

IND
70

MAN *to* MAN

JUNE 25¢

THE **STAG** MAGAZINE

THE TRUTH ABOUT
"MONKEY GLANDS"

TEN TOUGH
WOMEN



JUDY LANDON

HERE IS IMMEDIATE COMFORT FOR YOU WITH

RUPTURE-EASER

For Men! For Women! For Children!



Pat. Pend.

Right or Left Side **\$3.95**

Double **\$4.95**

NO FITTING REQUIRED!

**NOW YOU CAN ...
THROW AWAY THOSE
GOUGING, TORTURING
TRUSSES --- GET NEW
WONDERFUL RELIEF
WITH
RUPTURE-EASER**

**OVER 300,000
GRATEFUL USERS!**

Unsolicited Testimonials From
Our Thousands on File:

*R. C. of Corvallis, Oregon, Air
Mails: "Send me another Rupture-Easer so I will have one to change off with. It is enabling me to work at top speed at my press machine 8 hrs. a day."*

Mr. P. S. of New York City wants us to know he is—"very pleased with my Rupture-Easer. It has given me great relief and I feel more safe than ever in wearing this support."

M. S. of Anderson, Ind., thanks us and says: "It is one of the finest things I have ever worn and has made my life worth living. It has given me untold ease and comfort."

M. D. S. of Greenwich, N. Y. writes: "I find my Rupture-Easer the most comfortable and satisfactory of any truss I have ever worn."

Mrs. L. M. C., Blackburn, Mo. writes: "The Rupture-Easer I bought from you has done so much good I couldn't forget you this Christmas season."

**THERE'S NO SUBSTITUTE
FOR PROVED PERFORMANCE
ORDER TODAY!**

**THE MOST EFFECTIVE
HERNIA SUPPORT**

Rupture-Easer is the most effective support on the market today. Thousands of people who have tried old-fashioned, expensive devices turn to Rupture-Easer for amazing new comfort. Rupture-Easer is easy to wear.

**RUPTURE-EASER IS
SANITARY**

Unlike oldtime cumbersome supports Rupture-Easer is comfortable and sanitary. It can be washed without harm to the fabric. You never offend when you wear Rupture-Easer.

EASY TO ORDER

Just measure around the lowest part of the abdomen and state right or left side or double.

10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

Money-back guarantee if you don't get relief

**DELAY MAY BE SERIOUS
ORDER TODAY**

Piper Brace Co., Dept. MTM-62
811 Wyandotte, Kansas City 6, Mo.

A strong, form-fitting washable support designed to give you relief and comfort. Snaps up in front. Adjustable back-lacing and adjustable leg straps. Soft flat groin pad—no steel or leather bands. Unexcelled for comfort, invisible under light clothing. Washable. Also used as after operation support. Sizes for men, women and children. Easy to Order—MAIL COUPON NOW! (Note: Be sure to give Size and Side when ordering.)

PIPER BRACE CO., 811 Wyandotte, Dept. MTM-62 Kansas City 6, Mo.

Please send my RUPTURE-EASER by return mail.

Right Side \$3.95
Left Side \$3.95
Double \$4.95

Measure around lowest part
of my abdomen is
..... INCHES.

We Prepay Postage Except on C.O.D.'s
(Note: Be Sure to give Size and Side when ordering.)

Enclosed is: Money Order Check for \$..... Send C. O. D.

Name

Address

City and State

An Amazing Invention — "Magic Art Reproducer"

DRAW The First Day **NO LESSONS! NO TALENT!**

**You Can Draw Your Family, Friends, Anything From REAL LIFE—
Like An Artist... Even if You CAN'T DRAW A Straight Line!**

**Anyone can Draw With This
Amazing New Invention —
Instantly!**



Complete for only
\$1.98

Also Copy Any Picture — Can Reduce or Enlarge Any Picture!
Yes, anyone from 5 to 80 can draw or sketch or paint anything now... the very first time you use the "Magic Art Reproducer" like a professional artist — no matter how "hopeless" you think you are! It automatically reproduces anything you want to draw on any sheet or paper. Then easily and quickly follow the lines of the "picture image" with your pencil... and you have an accurate original drawing that anyone would think an artist had done. Also makes drawing larger or smaller as you wish. Anyone can use it on any desk, table, board, etc. — indoors or outdoors! No other lessons or practice or talent needed!

Have fun! Be popular! Everyone will ask you to draw them. You'll be in demand! After a short time, you may find you can draw well without the "Magic Art Reproducer" because you have developed a "knack" and feeling artists have — which may lead to a good paying art career.

FREE! "Simple Secrets of Art Tricks of the Trade"

This valuable illustrated guide is yours **FREE** with order of "Magic Art Reproducer." Easy ABC art tricks that anyone can follow on different techniques, effects, preparations, perspectives, shading, color, animated cartoons, human figures to use with "Magic Art Reproducer" for added touches to your drawings.

**SEND NO MONEY!
Free 10-Day Trial!**

Just send name and address. Pay postman on delivery **\$1.98 plus postage**. Or send only **\$1.98 with order** and we pay postage. You must be convinced that you can draw anything like an artist, or return merchandise after 10-day trial and your money will be refunded.

**ALSO EXCELLENT FOR EVERY OTHER
TYPE OF DRAWING!**

• Human Figures



• Copy all cartoons, comic



• Outdoor Scenes, landscapes, buildings



• Copy photos, other pictures, portraits, etc.



• Still life, vases, bowls of fruit, lamps, furniture, all objects



• Copy designs, blueprints, decorations, etc. for woodwork, machine, for needlework, crocheting, knitting



FREE 10-DAY TRIAL COUPON!

**NORTON PRODUCTS, Dept. MTM-6
296 Broadway, New York 7, N. Y.**

Rush my "Magic Art Reproducer" plus **FREE** illustrated guide *Simple Secrets of Art Tricks of the Trade*. I will pay postman on delivery only **\$1.98 plus postage**. I must be convinced that I can draw anything like an artist, or I can return merchandise after 10-day trial and get my money back.

Name.....

Address.....

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

Check here if you wish to save postage by sending only \$1.98 with coupon. Same Money Back Guarantee!

**NORTON PRODUCTS, Dept. MTM-6
296 Broadway, New York 7, N. Y.**

THE STAG MAGAZINE •

**MAN
to
MAN**

W. W. SCOTT
Editor-in-Chief

CLYDE CAVENDISH
Assistant Editor

ARTHUR PETERSON
Picture Editor

RAY CHATTERTON
Article Editor

NEIL CRAWFORD
Sports Editor

HOWARD DAUGHTON
Fiction Editor

JAY BURTIS
Advertising Manager

JON LAURELL — Art Director

CONTENTS

June, 1952

ARTICLES

vicious barroom rackets - - - - 8
william wallrich

is there a race of human giants? - - - 10
joel charles

the truth about monkey glands - - - 26
robert j. galway

how to tell when a person is lying - - 30
l. mackay phelps

TRUE STORIES

ten tough women - - - - - 6
dan leslie

russia's secret sabotage plan against the U.S. 16
kurt singer

people with split personalities - - - - 22
thorp mcclusky

i was live bait for an octopus - - - - 32
clark jameson

FICTION

"i said i'd kill you!" - - - - - 24
don pringle

the embezzler and the blonde - - - - 34
frank kane

SPORT

what will the yankees do now? - - - 12
clem boddington

PICTORIAL

man to man, she's a sweetheart - - - 14

tall, texan and terrific - - - - - 20

tennis in high heels - - - - - 28

the jazziest car in the world - - - - 36

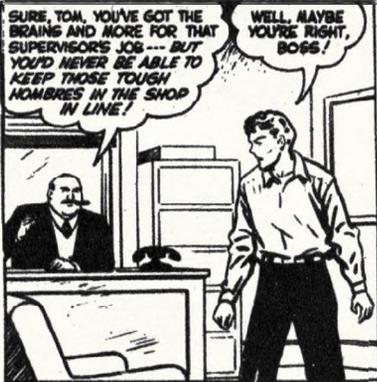
CARTOONS

by sharpe, la mendola, knowles, ali, ulsh
gibson.

COVER

bernard of hollywood from globe photos, inc.

HOW 'MINI-GYM' TURNS PLANT "DRIP" INTO SUCCESS DYNAMO



SURE, TOM, YOU'VE GOT THE BRAINS AND MORE FOR THAT SUPERVISOR'S JOB --- BUT YOU'D NEVER BE ABLE TO KEEP THOSE TOUGH HOMBRES IN THE SHOP IN LINE!

WELL, MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT, BOSS!



TOM'D LOVE TO DATE YOU, BETTY! WHY DON'T YOU GIVE HIM A BREAK?

OH, TOM'S A NICE GUY, JANE --- BUT YOU KNOW HOW IT IS --- I LIKE A MAN WHO CAN DISH IT OUT AS WELL AS TAKE IT!



IT'S NO USE, SAM --- I'M MOVING ON! I'M WORSE THAN A WASH-OUT IN THIS PLANT! I CAN'T GET PROMOTIONS LIKE YOU!

TAKE IT EASY, TOM! ALL YOU NEED IS A DAILY, 10-MINUTE WORK-OUT WITH 'MINI-GYM' AND YOU'LL SOON BE GIVING ME A RUN FOR MY MONEY! HERE, LOOK AT THIS AD!



GOSH, SAM, I'M A NEW MAN! AM I GLAD YOU MADE ME CLIP THAT 'MINI-GYM' COUPON! WATCH ME DO JOE BONOMO'S TRICKY EXERCISE 10 AGAIN! IT'S A KILLER-DILLER!

GO TO IT, KID! I ALWAYS KNEW YOU HAD THE STUFF, BUT IT TAKES 'MINI-GYM' TO GIVE A MAN TOP TRAINING!



NEXT TIME, FELLER, YOU'D BETTER THINK FIRST BEFORE YOU START SHOOTING OFF YOUR MOUTH AT ME!

OH, TOM, YOU'RE WONDERFUL!

HONEST, TOM, I--I DIDN'T MEAN NOTHING!

TWO MONTHS LATER...



THAT SUPERVISOR'S JOB IS YOURS, TOM! AND I DON'T HAVE TO WISH YOU LUCK! YOU'VE MADE YOURSELF INTO A REAL "CONNER" WHO MAKES HIS OWN LUCK!

THANKS, BOSS! I'LL MAKE GOOD... AND NOW!

AMBITIOUS MEN OF ALL AGES!
TO GET WHAT YOU WANT OUT OF LIFE GET FIT WITH JOE BONOMO'S MAGIC DE-LUXE 'MINI-GYM'!
 Formerly \$4.95 --- Our special Price Only
3.95 complete

Packs All The Punch Of a Big, Expensive Gym, including . . .
 • Rowing Machine • Wall Exerciser • Tension Pulls • Bicycle

Why let the other fellow walk away with the job . . . and girl that should be yours? Life's prizes go to the smart man who keeps himself in "prime" physical condition. It's easy with the marvellous, new 'MINI-GYM'. For with this new wonder exerciser, you can . . .

Get A Real Kick Out Of Keeping It!

Man alive, you haven't really lived 'til you get your sager hands (Yes, and feet, too) into Joe Bonomo's beat-all exerciser, the unique, new 'MINI-GYM'! Even though you hated exercise before, with superb 'MINI-GYM' and Joe Bonomo's big, new personal instruction book . . . you'll eat it up! Find yourself acting like a kid again . . . and loving it!

See How Fast 'MINI-GYM' Helps Get You Into A-1 Shape!

You bet, almost before you know it, a daily 10 minutes with 'MINI-GYM' builds you into the kind of real "the man" material bosses want most . . . and girls go for fastest! Can't help but be, for this new "miracle" 'MINI-GYM' is an all-round, all-over body conditioner . . . meaning it does a 100% job of building YOU! Toning, strengthening and pepping up every muscle in your whole body!

'MINI-GYM' Perfected By The Famous JOE BONOMO!

World-famous, professional strong man himself, Joe Bonomo knows what it takes to build the physically perfect man! (Yes, and woman, too!) And he's put all his first-hand knowledge into the design of this terrific, new exerciser! So in 'MINI-GYM' you've got everything it takes for genuine, professional body-building!

Great For Women, Too! Builds Pep, Personality!

Though 'MINI-GYM' is plenty tough for the professional athlete, it's easy enough to be handled . . . and enjoyed . . . by any teen-age girl or small woman. How come? Because Joe Bonomo designed 'MINI-GYM' for girls and women, too! Especially those who want to develop real pep, alluring curves and a super gorgeous figure! No wonder girls everywhere go for 'MINI-GYM' in a big, BIG way!



FREE Joe Bonomo's Personal Instruction Book

Every thrill-packed page written for you by Joe Bonomo, this big, 64-page book, printed in 2 colors, gives you a complete 'MINI-GYM' health course. Far more than an usual, all-over Body Conditioner Control Complete with 30 especially posed photos, charts, and fun-to-follow text. Size: 5 1/2" x 8 1/2". YOURS FREE with your 'MINI-GYM'!

You Can't Be Too Old For 'MINI-GYM'!

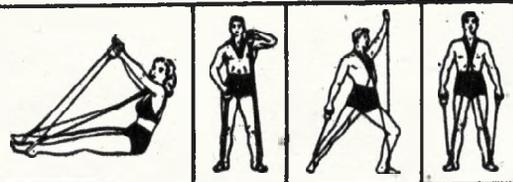
Thirteen or 30, 40 or 60, once you see 'MINI-GYM' you can't wait to try it! Why? Because 'MINI-GYM' adapts instantly to the exercise needs . . . and thrills . . . of any age and all physical conditions from the weakest to the strongest!

POSITIVE MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!

Yes, it means just that! Order your 'MINI-GYM' today. Then test it in every way possible . . . exercise with it and enjoy it for 10 exciting days. If you are not satisfied in every way . . . in fact, delighted . . . just return 'MINI-GYM', and your money will be instantly refunded! Fair enough, isn't it?

'MINI-GYM' CORP.

1841 Broadway, New York 23, N. Y.



SEND NO MONEY!
 MAIL "NO RISK" COUPON NOW!

Order Your 'MINI-GYM' by MODEL S, M or L.

MODEL S
 if you are under 5 ft. tall

MODEL M
 if you are 5 ft. to 5 ft. 10 in. tall

MODEL L
 if you are over 5 ft. 10 in. tall.

'MINI-GYM' CORP., Dept. MM-6
 1841 Broadway, New York 23, N. Y.

RUSH ME one complete 'MINI-GYM', MODEL _____, with 64-page Joe Bonomo Course Book. I will deposit \$3.95, plus postage, with postman. If I am not satisfied in every way, I may return 'MINI-GYM' and Book within 10 days for full refund.

NAME _____ Print Plainly Please

STREET _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

I enclose \$3.95. You pay postage. Same money-back guarantee. (Canadian and Foreign Orders, \$4.95. Cash with orders.)

TEN

Tough

WOMEN

Men criminals may be tough—but their women companions are ten times tougher



Edward and Cecelia Clooney (the bobbed-haired bandit). Cecelia handled the gun. She did all the shooting in their holdups.



Kathryn Kelly gave George a machine gun for Christmas.

By **DAN LESLIE**

EVERY legitimate businessman knows that he can expect his toughest competition from a woman in the same profession. Illegitimate businessmen of the underworld know that the same fact is true there.

Name any field of crime, and you will find that the record-holder is a woman. Even in the world of calculated mass-murders, a woman rules the realm.

But the girls don't seem content merely to out-score men in crime: they apparently compete among themselves. The contest for the Miss America of the Underworld has been a bloody battle.

Undoubtedly, the most qualified contender for the title was a trigger-happy, cigar-smoking blonde named Bonnie Parker.

In 1930, while boozing in a Dallas saloon, she met Clyde Barrow, a penny-ante Texas stick-up man. They joined forces, and in a few months they soared to the heights of gangland fame.

At the peak of their career, they



George (Machine Gun) Kelly.
His wife was harder than he.

took Clyde's brother Buck into the outfit, and he brought in his girl friend, Blanche Caldwell. But Blanche and Buck were weaklings, compared to their partners.

It was Bonnie who gave the team its color. She loved to shoot policemen. In two years, she held high-score among the 20 men—mostly cops—that the gang killed.

THROUGH Clyde Barrow acted as headman, Bonnie Parker was the real power of the group. She decided when and where they would operate, and when the bullets began to fly, they came first from Bonnie's gun.

She kept a score-sheet of their killings, which she tallied as she puffed one of the big cigars she loved. Knowing how many shots were fired, she checked newspapers to find how many entered the victim's body. When the percentage was bad, she ordered target practice for the mob.

She was an expert with a pistol, but she preferred a shotgun. Once, standing just a few feet from him, she blasted the face off a state trooper. Another time, she shot a



Bonnie Parker loved to shoot policemen. She killed about twenty men, mostly policemen, before the cops got her and Clyde at last.

policeman who was merely directing traffic.

Her favorite trick was bumping off cops on the wing. Nothing pleased her more than being chased by motorcycle officers. Shooting them as they zigzagged behind her car on a country highway was the best evidence of her marksmanship, she often boasted.

Twice, Bonnie and her pals shot their way out of a police ambush. The first time, cops surrounded their rented house in Missouri. Two officers were killed in an hour gun-battle before the gang managed to get away in their car.

The second time, police broke up a foursome picnic in Iowa. Buck was killed during fifteen minutes of fierce shooting, and Blanche was captured.

Bonnie and Clyde escaped by swimming across a river under a shower of bullets.

Re-arming themselves with guns stolen from sporting-goods shops, Bonnie and Clyde continued their crime wave alone. By this time, the police of five states and the FBI were hunting them.

They were finally trapped, in 1933, in a woodland shack in
(Continued on page 38)



By **WILLIAM WALLRICH**

SHE'S a lovely creature. From her long silk clad legs to the top most curl of her "Poodle Dog" coiffure she's a picture of desire. Obviously a woman built and dressed to give men pleasure. And—a woman out seeking just that pleasure.

But, no matter where you meet her—be it hotel lobby or actually in the barroom—beware. The Lady's yours for the asking, but the lady's name may be—Death!

Yes, the "steerer," the pick-up who works the barroom percentage rackets has brought men who have sought nothing more than companionship—or perhaps her arms and lips—to a slow sickening death in some fetid alleyway or weed-choked corner lot.

Today, more than ever, the petty gyp artists and the sadistic, strong-arm hoodlums are turning their attention to the barrooms.

(Posed by a professional model)

You may spot an alluring girl seated down the bar who seems lonely, wants someone to buy her a drink.

VICIOUS BARROOM RACKETS

If you must go to the bars, then at least be careful. You may be clipped, you may even be killed



They know full well that the individual who has had a few drinks is more convivial and, by the same token, more gullible.

A sucker has no chance of being anything but a sucker when he's befuddled by alcohol. Then, of course, is when the harpies and vultures of the underworld sink their greedy talons into him.

Strangely enough, the "steerer"—a girl who works the bars for the percentage—may never, in actuality, know that her victim has met his death because of her beauty and artificial wiles.

To these girls' way of thinking, they have done nothing more than help a few bars fleece a chump who was going to be fleeced anyway.

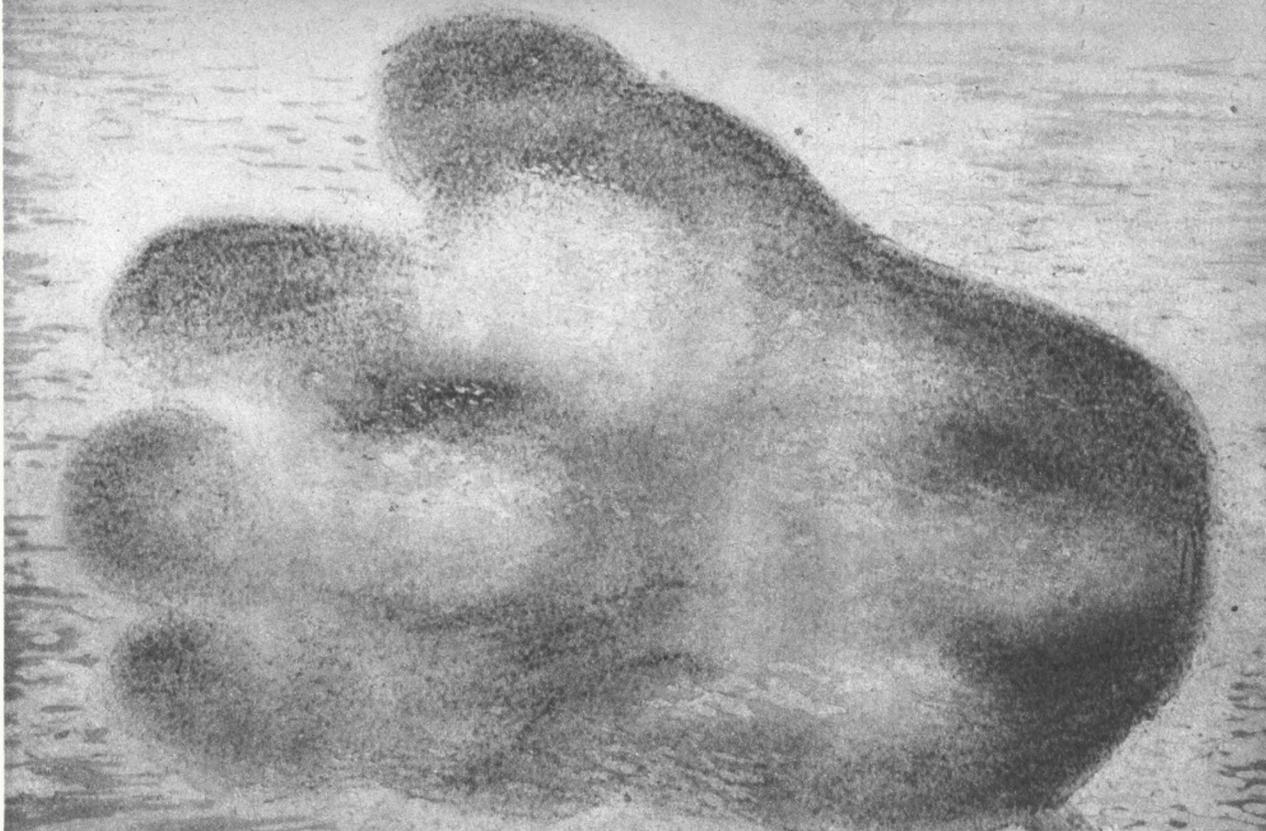
The operation of the "steerer" is essentially this: the girl, dressed in her revealing finery, goes to one
(Continued on page 46)

Too often, a man who just wanted a few drinks winds up like this in an alley.

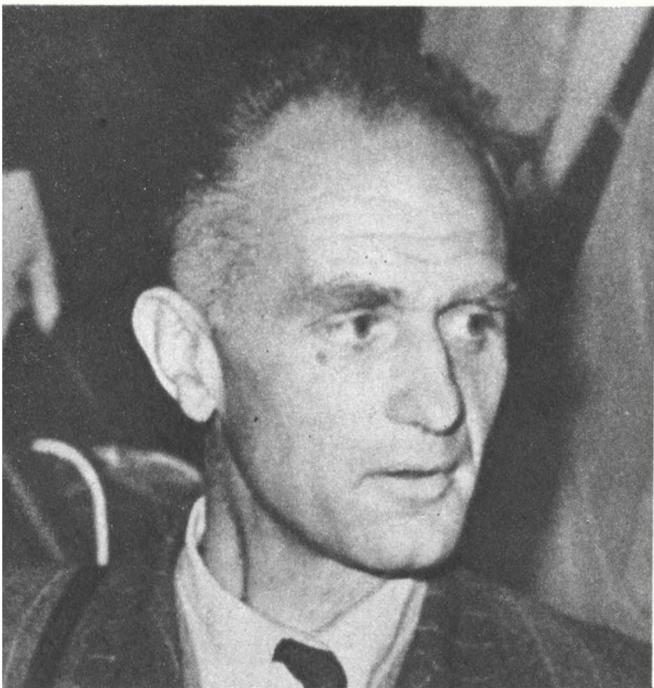


Posed by professional models

Once inside the night spot, it's the duty of the girl to chat lightly and keep the drinks coming.



Actual photograph of one of the huge footprints. This print was more than 12 inches long, indicating a height of over eight feet.



Eric Shipton, leader of the expedition. His men saw the monster, photographed some footprints.

IS THERE A RACE OF *HUMAN* *GIANTS?*

There's good evidence that huge man-like giants roam the snows and ice of the lofty Himalayas

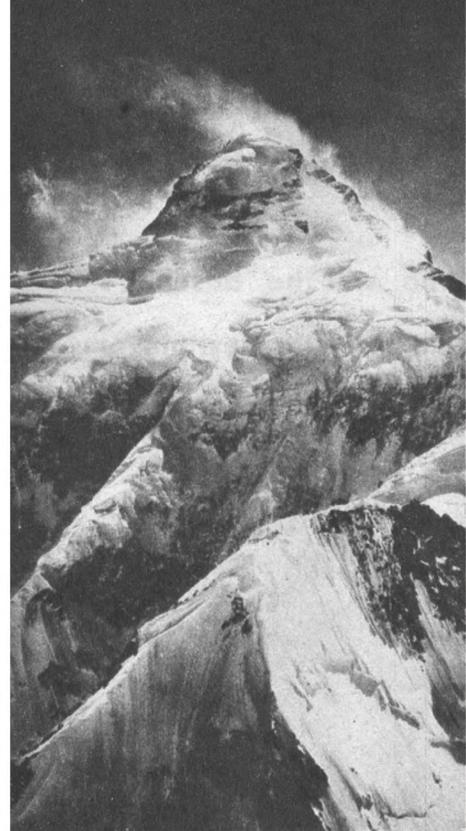


Photo by Ewing Galloway

Mt. Everest, world's highest peak, towers to 29,000 feet.

By JOEL CHARLES

A FEW months ago, a sensational story on the front page of the usually sober and austere London *Times* threw England into a state of excitement.

An incredible monster had been located on the other side of the world, in the mountain fastness of the Himalayas, on the border between Red-dominated Tibet and the Kingdom of Nepal.

Members of the Eric Shipton expedition to Mt. Everest—highest peak in the world, 29,000 feet above sea level—reported that they had discovered the huge footprints of a race of giants at snow-encrusted altitudes where no life of any kind, animal or vegetable, was supposed to exist.

To prove it was no pipe-dream, the explorers forwarded photographs of the mysterious footprints to the Royal Geographical Society in London.

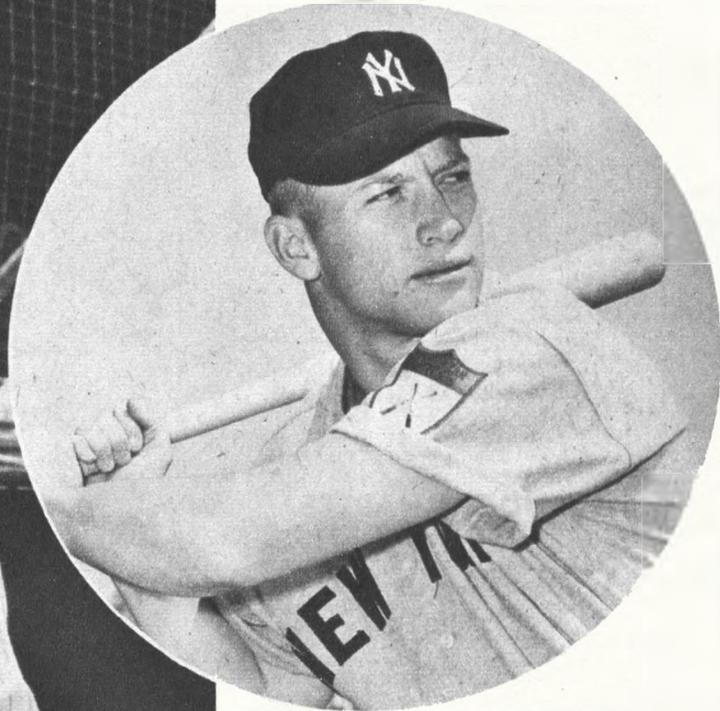
For nearly a month, stories of these giants, called the "abominable snowmen" of the Himalayas, (Continued on page 84)



The males are all 8 feet or more tall, covered with long, brown hair. The faces are hairless and strangely human in appearance.

WHAT WILL THE YANKEES

Who will be baseball's Number 1 money player now that Joe DiMaggio has left the Yankees?



Mickey Mantle will fill Joe's shoes in the center field spot.

By CLEM BODDINGTON

FOR the past three years, the New York Yankees have won American League pennants despite a series of injuries to team players in those three years that would have discouraged less intense competitors.

During that time, one of the more illustrious cripples was joltin' Joe Di Maggio, the No. 1 money player and successor to Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig, the Yankee greats of another era.

It is Connie Mack's opinion that DiMaggio's successor will be young Gil McDougald, alert third baseman of the Yankees.

DO NOW?

DiMaggio didn't play a full season in any of the last three campaigns, but in two of them he did some magnificent clutch hitting which gave his injury-ridden mates a lift in morale.

For example, in 1949, his famed Achilles heel brought reams of publicity copy to Baltimore's Johns Hopkins hospital as well as a succession of headaches to the Yankee front office executives.

In 1950, his trick knee (a recurrence of an old injury) acted up on him, forcing him out of the lineup for more than half the season.

Last year was most disappointing to the Clipper. While he did manage to deliver hits in late-season clutch games, his overall play was affected by his general physical retrogression. His batting average was the poorest of an otherwise brilliant career.

When Joe homered on October 8, 1951, to help the Yankees even the World's Series with the New York Giants, he flashed a bit of his former batting prowess, but, as he said: "When baseball is no longer fun to play, it's time to quit." The Jolter said that his whole body was just one big ache.

Of course, there are those who contend that he quit the game too soon. Ty Cobb, the old Georgia Peach who played a bang-up game of major league ball in his forty-second year, observed:

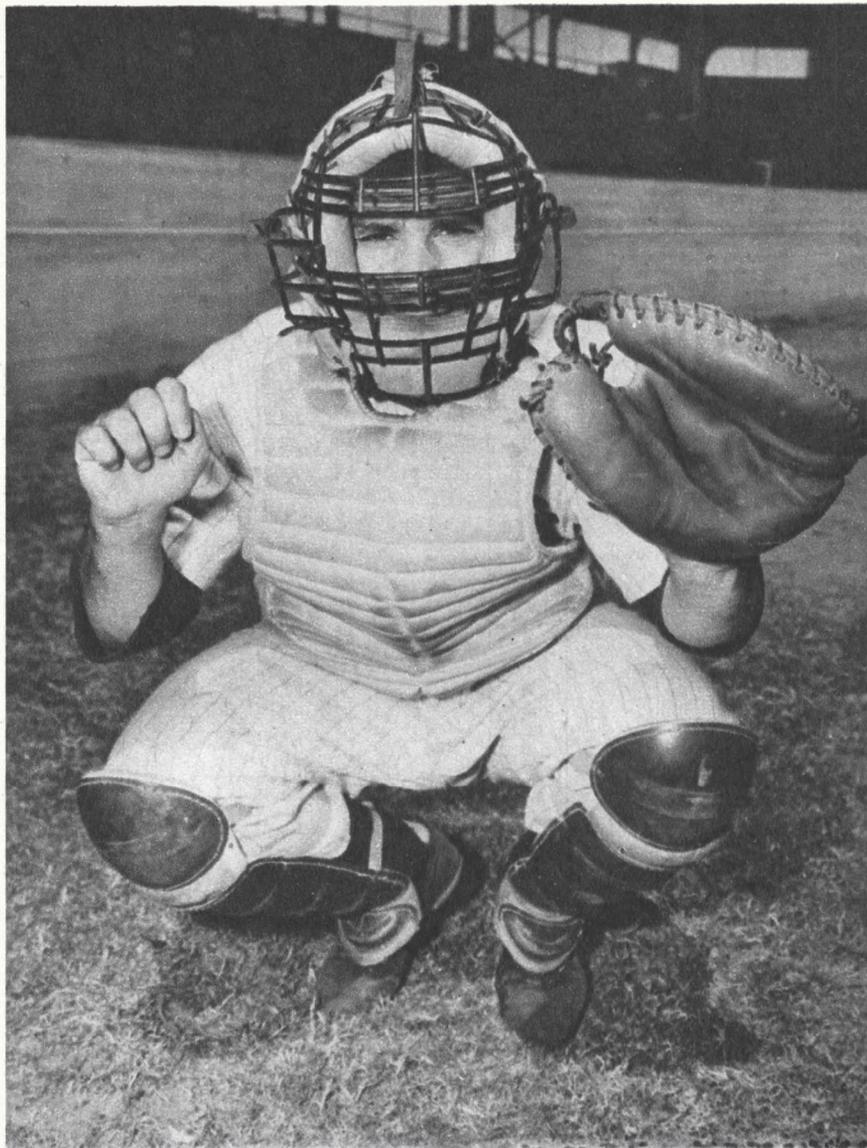
"DiMaggio looked good to me on TV during the World Series. He ran smoothly and his fielding was adequate. He should have played at least one more season."

