mr. Dolan. I been waiting for you."

"Ringo's in there?" I asked.

"He's there, all right, Mr. Dolan. And he's acting mighty strange."

"How can I get into the house, Ben?"

"I'll get you in. You better take this." Ben handed me an ancient .44 and the cool feel of it was good in my hand. "You follow me."

I made it to the door of Ringo's study without incident. Through the door I could hear music and a woman's voice.

I held Ben's .44 lightly in my right hand. I breathed deeply, once, twisted the knob, and shouldered my way into the room. Gloria Ringo was across the room. She stifled a scream and stared at me with terror-stricken eyes. Ringo was not there. The woman on the other side of the room by the phonograph was long-legged, slender. Her wide mouth twitched as she looked at me. Her green eyes were wide with fear. Her make-up heavy. She had changed a great deal since I had last seen her. And the changes had not been for the better. But I would have known her any time—she was Dusty Randall.

Her voice was flat, colorless, tired. "It's been a long time, Brad. You've changed."

"Yes." I waited for the thing to hit me. I waited for the inevitable reaction: a shock, the pain of old wounds reopened. I waited. And there was nothing! I was dead inside. Dusty Randall was a stranger.

Gloria screamed, but it was too late. I felt the touch of steel in the small of my back. I cursed my stupidity. The shock of finding Dusty there had been too much for me. I'd asked for it and I'd gotten it.

"Drop it, Dolan," Ringo said. The .44 thudded against the thick rug. Ringo prodded me away from it, picked it up, pocketed it, and walked backward keeping his Luger trained on my chest. He stood behind his desk and smiled politely at me.

"How nice, Dolan," he said. "We've been waiting for you. We had a phone call saying that you might drop by for a visit. One of Bailey's deputies."

I said quietly, "What are you going to do, Ringo?"

His voice was soft, polite. "I regret to say that I'm going to kill you, Dolan."

Gloria sobbed harshly.

"Quite a shock finding Dusty here, isn't it, Dolan?"

"No."

I almost felt sorry for him at that moment, again. "Damn you!" he shouted. "This woman is my mistress!"

"That's just barely interesting," I said.

He wouldn't let it go. "I found out where she was, Dolan. I had friends trace her. I thought it might be amusing—even useful—to have her available. You know where I found her, Dolan? Miami Beach. There's a price on everything in Miami Beach."

"You scum," Dusty said.

I felt sick.

Ringo's voice was evil. "You haven't got long, Dolan."

"You won't get away with it, Ringo," I said.

He smiled pleasantly. "This is still my county, Dolan. I'm still calling the shots around here."

"But not for long."

"The F.B.I.? I'd heard that they might come. They've got nothing on me. They'll have nothing on me when I kill an escaped murderer in self-defense."

"They're here, Ringo. Here in your county! They've talked to Loy Bailey. Bailey has spilled his guts. You're all through, Ringo."

His face seemed frozen. "My people will help me. They won't see me railroaded!"

"Ringo," I said, "Loy Bailey and Adele have been planning to take over this county for themselves! You've been living on borrowed time! I've been saving that information for you."

Ringo's voice was sad, now. "You've all turned against me. Why? What have I done?"

"Billy," I said. "Just to mention one small thing. You killed Billy and then tried to pin the rap on me."

Gloria stifled a scream with two clenched fists and her eyes were wide with terror.

Ringo's body straightened and those great eyes shone and I knew then, knew once and for all, finally, that he was mad. "I killed her. Of course I killed her!" He pawed in a pocket with his free hand and came up with a slim, pearl-handled knife—the type that most of the citrus men in the area used to cut and sample fruit. He released the single, eight-inch blade, threw the knife, blade first, at his desk and it stuck there, quivering in the light. "I killed her with that. I found her in your house—my house—waiting for you, Dolan, and I killed her, and there's not a jury in the state that would convict me of it."

"You tried to break me too," I said. "You even went to the stupid length of finding Dusty, of taking her on, keeping her, waiting for a chance to rub my nose in the memory of her. Even that—when you finally got around to it—was a failure. When it became obvious to you that even your wife preferred me to you, you couldn't stand it any longer. But you had to be the great manipulator. You had to do something clever, subtle, complex—like the way you tried to get rid of Sam Foster. In our case—Billy's and mine—to kill two birds with one stone. Get rid of Billy, hang the rap on me, and have your boys shoot me down in a faked jail break before the State could get me

onto the witness stand for a fair trial."

