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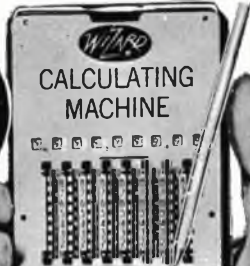
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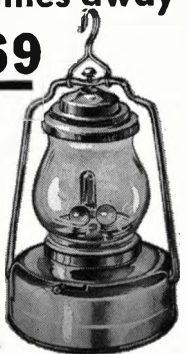
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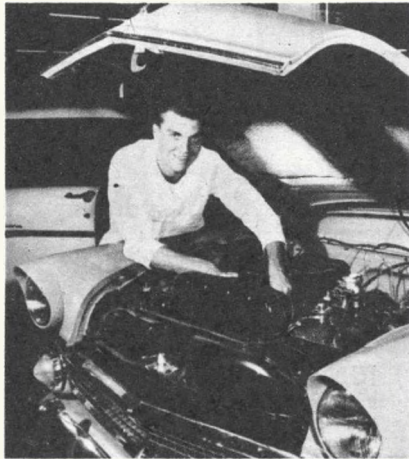
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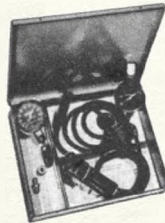


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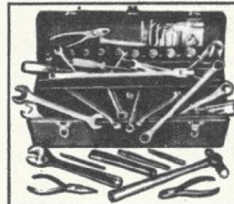


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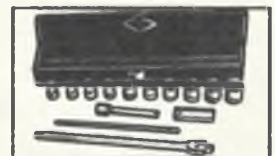
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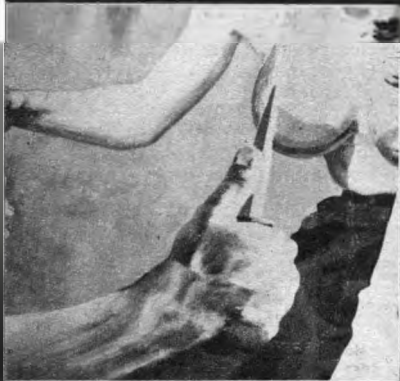
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It was a ghoulish riddle, with clues from a devil's nightmare—

a bloody foot, human bones, and a pack of hunger-crazed killers!

LOOK OUT! BUFFALO CHARGE!" Old Dinagaan, my driver and gun bearer, screamed the warning. But it was too late! The two ton cape buffalo crashed into the side of my Land-rover. There was a loud crunch of metal and the truck fell over on its side, wheels spinning at empty air.

The two of us were shaken, but unhurt. I picked myself out of the dust and circled the overturned vehicle cautiously. The buffalo had backed off, shaking its massive head and sizing-up its metal adversary with mean, red eyes! Suddenly, legs gathered under, it prepared for another charge. If the

THE DAY THE JUNGLE WENT MAD!

by **KARL LEYDECKER**

illustrated by **JOE PARENTI**



Petrified with fear, Marvin screamed for June to run, as the savage rhino bore down on the crippled jeep!

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YOU MUST LOSE UP TO 49 POUNDS OR WE PAY YOU \$14.00!

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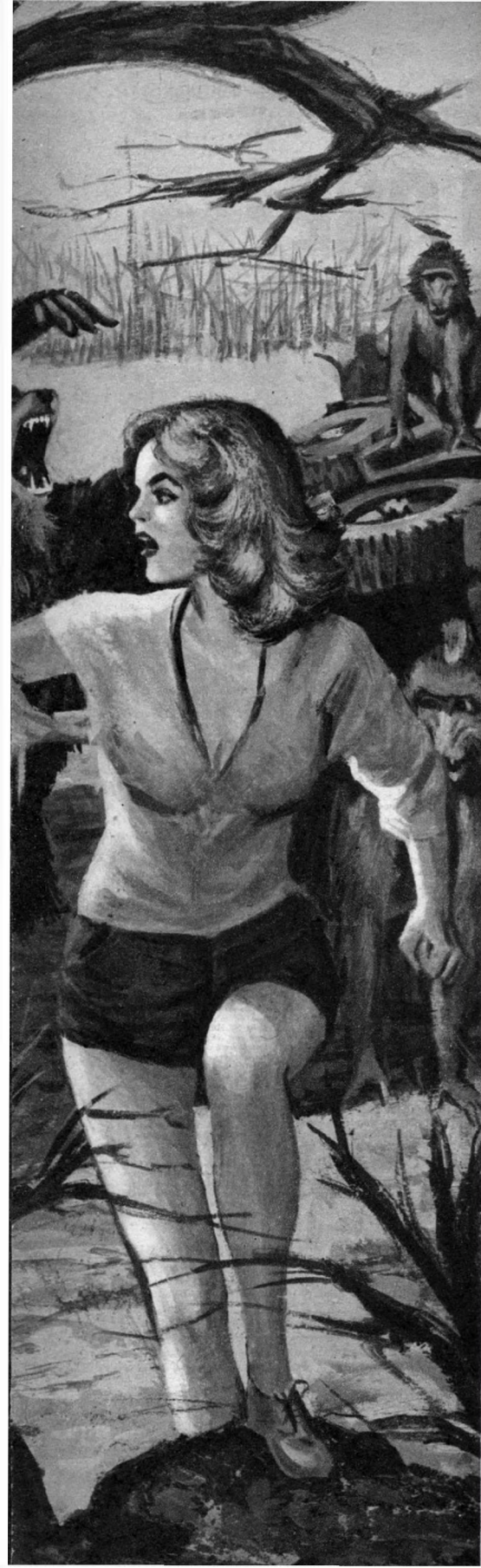
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Terror-stricken, June raced desperately for the safety of the kraal. The pack of howling baboons was close behind, roaring for her blood!

rover went all the way over, we'd never get it back on its wheels, and it was a hell of a distance back to Molopo. I wasn't about to walk!

I raised the express rifle, zeroed in on the crazy beast's neck, just forward of the shoulder, and fired. The roar echoed out across the valley floor and the big slug hit the buff in the neck with a wet smack!

The brute shook his head as if annoyed by a fly. Then his tail whipped down across his flanks and he charged! He didn't get very far—maybe thirty, forty feet, sliding along on his jaw in a cloud of purple dust. I put a couple of more rounds into his head to make sure he wouldn't change his mind, then Dingaana and I started to right the Land-rover. After unloading it, we were able to rock it back on its wheels without too much sweat. While Dingaana piled our gear back into the battered little truck, I checked the engine. It turned over feebly a few times, then caught. We were ready to go. Then, as if we hadn't had enough excitement, Dingaana suddenly shouted and pointed with his chin, Zulu fashion, "Simba! Big Simba! Many!"

A pride of eight lions was headed our way at full gallop! I wasn't too worried, since I knew they were after the dead buffalo. But it seemed strange that they came right out in the open without waiting for us to take off. The lions didn't even glance our way. They'd smelled blood and didn't give a damn. Then I realized. They were starving! Many of them were actually skinny with hunger. They snarled and spit as they ripped into the warm red meat!

I was about to drive on when we heard another roar. Loping across the veldt were a pair of leopards! You seldom see leopards in the daytime—and ordinarily they avoid lions. But this pair tore right over and crashed the party! There were snarled threats and a few claw swipes by the lions, but they were too busy gorging themselves to give the leopards a hard time. The two spotted killers elbowed their way in and started ripping hunks of bloody flesh from the rapidly-shrinking buffalo. But that wasn't the end of it!

THE HYENA IS the scavenger of the veldt. Foul-smelling, cowardly, the misshapen cross between a wolf and a grey alley cat slinks up to feeding lions and waits until they're finished before he moves in to eat the scraps. The hyena can digest bones if he has to, and his powerful jaws can crush the thighbone of an elephant. If he wasn't such a coward, the hyena could be king of the jungle. But this one wasn't a coward—he was hungry!

The grey beast snarled and muzzled into the solid wall of cats to get at the meal. There was an indignant roar and one old male slashed the intruder down the flank. The hyena screamed in pain and anger. Then, leaping, he fastened his jaws on the lion's throat! We could hear the sharp snap as the teeth crashed together, taking a mouthful of hide out of the startled lion!

It was unheard of for a hyena to attack a lion! But we didn't hang around to wonder about it. I threw the rover into gear and roared off like a big bird, not anxious to be next on the menu.

As we drove on, I tried to figure it out. There was something crazy with what had just happened! The buffalo had no reason to charge us—he certainly hadn't been provoked. As a long-time hunter I knew better than that.

Then the lions had acted funny—and the leopards. Last of

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**SAMPLE
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- Mark Twain
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NO. ONE**

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all was the screwy hyena! Were all the animals going nuts?

I started looking more closely at the countryside, and didn't like what I saw. There had been a tremendous change in the "Valley of Many-colored Grasses" since I had last been in the area.

A small, fertile region on the north rim of the Kalihari Desert, the valley had been part of the Kalihari—up to a few years before. A few miles north of the dust-dry desert was a place where, ironically, there was too *much* water—the swamp on the edges of the Okovango River. A few miles of well-planned irrigation canals had changed what had once been desert into a lush, subtropical paradise. Anything would grow in the rich purple soil. Acacia trees sprang up like mushrooms, and thick, many-specied grass formed a carpet of colors across the valley, and gave it its Kaffir name. Between the Kaffir villages, big game streamed into the fertile valley from the over-hunted lands to the north. It was a hunter's paradise, and the Kaffir tribe was able to build up a prosperous farm economy. Everything had been fine in the "Valley of the Many-colored Grasses" up to a month or so before our present journey. Then things had gone wrong—really wrong!

The natives had fled the valley, saying it was "cursed." Only two Kraals, populated by proud Zulu, had stuck it out. Then last week, there had been a frantic message over the shortwave radio that served as the Zulu chief's telephone.

Nobody had made much sense out of it. The frightened Zulu had screamed something about being attacked, and the radio had gone dead! After trying to contact him for three days, the district commissioner sent a plane over to have a look.

There was no landing strip or flat area, but the pilot had buzzed low and carefully observed the village. It was deserted—a ghost village! At the other Zulu village, a few miles to the east, there were plenty of natives to wave at the plane, but not near enough to account for the missing population of the first village.

As assistant district commissioner, my job was to go in and find out what had happened. . . .

I WAS GETTING a grim idea as I drove closer to the empty village. The valley wasn't green any more, and I realized we'd driven for miles without seeing a blade of grass! There were just the trees, with the bark chewed off the lower trunk and the top foliage dying in the African sun. Between the inedible trunks was the dry, lavender dust of South Africa. No wonder those animals were hungry! With no grass, the herbivores had died off. Yes! There were hyena-chewed, sun-bleached bones of buffalo and eland here and there under the dy-

ing trees. And without grass-eaters, the meat-eaters would starve. As I realized that fact, I turned to look at Dingaan. Between us, we represented almost four hundred pounds of fresh meat!!

We found the deserted kraal. The thorn fence was torn away in several places, and I drove the Land-rover inside the enclosure. Nervously, I held the express rifle ready—Dingaan carried a twelve-gauge pump gun. The whitewashed mud huts were deserted, and there must have been a hell of a battle! There were overturned chairs, ripped mattresses and scraps of torn clothing. Next to a battered phonograph lay a human foot!

Dingaan picked up a white object—it was a shin bone, licked ivory-clean by a sandpaper tongue! It didn't take too much imagination to figure what had happened to the missing villagers. They'd been devoured!

We looked at each other for a long moment—frightened to death. Then, breaking the silence, I said, "Let's get the hell out of here!" We headed for the truck, Dingaan tailing behind me. Suddenly, he screamed!

I whirled at the sound and almost froze in my tracks. I didn't know there were that many baboons in Africa! A howling, screaming pack of hunger-mad simians swarmed over the thorn fence!

Jumping into the truck, we cut out with a squeal of tortured rubber. The baboons howled with rage! One got in the way and we hit him with a sickening crunch. Dingaan pumped five rounds of buckshot into the brown, hairy faces. Then a big grey buck jumped on the running board and grabbed the gun out of his hand! I floored the gas pedal. There was no use looking for the gate—I ripped through the fence at forty miles an hour! A big brown female was tearing at my shirt, howling in my ear! I backhanded her off and drove wildly across the bumpy veldt. A tree loomed up in front of the windshield—I closed my eyes for the crash. It never came. The tree was dead and termite-riddled—it vanished in a puff of dust and splinters as we plowed through it. I glanced sideways to see how Dingaan was doing.

He was gone!

I swerved to a halt and looked back. There was a big, brown clump of baboons fighting over what looked like a pile of bloody rags—a hundred yards away. Dingaan had been pulled out of his seat; torn to shreds as he hit the ground!

One of the baboons barked then, and the whole crazy pack came loping after me! I spun an acre of dust into their faces and took off like a hot-rodder!

THE VILLAGE OF M'Bopo was twelve miles away—I was there in eight minutes. I skidded to a halt outside the thorn barrier and honked. A

white man ran out to meet me, Dr. Marvin, the Methodist missionary from up the valley. His daughter, June, was with him. The girl looked haggard for such a young and pretty kid. But as Marvin told their story, I soon saw why.

He had come to Africa twelve years before with his wife and eight-year-old daughter. His wife died of typhoid the fifth year, and Marvin had raised his child to womanhood alone. At the same time, he did his best to minister the needs of the Kaffir, who needed medicine more than anything in the world. Marvin had done a good job, but now he had it all to do over again. The valley was deserted—the mission was wrecked.

I told them all that had happened to me in the preceding hours, fully expecting them to be floored by the stories of the starving animals. But I was the one who was floored! When they told me the story of their last few days, I didn't know whether to believe them or not. . . .

It had been elephants—hunger-mad elephants that tore through the sparse crops, then attacked two field hands and devoured them! Man-eating elephants!

Dr. Marvin told me that he and June had fled the kraal just ahead of the crazed pachyderms. They had just enough gas to make it to this kraal, and no further. There were some 200 people in the village, and now they had no way to signal for help. At any moment, they might be swept under by those same elephants—or baboons—or lions—or leopards. . . .

By that time I was thoroughly bewildered. "How—why?" I asked Dr. Marvin. At first I couldn't get much out of him. He was so shaken and so concerned for his daughter's safety that I couldn't make head or tail of what he was saying. He kept muttering, "I warned them! Lord knows I warned them enough!" Finally, I got the whole fantastic picture. . . .

"Everything was fine," he started telling me. "The valley was lush and fertile, and the people were living a good life. Then there came the swarms of tsetse flies, and the government sent in planes to spray the entire valley with DDT. I warned them over and over, but they ignored me. They just kept spraying—day after day and week after week. And now it's too late. . . ."

I THOUGHT I KNEW a lot about life in Africa, but in the space of about ten minutes, I received a complete education from Marvin. He explained about Nature's law of survival on the Dark Continent—the delicate balance of life. If a blade of grass fails to grow, a klipspringer goes hungry. A herd of antelope moves a few miles, and a pride of lions must hunt their dinner elsewhere. And in the Valley of the Many-colored Grasses, man had
(Continued on page 44)

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(3) Next, you use the astonishingly effective "7 Day Clear" Medicated Lotion. It's bactericidal, does away with pus-forming germs and bacteria, eliminates scaly residue, treats infected pustules, closes pores... safeguards against spreading infection!

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That's all there is to it! You can be certain the "7 Day Clear" foursome will give you the results you've always wanted! This proven Therapy helps rid you of acne pimples, blackheads, whiteheads and other externally-caused skin blemishes FAST!B, more COMPLETELY than any single remedy you've ever tried! Most important of all, it HEALS AS IT HIDES! The very first second you try this amazing combination treatment you: (1) make sure that embarrassing skin eruptions VANISH FROM SIGHT! You'll have renewed confidence, step out with the wonderful feeling that goes with a CLEAR complexion!

(2) you'll know the four most effective healing formulas prescribed by dermatologists are at work "outside and deep inside" to help clear up your skin... in a matter of hours, days!

Get rid of blackheads and pimples... clear up unsightly eruptions with the miraculous "7 Day Clear" Combination treatment that "HEALS as it HIDES." Remember, you must see a big improvement the first day or money back! You must see a clearer skin in as little as 7 days or we pay you \$2.00 for filling out the coupon below!

DRAMATIC RESULTS IN ONE DAY OR MONEY BACK!

That's the real trick! You must actually see a big improvement in your complexion after one 24-hour treatment with the four miracle formulas available to you in the "7 Day Clear" Big Sample Package... allowed to you at practically cost... only \$1.00 plus 25¢ postage. What's more, you must see a clearer skin in as little as 7 days or we send you a check to reward you for your faithful use of this amazing combination skin treatment. Its results that count—not promises that can't be backed up! We know if you use "all four" of the "7 Day Clear" products—the soap, the cream, the lotion, the bleamish stick... you'll be wildly enthusiastic with the results you get! Don't put it off! Do it now! Just send your name and address today to HealthAids, Inc., Dept. H-3 114 E. 32 St., N. Y. 16, N. Y. Hurry—this special introductory offer will be withdrawn in thirty days.



RUSH NO-RISK COUPON TODAY!

HealthAids, Inc., Dept. H-3 114 E. 32 St., N. Y. 16, N. Y.

Please rush to me the 7 Day Clear Medicated Sample Package as shown here. I enclose just \$1 plus 25¢ to cover postage and handling. This is the complete cost. There is no other payment. If I don't see a big improvement the first day you will refund my money. If I don't see a clear skin in just 7 days you will pay me \$2.00.

Enclosed in _____ Cash _____ Check _____ money order

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

There's nothing so
fascinating as the
sight of an execution.

THE THOUGHT OF A ROUGH hempen rope around his neck, slowly squeezing the life from his body until his skin is a livid purple, is enough to drive the most hardened criminal into a state of screaming, shaking fear. Although the electric chair has been personified as the symbol of modern criminal execution, it is a lot less formidable to criminals than the most grisly death of all—the hangman's noose.

In actuality, the electric chair induces considerably less terror than the rope—it is known to be more efficient and less painful than hanging. According to physiologists, there is no opportunity for the brain to record pain in the electric chair, because the current travels too fast. It flows through the head electrode and produces so much heat that the brain matter coagulates, like egg-white in a hot pan. Death is instantaneous, even



by **PAUL BROCK**

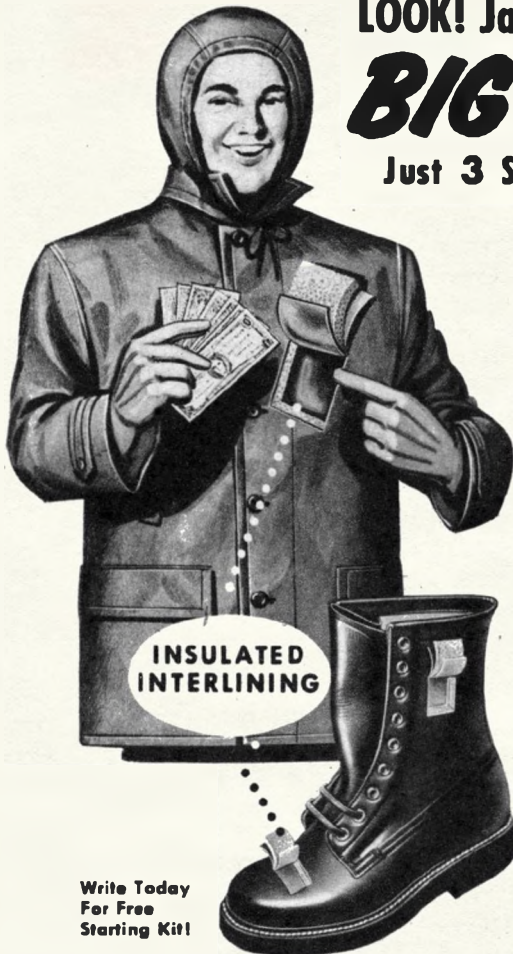
Illustrated by **RAY STERNBERG**

And of all methods
of death, hanging is
most terrifying!

**BY THE
NECK UNTIL
DEAD!**

LOOK! Jacket & Shoe COMBINATIONS PAY YOU **BIG MONEY** Every Month!

Just 3 Sales Daily Earn You up to \$660 a Month!



INSULATED
INTERLINING

Write Today
For Free
Starting Kit!



We Furnish Everything **FREE!**

Here's an exciting new idea that pays you *double* profits every sale! Now you can sell famous Mason Shoes . . . and Jackets to match! This tested "2-in-1" plan gives you two sales on a single call. Think of the things you can do with all the money you'll make this easy way! Take orders for just three of these fast-selling combinations a day . . . and you earn up to \$660 a month! Here are just a few of the combinations folks buy from you so fast:

• Now-famous *Insulated* Jacket and Leather Boot Combination . . . same type Subzero Insulation as U.S. Army Coldbar suit! • Horsehide leather jacket lined with real sheepskin . . . and extra-comfortable air-cushioned work shoe, also lined with warm fleece! • Smart, luxurious Palomino Leather Jacket . . . matching air-cushioned Tassel slip-on Moccasins . . . today's rage! • New Reversible Nylon-Rayon Jacket . . . with genuine Shell Cordovan Leather Oxford (not illustrated). (These combinations pay you up to \$9.50 profit per sale!) We'll put you in business *immediately* by rushing a complete Sales Outfit FREE! And . . .

New miracle **INSULATED INTERLINING** keeps you warm at below zero temperatures. Same type as used in U.S. Army Coldbar suit! Thousands of unconnected **AIR CELLS** between two layers provide **DEAD AIR SPACE** insulation—keeps cold air out, holds body heat in, is light, comfortable and non-bulky.

YOU GET STEADY REPEAT ORDERS!

• You show a *selection* no store can match! Over 125 dress, sport, work shoe styles for men, women . . . plus a complete line of jackets . . . even raincoats! • You can fit almost *everybody*, because of our amazing range of sizes (2½-15) and widths (extra-narrow AAAA to extra-wide EEEE)! • You carry no stock—yet you're never "out" of a size, style, or width! With our huge stock (over a quarter million pairs of shoes) to draw on, you give customers what they want! • You feature our exclusive Velvet-*ez* foamy-soft *Air-Cushion* innersole . . . a blessing for men and women who spend long hours on their feet! Working men, women *swear* by this important comfort feature! Mason Shoes are *Nationally Advertised* . . . are well-known! Folks buy in complete confidence . . . know they're getting "tops" in value! . . . They really appreciate this *convenient, leisurely* way of "shopping" for shoes at home or where they work. Saves time . . . saves shopping around . . . and they save money! Right now—with Mason sales far higher than ever before in all our 52 years—is the best time to start! To get your new Mason Starting Business Outfit including the Mason "Miracle" Line for men and women and featuring amazing *Insulated Jackets*, shoes . . . *Silicone-tanned* shoes that shed water . . . *Shoe-Jacket* combinations . . . many other fast-selling money-makers . . . mail coupon *today!* We'll rush your **FREE** Starting Business Outfit with *everything* you need to make exciting *double* profits from your first hour!

Do You Want This Kind of EXTRA Cash?

Here's actual *proof* of the money you can make in your Mason business, taken from hundreds of signed testimonials on file at our factory. Most of these successful men had no selling experience . . . yet all made handsome, extra incomes . . . without investing a single cent! Wouldn't you like cash profits like these?



Earns \$93.85 in 4 hours!

"On June 5th, I sold 38 pairs of shoes from 6:30 P.M. to 10:30 P.M. earning myself \$93.85 in commissions." J. Kelly, New York. (While this is exceptional, it shows what an ambitious man can do.)



Earnings Financed Vacation!

"I've used my profits to pay off the final notes on a farm I own and finance a two-weeks' vacation in North Carolina for my family." T. Worley, Michigan



Adds Greatly to Pension!

"I know there must be many men like myself who would like to add to their pensions to gain the extra things of life. One forenoon I made a net profit of \$21.75!" C. Mason, Michigan.



Averages \$80 extra a week!

"I have made more money since I started this business than in all my past life. My average extra earnings have been over \$80 a week." C. Tuttle, California.

SEND FOR **FREE** SALES OUTFIT!

MASON SHOE MFG. CO., Dept. F-277
Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin

Please rush my complete Mason Shoe & Jacket Starting Business Outfit FREE and postpaid including everything I need to start earning big money from my first hour!

Name.....
Address.....
Town..... State.....

MASON SHOE MFG. CO., Dept. F-277
CHIPPewa FALLS, WISCONSIN

Even the most hard-boiled criminal becomes a shivering wreck, as he mounts the scaffold. For in many hangings, the victim dies only after long and painful strangulation.



though the heart may continue to pulse for a moment or two.

Hence the remarkable absence of fear on the part of most condemned criminals who sit in the chair for their journey to eternity. The child-murderer, for instance, who almost ran to the ominous hot-seat, kissed it reverently and sang a sermon on how it was a chariot, swinging low to life everlasting, a harp among the angel choirs.

Or the antics of one of the most callous gangsters Sing Sing ever saw, who was so unconcerned that he made an even more dramatic grandstand play when led into the death chamber.

He followed another member of the gang to the chair. When his turn came to die, he asked for a rag, carefully wiped off the seat and announced, "I just gotta wipe it off after that rat sat on it!" While an officer was adjusting his straps, the condemned man asked, "What's wrong, Sarge? You nervous or something?"

Whether any person has suffered pain during a properly conducted hanging, no one will ever know. But it is reasonable to assume that the victims do, for they are not pronounced dead until 10 or 15 minutes after the trap has been sprung.

In addition to the horror a sort of ignominy is attached to execution by hanging. This has existed for many centuries, and because of it, our noble ancestors were accorded the "privilege" of being decapitated. They thought this a more dignified death than to suffer at the hands of the common hangman.

This "snobbery of death" still exists in modern times. Some of the Nazi generals condemned at Nuremberg asked to be shot rather than hanged.

○ **F ALL THE WAYS** of killing a man, hanging is the most likely to be bungled and is the most gruesome to watch. One moment you see a living, breathing man on the platform. Then he drops through the trap. The next moment you see the body dancing at the end of the rope, arms and legs quivering in grotesque, unnatural muscular contractions. You realize that the man is either dead or dying at that instant, and you

(Continued on page 52)

ROYAL JELLY, the Queen Bee's Special Food...ITS SECRET OF PROLONGED LIFE!

JENASOL introduces **DOUBLE ROYAL JELLY POTENCY**

EACH AND EVERY JENASOL CAPSULE NOW CONTAINS
50 MGM PURE NATURAL ROYAL JELLY IN SINGLE STRENGTH
100 MGM PURE NATURAL ROYAL JELLY IN DOUBLE STRENGTH
AT NO INCREASE IN PRICE WHATSOEVER!