ALL of which leads to the question which is being asked by fans all around the American League circuit. It is:

"Who will be the No. 1 money player now that DiMaggio has left the Yankee line-up?"

As of now, the successor to Joe DiMaggio is not in clear focus.

That wise old baseball veteran, octogenarian Connie Mack, the retired manager of the Philadelphia Athletics, thinks that DiMaggio's eventual successor will be young Gil McDougald, the Yankee third baseman and winner of the American League Rookie of the Year Award in 1951. Mr. Mack may have something there, but only time will tell.



"Yogi" Berra is now a greater power hitter than McDougald. He has been tested, also, in the crucible of four torrid campaigns.

After all, there is the sophomore year jinx that has plagued many another first year whiz, as witness the case of Detroit rookie Johnny Groth who signalized his major league debut by hitting two successive home runs on an opening day's game, only to find American League pitching a problem too difficult to solve.

Of course, there is Lawrence "Yogi" Berra, the catcher, who is a greater power hitter than McDougald. Also, Berra has been tested in the crucible of more than four torrid campaigns. He is a tremendous

favorite with Stadium fans.

McDougald, formerly of Beaumont in the Texas League, appeared in 82 games as a third sacker and in 55 as a second baseman for the Yankees in 1951.

He batted .306 and was the first rookie to top the Bombers since 1934 when sturdy Billy Johnson, also a third sacker, hit .280.

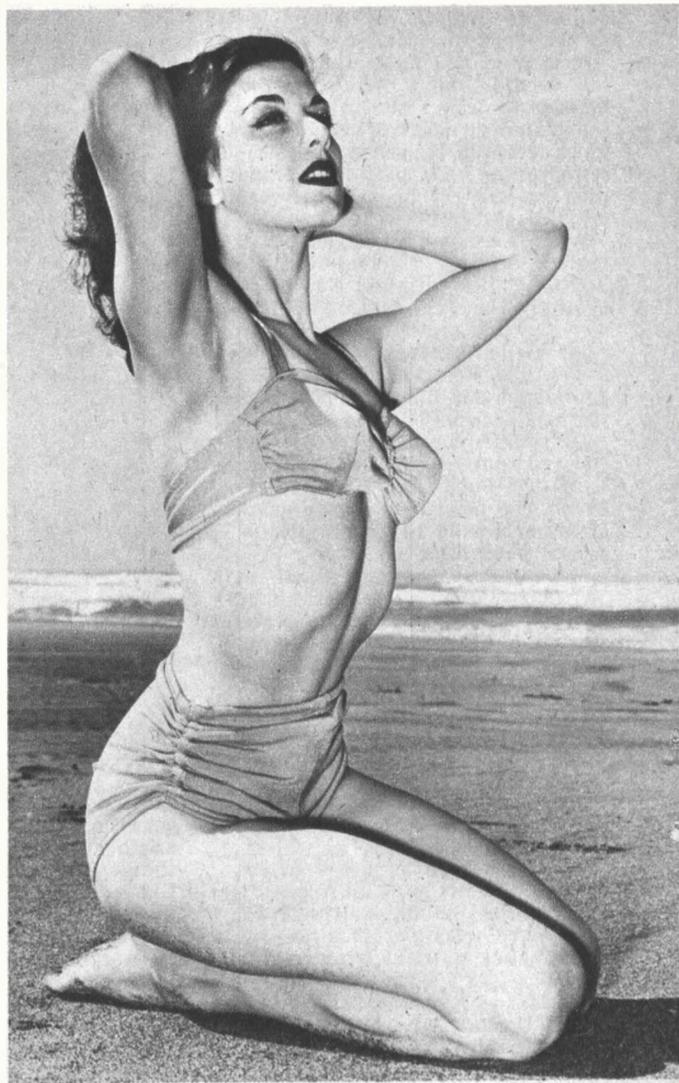
McDougald's home run with the bases loaded in the World's Series of 1951 added gaudy embellishment to his freshman year record in the majors.

(Continued on page 41)

MAN TO MAN,

She's A Sweetheart

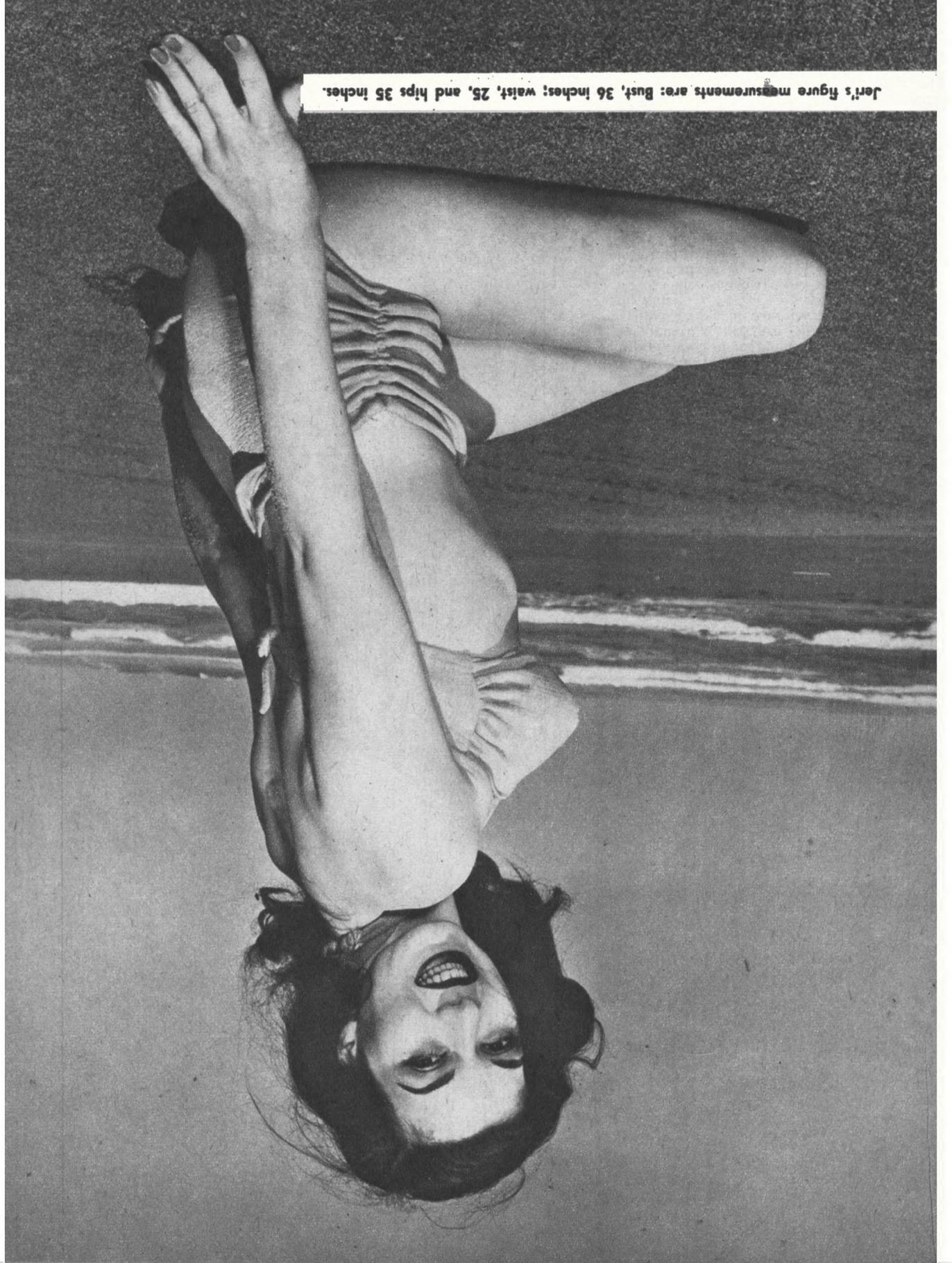
WE present to you this month a young model who lives in San Francisco, California. Her name is Jeri Miller and she is 22 years old. In this series of pictures she happens to be modeling a new bathing suit called "The Whistler," and she's doing very well by the suit. You'll be hearing more and seeing more of Jeri Miller.



Jeri Miller, 22, has dark eyes and black hair.

She is 5 feet, 4 inches tall; weighs 118 lbs.

Jeri's figure measurements are: Bust, 36 inches; waist, 25, and hips 35 inches.





Communists plan to take advantage of A-bomb chaos to grab for power.

By **KURT SINGER**

RUSSIA'S SECRET SABOTAGE PLAN AGAINST THE UNITED STATES

What American undercover agents found out in Russia's school for spies and traitors

AS recently as December, 1951, the students of the Soviet espionage schools in Leningrad and in Potsdam (Germany) were given the problem of mapping a strategy for guerilla warfare inside the United States of America, in case of war.

Both spy schools were attended by a group of American Communists, and in their seminar they discussed a blueprint of a secret sabotage plan directed against America if war should come between the East and the West.

Inside the American Security Services only a few knew that two of the American Communists at the Leningrad and Potsdam spy schools were not only "trustworthy comrades" with fifteen and twenty year memberships in the Communist In-

ternational, but also trusted undercover men for America's own intelligence offices.

I, the author of seventeen books—seven of them on espionage—have seldom seen such an exciting report as these two men gave about these “war games” at the spy schools behind the Iron Curtain.

Their instructions, discussions, plans and plotting in Leningrad and Potsdam began with the one ultimate philosophy of communism: that war for a Communist is the continuation of the revolution by other means.

Every Communist party group must be among the avant garde of such a revolution and, in case of war, Communists must be guerilla soldiers.

According to these spy school reports, the Soviet analyzed the guerilla and sabotage war plan developed by General Charles de Gaulle in 1943 for underground war against the Germans as one of the best in modern history.

De Gaulle's plan has been adopted in principal by all Communist guerilla forces.

THIS is the blueprint for future communist activities inside the United States:

- a) The Green Plan against America's railroads
- b) The Frog plan against all railroads auxiliary services.
- c) The Tortoise Plan against America's highways system.
- d) The Violet Plan against telephone systems.
- e) The Red Plan which includes psychological warfare.

On these five levels America's fifth columnists and Communist traitors will operate. Many of the operators in case of war are now “sitters.” This means they have been doing nothing politically in America and pretending they were conservatives and non-political persons. They will become the leaders of the wartime Communist sabotage network.

At the Soviet spy schools hundreds of examples of what these sabotage units will have to do in America were outlined.

Just as the Norwegian underground found out about Hitler's heavy water plants; just as counter-agents discovered the underground factories of Peenemeuende where Hitler's V-rockets were evolved, so the Communist sabotage units in America will have to discover all new underground plants, all new decentralized war factories and industrial reorganizations.

(Continued on next page)



Bombs over Brooklyn, think Communists, would cause so much terror that a new government they could control would appear.

RUSSIA'S SECRET SABOTAGE PLAN AGAINST THE UNITED STATES

For Russia knows her greatest enemy will always be America's production capacity.

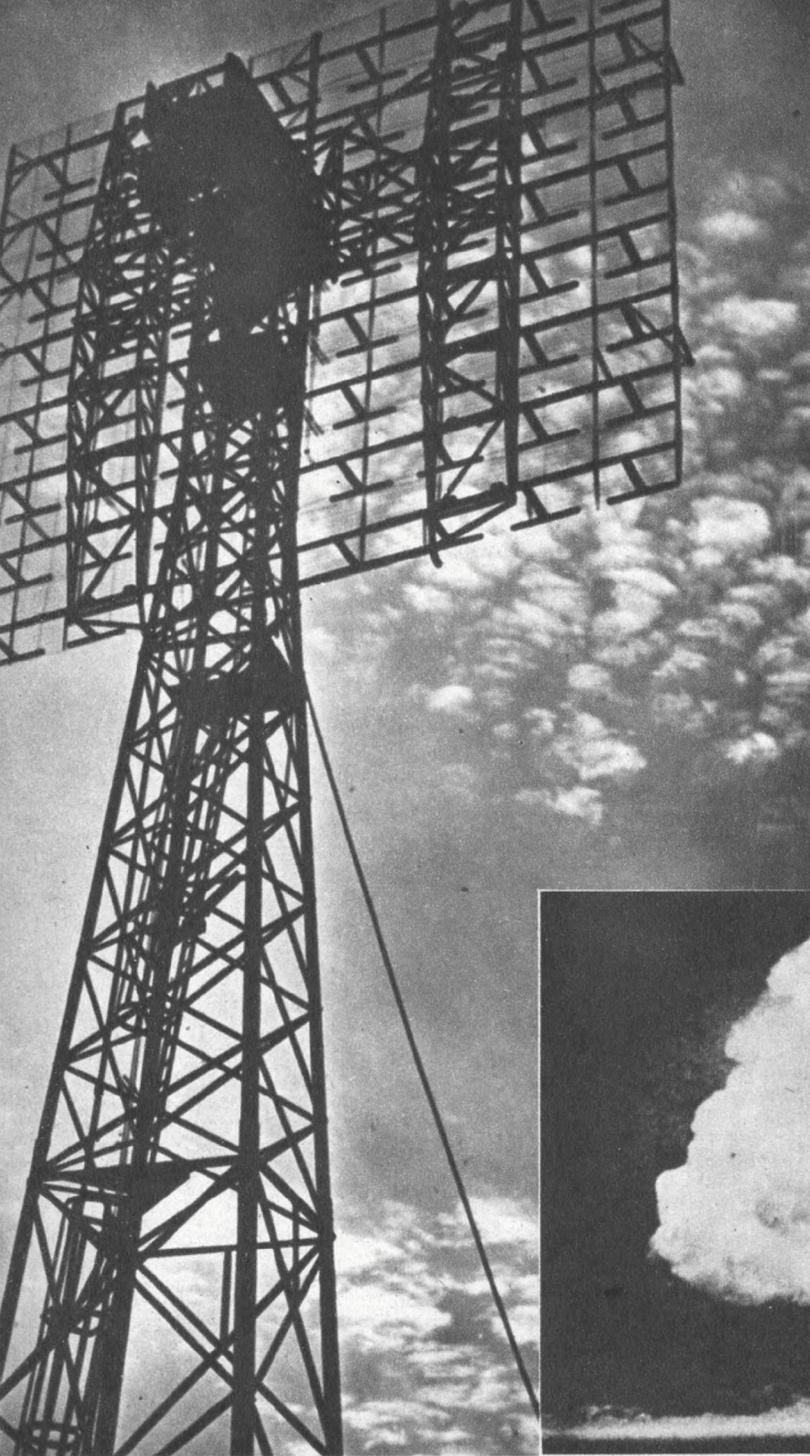
“WAR coming to America,” as described by one of the Red Colonels, “would mean that, for instance, Detroit would be bombed without warning.”

A handful of Soviet agents will know the exact day and exact hour and it will be their task to make sure that the air raid systems do not function properly, that wire circuits are cut and that everything is done to establish great chaos and despair.

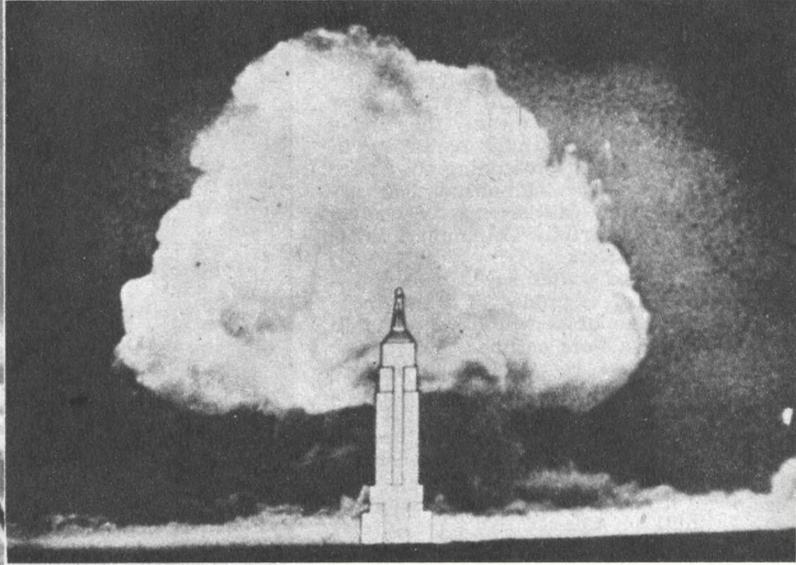
If the air raid warning system does not function, the instructors contend, the population will blame the politicians, and the more faults and mistakes that can be put on the shoulders of the political leaders of America, the better are the chances for new governments, until finally new government leaders arise who will sooner or later come to terms with Russia.

“During all military actions,” say the Soviet sabotage instructors, “never forget that the goal is to get a new government which we can handle and supervise.”

During this spy school seminar on America's sabotage plans, the great metropolitan areas were always singled out. Detroit, Washing-



Radar warning devices, say the plan, must be crippled before the bombing.



It will be the duty of local Communists to signal with flashes, so A-bomb can strike city's center.

ton, Pittsburgh, Chicago, Philadelphia, New York, Seattle, San Francisco and Minneapolis and Los Angeles were carefully studied.

"WE will bring a Hiroshima to America which will be ten times worse," said the Red Colonel who was known to the students only as "Boris." The American government will have no real plan; it will have lost ground and time; it must re-organize. Then it is we who will have a plan, we who are ready for action.

"We must seize radio stations through our armed comrades. These comrades must belong to the Civilian Defense Units, be air raid wardens, on voluntary police units of Civilian Defense.

"Over the radio and television day and night we must proclaim we want peace, that we need a new government.

"It is natural," the Communist Commissar said in his further instructions, "that we must release all Communists in American prisons. They will be a most helpful addition to our forces."

Actually a guerilla force of Communist police will be instructed to handle these details and supervise grounds and territories taken over by Communist saboteurs and forces.

As the Russians were sure that not only guided missiles, robot bombs and V-rockets but also jet planes will hit the American shores, it was said in these instructions that agents must give flash light signals during attacks to show the Communist pilots the most strategic points in a blackout.

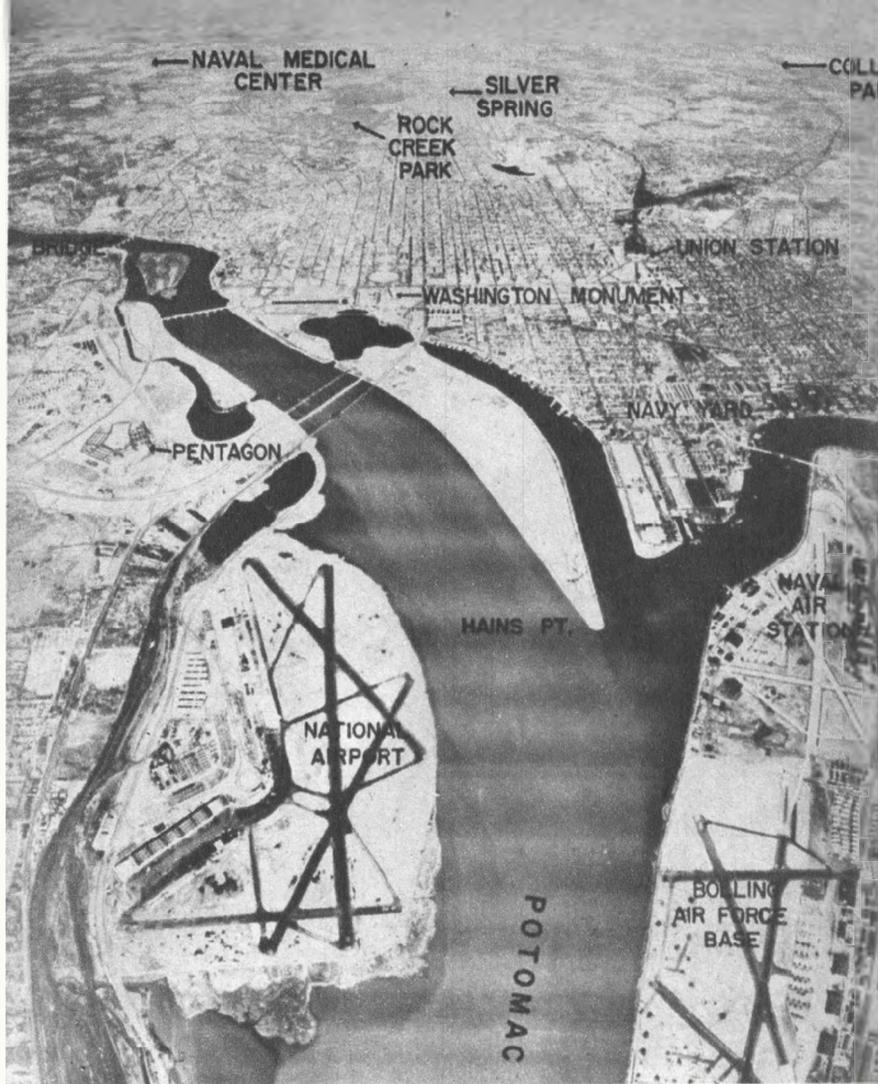
THOUGH Russia's General Staff possesses a final plan of strategy and attack against America, everyone of those new spy students was asked to list in his "graduation thesis" all important American installations they felt had to be destroyed in case of war.

Their lists included oil refineries, rubber plants, dams, power plants, steel mills, and harbors.

The Soviet combat fifth column has been trained to believe that radar is not always one hundred percent dependable, especially in the Arctic.

If a strategy calls for bombardment of five different cities simultaneously, the Americans, according to the Soviet view, will not be able to tell which large cities will be attacked. Only the agents will know, and they will get their instructions from their group leaders.

The "Psychology of Panic" was one of the great subjects at these



American Communists are instructed to gather maps, air-views of all large cities and forward them to Russia for war use.

spy courses. "All this will be new to the Americans," said the instructors.

"They will be panicky; they will take their cars and try to run away from the war, like the refugees from Paris when Hitler came.

"Their highways will be blocked and closed, and terrible chaos will be the result. Use this chaos and panic."

And again it was said, "Propose then via radio, television, loudspeakers, a new government that will bring peace."

ACCORDING to the blueprint developed at the Leningrad spy school, the Soviets feel that under atomic attack the U.S. Government will no longer be safe in Washington and that it will probably move to the Rocky Mountains, perhaps in, or near, Denver.

Then the propaganda aim is to call them "deserters." I, personally, remember when Quisling in Norway called his King and Government who escaped to Britain the same—"deserters." Since they "deserted" their country, according to dictator propaganda, the way was open for a new Government.

When the American Communist espionage students were asked at this seminar how they would go about achieving a Communist government in America, one of the students answered: "America believes in state rights. If one of the forty-eight states should go Communist, then state by state the rest would follow.

"It should begin in a state where people are not political at all, states where gambling and lawlessness have been legalized to some extent.

(Continued on page 54)



Rosemary Williamson is tall, like all the girls from Texas.

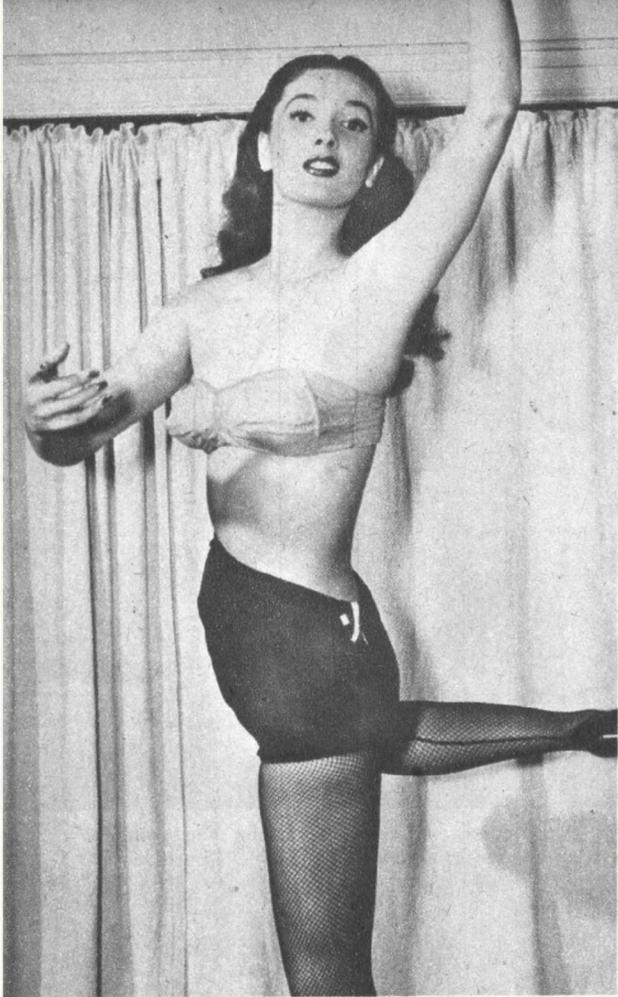


Rosemary has dark eyes, black hair.

TALL TEXAN AND

Ferrific!

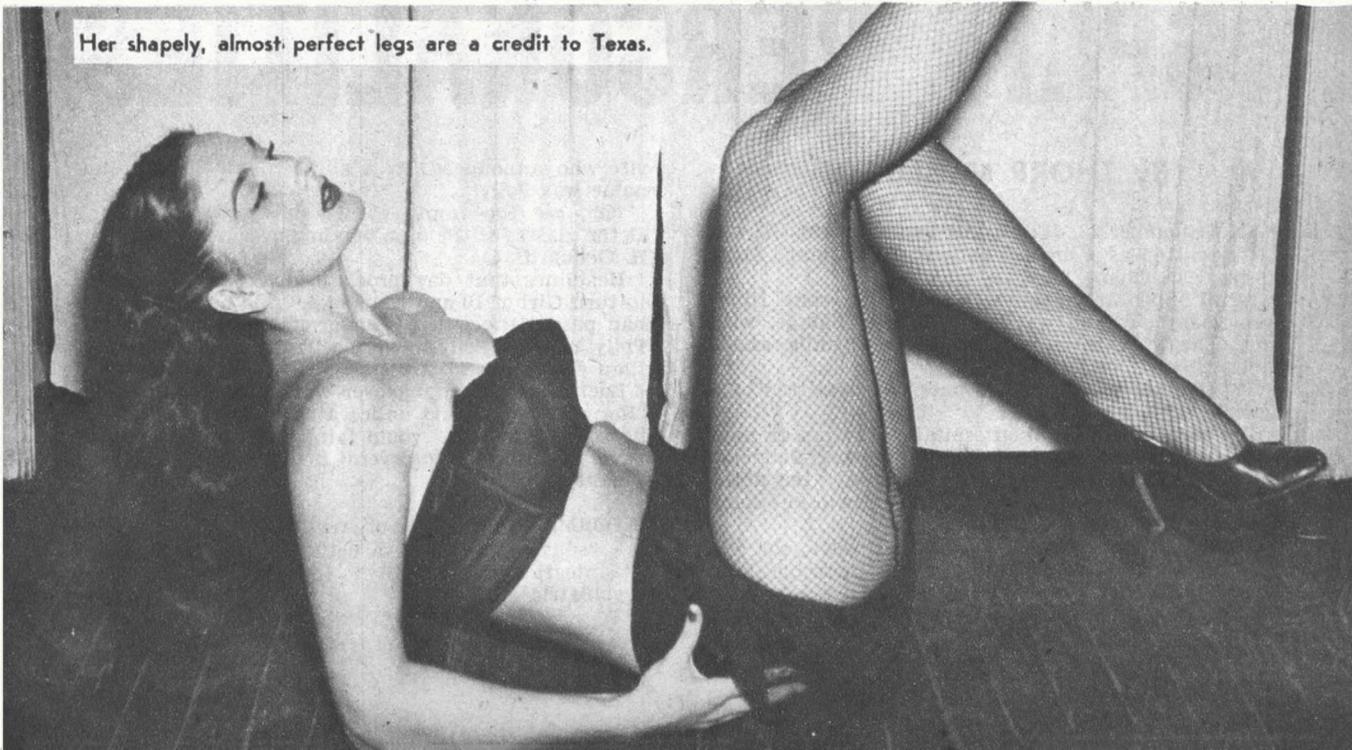
NEW YORK'S showgirls always seem to come from somewhere else, and nine times out of ten that somewhere else is Texas. Why so many of the love-lies who grace the big city's Great White Way should hail from the Lone Star State is a question which we cannot answer. But give a look at Rosemary Williamson. She's from Texas; she's on Broadway. It's typical.



She has a slim, delectable figure, long legs.



Rosemary is a busy New York model and also showgirl.



Her shapely, almost perfect legs are a credit to Texas.



As the result of a profound emotional shock, she had come to the hospital as mental case, found she had 3 personalities.

PEOPLE WITH SPLIT PERSONALITIES

By THORP McCLUSKY

ON September 22, 1921, a girl named Norma R. was admitted as a mental patient to Columbus State Hospital in Ohio.

To all appearances, she was completely sane. Nineteen years old, she was an attractive blonde, with fine, delicate features, a sweet, winning smile, and a slim, willowy figure.

But she was—as the Bible puts it—“possessed of a devil.”

She had not been in the hospital more than an hour or so when a weird change took place in her. Suddenly she fainted. The doctors tried to revive her, but nothing they did would bring her to. For an hour she slept. Then, as suddenly, she awakened.

Only she was no longer Norma R. Instead, she was a totally different personality—though there had been no change in her body.

Now she was a mean, spiteful, vicious 4-year-old baby

girl who announced, in a childish prattle, that her name was Polly!

“Oh, see the funny eyes!” she crowed, grabbing at the glasses of the man bending over her—Dr. Henry H. Goddard.

Headlines that day proclaimed “Young Woman is in turn Girl of 19 and Baby of 4.” And before 24 hours had passed the weird transformation from Norma to Polly, or from Polly to Norma had taken place no less than eleven times!

Each time the changeover was about to take place “Norma-Polly” would notice a “peculiar sensation” in her head. Then she would faint, rousing in anywhere from five minutes to several hours as the other personality.

NORMA-POLLY was but one of many sufferers from “split personality”—a better expression might be “disintegrated personality”—to be cured by patient psychiatric care that in time merged the dissociated

(Continued on page 60)



(Posed by a professional model)

Can you be two, or more, people in one? These weird, fantastic cases show that it is possible. A personality can be split into two, sometimes several, pieces

"I said I'd KILL You!"

By DON PRINGLE

FICTION

**When death stares you in the face,
a piece of bad luck may turn out
the best thing that ever happened**

DEATH was sitting in my easy chair when I pushed open the front door.

I had seen the white, bony face with its glittering eyes only once in reality—six months ago when the mask slipped from it in the Ridgeville Savings Bank, again when I picked it out for the police from a stack of F.B.I. photos, and a thousand times in nightmares.