I DON'T know why he didn't shoot me. Perhaps he was hearing the truth about himself for the first time and was perversely fascinated by it.

"And Gloria. You love Gloria perhaps more than anyone, anything you've ever had. And you have been smothering her. Destroying her."

"Gloria," he muttered. "Do you believe these things he says about me?"

She was silent for a moment. She breathed deeply, harshly, and then, "Yes," she said.

I heard cars grind to a stop in the driveway. Then Dusty spoke, her voice hard, flat, emotionless: "You louse. I was to be a part of your joke."

She was moving across the room, moving toward him, moving in that long-legged, graceful, controlled swagger that I remembered so well.

"Stop, Dusty!" I shouted.

She crossed in front of me, walking toward Ringo, her eyes on the knife stuck in Ringo's desk. "It doesn't matter, Brad. It's too late for anything to matter."

Ringo screamed, "You slut!"

She moved toward him, steadily. Someone was pounding on the door. I lunged for Dusty just as Ringo fired. My hands caught her around her waist, and as I dragged her to the floor I rolled and came to my knees between her and Ringo. And then I heard Carlton's voice behind me: "Drop the gun, Ringo!"

Ringo's laughter was high and shrill. And then the still-smoking muzzle was in his mouth. Gloria was moaning. "Stop him somebody stop him he's my father somebody please please stop him!" And then Ringo pulled the trigger. I watched him topple backward, back across the room, his great arms outstretched, against the rows of shelves behind his desk, then slump slowly to the floor, pulling books and records with him.

And then I was staring stupidly at the blood on my hands. I turned to Dusty Randall and saw the widening pool of blood on the rug by her side. Carlton was by her, reaching for her.

I shook my head at him. "I've got her, Carlton."

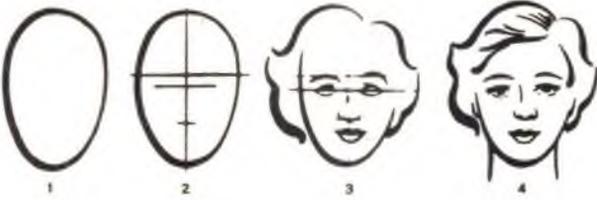
He stood away and I sat beside her and lifted her head into my lap and she said, her voice a hoarse whisper. "I'm sorry Brad. I couldn't help it, it's the way I was . . ."

"Hush. It doesn't matter. You're going to be all right."

She smiled at me, and then she died.

Carlton and his men asked their questions and made their notes and their phone calls. I stood still for the eating-out that Carlton gave me for running out on him at Ringo's fishing lodge, and for lousing things up, generally, and then Gloria and I walked through the strangely quiet house and onto the lawn. We walked, hand in hand, to the great banyan tree between the front door and the driveway. I held her close to me, and after a while she stopped sobbing and I kissed her long and tenderly. \*\*\*

# BE AN ARTIST!



...It's EASIER  
Than You Think

Step Into a Glamorous Art Career at \$100, \$200, or More Per Week!  
Famous "Show-How" Method Trains You Right at Home.

Learn **CARTOONING, ILLUSTRATING, LETTERING, ANATOMY, FASHION, LAYOUT, ETC.**—All in One Fascinating Course

YOU DON'T have to be a "genius" to make fine money in art! If you like to "doodle" and draw pictures... if you enjoy striking designs, beautiful colors... you with the proper professional training, can help supply the huge demand for story and advertising illustrations, cartoons, signs, fashion sketches, package designs, television settings, etc. etc.

Trained artists are today worth \$100, \$200, or more per week — in fact, illustrators who reach the top make as much as \$100,000 a year! And our famous "Show-How" home study method can give you the training you need to make good—quickly, easily, enjoyably, right at home in your spare time!

**Thrills of an Art Career**

Think what this will mean! You can be your own boss — as a freelance artist, or head of your own art studio. Work at home, on your own time. Meet interesting people—fellow artists, advertising and publishing executives. Best of all, get paid for enjoying the thrill of self-expression—of seeing your creation, your design, grow and take shape before your eyes, to be admired and appreciated by the public!

**Get Personal, Individual Guidance**

For nearly half a century, our famous School has helped thousands of others make their dream of a profitable art career come true. We train you step-by-step, right at home in your spare time, with clear A-B-C explanations and how-to-do-it pictures. Each of your lessons is personally reviewed

and corrected by a gifted art instructor, who writes and sketches suggestions and hints right on your own lesson sheet.