Compare The JENASOL Formula For POTENCY, PURITY, and PRICE

Leading National Magazines, Newspapers, Syndicated Columnists, Medical Journals, and Report from Medical Congress indicate the benefits of ROYAL JELLY, a "living" high energy food.

Doctors Report "Miracle" Royal Jelly May Change Your Whole Life!

How would you like to awaken one morning and find yourself possessed with a marvelous sense of "well-being," full of New Pep and Vitality? Wouldn't it be wonderful if you could feel increased vigor and enjoy a new lease on life? Now... Scientists say this may happen to you!

Royal Jelly May Mean "New Life" After 40

Reports from Europe tell of an 80 year old Gentleman whose physical condition would make a 50 year old envious. The man regularly partakes of Royal Jelly. According to a book published in England, when Russian Officials sent questionnaires to all the Centenarians (people over 100 years old) in the Soviet Union, more than half of them turned out to be beekeepers.

From France and Germany come amazing Scientific Reports of outstanding results obtained with Royal Jelly. One French Authority writes of women over 40 feeling increased sexual vitality and of a wonderful feeling of "youth and well-being" that resulted from continued use of Royal Jelly.

At this moment, in Leading Universities, Scientists and Nutritionists and Medical Doctors are doing extensive work to determine the exact role that Royal Jelly may play in Your Sex Life, Your Health and Your Emotional Condition. These researchers are especially interested in its effects on those who have passed middle age. They are working on Royal Jelly because this rare NATURAL FOOD has been indicated to contain remarkable Energy and Sex Factors.

Doctor Paul Niehans, famous Swiss Surgeon and experimenter with Hormones says: "ROYAL JELLY is an activator of the glands"... Dr. Niehans discovered that many minor disabilities which bother millions of people such as tiredness, irritability, headaches, insomnia, physical and spiritual convulsions, were easy to treat with the Cellular Therapeutics of the Secretion of the bees which we call Royal Jelly.

Jenasol R.J. Formula 60 contains pure, natural Wheat Germ Oil (Vitamin E)

Swallow one CONCENTRATED JENASOL R.J. FORMULA 60 capsule daily. They combine 8 important and essential vitamins as well as the miracle food of the Queen Bee. This capsule dissolves instantly, releasing the super forces of Royal Jelly which go to work immediately and reinforce and healthfully strengthens your own natural functions which may become deficient.

Effects can be felt more quickly with the double potency SUPER-STRENGTH FORMULA—but satisfactory results are MONEY BACK GUARANTEED with either formula. (The price of ROYAL JELLY has been recently quoted at \$500.00 per ounce.)

Now You May Benefit from ROYAL JELLY... the "ELIXIR of YOUTH" of the Queen Bee

Two years ago, the world-famous French Nutrition Expert, Bernard Desouches wrote a book praising Royal Jelly as a Life Prolonger and Extraordinary Stimulator of Sexual Virility of the Queen Bee. At present, Doctors and Scientists from many countries in the world, say that Royal Jelly has proved to be a potent factor in matters relating to sexual virility and size and growth of animals.

Here Are Some of the Symptoms of Approaching Old Age which Make Men and Women over 40 feel devitalized and "played out" before their time:

- "Human Dynamoes" slow down amazingly • Dizziness • Weak feeling • Vague aches and pains • Listless, "don't care attitude" • Lacks recuperating power • Fatigues easily • Fails to get rest from sleep • Sexual weakness • Loss of mental efficiency and ability • Unable to make simple decisions.

The Hohl Laboratories of Europe gave the Doctors of the 2nd International Congress of Biogenetics a great surprise when they confessed that their famous Medical Cream for the skin was prepared with Royal Jelly. The Doctors all knew that with this cream sagging breasts were raised and mammary glands of women were activated.

ROYAL JELLY Wins Approval Before Congress* of 5,000 Doctors

The men of Medical Science who have experimented with Royal Jelly, claim that Royal Jelly will perform the function of INCREASING MEN & WOMEN'S WANING POWERS.

Jenasol R. J. Formula 60, in the opinion of these reputable physicians removes any possible danger for the layman in the use of these powerful, concentrated nutritional extracts. This is the latest and possibly the greatest advance in the history of Medical Science. This combination, created under the strict supervision of a Registered, Licensed Pharmacist, and Medical Doctor, named "Jenasol R. J. Formula 60," makes the use of these amazing elements perfectly safe.

Every man and woman who feels "old" and "played out" before their time should seriously consider the use of "Jenasol R. J. Formula 60" to increase their pep and energy.

Royal Jelly Reported to Help Those Suffering from:

- Mental Depression . . . Loss of Appetite . . . Sexual Weakness . . . Digestive Disturbances
- Headaches . . . Decreased Vigor . . . Nervousness . . . Aches and Pains . . . Irritability.

MEDICAL RESEARCH

We have listed below some of the extensive Medical and Laboratory research that has been done with Royal Jelly:

• Many authorities still dispute the efficacy of Royal Jelly while others consider it a potential Boon to Mankind.

• Dr. de Fomische, 2nd International Congress of Biogenetics, Baden-Baden, Germany; April 6, 1958.

• Dr. Maurice Mathias, Pasteur Institute of Tunisia, October, 1952.

• Cowdry's Problem of Aging, Thomas S. Gardner. (Reprinted from Journal of Gerontology, Vol. 8, No. 3, July, 1953.)

• Analyses of Royal Jelly and Pollen, Nevins Weaver and Kenneth A. Kuiken (Technical Contribution, No. 1485 Texas Agricultural Experiment Station.)

• Longevity Factors in Royal Jelly, Thomas S. Gardner. (Reprinted from Journal of Gerontology, Vol. 3, No. 1, January, 1948.)

We make no claims for ROYAL JELLY. We have merely accumulated reports that have been made as a result of experimentation and research by Doctors, Scientists and Nutritionists in many parts of the world.

LEADING MEDICAL AUTHORITIES IN ENGLAND, FRANCE AND GERMANY: At test that ROYAL JELLY is one of the richest Natural sources in the treatment of vitamin and nutritional deficiencies...that hogs and guinea pigs fed with Royal Jelly live 20 to 80% longer...chickens fed with Royal Jelly double their egg output.



Offices in: Canada, Germany, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, Haiti, Cuba, Japan.



Observations by Doctors of the Medical Congress Who Took Royal Jelly and Observed Its Use Directly



- Royal Jelly alleviates suffering of men and women in their critical years in a sensational manner.
- Royal Jelly acts on weakened, tired eyes, giving instantly a sensation of new light.
- Feeling of tiredness disappears immediately.

• Royal Jelly gives a feeling of increased sexual drive and energy, especially to men and women over 40.

• Glandular studies may lead to new hope for men and women.

• Royal Jelly produces a pleasing state of relaxed well-being and eases tension.

DISCOVERER OF INSULIN

Dr. Frederick Banting

"The most complete Scientific Report on Royal Jelly was prepared under the direction of Dr. Frederick Banting.

"TEXAS A & M COLLEGE has been conducting experiments on Royal Jelly..."

"PROFESSOR G. P. TOWNSEND of ONTARIO AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE is resuming research on Royal Jelly..."

"DR. T. H. MCGAVACK has agreed to conduct experiments in Longevity with human beings fed Royal Jelly..."

Life May Begin Again After 40 as Queen Bee's Natural Food Rebuilds Man's Vitality and Drive

Royal Jelly is totally unlike honey, and has baffled scientists since the 1700's. In 1894, some of the mystery was dispelled when Leonard Bordes, a French scientist, discovered that Royal Jelly is secreted by special glands located in the heads of worker bees whose job is to nurse the Queen.

Intrigued by the strange longevity and extraordinary sexual powers of the Queen Bee, leading scientists have been trying to discover the Secret Factor in Royal Jelly that so benefits the Queen Bee.

It is not surprising that Royal Jelly has attracted Medical Attention throughout the world... Here is the substance, the sole diet of the Queen Bee in which lies the secret of the difference between her and the rest of the hive. For the Queen lives to 6 years, whereas the 20 to 40 thousand worker bees and the few hundred drones live but a few short months. The Queen Bee larva looks like all the rest, including those of the female worker bees. But only SHE is fertile, producing some 400,000 eggs annually.

Her food is ROYAL JELLY, secreted from the glands of the worker bees. The ingredients are nectar and pollen, plus honey, combined in a mysterious way by Nature to make up the "miracle food" ROYAL JELLY...

Order ROYAL JELLY with Complete Confidence

No Doctor's Prescription necessary. If for any reason JENASOL fails to satisfy you, your money will be refunded in full. Try it at our expense... JENASOL CO., World's Largest Producers of Royal Jelly Products... serving over a QUARTER A MILLION PEOPLE—in the U.S.A. and 45 foreign countries: 22 E. 17th St., Dept. LG-12 New York 3, N. Y.

Men and Women Agents Wanted. Write for Free Literature.

DOCTORS: Write on your letterhead for Clinical Samples

JENASOL CO., 22 East 17th St., Dept. LG-12 New York 3, N. Y.

Please send me the complete JENASOL R. J. FORMULA Plan as marked below; I enclose \$..... cash, check or Money Order. The very first capsules must help me to feel better or my money will be refunded promptly and without question. (I save up to \$2.00 by sending payment with order. JENASOL Co. ships postage paid.)



- Send 1 Single Strength 50 Mgm. Royal Jelly 30-Day Supply \$ 5.00
- Send 1 Double Strength 100 Mgm. Royal Jelly 30-Day Supply \$ 7.50
- Send 1 Single Strength 50 Mgm. Royal Jelly 60-Day Supply \$ 9.00
- Send 1 Double Strength 100 Mgm. Royal Jelly 60-Day Supply \$ 12.00
- Send 1 Single Strength 50 Mgm. Royal Jelly 120-Day Supply \$15.00
- Send 1 Double Strength 100 Mgm. Royal Jelly 120-Day Supply \$20.00

Name

Address

City Zone State

I enclose \$1.00 deposit, please ship C.O.D.

ALL ORDERS RUSHED TO YOU IN PLAIN WRAPPER

The threat of a morals charge is enough to cause even a virgin to play ball—and make the payoff!

I'M A VICE COP. I've been one for seven years. In that time I've learned that if you talk to a stranger in a public place, get a little loaded in a bar, accept a ride from somebody "going your way," get a hot number lined up, or in general, go out looking for a slightly illegal good time, chances are one in five that before it's over you're going to be the victim of a vice rap. Sometimes it's a real charge—sometimes, when you leave yourself wide open, we manufacture it!

There's plenty of real vice in the city where I work: prostitution, gambling, adultery, bookmaking, homosexuality, child molestation, sexual assault, drug addiction—the complete code book rundown. And each crime has its own price tag, ranging from a possible six-month to 20-year jail sentence. And there's always the alternative—a shake-down and cash payoff to us!

Sound cruel, cold, *(Continued on page 64)*

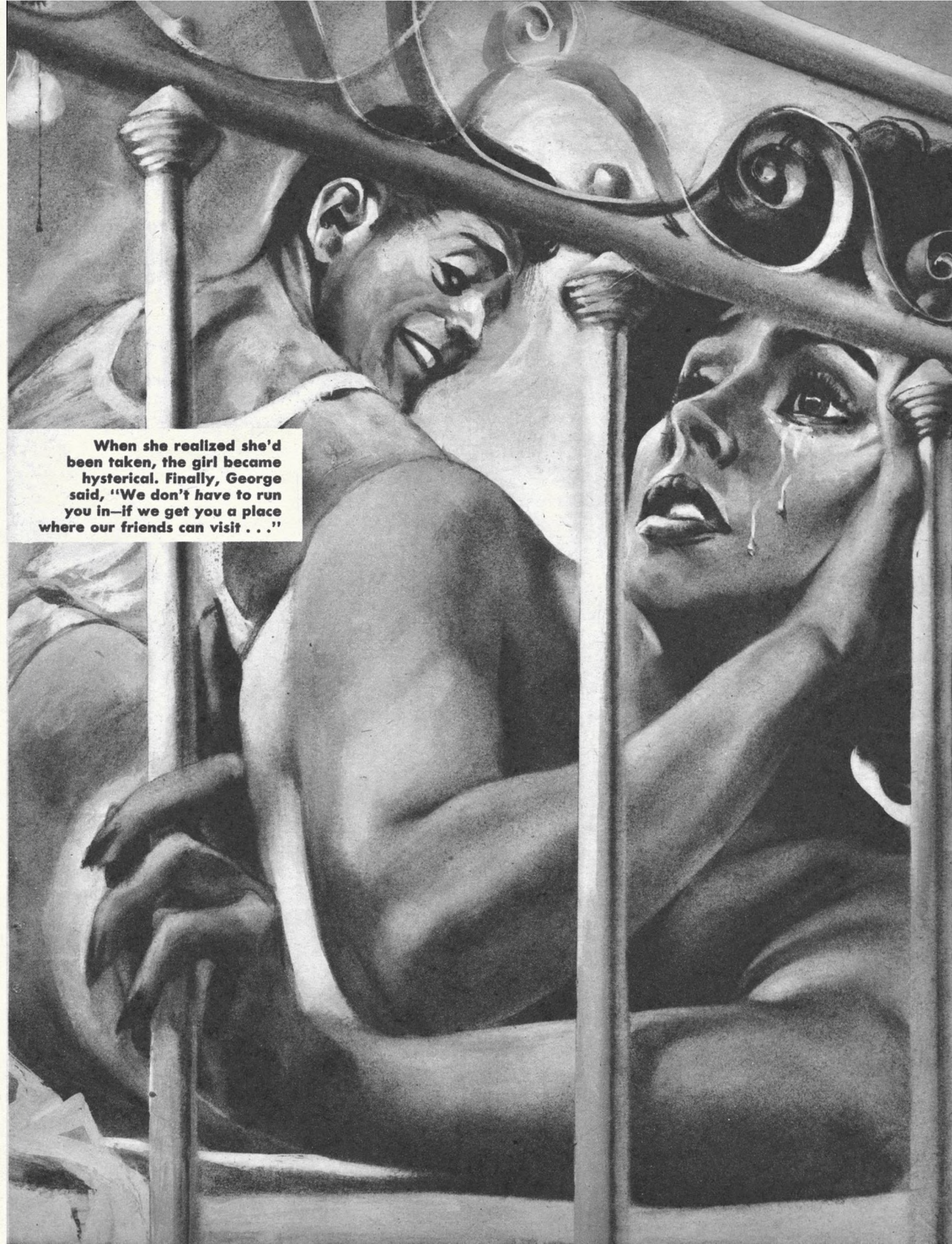


A VICE COP'S SHOCKING CONFESSION:

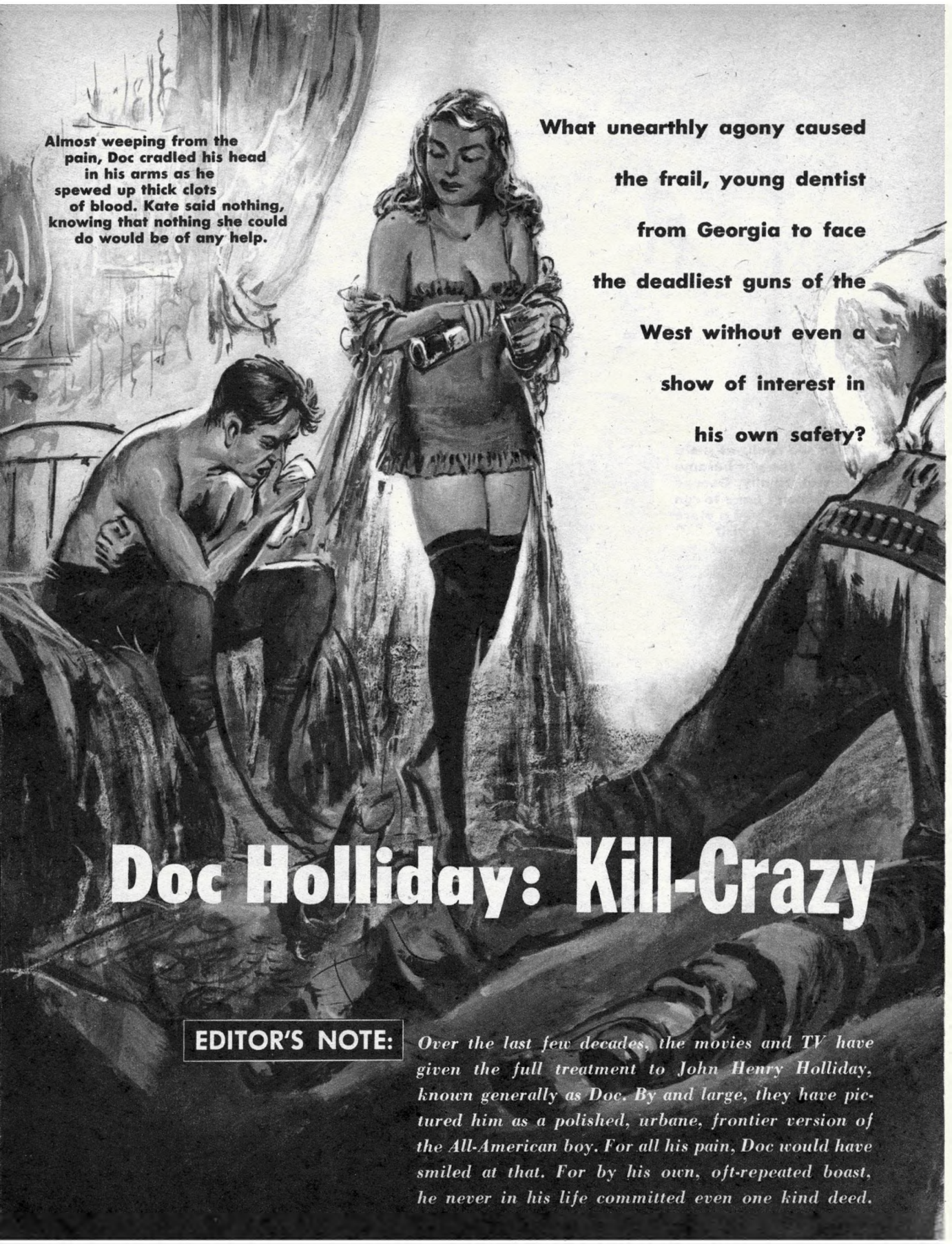
SIN IS MY RACKET

ANONYMOUS

Illustrated by **HUGH HIRTLE**



When she realized she'd been taken, the girl became hysterical. Finally, George said, "We don't have to run you in—if we get you a place where our friends can visit . . ."



Almost weeping from the pain, Doc cradled his head in his arms as he spewed up thick clots of blood. Kate said nothing, knowing that nothing she could do would be of any help.

What unearthly agony caused the frail, young dentist from Georgia to face the deadliest guns of the West without even a show of interest in his own safety?

Doc Holliday: Kill-Crazy

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Over the last few decades, the movies and TV have given the full treatment to John Henry Holliday, known generally as Doc. By and large, they have pictured him as a polished, urbane, frontier version of the All-American boy. For all his pain, Doc would have smiled at that. For by his own, oft-repeated boast, he never in his life committed even one kind deed.

As if he didn't know they were there, Doc strolled toward the Clantons, his guns spitting death.



dead man of Tombstone!

by MIKE WALTERS

Illustrated by LEO SUMMERS

DOC HOLLIDAY WAS A walking dead man, but it gave him a big advantage over the gunners he faced-up to. They had some idea of what caution meant, knowing that if they weren't careful, they could wind up dead. But such restraint didn't apply to Doc Holliday. He was dead already, and who ever heard of a man dying twice?

In 1872, when he was 20 years old, doctors in his native Georgia told him he had tuberculosis. He'd last no more than six months if he stayed there, they assured him. Why not try the high plateau

country of Texas? If he took life easy, he might hold out for as long as two years in that dry country far to the west.

There was little to hold him at home. His mother had died six years earlier and he didn't get along with his father. He loved a girl named Mattie, his first cousin, but she was Catholic and he Presbyterian. Both knew they would never get married. Even if it had been possible, he certainly wouldn't get married after learning how sick he was.

So John Holliday— (Continued on page 58) 21

How to Beat

If you're going to "roll the bones"—and who doesn't—the bacon! This unusual article shows the tricks—

By ED CORLEY

ONE JUNE EVENING just a few years ago, a young man stood at the dice table of a swank Reno gambling joint. The huge room was jammed full of men and woman, most of whom were now gathered around the table. The silence was oppressive.

The young man rolled the dice and hit a seven. "Another winner," announced the stickman, his voice dry.

"Cash me in," said the young man.

He had won some seven hundred dollars. To do it, he had thrown 19 straight passes, starting with a five dollar bet. If he had let it ride, he would have walked away with \$983,040.

"Who are you?" someone asked, as the winner pushed his way through the crowd.

"Just call me a damned fool," replied the young man.

Others had been more fortunate, riding along with his luck. Chico Marx, the comedian, won over \$30,000. The owner of a rival club pulled in a sizable chunk, too.

Reno still talks about that night. Men come to the tables every night, hoping to match or approach the 19 straight passes. But they never do—at least, hardly ever.

Dice is a hard game to beat. It takes skill and practice—because you're not only playing against the game, you're playing against the men in the game. The odds are the same for everyone; the profits fall to the man who makes the most skillful use of those odds.

The purpose of this article is to pass along to you the results of more than twenty years of hard experience with the "galloping dominoes."

Crap games have been around a long time. Originating in England, where the game was called "Hazzard," our version of the game got its name from the French. Hazzard featured three bust-out points—2, 3, and 12, which were called "crabs." The boys from Paris couldn't pronounce it; hence, "craps."

The game came to America via the French quarter in New Orleans, and soon spread up and down the country along the riverboat routes. And, even in those primitive days, it was crooked as hell.

A favorite dodge of riverboat men was to have

FLOATS

The smartest of white percentage dice. Burning the cube will reveal no weight. Furnished any of the above combinations.
Single Cube 5.00; per pair 10.00; 3 dice combination 15.00.
Pairs included.

SPECIAL FILLED TRANSPARENT DICE

Our special filled transparent dice will sound and roll natural and are properly made to give strongest results. We guarantee our spots will not come out. In ordering always specify light, medium or heavy. A light bevel can be added if desired.



MISSING SETS

No. 200-A Favor Ace and 2-6, with Pair to match Per Set 20.00
No. 204-A Favor Deuce and 1-5, with Pair to match Per Set 20.00

PASSING SET

No. 201-A Favor 3-5-6, with Pair to match..... Per Set 20.00

THREE DICE COMBINATION SETS

No. 202-A Favor Ace, 2-6 and 2-4, with Pair to match Per Set 25.00
No. 203-A Favor 2, 1-5, 3-5, with Pair to match Per Set 25.00

In above substitute one dice to change from passers to misers. Complete instructions supplied.

SPECIAL SETS

For special requirements. Made in any color, size or edge Per Dice 10.00
Pair Dice, or tops, with deep spots to match weight Per Pair 2.00

Sample page from typical dice catalogue. Most reliable method of checking for "loaded" dice is to drop cubes in tall glass of water. If same numbers come up 5 out of 6, there's no doubt at all!



a Crap Game

**you might as well bring home
the hows and whys of winning.**

an accomplice, who took care to lose heavily. Whenever suckers started eyeing the dice suspiciously, the accomplice would scoop them up and heave them into the yellow Mississippi, to "feed the goldarned fish and change my luck!"

Then came the railroads, and with them, the mobile, hard-hitting gambler. While many dice were made of bone, they often took strange shapes. Many a "friendly" game was conducted with lumps of sugar marked with pencil spots. An obvious advantage was that in case of a raid, the evidence could vanish down the gambler's gullet.

I'M TAKING FOR GRANTED that you know how to play the game. You know that your first roll is a come-out, and that you're aiming for a "natural," a 7 or 11. This wins—and your chances to hit are 8 out of 36.

If you win, of course, you either pick up your winnings or leave them out to be covered, and start over again.

A 2, 3, or 12 on the first roll is a crap, and you lose your bet, but keep the dice. Your chances to do this are 4 out of 36.

But if you roll any of the other numbers, this becomes your point, and you try to make it before you roll a seven, which "sevens you out" and takes both the money and the dice.

A win is called a pass; a loss is a missout, or a miss.

And the dice go to the player on the left, continuing around the circle of players.

I take for granted, also, that you haven't a king-sized bankroll. And that you're playing to *win money*.

Several factors control your so-called "luck." You win and lose because of two things: 1. the size of your bankroll and the way you bet it, and 2. the "runs"—sequences of wins or losses that you meet up with.

Assume that the game is as honest as you hope it is. Your greatest danger is that a smart player will boost the bets too fast and wipe out your limited bankroll before his luck changes. If he starts with a dollar bet and doubles (Continued on page 61)

DO YOURSELF A FAVOR AND MEMORIZE THESE ODDS:

2 to 1 against making 4 or 10

3 to 2 against making 5 or 9

6 to 5 against making 6 or 8

**8 to 1 against making 4 or 10
the hard way, with doubles**

**17 to 1 against throwing 11 the
next roll**

**10 to 1 against making 6 or 8
the hard way, with doubles**

**5 to 1 against throwing 7 the
next roll**

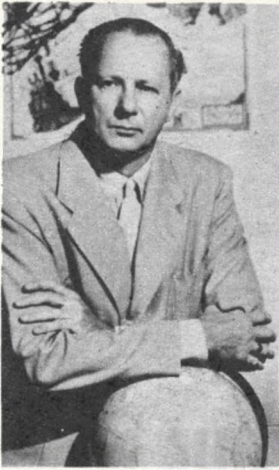
**8 to 1 against throwing craps
the next roll (2, 3, or 12)**

**7 to 5 against throwing under
7 or over 7 the next roll**

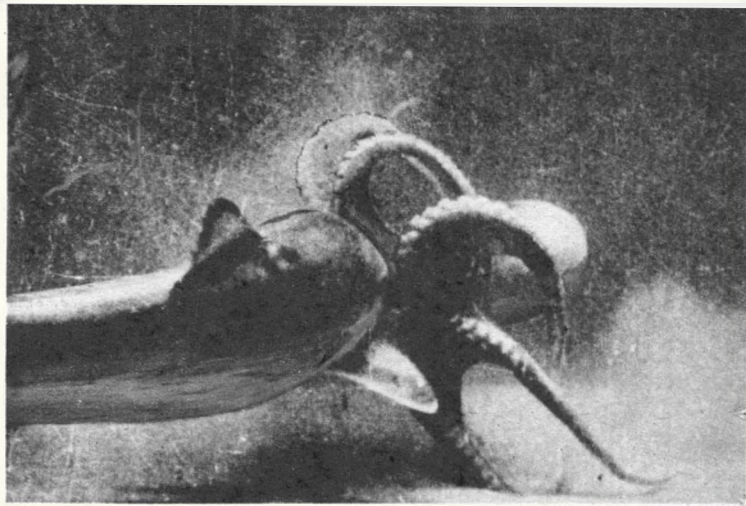
**19 to 17 against "the field"—
2, 3, 5, 9, 10, 11, 12**

**5 to 4 against "the field"—
2, 3, 4, 9, 11, 12**

**35 to 1 against throwing a
particular double**



HARRY E. RIESEBERG is an expert in the field of deep sea diving and underwater exploration. One of the foremost hunters for lost and forgotten treasure in America, he is familiar with the waters of almost all of the world's seas.