Nicky Ragon picked up the gun from the arm of the chair and flicked it sideways. His thin lips barely moved. His voice was brittle, flat.

"Get inside and close the door."

Fear gripped my throat like a pair of hands. The pent up air made my chest throb with pain as it had for weeks after the auto accident. Rubbery kneed, I stepped into the livingroom and closed the door.

"Surprised?" Ragon's eyes stared up at me as fixed as rivets in a plate of steel. The dilated pupils gleamed with pin points of light. The police had said he was a marihuana addict.

I shook my head numbly.

"Thought I wouldn't find you, huh?"

"No." I leaned against the door to keep my fear weakened knees from buckling. The odor of the cake my wife had baked before she and Jimmy went to the matinee, was still in the air.

We had planned to celebrate my getting better. Today was the first I had been out of the house in three months.

Celebrate! A ball of nausea danced in my stomach.

A smile made bloodless lines of Ragon's lips. His eyes still bored into mine, unblinking. He said, "I'm a guy who keeps promises. I said I'd kill you if you ratted to the police.

"Two weeks ago I sneak back to Ridgeville to keep that promise. I find your house empty. Too bad, I figure. The welshing bank clerk fixes it so I'll go to the chair. Then he moves away so I can't get even."

Ragon paused, leaned forward, the smile growing until his teeth were as visible as those of a death's head: "Want to know how I found you had moved here?"

I didn't say anything. The purr of the refrigerator padded into the livingroom silence. On the fireplace mantle the clock ticked away the seconds. My heart was hammering, making my entire chest hurt.

FINALLY, I said, "You're here. It doesn't make any difference how you got here."

Ragon shrugged his narrow shoulders. Still grinning, he said, "But I want you to know how lucky little Nicky is. Day before yesterday I'm thinking what a shame it is I don't know where you moved.

"I'm in a boarding house in Denver City where I been hiding out since the bank job. As I'm thinking about you, I'm getting a shirt from the dresser.

"I see a newspaper covering the bottom of the drawer. A name catches my eye. I look closer. The name is Steve Drucy. The welshing bank clerk!

"I grab up the newspaper and read. The news item is small. It says you got smashed up in an auto accident. It is a state paper and it gives your address.

"I look at the top of the newspaper and see it is three months old. So I figure you're out of the hospital by now and I trot down to Queenstown.

"The door of your house is unlocked. You ain't home. I sit down to wait. Lucky, me seeing that newspaper. Luck and little Nicky are always just like that."

Luck! The fear rushed out of me. Tears came to my eyes, A half laugh, half cry pushed into my throat. Luck and little Nicky were just like that! I felt the kind of anger you feel when you hit your finger with a hammer. My voice nearly screamed.

"Shoot. Go ahead, pull the damn trigger. You found me so go ahead, shoot. I don't . . ."

The outburst of words made my chest feel like it was clamped with an iron band. The sudden pains of the healing spine fracture and broken ribs were like knife thrusts.

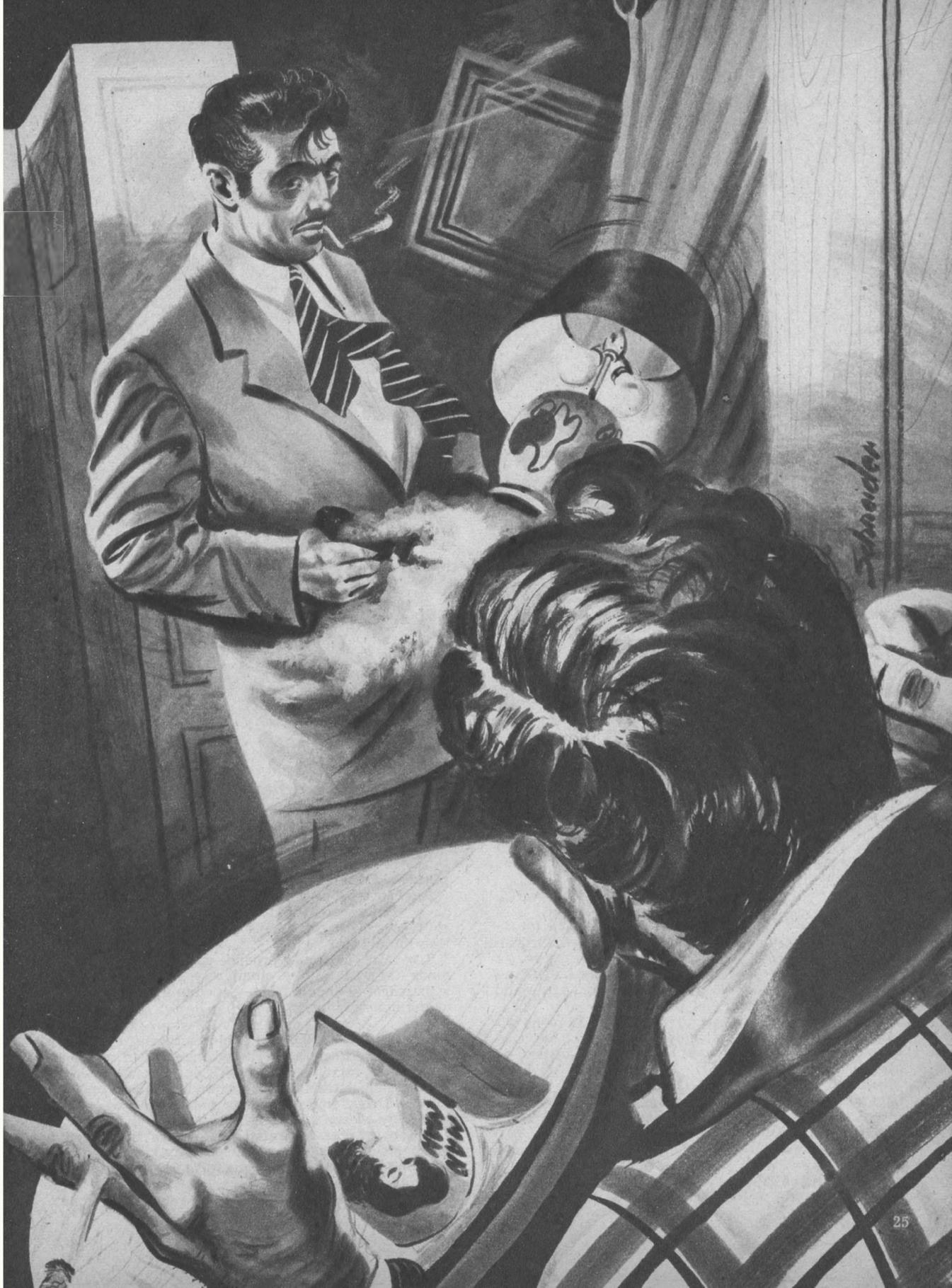
Ragon wiggled the gun like a nagging finger. "You're losing your buttons. You're so afraid to die you're going nuts."

LUCK and little Nicky were just like that! No, I wasn't afraid of dying right then. So much bad luck had happened to me, that Ragon's finding me was the final straw.

Right after the bank robbery I had thought myself lucky. The cashier had seen Ragon's face when his mask slipped, and he was shot.

Ragon had told the rest of us to lie face down on the floor while the cashier was to pass out the loose currency. I guess he figured that only the cashier had seen his face.

(Continued on page 44)





The late Serge Voronoff with his wife. He was laughed at, called "ring-tailed monkey man."

THE TRUTH ABOUT "MONKEY GLANDS"

It was the ridiculed monkey gland men who pioneered in rejuvenation

By ROBERT J. GALWAY

A FEW years ago the world's press blazoned sensational headlines and a new hope surged through many old hearts.

According to the garbled reports science had found the fountain of youth. Feebleness due to old age would soon be a bitter memory of the past.

Rejuvenation, obtained by grafting a monkey's glands, or the glands of a dead man, into an aged male would make him an asset to society instead of a burden.

Because of the exaggerated reports, two fine scientists were crucified by their colleagues and never received their just fame. The two scientists were Serge Voronoff and Eugene Steinach.

Steinach was called a witch doctor and Voronoff was stigmatized with the title "monkey man."

Today, the synthetic male hormone, testosterone, leads the parade in the search for eternal youth but

much of the groundwork was laid by the "monkey man" and the "witch doctor."

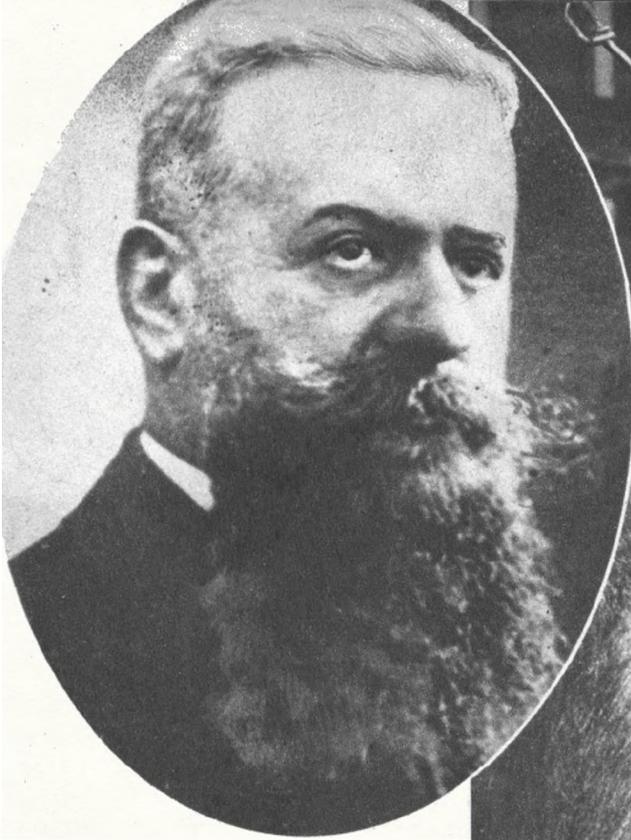
Science tells us that the glands that make us age early or late are the testes and ovaries. The decay that goes with old age is due to the degeneracy of these organs.

The testes not only produce sperm but also a hormone that enters the circulatory system and makes a man feel active or feeble depending on the amount of hormone produced.

DR. SERGE VORONOFF, chief surgeon of the Paris Military Hospital, became interested in rejuvenation while traveling in the Orient. He noticed the woman-like characteristics of harem eunuchs and was informed they were picked for palace duty when they were boys of six or seven.

The boys were castrated as soon as they entered the palace. During the boys' growing period, castration induced long legs, small, hairless heads, and feminine type breasts.

They aged early and died fairly young. All because



Eugene Steinach was ridiculed.
They called him "witch doctor."

the hormone that would have been manufactured if they hadn't been mutilated was missing from the system.

Dr. Voronoff conducted his first experiments on animals. He collected a number of old, dying rams and he-goats, first making sure that they were dying from old age and nothing else.

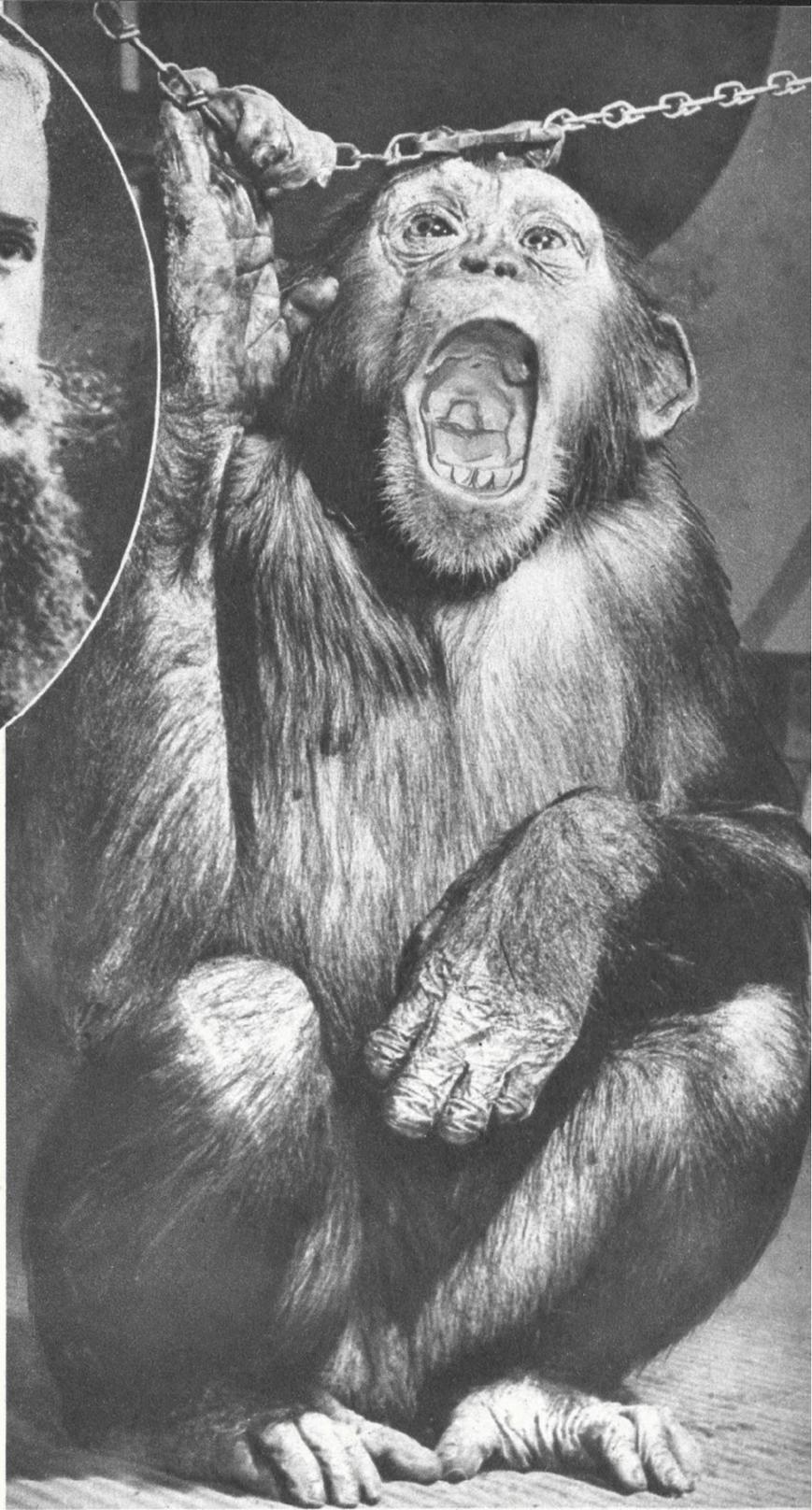
Next, he operated on young, active animals and removed a portion of their testes which he grafted into the bodies of their old, feeble brothers.

A few days after the graft, the old animals were like new. Their eyes were again clear, and their skins were glossy. To top it off, virile activity returned, and some of the old boys even sired young ones.

Dr. Voronoff performed 120 grafts and in every case the results were miraculous. He was satisfied, so far, but his ultimate goal was man.

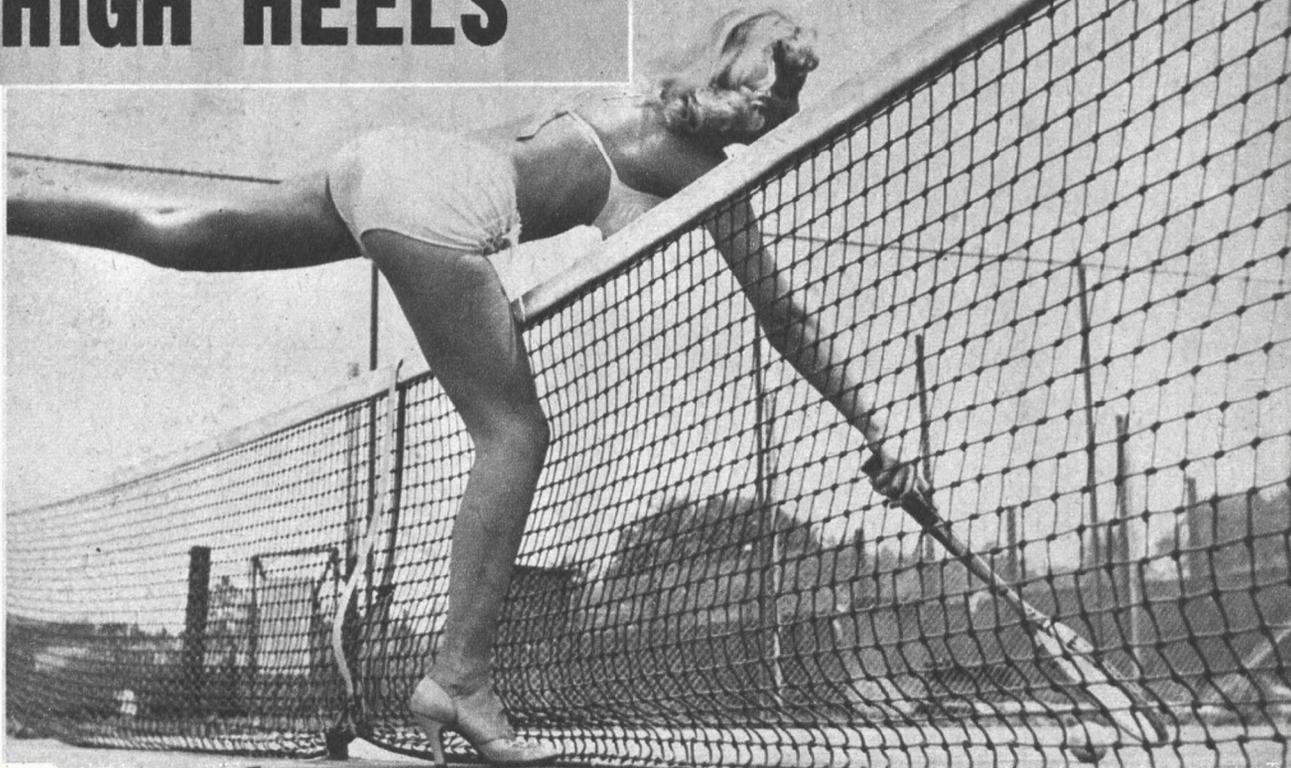
Dr. Voronoff DID work on man, and when his results were announced to the world they caused more comments than any other scientific announcement in history.

(Continued on page 57)



The first attempts at the rejuvenation of men were made by grafting glands of monkeys. This led to the use of hormones.

TENNIS IN HIGH HEELS

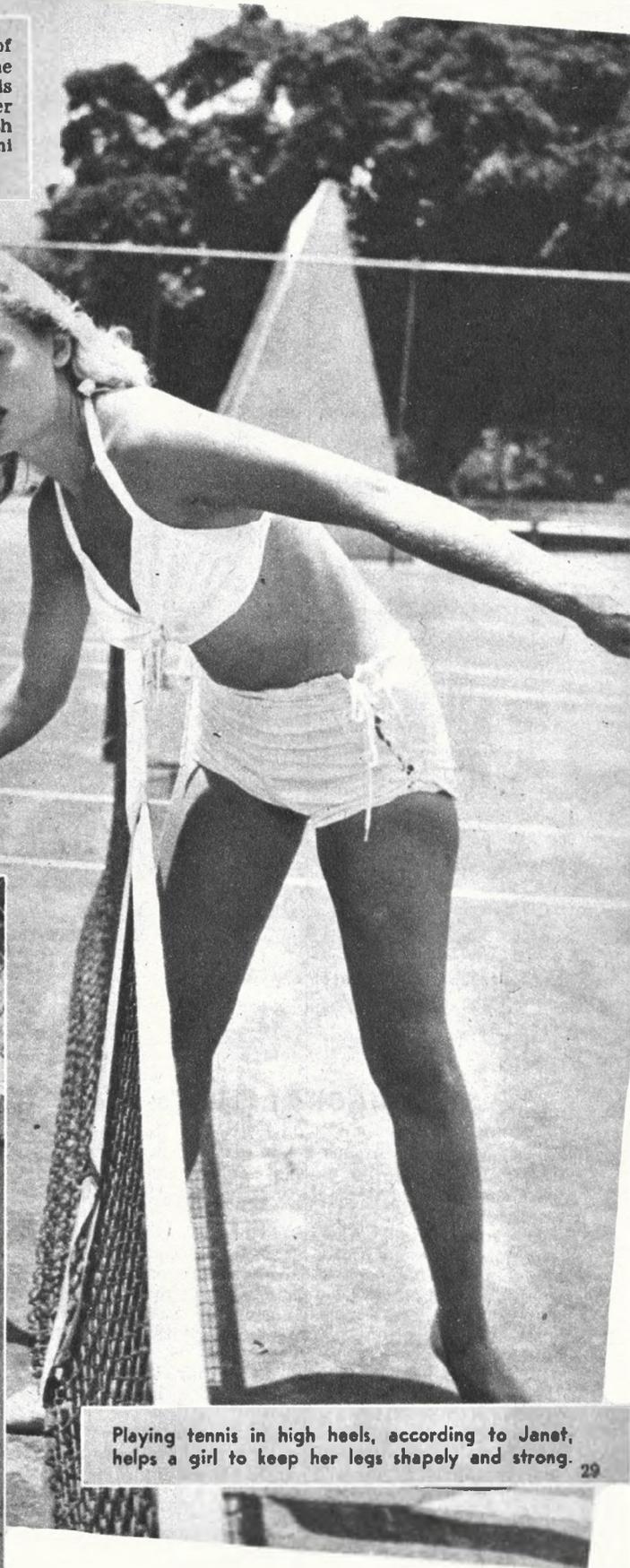


Janet Winters is a pretty 20-year-old Junior at the University of Miami. Janet must be a mild-mannered girl. (All the Winters are mild in Miami.)



Janet is a blue-eyed blonde with slim figure. She keeps her delectable shape by exercising.

SHAPELY co-ed Janet Winters, of the University of Miami, likes to wear high heels at all times. She also likes to play tennis. "Why can't I play tennis in high heels?" asks Janet. And she answers her question by doing just that and getting away with it. However, it works only on a concrete court, Miami style. On clay or turf, high heels are out.



A hot game of tennis makes her thirsty for cool drink.

Playing tennis in high heels, according to Janet, helps a girl to keep her legs shapely and strong.



Posed by professional models

While telling lie, a person may swallow slightly, make little, unnecessary gestures in nervous way.

By L. MACKAY PHELPS

SOME years ago, Arthur C.—an astute young assistant district attorney in a large eastern city—began to be suspicious of the fidelity of his beautiful blonde wife.

Actually, he had no evidence for his suspicions. He had not heard one word of scandal about her. She kept a model home, took excellent care of their two small children, always had a ready and plausible explanation for her absences from home—bridge, a parent-teachers meetings, a “get-together with the girls,” and so on.

Yet a suspicion developed in Arthur’s mind, and the more he observed his wife, the more the suspicion grew.

She was, he realized, an extremely intelligent girl with more than average poise—a college graduate who had revealed considerable dramatic talent and had

actually worked a couple of years in summer stock and “road shows” before abruptly deciding to get married. And Arthur, a hard worker with a promising future, had been the lucky guy.

What was wrong was that she seemed too anxious to account to her husband for her time away from home. She always had a story, and could back it up.

If she had been out with the girls, she managed to talk to one or more of them afterward about the harmless adventure—while Arthur was sitting near the telephone and could overhear her conversation. If she went to a movie, she described the picture in detail.

Yet she was vague about other, more important events of the day. And Arthur began to wonder.

In his work, Arthur had learned about police methods of detecting whether or not suspects were lying. He knew that, generally, they did not involve such scientific aids as the famous polygraph or “lie detector,” the dynameter or hand-grip testing machine, or the “truth drug” scopolomin.

Instead, they were based on easily acquired knowledge of some of the physical reactions of the average person when telling a lie, combined with a shrewd knowledge of the psychology of a guilty person.

(Continued on page 50)

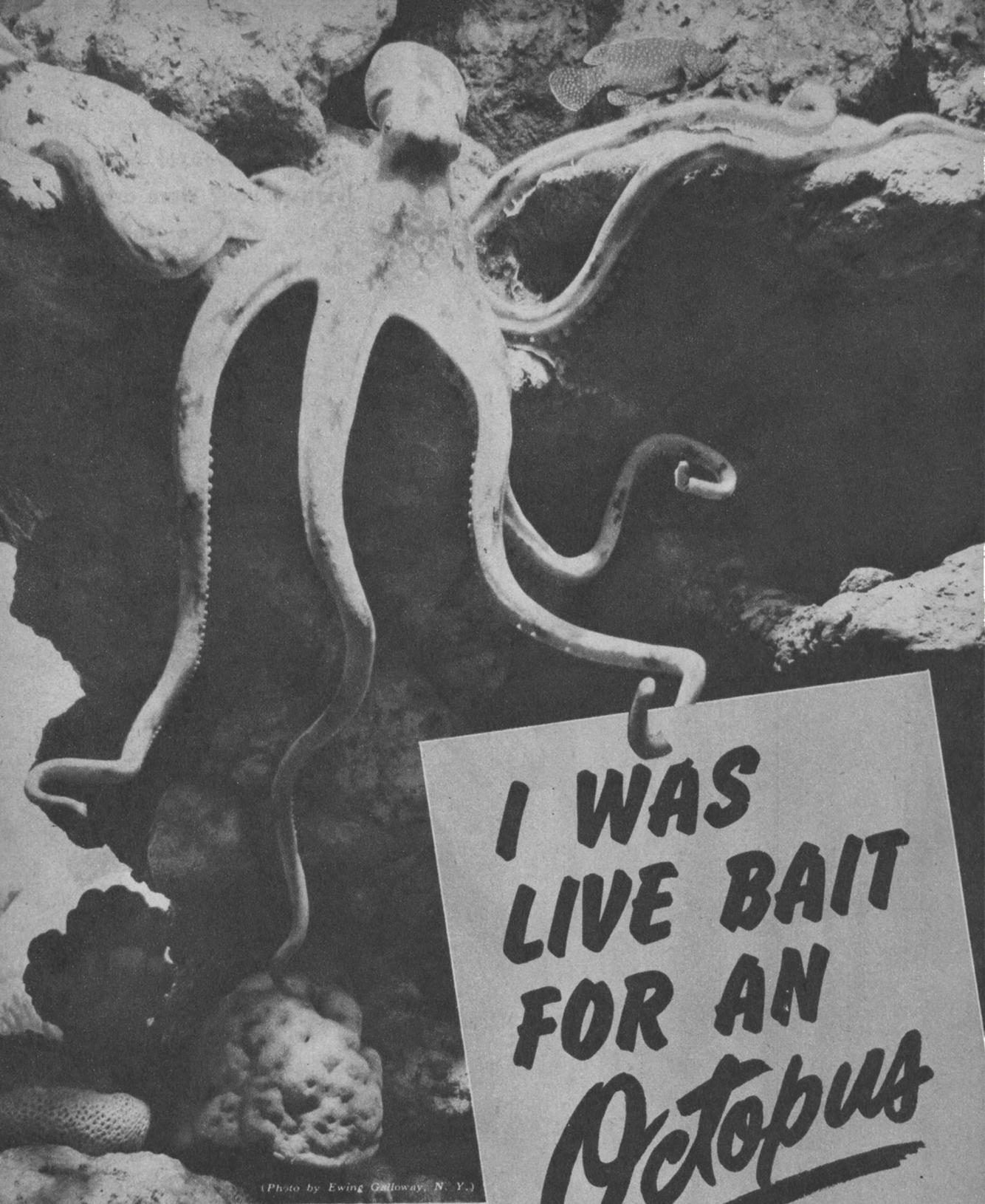
HOW TO
TELL WHEN
A PERSON IS
LYING



Would you like to know when your girl friend, your boss, your employee or partner is lying to you? Here are some simple ways to find out if the truth is not being told

Posed by professional models

Other obvious symptoms that show up a liar include: a nervous twitching of lips, husky or cracked voice, clenching of hands.



(Photo by Ewing Galloway, N. Y.)

**I WAS
LIVE BAIT
FOR AN
Octopus**

32 In a dark cranny of the reef lurked a hideous monster,
an octopus whose slimy tentacles were to grip my body.

The natives could kill an octopus with their teeth. I wanted to do that, too

By CLARK JAMESON

FOR several years before I came to Hollywood as a motion picture "stunt man" I had kicked around in the world's far corners quite a bit, meeting with some weird and unusual adventures in my travels.

The one that tops them all was the time I acted as live-bait for an octopus.

I'm not easily frightened, but down there in the ocean's murky depths in a cranny in a reef, with the monster's slimy tentacles around me, and its hungry mouth nuzzling the skin of my chest, I knew fear—real fear.

I still sometimes wake up in a cold sweat as I re-live it in my dreams.

I've fought and killed tiger sharks in a studio tank with only a knife for a weapon and wrestled with crocodiles in my picture work. But neither of these adventures awakened in me the fear and horror that that decapod did.

I had been fairly successful on a gold-hunting expedition in the interior of New Guinea and had drifted up to the Gilbert Island group to investigate stories I'd heard of natives using humans as live bait and killing octopi with their teeth.

I had seen octopi with tentacles from eighteen to twenty feet long that looked far too formidable for any man to kill with his teeth and I was frankly skeptical, but it was a new experience I wanted to add to my collection if it was true.

I landed on Maraki Island and began to look around. At last I found two young natives who claimed to have killed many octopi in this manner and who regarded it as great fun.

I could not imagine that tackling an octopus in its own element with only one's own teeth being "great fun," but I induced them to show me how it was done.

I insisted, however, that they demonstrate before any money changed hands. They agreed and I left them, still skeptical.

We met on the jetty early the



I came to the Gilbert Islands because I had heard of natives who had a method of killing an octopus with their bare teeth.

next morning, and they pointed to the reef that could easily be seen from where we were standing.

"We go out there show you," grinned the larger native, "you stay here, watch."

They swam out to the reef and then turned to swim along it with their faces submerged. The idea, I supposed, was to locate an octopus in a cranny in the reef. Then I saw one lift his head and heard him shout to his companion:

"There is fine one down there. Do you go, or shall I?"

"It is my turn to be bait this morning," said the other, and I saw him draw a deep breath and then vanish. In less than a minute the other, who had his face submerged

watching, dived after his companion.

A few seconds later, they broke water not far from each other, and I saw an octopus laying on the first boy's chest, its awful head close under his chin.

The other boy swam to him, inserted one hand under the beast's head, lifted it and bit down.

I saw the tentacles relax and go slack, and I knew that the creature was dead.

The lad who had made the kill stripped the octopus from the other's chest, and, laughing like two school boys on a picnic, they swam toward me, one towing the octopus behind him.

(Continued on page 40)

The EMBEZZLER AND THE Blonde

By FRANK KANE

FICTION

Laura was an expensive girl, too expensive for a man who worked as assistant cashier in a small bank

HARRY FOLSOM drove his car into the garage, turned off the lights and motor, clinched his cigarette, carefully placed it in his pocket.

He would have been the first one to tell you that he was not one to live beyond his means.

His 1937 Chevrolet, his neat little inexpensive bungalow, his ready made conservative clothes were all in keeping with his modest income as assistant cashier of the Domeville Bank.

He had two extravagances, his Thursday night bowling (from which he was now returning) and his wife, Laura.

What Laura, who looked expensive from the top of her golden head to the tip of her ruby toenails, saw in Harry Folsom was a subject of conjecture in every bar and tea shop in Domeville.

Consensus of opinion was that Laura was gambling that Harry's Uncle Arthur wouldn't make a sucker out of the insurance company's actuary tables—and since Uncle Arthur couldn't take his money with him and since Harry was his only relative, it was a gamble that might conceivably pay off.

