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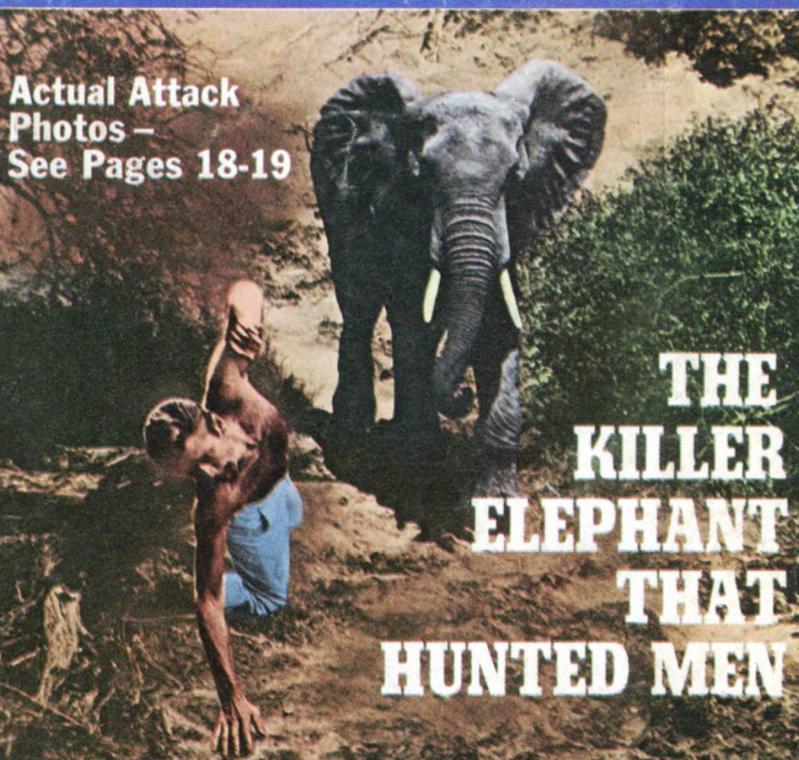
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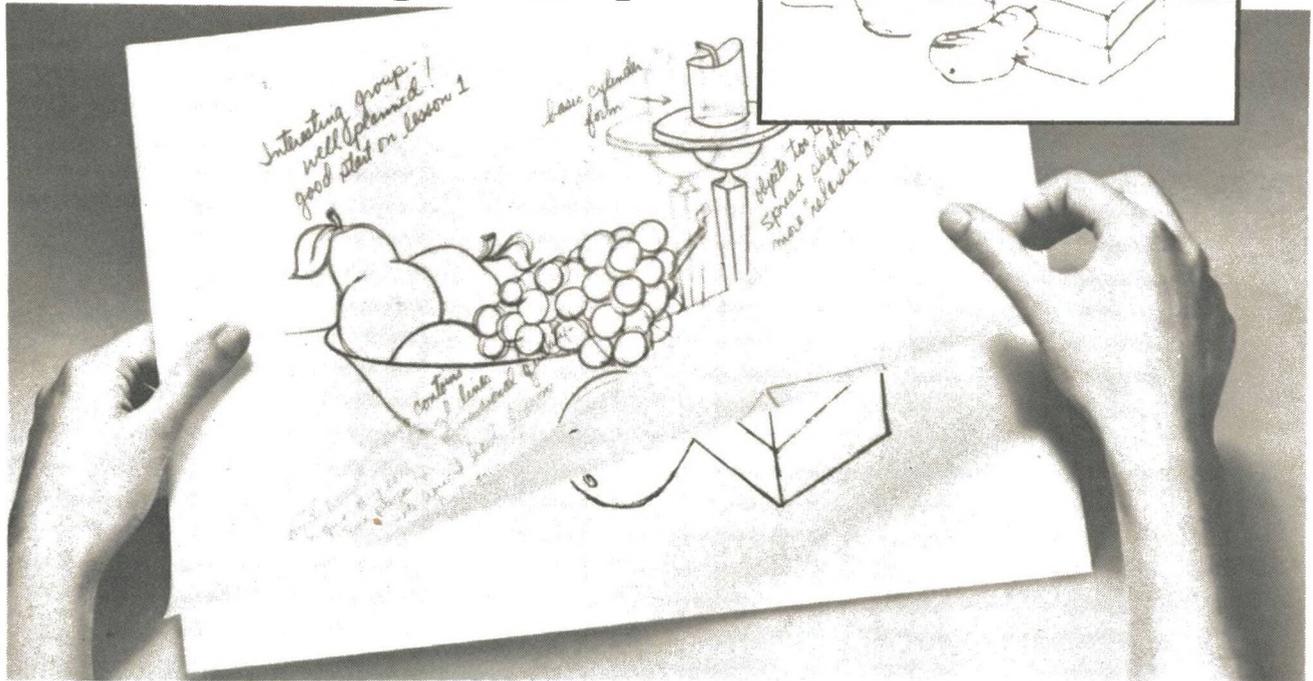
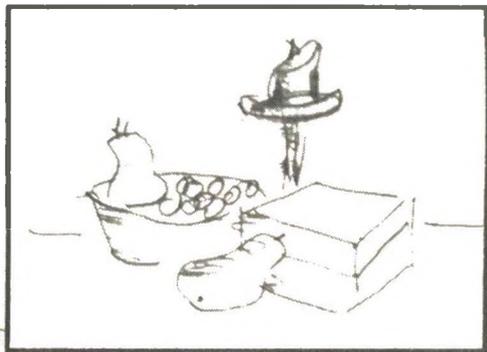