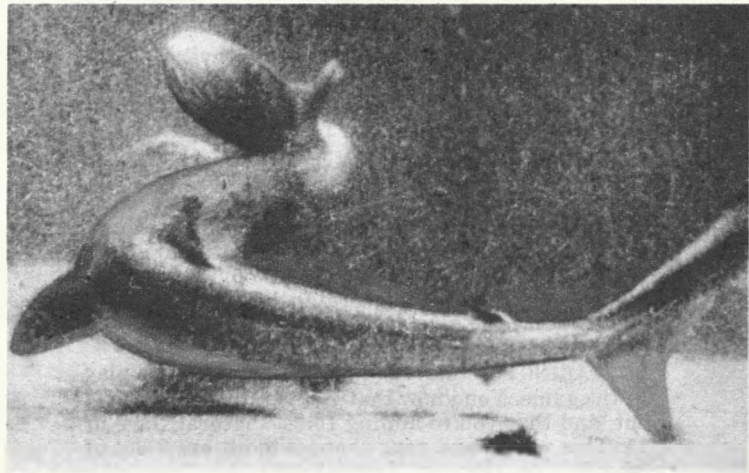


1. Tiger shark spots octopus and charges straight at it, in attempt to chew it apart.

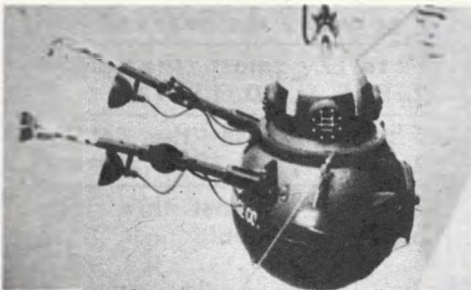
THE KILLER OF THE DEEP

by **LT. HARRY E. RIESEBERG**

In a silent battle for survival,
an octopus attacks a tiger shark!



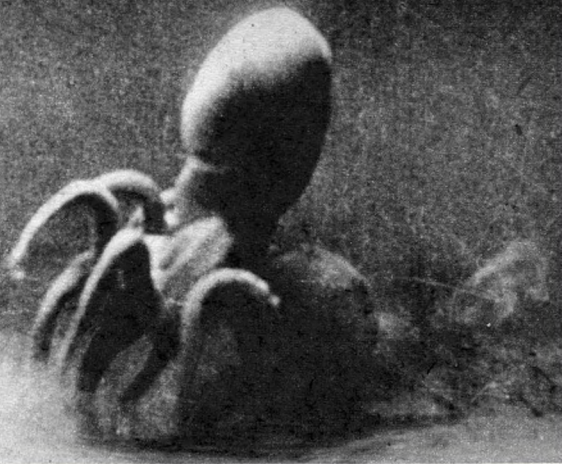
3. Octopus throws out a tentacle, grasping shark. The great fish promptly bites it off.



Diving robot is equipped with searchlights and vision plates.



5. Shark is seized. This time a whole series of tentacles grip him and begin to crush him.



2. Moving like an underwater jet, octopus dodges attack as shark passes under it.

THE BURNISHED SURFACE of the tropic sea formed a sky of rippling quicksilver above the fairy-land seabed. From overhead, muted sunlight filtered through the pale green, translucent water in oblique rays. Great undersea cliffs cascaded with iridescent fire, forming a wall against the opalescent tangle of coral shapes and formations. Scarlet crabs clung tightly to the jagged sides of towering ledges.

Rainbow-tinted fish flashed their brilliant hues through shadowed openings of lacy cathedrals, weaving a fleeting tapestry of color, then flashing away like shards of rainbow. . . .

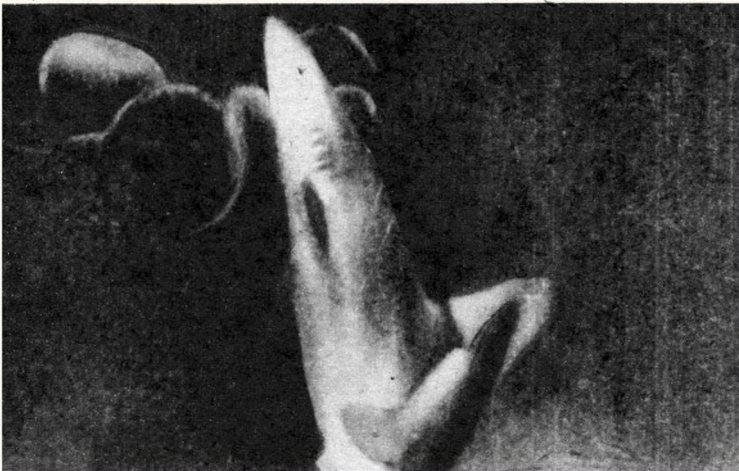
Silhouetted darkly in the multi-tinted undersea jungle lay a rotting ship's hulk, flying seaweed and anemone banners, like tattered escutcheons. Through the water-rotted opening stretched a trembling, gray tentacle.

The giant octopus, in the dense blackness of the wreck's shattered hold, watched with hooded yellow eyes—the bright skinned, flip-tailed tiger shark above curvetted in the shifting light outside. The creature's mouth, a horny, tearing beak in the formlessness of his face, spasmodically opened and closed. The fiery acids gathered in his throat, preparing to dissolve new prey. The octopus felt his gnawing hunger with mounting gluttony; it had been long since food had drifted by his lair.

Then, cautiously, the octopus raised his pulpy body on its eight great muscular tentacles, and slithered over the open wreck's littered hold. He oozed from across the opening onto the worm-eaten, sand-strewn deck, then over the coral-scattered seaway. His eyes were slitted in vigilance.

A thick garden of waving fronds shimmered like a green field of wheat—exotic and jewelled fish passed in and out of the openings, scattered into lighter waters or darker chasms beyond. The motion of the water gave the scene an illusion of enchanted life. Evenly, the creature felt his way, gliding from coral castle to enchanted coral garden. Ever watchful, the searing acids of his mouth stirred him on.


SLOWLY, REACHING out a slimy suction cup-lined tentacle, he stroked a rotted timber of the shattered hulk, adhesively searching its hollows and indentations. The water-rotted timber crumbled at the suck of his touch, floating like burnt ashes down to the sea bed. A drifting plant dared brush his now mottled-brown (Continued on page 57)



4. Octopus attacks this time. Shark turns turtle in water, in effort to duck away.



6. Shark, now dead, lies motionless on bottom while octopus slowly drags him away.

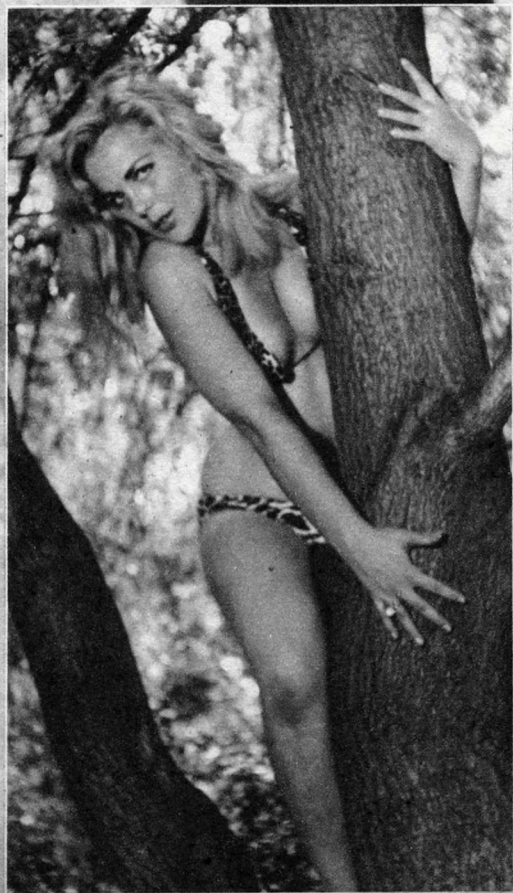
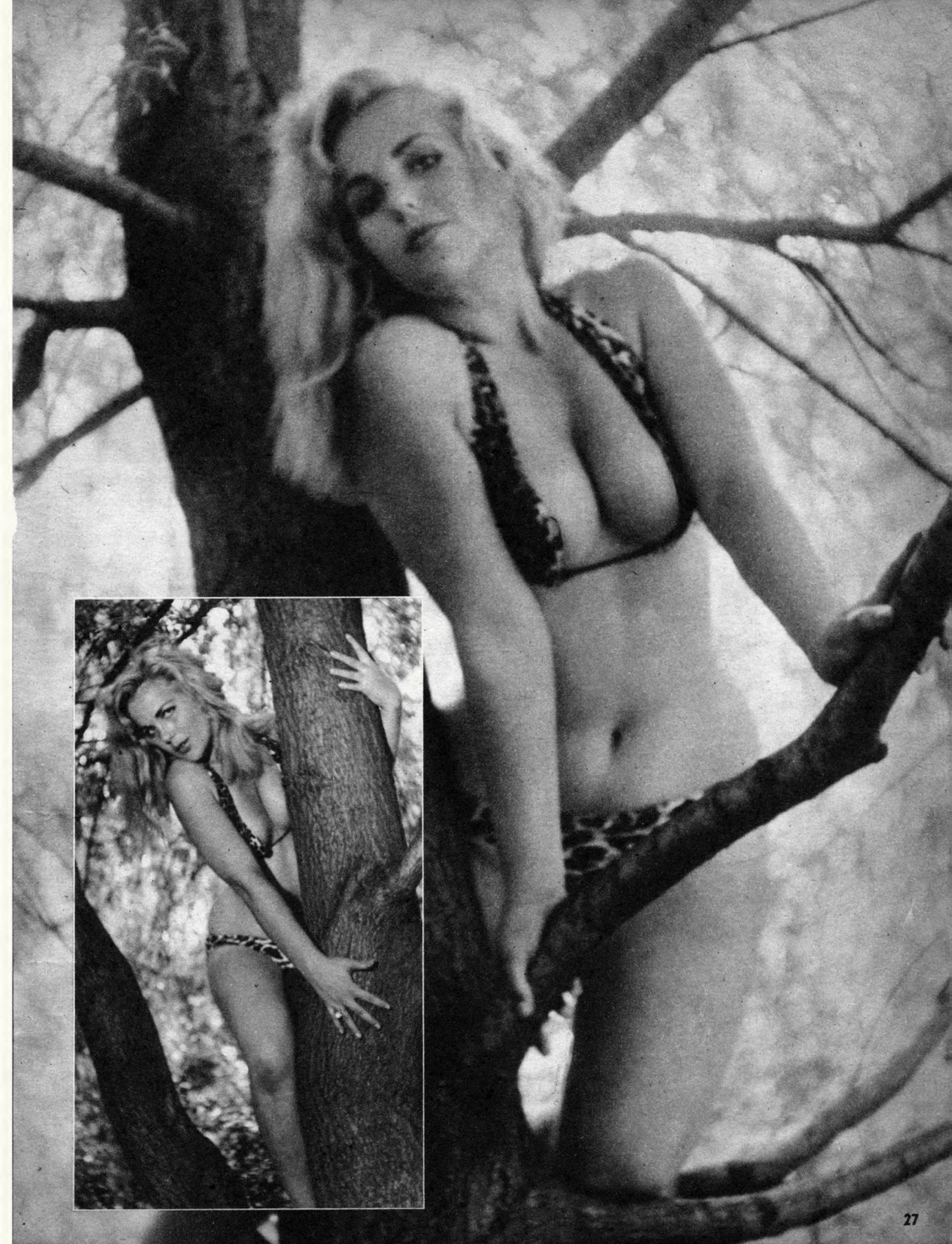


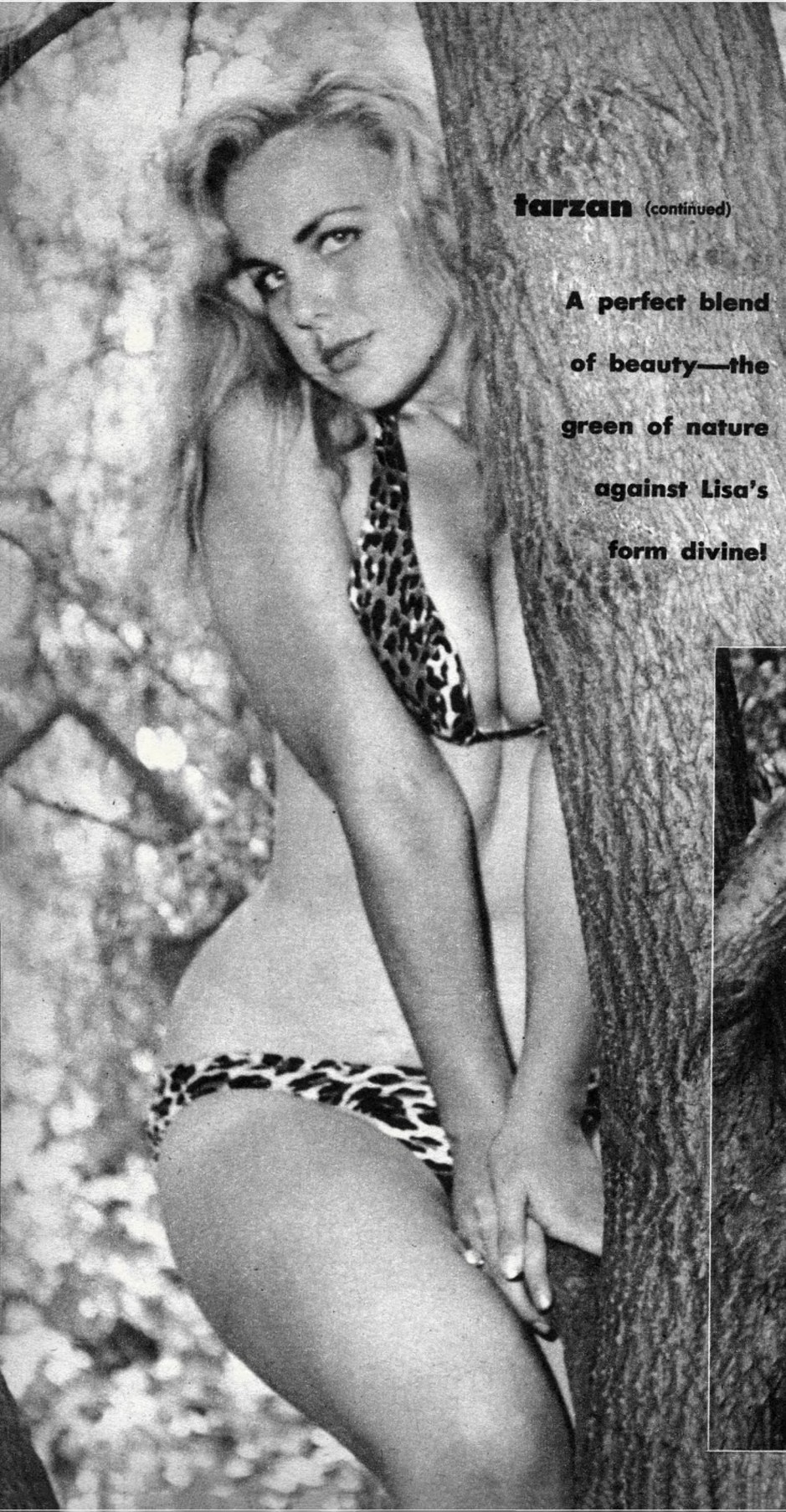
With Lisa Carol in the cast, a new Tarzan movie could very well be called, "Tarzan and his Jungle Paradise!"

Tigers and lions stop dead in their tracks when they view this golden-haired jungle goddess!

Tarzan never had it so good!

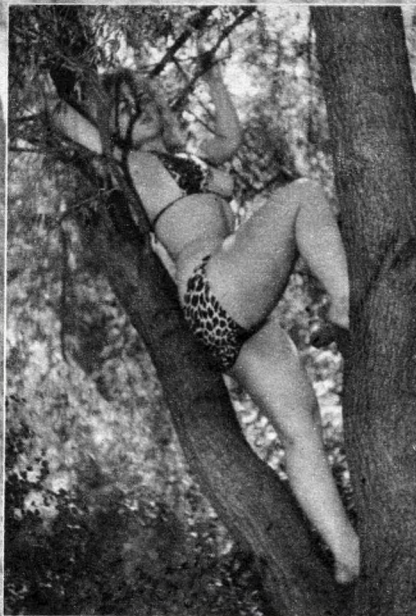
THROUGH THE YEARS, the famed "Tarzan of the Apes" has had something like fourteen "Janes." But now that luscious Lisa Carol has entered the jungle world, it can truly be said that old Tarzan never had it so good. With a figure that is well-nigh to being indescribable in its perfection, Lisa makes the rest of those jungle dolls look like "plain Janes!" 38-24-36, she is truly a new Jungle Queen. ● ● ●





tarzan (continued)

**A perfect blend
of beauty—the
green of nature
against Lisa's
form divine!**

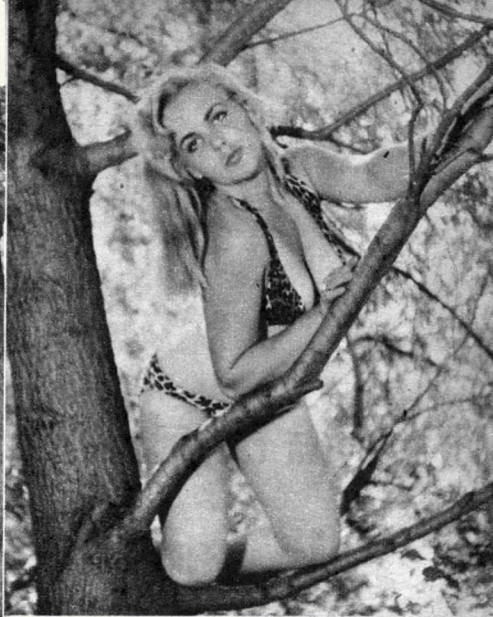
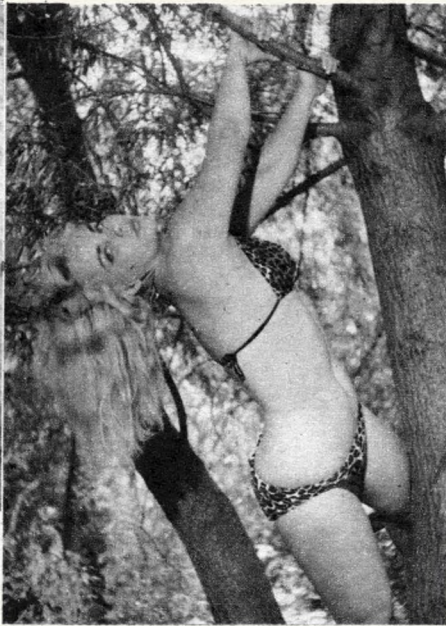


The luscious, outdoor type . . .



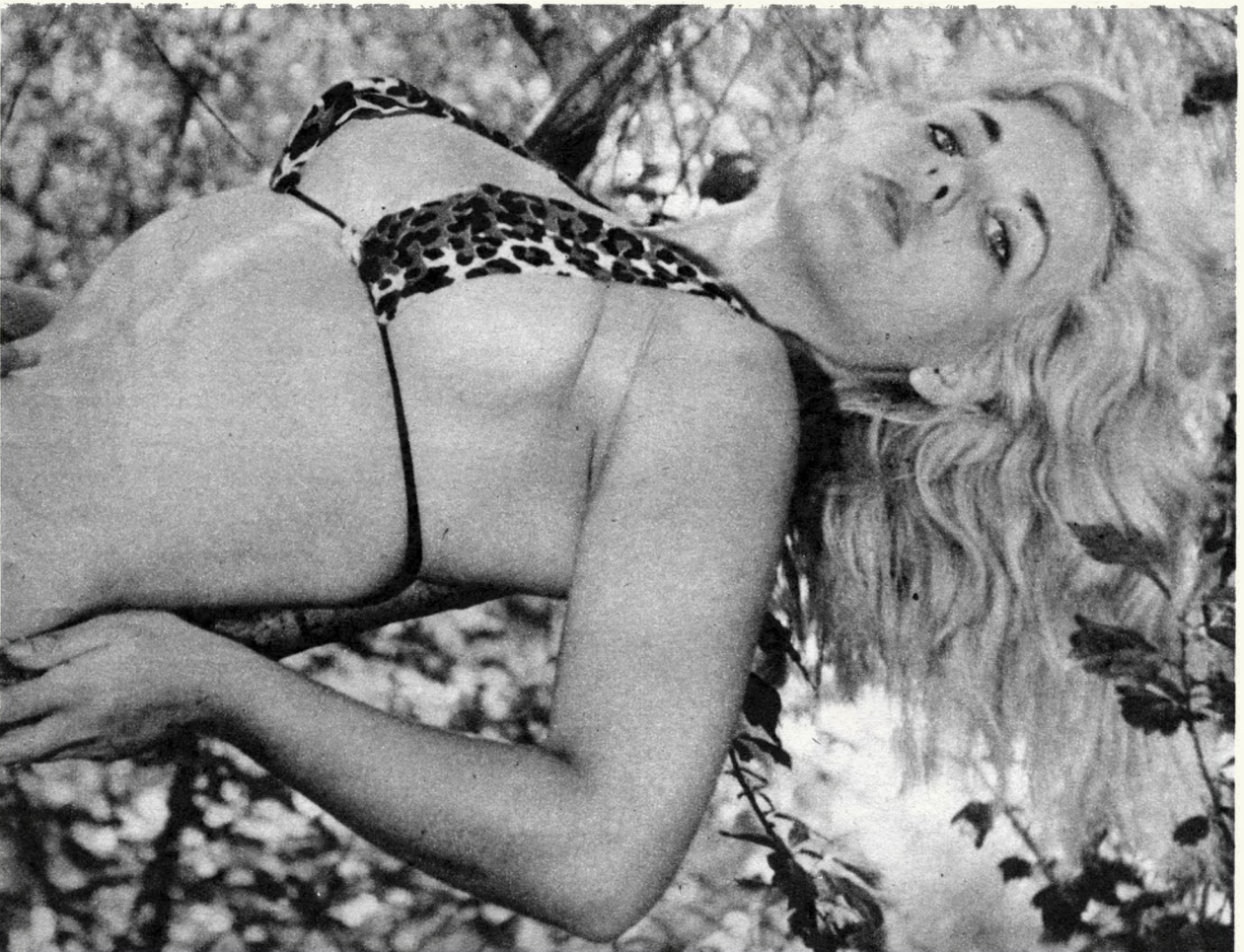


Lisa has many, many talents . . .



And her brand-new costume . . .

All wonderfully suited to her brand-new role . . .



By LAWRENCE ELLIOTT

**You are being
poisoned in
the name of
scientific farming...**

ONE DAY LAST SUMMER, a duck farmer on the eastern shore of Long Island, N. Y., noticed that his almost ready-to-market flock was becoming sluggish, clustering in tired groups along the edges of their pond. They barely stirred when he walked among them. Within a week, half of the 2000 plump little birds were dead, the others were fighting for their lives, badly infected with a mysterious disease.

As if things weren't tough enough for that luckless farmer, Paul Herren by name, that same week his ten-year-old daughter broke out with a fiery red rash and almost immediately afterward was seized with recurrent vomiting. The doctor took one look at her and ordered the child to the hospital: he didn't know what was the matter—nor could a whole battery of hospital tests help him out—but he didn't need a lab report to know that the girl was plenty sick.

It was one of the dead ducklings, strange as it may seem, that provided the answer, all the answers, as a matter of fact. Autopsied by a veterinary surgeon, the bird's stomach and respiratory organs showed a concentration of DDT and disodium methyl arsonate weed killer powerful enough to have killed, not only a four-pound duck, but a full-grown horse! The mystery was solved!

As Herren, now a ruined farmer and a heartsick father, reconstructed it later for this writer, the story began during the preceding fall. It was then that four potato farmers, who owned and worked the land adjoining his duck farm, decided to band

CROP



together and hire an airplane duster to keep their late crops free of destructive insects and plant disease. Several times then, and during the following spring and summer, a white-cloud spewing biplane had swooped low over the flat fields and blanketed the growing potato plants with DDT dust.

On the particular day that was to have such a disastrous effect on the fortunes of Paul Herren, the pilot noticed that a good stiff wind was blowing out of the north, interfering with the normal settling of the spray. Because he was dropping a weed killer as well as DDT, he made a couple of extra passes over the potato fields to be sure that the crops were thoroughly covered.

They were, but so, too, was the whole northern section of Herren's property, including the duck pond and the broad front lawn. Half of the flock was congregated at the north edge of the pond. Within minutes, they had taken a lethal dose of DDT and arsenic. And the little girl, not even conscious of her danger as she played on a swing in front of her house, absorbed so much of the wind-blown dust, that it was a long, long time—and only her youthful store of reserve energy saved her—before she pulled through.

What happened afterwards? Were the potato farmers arrested? Fined? Enjoined from ever again using the airplane sprayer? Not on your—or anyone else's—life! There was nothing in the Long Island local law or state or Federal law either—and this is precisely the case over most of the country—to prevent anyone from dusting or spraying his own

land by plane or in any other way. Nor is there any legal or moral force to make pay the consequences, if a vagrant wind happens to carry the deadly insecticide over someone else's property, no matter how costly or murderous the results. A wind, the law holds, is an act of God and certainly not the fault of an individual landowner. After all, a man certainly has the right to do as he pleases on and with his own land.

What this means is that Paul Herren, duck farmer, and millions of other plain, hard-working citizens all over the U.S. are just plumb out of luck. And to punctuate the point, the sovereign state of New York, knuckling under to a small group of hysterical tree-lovers, recently ordered its own fleet of spraying planes out over all the vast spread of its public lands, to fight against the threat of a blight caused by the gypsy moth.