When Harry opened the front door and walked into the bungalow, Laura was waiting for him. She jumped out of the chair by the radio, crushed a half-smoked butt in the ashtray and ran toward him.

"Anything wrong, honey?" Harry wanted to know.

Laura tossed her golden head. Her eyes were sparkling, her color was high. "Wrong? Everything's wonderful," she chirped. "Harry, you know that fur coat I want so badly? Well, I can have it. I can have it!"

Harry Folsom hung his hat on its peg. "Uncle Arthur's passed away?" he asked sadly.

"Uncle Arthur?" Laura stopped to think. "No, not that I've heard. No such luck."

A frown ridged Harry's forehead. "Mustn't talk that way, Laura," he admonished. "After all, Uncle Arthur's my only relative."

"Harry, I had a call from Lil Maguire. You remember Lil?"

"I thought you had broken off all contact with her, Laura? After all, you know that a man in my position can't have his wife consorting with the wife of a race track bookmaker."

LAURA Folsom yanked her arm free from her husband's hand, stalked into the living room. She threw herself into a chair. "Maybe he is a bookie," she pouted, "but at least, Lil doesn't have to live in a shack like this. Look at it."

Obediently, Harry looked. The coffee table next to the couch was piled high with last Sunday's papers, filled ashtrays hung perilously on the corner of the mantle, the radio and the end tables. The rug showed evidence of relatively rare contact with a vacuum.

"It's not so bad. That is, if it was kept up," he murmured.

Laura began to cry. "That's all the thanks I get. I gave up everything to marry you, and all I get is abuse." She saw through her fingers that Harry was going to be difficult, wailed louder. "I could have married a man who'd give me everything, and—"

"Okay, okay. I'm sorry," her husband interrupted. "I've given you everything I could within reason, haven't I?"

Laura dried her eyes. "You haven't gotten me that fur coat."

"Have a heart, Laura. You know that's out of the question. Where would I get \$2000 for a fur coat? Be reasonable."

Laura dumped a fresh cigarette out of a pack, lit it. She walked over to her husband, stuck it between his lips. "Suppose I did tell you where to get it? Would you get me the coat?"

(Continued on page 42)



Schneider



THE JAZZIEST CAR IN THE WORLD

Devney's car has 12 horns and 107 lights. The eight separate exhaust pipes make a deafening roar, and chrome gleams from numerous gadgets.

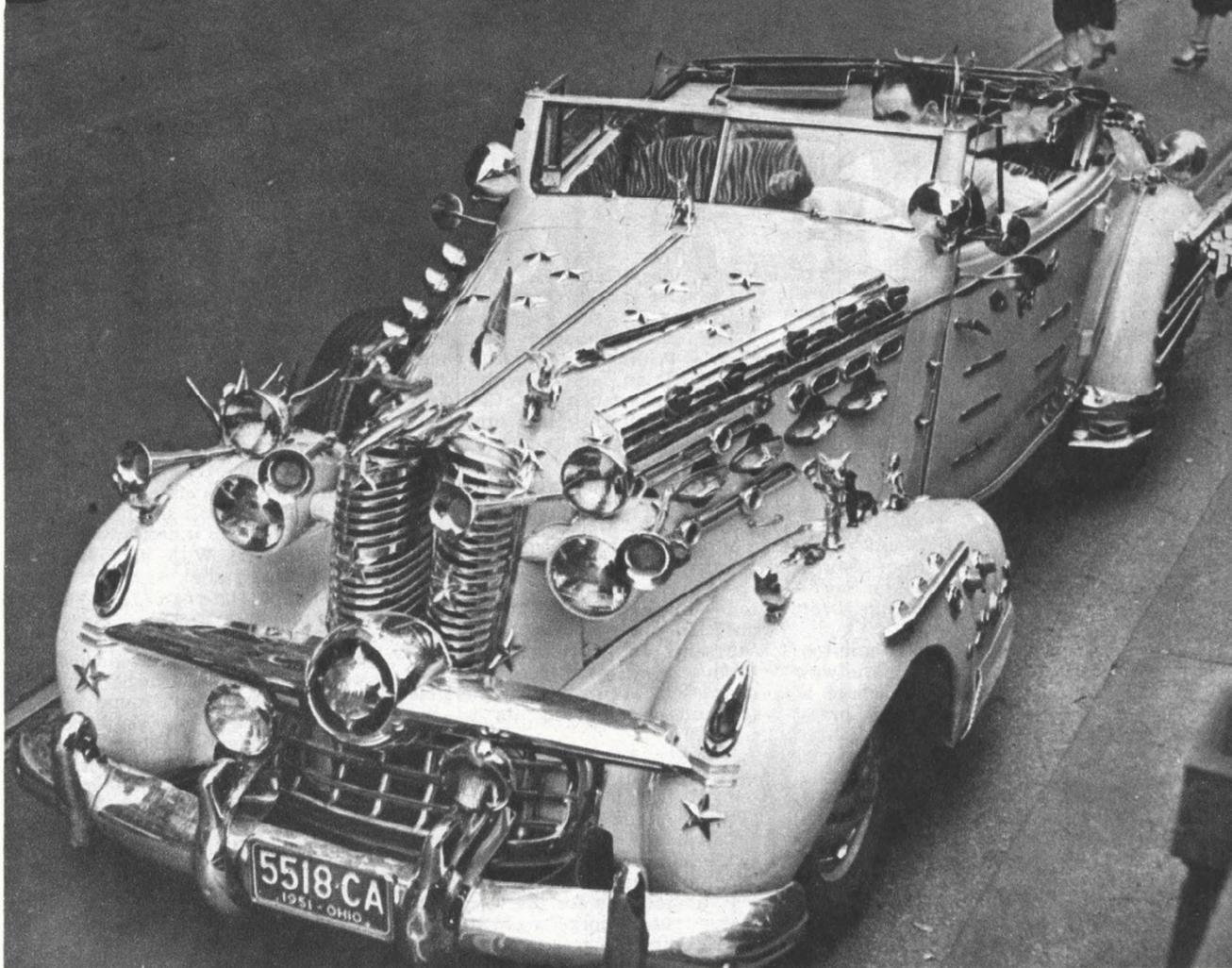


THE credit of owning the world's jazziest car belongs to John Joseph Devney, of Cincinnati, Ohio. Devney, a car painter by profession, started three years ago with a 1935 LaSalle. Today after spending \$4,000 and uncounted hours of hard work, he has a flashy "hot rod" in a class by itself.



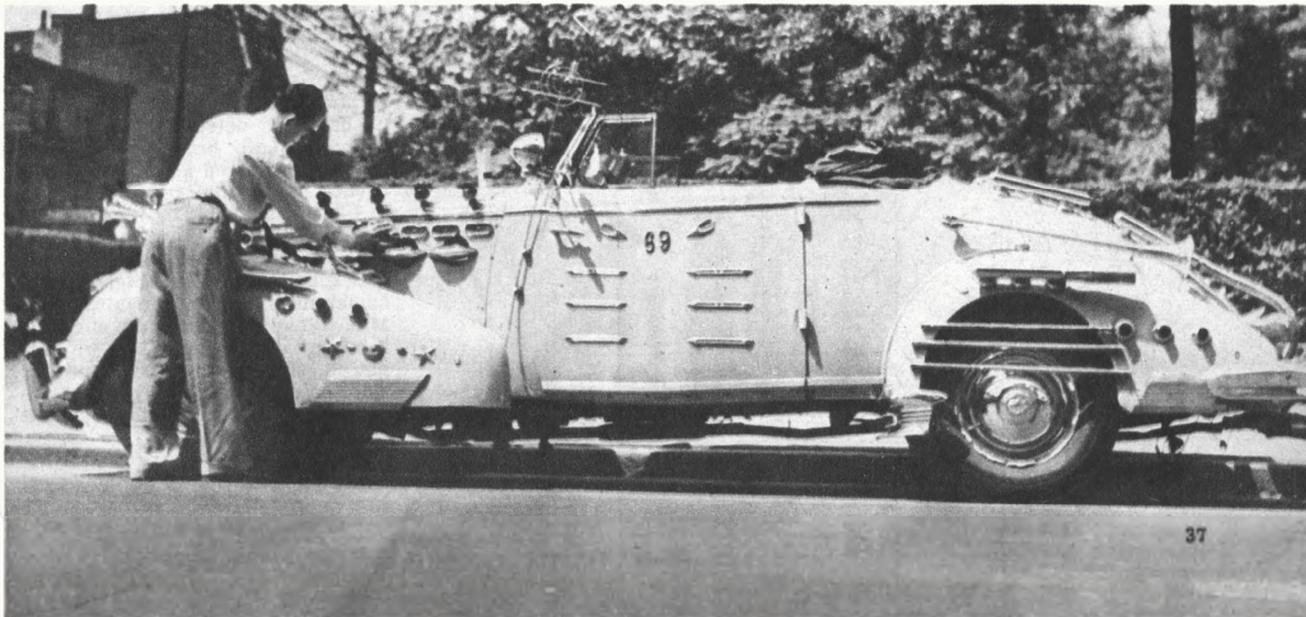
Pieces from Fords, Nashes, Studebakers and other cars have submerged the LaSalle base.

One of the 12 horns is from a diesel train. There's also a chrome bell, shiny and loud.



Besides those eight exhausts, there are flexible, chrome, air-cooled pumps on each side of the car. 22 neon lights flash when car stops.

Devney claims sixteen miles to the gallon and record breaking speeds with his mobile accessory display. He works hard to keep car clean.



TEN TOUGH WOMEN

(Continued from page 7)

Louisiana. But the cops took no chances. Sooner or later, the killers would have to come out for food—or starve. So the police dug in and waited.

Bonnie and Clyde made their own choice. They decided on another rush through the police-lines. Roaring through the woods in their car, they drove into the cross-fire of police artillery and were both shot full of holes.

VERY similar to Bonnie and Clyde, was the team of George and Kathryn Kelly. All four operated in almost the same part of the Southwest.

Like Clyde, George was not too bright. And like Bonnie, Katie was blood-thirsty. She gave George a machine-gun for a Christmas present, and then nick-named him Machine-Gun Kelly.

She drove him around the countryside, making him practice with it until his head rattled. Then she collected the slugs and gave them to underworld friends as souvenirs.

The Kelly mob specialized in bank robberies, all engineered and personally supervised by Katie. The shooting always began on her orders. But after George fouled up

a few jobs, Katie looked around for a safer racket. She decided on kidnaping.

The gang managed to kidnap Charles F. Urschel, a wealthy Oklahoma oilman, and they hid him on the Texas ranch of Katie's stepfather, which they had previously used as a hang-out and loot storage depot.

After the ransom was paid, Katie told George to kill Urschel.

She figured that was much simpler than turning him loose. But George lost his nerve, as did the rest of the gang. They freed Urschel one day while Katie was off on a shopping spree.

Urschel was an intelligent man. From the conversations he had heard while a prisoner, he was able to guide Federal agents to the ranch.

However, Katie and George had already left. Undaunted, the agents took Katie's mother and stepfather as accomplices in the crime.

This made Katie mad. She actually convinced George that he should surrender himself to the police in exchange for the release of her parents. George wrote the police a letter, suggesting this—but the deal was refused.

Furious, Katie forced George to

write threatening letters to the jury which tried her parents. Through these letters, the police located Katie and George, captured them, and sent them both to prison for life.

EVEN in confidence rackets, women refuse to be outdone by men. A shining example was Cassie Lydia Chadwick, who undoubtedly pulled the smoothest "fleeing" job in the history of the country.

With the aid of a document which she forged, she convinced a banker that she was the illegitimate daughter of Andrew Carnegie, the steel king.

She then got a sizeable loan from the banker, which she promised to repay when she inherited the Carnegie fortune. With the papers of that loan, she toured banks throughout the country, borrowing more money.

She lived like a queen until one banker, worried about his money, went to Andrew Carnegie for verification. Cassie soon found herself in prison on a 10-year sentence, but she didn't live long enough to complete it. She died in jail in 1907.

Nobody knows how much she managed to "borrow" but the bankers who sheepishly made reports of their gullibility estimated the figure in the vicinity of several million. These days, con men speak of Cassie with the utmost reverence.

TO this day, the Denver police aren't certain whether or not Mrs. Pearl O'Laughlin killed her step-daughter. But the evidence against her was enough for a jury to send her to prison for life. This much the police did know:

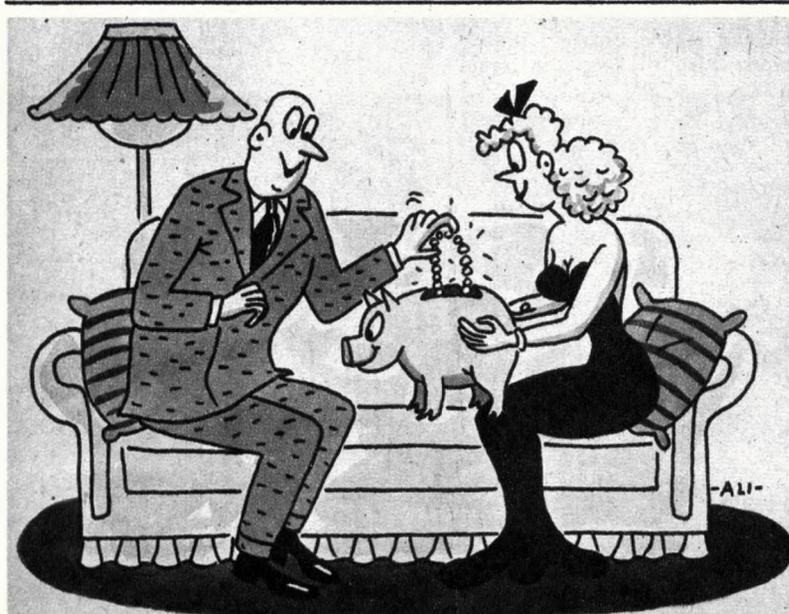
Young Leona O'Loughlin was found floating in a swamp, her head bashed in. An autopsy disclosed the presence of powdered glass in her stomach.

During the investigation, Pearl's husband, a detective, was ill. A stomach-pump brought up a deposit of powdered glass. Pearl's father-in-law found powdered glass in his sugar bowl. The family's two dogs and cats died: again powdered glass was discovered.

Despite the additional terrific circumstantial evidence against her, Mrs. O'Laughlin insisted she was innocent. Throughout the investigation, she was calm and smiling. But she made two remarks that assured the police they had the right suspect. She said:

"I have done a great wrong. Let me atone for it the best way I can."

And she later said defiantly:



"You can't hang me if I don't confess. You don't think I've been a detective's wife for nothing!"

After being a model prisoner for 20 years, Mrs. O'Laughlin was paroled. But she refused to leave prison, stayed on as nurse maid to the warden's children. Still secret in her heart is the only thing that continues to puzzle police:

If she killed Leona, as the evidence declared—what was her motive?

Nevertheless, the murder was rehearsed with the kind of cold heart that makes hardened men shudder.

ONE of the shrewdest experts in lesser crime was Fredericka Goldberg Mandelbaum, a short, fat, ugly woman who married the owner of a Brooklyn dry-goods store.

Known as Ma Mandelbaum, she turned the store into a headquarters for stolen articles. Soon, she was the biggest "fence" in the country.

She had scores of crooks working for her. Even thieves who worked alone knew Ma would take "hot" goods off their hands. Cleverly, she eluded the police for years until she was finally caught with some of the stolen property in her apartment.

But the police couldn't hold her. She escaped to Canada and quickly disappeared from the public eye, never to be heard from again.

Sophie Lyons was a protegee of Ma Mandelbaum, but Sophie worked a bigger racket: swindling. Though she took part in a few bank robberies, her main occupation was "advising" wealthy widows how to invest their money. They never saw it again.

When the swindling business was slack, Sophie was not adverse to picking up any stray jewelry she happened to see in the homes of her rich clients. Like Ma, she escaped to Canada when the police got on her trail.

ANOTHER husband and wife team who looked to crime for luxury were Edward and Cecelia Clooney. They met while working in the laundry of a Brooklyn hospital in 1924.

Convinced that hard work was not meant for them, they began a series of stick-ups which panicked shop-keepers and brought screaming headlines of "crime wave" to the local press.

The Clooney's career was brought to an end by an act of God: Cecelia got pregnant. Having limited themselves to small robberies, they decided to pull one big job, then

go to Florida until the baby was born.

The big job: the Brooklyn office of the National Biscuit Company. They hired a limousine, slugged the driver, then tossed him in the back, bound and gagged.

Cecelia, who handled the gun during stick-ups, later told how proud it made her, feel to ride in the big car, like a wealthy matron, while her feet rested on the chauffeur's neck.

At the company office, they herded the employees into a back room. As the cashier passed Cecelia, he made a grab for her gun and knocked her down. Then he ducked into the backroom and slammed the door.

Scared, Edward picked up the gun and fired through the door. Unnerved, the Clooneys fled, without stopping to pick up the money.

They got to Florida, where the baby was born but soon died. Meanwhile, the police found an address book which Cecelia had dropped during the frustrated hold-up. It contained the Jacksonville address where they had gone. Captured there, they both received long prison sentences.

WHAT brought beautiful Lyda Myers to the attention of the police was the fact that she seemed to be very busy burying her husbands. In the course of a few months, she put four of them in their graves, collecting meanwhile, a fortune in insurance.

The police dug up the men and found traces of arsenic in each. Lyda was captured in Hawaii where she was working on Husband No. 5, a highly insured sailor. Quick action on the part of the police saved the sailor and his insurance, and sent Lyda to prison for life.

With Mrs. Inez Brennan, of Delaware, murder was a family affair. A widow and a divorcee, she sought her victims through lonely-hearts clubs. Her son Robert, 23 when the crimes were committed in 1940, admitted killing one man and said his mother killed another.

"Mom told me to do it," Robert told the police.

Mrs. Brennan's plan was to invite her pen-pals to her farm, hinting to them that she would marry them on arrival. Expecting to stay on indefinitely, the men brought along what few valuables they owned. They stayed, all right—but not as they expected.

Both men were shot at close range. Robert confessed that he shot the first victim in the face as the man climbed up to the barn

loft. He said his mother shot the second man as he turned to leave the room. Both men were buried in the pig-pen.

Suspicious neighbors tipped off the police. Mrs. Brennan and her son both received life sentences.

FLORIDA-BORN Martha Beck also met murder through lonely-hearts clubs. It was Ray Fernandez who arranged the introduction. A bigamist, Ray toured the country to swindle women he met through the clubs. He went to Florida and to Martha because he considered her another prospect.

But Martha was too smart and too poor. When he tried to call off their romance, Martha refused. Together, they hit the road in search of customers for Fernandez. Martha posed as his sister.

In New York, they met Mrs. Janet Fay, a widow, and took her for \$6000. But Martha quarreled with Mrs. Fay, slugged her with a hammer, then commanded Ray to strangle her. Later, they buried Mrs. Fay in cement in the basement of a house they rented in Queens, across the river.

Heading westward, they went to Grand Rapids, Michigan. There, they called on another of Ray's pen-pals, Mrs. Delphine Downing, a 31-year-old widow. Ray liked Mrs. Downing, which infuriated Martha.

After Ray tried to bribe Martha to leave town, she gave Mrs. Downing an overdose of sleeping pills. Ray then shot Mrs. Downing in the head. Two days later, Martha drowned Mrs. Downing's baby in a basement sink.

Worried neighbors called the police. Martha and Ray were arrested. Extradited to New York and tried for the murder of Mrs. Fay, they were found guilty and both died in the electric chair in Sing Sing in 1951.

BUT all these were crimes of the past. Police everywhere are holding their breath, fearful that right this minute a new Bonnie Parker may be sipping a beer in some dark saloon, or a new Cassie Chadwick may be forging her first check, or a Martha Beck may be scribbling a mash note to a member of a lonely-hearts club.

These fears are justified, and they will remain so until the end of time when the last crime will be committed—undoubtedly by a woman. And why not? After all, the first crime of the world was the work of a woman—it was Eve, who stole an apple in the Garden of Eden!

THE END

LIVE BAIT FOR OCTOPUS

(Continued from page 33)

THEY landed and approached, holding the thing up for me to see. I noticed that it was much smaller than the ones I had seen.

I also noticed that it had ten tentacles instead of the customary eight, and that two of them were much shorter than the others.

I asked the boys about this, and they told me that the creature used the two short ones to anchor itself to the rocks. One boy said:

"Octopus make fine dinner tonight. You come help us eat him?"

I immediately thought of many things I had rather do than eat an octopus and told them so. They laughed. Then one said:

"Good time now for us to show you how we do. You like to go now?"

"Just a minute," I temporized. "You boys made it seem too easy. You're sure there's no joker in it? What if I get down there with an octopus ready to eat me, and you don't show up?"

"Oh no!" They both looked shocked and insulted. "No, we never do that. You safe with us all right."

I still hesitated. I am a powerful swimmer, and risks are bread and meat to me, but somehow I just did not like the idea. Noticing, they urged me on.

"No be afraid. We get you out."

THAT settled it. No man likes to be thought a coward, especially

in the South Seas where the taking of desperate risks is a part of everyday living. I forced a grin to match theirs.

"I've always said I'd try anything once. Let's go!"

"Wait!" One of the boys grasped my arm as I started for the water. "More to tell before you try octopus. We find him first, show him to you.

"You go down, swim slow past place he is until he grab you. Hold arm over eyes. Suckers get on eyeball, pain so great you let breath out, no can rise and bring octopus. Must hold breath.

"When octopus got you, I come, grab you, pull you loose. Octopus too busy thinking about eating you to hold on very hard. You get up topside, turn over on back so I can get octopus's head. I do rest."

You make that sound simple too, I thought, only you won't be the one the octopus will be trying to eat.

We swam out to the reef, and I floated while they looked for an octopus. Soon a shout told me they had found one. I swam to a place over the reef where they were grinning toothily and treading water.

"Put head down, and I show," said one, putting his own face under water.

I looked down, but could see nothing. The water was clear and I could see the reef plainly, but no octopus.

Then a small fish started to swim past the cranny. As swift as light a tentacle flashed out and gattered it in. The victim was only a fish but I knew what manner of death it had died, and I shuddered.

I LIFTED my head, filled my lungs with air and went down. I swam slowly past the cranny where I'd seen the fish vanish, but nothing happened, so I swam past again more slowly, and something did.

An arm snaked out and fastened itself like a steel bracelet around my left wrist, and then I felt another tentacle slip around my waist and grip tight.

I wanted to scream, as I felt myself being drawn slowly into the cranny where the monster lurked, waiting to devour me, but I suppressed it.

It was pitch dark inside the cranny, but I felt a slimy presence against my upper body and I had to stifle my fears and attempt to break free, as the mouth of the creature began to nuzzle the skin just under my collar bone, seeking a place to begin its feast.

Panic gripped me, and I struggled, but the constrictive power of those tentacles held me like a vise.

I must have passed into a semi-coma, but I felt as though I had awakened from sleep when I felt two human hands on my shoulders.

They gripped hard, and I was jerked violently back. Then I knew that one of the boys had jerked the octopus' hold free, for we were drifting toward the surface. This had taken only a few seconds, but it seemed an eternity.

We broke water into the sunlight, and I almost retched as I saw that awful slimy bloated shape clinging to my chest.

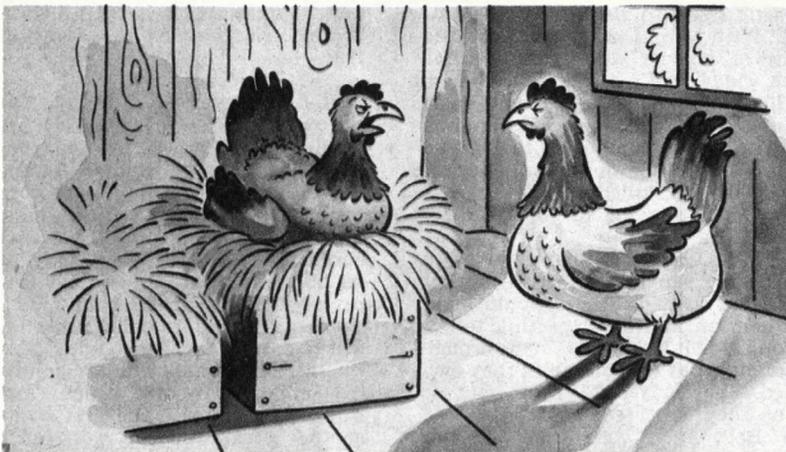
I rolled over, and a hand reached under the thing's head and jerked, as white teeth bit deep.

I felt the tentacles relax, then fall away, and I let my breath out in a great explosive gasp.

I must have fainted and sunk, for the next thing I knew I woke up lying on my back on the beach with the two boys grinning down at me. I sat up and regurgitated a few gallons of sea water.

One boy was holding the dead octopus up for me to see. It was even smaller than the one they had killed earlier, but it was big enough to convince me that I would never again act as live bait for an octopus.

THE END



"I don't get out much these days. It's so hard to get a sitter."

WHAT WILL THE YANKEES DO?

(Continued from page 13)

Yankee manager Casey Stengel also predicts a rosy future for Gil.

"McDougald looked good enough last season, but watch him pick up that trick of hitting into right field in '52," said Stengel.

"He drove the ball to right field when, on occasion, it was suggested to him," added Casey.

"This year, the fans can expect to see him hit far more often to right field than he did in 1951," concluded the Yankee pilot.

If McDougald is able to hit to right field more often this year, his batting average should rise at least five points before the season ends. This could establish him as the leading money player-successor to DiMaggio.

Of course, there is Mickey Mantle, the widely-publicized rookie of '51, to be considered, too. Mickey didn't quite live up to his advance notices and was shipped back to the Kansas City farm club for a part of last season.

Now, however, he is on a spot. He has been selected to fill Joe DiMaggio's shoes in center field.

It is doubtful if Mickey can make the fans forget DiMaggio this year.

There are other Yankee rookies who may blossom into full bloom within another year. They are Jackie Jensen and Bob Cerv, outfielders. Potentially, both are hitters in the true Yankee tradition.

Becoming the No. 1 money player in a star aggregation such as the New York Yankees is not always something to be quickly accomplished. Babe Ruth was an exception. When ex-business manager Ed Barrow secured Ruth from the Boston Red Sox, the Babe was already an established star even though yet to win his title of Sultan of Swat.

However, Ruth was top man of the team as soon as he put on a Yankee uniform. And the Babe remained top man of several star teams for the next few years.

AFTER Ruth passed on, Lou Gehrig came out from the shadow of the Babe.

Larruping Lou wasn't as flamboyant a figure as Ruth and didn't attract nearly as much publicity, but he was, beyond doubt, the Crown Prince and legitimate successor to Ruth.

Unfortunately, his amazing record of 2130 consecutive games, which should stand for all time, is overshadowed by the Babe's feats at bat.

For instance, on June 3, 1932, Gehrig went to bat four times and belted out four homers, but the next day's headlines didn't go to him.

He played second fiddle to the news that Bill Terry had succeeded John McGraw as manager of the New York Giants. However, just as there was only one Babe Ruth, there was, also, only one Lou Gehrig.

As Gehrig started to slip from his peak form of the Twenties, another Yankee stepped into the limelight. He made his first appearance in a Yankee uniform in May, 1936. He was (you've guessed it) Joe DiMaggio.

He was late getting into a uniform because of a badly burned foot, something that seemed to be a prediction of things to come.

He, unlike Gehrig, had been widely publicized and he more than lived up to the advance publicity.

DiMaggio might have left an even greater record than he did, were it not for the two years he served in the Army in World War II. He went into the service while at the peak of his career.

Today, it is easy to figure out why some of the Yankee Stadium fans crane their necks up at the TV booth when the bases are full and a run-getting hit is needed.

They look up wistfully, and in vain, for Joe DiMaggio is a TV man now. His graceful and powerful batting swing is just something to be stored among treasured memories.

IT is in the Yankee tradition that the No. 1 money player must be a hitter. That is why Manager Stengel is grooming McDougald to hit to right field and also why Casey is studying Mantle's potentials as a left-hand hitter.

Originally, Mantle hit 14 home runs left-handed and 12 right-handed.

Since he has been in the American League he has not done very well as a right-handed batter.

In this year of competition, the New York Yankees obviously do not have the quantity of talent that

distinguished Yankee teams of other years.

As late as 1949, for example, there was Tommy Henrich flanking Joe DiMaggio in the outfield.

Today's team has Berra, McDougald and the veteran Phil Rizzuto as standouts, but there isn't the depth of talent that was apparent in recent years.

McDougald still must meet that second year's test. Potentially, Mantle is a big money player. As of now, he isn't.

Back in the early Twenties, for instance, there was Babe Ruth who led a parade of stars such as Bob Meusel, Wally Pipp, Everett Scott, Joe Dugan and Wally Schang.

Then there were the power-laden Yankees of 1927 with the addition of Earle Combs, the hard-hitting, speedy outfielder.

As time went on, Lazzeri, Crossetti and Dickey backed up Ruth and Gehrig. When Tony Lazzeri was through he was succeeded by Joe "Flash" Gordon.

After Gordon moved on, there was George Stirnweiss and a ball-blasting, beetle-browed outfielder named Charlie Keller to round out a great outfield triumvirate of Henrich, DiMaggio and Keller. Such power is missing from the current New York Yankee entry.

Today, second baseman Jerry Coleman is not rated with the George Stirnweiss of 1941, nor is Jackie Jensen another Charlie Keller.

TO develop an outstanding money player for the Yankee organization, a combination of shrewd scouting and a big bankroll is often necessary.

The bankroll, plus scouting brought Joe DiMaggio into the Yankee fold. Boston owner Harry Frazee's willingness to sacrifice the immediate future of the Red Sox enabled the shrewd Ed Barrow to get Ruth for other players and cash from Boston.

It seems that the Yankee fans will have to wait a year or two before "the big fellow," whoever he may be, takes over as the No. 1 money player and inspirational force for his teammates. Gil McDougald may be that man. Or Mickey Mantle or Yogi Berra. Or Phil Rizzuto.

In any event, there is no Babe Ruth or Joe DiMaggio or even a Lou Gehrig on the horizon. It may be that the Yankee pattern of winning combinations is to be different in the future.

THE END

MARRIAGE MISCHIEF



Marriage is an event in anyone's life. Whether you're looking forward to the day, or looking back (with or without regrets), you'll go for this stuccy "undress" view of bride and groom. Here's foresight for those who can still profit by it; also insight and hindsight. So set your sights for a most revealing experience!

FULL-PAGE CARTOONS



MARRIAGE MISCHIEF is brand-new, devilishly indiscreet, with original full-page cartoons. Gay and tricky as wedding champagne, it will keep you gagging through a season of marriages. And talking of gags, here's a whopper! Give MARRIAGE MISCHIEF as a wedding or anniversary present. Try it also on your spouse or intended.

FEATURES

- ✓ What Every Bride Should Know
- ✓ Council for the Bewildered Groom
- ✓ The Truth About Trousseaus
- ✓ From Smoker to Bedroom
- ✓ And many more provoking topics
- ✓ Honeymoons—Conventional and Otherwise
- ✓ Hazards of the First Night
- ✓ The Bachelor Dinner
- ✓ The Wedding Date

ORDER ON APPROVAL

Order MARRIAGE MISCHIEF in plain wrapper for 10 days' FREE examination. If not thoroughly satisfied, return for immediate refund of complete purchase price.



MAIL COUPON TODAY

PLAZA BOOK CO. DEPT. A-300
100 Broad St., New York 6, N. Y.

Send MARRIAGE MISCHIEF in plain wrapper. If not satisfied, I may return it in 10 days refund.

Send C.O.D. I will pay postman 50c plus postage.
 I enclose 98¢—send postpaid.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... Zone..... State.....
Canada and Foreign—\$1.25 with order

EMBEZZLER AND THE BLONDE

(Continued from page 34)

Harry took a deep drag on the cigarette, let the smoke dribble through his nostrils. "Where?"