Take as little or as much time as you need to absorb each lesson—you're never "rushed" or "held back" as you might be in a classroom. Adjust your training hours to suit your private life. No taking hurried notes and then wondering afterwards what your instructor said—you have a permanent record of every point, every suggestion, every criticism, to consult and review as often as you wish.

Reasonable tuition fees. TWO complete Art Outfits included at no extra cost. Earn while you learn, doing posters for local parties, dances, bazaars; show cards and circulars for local merchants; Christmas cards for friends, etc.

**MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOK**

Mail coupon below for our illustrated 32-page FREE BOOK, "Art for Pleasure and Profit." It describes our Course, services, the two Art Outfits which are furnished; tells about the success of our graduates, and the many opportunities open in the Art field today. No obligation; no salesman will call.

It's easier than you may ever have imagined to become a highly-paid artist! Let this Free Book tell you all about the famous Washington School method of fascinating personal instruction. Mail the coupon at once! WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART, Studio 458, Port Washington, N. Y. (Established 1914.)



**What Our Students Say**



**EARN \$50 A WK. IN SPARE TIME.** "I have my own studio and earn around \$50 a week in just my spare time. A store in Atlantic City buys everything I produce. I constantly use my W.S.A. training and highly recommend your School."—**MRS. TAVI TEICHMAN, Northfield, N. J.**

**\$300 FOR ONE ILLUSTRATION.** "Your great Course has given me real pleasure and I get constant calls for watercolor work, book covers, and illustrations. The least I ever received was \$40—the most, \$300. I encourage others to take your Course. It gave me the 'know-how' to earn while learning."—**FLOYD M. GREEN, Seattle, Wash.**



**HAS OWN BUSINESS NOW.** "I have worked as an artist for an engraving firm, but now I am in a commercial art partnership doing general artwork, direct mail, offset printing composition. I teach art in spare time. Your Course is worth more to me every year."—**THOMAS D. DUDLEY, Roanoke, Va.**



**TAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST**

Using method shown at top of page, sketch head of girl on this oval. Follow the same easy 1-2-3-4 method carefully. This simple test is an example of how basic principles of Art have been simplified in the W.S.A. Course.

**WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART, Studio 458, Port Washington, N. Y.**

Please send me—without obligation—FREE details about your Course and FREE illustrated 32-page book, "Art for Pleasure and Profit." No salesman is to call on me.

Name..... Age.....  
(PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY)

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....



# I WILL TRAIN YOU AT HOME FOR GOOD PAY JOBS IN RADIO-TELEVISION

J. E. SMITH has trained more men for Radio-Television than any other man OUR 40th YEAR

## America's Fast Growing Industry Offers You Good Pay—Bright Future—Security

### I TRAINED THESE MEN

"Started to repair sets six months after enrolling. Earned \$12 to \$15 a week in spare time."—Adam Kramlik, Jr., Sunnyside, Pennsylvania.

"Up to our necks in Radio-Television work. Four other NRI men work here. Am happy with my work."—Glen Peterson, Bradford, Ont., Canada.

"Am doing Radio and Television Servicing full time. Now have my own shop. I owe my success to N.R.I."—Curtis Stath, Ft. Madison, Iowa.

"Am with WCOC. NRI course can't be beat. No trouble passing 1st class Radio-phone license exam."—Jesse W. Parker, Meridian, Mississippi.

"By the time I graduated I had paid for my course, a car and testing equipment. Can service toughest jobs."—E. J. Streitenberger, New Boston, Ohio.

**AVAILABLE TO VETERANS UNDER G I BILLS**

Training plus opportunity is the PERFECT COMBINATION for job security, good pay, advancement. In good times, the trained man makes the BETTER PAY, GETS PROMOTED. When jobs are scarce, the trained man enjoys GREATER SECURITY. NRI training can help assure you more of the better things of life.

### Start Soon to Make \$10, \$15 a Week Extra Fixing Sets

Keep your job while training. I start sending you special booklets the day you enroll, that show you how to fix sets. Multitester built with parts I send helps you make \$10, \$15 a week extra fixing sets while training. Many start their own Radio-Television business with spare time earnings.

### My Training Is Up-To-Date

You benefit by my 40 years' experience training men at home. Well illustrated lessons give you basic principles you need. Skillfully developed kits of parts I send (see below) "bring to life" things you learn from lessons.