NOW NO ONE DISPUTES the esthetic damage done by that perverse little bug—its unsightly gray tent in the branches of a lovely old maple or a fine elm can actually destroy a fine old tree. But the price we are paying—you and I and everyone else who hopes to live out his allotted span on this pleasant earth—is beyond belief.

Example: The summer after the first New York spraying, sportsmen, worried by something more far-reaching than their bad luck in the field, reported that there had been an amazing fall-off in the number of fish and game taken or even sighted. What happened to the *(Continued on page 54)*

SPRAYING

THE STORY THE GOVERNMENT IS AFRAID TO TELL!

Chemical killers, far deadlier than dynamite, are being spread over the countryside with ruthless abandon ... and not only are bugs and weeds being destroyed—but people as well!

One glance at Lila Herrera and I'd have followed her to hell.

I didn't know that her idea of pleasure was murder—my murder!

IT WAS HOT AND moist in the cellar. There was a smell of rotten lumber, rain-soaked cement—the cloying odor of unwashed female bodies.

I balanced myself on the balls of my feet. In my sweaty hand, the switchblade glittered ominously. A shaft of ruddy light barely illuminated the roofless, brownstone ruins. Even as my hand tightened on the knife-handle, I didn't have the slightest idea what to do with it!

There was a snake-cold murmur from the shadowy ring of onlookers along the walls. Then a soft feminine voice rang out: "Go get him, Lila! Cut the bastard's heart out!"

Lila Herrera came forward slowly, teeth gleaming and dark eyes flashing. She was naked from the waist up, and her black hair was long, but not long enough. Even in my fear, I couldn't tear my eyes from her swaying young breasts. In her left hand she held a beat-up switchblade knife, one of those cheap jobs advertised in comic books. It wouldn't hold an edge, but Lila would sharpen it every few minutes by spitting on the steps of a brownstone stoop and whetting the steel back and forth. The blade was four inches long. A human heart is covered by only two inches of flesh.

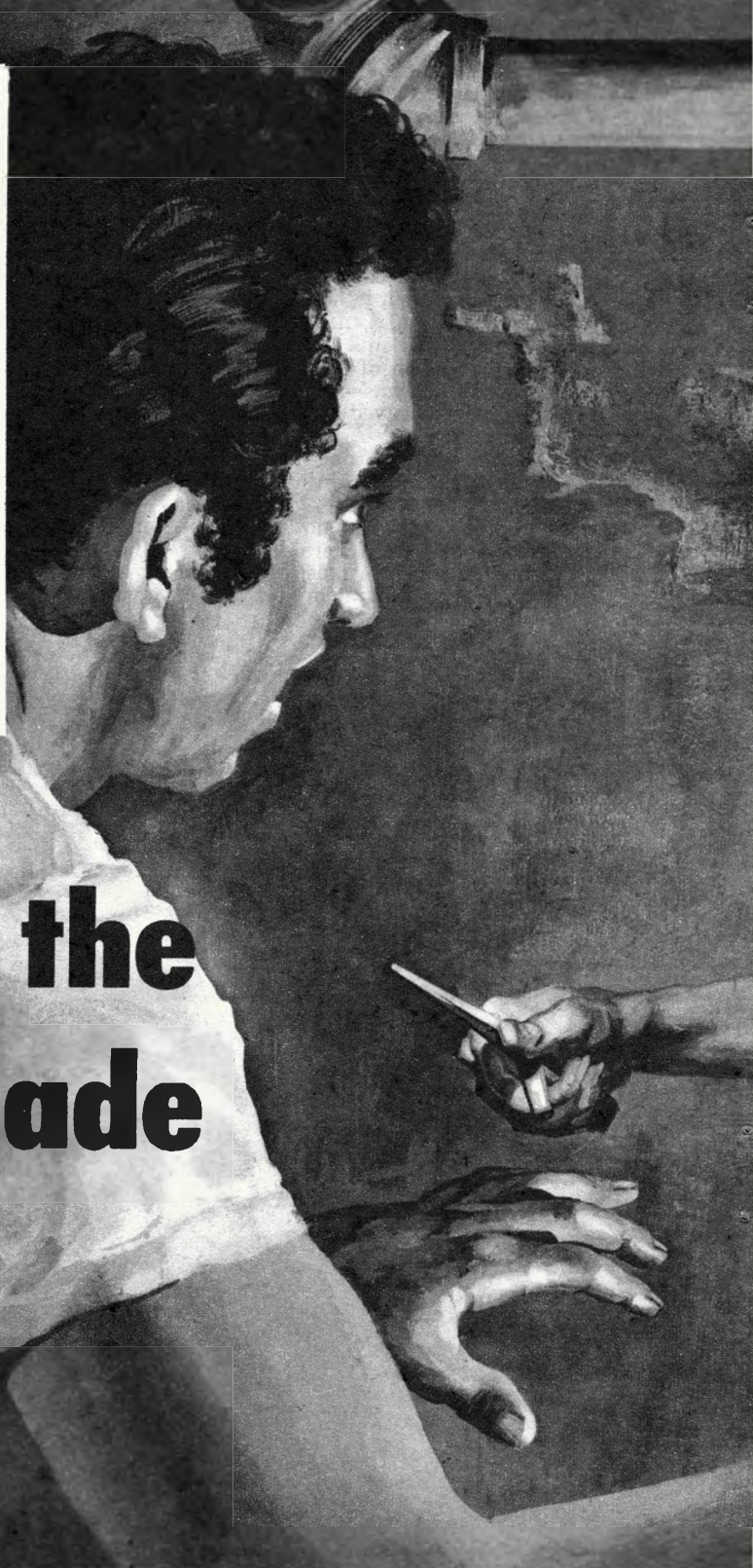
Suddenly the blade flicked out at me! I sucked in my gut *(Continued on page 69)*

I fought the Queen of the Switch-blade Jungle!

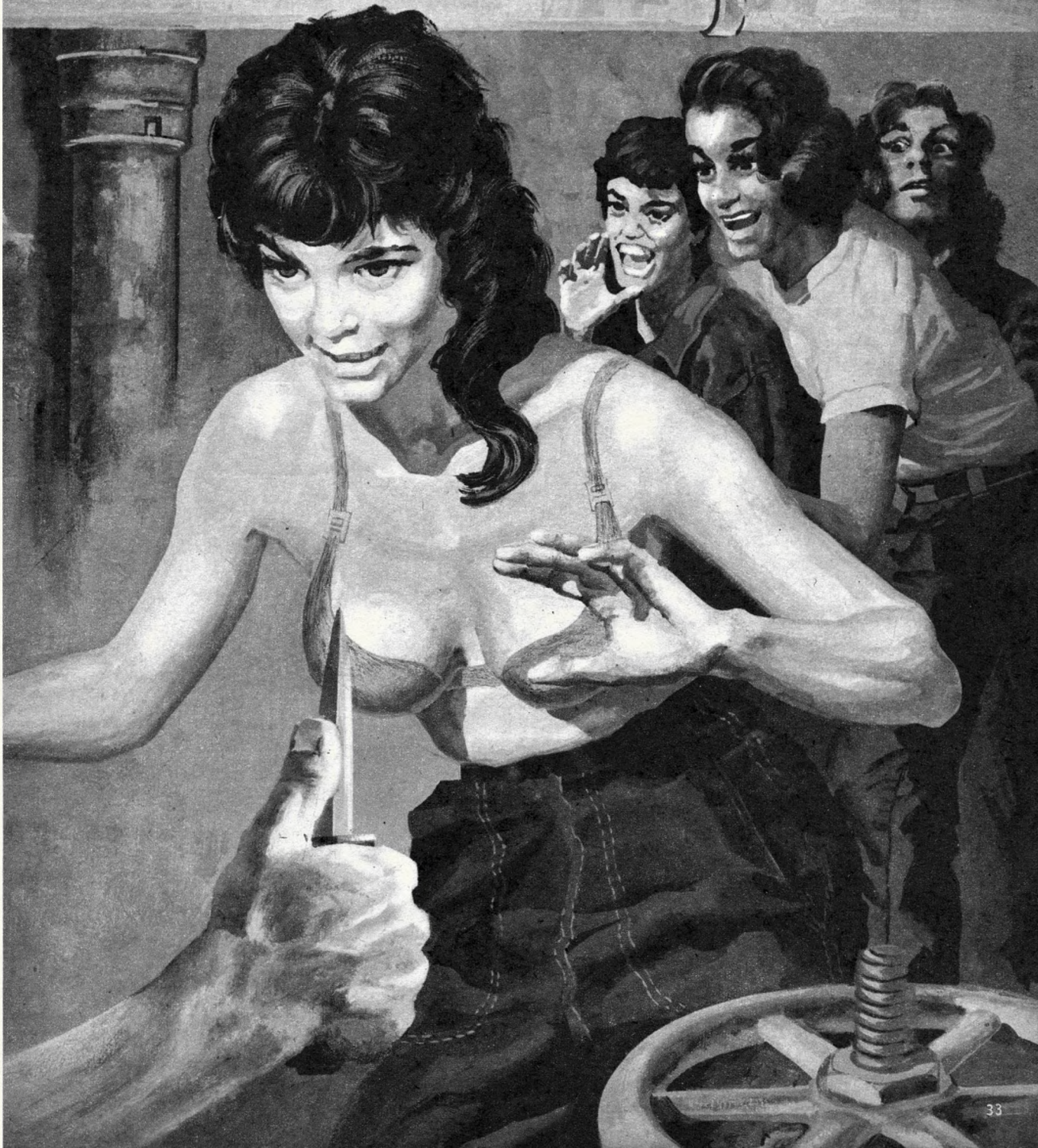
by **RICCI GONZALES**

as told to **LOU CAMERON**

Illustrated by **CHUCK FRANK**



I jumped backwards, but the girl moved after me like a snake, grinning as she raked her knife across my flesh.



who's **WHAT** in the 400?

JANET
Just seven years ago, this
"noble lady" posed in her
dimpled birthday suit for
exotic calendars . . .

WHO...

Are the

EXPOSING THE



◀ **ROWENA**
This little "blue-blood" will
milk Daddy Warbucks for all
he's worth, then turn around
and make his wife . . .

GRETA

The "charming" accent she affects serves as a neat cover-up for her naturally bad grammar and ignorance . . .



HIGH SOCIETY, once the sacred stronghold of Astors, Vanderbilts and descendants of Lady Plushbottom, has had its chin lifted in the past twenty years. Let's face it—the upper-crust is getting moldy around the edges!

Read any of the gushy gossip columns that deal with the "cute" doings of the simpering international set, and you'll find name after name that never would have been allowed in the "Four Hundred" in the good old days. Most of these names belong to the glamour girls of society, those mysterious *femmes fatales* who have parlayed sex into top billing on the social circuit.

These international playgirls have no "family name" or "background" in the accepted sense, yet they are constantly being escorted by scions of society's finest families. Although they were raised on the wrong side of (Continued on page 46)

Playgirls?

SINS OF HIGH SOCIETY

By RICHARD VAN BENSCHOTEN

A few years ago

that society girl

could have been

yours, all

night—for \$5!



▲
CELESTE

She goes armed with a Geiger counter next to her padded bosom. A two month marriage to "Sugar" will make her rich.



▲
LYDIA

She claims she's from Yugoslavia, but five years ago she was mighty busy as a Chicago "convention girl."



▲
LETITIA

This "great singer" made her debut in a roadside motel—her finishing school was a waterfront brothel .



Sweeney grabbed a bright green banner and waved it high. "By tonight," he roared, "this flag will stick in British soil, or we'll all be dead!"

"FIGHTING TOM SWEENEY," sitting his horse on a hill outside Buffalo, New York, looked across the Niagara River to Canada. He rubbed the stump of an arm blown off at Antietam in '62 and watched the bands of Civil War veterans, Irishmen all, marching past on the road below. It was an evening in late May, 1866, and the chunky, hard-faced Sweeney, a general in the secret Irish Republican Army, turned and spoke to the two horsemen at his side:

"There's some boys who know the taste of blood!"

The plotting and the planning were done.

It was time for killing, and a thousand

men were ready to die, for the "Cause"!

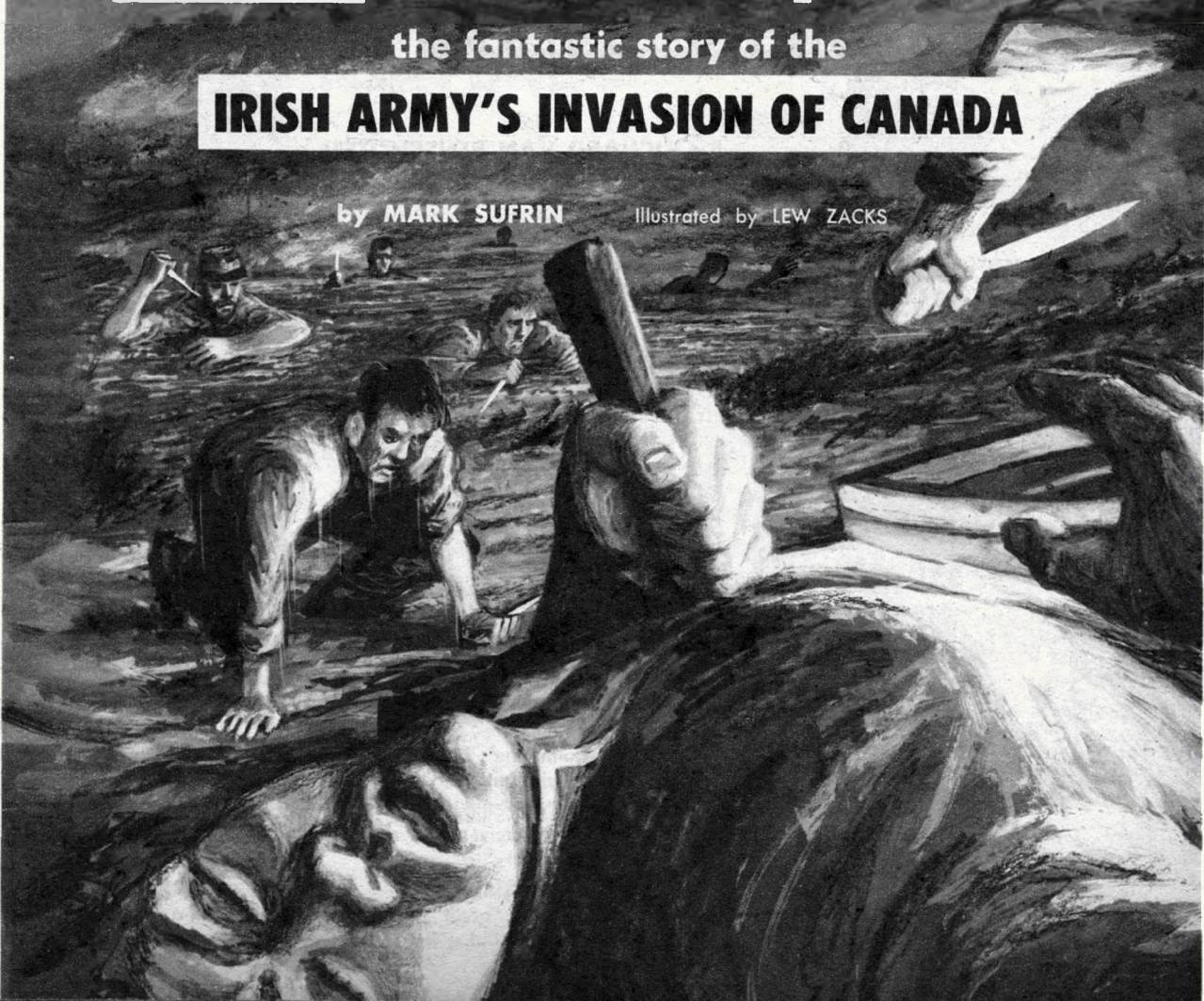
Blood on the Maple Leaf

the fantastic story of the

IRISH ARMY'S INVASION OF CANADA

by MARK SUFRIN

Illustrated by LEW ZACKS



"They've come just in time to give the Limeys a pinch," laughed Captain Geary, his aide.

"In a place where they can't pinch back, either." It was Major Henry Wattis, a renegade Englishman who was acting as Sweeney's chief of intelligence.

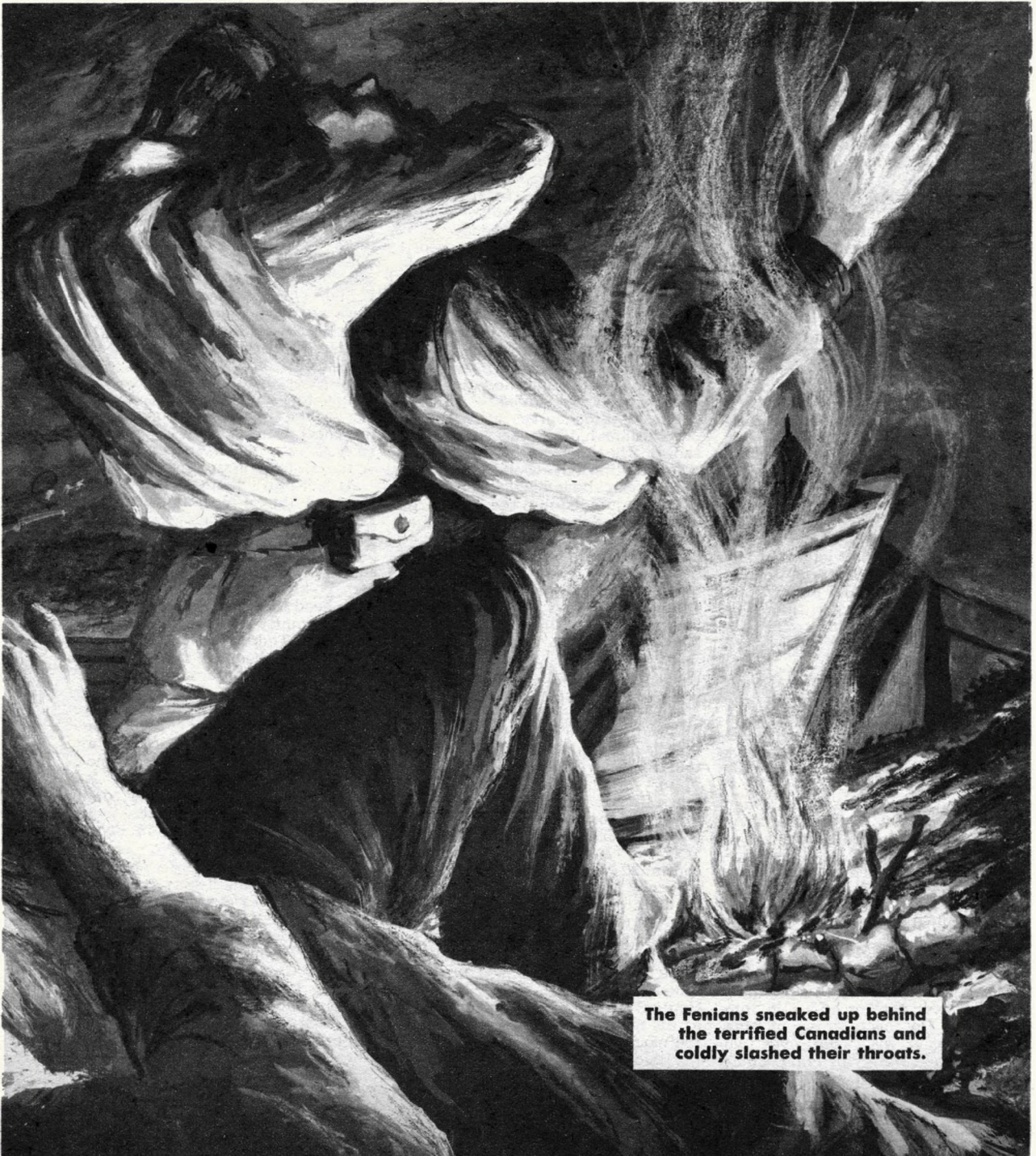
"This one ought to be easy, General," Geary said, "we've got no one to fight but Canadian militia—amateurs!"

Sweeney shot him an angry look. "Nothing's easy when you're killing men, and don't forget it." He looked down at his own troops.

"Geary may be right, General," Wattis said. "I don't think the enemy'll be able to muster more than a thousand men, at the most."

"Are you sure about that?" Sweeney's eyes bored into the Major. "Because if you're just blowing steam, there's going to be a hell of a lot of dead Micks!"

"I'm as certain as six months spent in crossing Canada from New Brunswick to Manitoba could make me," replied Wattis, then his voice grew more confident. "They're fighting among themselves.



The Fenians sneaked up behind the terrified Canadians and coldly slashed their throats.

They don't know who the hell is supposed to defend the country."

Sweeney smiled with satisfaction. "You've done a good job, man." His face had a wild and savage look as he shook the Englishman's hand. "From Canada we can go anywhere we want against the dirty British, hit them every place in their filthy Empire. For seven hundred years they've crushed Ireland, but now the time is ripe and we'll free the home country."

All that day, men had been pouring into the mobilization area. By nightfall, the count was up to 1,032 men. Newspaper reports announced it as a convention of the Fenians. The men had travelled unarmed; it was to be just a gathering of old war comrades. But that morning, a local auctioneer named Pat O'Day, a secret Fenian sympathizer, had advertised a huge sale of military stores and the men stormed into Buffalo to buy a few "souvenirs." The weapons were the newest-type, rapid-fire breechloaders, and had been secretly stored for months awaiting the arrival of the "army".

In addition to the rifles, the men were issued a bayonet, blanket, canteen, and two days' food ration; Sweeney meant to travel fast and light. He had no cavalry, except for some mounted officers, no artillery or supply wagons, and transportation was to be improvised on the spot.

When a group sneaked into Buffalo and brought back whiskey, fights broke out all over the camp and soon the men began to get out of hand. The guards were as drunk as everyone else and soldiers slipped out of the fire-lit bivouac area without challenge, heading for the city to celebrate the victory in advance. A few non-coms tried to stop them, but Sweeney and Major Wattis said to let them go: they'd be back in the morning, hung over perhaps, but ready.

SO, HUNDREDS of the Fenians went roaring into town, ripping into the saloons. There they found a lot of free-spenders who promptly set up the drinks and supplied the boys with all the ripe, jolly women they wanted.

It wasn't long before the Irishmen began to brawl with their hosts. As the evening wore on, the men in two of the saloons nearly wrecked the joints. Buffalo police cracked down on the Fenians and gangs of thugs from the river docks who weren't choosy joined the fighting. Three of the soldiers were shot down in a "house" and others passed out by the dozens. Some, trying to get back to camp, lost their way in the dark and fell over the lip of a cliff into the river. On the morning of May 31st, a muster was taken; over two hundred men were still lying somewhere in the tough port town.

"Do you think we ought to wait for reinforcements?" Starr asked, "We didn't figure on anything like

this, even in casualties," he added.

Wattis, who had been standing by silently, spoke: "There's no time, Colonel. O'Neill in Vermont, Dorian Killian near Detroit, and Ryan in Maine are ready to go."

Sweeney slammed his whip on the earth floor. "Should I go out there and tell all these good boys it's all off—just because a lot of jackasses got themselves drunk or worse? Dammit, man, they've given up everything they own to come here, and just because they believed in the cause."

He ordered Starr to assemble the men. Geary helped him with his dress uniform and sword and ten minutes later, when he came bulling out of the tent, eight hundred men snapped to attention. He walked up and down the ranks and then faced away with his hand resting on the sword-pommel. He stood silently for a few minutes, then, suddenly he turned, walking to where the bearers carried the bright green banners emblazoned with golden harps and sunburst. Sweeney grabbed up one of the flags and raised it high in the air. "By tonight," he belted, "this flag'll be stuck in British soil—or we'll all be dead men." He watched the expectant faces of the men, then he barked out the question, "Are you with me?" The men roared. Sweeney glanced at Starr and Wattis and the latter nodded his head and smiled.

The invasion barges were hauled out of their hiding places along the shore. The men marched to the river-landing at Lower Black Rock, their green shirts bright in the sun. Sweeney jumped into the lead barge and stood at the prow, watching as the men boarded for the voyage across the swollen river.

A MOUNTED COURIER galloped down the steep slope of the hill, arriving just as the fleet was ready to get underway. The rider dismounted and ran furiously toward Sweeney's barge. He saluted and Wattis stepped forward to take the message. As he read, the tall, red-moustached Major frowned. "It's a coded telegraph message from O'Neill," he told Sweeney. "They've been held up in Vermont. Their artillery won't reach St. Albans until night. He asks us to hold for now and to get underway at midnight."

"We'd better do what he asks," continued Wattis, as he watched Sweeney rubbing his chin in deep thought. "It would be suicide to go in alone and get cut up for nothing."

Sweeney knew he was right. The plan, the result of months of careful thought, was geared to a tight timetable. To succeed, he had to meet General Killian at Brantford as soon as his men fought their way out of the narrow Niagara peninsula. Once the two armies joined they would raid the interior, making a wide detour before they cut back and hit the cities. Meanwhile, O'Neill would be swinging over toward Montreal

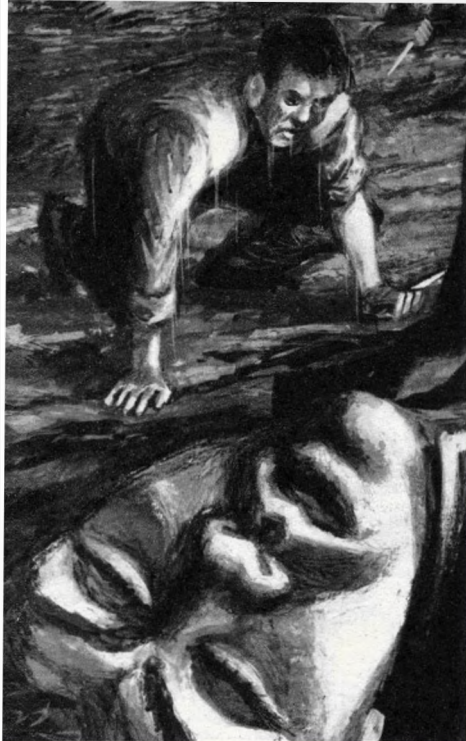
and Ottawa, blocking any troops coming from that direction. Ryan, with eight hundred men, would cross the Bay of Fundy on a Mississippi packet the Fenians had purchased and take the port of Halifax. It was a wild plan from the beginning, Sweeney knew, and it was the surprise that counted most. It had to be done right or they'd be butchered. "All right," he finally agreed, "but I don't want a man to move off the boats."