"Betting on a certain horse."

"That's out." Harry walked past her, dropped into his favorite chair. "In the first place, if the bank found out I was betting on horses I'd be through. Besides, Uncle Arthur'd cut me out of his will."

"Uncle Arthur!" Laura sneered. She stamped back to her chair, stuck a cigarette in her mouth where it dangled when she talked.

"That's all I've heard since I met you. Uncle Arthur! And what's it got us? Nothing.

"He's not going to die, he's going to outlive both of us. He's just mean enough!" She lit the cigarette, blew a feathery tendril of smoke ceilingward. "As for the bank, they'd never know."

Harry shook his head. "Even so, I haven't got any money to bet on any horse race. How could we win \$2000 by betting what I could lay my hands on?"

THE blonde speared a minute crumb of tobacco from her tongue with the tip of a carefully shellacked nail, studied it. "You can lay your hands on enough to set us up for life. The horse pays 20 to 1."

Harry Folsom was shocked. "You mean take it from the bank? Do you realize what you're asking me to do, Laura? Do you realize?"

"Don't be so dramatic about it," his wife barked. "You'll be putting it back the next day. It's just a short term loan—from closing of business one day to opening of business the next. What can you lose?"

Harry puffed hard. "Suppose something happened? Suppose the horse lost? Suppose—well, suppose a million things. What would we do? I'd go to jail."

"Nothing's going to happen," Laura told him impatiently. "Lil says Marty's betting a fortune on the horse himself. It's—it's in the bag for the horse to win."

The husband fought a losing battle, finally agreed to think it over. That night, Harry Folsom did little sleeping. He knew that he had no choice but to agree, unless he wanted to lose his wife, and that left him no choice at all.

THE following day being Friday, the day when town payrolls were made up, he had plenty of opportunity to "borrow" the necessary money. That afternoon, when he met Laura for lunch, he had \$2,000 of the bank's money in his pockets.

Whatever misgivings he had were dissipated by the excited, happy look on his wife's face. He turned the money over to her, rushed back to the bank.

It would be a simple matter to cover up the missing cash that night, but it was obvious that the money would have to be replaced before the bank examiners arrived three days hence.

However, Harry anticipated no difficulty in that. \$2,000 at 20 to 1 amounted to \$40,000! Enough to pay the bank back and live a life of ease.

For one chill moment he considered the possibility of the horse losing. What then? Well, if worst came to worst he could go to Uncle Arthur and make a clean breast of it.

The old man would be wild and would cut him out of his will, but he wouldn't see him go to jail. It was worth the gamble.

THE rest of Friday dragged by on leaden feet. Finally, after it seemed it would never come, the gong clanged for closing. Harry Folsom was one of the first employees out. He could hardly keep himself from running.

His horse ran in the sixth race with a post time of 5:10. Right now it was probably rounding the first turn.

He didn't take the time to put the Chevrolet into the garage. He left it in the driveway and ran into the house. Laura was sitting by the radio sobbing audibly. A cold spot settled in the pit of his stomach then worked its way up his back and down to his feet.

"Laura, what is it?"

Laura lifted a tear-stained face. "It—it lost. Now I won't get my coat," she blatted. "It lost!"

Harry Folsom steadied himself against the door jam, automatically hung his hat on the peg, walked to his favorite chair.

"Maybe you won't get that new coat, but I'm sure going to get a new suit," he jested feebly. "And I look like Hell in stripes."

He sat numbly trying to read on the blankness of the wall what had prompted him to—

The jangling of the telephone jarred him to consciousness. He wondered vaguely how long it had

been ringing. Automatically he walked over, lifted it from its hook. "Yes?"

The metallic voice on the other end of the phone identified itself as Lou Vickers, one of the tellers.

"You got away too fast to hear the news, Harry," the voice told him. "The bank examiners took over tonight. Came in just as we were leaving."

Harry Folsom sat down hard on the telephone stool. "The examiners? Tonight?"

The receiver chattered. Harry missed most of what it had to say. Just one sentence stuck in his mind. "They're giving us all a good checkup, I understand. Must be something up."

He remembered vaguely hanging up the receiver, looked up to see the white face of his wife hanging in space over him.

"The examiners came in tonight," he told her weakly.

HER voice cut shrilly through his daze. "What are you going to do, Harry? They'll find it out, won't they?"

Harry nodded dumbly. They'd find it out, all right. He was finished at the bank. Unless he put back the money, they'd prosecute. But no matter what, he was finished. He looked up.

"I've got to ask Uncle Arthur for the money," he told her.

"What'll he do?" Harry shrugged his thin shoulders. "Cut me out of the will. I'll be finished at the bank, too." He picked up the receiver wearily. "But even that's better than jail."

He gave the operator the number, ignored his wife's wails. He could hear the phone ringing on the other end, but no answer. A sudden fear gripped his stomach. There had to be! Uncle Arthur never went anyplace, unless—

Unless he had one of the boys drive him up to his summer place upstate. And if he had? There was no way to reach him.

AN hour later, he told the operator to stop trying. Uncle Arthur was gone. There was no way to reach him, no way to get the money to make his embezzlement good.

He and Laura didn't bother to turn on the lights. They sat in the dark, without speaking, just waiting. At 10 o'clock the phone rang. Harry picked it up.

"Folsom?" the receiver demanded.

"Yes."

"This is Carter, President of the bank. I must see you immediately. I've got the examiners here. We'll be right over."

The phone clicked dead in his ear. He stared at it in the dark for a moment, then replaced it.

Laura came over, touched his arm. "Was it—?"

He nodded. "They found it. They are coming for me. It means jail."

Laura sobbed loudly and wetly, her walls falling on deaf ears. Harry Folsom knew one thing. He could not and would not be parted from his wife. He patted her on the shoulder, went up to his bedroom. He opened the drawer containing his shirts, then went back downstairs.

Laura sat in the big chair. She was making an ineffectual stab at removing the signs of her weeping. She looked up as he re-entered the room, threw her hands up over her face.

The gun barked three times, the hand fell, Laura relaxed in her chair.

Harry Folsom walked over, kissed his wife's brow, then the gun barked again, and he fell forward across her lap. Somewhere a police siren wailed, then silence fell in the room.

THE telephone jangled so hard it almost danced. The man in the police uniform answered it.

"Yeah?" "Mr. Folsom?" the receiver asked. "This is Joel Harris, your uncle's attorney. I'm sorry to tell you that your uncle is dead."

"That's tough, mister," the man in the police uniform said. "But so is Mr. Folsom. And Mrs. Folsom, too, for that matter."

The receiver gasped. "But-but how?"

"Don't ask me, Mac," the policeman said. "All I know is that the examiners found a shortage at the bank, the cashier blew his brains out."

"The bank president gets me to give him an escort over here to ask this guy Folsom to act as cashier and help pull the bank out of a scandal, and we find them like this!"

"B-but was Mr. Folsom involved?"

The policeman shrugged. "Who knows? There's a shortage of \$27,000, and the cashier leaves a note admitting he was short in his accounts. Now nobody'll ever know whether he got the whole 27 grand or not."



WRITE

Thrilling LOVE LETTERS

No longer need your letters be dry, awkward or uninteresting. **HOW TO WRITE LOVE LETTERS** is a complete book that shows you everyday things can sound thrilling. It helps you to express your personality in every letter you write. This new book contains dozens of actual sample letters that show you just how to write love letters from beginning to end.

PARTIAL CONTENTS

- How to "Break the Ice"
- How to Make Everyday Events Sound Interesting
- How to Make Your Sweetheart Write More Often
- How to Express Your Love
- How to Make (or Break) a Date
- How to Acknowledge a Gift
- How to "Make Up"
- How to Say "Those Little Things"
- How to Assure Him (or Her) of Your Faithfulness
- How to Make Him (or Her) Miss You
- How to Propose by Letter

PLAZA BOOK CO.

Dept.
109 Broad Street,
New York 4,
New York



PLAZA BOOK COMPANY
109 Broad Street Dept L-856
New York 4, N. Y.

Send back "How to Write Love Letters" in plain wrapper at your money-back 98¢. If not delighted with results, I may return this purchase in 10 days and price will be refunded.

Send C.O.D. I will pay postman 98¢ plus postage.
 I enclose 98¢—send postpaid.

Name.....

Address.....

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

Canada and Foreign—\$1.25 with order

THE END

"I SAID I'D KILL YOU!"

(Continued from page 24)

The newspapers played up the story that I, too, had seen the robber-murderer's face and was going to check FBI photo files to try and identify him.

Ragon must have gotten my name and address from the papers, for he warned me (by a long distance phone call) not to identify him or he'd kill me.

I had seen how coldly he had killed the cashier and I wasn't sure that he wouldn't carry out the threat.

I decided to tell the police that the photo wasn't in the files. The police had indicated that there was just a million to one chance that the photo would be there.

But when I saw the picture of Ragon I handed it to the police. I guess I would have felt like a criminal myself if I hadn't.

THE police record showed that Ragon had served a prison sentence on a dope running charge. It revealed too, that he was a marijuana addict.

That fact weakened my feeling that he wouldn't take the risk of coming back to Ridgeville to kill me.

Seldom a night passed for a month after the robbery that my wife and I wouldn't awaken, half expecting a gun to blast at us from the darkness. We were even afraid to send Jimmy to school.

Then I decided to quit my job and move to another town. We found a house in Queenstown. I found a job a month later, book-keeping for a building contractor.

The day before I was to draw my first pay check, my sedan had a blowout as I was driving home from work. The car went through a guard rail and plunged down a ravine.

The smashup made the car car- rion for a junk dealer. I got six broken ribs and a cracked spine.

The doctors circled my chest with a plaster cast, kept me in the hospital a month then sent me home.

Five years of savings went to pay the doctor and hospital bills, leaving enough to keep us going until I would be able to go back to work again.

But the bad luck didn't get me or my wife down. We had a philoso-

phy that everything turns out for the best, if you give it enough time.

Now here was Nicky Ragon led to me by bad luck itself. Luck and little Nicky are just like that! With a twenty thousand dollar price tag on his head he was still free.

HIS smile was gone now. The black hole in the gun's muzzle looked up at me as unwavering as his eyes. Fear swept over me, like an icy draft, snuffing out my bitter rage.

"I like to see you afraid," he said. "I like to keep you wondering when the gun's going off. Keep an eye on it. Keep wondering.

"And keep thinking about how nice everything would be if you had listened to little Nicky in the beginning. You wouldn't have to die and I wouldn't be facing a murder rap.

"When I get tired of looking at you, you'll see the fire come from the gun. Maybe I'm tired right now. Keep watching the gun. It will tell you when little Nicky is tired."

He leaned back in the chair, his face a mask of hate, and sat there as motionless as the chair itself. My hands were behind me. I could almost feel the sweat ooze from the palms, pressed against the door.

It seemed that every muscle in my body tightened as the clock on the mantle ticked at the silence.

The clock! Its face was turned from me. Ellen and Jimmy had left for the movie matinee a half hour before I went for a walk. How much time had passed since then? Two hours? Three? Were they on their way home now?

I quit breathing. Even my heart seemed to stop beating. He would kill them, if they came while he was here. I had to make him shoot now.

Fear gripped so that I could hardly bend my legs. My arm muscles tensed, as I got ready to hurl myself away from the door. A sudden narrowing of Ragon's eyes told me the shot was coming before I could move.

The bullet smashed into my chest with the impact of a flat iron. The gun's roar filled the room. A yellow haze mushroomed before my eyes. I was vaguely aware of staggering away from the door, and of the

floor rushing up to meet me. I don't remember hitting it.

I WAS next aware of a fuzzy blackness before my eyes. The blackness moved, and its outlines sharpened. I saw that it was a shoe. I heard laughter that seemed to come from far away.

Then my chest began to throb. The pain cleared my mind a little, and I saw that I was lying on my side in front of the chair, inches from Ragon's feet. His face was a blur of white above me.

"Chump," he said. "Chump. How does hell look?"

My chest felt as though it was filled with hot coals. The pain grew. The yellow haze drifted back, went away again.

I could see Ragon sitting in the chair, bent forward, his elbows on his knees, the gun dangling from his hand. The gun!

I felt paralyzed. If only I could reach up fast. I concentrated on my right hand, trying to bring strength into it. The seconds were like hours. I said a silent prayer and jerked my hand up.

My fingers smashed into the gun. Ragon gave a startled cry, and the gun fell to the floor. I grabbed it and rolled over on my back. There was a blur of motion as he hurled himself from the chair.

I yanked the trigger. The gun bucked and flew from my fingers. Ragon crashed down on me like an avalanche of rocks. The last I remember was the sound of footsteps and Ellen's scream.

IT was a couple of weeks later that I received the twenty thousand dollar reward for killing Ragon. The bullet had caught him squarely in the forehead.

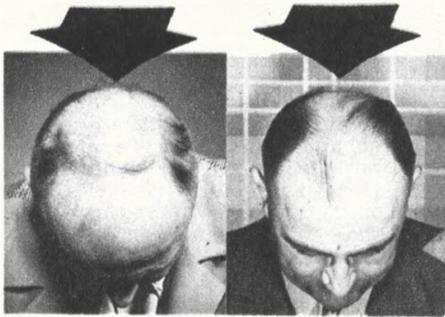
And his bullet had struck me right over the heart.

I had worn the plaster cast so long I had forgotten I had it on. Even so I wouldn't have thought it would stop a bullet. It hadn't really. The bullet plowed through the cast and lodged between the ribs over my heart.

So if it hadn't been for the auto accident—well, I guess you might say that luck and me are just like that.

THE END

LOOK AT THESE PICTURES



April 16, 1949

December 1, 1949



Mr. Nagle as he looks today



CHICAGO PARTS INSPECTOR

"I have been getting bald for about 20 years. Now I have a lot of new hair... you can imagine how happy I feel."—H. J. Prejna, 2523 N. Fairfield Ave., Chicago, Illinois.



NEW YORK CITY BUSINESSMAN

"I now have a healthy undergrowth of hair and my bald spots are filling in. Also, my general scalp condition is much improved."—Alfred Freund, 261 Fifth Ave., New York, New York.



IOWA CITY TRUCK DRIVER

"Lost all my hair. Spent 7 years of my life trying to get it back. I'm glad I used Brandenfels because it's wonderful to have lots of hair again."—Raymond Westfall, 913 S. Maiden Lane, Iowa City, Iowa.

FORMER ARMY SGT. DON B. NAGLE, 8609 34th Ave. S.W., Seattle, Wn., was another of the group using Brandenfels' Scalp and Hair Applications and Massage under medical observation. Mr. Nagle says, "Just to have stopped losing ground and to have a little more hair is wonderful. Now my hair is filling in where it has been sparse for 6 years."

BRANDENFELS' USERS

Have Grown Hair!

Amazing . . . Exciting News from Carl Brandenfels of St. Helens, Oregon

This message is for **SKEPTICS . . .** for men and women worried about baldness or their receding hair lines . . . who never dared believe that **ANYTHING** could be done about baldness. These are **FACTS**: In recent tests, competent medical personnel have observed **RENEWED HAIR GROWTH** on users of my Brandenfels' Scalp and Hair Applications and Massage! In addition, certified public accountants have documented 15,117 testimonial letters from users of the Brandenfels' home course!

THE ONLY FORMULAS AND MESSAGE OF THEIR KIND IN THE WORLD

Brandenfels' Scalp and Hair Applications and Massage cannot be compared with anything else you may have used, heard about or read about. You owe it to yourself to give this revolutionary development in hair care a thorough trial.

These two secret formulas, together with the unique Brandenfels' pressure massage, are designed to bring about a more healthy condition of the scalp, to soften the scalp, and to increase the supply of blood to the entire scalp area. Carl Brandenfels believes that proper use of his formulas and massage may, in many cases, bring about a condition which will help nature allow hair to grow.

Carl Brandenfels does not class his product with the so-called "hair growers." He does not guarantee that it will promote new hair growth, because not every user has grown new hair. Carl Brandenfels does believe that in many bald or partially bald people, the hair follicles are still alive even though no hair is growing from them. And so long as your hair roots are alive, there is still time to help them.



TENNESSEE COAL MINER

"I was totally bald for more than two years, and I'm truly thankful I ordered."—L. Rainey, Petros, Tennessee.



4 weeks First Haircut Today

You probably remember Eidon Beerbower, 2903 N. Portland Blvd., Portland, Ore., one of the early successful users of the Brandenfels' home course. Several years ago, Eidon had his first haircut since total baldness, and he gets regular "crew" haircuts now.

15,117 LETTERS OF PRAISE

Carl Brandenfels has in his files, verified by the impartial audit of Certified Public Accountants—15,117 letters from users who report from one to all of the following results: renewed hair growth, no more excessive falling hair, relief from dandruff scale (Dandruff may be the **FIRST WARNING** of approaching baldness), and improved scalp conditions.

So if you are losing your hair or have already become bald, **SEND TODAY** for a five-week supply of **BRANDENFELS' SCALP and HAIR APPLICATIONS and MESSAGE**. Don't delay . . . every day you wait may make your own problem that much harder.

Before You Turn This Page . . . FOLD OVER THIS CORNER NOW . . . To remind you to order right away

RESULTS VERIFIED BY MEDICAL OBSERVATION



TACOMA GROCER Mr. E. "Al" Nielson, 7019 S. Tacoma Way, Tacoma, Wn., as he looked before using, after 41 weeks and as he looks today.



WASHINGTON BUSINESS WOMAN Mrs. F. M. Harris, 1117 Boren, Seattle, Wn., says: "My hair was so thin I had to wear a hair piece. Now it has completely grown back . . . is beautifully soft and full-colored."

For over a year, a large group of men and women have been using Brandenfels' Scalp and Hair Applications and Massage under medical observation. Above are two of these people, and pictures of others have appeared in Brandenfels' advertisements in leading national magazines. The authenticity of these medical tests and the results observed in them are documented by the sworn testimony of the medical personnel who conducted and participated in these tests.

PLEASANT TO USE AT HOME

WORLD-FAMOUS
Brandenfels
SCALP AND HAIR APPLICATIONS AND MESSAGE

Manufactured only by
Carl Brandenfels,
St. Helens, Oregon

No embarrassment, no time lost from work, no costly office treatments. Use these non-sticky, non-odorous formulas and the unique Brandenfels' Pressure Massage in the privacy of your own home. A 5-week supply costs \$15 plus \$3 Fed. tax (total \$18.00). Send your order today to Carl Brandenfels, St. Helens, Oregon.

Better Still . . . Cut this Coupon and Mail Today

Mail this TODAY, before you forget it!

CARL BRANDENFELS, St. Helens, Oregon

M-652

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

Cash—I enclose \$15, plus 20% Fed. tax (\$3), total \$18. (Will be shipped prepaid.)

C. O. D.—I agree to pay postman \$18 plus postal charges.

Name _____

Address _____

Town _____

Zone _____

State _____

Cash orders will be shipped immediately, postpaid. C. O. D. orders will be filled as rapidly as the formulas become available. PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY

IF YOU DO NOT HAVE THIS PROBLEM, PASS THIS IMPORTANT MESSAGE ON TO A FRIEND

VICIOUS BARROOM RACKETS

(Continued from page 9)

of the respectable, transient hotels that cluster about the main business district.

This, because her ideal quarry is an out-of-town, middle-aged, respectable business man who wants an evening "out on the town" during his short stay in the city.

In less time than it takes to write this, the girl can usually make a pick up. Once she has a sucker in tow, they start making a round of bars and night clubs.

In each of the places they go, the girl is an apparent stranger, hence her slang name: "steerer," as she must guide the sucker to a particular bar without appearing to do so.

Once within the night spot and seated, it is the duty of the girl to chat amusingly, dangle the potentiality of sex-to-come alluringly before the sucker and, above all, to keep the drinks coming their way.

She drinks expensive drinks and brands and reorders frequently while, at the same time, deftly urging her companion-for-the-evening to do the same.

She suggests expensive brands for him to try and urges as many extras as she can upon her escort.

She can smoke only a brand of cigarette he isn't carrying. She thinks the stuffed doll on the cigarette girl's tray the cutest thing she's ever seen, and the like.

Should he tire of the place or not like it for some reason, they'll leave immediately. But, once more, she'll steer him to another bar on her working list.

Then, when he's either broke or his amorous advances are getting too rough for her, she'll simply excuse herself to go to the powder room.

By the time the sucker realizes she's gone for good, she's either safely home in bed or has picked up another chump to start the rounds all over again on the other side of town.

If, by chance, he suspects she's planning to run out on him, it's a simple matter for her to secretly signal a waiter or bartender and have them slip a Mickey Finn to the sucker.

While he is under its insidious influence, it's an easy thing for her to slip away unnoticed. The use of a Mickey, however, is an absolute last resort, especially if the "steerer" is still around.

WELL, you ask, what's so terrible about all this, except for the Mickey part of it? The chump would go out drinking anyway. It's his money. If he wants to toss it away pub-crawling with a good-looking floozy, why shouldn't he?

Just this, this is what's so sinister about the entire thing. The "steerer" isn't steering the sucker to a particular bar just because she likes the decor there or the way the bartender knots his tie.

She steers because she's getting a percentage or kick-back on every drink the sucker drinks and an even larger kick-back on her own drinks because she is served cold tea instead of the expensive Scotch or liquor she orders.

Admittedly (up to this point) it's all just a petty swindle, no matter how deplorable. However, once she has abandoned the sucker, he's all too frequently rolled either by strong-arm hoodlums or the actual waiters or bartenders of the barroom.

And, if during the time his pockets and wallet are being rifled and he is being stripped of his watch, rings and other valuables, the sucker should try to put up a fight, those robbing him will, of necessity, be forced to silence him.

In the process a blackjack may be swung too viciously, a blow with brass-knuckles may strike his temple, or a gun, drawn in an attempt to intimidate, may be used by a trigger-happy punk.

What started as a petty racket, a crude method of small time extortion, has ended in the basic crime—the crime that cannot be undone—murder!

THE girl who uses the lure of companionship and sex to bring the sucker into the larcenous barroom is but one of the myriad barroom rackets.

Not all barrooms practice, or allow to be practiced, these criminal gimmicks that may fleece their victims of amounts ranging from part of the small change left upon the bar top to many hundreds of dollars.

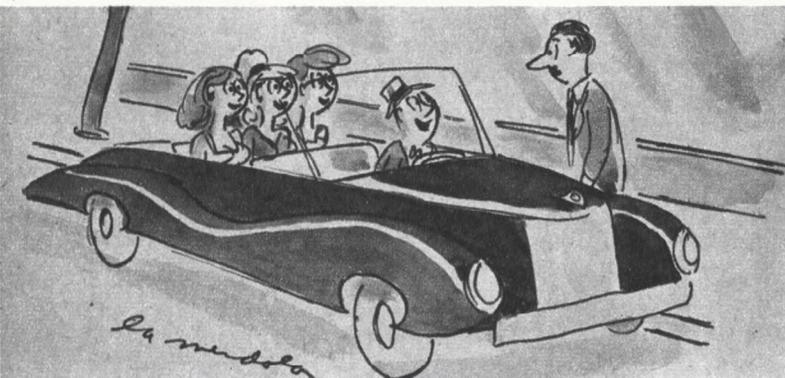
There are, however, enough barrooms that are outright clip-joints or that harbor sticky-fingered employees while ostensibly running a "clean" bar, that it behooves the individual to be most careful of the bar he chooses to drink in.

This is especially true if the thirsty person is a stranger and, even more so, if he is carrying a large sum of money on his person or is expensively or flashily dressed.

Barroom rackets of the dime to dollar class include various methods used to almost openly take change from the unsuspecting sucker. For some inexplicable reason, from coast to coast it is considered good barroom manners to leave one's change upon the bar while drinking.

This habit or custom is, of course, a natural for the bartender who is "on the take." Each time he moves the length of the bar, carefully swabbing about the glass of each customer, he has the opportunity to take a coin or so from each with his wet bar-rag.

If bills are left upon the bar, he may brush one off so that it falls behind the bar proper. Should



"I'll take it. Its rapid pick-up feature is terrific."

the customer notice there is a bill missing and complain, well, it was "just an accident. See, there is your money laying there on the floor. Draft from the door must have blown it off. . . ." If the customer doesn't notice—the bartender later pockets the money.

The bartender and a customer or two customers may "whip saw" a drunk to steal his change.

The system is simple. A person sitting upon one side of the sucker speaks to him—asks for a match or the like. When the sucker turns his head away from the bar and his drink and change to reply—whish—a coin or two is gone, taken by someone on the other side of him or by the bartender.

OTHER methods of crooking the unwary drinker are equally simple. For example, few men, after several drinks, notice exactly what they are drinking.

Therefore, the bartender may start mixing later orders with cheap, "bottom - shelf" whiskey while still charging the "top-shelf" price that was asked for the first few ordered and really served. He pockets the difference, of course.

The padding of bills and substitution of bills are equally crude, but effective. The padding of a bill is obvious, but the dim lights of the average bistro make the checking of a bill difficult at best.

When there is added the cumulative effects of drinking, plus a sneering waiter, plus a disdainful date (who may or may not be in cahoots with the waiter) the checking of the waiter's mathematics can be difficult.

To substitute a bill, the waiter simply presents the sucker the larger check run up at a nearby table. If this "mistake" is noticed the waiter is all horrified apologies.

If not detected, the waiter pockets the difference between the amounts of the two tabs.

The "B" girl of the West Coast and the "Dice" girl of Chicago are specialized rackets for the most part and will not be discussed here as much has already been written concerning them.

However, little has seen print concerning the fake or phony "pick-up." Here is a petty racket based upon insipid sex—a bar-room gimmick fraught with the potential of sudden violence. The basic pattern goes something like this:

The lonely stranger seeks to meet the pretty, and shapely, girl sit-

ting down the bar from him. She also is obviously drinking alone. In time he discovers that ten or twenty dollars paid out will buy him an introduction to this lonely, lovely creature.

If he bites—he's hooked. He buys his introduction; he buys a round or so of drinks; and buys the girls embraces for the evening—in advance!

Then, just as they are about to leave the barroom to find more private quarters, into the bar dashes a burly, angry male who starts shouting at the girl—angrily berating her for leaving their children alone in the apartment while she goes out catting.

Before the chump has more than time to catch his breath, the girl, her "husband" and his money paid "in advance" are gone.

This variation of the old Badger Game is but one of many in which the unwary male seeking diversion may be taken in a barroom.

At one end of the scale is outright violence based upon the Mickey Finn (croton oil and chloral hydrate are the two most frequently used) which either sickens or knocks out the sucker so that robbing him is an easy matter.

At the other end of the scale are subtle approaches in which sex is the bait, and robbery, violence, or even death may be the result.

The number and variety of barroom rackets are limitless. Not all bars are bad, but those that are, can (and do) play rough. The convivial atmosphere of a favorite neighborhood bar or the festive swank of a big time night club can be wonderful fun. But—know what you're doing, where you're going. Remember—no martini is worth the contents of your wallet—no old-fashioned is worth a brutal beating in an alley—no Scotch and soda is worth your life!

THE END

Have Fun! Thrills! Romances!

Anyone Can Learn to Dance

Square Dances
Fox Trot
Waltz
Samba
Jitterbug
Rhumba

Why put off learning to Dance — NOW Here's a much EASIER WAY than YOU ever SAW!

No longer do YOU have to sit and watch while others enjoy dancing . . . NOW you can join the fun! Think of the great pleasure You'll get. SURPRISE and AMAZE your friends when they see you do the latest dance steps with ease. Learn from simple lessons by Betty Lee, one of America's foremost dance authorities.

LEARN THE FOX TROT, COUNTRY DANCES, RHUMBA, SAMBA, CALL SQUARE DANCES! 16 COMPLETE DANCE COURSES—each worth as much as you pay for the entire book. Join thousands who have learned to dance with the help of this amazing book. Written in simple language full of easy-to-follow illustrations—You Learn to Dance in the Privacy of Your Own Home.

LEARN TO DANCE IN 5 DAYS OR PAY NOTHING . . . Here's a wonderful offer. Test this exciting book 5 days — See how it can help you become a smooth dancer and be admired. Yes, You Dance in 5 Days or return book for prompt refund of purchase price.

If You Can Do This Step — You Can Dance In 5 Days!

Simple as ABC

Here's how this exciting book can help you become a smooth dancer. It's full of easy-to-follow diagrams and instructions.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

PIONEER PUBLICATIONS INC. Dept 426-H
1790 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y.

Please rush my copy of "Dancing" in plain wrapper. If I am not satisfied, I may return book in 5 days for full refund of purchase price.

Send C.O.D. I'll pay postman \$1.98 plus postage.
 I enclose \$1.98, you pay postage.
Some guarantee applies.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

ONLY \$1.98
POSTPAID



Here's An

Family

PAYS \$100.00

FOR A DAY, A WEEK, A MONTH, A YEAR, OR EVEN FOR LIFE ...

Wonderful news! This new policy covers everyone from infancy to age 70—with cash benefits so surprising they should have instant appeal for you. Think of it! When sickness or accident sends you to the hospital, you will want this new Family Protection Plan. It PAYS \$100.00 PER WEEK—for a day, a month, even a year, or longer—just as long, in fact, as it's necessary to stay in the hospital. What a relief to know that you and your family could have this PROTECTION so that precious savings may be safeguarded and thus avoid going into debt! The money is paid directly to you—it's YOURS to use and spend as you wish. No strings attached—the company pays you welcome cash when you need it most for as long as hospitalization continues—and you or any insured member of the family may return to the hospital for sickness or accident as many times in the year as necessary without paying one cent additional premium.

3¢ A DAY

IS ALL YOU PAY

for this outstanding new Family Protection!

Sounds unbelievable—but it's true! NEW LOW COST for this wonderful family hospital protection is just 3¢ a day for each adult 18 to 59 and for ages 60 to 70 only 4½¢ a day. For children up to 18 years, the cost is only 1½¢ a day for each child! Naturally this policy is issued only to families and individuals now in good health—otherwise the cost would be sky high. But once protected by this policy, you are covered for hospitalization for about every sickness and accident. Back of this policy are the full resources of the nationally known Service Life Insurance Company of Omaha, Nebraska—organized under the laws of the State of Nebraska, with policyholders in every state, and with assets of \$13,188,604.16 as of January 1, 1951.

SERVICE LIFE

Hospital Department U-51

TWO SPECIAL FEATURES

MATERNITY BENEFITS At Small Extra Cost

Women who will some day have babies will want to take advantage of a special low cost maternity rider. Pays \$50.00 for childbirth confinement either in the hospital or at home, after policy has been in force 10 months. Double the amount on twins.

POLIO BENEFITS At No Extra Cost

In lieu of other regular benefits policy pays these benefits if polio strikes—
For Hospital Bills, up to.....\$500.00
For Doctor's Bills while in the hospital, up to.....\$500.00
For Orthopedic Appliances,.....\$500.00
TOTAL OF \$1,500.00

JUST LOOK! The Large Benefit This Low Cost Policy Provides!

This remarkable Family Hospital Policy covers you and your family for about everything—in every kind of accident—and for all the common and rare diseases, and there are thousands of them, originating after the policy has been in force 30 days. Serious diseases that require hospitalization because of tuberculosis, cancer, heart disease, hernia, or diseases of the organs which are peculiar to women or sickness resulting in a surgical operation, Lumbago and Sacroiliac conditions are also covered if the cause originates six months after the effective date of the policy. Suicide, insanity, and venereal diseases are understandably excluded.

The money is all yours—for any purpose you want to use it. There are no hidden meanings or big words in this policy. You can understand the coverage this policy offers because it is written in big type in words that mean exactly what they say. This new Family Hospital Plan has been developed by a fine 28-year-old established company with assets of \$13,188,604.16 to render a real and necessary service to the families of America. It is the kind of protection that will stand by you when emergency comes. We urge you and every family to send for this policy on our 10 day free trial—and be convinced that no other hospital plan offers so much for your \$1.00 a month!