## You Learn by Practicing with Parts I Send



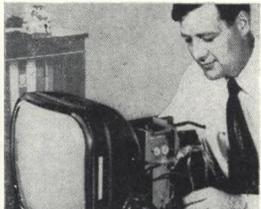
Nothing takes the place of PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE. That's why NRI training is based on LEARNING BY DOING. You use parts I furnish to build many circuits common to Radio and Television. As part of my Communications Course, you build many things, including low power transmitter shown at left. You put it "on the air," perform procedures required of broadcasting operators. With my Servicing Course you build modern Radio, etc. Use Multitester you build to make money fixing sets. Many students make \$10, \$15 week extra fixing neighbors' sets in spare time while training. Coupon below will bring book showing other equipment you build. It's all yours to keep.

### The Tested Way To Better Pay!

**2 FREE BOOKS SHOW HOW MAIL COUPON**



**Television Making Good Jobs, Prosperity**—Even without Television, Radio is bigger than ever. 115 million home and auto Radios to be serviced. Over 3000 Radio broadcasting stations use operators, technicians, engineers. Government, Aviation, Police, Ship, Micro-wave Relay, Two-Way Radio Communications for buses, taxis, trucks, etc., are important and growing fields. Television is moving ahead fast.



About 200 Television stations are now on the air. Hundreds of others being built. Good TV jobs opening up for Technicians, Operators, etc.

25 million homes now have Television sets. Thousands more are being sold every week. Get a job or have your own business selling, installing, servicing.

### Radio-TV Needs Men of Action—Mail Coupon

Act now to get more of the good things of life. Actual lesson proves my training is practical, thorough. 64-page book shows good job opportunities for you in many fields. Take NRI training for as little as \$5 a month. Many graduates make more than total cost of training in two weeks. Mail coupon now. J. E. SMITH, President, National Radio Institute, Dept. 6JG1, Washington 9, D. C. OUR 40TH YEAR.

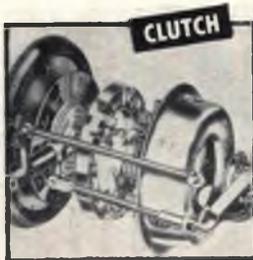
### Good for Both—FREE

MR. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 6JG1 National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C. Mail me Sample Lesson and 64-page Book, FREE. (No salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

Name ..... Age .....  
Address .....  
City ..... Zone ..... State .....

**VETS** write in date of discharge  
APPROVED MEMBER NATIONAL HOME STUDY COUNCIL

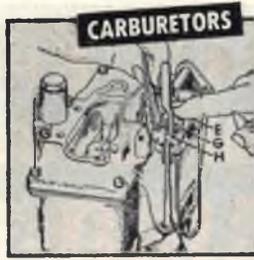




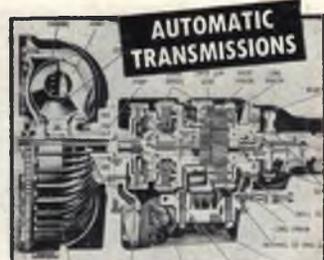
2900 photos and diagrams, plus crystal-clear directions, make every operation easy as A-B-C.



Diagrams, tables and text take the "mystery" out of all ignition systems.

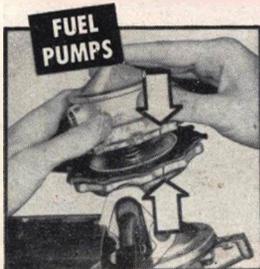


You get illustrated repair procedures for all types of carburetors.

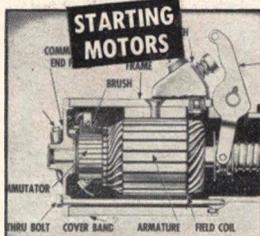


ALL AUTOMATIC TRANSMISSIONS are fully covered in special big section. (NOTE: All pictures shown here are greatly reduced in size. Actually, this giant book is almost a foot high!

# Here's the EASY Step-by-Step Way to FIX ANY PART OF ANY CAR



Fuel pumps can cause trouble. Pictures show exactly how to take them apart, fix them.



No guesswork. Clear pictures show how to fix starting motor, generator, brakes, etc.

**Just 2 of the Many Letters of Praise**

Does Every Job. "My MOTOR Manual is a wonderful help. It has put me in a position to do every job." — S. L. Sharpless, Los Angeles, Calif.