Night finally came and a lieutenant rode along the beach herding the few stragglers back. When the beach was completely cleared, he galloped toward the lead barge and led his horse up the gangplank. Precisely at midnight, Sweeney took his sword from its scabbard, lifted it high and then let it drop. The skipper saw the blade glint in the bright moonlight and he eased his ship out into the river.

They were still in midstream when they spotted the flickering of torches coming from the Canadian shore. The civilian helmsman told them it was coming from a mill-race where the local Canadians liked to fish. There were four torches and the Fenian officers guessed that there were no more than ten men. Captain Brendan Riley ordered twenty soldiers to disrobe and slip over the side, armed only with knives. They were going in to kill the Canadians before the enemy could sound an alarm. The tugs cut their steam and the men dropped silently into the river and started for shore. The men on the boats, straining to see, waited.

At last Starr pointed off the portside and they saw a file of naked Fenians running diagonally up the sloping beach. The Canadians spotted them at the same time and started to run but there were other Irishmen down along the shore, cutting in to head them off. A torch fell and was promptly extinguished in the wet sand. There was a confusion of bodies and shadows and then the men on the barges saw three of the fishermen backed up against their wagon, fighting desperately to escape. A line of Fenians closed in and the three men dropped. They lay still for a moment, but after a moment, two of them, evidently thinking they were forgotten, started to rise. A Fenian leaped after them and sliced their throats in swift, slashing strokes.

One of the remaining Canadians hit Riley with his fishing pole. The big captain was staggered momentarily, but he recovered himself and jumped forward, slamming his knife deep into the man's belly. There had been six Canadians in all. The remaining two were found hiding in the scrub. The Fenians killed one but Riley decided to take the other as a prisoner. He was being led away when he suddenly wrestled loose and made a run for the river. Two Fenians almost caught him at the water's edge and slashed at him wildly. The man's side was ripped



open, but he managed to leap and hit the water in a flat dive. The soldiers went in after him but he escaped in the dark. Finally the men were forced to come back, afraid they wouldn't find shore if they kept swimming.

As soon as all was clear, Riley waved one of the torches in a wide arc. A few minutes later the barges were scraping bottom and the men were leaping onto the sand, moving quickly up the beach. Riley reported the escaped swimmer, but added the man was badly wounded and probably drowned.

Sweeney planted the flag, proclaiming Canada to be Irish territory. He knelt down and the men prayed with him. As soon as the army was reorganized, he decided to push inland. Four detachments were sent out to cut every telegraph wire between Fort Erie village, Toronto, and Port Colborne to the west. Lieutenant Geraghty was ordered to attack and occupy Fort Erie village itself, down the peninsula, and set fire to the railroad yards after commandeering all the rolling stock. It was Sweeney's plan to ride cross-country to Brantford on the train. The rendezvous point for the various groups of raiders was to be the Newbigging farm near Frenchman's Creek. The General wished them all luck and together with the main body of troops, moved out into the night.

MEANWHILE THE FISHERMAN, half-unconscious from loss of blood, had floated with the tide and landed near Fort Erie. He staggered into the village just before Geraghty's troops and roused the mayor who, after taking one look at his bloody body, sent word to Ottawa and the

army barracks at Peterborough. By the time the Fenians hit the town, rifles were poking from every house. Geraghty changed his plans fast. He pretended to retreat and then doubled back down a ravine toward the site of the Ottawa and Lake Huron railyard. But again they were too late. Before they could commandeer the trains, the Canadians had all the cars coupled together behind four locomotives and were already pulling out. They fought off the few Fenian raiders who ran up alongside. The soldiers tried grabbing handcarts to chase them, but it was hopeless. They gave up pursuit at Sauerwein's bridge, ripped up the track, burned the bridge and then regrouped and started back to join Sweeney. Three of the raiding parties encountered little resistance. They set fire to wheatfields, farms and bridges, cut the wires and headed back for the Newbigging farm. But it wasn't until the morning of June 1st, that they learned about more trouble. The remnants of the fourth party came in. They had run into the Canadian militia, maybe 150 men the Lieutenant said, and had to fight their way out without completing the job of cutting the wires.

Sweeney immediately sent two riders off toward Brantford to see if they could contact Killian, and then ordered a patrol out to see if any British troops were in the vicinity.

A few minutes later, as they were reconnoitering west toward Lime Ridge Road, the patrol spotted British cavalry heading in their direction. Sergeant Roberts, leading the Fenians, ordered the men to flatten themselves in the deep brush and hold their fire. The large British patrol promptly reined up and one of their officers pointed towards where the Irishmen lay. The riders spread out, and with their horses kicking high, moved in. The Fenians pressed themselves into the wet ground and held their breath. The enemy horsemen were beating at the shrubs and grass with their sabers, but they were making a wide circle around the hidden men. The British officer finally moved his men forward at the gallop and they pounded past the Fenians. But the rider bringing up the rear, fell out of ranks, slackened his mount's pace and began to search the terrain. As the cavalry detachment disappeared over a rise, Roberts and two men started crawling toward the lone rider through the undergrowth.

The Englishman was just about to give up the search and spur his horse forward to rejoin his outfit, when Roberts jumped up almost under the shying animal's nose and leveled his rifle. The horseman kicked out at his mount, and the wild-eyed horse reared and flayed wildly with his front hooves at the sergeant. But Roberts managed to stand his ground. At that point two Fenians leaped from their conceal-

ment and wrestled the rider to the ground. The British trooper managed to draw his revolver, but before he could pull off a shot, Roberts had him around the throat.

"Drop it!" he yelled, "before I twist your neck off!"

The trooper went limp and let his weapon fall. Roberts pulled him roughly to his feet.

"It ain't no joke, bucko." The sergeant grabbed the trooper's arm, bent it around and twisted it up towards the man's neck. "Where the hell are your troops?"

"I won't tell you anything!"

The answer inflamed Roberts. He smashed his gun butt into the trooper's mouth. The man spun and crumpled to the ground. Roberts looked at the cracked, bleeding mouth without pity. "You have just thirty seconds to live, you Limey dog! Now talk or I'll blow your brains out!"

"There are two thousand troops in Chippewa, and almost the same at Port Colborne."

"Militia or British regulars?"

"Chippewa troops are regulars."

"What else?"

"I don't know anything more."

"Where did your patrol come from?" Roberts twisted the trooper's arm again.

"Dundas," the man groaned.

"What were you doing out here?" Roberts rasped out the question and pressed the muzzle into the man's flesh.

"Scouting for advance patrols like yours. The two regiments are cutting across to join up at Stephenville and then turning east." He wiped the blood from his mouth. "They figure your troops will be backed up against the Niagara and they can run you out of the country."

"Any artillery?"

"One battery—at Port Colborne."

"Cavalry besides yours?"

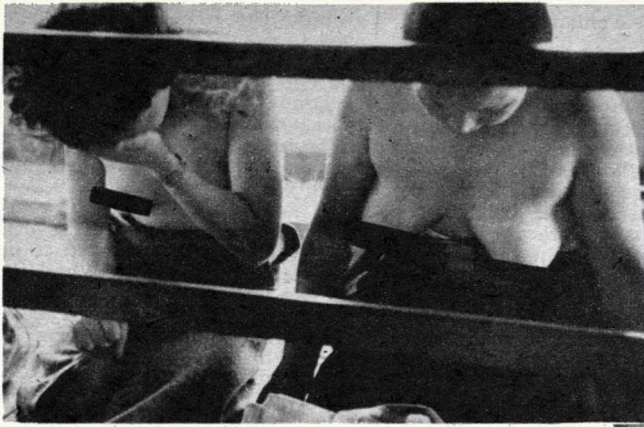
"No—we're just a token force—only forty men."

Roberts took a long hard look at the man. Then, stepping back, he pulled off three shots into the man's head. The Englishman kicked violently once and then lay still.

WHEN ROBERTS CAME in with the news, Sweeney decided that his best move would be to get in between the two columns. By that time, he felt Killian's army would be coming up to reinforce him.

Fifty more men had deserted during the night, but the remaining Fenians, still better than 1700 strong, moved out. From the sketchy map he carried, Sweeney felt that the best place to hit the British column was at the town of Ridgeway. He thought grimly of the prospect of facing two thousand men—and maybe even twice that—with less than eight hundred. But he realized too, that it was vital that he tie up as many enemy troops as he could. It would make things that much easier for the other invading armies.

(Continued on page 43)



Heads bowed, fists clenched, these Japanese women try to fight back their tears as the moxa pellets burn slowly into their backs.

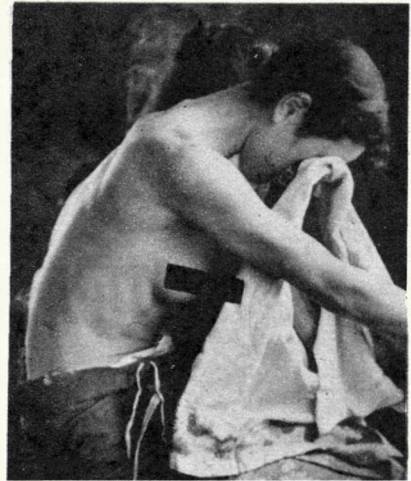
CURE BY TORTURE

**Created out of the fires
of Hell, an ancient
orgy of self-inflicted
pain has been adopted
by the Japanese, as a
method of conquering
personal ailments!**

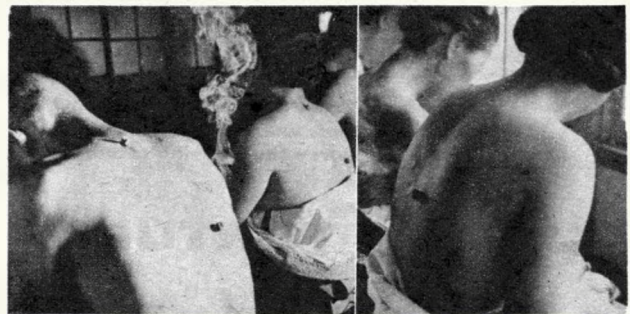


THE AVERAGE AMERICAN, hearing the raucous shout, "Get 'em while they're red hot," naturally thinks first and foremost of a delicious frankfurter. But if he happens to be in Japan, the words would probably have a different meaning. For in that nation, a strange form of medication, known as "moxacautery" is an old and relished tradition. The cure gets its name from moxa, a pellet of shredded wormwood, which devotees of this practice affix to their skins. And when such a pellet is set afire by a temple "doctor," and is allowed to burn slowly

After the third minute, the pain reaches almost unbearable limits.



Preparing to undergo treatment himself, a man examines his wife's still smoldering pellet wound.



Patients come back to the temples again and again. Note the scars that remain from previous treatments. Usually, only two pellets are burned at one time.



Wormwood pellets are placed on vital areas by temple doctor.



into the skin, not only is the pain excruciatingly unbearable, but the smell of burning flesh flowing into the tepid atmosphere, helps to make the experience even more horrifying. Invented by the philosopher Kobo-Daishi in the 9th century, moxacautery is considered to be the perfect cure for such complaints as rheumatism, backache, stomach-ache, beri-beri, asthma and gall-stones. And those who have used this form of self-torture in the past are so thoroughly convinced of its efficacy, that they return to the temples time and time again. A single



Although sufferers often cry out in pain during treatment, women state that the experience is no worse than having a baby.



CURE BY TORTURE continued

pellet, costing 50 Yen (12 cents) burns for about fifteen minutes. The first two aren't so bad, but after the third minute, when the fire begins searing into the flesh, the patients can do nothing but grit their teeth, let the tears flow freely and try to hold on. According to the experts, there are 657 vital points on the body to which the moxa pellets can be affixed. The most common include areas along the spine, the waist, back of the shoulders and just under the knees. At the conclusion of the treatment, an attendant carefully brushes off the ashes. After all, service is their byword. ● ● ●



Pellets cost 50 Yen, about 12 cents. Price includes use of temple space.

As fumes of searing flesh fill the atmosphere, Japanese demonstrate their ability to bear pain with a stoic calm.



After undergoing complete diagnosis, patients squat on mats, while nurse affixes moxa under doctor's eye.



They broke camp as fast as they could and marched all night for Ridgeway, thirty miles away. When they were still about two miles out, they heard the shriek of a train whistle. Scouts were sent out under the command of a mounted officer to make their way toward town in the thick woods alongside the tracks. In an hour, the officer galloped back, dismounted and reported to Sweeney:

"General, we've been fiddled with!"

"What do you mean?"

"That's a troop train—thousands of men—artillery—big guns and lots of wagons!"

"How the hell—?" Sweeney slammed his fist against his thigh. "There's something stinking here—send Wattis to me."

But the Major had disappeared.

Suddenly Sweeney understood why everything had been going wrong since the moment they'd started: the delay in the invasion, the men lost in the Buffalo dives, the constant miscalculation of the enemy's strength, the desertions... As for the supporting armies, there weren't any... the odds were that they'd all been routed or captured. He was cut off and trapped!

Afraid that his men would panic when they discovered Wattis had been a spy, Sweeney moved fast. He ordered the remnants of his army to dig in at a nearby farm. The people who lived there were tied up and put in the cellar under guard. Sweeney posted his men a quarter-mile north of the house, behind a high rail-fence covered with thick shrubbery. To strengthen the fence, the soldiers laid loose rails across the top, pointing west. It made a good barricade against a cavalry charge. Advance skirmishers were stationed halfway down the road and about fifty men climbed the deep wooded ridge that lay to their right. Once Sweeney had put out his pickets, he waited.

But he had no intention of letting the British pick them off like ducks on a mill pond. The last thing the enemy would expect was an attack—but the only chance they had was to cut their way out. Meanwhile, the men leaned against the fence, bayonets fixed, and looked out over the wheat field that ended in a line of trees screening the town.

A bugle sounded the attack from the British lines. Enemy troops moved rapidly out of the shelter of the trees. To the Irishmen's disgust the first soldiers they saw were men of the Queen's Own Regiment.

"Will you be looking at their gall," a Fenian shouted, "they're wearing green!"

"Is nothing sacred," another soldier shouted and spit toward the Englishmen.

The greencoats were mingled with the red of the Welsh Guards. They

moved steadily into the rising sun, across the wheat field, and up the gentle slope toward the waiting Fenians. Sharpshooters in the ridges began firing from their concealed positions and seven men of the Queen's Own toppled forward on their faces. One tried to rise, but a second bullet crashed into his skull. He threw his hands up and fell over backwards. Highlander Infantry, dressed in kilts, moved up across the ridge and began scouring the woods for the hidden Fenian marksmen. They found six men busily firing from behind fallen trees and immediately riddled the Irishmen. They continued moving relentlessly through the woods, killing off isolated small groups in savage hand-to-hand fighting. When about twenty of the Fenians lay dead, the others broke and ran down the steep ridge back to their own lines.

At the rail fence, the Fenian breechloaders were cutting down the first wave of British troops, but the pace of the regulars never wavered or changed. They kept coming, and as they drew within a few hundred yards of the Irish, Sweeney's men looked toward him for the order to retreat. The British artillery was pounding the Fenian positions and the men, taking cover, permitted the enemy infantry to take the initiative and storm the fence. The Highlanders were coming down on one flank with their wild cries. At the other end of the line, hundreds of Welsh Guards had overwhelmed a Fenian outpost and killed forty-seven men. Without the deadly cross-fire from the flanks, the British troops were free to break in and charge.

Just as they reached the fence, they heard blood-curdling yells roar up from the Fenian ranks. One of the British soldiers shouted, "Cavalry!" and the word passed like brushfire through the enemy ranks. Looking about wildly, terrified of the threat of charging horsemen with big sabers, they began to retreat down the slope.

Coming over the hill in back of the house, silhouetted against the sun, was what looked like a powerful force of mounted troopers, held in reserve for the strategic moment. Sweeney and the others began to laugh. The "cavalry" was nothing more than a weird collection of plow and cart-horses, cows and large goats from the farmer's herds. But the British were far too busy running to look.

Sweeney gave the order to attack. The bugle rang out the charge and the cheering Fenians clambered over the fence in pursuit of the hated Englishmen.

The enemy officers had already given the command to form a square, the traditional British method for fighting off a mounted attack. But this tactic only provided a compact target for the Fenians, who poured

heavy, killing fire into the English ranks. When they recognized the comic nature of the "cavalry," the British officers tried to countermand the order and open the ranks again, but the troops were unused to that kind of maneuvering. One man from the Guards regiment bolted. Fear and bewilderment swept through the enemy lines. They broke and fled in panic. The Irish chased them back into Ridgeway, but the British troops, leery of facing the bayonets of the crazy, wild-eyed Fenians, kept going towards Stephenville.

AS SWEENEY RODE INTO the town at the head of his ragged army, he saw a group of horsemen trying to escape. With a cry of rage, he recognized one of them as Wattis, riding with two British Colonels. He motioned to Geary. They spurred their horses and gave chase. Geary gained on the riders and with a fine shot, picked off a Welsh Colonel. The officer fell, dropping over the side of his mount, but one foot caught in the stirrup, turning his body into the path of Wattis's horse, throwing the Major.

Geary continued chasing the other rider and Sweeney reined up in front of the Major who was lying sprawled across the side of a ditch. The General walked his horse in a prancing, nervous circle around Wattis. Then he pulled his revolver and kicked his mount back a few steps from the Englishman, who by now was getting to his feet. As his head cleared, Wattis recognized Sweeney, and he raised his hands high over his head.

"You're not going to get a chance to surrender, you Limey dog!" Sweeney waved the Colt menacingly. He saw Wattis's eyes following the muzzle. "I'm not going to shoot you dead either—that's too easy. I'm going to cut your traitorous throat!"

He dug his spurs into his horse. The big animal smashed forward, crashing into the tottering man, knocking him back into the ditch. Sweeney took careful aim and fired. The bullet hit Wattis in the right shoulder and as he winced and grabbed at the wound, Sweeney leaped from his horse. Dropping his Colt, the raging Irishman pulled out his knife and jumped on the Major. His stump went around the man's throat and with his good hand he ripped the knife across the taut flesh.

Wattis uttered one strangled sound and then his head dropped at a grotesque angle. Sweeney arose, calmly wiped the blood off the blade, replaced the knife in his sash, holstered the revolver, mounted and rode back to Ridgeway.

Eighty men landed from a British tug patrolling the river. They had brought up artillery and prepared to meet the Fenian army, which was returning from Ridgeway with prisoners. The Irish burned everything in sight as they marched. The English were reinforced by three hundred men, but Sweeney's troops

routed them and the enemy force fed along the river trying to board the tug. But the vessel had been set adrift by naval officers who were afraid it might be captured by the Fenians.

A section of the British force was trapped in a grove and slaughtered with no pity by the Irishmen.

Sweeney then sent a messenger back to Buffalo asking for reinforcements. Despite his victory, he knew it was impossible to continue the attack unless he got more men and supplies. In the meantime, his wounded, carried from Ridgeway in wagons, were being cared for by Canadian doctors, working under armed guards. The rest of the exhausted army ate and rested.

But even before word came back that there weren't any more troops,

Sweeney's scouts had spotted a force of fifteen thousand British and Canadian troops marching into the peninsula. It was the end, and Sweeney knew it. He freed the prisoners and ordered the men back into the barges for the return trip to America.

But under instructions from President Johnson, the gunboat *Michigan* was in position. She held the battered army under her guns and directed it into shore where U. S. Army troops took them into custody.

Sweeney was marched off to the Naval vessel in irons by a marine guard. As he passed Starr, he winked and said, "It was a hell of a fight, wasn't it, John?" The Colonel saluted and smiled. "Maybe that's all an Irishman wants anyway," he said. ● ● ●

But they didn't travel very far.

The baboons had been hiding in a draw, just about three hundred yards from the village. But they wouldn't have gone for the jeep if it hadn't been for the rhino.

It was as if the damned animals were working in cahoots with each other. Marvin swerved the jeep when he saw the rhino charge. It had been hiding in the rubble of the ruined field.

The huge beast missed the jeep on the first rush and doubled back. Marvin swerved again and hit the pedal hard! The jeep jumped over a rise in the ground and came down on three wheels. It had lost one in the air.

The wheel rolled off across the veldt, and a couple of baboons chased it hungrily. The rhino spun about on a dime and headed back for the crippled jeep. I threw the express rifle to my shoulder, firing away. Then a lucky shot caught the brute in the eye, and he went down like a ton of bricks. I shouted for Dr. Marvin and June to run for it. They started legging it back for the kraal. June was in the lead, and the howling pack was right behind them!

I started shooting at the leaders. Beside me, I heard a roar and knew that one of the natives was joining in. The others got the idea and soon four guns were pouring lead into that ugly pack of devil-apes! It slowed them down—but not enough!

Marvin tripped — before he could recover his stride, the pack was on him! June came on with terror in her eyes. A gaunt female clutched at her skirt and ripped it off! I put a slug through her wild brain and she went rolling across the lavender dirt, clutching the scrap of cloth in her dirty paw.

Then the very animals that we feared so much, did us a good turn! Attracted by the smell of blood, a horde of ravenous killer cats tore

JUNGLE WENT MAD (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12)

pulled a terrible boner. The DDT spraying was the cause of it all!"

The insecticide killed the tsetse flies alright, but it also killed the moths that fertilized the flowering plants—and the praying mantis that kept the DDT-resistant locusts under control. With no mantis to eat them, the locusts thrived, and devoured the grass to the roots. What grass the locusts missed, the other grass-eaters finished off.

The small animals died at once, Dr. Marvin explained. The larger ones lived on for a while, but they, too, soon died. The vicious circle had started, and the meat-eating animals had to start in on each other, until only the larger ones of those species survived—the lions, baboons, elephants. Now they, too, were crazed with hunger, which explained the strange behavior of the animals I had seen previously that day. Eventually, the valley would revert to desert, and all the animals would be dead and gone. But until that

time, there were still human beings around—Dr. Marvin, his daughter, the chieftain, and his 200 people.

The native "Kooos," or chief of the kraal was terrified, but he was game. He asked me for weapons for his warriors. They had a few brass-bound muzzle loaders, one or two rusty small-bore rifles, and an ancient shot-gun that fortunately, I had plenty of ammo for. I distributed my three extra rifles. Marvin and his daughter each had a pistol. In normal times no animal would have dared come near the kraal. But these were not normal times.

There was only one thing to do. We would siphon my gas into Dr. Marvin's jeep. The lighter vehicle could make better time across the desert and bring help.

We decided who should go. It was agreed that I would stay and help protect the village. Marvin was a good surgeon, but a lousy shot. His daughter would ride with him. I wished them luck and they took off.

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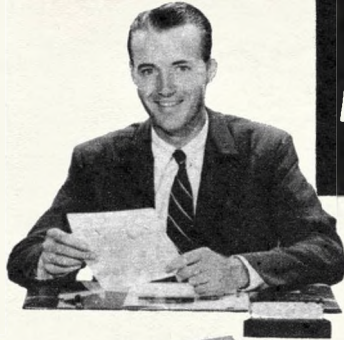
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into the pack. It was twilight already—a sight I'll never forget, followed by a nightmare of horror! There were lions and leopards, jackals and hyenas, wild dogs and more baboons! Aroused by the bloody baboon corpses, they snarled and clawed their way in. June barely made it to the safety of the kraal wall, which was now ringed with torches of kerosene-soaked rags. I reached out to grab her, hoping the fire would keep the beasts at bay for a while.

It might have been the fire. It might have been that they didn't want to leave the feast. But they stayed away. Nobody got any sleep that night. It was something no native could ever remember even hearing about! For long hours, June trembled in my arms. She couldn't help thinking about her father's torn remains out there in the scream-torn night!

All night long, the mad slaughter went on! It was a final showdown! As the food supply ran low, there would be fights over what was left. The fights resulted in more food for everybody!

By the grey light of dawn, we saw the dust of a truck convoy coming across the veldt. Somebody back at headquarters had shown some brains for once!

The end came as an anti-climax. The animals that were left were full at last. With a little food in their stomachs they remembered where they stood with men and stole away as the convoy drew near. I picked up June in my arms and started across the bone strewn veldt.

I noticed a bloody scrap of khaki cloth. Nearby lay a broken pair of false teeth. I didn't mention it to June. Some day I hope she may be able to forget that week of blood and death. . . .

WHO ARE PLAYGIRLS?

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35)

the social tracks, they now rub bare shoulders with the most uppity-uppity of Boston, sip cocktails with the mainest of Philadelphia's mainliners, and take in first night performances along with the Suttonest Placers of Manhattan.

Mrs. Astor would whirl in her grave if the news ever got to her, but her pet horse would give out with the big laugh.

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the world of semi-pro prostitution! When you come right down to it, a "playgirl" is only a fancied-up version of a "call girl". She isn't as honest in her dealings as her harder-working sister, but she's smarter and she winds up plying her trade in the home territory of her "client"—right under the eyes of his friends, family and/or wife!

The secret of the whole sordid business is that magic word "glamor," which covers a multitude of sins. Most playgirls on the big-time circuit got there through the hard work of press agents (usually ex-fresh peddlers who don't find their new jobs very much of a change). After all, is there any real difference between a shoe salesman away from home who wants a woman for a couple of hours—and an itchy millionaire who wants an extra bed-mate for the cruise party aboard his luxurious yacht? Not much, except the ten to twenty thousand fish one of them is ready, able and willing to pay.

All a girl needs to break into this big-time racket is a well-developed body and the willingness to exploit it for all it's worth. With this simple pre-requisite, it's easy enough to build her up as a "name" in the entertainment world. Nobody ever asks if an actress acts or if a singer sings—all that's necessary is that she be labeled as one of these, and she's ready to crash her way into society's top levels.

The medium of television is just as vulnerable as the social bastions. How many times have these same "names" appeared in guest spots on the biggest shows, or as fill-ins on panel programs? There are one or two of them on each week, sometimes more often. The point is, though, that none of these "celebrities" earn enough from such appearances—or from anything else they do legitimately—to pay for more than a tiny fraction of the cost of their expensive clothes, their pent-house apartments, their extensive travels or anything else that goes to make up the luxurious, parasitical lives they lead. Just one guess as to how all the rest of it is paid for!

THESE ARE THE new leading lights of society. These are the actresses whose only curtain calls have been made in bathroom showers; the singers whose only encores have been boudoir lullabies. These are the social butterflies who made their debuts in roadside motels and whose finishing schools were everything from waterfront dives to backstreet bordellos! At the same sumptuous white-tie banquet tables, lorgnetted dowagers of blue-blood ancestry sit and chat intimately with little chits who only a few years before posed in dimpled nudity for calendar covers or writhed and wriggled before the cameras in salacious stag movies. For their smiles and favors today, the most wealthy and influential men in America fight and bid against

each other in a fabulous flesh auction such as the world has seldom seen before.