Entirely New Kind of

HOSPITAL PLAN

A WEEK DIRECT TO YOU While in the Hospital for Sickness or Accident

REMEMBER \$100.00 A WEEK IS ACTUALLY \$14.28 A DAY!

This cash benefit actually takes care of most hospital room expense anywhere in the country . . . with probably money left over. Use the money this policy pays to help cover costly hospital room and board, surgeon's and doctor's bills, nursing care, hospital "extras", and what is left over will help pay you for the time lost from work or business. Members of your family from age 18 to 70 receive the cash benefit starting with the first day of confinement in the hospital. This remarkable new Family Hospital Plan covers children under 18 with cash benefits of \$50.00 a week while in the hospital, for as long as they stay! Benefits paid to you when confined to any recognized hospital, except government hospitals, rest homes and sanitariums, clinics, health resorts or spas. You pick your own doctor. Your good health—and the health of your family—is your most priceless possession. But it's plain common sense to be prepared should misfortune strike.

**Examine this Policy Without Cost or Obligation—
Read It—Talk It Over—Then Decide**

10 DAYS FREE EXAMINATION

Service Life Insurance Company invites you to inspect this brand new kind of Family Hospital Plan. We will send the actual policy to you for 10 days free examination. Talk it over with your banker, doctor, lawyer or spiritual adviser. Compare this policy with any other. Then—and only then—make up your mind. **SEND NO MONEY**—just your name and address on the coupon. Mail today—learn about this protection now!

This is What \$100⁰⁰ a Week Can Mean to You When in the Hospital for Sickness or Accident

Money melts away fast when you or a member of your family has to go to the hospital. You have to pay costly hospital board and room . . . doctor's bills and maybe the surgeon's bill too . . . necessary medicines, operating room fees—a thousand and one things you don't count on in advance. Ready cash and savings go in a hurry—another way of saying what a Godsend this **READY CASH BENEFIT WILL BE TO YOU**. Here's cash to go a long way toward paying heavy hospital expenses—and the money left over can help pay for time lost from your job or business. Remember—all cash benefits are paid directly to you—and never to a doctor or hospital unless you so direct. This means you can use the money to your own best advantage.

THIS POLICY SOLD BY MAIL

There's a big advantage to buying this policy by mail. This method of selling-by-mail is less costly for us—and that's another reason why we can offer so much protection to you for so little money.

MAIL COUPON

The Actual Policy Will Come
to You at Once Without Cost or Obligation

INSURANCE COMPANY

Omaha 2, Nebraska

The Service Life Insurance Company
Hospital Department U-51 Omaha 2, Nebraska

Please rush the new Family Hospital Protection
Plan Policy to me on 10 days Free Inspection.
I understand that I am under no obligation.

Name _____

Address _____

City or Town _____ State _____

HOW TO TELL WHEN A PERSON'S LYING

(Continued from page 30)

He recalled the phrase in Arnold Miles' *How Criminals Are Caught*, to the effect that: "Through ability developed by training, the police are usually able to decide which suspect is most likely to be guilty, and through the same ability are then able to select and use the method of questioning which will be most likely to make him confess, if guilty. . . ."

ARTHUR did a little studying. Then, without appearing to do so, he carefully observed his wife as she told him the stories he vaguely doubted. He gave her no hint that he suspected her, but seemed to accept everything she said without question.

In a very short time he knew beyond doubt that she lied to him frequently, and also he knew which of her statements were lies.

He found, for example, that she was one of the most plausible of liars, always telling a story that was

about 99 per cent true and only one per cent false.

Sometimes her lying accounted for only a few minutes out of an entire afternoon or evening; at other times it concealed what she had been up to for several hours.

Finally, after she had told him about spending an afternoon at the movies, describing the main feature in detail, he asked her about the "second feature"—a picture she had only discussed sketchily. And he found that she knew no more about that second picture than she had read in a fairly detailed movie review.

Still Arthur didn't "let on" that he suspected her. But, by carefully sifting her lies from the truth, he was able to discover that she was enjoying a very discreet love affair, and the "time schedule" on which she conducted her clandestine meetings over the different days of the week.

Two weeks later, he followed his wife to one of her rendezvous and

trapped her with one of his closest friends.

HOW did Arthur know his wife was lying? All her lies were told in a perfectly natural tone of voice, without blushing or stammering, as usually happens in the case of an inexperienced liar. Panic produced no physiological fear reactions in her. Yet Arthur knew.

He knew because the carotid artery in the right side of her throat palpitated visibly and rapidly when she was lying, and only when she was lying.

He focused his attention on the right rather than the left carotid, because this artery, being more directly connected to the aorta or great heart artery, has the more pronounced pulse of the two.

There were other clues, too. After telling a lie, she often swallowed slightly, as though her mouth were dry.

Sometimes she made little unnecessary gestures with her hands, a sign of nervousness but not necessarily a sign that she was lying.

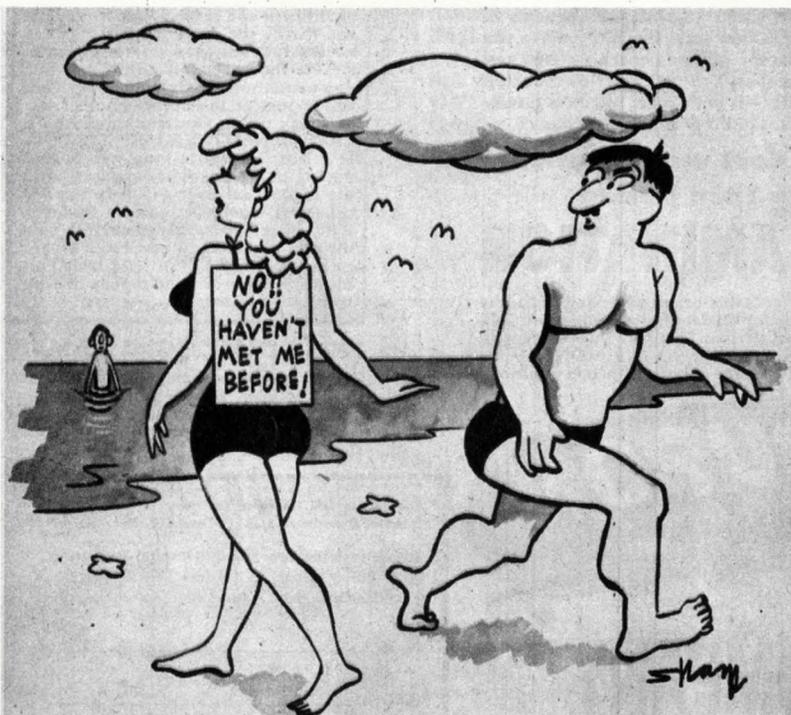
And generally she looked him straight in the eye while telling her fib, though she didn't bother to do so when she was telling the truth.

Curiously enough, this couple didn't "break up." Arthur forgave his wife, and they patched up what was almost a broken marriage. Since then she's never dared lie to him about anything, and she still doesn't know how he found her out.

WHAT Arthur did, almost anybody can do. There are at least a dozen simple clues that indicate when a person is lying. One precaution, however; no one of these clues, taken alone, is absolute proof. A pounding carotid, for example, may be due to some emotion other than fear of detection; it may be caused by anger, romantic passion, or even embarrassment.

So, when you've discovered one apparent clue that somebody is lying to you, search for some of the others. They'll reveal themselves. "Emotion," says Dr. Hans Gross, famous German criminologist, "is invariably accompanied by physical changes, and lying is always accompanied by emotion. . . ."

Squinting the eyes, fixed staring



at the suspicious person or at some object, and a rapid shifting of the vision may often occur as a lie is being told.

Luke S. May, well-known west coast criminologist, tells of an instance where Sheriff Tom Desmond of Tacoma, Washington, suspected a man named Clark of the murder of a school girl. Desmond had no proof other than that the man was presumably a man of dubious reputation.

"They had not the slightest evidence against the man other than that he was a suspicious character about town who might be guilty."

May writes. "Clark was seated on the bed when the officers entered his room. He gave a start, which Desmond's shrewd, sharp eyes noted. His shifty dark eyes roved about the room in an endless parade of confusion. Otherwise the man seemed calm and collected.

"Desmond was sure of his man." This man, incidentally, was found guilty and sentenced to 20 to 30 years in the penitentiary. But his initial start and roving eyes first gave him away.

THE start, the blush, and a sudden change in the rhythm of breathing are all strong indications that the person is lying.

Incidentally the polygraph or "lie detector" is merely a highly accurate device for observing and recording fluctuations in these phenomena, which arise from sudden changes in respiration, pulse-rate, and blood-pressure. But they can be detected visibly, too.

"Blushing is one of the best-known of the physical reactions associated with lying," notes Dr. Julius Grant in *Science for the Prosecution*

He adds that science has "found that the ratio of the intensity of breathing-in to that of breathing-out showed marked variations while a lie was being uttered."

This is because the body, threatened with discovery and danger, prepares to resist by gulping in more oxygen and stepping up the circulation.

There are a great many other symptoms, such as the uncontrollable impulse to swallow that Arthur C. had noted in his wife. This is due to a sudden decrease in the production of saliva.

For thousands of years, one of the Oriental tests for a liar was to command him to chew a mouthful of dry rice. If the rice remained dry, he was considered guilty.

The third symptom that betrayed Arthur's wife was a stroking gesture of her hands, meaningless unless associated with romance, which it actually was. Only she was not talking about romance as she made the gesture!

Most liars are not aware of subconscious gestures that give them away. These gestures are made when the liar is concentrating all his attention on his lie, while his body is acting out what he is trying to conceal!

In a recent case, a psychiatrist whose wife was a notorious kleptomaniac always knew whether or not she had stolen some new knick-knack she brought into the house, for while she told him some elaborate lie, the fingers of her right hand "acted out" stealing some small object and then snapping shut her purse.

In another instance, a man accused of the murder of a neighbor assured the police that he and the dead man had been the best of

friends—but his right hand kept clenching and unclenching with hatred. This was the thing that gave him away.

In a third case, a young girl, after giving birth to an illegitimate child, smothered the infant with the coverlet.

Interrogated by the police, she told a pitiful tale of swooning after going to the baby's crib and finding the child choking underneath the coverlet. When she regained consciousness, she said, the baby was dead.

But an alert detective observed that, as she told her story, she kept spreading the fingers of her left hand and pressing them firmly against her thigh. Her subconscious mind was actually reenacting the crime her lips denied.

Finally, the detective interrupted. "You killed your baby this way," he told her, repeating her subconscious gesture. The astonished girl promptly confessed.

Other obvious symptoms that lead experienced police officers to

Appear Slimmer Instantly!

with the
Glorious New
****TUMMY-FLATTENER**

Interlocking Hands of Firm Support

Only \$2.98

Clasp hands across abdomen as shown, press up and in. Feel good! That's how you feel the instant you put on the exciting, new TUMMY-FLATTENER. Appear slimmer instantly! Supports every movement. Complete with detachable garters, changeable catch piece.

WARD GREEN Co., Dept. T-746

113 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.
Rush my TUMMY-FLATTENER in PLAIN WRAPPER ON APPROVAL by Return Mail. I'll pay postman \$2.98 plus postage.
If not thrilled and delighted with results, I may return in 10 days for immediate refund of purchase price.
(Sizes 37 and up \$3.98. Extra catch pieces 50¢ each)

Waist measure _____
 I enclose \$2.98 (extra large sizes 37 and up \$3.98). You pay postage.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

10 DAYS FREE TRIAL! SEND NO MONEY!
See the amazing difference with your own eyes. Try TUMMY-FLATTENER at our expense! If not delighted with thrilling results, return on 10 DAY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE offer! Mail coupon TODAY!

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. ©T. M. Reg. Pending

HOW TO HYPNOTIZE

IT'S EASY TO HYPNOTIZE...

when you know how!

WANT the thrill of imposing your will over someone? Of making someone do exactly what you order? Try **hypnotism!** This amazing technique gives full personal satisfaction. You'll find it entertaining and gratifying. The **Master Key to Hypnotism** shows all you need to know. It is so simple, anyone can follow it. And there are 24 revealing photographs for your guidance.

SEND NO MONEY

FREE ten days' examination of this system is offered to you if you send the coupon today. We will ship you our copy by return mail, in plain wrapper. If not delighted with results, return it in 10 days and your money will be refunded. **BOND BOOK CO., 113 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.**

MAIL COUPON TODAY

Bond Book Co., Dept. H-226
 113 West 57th St., N. Y. 19, N. Y.

Send **MASTER KEY TO HYPNOTISM** in plain wrapper.

Send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$1.00 plus postage.

I enclose \$1.00. Send postpaid.

If not delighted, I may return it in 10 days and get my money back.

Name

Address

City

State

Canada & Foreign \$2.50 with order.

SONG POEMS WANTED

To Be Set To Music

★ Submit one or more of your best poems for free examination. Any subject. Send poem for details and information.

★ Photographic Records Made

★ **FIVE STAR MUSIC MASTERS**

★ 793 Beacon Bldg., Boston 8, Mass.

REAL SHOOTING FOR YOU!

MARSHMAN AIR PISTOL FOR SPORTS AND TARGET PRACTICE

It Looks Like A Real Gun . . .
 . . . really like a .45 Automatic

It Feels Like A Real Gun . . .
 . . . all metal with main-sized grip

It Handles Like A Real Gun . . .
 . . . grip and feel like genuine thing

It Shoots Like The Real Thing . . .
 . . . has front and rear sights

Amazing Accuracy . . . plenty of power

Packaged with a liberal supply of ammunition including BB's, Darts and Pellets. Price only \$5.95. (No permit needed)

CAROL CO., Dept. G7, 114 E. 32 St., N. Y. C. 14

YOUR OWN BUSINESS

Vending machines earn big money! An investment as low as \$10.00 will start you in this fascinating, profitable business that can lead you to the road of success and independence. Routes can be established and operated in either full or spare time with no experience needed. Write for full details and our **FREE** catalog illustrating nut, candy gum and stamp vendors today.

PARKWAY MACHINE CORP., Dept. 101 715 Ensign St. Dallas 7, Tex.

"suspect a suspect may be lying" include—a nervous twitching of the lips, an expression of astonishment, a sudden appearance of "cold sweat" on the face, a frequent tendency to yawn, trembling of the hands, trembling of the lips, dilation of the pupils, accelerated breathing, a husky or cracked voice, and alternate clenching and opening of the hands. In some cases, the hair on the backs of the hands may actually be seen to rise.

If the suspect believes he has "gotten away with his lie successfully" whatever symptoms he has shown may promptly disappear. He may even breathe out a deep sigh of relief—a dead giveaway.

Once a lie has been suspected, it may be checked by asking the person to repeat—although this is sometimes dangerous, since it usually arouses suspicion and puts the suspect on his guard.

If the story is repeated in exactly the same words—or nearly the same words—and in the same tone of voice, it is very probably a lie.

Often an involved lie is told in a peculiar monotone quite different from the person's normal, casual voice. Or it may be artificially under- or over-emphasized.

"The voice of a denying criminal has in hundreds of cases given him away," Gross says flatly.

Judge Charles W. Fricke, of Los Angeles Superior Court, elaborates greatly on this point in his *Criminal Investigation* when he observes, "In all cases of false stories we find an automatic or phonographic type of recital . . . the story is told the same, with the same mention of details whenever it is called for; if the witness is interrupted he will resume at the place he left off, and his weak point is the inability of supplying details which he should know if the transaction actually did occur and the invention of details to fill in and which are overlooked or changed when the story is repeated. . . ."

This point is psychologically very important. Only the truth is an automatic record of events in the memory. A lie always requires conscious effort to create and maintain. It is this very effort that often gives the liar away.

Thus a liar, when half-trapped, will often fall back on such stalling-for-time statements as "What's that?" "Who, me?" "I didn't quite get that," and so on. Delay, except to actually refresh the memory, is not necessary when telling the truth.

A great many lies that depend on

alibis furnished by honest persons may be exposed by careful checking of the time element.

Thus in a Los Angeles trial, questioning of witnesses revealed that they were providing an alibi for a Sunday, since they told of staying home from work, going to church and so on—but the crime had actually been committed the day before.

In the case of Arthur C., it was easy for him to find out that his wife had left the theater at mid-point of the double feature, though she had carefully established the fact, by talking with the ticket girl, that she had been in the theater that particular afternoon.

SOMETIMES a liar can be challenged directly, resulting in a quick breakdown of his morale and a confession.

When detectives in an eastern city recently picked up a young man on what amounted to no more than "strong suspicion," and were driving him to precinct headquarters for questioning, he defiantly taunted them with making a mistake. He was, however, very nervous and asked permission to roll a cigarette.

"Sure," one of the detectives said, "if you can."

"What do ya mean, if I can?" the young hoodlum asked.

The detective shrugged, and did not reply for a minute or two. Then he said, very quietly, "Because you are guilty and because you're lying. If you weren't guilty and lying your hands wouldn't shake so. You can't even roll a cigarette."

And in three tries, the young punk failed to roll a cigarette. He started his confession before the police car reached the station house.

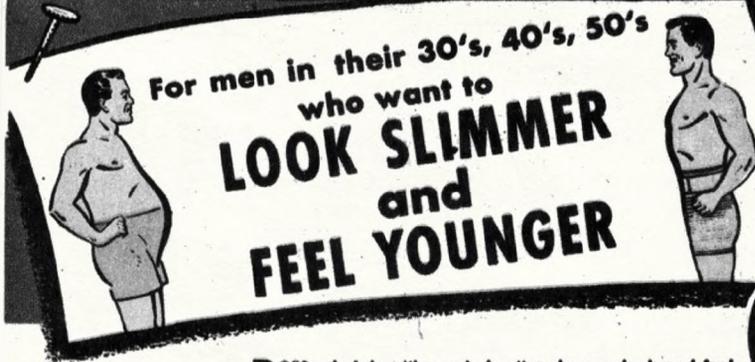
Sometimes asking a "leading question" will expose a liar. In the case of a man who was trying to collect heavy insurance following an accident in which he had allegedly suffered semi-paralysis of his left arm, the insurance attorney casually asked him, "Now, Mr. Jones, since the accident, how high have you been able to lift your arm?"

The man raised his arm a foot or so.

"Now raise your arm as high as you could before the accident," the attorney added quickly—and the man lifted his arm halfway above his head before he realized that the innocent second question had trapped him.

"Give a liar enough leeway, and he'll trip himself," police investi-

An Amazing NEW HEALTH SUPPORTER BELT

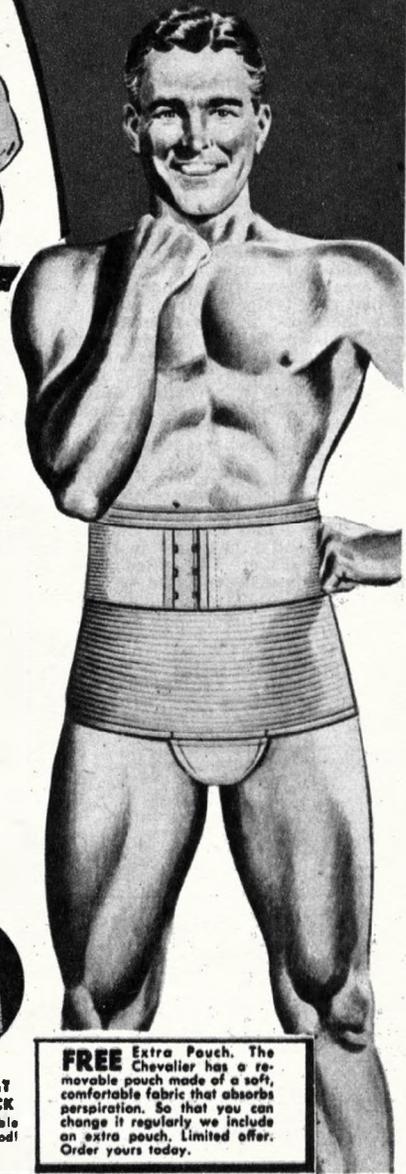


DOES a bulging "bay window" make you look and feel years older than you really are? Then here, at last, is the answer to your problem! "Chevalier", the wonderful new adjustable health supporter belt is scientifically constructed to help you look and feel years younger!

The CHEVALIER

LIFTS AND FLATTENS YOUR BULGING "BAY WINDOW"

Why go on day after day with an "old-man's" mid-section bulge ... or with a tired back that needs posture support? Just see how "Chevalier" brings you vital control where you need it most! "Chevalier" has a built-in strap. You adjust the belt the way you want. Presto! Your "bay-window" bulge is lifted in ... flattened out—yet you feel wonderfully comfortable!



POSTURE BAD? Got a 'Bay Window'?



DO YOU ENVY MEN who can 'KEEP ON THEIR FEET'?

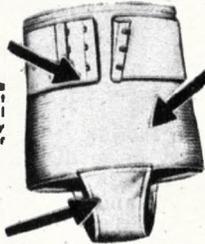
and then he got a "CHEVALIER" ...



YOU NEED A "CHEVALIER"!

FRONT ADJUSTMENT

Works quick as a flash! Simply adjust the strap and presto! The belt is perfectly adjusted to your greatest comfort!



TWO-WAY S-T-R-E-T-C-H-WONDER CLOTH

Firmly holds in your flabby abdomen; yet it s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-s as you breathe, bend, stoop, after meals, etc.

DETACHABLE POUCH

Air-cooled! Scientifically designed and made to give wonderful support and protection!



Rear View FITS SNUG AT SMALL of BACK Firm, comfortable support. Feels good!

FREE Extra Pouch. The Chevalier has a removable pouch made of a soft, comfortable fabric that absorbs perspiration. So that you can change it regularly we include an extra pouch. Limited offer. Order yours today.

Healthful, Enjoyable Abdominal Control

It's great! You can wear "Chevalier" all day long. Will not bind or make you feel constricted. That's because the two-way s-t-r-e-t-c-h cloth plus the front adjustment bring you personalized fit. The "Chevalier" is designed according to scientific facts of healthful posture control. It's made by experts to give you the comfort and healthful "lift" you want. Just see all the wonderful features below. And remember—you can get the "Chevalier" on FREE TRIAL. Mail the coupon right now!

FREE TRIAL OFFER

1. You risk nothing! Just mail coupon—be sure to give name and address, also waist measure, etc. — and mail TODAY!



2. Try on the "Chevalier". Adjust belt the way you want. See how your bulging "bay window" looks streamlined ... how comfortable you feel. How good it is!



3. Wear the "Chevalier" for 10 whole days if you want to! Wear it to work, evenings, while bowling, etc. The "Chevalier" must help you look and feel "like a million" or you can send it back! See offer in coupon!



RONNIE SALES, INC., Dept. 5018-E 487 Broadway, N. Y. 13, N. Y.

SEND NO MONEY: JUST MAIL COUPON

RONNIE SALES, INC. Dept. 5018-E
487 Broadway, New York 13, N. Y.

Send me for 10 days' FREE TRIAL a CHEVALIER HEALTH-SUPPORTER BELT. I will pay postman \$3.98 (plus postage) with the understanding that includes my FREE pouch. In 10 days, I will either return CHEVALIER to you and you will return my money, or otherwise my payment will be a full and final purchase price.

My waist measure is _____ (Send string the size of your waist if no tape measure is handy)

Name _____

Address _____

City and Zone _____ State _____

Save 45¢ postage. We pay postage if you enclose payment now. Same Free Trial and refund privilege.

MEN PAST 40

**Afflicted With Bladder Trouble,
Getting Up Nights, Pains
in Back, Hips, Legs,
Tiredness.**

If you are a victim of these symptoms your troubles may be traced to glandular inflammation. Neglect of such troubles often leads to permanent injury.

Glandular Inflammation is a constitutional disease and it is futile for sufferers to try to treat themselves at home. Medicines that give temporary relief will not remove the cause of your trouble.

The Excelsior Institute, an institution devoted exclusively to the treatment of Diseases of older men by NON-SURGICAL Methods has a revealing and instructive FREE Book that tells how many basic conditions and troubles may be corrected with proven methods of treatment.

During the past few months men from over 250 Midwestern Communities have been successfully treated at the Excelsior Institute. They found soothing and comforting relief and a new zest in life.

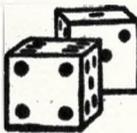
This new, Free, Illustrated Book deals with Diseases peculiar to Men. Gives factual knowledge that could prove of utmost importance to your life. There is no obligation. Address Excelsior Institute Dept. 8011 Excelsior Springs, Missouri.

PROTECTION

At home or on the street. A most effective weapon for particular people. Fits into your pocket. For Police Officers, Store, Shop or Home. Will not kill. Never sold to MINORS. Must not violate man or beast. Fires Special "DEAR GAN" Cartridge. Only \$7.05. Send \$1 with order. Cartridges FREE for each with order.

WINFOLDT CO. Dept. PG10 Woodhull, Penna.

FREE!
FAMOUS
BLUE BOOK
CATALOG



Dice & Cards
Perfect Dice,
Magic Dice, Magic
Cards, Real
One Backs,
Jinks, Dumps, Pocket
Chips, Gambling
Layouts, Dice
Boxes, Counter
Games, Punch
boards, WHITE
FOR CATALOG TODAY

K. C. CARD CO, 836 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago 5, Ill.

HYPNOTISM

Learn to apply this tremendous POWER. Win love. Develop magnetic personality, control. Increase your income. ANYONE can master this great mystic power in short time. DON'T DELAY. Write for free information NOW—TODAY!

"Proven guaranteed results since 1921"

INSTITUTE OF APPLIED HYPNOLOGY
120 Central Park So., N. Y. 19, Dept. 55

STOP TOBACCO



Banish the craving for tobacco as thousands have with Tobacco Redeemer. Write Today for free booklet telling of miraculous effect of tobacco and of a treatment which has relieved over 30,000 people.

In Business Since 1908
THE NEWELL COMPANY
441 Clayton St. - St. Louis 3, Mo.

gators frequently say. For this reason, they often do not challenge contradictory statements that may be easily explained or that put the prisoner on his guard—until he has thoroughly involved himself.

Asking for more and more details usually puts the liar in increasing difficulties. And when a lie is suspected, the police generally don't let on, but encourage the criminal to go on and talk some more. Often they deliberately give him the impression that they believe every word he says—until the moment they are ready to "lower the boom on him."

To catch a liar, Judge Friche warns, "... don't get angry, don't lose your head and your mental keenness."

Generally, unless his offense is very serious, the liar wants to "make a clean breast of it." The wife who has falsified her charge accounts, the husband who has lost more than he can afford at poker, actually wants to tell the truth and ease his conscience.

This sort of liar will usually re-

spond to patience and sympathy. As a matter of fact, many major criminals have broken down and admitted they were lying after a dose of sympathy—perhaps a meal, a few cigarettes, and a chance to take a nap—provided by police officers.

You, probably, will not run up against a major criminal of the sort that runs the nation's crime bill up to around \$35 billion annually. You will not interrogate a burglar (there is one burglary a minute), or a murderer (one murder each 35 minutes).

But you may have occasion to check your wife or girl-friend, your business partner, the man who's trying to sell you a used car, even your boss—who says you'll get a big raise soon if you'll only stick with him.

In these and many other circumstances, simple police methods of "rough-checking for a liar" may often prove helpful. And, surprisingly enough, they may often show you that your suspicions are unfounded!

THE END

RUSSIA'S SECRET PLAN

(Continued from page 19)

as in Nevada or in Florida.

"It should be easy to do the job of overthrowing the state governments in such states and then to proclaim the first American Soviet Republic."

It is not altogether fantastic to believe that this suggestion will now be given serious consideration by the Soviet policy makers and strategists.

THE Soviet Commissars believed that their American underground should also add a special harbor and naval unit in order to take armed control of sections which have been bombed by Soviet planes.

Suggested were the smaller ports such as Camden, N. J., Mobile, Biloxi, Savannah, Portsmouth, New Hampshire, Wilmington, N. C., Galveston, Texas, and some of the West coast harbors.

Naval saboteurs would be in charge of placing TNT and other sabotage media on US ships and on docks and shipping facilities.

The Soviets who still believe a

fifth column job of this sort can be organized by 5,000 well-trained saboteurs in key positions, should also plan, it was strongly suggested, on a special wrecking team against atomic installations, ammunition arsenals and depots.

The Russians promised, in their blueprint war game at the spy schools, that some Soviet Commandos would land on American shores to help these five thousand saboteurs and guerilla soldiers.

Soviet saboteurs were also trained at these spy schools in chemistry and germ warfare—instructions were given for special vaccinations for the agents, as not only atomic bombs will be used against America but also flu, grippe bacilli, fungus, virus and many germs against agriculture.

In many cases, the saboteurs will have to carry on the germ warfare themselves, as they may be able to operate with greater success than airplanes, which might be shot down.

The sabotage students heard many a medical lecture and were

instructed on many phases of bacteriological warfare.

"Disease agents" will be developed by Soviet laboratories and will be in the hands of the trustworthy agents—before the time of real crisis approaches.

The opium, cocaine, and heroine smugglers of the world will bring a new deadly product to the American shores. Communist underground agents know the importance of utilizing the world's smuggling rings for their own disastrous purposes.

Again and again at the spy schools, the saboteurs were told—"spread not only germs, not only destruction against harbors or factories, but spread disunity, disbelief. And ask for a new government—a "peace" government, a government that we can take over."

The first goal of the political sabotage front will not be a Communist Government but a coalition government, a left wing government.

"Frighten America with the threat that a billion and a half of colonial races will help the Soviet cause in Asia and Africa; that America does not have the manpower for a global war. Tell them America's Allies did not come through—make America weak."

THESE are the macabre instructions for Russia's fifth column during a war with America.

It is quite evident that the World War which started in 1914 and which is not over yet, will be fought with indescribable and unimagined methods, if it should come to a final East-West showdown.

In case of war, America must arrest every Communist, every Communist sympathizer and especially those suspected as "sitters" who have not yet started to work.

Wartime law must protect this democracy of ours, for Russia's Politburo gangsters are producing a guerilla ring of spies, saboteurs, traitors and commissars who might wreck the United States almost as easily as Hitler's hordes of undermining squads wrecked France, Norway, Holland, Belgium, Denmark, Rumania, Bulgaria and Hungary.

There is a dangerous plan for Soviet sabotage in America, and only fools will laugh it off. Remember how, at first, we laughed at Hitler.

America is the last arsenal of power of Western Civilization that can stem this onslaught of Soviet world conquest.

America is at war. We call it cold war, police actions, war of nerves, but it is still the fifty years war which started in 1914 and which will not come to an end until the last dictator has been destroyed.

THE END



To the man who wants to enjoy an

ACCOUNTANT'S CAREER

IF you're that man, here's something that will interest you. Not a magic formula—but something more substantial, more practical.

Of course, you've got to pay the price, study earnestly. Still, wouldn't it be worth while for a brief period—provided the rewards were good—a salary of \$4,000 to \$10,000? An accountant's duties are interesting, varied, of real worth to his employer. He has standing.

Why not, like so many before you, let LaSalle's Problem Method start you climbing?

Suppose you could work in a large accounting firm under the personal supervision of an expert accountant—solving easy problems at first, then more difficult ones. With his advice, soon you'd master them all.

That's what LaSalle's Problem Method gives you. You cover Principles, Systems, Income Tax, Auditing, Cost Accounting, Business Law, Organization, Finance—right on up through C.P.A. preparation. You progress as rapidly as you care to—start cashing in while still learning.

Will recognition come? You know success does come to the man really trained. Yes—trained accountants are the executives of tomorrow.

For your own good, write for free 48-page book, "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays"—plus "Ten Years' Promotion in One," a book which has helped many men. Mail the coupon NOW.