Amazed Self and Friends. "I amazed myself and my friends, too. Now do jobs that astounded me before." — Michael Baltucky, Newark, N. J.

Now—Whether You're a Beginner or Expert Mechanic—You Can "Lick" Any Auto Repair Job On Any Car Built from 1946 Through 1956!

*in a jiffy!*

Now you can tackle any repair job, and do it quickly, easily, right—the first time! MOTOR'S BRAND-NEW AUTO REPAIR MANUAL shows you how—with crystal-clear pictures and step-by-step directions you can easily follow.

No guesswork. This giant guide tells you where to start; what tools to use. Leads you easily and quickly through the entire operation. Covers everything from a simple carburetor adjustment to a complete overhaul.

### Everything You Need to Know

BIG, NEW REVISED Edition has MORE REPAIR INFORMATION THAN EVER! OVER 1,000 giant pages, 2,900 "This-Is-How" pictures—clear drawings, diagrams, cutaway photos—make every step EASY. 291 "Quick Check" charts—23,436 essential repair specifications. 225,000 service and repair facts, instructions and pictures so complete, so clear—you CAN'T go wrong!

Even a green beginner can do a good job. And top mechanics will be amazed at the time-saving procedures.

### The "Meat" of Over 160 Official Shop Manuals

The editors have put together the "Know-How" from over 160 Official Shop Manuals: "boiled it down" into one handy indexed book.

Includes ALL Automatic Transmissions, Covers new Carburetors, Engines, Chokes, Fuel Pumps, Oil Filters, Starting Motors, Generators, Distributors, Clutches, Universals, Axles, Brakes, Power Steering, Shock Absorbers, etc. PLUS new Trouble-Shooter section that Enables

you to spot any car trouble in a jiffy.

Factory Specifications and Adjustment Tables. Tune-up Charts, Table of Measurements and Clearances. Overhauling, Replacement Facts—AND MUCH MORE.

Used by Armed Forces, hundreds of thousands of auto service men! Now try it on this GUARANTEE:

**Try Book for a Week FREE SEND NO MONEY**

Pay nothing to postman. Test book in your own garage or shop. It's GUARANTEED to pay for itself in 7 days. If it doesn't just return the book, and owe nothing. Rush coupon for your free-trial copy of this great money-saving Manual. MOTOR Book Dept., Desk 33-J, 250 West 55th St., New York 19, N. Y.

USED BY U.S. ARMY NAVY MARINES



### MAIL COUPON NOW FOR 7-DAY FREE TRIAL

MOTOR Book Dept., Desk 33-J, 250 West 55th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

- Rush to me at once: (Check box opposite book you want.)
- MOTOR'S New AUTO REPAIR MANUAL. If okay, I'll remit just \$2.00 in seven days, then \$2.00 monthly for two months and a final payment of 95c (plus 35c delivery charge) one month after that. Otherwise, I'll return the book postpaid in seven days. (Foreign price: Remit \$9.00 cash with order.)
- MOTOR'S New TRUCK REPAIR MANUAL. (Described at left.) If okay I will remit \$2.00 in seven days, and \$2.00 monthly for three months, plus 35c delivery charge with final payment. Otherwise I will return book promptly. (Foreign price: Remit \$10.00 cash with order.)

Print Name..... Age.....

Print Address.....

City & Zone No..... State.....

SAVE 35c delivery charge by enclosing WITH COUPON check or money order for full payment of \$6.95 for Auto Repair Manual (or \$8.00 for Truck Manual). Same 7-day return-for-refund privilege applies.

### COVERS 737 MODELS— ALL THESE MAKES

- |             |          |             |
|-------------|----------|-------------|
| Buick       | Ford     | Nash        |
| Cadillac    | Frazer   | Oldsmobile  |
| Chevrolet   | Henry J  | Packard     |
| Chrysler    | Hudson   | Plymouth    |
| Claire      | Imperial | Pontiac     |
| Continental | Kaiser   | Rambler     |
| Crosley     | Lincoln  | Studebaker  |
| De Soto     | Mercury  | Thunderbird |
| Dodge       |          | Willlys     |

2,000,000 COPIES SOLD!

### Some FREE 7-Day Offer on MOTOR'S Brand-New TRUCK REPAIR MANUAL

Covers EVERY job on EVERY gasoline-powered truck made from 1946 thru 1955—including GM and Cummins Diesels. Over 2,000 illustrations, over 300,000 facts. Check proper box on coupon for free trial.