There's an old saying, that a sexy woman can make a fool out of any man; and another, that a fool and his money are soon parted. Putting these two axioms together is the specialty of these camp followers of society. The results are often astounding. "Little" presents costing several thousand bucks apiece are handed out like birthday poppers. Some fashionable floozie is going abroad, so a "small" *bon voyage* present is in order—on the scale of a diamond bracelet. The tab? Anything from five thousand up, not to mention the stateroom-full of orchids, champagne, caviar and so on. And for other "special occasions," there are always cars, mink coats and other little tokens of friendship.

The champagne chumps really fall for it! These big-money boys, usually the weakest links in socially-prominent old family chains, go all out to impress the ladies of luxurious leisure. If they only knew that, in most cases, they could have bought the same thing a few years before for five or ten bucks—strictly retail, that is!

But they're not interested in "buying" anything—these suckers honestly believe that they are helping out charming ladies in distress. Any amorous dividends that may come from such investments, they feel, are due solely to their own masculine charms, not to the amount of money they are willing and able to throw around.

The international playgirls come from everywhere. A good many of them are of foreign birth—or at least pretend to be. In some cases, the charming accents they affect serve as perfect cover-ups for their naturally bad grammar and general ignorance! Some, of course, really are from the countries they claim as their homelands, but beyond that there is little resemblance between the persons they say they are and those a thorough investigation would prove them to be. All of the playgirls have a stock hard-luck story to explain what happened to all the money their families used to have. These, of course, set the stage for "loans" from the ardent society swains who have appointed themselves protectors of such curvesome examples of oppressed "womanhood."

Is it any wonder then, that certain "heirloom pieces"—as the older and more experienced playgirls are sometimes called—have been handed down from father to son in aristocratic circles until everyone is just a little bit dizzy? The playgirls aren't really to blame; they're merely taken advantage of a perfect situation, one made to order for their kind of operation. The wealthy, panty-waisted supposed "leaders" of culture and the cult of gracious living have only themselves to

SOWING PENNIES

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How hundreds of far-sighted men are using spare hours now to assure themselves of a ready made income in the event of lay-offs or recessions that might affect their jobs.



All over the country it's happening. You may even know some of the men who already have started home operated businesses of their own in their spare hours. They keep their jobs. The "boss" doesn't know they are planning for independence. They do not have any heavy investments in equipment or inventory, because they buy their raw materials as they are needed. They have no overhead expense because they operate their businesses from their homes.

Yet hundreds are quietly developing a second source of income—an extra income right now for their spare hours; and a business that can be quickly expanded if it were ever necessary to look to it for complete support.

These "little" home businesses are little only in the sense that they require little capital to start and run, and they require little time on the part of the owner. The margins of profit in some of them are so fantastic as to be almost unbelievable—far greater than those usually enjoyed by big investment manufacturing.

And, there are many kinds and types. For the man who is mechanically inclined there are businesses in which he can use his hands as well as his head. For those who have no aptitude with tools there are small manufacturing operations that are almost automatic in their production methods.

One of the features found in many of these businesses is a wide and ready market for the product. Usually it is a product too small in total national market to attract the attention or envy of the big investors. So, the danger of competition from big operators is absent. Usually it is a product that enjoys a neighborhood demand so that good markets are found in any size community from the small town to the neighborhoods of the big city. Usually the cost of the raw materials is only about one tenth the selling price. One such product costs 11c for raw materials, yet sells readily for \$1.00. Another sells for \$6.50, yet the raw materials cost only 55c. Still another returns \$1.80 for each 27c worth of raw materials.

In the same way that history had its "Minute Men", quietly trained and ready at a moment's notice, so today, we have a constantly growing number of "Ready Men." They are working at steady jobs in offices, stores, factories, gas stations. They have a regular income *now*—an income that only a few months ago was considered both *regular* and *dependable*. But when the signs went up, they started quietly to prepare for independence. They are ready. They have mastered the details of their businesses. They have been making twenty, thirty,

forty, or more dollars a week as *extra* money—now—sometimes with others in the family helping. They have established the outlets for their products. But, more important than their present extra income, they are ready, overnight, to give their full time and to expand their businesses into full-fledged operations at increased income.

The fear of layoffs is gone from their hearts. The worried look induced by threats of recession has vanished from their faces. They face the future with confidence because they have sown the pennies that will be reaped as dollars when more dollars are needed—they have attained a sense of personal independence that puts them above worry and fear.

What are these businesses? There are a number. One that is especially interesting and that you can own outright for less than \$175.00 is the manufacture of a product used in quantity in every office and factory in the nation—and by millions of individuals.

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blame plus the fact that their hoity-toity blue-blooded women are women in name only.

In the past, men of this high station in life had their mistresses and kept women, but such affairs were more or less clandestine. At least the girls were never accepted in the social swim as they are today! In the Twenties, there were the "sugar daddies" and their "gold-digger" partners, but these gals knew their places and they stayed in them.

Today's counterpart of the gold-digger is out for bigger game; she goes armed with a Geiger counter and knows that if she plays her cards close to her well-padded bosom, she'll really strike it rich. A year—or perhaps only several months of marriage—with Daddy Warbucks or his grandson can be worth up to a million bucks to a smart young playgirl today in an alimony settlement! Talk about \$200-a-night call girls! A million bucks for a little less than a year comes to almost \$3,000 a night! Yep, the price of everything has gone up these days—including the cost of loving.

WHAT DOES THE AVERAGE gay-blade socialite get for all the money he spends on the play-for-pay girls? Whether he marries one of them or not, it's sad to relate that he's not much better off than he was before. As a rule, these glamor girls on the make are much more interested in money than they are in sex. They use their bodies for bait, but when it comes to the real business of *l'amour*, it's usually, "Tomorrow, sweetie pie—I've got a hell of a headache tonight!"

The incidence of migraine and other debilitating nervous disorders among playgirls just before the "pay-off" is a phenomenon that the medical authorities ought to look into immediately. More good inherited American money has gone down the drain because of it, than was ever lost by buying wildcat gold mine stock. And then, of course, there are the "shock cases" whose first marriages were with brutish, male monsters. As a result, ever since that horrible honeymoon night, each victim is psychologically unable to cope with much more than a peck on the cheek. But if J. Willoughby Richman III will just be sweet, gentle and patient, maybe someday everything will be all right again. The whole idea, to put it simply, is to drag everything out just as long as possible—the theory being among most playgirls that the harder to get, the bigger the windfall.

But besides this mercenary reason for avoiding intimacy, there actually are—believe it or not—a number of genuine lesbians among the society tramps. These girls look just as seductive as anything with skirts on possibly could, but the truth is they have no real interest in men whatsoever. They'll play the same game, and one would be hard put to tell the difference between them

and their normal sisters—but if Little Lord Playboy doesn't watch out he may find his would-be paramour trying to seduce his wife! Stranger things than that have happened in the gay whirl of high society. Much stranger indeed!

For those who think all this is pure sensationalism at the expense of the "much-maligned" upper classes, here is the testimony of a well-known society gossip columnist who at one time was a private investigator specializing in looking into the past lives of such playgirls as already described. The scene is a huge auditorium in a major U. S. city, where the annual charity ball is being held. It is one of the biggest social events of the season, and a majority of the established names on the international social register are present. Our witness is standing by the entrance, speaking in a whisper to a friend, as the guests arrive:

"That's D— T—. Don't know whether you've heard of her yet, but she came into Acapulco last winter on P—'s yacht. Jumped ship, though, after she met F—. He's been chasing her ever since. Claims she's from Yugoslavia, but all I know is a year ago she kept mighty busy as a convention girl in Chicago. A friend I used to work with got some hot infra-red photos over the transome there one night. Had to print 'em on asbestos! You should have seen them!"

A tall dark girl comes in on the arm of one of the biggest names in U. S. finance. Behind them comes the man's wife, escorted by a swarthy younger man.

"Catch that, will you! Has she ever got it made! You remember her, don't you? Been in all the columns lately. And see that guy behind her? He's Johnnie C—'s bodyguard and it's his job to keep an eye on her when she's out. She's Johnnie's doll, all right, but he lets her do some missionary work. Would you guess it? She was a B-girl in Frisco just a couple of years ago! Got picked up for rolling a drunk, but Johnnie got the records fixed-up after she became his. And see that little doll over there in the far corner? She's supposed to be related to Prince Rainier, but if her real background got out, she'd be thrown into the street!"

So went the conversation. Fully 50 percent of the young, glamorous arrivals had notorious pasts, including police records!

Of course, none of this is common knowledge. If it were, undoubtedly the entire structure of American "society" would be shaken to its highly over-rated roots.

So the next time you're watching a TV panel show, and the male guests graciously rise to greet a "famous" female celebrity, take another look. Chances are that a few years back you could have spent the night with her for a saw-buck!

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The foregoing are facts... facts you can easily verify if you care to check with any insurance company or any law office. And it explains why even beginners in the field of Claim Investigating can count on a good starting salary of as high as \$400 a month.

But a salary like this is only the beginning. Insurance companies, for example, usually furnish their Claim Investigators a company car and the company pays for the upkeep. Or if he drives his own car the company pays him a mileage allowance to cover operating costs. Nor is that all. Company executives realize the importance of the Claim Investigator's work. Most companies segregate him from the noise of the general office—and install him in a private office of his own—with a private secretary.



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When a Claim Investigator's work takes him away from his office, the company pays his expenses while he is gone. These expenses may cover travel—meals—living at good hotels, and include incidentals such as cab fares, time and business entertainment. On top of all these "extras" you usually get a liberal sick leave allowance, hospitalization insurance, life insurance, a pension plan and many other benefits the average working man never dreamed of.



And remember that the Claim Investigator's life is filled with new experiences and new interests. No two cases are alike! Each day presents exciting new problems, and back of it all is the deep, inner satisfaction of having solved them fairly, justly.

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BY THE NECK UNTIL DEAD! (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16)

suddenly want to be violently sick. At one hanging I attended in Canada, even the hangman himself became ill, so much so that he had to relieve himself against the wall. We had watched the condemned man mount the thirteen steps of the scaffold, his face drawn and haggard, his eyes flashing with hatred, his body twitching with spasms of fear. On the platform above, the hangman waited, quietly and calmly. The doomed convict towered over the slightly-built hangman. Then the black hood was placed over his head. The rope was set around his neck and the trap was sprung!

For a moment, the victim dangled at the end of the rope. But then there was an ugly sound of flesh being pulled apart, a scalp-tingling scream of agony. Suddenly, the head tore away from the body! It rolled off the scaffold and down to the flagstone of the jail yard, turning over and over like a football, leaving a crimson trail in its wake.

I was on assignment that night to write a story about the last hours of a man who was to pay the supreme penalty for murder—a man who was to be "hanged by the neck until dead." I never wrote the story—I was too busy spewing my insides out alongside the hangman. That particular execution has been haunting my dreams ever since.

Critics of hanging say that it is not always as efficient as it might be. The hangman's knot, for instance, is adjusted behind the ear, before the trap is released and the condemned man drops to the end of the rope. If the knot remains where it is placed, well and good—the neck is broken and a quivering corpse dangles at the end of the rope.

However, this happens only once in three executions—far less often than you or I would like to think. In other cases, the greased knot slips around to the back of the head with the weight of the body. When this occurs, the neck does not snap—the victim strangles to death.

Several years ago in Calgary, the penitentiary doctor declared a hanging victim to be dead, and he was cut down. Then one of his arms jerked and he groaned! For another fifteen minutes he clung to life, while the authorities debated whether or not he should be hanged all over again. In his final report, the doctor stated: "It is impossible for me to say definitely that this man did not feel pain during those fifteen minutes."

The very same year in Montreal, a Mrs. Tomasino Sarao, condemned to die by hanging, gained 40 pounds while waiting to climb the fatal 13 steps. Nobody took this into consideration and, although only a drop of four feet was allowed, even this was too much. The head and body fell separately into a pit below the scaffold.

Of course, when a man or woman

is sentenced to be "hanged by the neck until dead," so long as the victim dies, no condemnation can justly be leveled at his executioners.

EVEN IN THE MACABRE and inefficient art of hanging, there have been dedicated men, whose enthusiasm has won them world acclaim. Perhaps the greatest of these was an Englishman named James Berry, known variously as the "Prince of Executioners" and "Maestro of the Gallows." This genius of the hemp rope would have thrown up his hands in pious horror at the suggestion that one day he himself might bungle a hanging. For James Berry was the man who evolved the famous formula which determines the correct drop proportioned to the weight of the condemned person's body. He also discovered that a three-quarter-inch rope of five strands of Italian hemp is the best rope in the world for hanging.

Berry's story is that of the "local boy who made good." Gifted by nature, success did not come easily. He applied first for the post of executioner in 1883, but so did 1,399 others. And it was not the first application for many of them—one man had been trying for 20 years!

James Berry failed, but did not give up. A few years later he attained his heart's desire, and today his place in "the fint art of hanging" is unmatched.

He wrote a scientific treatise on hanging which is his own memorial, in which he admitted without rancor that "my method of execution is the outcome of the experience of my predecessors and myself, aided by suggestions from doctors, and is the result of a gradual growth rather than the invention of any one man."

The essence of his treatise is contained in a few sentences which revolutionized the hangman's art at the time: "The matter which requires the greatest attention," said Berry, "is the allowance of a suitable drop for each person executed, and the adjustment of this matter is not nearly so simple as the outsider would imagine. It is, of course, necessary that the drop should be of sufficient length to cause instantaneous death; that is to say, to cause death by dislocation rather than strangulation. On the other hand, the drop must not be so great as to outwardly mutilate the victim. In the earliest days of hanging it was the practice of the executioner to place his noose around the victim's neck, and then to haul upon the other end of the rope (which was passed through a ring on the scaffold pole) until the victim was strangled without any drop at all."

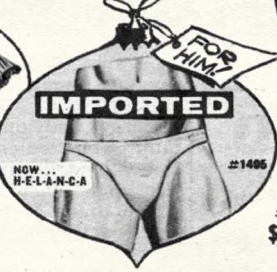
You can see that Mr. Berry's feelings were hurt terribly by such lack of artistry. In those crude days, incidentally, the victim asked his friends to haul down on his heels so that the end would be quick.

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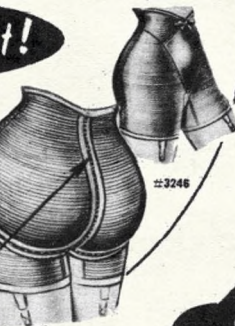
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But even "The Maestro" experienced at least one baffling setback in his struggle to attain perfection in the art of hanging. It happened on November 30th, 1885 and was an incident which he described as "awful". It caused Berry to "reconsider the whole subject and to construct a general table on what I believe to be a truly scientific basis."

The unfortunate man with whom the trouble occurred was Robert Goodale, who was to be executed at Norwich Castle, England. Berry had worked out the drop at 7 ft. 8 in., but because of Goodale's unusually bloated appearance, he reduced it to 5 ft. 9 in. This was not short enough, and the great Berry was considered with "one of the most horrible mishaps I have ever had"—when Goodale's head was torn from his body.

Although Berry was exonerated from all blame, he felt it was most necessary to take every precaution against the recurrence of such a tragedy. An "artist" never stops learning! Re-calculating, he discovered that the drop necessary for Goodale should have been about 2 ft. 8 in.

Berry had one more notorious failure—one which he is silent about. It involved the infamous John Lee, "the man they could not hang." Three times, the maestro exercised all his artistry and three times John Lee lived!

At the first execution the flaps, when the bolts were drawn, refused to drop. Lee was taken back to his cell and the Governor of the prison ordered a bag of cement equal to Lee's weight to be placed on the flaps, which opened at once when the bolts were withdrawn.

Two more attempts were made to hang Lee, but each time the flaps failed. Lee was given his freedom.

Later, it was revealed that the prison carpenter, convinced of Lee's innocence, conceived the ingenious plan to save him from the hangman. In those days the flaps met in the center of the platform on which the condemned man stood, so the car-

penter carefully bevelled the top edge of one of them.

There was a certain amount of play at the hinges to allow for the fall, and the carpenter somehow managed to warn Lee to step on the left-hand flap and keep his weight there. Thus, the flap slid just under the other and remained jammed. But when the bag of cement was placed on both flaps they dropped as the bolts were withdrawn.

HANGING AND electrocution, however, by no means hold the monopoly on death by execution. Throughout the ages, humanity has shown great versatility in the taking of human lives, making use of such death-dealing methods as stoning, beating, suffocation, strangulation, breaking on the wheel, asphyxiation in a lethal chamber, garrotting, poisoning, decapitation by axe or guillotine, shooting, throwing to wild beasts or crocodiles, and many other modes.

Yet, one curious feature is apparent after such facts are digested. Hanging persists, whereas other methods become obsolete. The hangman has been with humanity from the beginning of recorded history. The main reason is probably because hanging is a simple operation—if you ignore the finicky rules concocted by maestro-of-the-gallows Berry—the only essential apparatus being a piece of rope.

However, if we contemplate the history of hanging it is evident there has been a steady decline in employment prospects for hangmen. The reign of good King Henry VIII of England was the greatest boom period, with 72,000 persons undergoing the drop—an average of 2,000 hangings per year. There was a lull during the early days of the settlement of America, chiefly because condemned criminals could choose transportation to the new colonies, instead of death on the scaffold in Britain.

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CROP SPRAYING (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31)

trout and the deer? Answer—death by spray!

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beings—men, women and children!

If what you've read so far has you worried, you're in good company. Conservationists, game wardens, botanists, veterinarians, doctors and plain citizens of good sense all over the U. S. are deeply troubled by this new and vicious threat to the public welfare. As with nuclear fission and fusion, agricultural science, it would seem, has gotten out of control—and the outlook is frightening. Some farmers and a lot of bleeding hearts among the lovers of woodland, reason that it is now so easy to halt the destruction caused by plant pests, that the feeble cries of protest coming from the inarticulate remainder of the poor human race can be shrugged off with impunity. It's going to take a mighty

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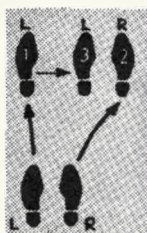
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loud shout to make them realize that, even if they don't give a hang about other people, their constant murder of insects and plant life is a corruption of nature that is bound, in the long run, to destroy the balance of nature and thus eventually kill off the very growth they're trying to protect!

How did it all start anyway? Any Pacific Theater G.I. can give you the answer to that one. A foe deadlier than any Japanese infantryman, the anopheles mosquito — she of the malaria-bearing virus — gets the nod. With her quarter-inch stinger, Ann O. Pheles, as battalion surgeons dubbed her, inflicted more casualties than the enemy even dreamed of; the Pentagon was swamped with reports of soldiers knocked over and laid out by malaria; field hospitals were overrun; companies and regiments on the line were decimated, not by bullets but by one terrible disease.

And just as the army tackled and licked such man-made killers as the kamikaze plane and the V-2 rocket, so it came to grips with and whipped this killer, but of nature's deadly arsenal. The DDT aerosol bomb was developed. The anopheles mosquito was on the way out.

But listen to the raucous whine of a Florida citrus fruit grower, fighting desperately to head off legislation that would prevent him from spraying his groves willy-nilly:

"If it was safe for the soldiers in World War II, why isn't it safe for me to use on my crops?"

The chances are that no one sitting on that legislative committee was able to give him an answer that made as much sense as his question—which is still another reason why we mere people are getting such a fast shuffle and are being forced to take second place to oranges, potatoes and maple trees. Yet the facts are plain enough.

WITH EVERY ONE-POUND aerosol bomb turned over to a squad of G.I.s for use against malaria mosquito, there went a lecture and a full course of instruction, as thorough as if the soldiers had been handed a sackful of new type grenades. Improperly used, and we better face this squarely, DDT—and most other insecticides—are killers, just about as deadly as grenades. Over and over again, this fact was impressed on the troops. Furthermore, the aerosol bomb was prepared and calculated to kill mosquitoes and only mosquitoes; it would have required the most massive direct contact or total inhalation of the limited quantity of chemical in each bomb to have seriously harmed a man. As for the wildlife found in the South Pacific jungles, we weren't in a position to worry about that. But when you start talking about a plane-load of spray—as much as 200 pounds worth and often a lot more—you're talking about death in a very large dose!

Aerosol spraying techniques and the power of the insecticides themselves have come a long way since

they were born of necessity back in World War II. As far as nature and people are concerned, the trip has been downhill. Massive quantities of these poisons have accumulated and built up in what we could once call the good earth. In areas heavily doused by the sprays—and they are spotted from coast-to-coast — wastelands are already beginning to appear, patches devoid of vegetation or wildlife, containing innumerable acres that pose a threat for all the future generations.

That much is obvious. We can see it. But the big question haunting hundreds of men of goodwill the country over, specialists in botany, agriculture and soil conservation, is this: How serious is the unseen damage? What happens once the soil absorbs all of the filthy stuff it can hold? Will it ever again support life? And if so, what kind of life? Human life?

And that brings us to you and me! How much beef can we eat, cut from the carcasses of animals fed poison-sprayed hay and grass, before we ourselves become poisoned? How much contaminated fish can our bodies take? How many contaminated vegetables? For more than a hint of the answers, read this, taken verbatim from the label of a bottle of weed-killer.

"Caution! Avoid contact with skin or breathing of spray mist. Avoid contamination of food or foodstuffs, especially vegetables. Keep away from children or domestic animals. Keep pets or livestock off treated areas. Wash hands thoroughly after using. Buyer assumes all risks of use or handling whether used in accordance with directions or not."

This one pint bottle of weed killer is available to anyone who cares to stop by at any hardware store or garden supply house in the nation! Note how carefully the manufacturer hedges his bets, how explicit his instructions, how pointed his warning of danger. And yet this product—and uncounted hundreds like it—are sold by the oceanful every day of the week, each ounce going a little bit further toward obliterating the landscape, and the creatures that dwell thereon, as we have known and loved it.

Dangerous? In Milwaukee, a 13-year-old boy was blinded, when he accidentally turned a sprayer into his eyes. In Arizona, a pregnant woman miscarried and barely escaped death herself, when a shift in the wind blew her commercially "guaranteed" garden spray full into her lungs. In Baltimore, a man was treated for second degree burns when a jar of DDT shattered and covered his hands and wrists with the deadly liquid. In Seattle, a whole family, who ate garden lettuce sprayed with insecticide, wound up in the hospital and, because there were only two stomach pumps available, the last child to be treated died in an agony best left undescribed.

Now multiply these individual and

reported cases by the thousand of gallons of spray and the millions of pounds of dust that are dumped on the land, week in and week out, by those who ignorantly—or callously—react to their pocketbooks more quickly than to their hearts, and you begin to get some idea of the horror that lies in store for all of us. Think of all this deadly dust being broadcast on a wholesale basis, and run, do not walk, to the chemical shelter you're going to need if you want to survive.

The good Lord created the land and the trees and the animals and the insects. Until recently, most of us were convinced He had done a pretty good job. Sure, there were plenty of pests and a host of problems, but we fought them in a reasonable way, without attempting to turn the whole world topsy-turvy in one fell swoop. What we face now, however, is a huge and overwhelming perversion of God's work. Destroy all the insects and eventually other, worse plagues will come to take their place; destroy all the weeds and the plant growth we want to survive will, inevitably, die, too . . . to say nothing of the animals which depend on them for food and survival.

Destroy the land and you'll destroy the people!

KILLER OF THE DEEP

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25)

skin. A tentacle flicked forth in lightning flash to clutch it, then release it, crushed, to the white sand below.

Now, swaying on his warty, snake-like arms, the huge octopus searched the tinted jungle seaway with devouring eyes. Above, the great tiger shark swished about again, casting a huge dark shadow below.

Now the cephalopod's bloated body deepened with enraged color, blushing.

Then, suddenly and swiftly, the creature exploded upward in quick pursuit of the questioning shark. His outflung tentacle was curled and writhing! The octopus missed his mark and rocked slowly back downward, one powerful arm stirring the white sand into clouds as he touched the sea bottom.

Shuttling back and forth, the frenzied shark roiled the surface water into foam-flecked disorder, slashing his tail this way and that. His eyes glittered glassily, while those of the octopus below remained murderously dull. He played for position; feinting, darting sideways, waving his arms in deadly curve.

The ravenous shark dodged, then whipped in a wide circle. He rushed his enemy and slewed upward—a huge tentacle glided past his lean white belly.

Waiting patiently, the octopus shifted on his impatient tentacles. Hungry, his now bloated body was deep-hued with frustration. His shrouded glance turned upward,



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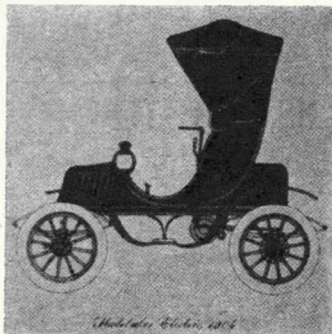
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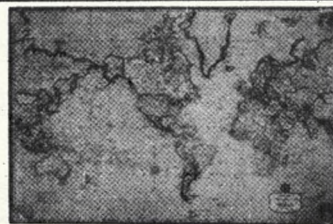
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where the waters churned close to the surface. His pulpy bulk swayed with the waves of tidal movement.

Then, swiftly, the sleek-skinned tiger shark dipped down once more. The octopus flung himself upward quickly to meet the lunge. A huge tentacle thrust outward, the spasmodic mouths of the suction cups opening and closing — quivering. The tip of the tentacle gripped the torpedo-shaped body. The shark twisted and snapped viciously, his curved teeth biting through boneless flesh. Then, quickly, another arm shot out!

The maddened shark dipped down free again.

Below, the ragged, mutilated tentacle hung useless, while the others flailed in frantic rage. Then, flushing a deep change of color, the octopus jetted forth a stream of blue-black defense fluid. The water darkened.

Through the dyed water, the confused shark switched back and forth in search of his opponent.

On the white sandy sea floor, the octopus stood high on his seven remaining arms, the eighth a tattered stump projecting gruesomely from the warty body. The lust to kill was now greater than hunger. The fiery acids of the great octopus' mouth had dissipated with this new lust. The water was black, then cloudy, as the ink spread sluggishly.

THE MADDENED shark now wheeled and flipped in fury, then dove downward again, seeking its prey. Lightning-like, he lunged directly at his elusive foe—and failed. The octopus maneuvered for advantage, shooting forth one deadly tentacle, then another.

Wildly nervous, the shark zig-zagged, his powerful lunges just short of his enemy. Then he paused for a fresh attack.