Over 3300 C.P.A.'s among LaSalle alumni

LASALLE EXTENSION

Dept. HR-887 CHICAGO 5, Illinois

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY A CORRESPONDENCE INSTITUTION

417 S. Dearborn St., Dept. HR-887, Chicago 5, Ill.

I want to be an accountant. Show me, without cost or obligation, the 48-page book, "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays," and full information about your accountancy training program—also "Ten Years' Promotion in One."

Higher Accountancy

Other LaSalle Opportunities

- | | |
|----------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> C.P.A. Coaching | <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bookkeeping | <input type="checkbox"/> Foremanship |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Law: LL.B. Degree | <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Management |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenotypy |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Salesmanship | <input type="checkbox"/> (Machine Shorthand) |

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

Address.....

City, Zone, State.....



"Donald! You're NOT at the office!"



DIRECTORY OF ACTIVE CLUBS

If you are lonely—if life is passing you by—try one of these reliable correspondence clubs. These clubs cooperate with the Post Office Department to keep out undesirables. Their extensive advertising assures you of better service when you join. Our clients include biggest advertisers in this field

RALPH KELLY

- ADVERTISING -

ABERDEEN. WASHINGTON

WHY BE UNHAPPY?

\$1 BRINGS WORLD'S GREATEST BI-MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR SIX MONTHS, OR \$2.00 YEAR. LOVELY PICTURES! OVER 800 DESCRIPTIONS WITH ADDRESSES. EITHER SEX. STATE AGE. INFORMATION 10c.
SUNNY CLUB, BOX 1718, TAMPA, FLORIDA

FRIEND OR LIFEMATE

Large magazine, complete with pictures, descriptions, full details—either ladies or gentlemen—copy 25c; with addresses 50c.

BARNUM AGENCY

772-Z Cleveland Ave. Bridgeport 4, Conn.

LONESOME?

PERSONAL ATTENTION given EVERY application. Experienced in this business since 1928. No club in the world offers more efficient, honest and friendly service. Membership lasts until suited. Confidential, of course.

MISS CHASE

P. O. Box 178, Seattle 11, Washington

LONESOME?

Let us help you find your ideal wife or husband through our introductions by mail. All ages, all types. Nationwide membership. Sealed details free. State your age.

RELIABLE CLUB

P. O. Box 593-N, Healdsburg, Calif.

LONELY?

Want someone nice, near your age and not too far away?

Meet a congenial friend who likes what you like. Find Thrilling Romance, Love, Happy Marriage... Join America's Friendliest Club. It's different, dependable, quick. Guaranteed service since 1941. Sincere men and women, coast-to-coast, all types. Write today. Exciting, confidential details FREE
FRED CARTER Box 687-BZ Brooklyn 1, N. Y.



FIND REAL LOVE

Write today for FREE actual pictures and descriptions—sincere, attractive ladies or gentlemen desiring romance. Find thrilling happiness, companionship, marriage through America's Finest Introduction Service. Nationwide membership—all ages. Confidential. Guaranteed results or refund.
ALLAN CRAIG
Box 9806 Hollywood 27, California

ARE YOU LONELY?

No need to be! Thousands of lonely folk everywhere are finding true happiness through our introductions by mail. We will show you PROOF of our results. Send NOW for FREE particulars in a plain, sealed envelope. You will be glad you did.

RAINBOW SERVICE

1831-L 77th Ave. Oakland, Calif.

LONELY?

25c brings magazine containing pictures, descriptions, of lonely sincere members everywhere, seeking friendship, companionship, marriage. With names and addresses, Ladies or Gentlemen, 50c.

TAB PUBLICATIONS

8154-LF Walton St. Chicago 29, Ill.



LONELY?

If you want an Ideal wife, husband, or new friends of the right type, write for free plain sealed details on how to join America's foremost introduction service. Amazing personalized system that's different. Reliable, confidential. Vast nationwide membership. Guaranteed results. Mention age and sex. Write today.

DR. K. MILES, B.S., M.S., Ph.D.

HUMAN RELATIONS COUNSELOR

Box L-9265, Station S., Los Angeles 5, California

Are You Lonesome?

Let me help you lose that lonesome feeling and find happiness in my club. Members of all ages everywhere; some wealthy. Please send stamp, age and description for free particulars mailed in plain, sealed envelope.

STEVE'S SOCIAL CLUB

Box 627 Dept. L Canton, Ohio

IF YOU ARE LONELY

read for our MATRIMONIAL and FRIENDSHIP MAGAZINE with names, addresses, descriptions and pictures of lonely people wishing correspondence. \$1.00 a year, 25c a copy.

CUPID'S MAGAZINE

Box 171 Dept. L McKenna, Tenn.
(This publication is not Cupid's Destiny)



LONESOME?

Find your Lifemate through my Club. Old and Reliable; Established 1924. Personal service for refined men and women. Nationwide membership. Many states they are wealthy. (CONTINUOUS, DEPENDABLE, INDIVIDUAL SERVICE.) Confidential introductions by letter. Free Particulars, Photos, Descriptions. Sealed.

LOIS L. REEDER, Box 549, Palestine, Texas

MISTLETOE

is the sign of GOOD LUCK.

Join our club and you may find HAPPINESS. DON'T BE LONELY—correspond for pastime or matrimony.

For application write—
P. O. Box 5282, Donaldson Sta., Tulsa, Okla.

LONESOME?

JOIN RELIABLE CLUB, established 1909

Members everywhere—beautiful girls, nurses, teachers, widows, businessmen, farmers seeking congenial mates. Many claim wealth. Dignified, dependable and sure, we get results. WRITE FOR INFORMATION AND DESCRIPTIONS FREE. SEALED.
THE EXCHANGE, 3827-LF Main, Kansas City, Mo.

BE LONELY NO MORE! OPEN DESTINY'S DOOR!

25c brings Cupid's Destiny, World's Greatest Social Publication, including coast-to-coast names and addresses; either sex. Captivating descriptions; sparkling pictures—widows, widowers, bachelors, beautiful girls desiring early marriage. (Year, bi-monthly, \$2.00.) Mention your age.

DESTINY LEAGUE

Aberdeen 19, Washington

WHY BE LONELY?

Correspond with Ladies or Gentlemen everywhere. 16 pages of pictures and descriptions, 25 cents; with addresses 50c.

MAURICE WILHELM

Box 1365-L Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin

LONESOME?

Beautiful Girls. All Types.

Thousands anxious to meet you. Our system is new and different. Tell us about yourself. We'll send our free information in machine sealed letter. Nation's Largest.

HELP COMPANY CLUB

4224 Broadway, Chicago 40, Illinois

IF You Want Marriage and an affectionate sweetheart, worthwhile and generous, write me at once. All letters held strictly confidential.

MARY LEE

Box 445-L Rolla, Missouri

LOVE - HAPPINESS - MARRIAGE

A Correspondence Club that is different. Each person's problem especially handled as a separate case. Free advice, particulars free, or send 10 cents for sample list of opposite sex, names and addresses. State your age.

KENTUCKY'S EXCHANGE

Sergeant 17, Kentucky

LONESOME?

Find your "IDEAL WIFE or HUSBAND" through Correspondence. Confidential Service. Free, Sealed Particulars.

Trial List of Ladies or Gents ONLY 25c.

THE VETERAN CLUB

P. O. Box 3007-L Portsmouth, Virginia

WHY BE LONELY

If its Friends, Romance or Companionship you want, let one of America's foremost Clubs arrange a correspondence for you. A confidential, reliable service. Nationwide membership. Write for sealed particulars, sent free.

PEARL I. SMITH

P. O. Box 2732-L Kansas City, Mo.

♥ SWEET ROMANCE ♥

EXCITING ROMANTIC PUBLICATIONS—CUPID'S DESTINY (Many Pictures) 50c; Sunshine Bulletin 25c, names, addresses, descriptions. Large list fascinating correspondents near your age 50c. Honest sincere service. Free details.

SUNSHINE CLUB

P. O. Box 660 Dept. L Vallejo, Calif.

LONELY?

Send 50c for Profusely Illustrated Matrimonial Magazine with pictures, descriptions and addresses of ladies or gentlemen seeking companionship, romance, marriage.

THE SOCIALITE

Box 521-F Sun Valley, Calif.

TRUTH ABOUT MONKEY GLANDS

(Continued from page 27)

DR. VORONOFF describes his first patient; "He was an old Alsatian named George Behr. He looked to be eighty years old and was bent, decrepid, unsteady in his walk, always exhausted, and seemed to be in a continual stupor."

The graft was performed on March 5th, 1924, at the Public Hospital of Algiers by Dr. Cochez, assisted by Dr. Piere, the clinical surgeon. Dr. Voronoff supervised the operation and it was witnessed by a large group of medical men.

Imagine the scene. Two stretchers were wheeled into the operating theater. George Behr lies on one stretcher. On the other a tall, tail-less Macaque monkey.

They are placed side by side, already rendered unconscious with ether. Dr. Cochez makes a few quick strokes with his knife and removes a slice of the monkey's testes. It is inserted into the old man's body, and in five minutes both monkey and man are being wheeled out of the operating room.

Dr. Voronoff later reported: "A year later I went back to Algiers with the General Secretary of the Algiers government and my two colleagues, Drs. Cochez and Piere.

"Our expectations were more than fulfilled. George Behr was truly a different man. He was working as a handyman for the Dookra chemist, and his virile vigor was returning after being dormant long years.

Many old men received the monkey graft, and photographs taken before the operation and some time after speak for themselves. They appear like the work of a Hollywood make-up artist, but every operation was witnessed by reputable doctors.

VORONOFF was officially damned and praised by the medical world, depending on which side of the fence they sat on.

The man on the street didn't know what to think. Was Voronoff saint or sinner? A brilliant scientist far ahead of his time or a cruel quack?

To tamper with glands in those days was a "sin." And to bring a monkey into the picture was "shameful." For these two reasons alone Voronoff was crucified by his medical brethren.

Critics ridiculed him with the

title "monkey man." Rumors were started claiming that a person undergoing the rejuvenation treatment would turn into a monkey, and if a grafted man did sire a child it would be half man and half ape.

Any statement made by Voronoff was twisted and used to black ball him still further on the world's medical registers.

Remember, this man was research director of one of France's finest organizations and before his work with the monkey he was honored by medical associations the world over.

Another man who received praise and a lot of ridicule in his battle against old age decay was the Viennese doctor, Professor Eugene Steinach. His work ran along the same lines as that of Voronoff, but he carried it a step further.

Steinach performed a series of experiments with rats. He chose rats, because their life span ranges from twenty-seven to thirty-six months. This meant that in two and a half years he could follow the life of a generation from birth to death.

HE first operated on an old, bald senile rat who had long ago lost all interest in female companions. Steinach grafted testes of a young, active rat into the abdominal muscles of the old fellow. The old boy became active and soon mated with a female who bore him a healthy litter.

Like a true scientist, Steinach decided to see what would happen if he reversed the process. He castrated young, healthy rats, and they soon showed all the symptoms of old age. They were then grafted with testes and again became active.

Steinach noticed that the life span of a rejuvenated rat was increased six months over the normal life span. He was convinced that man could be rejuvenated.

There was one big obstacle. How could he obtain the necessary human glands?

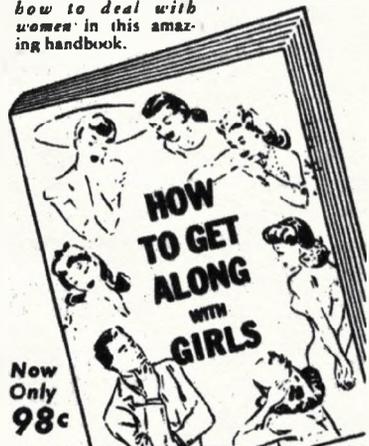
A limited number was obtained from hospitals who had removed them from patients for specific reasons. Some were obtained from the bodies of people executed by the state. When certain opposing organizations heard about this, they

It's EASY
to Win Her!



... when You Know How!

Women are funny — you never know whether you're making the right move or not. Avoid disappointment, heart-break! Save yourself lots of tragedy. Don't be a Faux pas! Read **HOW TO GET ALONG WITH GIRLS** and discover for yourself the ABC and XYZ of successful strategy. Put psychology to work. No more clumsy mistakes for you — get the real McCoy on how to deal with women in this amazing handbook.



Now Only 98c

READ FOR YOURSELF!

- | | |
|----------------------------|-------------------------------|
| How To Date A Girl | How To Look Your Best |
| How To Interest Her in You | How Not To Offend |
| How To Win Her Love | How To Be Good-Mannered |
| How To Express Your Love | How To Overcome "Inferiority" |
| How To "Make Up" With Her | How To Hold Her Love |
| How To Have "Personality" | How To Show Her A Good Time |

AND MORE VALUABLE PAGES!

SEND NO MONEY!

FREE five days examination of this book is offered to you if you send the coupon today! We will ship you your copy by return mail, in plain wrapper. If not delighted with results, after reading book, return it in 5 days and your money will be refunded. PLAZA BOOK CO. New York N. Y.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

PLAZA BOOK CO. Dept. D-696

109 Broad St., New York 4, N. Y.

Send **HOW TO GET ALONG WITH GIRLS** in plain wrapper.

I enclose 98c. you pay postage.

Send c.o.d. and I pay postman 98c plus post. If not delighted I may return it in 5 days and get my money back.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

Canada & Foreign—\$1.25 with order

READING for MALES

How To Start Your Own Mail Order Business, by Ken Alexander

Reviewed by Jack Parker

Believe me, I feel a healthy respect for mail order, having seen a friend, a former \$30-a-week clerk, acquire a Cadillac and a country estate in the business. Questioned about his success, he explained, "Mail order! You jolt slice open the mail and extract the dollar bills."

But perhaps he is to be taken more literally than his facetious reply implies. I feel so since reading "How To Start Your Own Mail Order Business," a book which dissipates the mystery about mail order.

Beginning with the idea, the author shows what makes a product suitable for mail order, giving many illustrations such as hair colorings, medicines, cosmetics, jellies, novelty jewelry, picture albums, etc. One can operate from home or if in business by adding a mail order department for just the cost of printing and stamps.

The book shows how to prepare a mail order ad, where to place it and gives the names of list brokers, and publications used successfully in mail order.

The book is sold on refund guaranteed basis and persons interested are advised to get it by sending \$2.00 directly to the publishers:

STRAYON PUBLISHERS, Dept. T-444
113 West 57th St. New York 19, N. Y.

STUD POKER

You should read this great little book on Stud Poker, and How To Play It. Tells possibilities of hands, How to Bet, How to Bluff, and over 60 pages of things you should know of the game. Send 10 cents and get it while the supply lasts.

HUNT & CO., Dept. D
188 N. Wabash St., Chicago 4, Ill.

Free Yourself FROM Tobacco Habit

If you want to stop smoking and just can't, try world-famous NO-TO-BAC Lozenges. See how quickly NO-TO-BAC may help stop your craving for tobacco. Rush \$1 to NO-TO-BAC, for 7 days supply. (For heavy smokers—16 days' supply—\$2.) Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Write:

NO-TO-BAC CO.
DEPT. MA HEWLETT, NEW YORK

Regular Price of a Slide Rule \$4 and up



If you know how to use a pencil you can use a slide rule. For bookkeepers, accountants, salesmen (figuring commissions, cost, etc.), farmers, housewives, etc. For Armed Forces highly important. Man's most useful tool. Easy to calculate instantly. Multiplying, proportion, division, extracting roots, etc. Equipped with "High Vision" Clear View Scales, Full 18" Scales, A, B, C, D, E and F scales. FREE 28-page instruction book on how to get correct answers instantly without pencil or paper.

Gene Leamy, 248 5th Ave., N. Y. 17
Dept. 127-A Limit three rules to each coupon

protested, and this source of supply was stopped.

Steinach's supporters urged a law be passed allowing persons with a short time to live be allowed to sign a release that would allow the professor to remove their glands immediately after death. This proposal was bitterly attacked and defeated.

For a time, a black market existed in human glands. In certain quarters, purse snatching and rolling drunks for their money was no longer the chief sport.

After a night on the town, more than one young man woke in a hospital the next day to be informed that he had been crudely mutilated by the gland black marketers."

Such goings on caused a terrific scandal, and, although Steinach and his co-workers had no part in the grim business, they were bitterly attacked. Quack and idiot were the kindest words thrown at them.

Actually, the stolen glands were bought by charlatans who had never seen the inside of a medical school.

STEINACH decided to attack the problem from a different angle. He removed a tiny slice of a rejuvenated animal's gland and examined the piece under a microscope. As he suspected, he found a difference.

The grafted gland showed a decrease in the tissues that produce sperm cells, and the testes had lost a lot of their power of excretion.

He reasoned that it was a case of nature evening the score. As an example; certain tribes in Southern Guinea spend most of their lives in canoes. They have extremely well developed arms and shoulders, but their legs, unaccustomed to walking, can hardly bear their body weight.

The same thing happens in grafted testes. Normally, testes manufacture matter that is absorbed by the system and matter that is given off.

In grafted testes, only hormones absorbed by the system are manufactured, and the hormone producing cells increase in size and number.

These are the cells that are credited with rejuvenation, and Steinach called the part of the testes producing these cells "puberty glands."

Once Steinach knew this, he asked; "Is there a means of stimulat-

ing the activity of these glands in aged people without grafting?"

He answered his question and devised an operation known as a vasoligature.

He reasoned that if the grafted gland loses its twin function and becomes solely a gland of internal secretion manufacturing youth-giving hormones, an operation could be devised that would stop the manufacture of external secretions, thus causing the corresponding gland to die. This would make the rejuvenating, or puberty gland, work harder.

IN Professor Steinach's vasoligature the route taken by the sperm cells is blocked close to the testes. The production of sperm cells stop, and the rejuvenating glands become more active.

At last, it seemed the age old curse of senility would receive a set-back. Provided they weren't diseased, men should be fairly active until they died.

Unfortunately, things didn't turn out that way. Too many people received garbled reports and considered the operation a form of mutilation.

This isn't so, and many people walking the streets today can testify to the fact.

A vasoligature does not interfere with virility. The seminal and prostate glands are not affected.

Sensations long forgotten are regained, and in a good many cases the patient becomes an asset to society instead of a burden.

Many vasoligatures have been performed by such eminent men as Dr. Harry Benjamin, New York City, and Dr. Schmidt, Berlin, to mention several, and they agree the operation is worthwhile, in most cases.

Still, many conservative surgeons associated Steinach with testes grafting, monkeys and all that, so they would have nothing to do with any of his techniques.

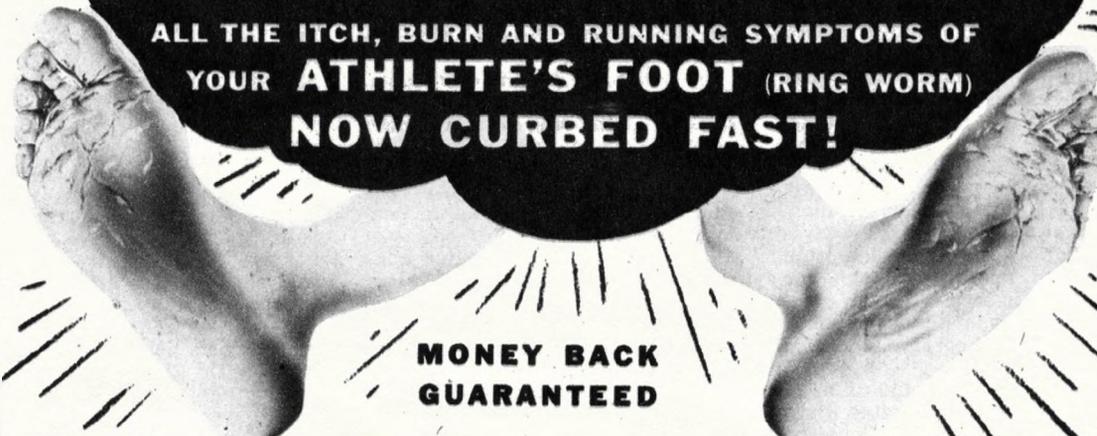
Today, science's main weapon in the search for the fountain of youth is testosterone, the amazing, synthetic male hormone. The hormone treatment, too, has to fight against a maze of ignorance and cruel jibes, because of its associations with the virile glands.

Voronoff, the "ring-tailed monkey man," and Steinach the "witch doctor," may well be forgiven if they often shook their head and wondered if the search for eternal youth was worth it all. There is no enemy more deadly than ignorance.

THE END

P-L-E-A-S-E STOP THAT AGONY!

ALL THE ITCH, BURN AND RUNNING SYMPTOMS OF
YOUR **ATHLETE'S FOOT** (RING WORM)
NOW CURBED FAST!



**MONEY BACK
GUARANTEED**

Here's the PROOF!

An outstanding New York testing laboratory proved Torine effectively yet safely kills athlete's foot fungi *on contact*.

Leading doctors proved use of Torine gives amazing results when used according to the simple directions.

Scientific investigations at a New York City hospital proved Torine remarkably effective in 88% of athlete's foot cases tested, promptly relieving all itching, cracking, peeling and promoting a hygienic condition.

YOU BE THE JUDGE

You have read the proof — what eminent doctors, and experimental laboratory say, and the outstanding success reported at a great hospital. Now study our guarantee. Then decide for yourself the merit of this wonderful new formula by what you see and feel it do for your own sore, sick feet. Understand, you do this without risking a penny. Simply send for 7 day trial offer below. You must be delighted with results in 1 short week. You must agree that it is the finest preparation you ever used to aid in the relief of Athlete's Foot, or we Guarantee Your Money Back, every penny — no questions asked.



Good News

for athlete's foot sufferers (men and women) is seen in results of tests just completed at a world renowned New York City hospital, showing remarkable success in treating Athlete's Foot conditions.

Now, at last, you may stop that intense itching, peeling, burning agony of watery blisters and soggy split oozing skin on feet and toes. Now at last you may get quick effective relief because this scientific discovery gets at the root of your trouble.

Athlete's foot is caused by certain plant-like growths called fungi. These fungi are so strong that they must be placed in boiling water 15 minutes to kill them. But a wonderful new medically proven formula called Torine kills these growths immediately *on contact*, helps clear up the conditions they cause.

AT ONCE ENJOY SOOTHING, COOLING, REFRESHING RELIEF

This medicated marvel is dabbed on affected areas. Itch and burn disappear, often within seconds. Blisters soon dry up. Diseased skin on feet and between toes is healed and renewed quickly, naturally. Yes, like magic — before you know it, your feet look and feel normal and easy again.

Send No Money

Look at your poor sick feet, feel how they itch and burn. Look below — that's the coupon that gets you Torine for quick relief without risk of a penny. Act now before it gets worse, or spreads to other parts of your body.

Rush the no-risk coupon below. On delivery, deposit only \$2.00 purchase price with postman (plus charges). Use Torine according to the safe, easy directions. After 7 short days, you must be entirely satisfied with results or return unused contents for Money Back Guaranteed.

The Torine Company, 27 Railroad Avenue, New Rochelle, New York

Guarantee

Do not confuse Torine with worthless medicines. Torine is a scientifically formulated preparation, clinically tested, laboratory tested, doctor tested. All claims made are backed up by authentic clinical evidence available to physicians and hospitals on request. Notwithstanding — you must experience relief in your case, or your money will be cheerfully refunded on return of unused portion.

7

**DAY
TRIAL
OFFER**

The Torine Company, Dept. 769-K
27 Railroad Ave., New Rochelle, N. Y.

Please rush Torine at once. I will judge its merits in my case for 7 days. I must be fully satisfied or you guarantee my \$2 back, on return of unused portion.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

To save money, enclose \$2 now and we pay postage. Same guarantee offer holds.

APO, FPO, Canada and Foreign, please add 50c handling charges. Sorry, no C.O.D.'s.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

PEOPLE WITH SPLIT PERSONALITIES

(Continued from page 22)

fragments of the consciousness back into one and permitted a resumption of a normal place in society.

Many others are not so fortunate. How many of the thousands of persons who disappear every year when their "secondary personality" takes over, and assume a totally new name and identity without any recollection of the past, is not known. But the percentage is surely high.

Many of these leave jobs, wives and children—all totally forgotten—and start anew as though the past had never been. They are commonly known as amnesiacs. In some the switch is temporary. In others it is permanent.

No science of the mind is more weird and more frightening than the study of dissociated personality. Herewith **MAN TO MAN** presents some of the most famous cases on record, to give the reader a basic understanding of this fantastic phenomenon.

IN a simple definition, Dr. T. Weir Mitchell states, "It is now very generally admitted by psychologists that, in some persons at least, consciousness may be split up into two or more parts.

The split-off or dissociated portion may be but a fragment of the whole self, or it may be so extensive, so complex, and so self-sufficient as to be capable of fulfilling all the functions of a personal consciousness . . ."

Split personality may result from many causes—a profound emotional shock that part of the mind wants to forget completely, epilepsy, poisoning (such as by alcohol or carbon monoxide, and head injuries.

Often the split-off part contains all the suppressed desires and dreams that are ruthlessly "kept under control" by the so-called consciousness. When the secondary personality takes over, these are fulfilled, resulting in a vastly different person—actually a "Jekyll-Hyde" transformation.

SOMETIMES the split personalities merge by themselves. In the well-known case of Rev. Thomas Hanna of New England, the clergyman fell from a wagon and suffered a head injury.

When he revived he had abso-

lutely no memory whatever; he was like a new-born baby, unable to identify objects or even their distance.

He had to be taught everything, and he learned with great rapidity, since his mind was actually adult.

From time to time, normal consciousness also returned. Gradually, as the "infant personality" was educated, came a fusing of the personalities, and complete recovery.

In a similar case, probably triggered by emotional shock, a Mary Reynolds, aged 19, fell into a deep sleep, sleeping twenty hours. When she awoke, she had the intelligence of a baby, except that she showed hatred for her relatives and friends.

She had to be taught everything, and she learned very rapidly. Curiously, in learning to write her name she wrote from right to left, instead of from left to right.

Five weeks later, her original personality suddenly returned. In three more weeks, she switched back to the second state, remembering, however, everything she had been taught.

These alternations went on until she was 35 years old, when she "settled down" in the second personality, which was by far the better one—happy, gay as compared with her girlish melancholy and sullenness.

Probably the second state was actually her true nature, which had been submerged by shock. Life had just been too much for her, and she had suddenly turned into a baby, starting all over again.

Sometimes the transition only occurs but once. This was true in the famous case of Ansel Bourne, a Providence, R. I. carpenter, who "woke" up screaming in Norristown, Pa., after a lapse of eight weeks.

During the interim, he had opened a store in Norristown under the name of A. J. Browne. Nobody in the town suspected that Browne was actually a secondary personality.

PROBABLY the three cases on which we have the most information are Norma-Polly, with three personalities; Doris Fischer, with five; and Christine Beauchamp, with no less than six! All were studied and reported in detail by eminent psychiatrists.

Norma-Polly had a grim childhood. She was the eldest of ten children, and she had to work hard to help support the family. Her father died of tuberculosis when she was 15, her mother when she was 17. She had frequent, blinding headaches, and suddenly one day, her secondary personality, Polly, took over for the first time.

Polly was completely immune to pain. She would plunge a pin into her arm, look pleasedly at the blood that emerged, and announce childishly that she was "boring for oil." She had no reflexes, did not respond when tickled or pinched.

When Dr. Doddard would stand behind her and suddenly put his hands over her eyes she'd merely say, "Oh, I can't see"—but she'd make no effort to find out why. She had escaped completely from the pains and worries of Norma's life.

She was also everything unpleasant that Norma was not—wilful, argumentative, threatening, nasty, a "devil." She knew nothing of Norma, nor did Norma know anything of her.

Dr. Goddard began by hypnotizing the four-year-old Polly, and telling her each time that she was growing older. Soon, he had brought her up to the psychological age of 16.

Then he introduced the two personalities to each other! As each grew to know the other, a third, totally different personality was born which was as gay as Polly and as sweet as Norma.

This, in fact, was the real Norma, and this personality had no memories whatever of the past three years—or since the time Polly first broke through. It was necessary for Dr. Goddard to give the new Norma a set of memories by extracting them from the old Norma and the escapist Polly.

Norma's real identity has never been revealed, following her return to society.

DORIS FISCHER was the daughter of a drunkard, and the youngest of 13 children. Her father beat her unmercifully. She soon developed a secondary personality—"Margaret," a veritable devil. Margaret often took control when Doris was conscious, refusing

to let Doris go to school, stealing, and committing vulgarities of which Doris was terribly ashamed. Often she scratched Doris' arms and face; Doris had no control over herself while this was going on.

When Doris was 17, her mother died suddenly in the middle of the night, and the already mentally ill girl laid out the body. Suddenly a splitting pain leaped through her head, and she fainted. A third personality now emerged, a veritable idiot known as "Sick Doris."

Margaret, the original "demon" had weird powers—she could hear the ticking of a watch 30 feet distant, she could see in a totally dark room, she could close her eyes and describe changes in a person's expression, and she could read fine print at a distance of five feet. None of these feats was possible to either Doris.

With psychiatric treatment by Dr. Morton Prince, two more personalities emerged, the "Sleeping Real Doris" and the "Sleeping Margaret." Finally, after two and one-half years of treatment, they were all merged in the "Waking Real Doris."

CHRISTINE BEAUCHAMP, a New England girl, was the product of an unhappy marriage. Her mother died when she was 13; when she was 16 she ran away.

While working as a nurse in a Providence Hospital she had a profound emotional shock; a friend, while at the height of a thunder-and-lightning storm, appeared at a window by climbing a ladder, presumably as a joke! For the following six years she had no recollection of the incident; her real personality had "gone underground."

She came to Dr. Prince, on the staff at Boston City Hospital, in 1898 and underwent treatment for several years. As in the case of Norma R., at first only two personalities were evident, Christine alternating with Sally at frequent intervals, or Sally "willing herself" to take charge of Christine's activities while poor Christine was still actually awake.

"She does not enjoy wickedness, I do," Sally commented. Sally liked

to smoke and drink, Christine didn't. Sally would make dates with disreputable characters and keep them, give Christine's money to beggars, put snakes in Christine's bed, make Christine tell nonsensical lies, make Christine sit with her feet on the mantelpiece all evening, write letters about Christine's private affairs and mail them, put Christine on an allowance of ten cents a day, and so on *ad infinitum*.

WEIRDLY, Sally realized that she was not the basic personality, and as the hypnotism and analysis proceeded, she understood that she ultimately would be extinguished.

When Dr. Prince hypnotized her and admonished sternly, "You shall be dead to the world," she protested pitifully, exclaiming, "I won't. I won't be dead. Why can't I live as well as she?" She was completely unaware of pain, hunger, or thirst; Christine could be sick as a dog but Sally would feel fine.

(Continued on next page)

The Coolest, Cleanest, Easiest SHAVES of YOUR LIFE!



Incredibly
Low Priced at
\$4.95

Complete with 6 ft. extension cord. Guaranteed for ONE YEAR!

Brand New, Precision-Made, A.C. ELECTRIC RAZOR

TRY IT without risking 1¢ for 30 DAYS ON YOUR OWN BEARD

Say "goodbye and good riddance" to old-fashioned shaving methods. Start shaving with the great, new **STERLING ELECTRIC RAZOR** and enjoy the cleanest, coolest, smoothest, most comfortable shaves of your life! Toughest whiskers come off clean as a whistle... **AND FAST**... when you shave the modern **STERLING ELECTRIC**

way. Yes, here's every advantage of electric shaving... all at an incredible low price—only \$4.95 complete. You'll save the entire low cost in a few months in blades and shaving cream *you don't buy!* Not a gadget, not a toy—far from it! Precision-made to exacting specifications. Looks, handles, performs like electric razors costing 3, 4 and 5 times more! Look at these "expensive razor" features...