The wily octopus shifted, taking his time, deadly purposeful. Then the creature flexed his seven mighty arms. With flashing acceleration, he shot through the water, one great tentacle outstretched pilot-like. The

tactile tip struck the shark and held —fast! With the feel of flesh, the circular mouths of the suction cups convulsed savagely. The tentacle gripped the shark at the back of the neck, the thin lips of the cups flattening to spread against the thick, dark hide.

Startled at the sudden turn of events, the shark whirled in the cloudy water! He smook desperately, and flipped his huge body in a frantic attempt to rid himself of the clinging burden.

Slowly, the octopus slid another tentacle to the shark's neck and curled it in deadly embrace.

Then, plunging in maddened fury again, the shark twisted and turned, dashing against the coral and limestone, his glistening eyes rolling in terror.

The octopus clung tightly, wrapping himself closely about the prey. Then, leaping and bounding, the frightened shark swirled the water into deep whirlpools. He pivoted, beating his tentacled rider against crusted coral and outcrop limestone crags. Finally, weakened by his frenzied pace, the now-exhausted tiger of the sea rested. The two, locked in embrace, slowly drifted to the sea bottom.

The shark flapped and convulsed — the octopus waited, his suckered arms still tightly curled. Then the victor looked over his watery realm, yellow lids shrouded. The fiery digestive acids began to form again. Slowly, his suckered arms oozed over the shark's inert body until they found the gill flaps and deftly closed them. . . .

The cloudy water cleared slowly to a greenish-brown, then to pale green. The octopus' pulpy body again became the color of dead flesh, like some disintombed thing. He rose on his seven good tentacles, king of the sea, ready to drag the spoils of battle to his lair in the rotting hold of the wrecked ship's hulk. His brilliant-hued subjects remained in hiding—the colors of the coral forms and shapes turned iridescent through the ripple of the sea. ● ● ●

KILL-CRAZY DEAD MAN (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21)

handsome, and a cultured graduate of a Baltimore dental college, coughing his life out into a blood-flecked handkerchief—boarded a west-bound train. But the doctors had been wrong. He lived not two years more, but fifteen!

In an era of such as Billy the Kid, Bat Masterson and Wyatt Earp, he came to be known as the most dangerous man in all the West. The others wanted to live, and this government's their actions. Doc Holliday didn't know what caution was. He neither planned nor worried — nor cared. Once his two years in Texas were up, he was on borrowed time—a dead man who hadn't gotten around to lying down. Such a man didn't have to worry about getting shot. What

difference would it make if he did? He drank two quarts of hundred proof whiskey a day, and it's lucky for those around him that he did. Sober, he was as mean and vicious a man as ever lived. There wasn't a moment that he wasn't in physical pain, and it made him a hater. Pale, coughing into his bloody handkerchief, he would invade a bar looking for someone to fight. A gun fight, of course, because Doc was a slender, aristocratic-looking man, with no particular strength in his hands or body. An hour's ride on a horse left him gasping for breath.

Two quarts under his belt could dull the pain somewhat, could blunt the hate. But it never made him sloppy or an easy mark. He could

move around among people without looking for an excuse to pull his gun—a single-action Frontier Colt .45. He was a gambler and Faro dealer by avocation, although there were occasions when he actually tried being a dentist again. Just a few days in one place and a few more in another. But in no time, he'd be back at the tables making everyone uneasy with the smooth, effortless way he handled the cards. People said he could do more with a deck than a magician. And if they thought he might sneak one off the bottom or out of his sleeve, they never said so. So Doc Holliday went along on his two quarts per, quiet-voiced, cold eyed, his manner always that of the perfect southern gentleman.

BUT THAT WAS WHEN he was drinking. There was no more point in playing cards with Doc Holliday when he was sober than there was in inviting a rattler to coil up on the table! Sober once, he ran a bartender named Charlie White out of Dodge City—strictly for the hell of it. Not long afterwards, he heard that White was working in Las Vegas and went down there after him. When the bystanders came up from under their tables, White was lying on the floor—apparently dead. Actually, he wasn't, but that wasn't Doc's fault. He had tried real hard, but had run into a man with an extra-

thick head—thick enough for him to take a .45 slug in the skull and live!

Another who had the misfortune to run into Holliday when he was sober was a gunman-gambler named Johnny Tyler. This historic incident started Doc's long friendship with Wyatt Earp. The best saloon in Dodge was the Oriental, and Tyler wanted to buy in. When the owner said no, Tyler and his friends got unpleasant. The owner got in touch with Earp and said he'd be cut in for a quarter of the Oriental's profits, if he'd get rid of Tyler. Wyatt hadn't done anything as a peace officer yet, and was anxious to establish a reputation. The Oriental deal seemed perfect for that purpose.

He went into the saloon, grabbed Tyler by the shirt and ran him out into the street. But four of the gunman's friends were out there, fanned wide and waiting. Fast though he was, Earp wouldn't have had a chance if Doc Holliday hadn't chosen that moment to put in an appearance.

"Don't hesitate, gentlemen," he said quietly, standing off to one side. His face was pale, his white hand quivering above his .45. "Go for your guns. Mr. Earp and I will be happy to oblige you!"

They must have thought he was crazy. He looked it—he sounded it. They backed off, muttering, and Tyler was turned loose to go back to his

hotel. There, he had a couple of drinks, decided he'd lost face, and came back to the Oriental. There, he ran smack into Holliday.

"Let's go outside, you card-sharping bastard!" he invited.

"Why outside?" Holliday asked softly. "Right here will do."

The whiskey drinkers, card players and dancing girls ran for cover. Holliday and Tyler faced each other—with no one between or behind them.

"But—," Tyler began, his face going red.

"Draw, you four-flushing SOB," Holliday whispered in a voice that could have been a snake slipping over dry leaves. "Draw!"

And then it was too much for Tyler. The other's blazing eyes, that quivering hand, the whispering voice! And with all Dodge City watching, he turned tail and fled out into the night!

The crowd roared with laughter, but many among them admitted to themselves that, put in the same spot, they would have done the same thing. They had seen Hickok, Bat and Ed Masterson, the notorious John Ringgold (Johnny Ringo)—but this tubercular dentist-turned-gambler had them all beat!

Life was cheap to all of Dodge's killers, but Doc Holliday was the only one to whom it didn't mean a damn thing at all. Bitter, sardonic,

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a man searching for trouble, he had become the West's most feared killer even before the gun fight at the OK Corral in Tombstone.

WHEN DOC HOLLIDAY went out to Tombstone, it was at Wyatt Earp's invitation. In Dodge City, Wyatt had been unsuccessful in building the notorious reputation he wanted so desperately. There had been no spectacular captures, no sensational stands against a pack of outlaws with the townspeople watching eagerly, then rushing to spread the news. In Dodge, Wyatt had been little more than a competent law man.

Tombstone, he hoped, would be different. It was a new town, and as tough and violent as Dodge had ever been. His brothers, Virgil and Morgan, were already working there as lawmen and they had their hands full. Most of their troubles came from a large, loose-knit gang of rustlers headed by the brothers, Ike and Billy Clanton. As soon as Wyatt arrived, he recognized this as the place where he could make his name. But he knew he'd never do it without help . . .

So he sent for Doc Holliday.

With Doc went his prostitute-mistress, Big Nose Kate Elder. With the exception of the old between Wild Bill Hickok and Calamity Jane Canary, this was the West's most celebrated affair. They fought like tigers, both of them drunk most of the time and banging each other around physically. Kate was an out and out prostitute. Doc, with his refined background and perfect manners, hated her—but couldn't do without her. With Kate, the situation worked in reverse. She was fascinated by his gentlemanly ways, but hated him for them, too. The situation was further complicated by Doc's growing impotence. Kate was a lusty woman and as his ability to satisfy her lessened, her hate and contempt for him increased. Doc, on the other hand, was a proud and vain man (at 28 he was four years younger) and the decline of his sexual powers made him, if possible, even more bitter, savage and dangerous than he had been before. It was a kill-crazy man who joined the Earps in Tombstone. It wasn't long after he arrived that Doc had a chance to go into action.

Virgil Earp was city marshal of Tombstone at the time and when the Clantons looked to be getting out of control, he swore in his brothers, Morgan and Wyatt, and Doc Holliday as special deputies. On the day of the most famous gun fight in the history of the southwest, Ike and Billy Claiborne and a pair of fast-shooting brothers named McClowry, were at the OK Corral when Virgil Earp, egged on by Wyatt and Doc Holliday, decided they ought to surrender their guns as long as they were in the city limits of Tombstone. To this, the Clantons said nothing doing and a second later the firing started.

While the Earps fanned out and the Clantons ran for cover, Doc Holliday started forward working the shotgun he always preferred for that kind of fighting. Scorning protection, a smile playing across his thin face, he charged straight ahead, his first blast tearing Tom McClowry almost in two. Frightened witless by this maniac running straight into their gun barrels, Billy Claiborne screamed and bolted. Doc grinned, but let him go. Killing was sweet to him, but the Clantons were better game than a frightened boy. So he swung about and rushed them again.

The fight lasted just a few minutes. When it was over both McClowrys and Billy Clanton lay dead, certainly the first two and perhaps all three by Doc's gun. Virgil and Morgan Earp were both seriously wounded. Ike Clanton was in full retreat and Wyatt Earp was trying to keep Holliday from going after him.

That was the famous gunfight at the OK Corral, but the aftermath was every bit as bloody as the fight itself. Virgil and Morgan recovered, but now it was known that all the Earps and Doc Holliday had been marked for killing by Ike Clanton and his two new lieutenants, Johnny Ringo and Curly Bill Brocius. Virgil got it first, being shot down in the street and wounded so severely that his wife took him to California where he died soon after. Morgan was killed from outside a window while he was playing billiards in Campbell and Hatch's Billiard Parlor. Another shot just missed Wyatt who had been watching. So once more, Doc Holliday left his gambling tables and went killing. He, Wyatt and the youngest of the Earps, Warren, rode out of Tombstone and in a short time word of their doings started coming back.

They shot up a man named Stillwell so badly he could hardly be identified. Stillwell, they had discovered, had done the gunning from outside Campbell and Hatch's window. Next they killed an Indian who had been with Stillwell, and after that a Mexican gunman named Florentino. Sober and mean one morning, Doc went looking for Ringo himself, but couldn't find him. He did find Curly Bill, though, and that lightning-fast killer was dead before he could pull his gun all the way clear of his belt.

The killing of Curly Bill marked the end of Doc's stay in Cochise County, the area around Tombstone. He and Kate had finally broken up for good and she had gone back to Dodge City. Before she left, she blackmailed him into giving her a large sum of money to keep quiet about the killing of a man named Bud Philpot. Whether or not Doc killed him has still never been discovered, but it is a fact that he paid Kate the money. In Dodge, she went back to her old line of work, and, hating Doc more than ever now that she was no longer with him, confided to her friends that there was more

behind Doc's long association with Wyatt Earp than just friendship.

After Tombstone, Doc Holliday went up to Pueblo, Colorado. He had quarreled with Wyatt Earp and Earp had gone out to California, where for a while he owned a saloon, then later went into real estate. In California, Earp did a lot of writing, some of it for the Hearst newspapers and some of it in his autobiography. Telling and retelling the stories of what he had done in Dodge City and Tombstone, he began to up the number of men he had killed from eight to twelve to seventeen and on into the twenties and thirties. The reputation he had never achieved as a peace officer finally came to him years later. As an old man (he died in 1929), he would frequently be asked to tell how he had killed all those people at the OK Corral. And Wyatt, tall and still erect, would never fail to oblige, sometimes not mentioning at all the smiling consumptive who charged the Clanton guns while he himself darted for cover.

For Doc Holliday, though, Pueblo was the beginning of the end. He coughed constantly and was in an agony of pain whenever he wasn't drunk. Although still in his early thirties, he had been to just about every boom town in the west, taking money with a deck of cards that others had dug out of the ground with their hands. Cheyenne, Custer City, Elizabeth City, Crook City, Deadwood City, Denver, (where Bat Masterson claimed to have seen him knife a gambler named Bud Ryan), Dodge City, Tombstone, Leadville—he had gambled and dealt far in all of them, throwing his piercing looks from one man to the next, smiling and taunting a man with "son of a bitch," then going for his gun if the insult got results.

At 35 he was an old man, sick and pain-racked, a shadow of the raging killer who had once stormed the Oriental Saloon to shoot up the owner, Mike Joyce and one of his bartenders. But sick as he was, he was still Doc Holliday and dangerous. Down on his luck, he borrowed money from a man named Billy Allen. When Allen turned nasty trying to collect in a bar in Leadville, Doc shot him once, then leaned across a counter to shoot him again as he lay on the floor. Allen escaped with his life, but for Doc it was now just a question of time.

He couldn't get out of bed the last few days of his life. Playing both ends against the middle, he told both a Catholic priest and a Presbyterian minister that he had been brought up in their faiths—thus assuring himself a great deal of attention.

At the end he did nothing but drink and finally stopped even that November 8, 1887.

The walking dead man who had been the West's most feared killer had finally tossed in his last blue chip. ● ● ●

HOW TO BEAT A CRAP GAME

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23)

up during a sequence of 6 straight wins, you'll have to cover \$64. And suppose the original bet was \$2—or even \$5? With a ten buck bet and a run of only 3 passes, you can find yourself with \$80 to cover!

I've played a lot of dice, and so far, have come up ahead of the game. I believe this is true because I follow a few, very simple rules.

First of all, I know the odds. If you don't know what your chances of winning or losing are, you're playing blind, and no amount of luck will save you in the long run.

Second, I know many of the common dodges, tricks and rackets. To repeat, you're playing not only the game, but the man opposite you. If he's sharp enough, he doesn't have to be crooked to trim a rookie. Craps is a fast game. If your mind can't keep up with its breakneck speed, your dough won't keep up with your hip pocket.

Last, I never gamble more than I can afford to lose. I don't pretend to understand the complicated psychology that reputedly lies behind the act of gambling. All I know is that I enjoy tossing a few bucks into the wind in hopes that they'll multiply.

Let's start from the beginning. Assuming the dice are honest, the following odds apply:

- 2 to 1 against making 4 or 10.
- 3 to 2 against making 5 or 9.
- 6 to 5 against making 6 or 8.
- 8 to 1 against making 4 or 10 the hard way, with doubles.
- 17 to 1 against throwing 11 the next roll.
- 10 to 1 against making 6 or 8 the hard way, with doubles.
- 5 to 1 against throwing 7 the next roll.
- 8 to 1 against throwing craps the next roll (2, 3, or 12).
- 7 to 5 against throwing under 7 or over 7 the next roll.
- 19 to 7 against "the field"—2, 3, 5, 9, 10, 11, 12.
- 5 to 4 against "the field"—2, 3, 4, 9, 11, 12.
- 35 to 1 against throwing a particular double.

These odds are the forces that govern the game. If you intend to play, do yourself a favor and memorize them thoroughly.

Sound knowledge of these odds will protect you against the "proposition" or "sucker bets" that turn up during every game.

A GREAT EMPHASIS is placed on crooked dice, with good reason—I doubt that one game out of three is completely honest. But I don't mean that only one out of three of your crap-playing buddies is treading the straight and narrow. It's just that there are an awful lot of crooked cubes floating around. And why not?

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You probably have a couple of pairs of dice. Did you buy them? In a pig's eye! The chances are that you fell heir to them after a game broke up.

Have you ever seen any big winner snatch up the galloping dominoes, insisting that they were his favorites, that he'd never part with them? Not on your life! So some sucker ends up with them, and if they should perchance be crooked, the next time he uses them he's running a crooked game — without knowing it.

And even if you did buy them, so what? Did you know that plain old 5-and-10 cent store dice all show slight differences in machining? That they all have a slight desire to go one way or the other? So if you have the patience of Job, you can watch them in action for a spell and once you spot which way they're going, you can travel right along with them.

The hitch there is, they get all chewed up, what with banging against brick walls and pockets full of change—and that's it, brother. They change their minds, and it's back to the dime store for you.

I wouldn't advise you what to do if you discover a pair of crooked dice in a game. Frankly, most crapshooters can't tell a pair of phony cubes from a Sputnik. If you can, and you discover them in a game, you have two choices: you can blow the whistle, and ring in a pair of clean cubes; or you can determine which way the little devils are going to bounce, and ride right along with them.

Naturally, you wouldn't do this to your friends, especially if there was a good chance the dice ended up in the game by accident. But suppose you were in a strange game, and got a sudden hunch that you were tied up with a bustout joint, where they're out to take everything but your false teeth?

What you ought to do in that case is quit—right then. But if you've already dropped a bundle, and want to risk a few bucks more in an attempt to get it back, here's your best chance:

First, watch out for those long runs of passes or misses that always seem to break the heavy betters. Your idea is to stay on the winning side, and to make as little fuss as possible, so the house doesn't start gunning for you. To do this, the best way is to place a standard bet, putting up the same amount every time, no matter how hot you get.

Here's the system. It works, especially when the game is crooked. If the shooter makes a pass, bet that he will pass again. If he misses out, bet that the next roll will be a missout. And so on, always betting that the player will repeat the last roll.

Using this system, you're doubly protected. If the dice are honest, they have just as good a chance to run in sequence as they have to yes,

no, yes, no, in alternation. And if there's something crooked afoot, and a set of phony cubes are tossed in, you're on top of them right from the start. Whether the player has a winning or a losing streak, you're bound to be riding along with it.

This is the one sure way to beat crooked dice. The only way the house can get you is to switch the dice in and out every other roll—as they're liable to do if you goof up by increasing your bets and become the big winner. Your protection is this: first, your bets are small, and second, the stronger the crooked dice are, the more some poor sucker is losing—and his loss is your gain. The sharpies have their eyes on him, not you.

Personally, I recommend this only when you're up against the classic joke: "Son, don't you know this game is crooked?" "Sure I do—but it's the only game in town!"

PERHAPS YOU DON'T realize that crooked dice are big business. Just look at a page from a typical catalogue, and you'll see how tremendous the manufacture of these phony cubes is. Hundreds upon hundreds of "novelty" shops advertise "trick dice" that you can "fool and amaze your friends" with. And most of these products are so crude that even an amateur can spot them quickly.

Other outfits specialize in quality products for the professional gambler. The prices range from about \$3 a set for beveled flats—(dice with all sides but one slightly beveled to favor the flat side; they come in either pass or miss-out flavors) . . . to deluxe 3-dice sets, where the substitution of one die will change passers to missers. These run \$25 a set.

There are two old and generally reliable tests to detect loaded dice. One is to pivot the cubes by the corners. The advantage to this is that you can do it in the course of a game. Try different corners, and if the dice turn, the chances are they're carrying a load.

The second method is to drop them in a tall glass of water. Of course, they may turn in the water as the result of being dropped carelessly. But when the same numbers come up 5 times out of 6, you can be sure there's something fishy.

There are a million ways to gull a sucker, and as soon as one is exposed, some enterprising operator has thought up another one. My serious advice to you would be, in addition to the three rules I mentioned before, is NOT TO PLAY WITH STRANGERS. Of course, your best friend might be a crook. The difference is, you always know where to find him.

YOUR CHANCES OF BEATING A CRAP game are perhaps the best in the least-likely places—the professional gambling house. Where these houses are legal, they are rigidly supervised

by very responsible state officials.

I know of one particular system that gives you a better than average chance to come out ahead. It was designed by the expert, Brayton Harris, who devised the Harris Method of Calculating Odds and Percentages.

Based loosely on the "Double-up System," this method gives the player with a ten buck bankroll his best chance to endure until he makes a good hit.

Most "systems" limit you in both directions. That is, if you protect yourself against losses, you're also cutting down on your possible winnings. But the advantage of the Harris system is that it limits your losses to \$10—and at the same time makes it possible for you to win any amount.

No honest system can possibly assure you of definitely winning. But the Harris system limits your chance of losing big dough, still leaving you the opportunity of raking it in.

You play with \$1 bills only. To practice the system, you'll need about fifty bills. Or you can cut slips of paper, and mark one side "Black," one side "Green."

This may sound silly, but one of the biggest drawbacks of using a system in dice is the breakneck speed of the game. You'll go crazy trying to keep figures in your head, and there isn't time to use a pencil and paper. So what you do is stack your dough alternately.

Do it now, for practice.

Pile the money, bill by bill, like this: Black side up, green side up, black side up, and so on. Using the system, your initial bet is \$2. So you take a buck off the top, turn the stack over, and take one off the bottom. Lay them on the table side by side, as your center bet.

If you lose, you simply repeat the process. As you see, five straight losses will bust you out, with a total deficit of \$10.

But let's say that you win on your second try. You replace the bottom dollar and leave the other \$3 out as your bet. IF YOU WIN AGAIN, TAKE YOUR FIRST WINNINGS (\$2) AND PUT THEM ON THE BOTTOM, being sure to face them opposite to the bottom bill.

Each bet is in units. Just remember, you always leave the top unit in the pot. The first time you win, the bottom unit goes back under the stack. The second time you win, you put your FIRST winnings (\$2) along with it. You now have a unit of \$1 on top and two units of \$2 each on the bottom, plus \$4 in the pot.

All right, suppose next time out you lose. So your next bet is one unit (\$1) from the top and a unit (\$2) from the bottom. Don't forget to turn the stack over when slipping off the bottom unit.

If you win, you leave the top unit (\$1) with the winnings—\$3—and replace the bottom unit (\$2, remember?) on the bottom, being sure to

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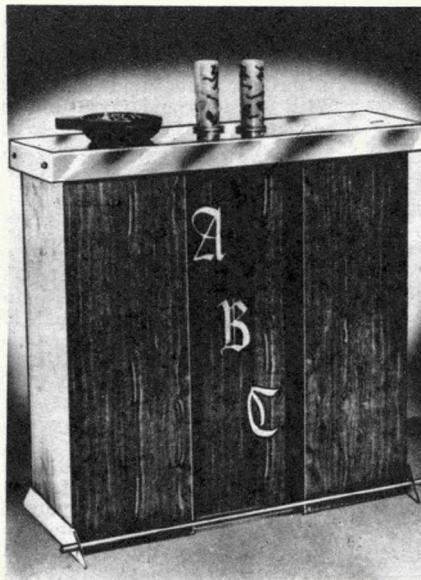
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face it opposite to the bill on the bottom.

You win again. So your previous winnings—\$3—go on the bottom, faced opposite to the bills already there. You now have \$13 in your stack and \$5 on the table.

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Don't bet more than you can afford to lose.

Don't play with strangers.

Dice, like any other game, is what you make it. You can have a hell of a good time, and even win a bundle of dough—but play it cool. There's no such thing as easy money. You pay for it—with work, with skill... or even with luck.

I hope yours is good!

SIN IS MY RACKET (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19)

sadistic? It is. And after seven years of watching the type of frameup operation and pure blackmail common to the vice squad here (and I'm as guilty as anyone), I'm getting out. I have another job lined up and my wife is in the process of packing right now. Of course, our standard of living is going to suffer; in these years as a vice cop I've always been able to knock down an amount equal to my official salary in bribes, gifts, and shakedown. With pensions and taxes and other deductions, that check came to about \$175 every two weeks. Not very much, for a guy who's protecting the community's morals!

But that's not the reason I'm quitting. Despite that lower standard of living, I might be able to find some peace of mind again, might be able to look at my wife as I did before I joined the vice squad, and know that she's proud of her husband.

That's why I'm blowing the whistle. Maybe if the innocent guy out for a good time is wised up, some of these frames and shakedowns will disappear. Maybe the vice squads can go back to being healthy, useful units of the police department—in- stead of a group of men many times guilty of nearly every crime they're supposed to prevent.

The incident that bothers me the most, and the one that finally caused me to resign, took place several months ago. I was working with my assigned partner, a 27-year-old named George S. (None of these names are real; they can't be. The penalty for letting this type of information out of our "select" circle ranks second only to underworld revenge.) We were working the main train station in town. I was seated in the car outside the front

door of the train depot and George was inside, on the prowl for just about anything. He found it. She was about 23, red-haired, wide-eyed, and sitting alone on a bench, surrounded by a few pieces of shoddy luggage.

GEORGE IS A good-looking guy, built like an ex-college football player, which he was several years back. When he smiled at the girl and started talking to her, she responded immediately. He found out that she was alone and scared, that she'd just come in from Nashville and was trying to locate some relatives in the suburbs, but couldn't seem to find them. George also learned that she was broke and had nowhere to stay for the night. He was friendly and helpful, and finally offered to take her to dinner and then help her to locate the missing relatives.

When the two of them came out of the station and took a cab, I followed. He took her to dinner near the station and after she had eaten he began his pitch. I know that pitch—I've worked with him before.

"Y'know, honey, I was just thinking," he started, "I don't get away from home very much. I'm married but my wife and I don't get along—even sleep in different beds. I'm sure lonely."

He paused to let that sink in, then continued, "I'd give anything, even \$100, for a nice gal—a gal like you to spend the night with me. It's a real shame. I've got the money and it's doing me no good. What I need is affection."

What the girl needed was the money. Faced with that, George's good looks and boyish appeal, and not knowing when, if ever, she'd

find her relatives, the Southern Belle looked at the table shyly, and finally said, "You've been very kind to me. If you really want to—but I'd better warn you first that I'm not very good." Then blushing deeply and stammering, "I've only done this once before—with a boy I was engaged to at home."

I tailed them to a hotel, watched them register, and then sat in the lobby for a half hour with the evening paper. When I finished the sports section, I asked the clerk which room they were in, went upstairs and knocked on the door.

George opened it, said, "We got us a little Pro—imported from the Old South." He pointed to the girl, who was sitting on the bed in her bra and panties. I told her that she was under arrest for prostitution. He opened her purse, took out the marked \$100 bill that he had given her earlier, and handed it to me as evidence. The serial number of that bill was written on a special slip of paper locked up in the squad room at police headquarters.

When she realized what had happened, the girl went into hysterics. We sat down near the window and talked about baseball until she quieted down. Finally George said, "Honey, we don't have to run you in if you'll play ball with us." The girl dried her eyes, but her chin was still quivering.

"You're a cute little thing and you've got a lot of Southern charm if you know what I mean. Now suppose we get you an apartment and send our friends up. Get the idea, honey? You keep half—we get half."

As far as I know she's still in partnership with George, and her relatives still don't know that she's in town. I couldn't take it, easy money or not. I walked out on that one. I draw the line at pandering.

IN LEGAL TERMS, what we had set up was a combination of entrapment and blackmail. Entrapment is the planting of a criminal idea in a citizen's mind by an officer. It can be as innocent as a motorcycle cop exceeding the speed limit and encouraging you to do it, so he can pull you over—or it can be as complicated as a morals charge. The difference lies in the publicity and the notoriety. Nearly everybody gets a traffic ticket sooner or later, but a vice squad arrest and a morals charge hanging over the average citizen's head will affect his job, his career, his home life, even his life-long friendships.