- 4 precision shaving heads!
 - Cutting blades hollow ground by hand for super sharpness!
 - Blades honed to micro-metric edge in special diamond-honing compound.
 - Automatic safety guide-bar.
 - Powerful 60 cycle self-lubricating motor.
 - Cutting blades chrome plated for lifetime service.
- **AND MORE!** Handsome white plastic case, 6 foot extension cord, self-starting, self-sharpening... all for the incredible low \$4.95 price!

YOU DON'T RISK A PENNY TO TRY IT!

Make us prove it! Send for the Sterling Razor today. When it arrives use it on your own beard for 30 days. If, after that time, you don't agree that the Sterling is the shaving value of all time, return it for immediate refund. If you keep it, you're protected by a written 1 year guarantee against

mechanical defects! Rush your order. Quantities are limited. Send only \$1.00 with order. Pay postman \$3.95 plus 70c postage on delivery. Or send \$4.95 with order and we ship postage paid! **LADIES**—NOTE—the Sterling shaves underarms, legs, smooth and fast... no stubble.

MODERN MERCHANDISE CO., 169 W. Madison St., Dept. 565, Chicago 2, Ill.

EXCITING COURSE REVEALS NEW BUST CONTOUR METHODS

COVER GIRLS — MOVIE STARS — MODELS —
GLAMOUR GIRLS — WOMEN IN ALL WALKS
OF LIFE . . . HERE'S HOW YOU MAY BE ABLE
TO DEVELOP A GLAMOROUS BUST CONTOUR

Yes, it is the woman with a beautiful alluring bust contour who most often wins the admiration, popularity and affection every woman desires. And there can be no complete feminine beauty without a warmly rounded, lovely bust contour, symbol of woman eternal. Look through history, look around you today . . . it is the woman with the graceful, appealing figure lines who enjoys social and romantic triumph. Yes, as often happens, wit, charm and friendliness fall by the wayside when competing with the natural law of man's attraction to beauty fulfilled completely.

THE BONOMO RITUAL for Beautifying the Bust Contour is aimed to help those with unsatisfactory Bust Contours who, through prescribed exercise, diet, correct posture and support, may be able to improve the handicap of unappealing figure lines. Improved, fully revised, the **BONOMO RITUAL**, through the simple Photo-Instructor Method, shows how to apply, in the privacy of your home, the prescribed techniques which may mean the difference between loneliness and thrilling, romantic fulfillment! This course, complete in book form, is yours for the special offer price of — only \$1.00!

PARTIAL LIST OF CONTENTS

This is Joe Bonomo Speaking (A heart-to-heart talk with the Author.) Bust Contour . . . Know Yourself . . . Structure and Function of the Breast . . . Four Types of Breasts . . . Muscles for Support . . . With the Stars of Stage and Screen . . . Secrets of Allure . . . The Commandments of Loveliness . . . The ABC's of Brasieres . . . Other Methods of Bust Control . . . Creams, Lotions, and Massage . . . Plastic Surgery . . . The Worshipper and the Supporter . . . The Bra . . . and the Lingerie . . . Dorsi: The Pectorals and the Chesters . . . Caloric Diets . . . Ritual (First to Third Day) . . . Ritual (Fourth to Sixth Day)

52 Features and
Contour
Techniques,
128 Photographs,
Charts and
Pictures

formerly \$2.00
SPECIAL OFFER
PRICE
ONLY \$1.00

Money-Back Guarantee!
Don't let skepticism or discouragement deny you the opportunity for happiness. Fill in the coupon below and mail with your remittance today. If after 30 days, you are not satisfied — for any reason — return the course for a full refund. But don't delay. Be fair to yourself — to your future as a woman. Send for your copy NOW!
IN PLAIN PACKAGE

PERSONAL PUBLICATIONS CO. depts. RM-6
1841 Broadway
New York 23, N. Y.

Please send the **BONOMO RITUAL**, in plain wrapper, by return mail. (Special price: \$1.00! Enclosed is my check money order cash. You pay postage. It is understood that after 30 days, if I am not satisfied for any reason, I may return the course for full refund.

name _____ (Please print plainly)
address _____
city _____ zone _____ state _____
(Canada and Foreign—\$1.25 cash in advance.
Same 30-day return privilege applies.)

Gradually the other personalities were developed. One, when it first appeared, was completely ignorant, and was known as B-4 or "The Idiot." The Miss Beauchamp who had first presented herself for treatment was B-1; B-2 was Miss Beauchamp while under hypnosis; and Sally was a combination of the two, or B-3.

SALLY tried her best to help the psychiatrist. It was her opinion that "The Idiot" was actually the true Miss Beauchamp, and ultimately this proved to be true—but not until two more sub-personalities had revealed themselves.

Sally's greatest sport was to mimic the staid Miss Beauchamp. In the midst of a conversation she'd break through and say something such as, "Really, Dr. Prince, I must be possessed; a perfect fiend is in me. I don't know what I shall do! Such a horrible thing!" Then she'd give herself away with a peal of devilish laughter.

Often Dr. Prince scolded her, and even threatened her with the asylum, an idea she didn't like since she would not be able to have control of Christine's body under circumstances of reasonable freedom.

As it became apparent that B-1 was actually only another fragment of personality like Sally—only a much larger "piece"—Dr. Prince decided to "extinguish" B-1, and Sally agreed to cooperate.

A weird battle got underway, with the various personalities sometimes cooperating with one another, and at other times actually intriguing to drive one or more of the others "under."

Gradually, as "The Idiot" learned and was given memories from the others, B-1 went all to pieces, appearing at only rare intervals with no memory of days and weeks. Finally Dr. Prince decided to tell her the truth. No more weird conversation has been recorded:

"As she sat before me," Dr. Prince writes in his book "The Dissociation of a Personality," "the embodiment of nervousness, unable to keep her body in repose a single second, trying to explain why she had come (which she did not know) . . . one would not have been human not to sympathize with her and pity her. . . It would be useless to tell her that she would, through another character, still live, for that still meant the annihilation of all her associations and memories of the past six years. . . In my thoughts, the annihilation of Miss

Beauchamp seemed in no way different from saying that she must be satisfied with death. . . . It was a psychological murder. . . ."

Yet, told the truth, B-1's face changed, was no longer discouraged. The whole personality of B-4—the former Idiot, shone through. And, following a few more hypnotic sessions, the B-1 personality completely disintegrated to merge with B-4.

Sally, knowing that she, too, was doomed, began writing her autobiography. Sometimes when the exhausted B-1 would fall asleep she would command, "Open your eyes, stupid; I can't see," and the new personality would be forced to obey.

Finally, however, Sally agreed to be "etherized," and wrote her "last will and testament." After that, the real personality of Christine Beauchamp swiftly returned, and with the "death of Sally" this true personality remained permanent. In her own words, the impish Sally finally, by her own consent, returned "back where she came from."

THIS, in essence, is the fantastic Beauchamp case, in which not one but three distinct personalities and three other sub-personalities inhabited the same body over a period of several years at the turn of the present century. No wonder that B-1 once wrote, in the height of her early torment:

"Dear Dr. Prince—I do really think that, like those poor people of old, I must be possessed of devils . . ."

Weirdly, what B-1 herself didn't know was that *she* too, was one of the devils—that the true Christine Beauchamp had been asleep for years, and might have remained submerged forever, had it not been for the psychiatric magic of Dr. Prince.

Fortunately, few cases are so extreme. Yet who among us does not, at some time or other, experience a sudden lapse of memory, perhaps only for a few seconds? Who does not occasionally "act as though he were somebody else?"

Actually, only a fragment of dissociated personality is taking over briefly. Probably it happens far more frequently than most of us imagine. And, if the condition really becomes distressing or serious, science knows now that the condition is not hopeless. No matter how badly disorganized, the split personality can always be put back together again.

THE END



AMAZING! AT TREMENDOUS SAVINGS!

NEWEST HIT TUNES Break-Resistant Vinylite Filled RECORDS

18

CHOOSE . . .

- 18 NEWEST HIT TUNES
or
- 18 MOST LOVED HYMNS
or
- 18 HILL BILLY HITS

Brand New Discovery—
6-IN-1 Vinylite
BREAK-Resistant Records
Play Up To 10 Full Minutes



IMPORTANT NOTICE!
These tunes are CONSTANTLY kept up to date—only the newest tunes are kept on the list.

ORDER BY MAIL AT 500% SAVINGS!

REGULAR 10" RECORDS
Used On All Standard
78 R.P.M. Phonographs
and Record Players.



YOUR FAVORITE GROUP OF SONGS!

\$2.98
ONLY
\$16.02 VALUE
18 TUNES!



A \$16.02 Value
For \$2.98
You SAVE \$13.04

Now, for the **FIRST TIME**—You can have the **BRAND NEW ALL-TIME HITS** and **POPULAR RECORDINGS**—18 **NEWEST All-Time Hits**, favorites in all—for the **AMAZING, unbelievable LOW PRICE** of only \$2.98. That's right, 18 **TOP SELECTIONS** that if bought separately would cost up to \$16.02 in stores, on separate records—**YOURS** by mail for only \$2.98! **YES**, you can now get 18 **NEWEST HIT songs**—the **LATEST**, the **NEWEST** nation-wide **POPULAR TUNES**—or 18 of the most **POPULAR HILL BILLY** tunes—some of these tunes are not yet sold by stores—or you get almost a whole complete album of your most wanted **HYMNS**. These are tunes you have always wanted. They will give you hours of pleasure. You can choose from **THREE DIFFERENT GROUPS**—on newest, most sensational **BREAK-RESISTANT** records! These amazing records are **6-IN-1** records—6 songs to a record! They are brand new and play 3 times as many songs as regular records, and they play on regular 78 R.P.M. speed and fit all Type 78 R.P.M. standard phonograph and record players. These are all perfect, **BREAK-RESISTANT**, Vinylite records free from defects. **RUSH YOUR ORDER** for your favorite group **NOW!** ORDER ALL **THREE GROUPS** and **SAVE** even **MORE MONEY**, only \$2.98 per group.

SUPPLY LIMITED. That's why we urge you to fill in and mail coupon now! Play these 18 selections ordered, use the **NEW GIFT** surface saving needle, for 10 days at home. If you are not delighted, if you don't feel these are the **BEST SOUNDING** records for the price, return within 10 days for **FULL REFUND**. Don't delay, send \$2.98 in check or money order, or put three one dollar bills in the mail with this coupon and **SAVE POSTAGE—DON'T DELAY, MAIL COUPON TODAY!**

FREE!
If you RUSH YOUR ORDER NOW you get at NO EXTRA COST whatever a **SURFACE SAVING NEEDLE!** ORDER 18 Hit Tune Ones or 18 Hill Billy Hits or 18 Most Loved Hymns or ORDER ALL THREE SETS FOR only \$7.95. But, SUPPLY is LIMITED; so order at once. SEND COUPON TODAY. Order now on Money-Back Guarantee.

18 NEWEST HIT TUNES

Damino
Undecided
Cold, Cold Heart
Because of You
It's No Sin
Dues Vender
I Got Ideas
Slow Poke
Just One More
Chances
Cry



Tell Me Why
Turn Back The
Hands of Time
The Little White
Cloud That Cried
Charneline
Anytime
Jealousy
Shrimp Boat
Be My Life's
Companion

18 HILL BILLY HITS

It Is No Secret
May The Good Lord
Bless And Keep You
Mr. Mean
Give Me More,
More, More
Music Makin' Mama
From Memphis
Baby, We're Really
In Love
Alabama Jubilee
I Want To Play
House With You



Let's Love A Little
Always Late
Cryin' Heart Blues
Cold, Cold Heart
Somebody's Been
Beatin' My Time
Slow Poke
Let Our Mother Nature
Have Her Way
Crazy Heart
Mom and Dad's
Hey, Good Lookin'

18 MOST LOVED HYMNS

The Lord's Prayer
Oward, Christian
Soldiers
What a Friend We
Have In Jesus
Church In The
Wildwood
In The Garden
Faith Of Our
Fathers
There Is Power In
The Blood
Leaning On The
Everlasting Arm
Since Jesus Came
In! My Heart



Trust On Me
Jesus Keep Me Near
The Cross
Dearly And Tenderly
Dear Lord And Father
Of Mankind
A Mighty Fortress
Sun Of My Soul
Just A Closer Walk
With Thee
It Is No Secret
What God Can Do
May The Good Lord
Bless And Keep
You

IMPORTANT NOTICE!
These tunes are CONSTANTLY kept up to date—only the newest tunes are kept on the list.

MAIL COUPON NOW—10-DAY TRIAL OFFER

HIT TUNES COMPANY, Dept. 54
318 Market St., Newark, New Jersey

Gentlemen: Please RUSH the 18 Ton Selections along with the GIFT SURFACE SAVING NEEDLE on your MONEY 10 Day Money Back Guarantee. I enclose \$2.00 for each group of 18 selections with the understanding that if I am not completely satisfied you will return my money.

- 18 Newest Hit Tunes . . . \$2.98
- 18 Hill Billy Hits . . . \$2.98
- All Three Groups—54 Songs . . . \$7.95

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



On the job!

Our volunteer speakers are saving thousands of lives today . . . in factories and business offices . . . at neighborhood and civic centers . . . at social, fraternal and service group meetings all over this land . . . by showing people what they can do to protect themselves and their families against death from cancer.

To find out what you yourself can do about cancer, or if you want us to arrange a special educational program for your neighbors, fellow-workers or friends, just telephone the American Cancer Society office nearest you or address a letter to "Cancer," care of your local Post Office. One of our volunteer or staff workers will be on the job to help you.

American
Cancer
Society

IS THERE A RACE OF GIANTS?

(Continued from page 11)

filled the British press, titillating postman and Prime Minister, charwoman and duchess alike.

The huge creatures, well over 8 feet tall, were described as a race of "missing links," a species of sub-human creatures somewhere between ape and man.

Several of these giants were reported to have been sighted from time to time by Sherpa tribesmen at the "top of the world."

The bodies of the man-beasts were covered by long, brown hair that protected them from the cruel cold.

They walked upright, and their faces, although hideous, were hairless and strangely human.

They holed up in caves during the day and hunted at night; hence they were seldom seen by the natives, who feared to travel the dangerous mountain passes after dark.

They were said to be ferocious man-eaters. Native porters called them *meteh kang-mi*, roughly translated as "abominable (or awful) snowmen."

Eminent British scientists immediately ridiculed the story as native superstition. The mysterious footprints in the snow, they said, probably had been made by bears or monkeys.

Whereupon, one enterprising Sunday newspaper sent a reporter to the London zoo. Authorities there diligently dipped the paws of bears and monkeys in wet sand, and compared the result with the photographs from Mt. Everest.

They were entirely different.



"Hey! That's MY pipe."

ANOTHER paper unearthed a hitherto-neglected account by Col. K. N. Rana, one-time director of the Nepalese Government Bureau of Mines.

In 1921, Col. Rana said, word reached him by "native telegraph" that a party of wandering hunters had captured an infant "snowman" alive.

He sent out an expedition to locate the hunters and their quarry, but no trace of them could be found in the maze of snow-bound peaks and valleys that characterize the wild country near the "roof of the world." Nor were these hunters ever seen again, alive or dead.

Relatives and friends believe they were attacked, killed and eaten by the infuriated parents of the captured "snow-child."

According to Col. Rana, there are two tribes of these monsters. In one the males are all 8 feet or more tall; in the other, they average less than 5 feet.

The giants are suppose to live on the meat of the wild yak (a native ox); the pigmies are easily satisfied by human flesh.

He also said that he had interviewed a group of hillsmen who told him they had encountered a full-grown specimen of the miniature species on a well-travelled mountain trail.

Taking it prisoner, they trussed it up with ropes. But the monster was sullen and refused to eat; it starved to death during the long trek back to civilization.

So they abandoned the carcass, unaware of the enormous scientific interest in their find.

MANY REPUTABLE scientists throughout the world believe the missing link between ape and man, if it ever is found, may well turn out to be a race of giants something like the "abominable snowmen" of the Himalayas.

Near the town of Hallstat, in the mountains of Austria, remains have been found of an ancient and mysterious race of giants who lived there in prehistoric times in caves hewn out of solid rock. Such utensils and furniture as survive indicate they were all 7 feet or more tall.

It is believed they finally died

out for lack of sunlight and food. At that altitude even fish do not survive in the lakes.

In our own country, there is ample evidence that giants once walked the earth. The tradition of colossal ancestors is common to a number of North American Indian tribes, notably the Iroquois, Osages, Tuscaroras, Hurons and Omahas.

Legends of the latter, for example, tell of giant ancestors called *Pa-snu-ta* who constantly raided other tribes of lesser people for women, slaves, and human meat.

The Osages tell of ancestors of gigantic stature called *Mu-a-lush-ka*. Many anthropologists believe this indicates that originally they inhabited the lost continent of Mu, which sank into the Pacific long before historic times. All the inhabitants of Mu were supposed to be giants.

MORE substantial proof in the form of skulls, bones and artifacts have been uncovered by palaeontologists on field trips in this country.

All these point to the existence of a race of man-like giants contemporary with the dinosaurs and other great denizens of the North-American jungle more than 12 million years ago—thousands of years before the appearance of man or any other anthropoid mammal.

In the year 1810, footprints of immense age were found impressed in solid rock near Braystown, at the headwaters of the Tennessee River.

The ball of the heel of one of these subhuman monsters measured 13 inches in width! Other prints show that these giants had *six toes!*

That same year, the remains of a six-toed giant were unearthed at Rancho Lompock, in California.

In 1870 Frank la Fleche, an official of the Indian Bureau at Washington, reported that the Omahas had unearthed incomplete skeletons of eight giant males in an ancient burial ground.

The skulls of these men were nearly two feet long, indicating a total stature of about 12 feet.

In 1891, workmen digging the foundation of a house at Crittenden, Arizona, came upon an ancient tomb of large square blocks of rose granite.

Inside this tomb, they found a sarcophagus of bright blue, baked clay, very much like those used by the ancient Egyptians.

A relief portrait baked in the clay portrayed a giant laid out full length, stark naked except for a

loin cloth. The feet were crossed, and *each foot had six toes!*

When the sarcophagus was opened, all that was found inside was a handful of dust. The remains were so ancient that even the skull, the last part of the human frame to go, had disintegrated.

IN 1924, the Doheny Expedition to Arizona discovered prehistoric carvings on the hard sandstone walls of the Havai Supai canyon. One depicted a gigantic man-like figure battling a mammoth. Another showed a great tyrannosaurus erect on tail and hind legs.

Obviously eye-witness drawings, their great antiquity is attested by the fact that the dinosaur tyrannosaurus became extinct in America more than 12 million years ago!

A giant human tooth was found embedded in a coal vein at a depth of 130 feet in a mine at Bearcreek, Montana. The stratum in which it was discovered was between 30 and 75 million years old!

The skull of a gigantic man-like creature was found on Santa Rosa Island, off the coast of California. The massive jaws showed *double* rows of teeth.

One of the most amazing finds of all was made in 1943 by U. S. Army personnel building an airstrip at the western end of the Aleutians, near Attu. Digging into a bluff of sedimentary rock and boulders, about six feet beneath the surface, their bulldozers turned up several layers of ancient fossils—including the bones of ancient mammoths and mastadons.

Near these, an ancient graveyard was uncovered, containing skulls and bones that definitely were human. These skulls ranged from 1 foot 10 inches to 2 feet in length.

Soldiers who measured one of the more or less complete skeletons asserted that this man had been 18 feet, 6 inches tall!

And that's why scientists have been loath to dismiss outright the story of the "abominable snowman" of Mt. Everest.

For a long time they have suspected that descendants of the subhuman giants of ancient times may have survived in some isolated part of the world.

If these could be found, they could make an important contribution to our knowledge of the origin and development of man.

The fabulous man-beast giants of the Himalayas may yet turn out to be one of the most important scientific finds of the century.

THE END



FRENCH

SEND FOR FREE BOOK
"PASSPORT TO A NEW WORLD OF OPPORTUNITY"

LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE
213-06 Radio City, N. Y. 20, N. Y.

Send me your FREE book. I want to learn . . . _____ language, for _____ purpose.

Name _____
Address _____
City & State _____



GERMAN



Millions Speak ANOTHER

LANGUAGE

SO CAN YOU WITH

LINGUAPHONE

World's Standard Conversational Method
The Quick, Natural EASY Method



SPANISH



ITALIAN



RUSSIAN



PORTUGUESE



JAPANESE

YOU
bring a foreign land right into your own home with Linguaphone —

YOU
Listen — to native voices — for 20 delightful, adventuresome minutes a day —

YOU
Hear — men and women converse in their native tongue about everyday matters.

YOU
Learn to Speak — correctly as they do. The same easy, natural way you learned English.

YOU
Save — time, work, money!

YOU
Gain — travel, business, armed services, cultural — educational advantages!

YOU
— GO PLACES —

STOP WISHING! START TALKING!

FRENCH • GERMAN
SPANISH • ITALIAN
RUSSIAN • CHINESE

— any of 29 languages, including the Asiatic, by

LINGUAPHONE

213-06 RADIO CITY • N. Y. 20

Approved for
VETERANS' Training
Over a million home-study students, World-wide Educational Endorsement

she'll Love you for it!



OO-La-La french negligee

She'll thrill you . . . she'll fill you with the magic of the night . . . in this daring French-style midnight black negligee! Bewitching black lace and net caress her enticing curves. Shimmering sheer black rayon reveals all her charms! Sparkling diamond-like buttons hug her waist. Give her OO-LA-LA . . . she'll love you for every filmy inch of it!

ONLY \$9⁹⁸



Oh, Frenchy parisian chemise

Just imagine how exciting, how alluring she can look . . . in "OH, FRENCHY," the thrilling French peek-a-boo lace Chemise that leaves just enough to the imagination! It's all lace . . . from dipping-dare neckline to bare slit hipline, perky with pink ribbon rosettes! Its elasticized back molds every lacy stitch of it to her curves . . . and lets her wear it straps off for bare-shoulder beauty. Let him know you want it. You'll get "OH, FRENCHY" and love every filmy inch of it.

ONLY \$7⁹⁸



Naughty Naughty french nightie

She'll look bewitching in "NAUGHTY-NAUGHTY," the French-style nightie with the zip and zest of the Can-Can. Alluring peek-a-boo black lace reveals all her charms . . . clinging sheer black rayon caresses her every curve . . . and that oo-la-la single shoulder strap holds everything! Give her "NAUGHTY-NAUGHTY" . . . she'll love you for every filmy inch of it!

ONLY \$9⁹⁸

Send No Money!

WILCO FASHIONS, Dept. C-987-F
45 East 17th St., New York 3, N. Y.

Please send me French Lingerie I have checked. If not entirely satisfied, I'll return within 10 days for cash refund.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

ORDER ON 10-DAY APPROVAL

Check Sizes Wanted:

32 34 36 38 40.

Check M. O. or Cash enclosed.

You pay delivery costs.

Send C.O.D. I'll pay delivery costs.

OO-La-La—\$9.98

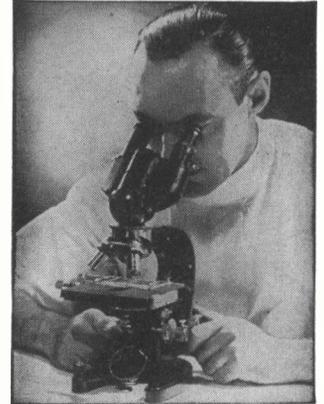
Oh, Frenchy—\$7.98

Naughty-Naughty—\$9.98

In Black Only

WHAT YOU CAN DO ABOUT PIMPLES

Acne, Blackheads, and other externally caused Skin Blemishes



WHEN pimply skin is your problem, the first thing to get straight is that you *can* and *should* do something about it. To develop the attractiveness of your face is not mere vanity. It is an "open sesame" towards bringing the real YOU closer to other people and giving your personality the poise and confidence it needs. Your good qualities — intelligence, character, dignity — all go to naught... are completely cancelled out by a skin that "nobody loves to touch." Remember, the YOU that people see first is your face.

SKIN PROBLEMS

DEMAND IMMEDIATE CARE

Medical statistics tell us that blemished skin usually occurs from adolescence on through adult life. The problem at the adolescent stage is serious enough to deserve attentive care as a family matter. In adulthood, when life's responsibilities are so much weightier, it is doubly important to exert great effort to eliminate these blemishes. And, there is no better time to get pimples under control than *now*.

DON'T ABUSE SKIN

The first instinctive reaction to pimples and blackheads is to squeeze them out with your fingers.

A bit of experimentation along these lines soon provides convincing proof that this succeeds only in inflaming your skin and spreading the infection.

Under no circumstances should pimples and blackheads ever be squeezed.



MICROSCOPE SHOWS IMPORTANT BASIS FOR EXTERNALLY CAUSED PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS

Let's take a look through the microscope to see what's behind those unsightly pimples. The high-powered lenses show your skin coated with a covering which originated from two sources—one, internally and the other, externally.

The internal substances on your skin include dead cells, residue from the sweat glands, and a high quantity of oil excreted by the sebaceous glands. A most important factor in skin disorders occurs when thousands of these tiny sebaceous glands discharge more oil than the skin can use for lubrication. Unless special care is given, the oil forms a heavy film which attracts foreign matter to your skin much as any oil mop picks up dust. These infectious external substances may be classified into three general groups:

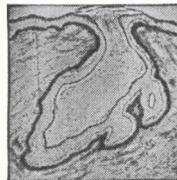
1. Airborne materials such as dust, pollens, condensation products of smoke, vapors, etc.
2. Materials brought in contact with the skin, such as tiny fragments of clothing, bedding, cosmetics.
3. Micro-organisms such as bacteria and fungi.

See the difference between a healthy skin and a pimply skin in the microscopic reproductions below.



A.

Normal skin



B.

Sick, pimply skin

Diagram A shows a normal-size, smoothly functioning sebaceous gland. Diagram B pictures sick, pimply skin. Notice that the sebaceous gland is a swollen mass of trapped oil, waste and infectious bacteria.

TRY THIS SENSIBLE WAY

Two sensible aims to achieve in controlling this skin condition are: to clear the pores of clogging matter, and to inhibit the excessive oiliness of the skin. Toward these ends, Dornol Products' research makes available two formulas. One is to aid in thorough cleansing by highly detergent penetration which simplifies the removal of waste and foreign matter. The other is to discourage oiliness with clinically-proved ingredients, and to kill infec-

tious bacteria often associated with externally caused pimples and blackheads.

BLEMISHES COVERED UP

To remove the distressing embarrassment of these skin blemishes, the second Dornol formula exerts a "cover-up" action on your broken out skin while the medication does its work. This, plus its pleasant odor, will spare you the mental distress which is associated with unsightly, malodorous, medicated preparations. Imagine! You can apply this Dornol formula to your skin by day and face the immediate present with greater confidence in your appearance, while secure in the knowledge that medication is acting to remove old blemishes and keep away new ones. What this "cover-up" action alone is worth in peace of mind is beyond calculation. No longer need prying eyes make you wince with humiliation and misery. Now because of this wonderful feature of the Dornol treatment, you can put your best foot forward... at once!

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

OR

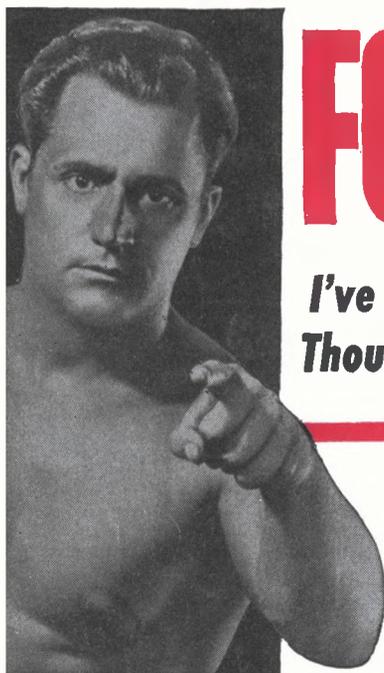
DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK

We know what the Dornol treatment has done for others, so we want you to try it at *our* risk. A few minutes a day invested in our treatment can yield more gratifying results than you ever dared hope for. This is what we say to you: If you are not delighted in every way by the improved condition and general appearance of your skin in just 10 days, simply return the unused portion and we will refund not only the price you paid — but **DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!** Can anything be fairer than that? You have everything to gain... and we take all the risk!

How to get the Dornol Treatment immediately:

Just send your name and address to DORNOL PRODUCTS, INC., Dept. 7406 363 Central Park Ave., Yonkers, N. Y. Be sure to print clearly. By return mail we will ship the Dornol treatment to you in a plain package. When postman delivers the package, pay only \$1.98 plus postage. Or, if you wish to save postal fee, send \$2 now and we will pay postage. Which ever way you order, the **DOUBLE REFUND GUARANTEE** still prevails. Don't delay another minute, send for the Dornol Medicated Skin treatment with "cover-up" feature... *at once!* Sorry, no Canadian C.O.D.'s.

NEW BODIES FOR OLD!



I've Made New Men Out of Thousands of Other Fellows...

"Here's what I did for THOMAS MANFRE...and what I can do for you!"

—Charles Atlas



GIVE ME a skinny, peplless, second-rate body—and I'll cram it so full of handsome, bulging new muscle that your friends will grow bug-eyed! . . . I'll wake up that sleeping energy of yours and make it hum like a high-powered motor! Man, you'll *feel* and *look* different! You'll begin to **LIVE!**

Let Me Make YOU a NEW MAN—IN JUST 15 MINUTES A DAY

YOU wouldn't believe it, but I myself used to be a 97-lb. weakling. Fellows called me "Skinny." Girls snickered and made fun of me behind my back. I was a flop. THEN I discovered my marvelous new muscle-building system — "**Dynamic Tension**." And it turned me into such a **complete** specimen of **MANHOOD** that today I hold the title "**THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN.**"

What is "Dynamic Tension"? How Does It Work?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy,

husky, strapping fellow smiling back at you—then you'll realize how fast "**Dynamic Tension**" **GETS RESULTS!** "**Dynamic Tension**" is the easy, **NATURAL** method you can practice in the privacy of your own room—**JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY**—while your scrawny chest and shoulder muscles begin to swell, ripple . . . those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge . . . and your whole body starts to feel "alive," full of zip and go!

One Postage Stamp May Change Your Whole Life!

Sure, I gave Thomas Manfre (shown above) a **NEW BODY**. But he's just one of thousands. I'm steadily building broad-shouldered, dynamic **MEN**—day by day—the country over.

3,000,000 fellows, young and old, have already gambled a postage stamp to ask for my **FREE** book. They wanted to read and see for themselves how I'm building up scrawny bodies, and how I'm paring down fat, flabby ones—how I'm turning them into breathtaking human dynamos of pure **MANPOWER**.



This is the Atlas Champion Cup won by Thomas Manfre, one of Charles Atlas' pupils, shown at right.

ARE YOU
Skinny and run down?
Always tired?
Nervous?
Lacking in confidence?
Constipated?
Suffering from bad breath?

WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT
is told in my free book!

My Illustrated Book is Yours
—Not for \$1.00 or 10c — but **FREE**

Send **NOW** for my famous book, "**Everlasting Health and Strength**"—48 pages, packed from cover to cover with actual photographs and valuable advice. It shows what "**Dynamic Tension**" can do, answers many questions. Page by page it shows what I can do for **YOU**.

Yes, this book is a real prize for any fellow who wants a better build. Yet I'll send you a copy absolutely **FREE**. Just glance through it will open your eyes. In fact, it may be the turning point in your whole life! Send the coupon now! Charles Atlas, Dept. 204-115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.



CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 2045
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

Send me—absolutely **FREE**—a copy of your famous book, "**Everlasting Health and Strength**"—48 pages, crammed with actual photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice to every man who wants a better build. I understand this book is mine to keep, and sending for it does not obligate me in any way.

Name..... Age.....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

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