Just the mention of newspaper reporters waiting for some hot sex news is enough to turn the average arrest pale. Enough to make him stutter, "Wh-what can we do fellas? Ca-can't we square this somehow? How-how about some money . . . would that do it—money?"

It generally does. During my first year on the vice squad, I turned them down flat and even added at-

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tempted bribery to the original charge. In my second year, I just turned them down. By the end of that year I was taking gifts—whiskey, clothes for my wife, theatre passes; and in one case, a refrigerator for our new apartment.

I bought a new car and some new furniture, and with the new-found luxury, my wants started to grow. By the fourth year I was as hungry as the old-timer, and went looking for the payoff. Along with the other vice cops I even had an unofficial scale of rates, which ranged from \$50 for feeding a minor a drink all the way up to thousands for some of the abortionists in town. I degenerated—but good.

My first full fledged shakedown came as an accident, but as it turned out, paid off very well. It was daytime and we were working the bars along one of the main downtown streets. I walked into one of the places and ordered a beer.

Three stools down from me, two guys were huddled over a scratch sheet. The bartender, who had interrupted his conversation with them to serve me, was back into it. I listened for a while and then made my move.

I picked up my beer, sauntered over to the group and, looking over their shoulders at the scratch sheet, said, "I like Bright Eyes in the Eighth tomorrow."

One of the two, a pudgy-faced guy, answered, "Doesn't have a chance. Sara Lady'll beat her by six lengths!"

I was in.

I sat down next to them and started comparing horse performance and track times. Within a few minutes I had learned that the three of them were going to the track on the morning bus.

I acted pensive for a moment and then said, "Wish I could go with you guys but I have to work tomorrow." Then, as if suddenly inspired, "Say, would you do me a favor though? Here's five bucks. Would you put it on Bright Eyes for me? I'd sure appreciate it. Got a feeling about that nag!"

"Sure," said the bartender. "I'll be responsible for the dough. We should be back about six-thirty tomorrow night. But that horse you picked—I think it's going to be the last you see of this five bucks."

He was wrong. It was marked money. I walked to the door and nodded to my partner, who was outside in the car. We arrested the three for bookmaking—for taking off-track bets.

When we flashed our ID cards the bartender began to whimper, "Have a heart guys! I was just being friendly. If I get booked on something like this I'll lose my liquor license and get a five hundred dollar fine. Maybe even get sent up..."

Checking out the other two, we found that one of them was on probation. He had no great desire to be taken in either. My partner tossed

out the invitation. "Maybe, if you make it worth our while, we won't have to run you in. Maybe we'll give you a break."

The break they agreed to cost each of the drinkers \$50, cost the bartender, who turned out to be owner of the place, \$500 and a case of scotch. I learned the rest of the routines.

ONE OF THE BIGGEST shakedown rackets in this city revolves around male homosexuals. There are many of them, but they travel in small crowds and a vice cop would have a tough time breaking into one of those groups. As a consequence, we developed a special technique for dealing with them: Although the city supplies us with the cars—Fords, Chevs, Plymouths—they're too easy to spot. Instead we use our own private cars when we're "cruising" for homosexuals. I have a green Pontiac convertible and, on it, Illinois plates which I lifted from a stolen car some time back when I was on Traffic. Although the final word of the law may frown on this switch, it's standard operating procedure here. With that car, and dressed in sports clothes with my ID card hidden in my right sock in case I have to strip down, I can pass for a typical tourist out on the town.

The fairies here, as in other cities, frequent certain bars, and we know which ones. After closing hours I cruised the streets around those bars, driving slowly, looking over the individuals who were walking along. Within a matter of minutes I'd receive a small nod, a shy smile, or some other form of invitation. Then I'd pull over to the curb with a cheery, "Hi! Can I give you a lift somewhere?" The fairy generally climbed in and I started by asking, "Where can I drop you?" The response generally was, "I don't know. It's early and I feel like having some fun!"

"Me too," I responded, "I've been away from home for two weeks now, and I certainly miss that little wife of mine. She's a warm little number. The girls here don't seem very friendly." From there I would start to build the subject of sex. By the time I passed a pre-arranged corner where my partner was sitting in an official car, the pickup with me was just about ready to make a "proposal." I'd lead him on, sometimes as far as a parking place in the hills or a motel. But as soon as he made his first overt move, we nailed him.

There are variations on the technique. We've done it with my partner or myself on the floor in the back seat, instead of in another car. We've done it dressed as college kids, standing at an abandoned street car or bus stop late at night and accepting a ride with an interested party. And, in more cases than I want to remember, we've arrested young guys who weren't really ho-

mosexuals, but who fell too far into our trap to get out.

Of all the crimes which come under vice squad jurisdiction, with the possible exception of child molestation, the stigma of homosexuality is the one feared most by the average guy we arrest. If we accused them of rape, they might willingly take their chances in a courtroom. But the charge of homosexuality, and the attendant publicity, is something no male wants to face. Regardless of outcome, some shred of doubt always remains in the minds of family, friends, and co-workers. Because of this, homosexuals pay off, and pay off well.

"The queers deserve a good shake-down," just about sums up the unofficial vice squad attitude toward this group.

ANOTHER GOOD SOURCE of shake-down income and important vice information are the professional prostitutes. But they're not easy to trip. They know the score.

About six months ago I had a tip that a pro was working one of our better restaurant-bars out in a swanky suburb. I put on my best suit, and dropped into that bar the next evening. Taking a small table at the rear of the room, I ordered an expensive dinner; lobster and the trimmings. It took me about three seconds to spot the girl; she was sitting at the bar and had a pack of matches folded around the handle of her handbag—one of the signals between pros so they won't work the same guy at the same time.

When my lobster arrived I told the waiter to send the girl a drink, with my compliments. When it was served she turned around and thanked me, and from there, it was simple enough to wave her over to the table. In a few minutes she was seated next to me, sipping on her drink and carefully taking in the suit, the lobster, and the over-sized tip I had out for the bartender. After a few introductory remarks she asked, "What do you do for a living?"

"Nothing very exciting. I own a small factory outside of town. Government work, defense contracts, things like that."

Her interest grew. By the time she was on her third drink I had convinced her that I was lonely and that I'd give anything—up to \$50—for an hour with a friendly female. I pointed out that my conversation probably embarrassed her, but that if she knew where I might find a female of that type, I'd certainly appreciate it.

With a little hedging, she finally admitted that she was a professional, and asked if she would do.

Naturally, I acted delighted. She suggested a small hotel on one of the hills and we took a cab there, my partner following us. I "had my way" with her, as they say in those old-fashioned novels, then we made the pinch. The girl had

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two prior prostitution pickups and this one meant a sure jail term. She was ready to wheel and deal on our terms. The deal, as it was finally set up, called for her to supply us with the names and operating places of five other call girls in town; any five. In return, we'd let her go. She gave us the information and the two of us made the front pages the next day for "cracking" an organized prostitution ring.

However, a pickup doesn't have to be a pro to find herself in serious trouble with a vice cop. One of my partners attended a church dance one night, noticed a sexy young blonde who was wiggling a little too much for his comfort. "That one's looking for trouble," was his only comment. He danced with her for a while and finally talked her into going outside for a cigarette. They necked and he eventually made a serious pass at her. She turned him down, flat.

He arrested her for "offering," a crime in this and most other states, then gave her the choice of coming across or being booked. She chose the former.

IN THE SAME WAY, the average guy on the street leaves himself wide open for blackmail. Our vice squad has a number of female vice cops, some of them as sexy-looking as chorus girls. They work the bars, social events, sports, opening nights, big parties. And while they're working, they manage to lead quite a few guys astray.

One, I remember, used to dress in tight skirts and low cut blouses. Sitting in bars she'd, sooner or later, strike up a conversation with a guy. When he made that inevitable pass—verbal or physical—she and the male officer who was always around, would make the arrest.

Another did a rushing business in movie houses. She'd spot a guy sitting alone and would move into his aisle. She made sure to smile prettily at him when he stood up to allow her the seat on his far side. Shortly after she was settled next to him, her arm would creep close to his and the guy, spurred on by this activity, would put a tentative hand on her knee.

For him, no more movie, but a fast real-life trip to the police station or quiet payoff to the girl's male partner in the men's room.

Sometimes, the vice officer finds a real gold mine. Last year a youthful-looking cop was picked up and propositioned by the wife of one of our wealthy civic leaders. The payoff was enough to help retire the guy.

Another vice cop I know accidentally found some pornographic films of a girl who is now a top movie "star." Through some contacts in Hollywood he offered to take the films out of circulation if she were willing to put some cash back in. She was.

The one biggest payoff I know of

was for \$15,000; paid to a vice cop by an abortionist. Teaming up with an unmarried pregnant girl, the cop had her go through the entire abortion as evidence, then confronted the frightened doctor with the demand for the payoff. He paid gladly.

The one primary rule for any shakedown, however, is "never go back for seconds." The invitation to any other payoff could be a setup with the Police Department internal affairs group waiting to trap the vice cop. The slogan is widespread and well-heeded. It has even been scratched into the side of one of the metal lockers in the squad room.

OTHER THAN A SETUP, there are few ways in which this type of entrapment and subsequent blackmail can be traced or stopped. Although newspapers, television, newsreels, and other forms of public communication use the word "allegedly" when they report the cause of arrest, the public at large is too willing to take the story for its sensational value, and believe the worst about the individual who was arrested. Even in cases where the accused was proven completely innocent of the crime, that individual has had a difficult time living down the arrest. I know several so accused who were forced to move from this city, dozens who had changed names and jobs.

It's a two-part problem, common to any locality where a vice squad is active. Shakedowns will exist wherever there is fear and wherever an individual pulls out the wallet to try and buy off the complaint. Better salaries for the police might help some, but there will always be a few badge-wearers who are on the job strictly for the fast buck.

Entrapment can only be beaten by the accused; by good attorneys who may, for a while, lose their cases, but who, eventually, will help to create a public and judicial awareness that entrapment does exist in the community. All victims of entrapment should insist upon a lie detector test for themselves and for the arresting officers. Although this evidence isn't admissible in some states, it's a step in the right direction to prove that the accused should actually be the accusers, that the real criminals, in many cases, are the representatives of the Law.

As I said, I'm through with it. I'm lucky that I know the schemes and methods of operation and I'm going to steer clear of any situation which begins to smell like it might turn into a vice squad trap.

About the only valid advice I can offer people who aren't in the know, is to go slow whenever you're considering any action that runs afoul of our moral codes.

That smiling blonde on the street, the friendly guy who talks baseball in a bar, could very well be setting you up for a one-way ride into a situation which can change and, very easily, ruin the rest of your life!

So buddy, watch out! ● ● ●

SWITCH-BLADE QUEEN
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33)

and the knife slashed through empty air. Angrily, Lila lunged again! There was a sudden sting across my wrist and I could see a dark line of blood start across my forearm. Lila laughed—an ugly, raucous laugh.

Warm blood ran down between my fingers. The crowd of sadistic girls squealed! It was a hell of a thrill for them to see me getting cut up, but it was getting kind of rough on me! Lila slashed out again and I backed against the crumbling brick wall. I was trapped! Lila smiled and tensed her body, spreading her legs for balance and flaunting her breasts before me in a final, derisive gesture. Then she sprang!

OF COURSE, I should have kept my nose out of it. As a kid, I'd gotten by without any real trouble. The few times I'd been in a rumble I hadn't been hurt. The time Joe Lopez and I got picked up robbing parking meters, Father Paul had talked the judge into giving us a break. My old man tanned my hide that time, and I'd stayed out of trouble until the draft. After Korea, I just wasn't interested in hanging out with the wild ones any more. After you've been under mortar fire a few times, a rumble with a bunch of punks in black leather jackets is for the birds.

I got a job downtown with a nice boss who doesn't hold it against a guy cause his folks are from Puerto Rico. I went back to Spanish Harlem a few times, for a wedding or a funeral, but mostly I gave the place I was brought up in a wide berth. It's not the kind of neighborhood a guy gets sentimental about.

Spanish Harlem is the not-so-nice name the Anglos have given to a stretch of filthy, overcrowded tenements in uptown Manhattan. In the daytime, it's a plain, noisy slum. Go through it at night, and you'd better belong to a gang!

My old gang had been called "The Sleepless Knights." We thought we were real hot shots.

One after another, we drove the candy stores broke. Hell, nobody wants to elbow his way through a bunch of young hoods for a pack of cigarettes or a magazine.

It all seemed pretty silly a few years later. When I went back from time to time to visit my folks, I noticed the bunch still hung around the corner. I'd stop and say hello, figuring it can't hurt to stay on the good side. Especially because my kid sister was still going to school in the neighborhood.

Then Maria got engaged to some guy from New Jersey and I went to the wedding. I was glad the kid wouldn't have to stay in that lousy neighborhood any more. If I hadn't met Father Paul at the reception, I might never have gone back again. And I sure as hell wouldn't have gotten into the jam I was in!

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Father Paul asked me to help him. One of the little kids had let it slip in church that there was going to be a rumble. Father Paul couldn't go to the cops—he couldn't use what the kid had told him in confidence. But even though he wouldn't go to the cops, he wasn't the kind of priest who'd let a bunch of kids bash each other's brains in without doing something about it!

I knew better than to get mixed up in it, but I never got a chance to say no. Father Paul was like that. He asked me in that way of his, and I just couldn't refuse.

Besides, he'd kept me out of the car once, and I figured those other kids needed a break, too.

It wasn't hard to find out. I started hanging around the candy store at night. Most of the Sleepless Knights were new to me; they'd been little kids when I was running with the gang.

Angel Serra and Joe Lopez were still hanging around though, and after they'd lied about how tough we all were in the "old days," my stock went up. It wasn't three nights before I knew where and when the rumble was going to be. In fact, I was invited to it!

There was this other gang, new in the district. They called themselves The West Side Pirates, mostly Spanish like us. There was no reason in the world for a fight. Both sides came from the same poor families, so neither side had anything the other wanted. But somebody said that someone in the West Side Pirates had insulted Jesus Herrera's sister. Personally, I couldn't see how!

LILA HERRERA was a snotty little brat when I went to Korea. She filled her sweater a lot better when I got back, but she was still just as snotty. Anything that anyone in the West Side Pirates might have said about her was probably true. Lila was the kind of thrill-crazy devil that winds up on a morgue slab before they're thirty. The trouble is, they take so many guys with them!

As it turned out, there wasn't much of a rumble. When I found out it was going to be in the north end of Central Park, near the lake, I told Father Paul. He told the cops, and there wasn't any rumble.

The leaders of both gangs got picked up one afternoon, a few hours before the battle. When the Indians got there, they had no chiefs. There was a prowl car sitting by the lake, like maybe the cops were watching the ducks. So everybody went home.

Father Paul got the cops to let the leaders go, after he'd talked it over with them. They patched up a truce between the gangs and my job was done—at least I thought it was. After that, Father Paul tried to get me to work as a youth-worker for the city, but I didn't think it was a good idea. He didn't press his luck

and we parted friends. The same afternoon, I dropped by my folks' house to say so-long before going back downtown. On the front stoop, I ran into Lila.

"Hi, Ricci! How goes it?" she asked. Her jeans were about three sizes too small, and her sweater looked like it had been sprayed on. There was a wicked invitation in her big brown eyes. I shrugged and mumbled something about going to see the old man. Right about then, I wasn't too interested in anything except that sweater, though. My, how that girl had filled out!

It would be a lie if I said my intentions were honorable. I knew what Lila was—a hard-as-nails little tramp. I didn't know how she'd managed to last this long without turning up pregnant or diseased. For all I knew, she was both. But I didn't give a damn. I wanted that girl, and I wanted her bad. So I started figuring how I could make her.

It was easy as pie. I should have wondered about that, I guess. I'm not that good looking! But after I'd smooched with her in the movie house for a couple of hours, I didn't care why she was interested. I just wanted to get her someplace alone. We were both puffing pretty well when I asked her. I didn't mince words and she didn't play it coy. She kissed me hard on the mouth, all the while squirming that little body around on the seat like she was going crazy. I was hooked.

LILA KNEW THIS tenement that was being torn down to make way for a new apartment building. It was just an empty shell; in fact, the whole block was empty. She didn't say what we were going to do when we got there. I thought I knew. I was pretty smug about it as I walked along beside her with my hand in the small of her back.

She looked up and down the deserted street to make sure nobody was looking, then turned and kissed me. It was a hungry kiss. She wanted me as badly as I wanted her. She shoved a loose board aside, and we ducked into the musty old building. There was a rickety stairway leading to the black cellar, and I followed her down. At the bottom, I reached around and drew her close. I kissed her and my hand ran slowly down her back to the hem of her sweater, lifting it upward. Then she reached up to help me, and in one swift movement drew her sweater up and over her head. For a moment, Lila pressed close to me, then she twisted free and stood facing me with her hands on her hips.

"Take a good look, *cabrone!* It's all you'll ever get!"

There was a muffled roar of laughter and I stepped backward, bewildered! I could make out dim forms crouched along the walls, like great, grey rats! I started to say something and somebody hit me

across the back of the head with a bottle. My legs went out from under me and I could feel warm blood seeping through my hair. Then somebody hit me again and everything went black. . . .

Jenny the Moose was a fat, broken-toothed moronic girl who the Knights always teased. She was the first thing I saw when I came to. I closed my eyes—I felt bad enough!

After a while, I opened them again. Jenny was still there. I looked around—the two of us were alone in the cellar.

I tried to sit up, but I couldn't make it. My hands and feet were tied with wire. Then Jenny the Moose grinned down at me, and I shuddered.

Jenny chuckled with glee as she told me that the others had gone to get some sacks of cement for a nearby construction job. I didn't ask what the cement was for. . . .

In desperation, I started working on the Moose. I told her she was too nice a girl to be monkeying around with a bunch of tramps. I told her she could make out great with the guys if she'd dress herself up and act like a lady. I said that she and I could make sweet music together if only she'd let me go.

It didn't work. Jenny was dumb, but not that dumb. I had her wavering by the time Lila and her pals came back with a couple of sacks of cement, but it was too late!

LILA SAUNTERED over to where I was stretched out on the floor, her hips moving in an exaggerated strut. She looked down at me, smiled, and spit in my face!

"Do you know what we're going to do to you, cabrone?" she hissed. "We're going to let you go for a little walk in the Hudson with concrete boots!"

I tried to play it light. "What's the matter, don't you like men?"

"Who's a man? You?" she laughed with that grating squeal again, then kicked me in the back. "You're the rat that had my brother and my boyfriends picked up! You're the rat that told the cops about the rumble!"

"So what? Nobody went to jail, did they? Besides, the gangs signed a truce, and nobody got hurt. What's the matter, Lila? You miss seeing a little blood?"

"I got insulted by one of those West-Side Pirates! My boy friend said the Sleepless Knights would kill somebody over my getting insulted. I ain't the kind of dame a guy can insult that easy!"

I knew I didn't have a chance against the pack. There were over twenty girls in the auxiliary of the Sleepless Knights. Most of them were in the cellar then, looking me over. I figured maybe I could use the old female rivalry bit.

"So why should all these other girls be sore at me? You're the one with the beef! Why should they take the rap with you?"

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Lila knew what I was trying to do. She kicked at my head and just missed taking my face off! "Enough of this gabbing! Let's dump this stoolie in the river!"

"Wait!" I shouted. "She's playing you girls for suckers! She's just burned up because she couldn't make out with me before! She's got all the other guys in the neighborhood gaga over her but I got another steady girl! She's sore because she wants all the guys for herself!"

It wasn't very subtle, but the gals were already keyed-up, and it didn't take too much to get them going. There were a few mutters. Lila had moved in on more than one of the other kids from time to time. Jenny the Moose threw me a soft look, only this time I didn't shudder. I just wanted to get out of there alive!

Jenny started defending me. She asked how come she and the other girls had to settle Lila's personal grudge with me. Any other time, it wouldn't have worked. Jenny was too stupid and weak to assert any leadership. But I'd planted the seed and it was taking root!

Leading a gang is tricky. It's kind of like being leader of a pack of wolves. You can't show your back—someone will always be there to jump you and the rest of the pack will be quick to join the slaughter.

Lila backed down a little. But she wasn't about to let me get away. She agreed that the fight was between her and me, and she offered to settle it man to man. With knives!

I started to laugh. I said I couldn't fight a girl. There was a nasty murmur from the pack, and someone said, "Chicken!"

I couldn't let them turn too far. I agreed to the fight.

THE GIRLS YANKED me to my feet.

The wires were cut, and someone shoved a switchblade into my numb hand. I stood there wondering what to do; but Lila didn't give me much time. She whipped off her sweater again and threw it in my face. I brushed it away from my eyes just in time to see the knife coming up at my groin!

I jumped backwards and came down in the center of the floor. Lila came at me, grinning. She raked me across the wrist and forced me to the wall. As she sprang, I sidestepped and threw a judo kick at her thigh. I figured maybe I could put her out of action.

Lila twisted like a snake and sliced my outstretched leg! I moved back, and she closed in, taunting me. Blood was running down my shin into my shoe. My toes felt slippery. I was starting to sweat a waterfall—this dame was too much for me to handle!

I'd fooled around with knives a few times—the army even showed me how to hold one, back at Fort Lewis. But I was duck soup for Lila Herrera.

She could have finished me off

any time. But instead, the sadistic little dame wanted to play cat and mouse! She'd move in like a cobra and strike! She'd make a nasty, stinging cut. And then, just as I was sure I was about dead, she'd draw back and laugh while I got my balance back!

I was bleeding from a dozen cuts. My face was covered with blood and sweat—and the gals were eating it up. They were screaming now—"Get him Lila—get him!"

Drunk with excitement, Lila was calling her shots! She'd say, "How about that handsome face? Ain't he pretty? How'd you like that face cut up, handsome?"

Then, so help me, with me knowing what she intended to do, she'd flick the blade at me a couple of times. I'd have another slash across my cheek.

I don't know how it would have turned out. I don't know if she would have killed me with one deep thrust, or just have carved me up until I bled to death. But there was a sudden shout and a dark form stepped between us. It was Father Paul!

I don't know how he'd found out about it, but I guess a priest knows just about everything that goes on in his neighborhood.

Father Paul started giving them what for, and I mean really reading them the riot act. The girls started slinking away—the show was just about to close. Then Lila threw a fit.

She was sore as hell, and wasn't thinking clearly, I guess. There was a sudden movement and Jenny the Moose screamed! We all turned at once. Lila was standing back—wide-eyed, with her knuckles in her mouth. Jenny stood behind Father Paul, looking at Lila kind of funny. There was a red stream running down her skirt from her waist line. Lila's knife was sunk in Jenny's belly—up to the hilt!

"I didn't mean it!" Lila shouted.

One of the girls screamed, "Jesus! She threw the shiv at Father Paul!"

"She tried to knife a priest!"

Lila sank to her knees, sobbing, "I don't know why I did it! I didn't mean to do it!"

Nobody answered her. Jenny was sitting on the floor, and one of the girls was holding her. Father Paul bent over and looked closely at her. He looked at me and shook his head. I felt sick.

In the corner Lila kept saying, "I didn't mean it! I didn't mean it!" Nobody paid much attention. My head hurt and there was a funny buzzing sound in my ears. I could hear Father Paul praying in Latin, and Lila saying, "I didn't mean it! I didn't mean it!"

Jenny looked up and smiled her hideous smile. I knelt beside her and took her grubby hand. She said something, but I never knew what it was. Out on the street there was the sound of a siren, coming closer. One of the girls had phoned for an ambulance. We didn't need it. ●●●

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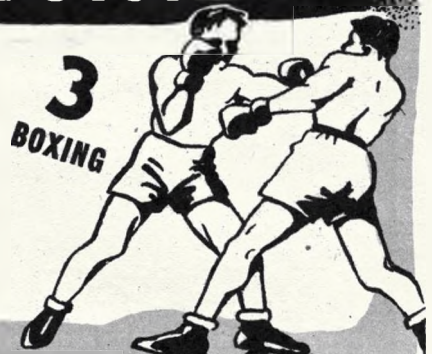
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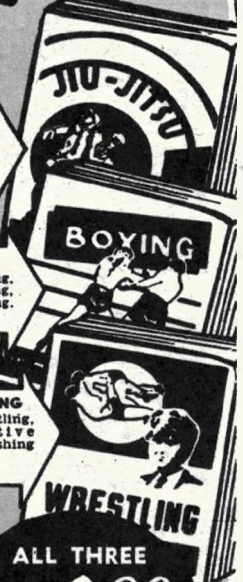
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Doctors who have spent a lifetime studying hair and hair growth have concluded that nothing now known can grow hair on a bald head. So, if you are bald, prepare to spend the rest of your life that way. Accept it philosophically and quit spending hard-earned dollars on hair growers.

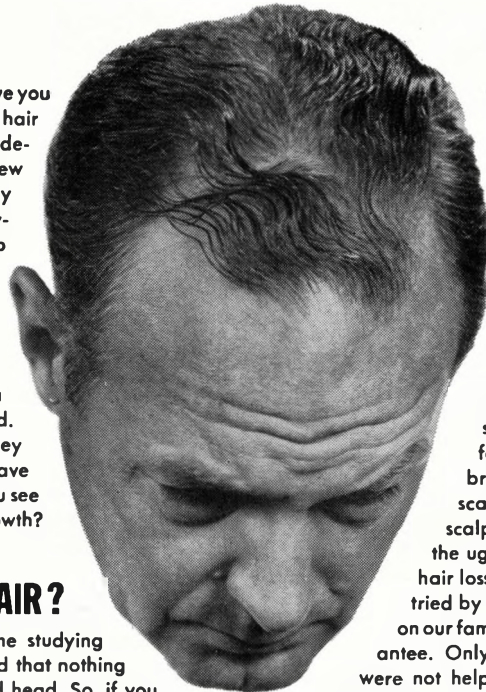
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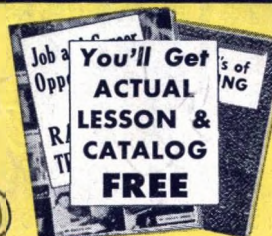
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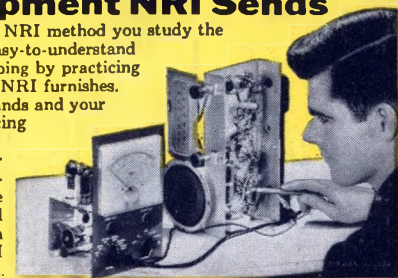
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