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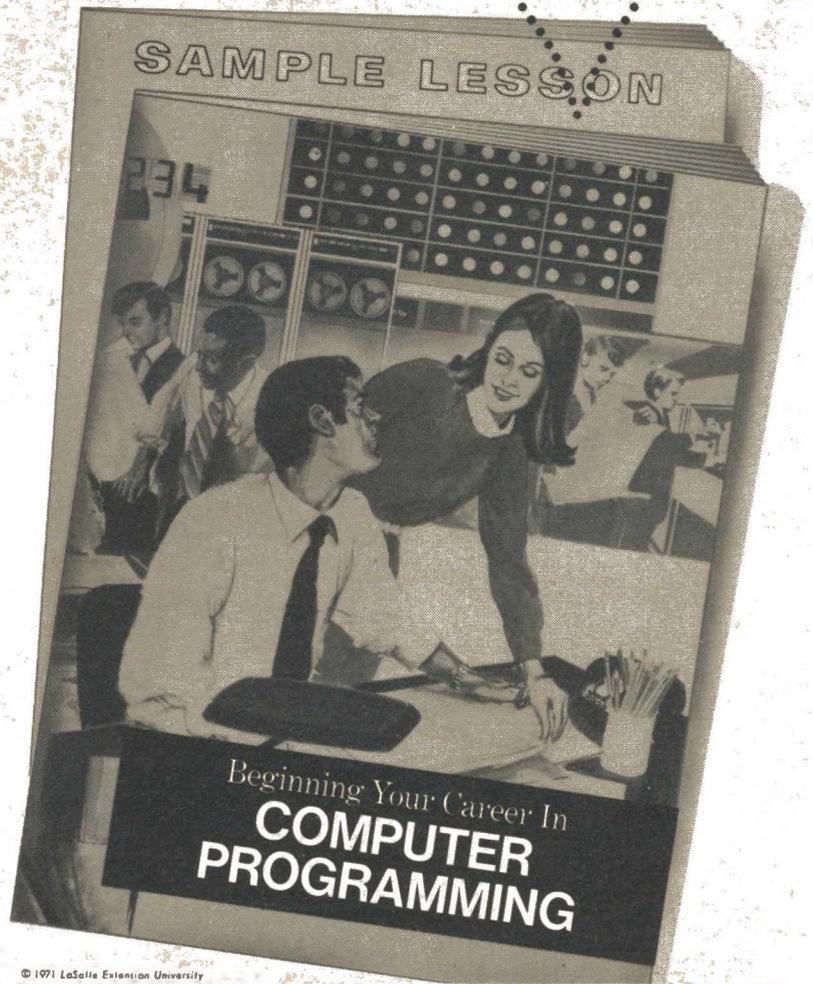
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MEN

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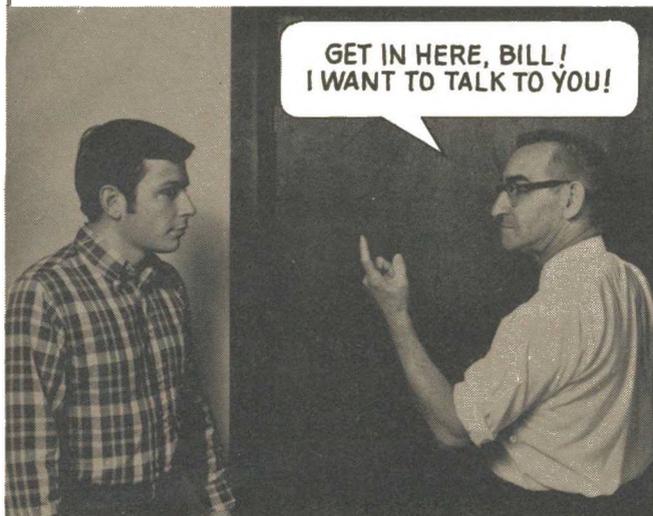
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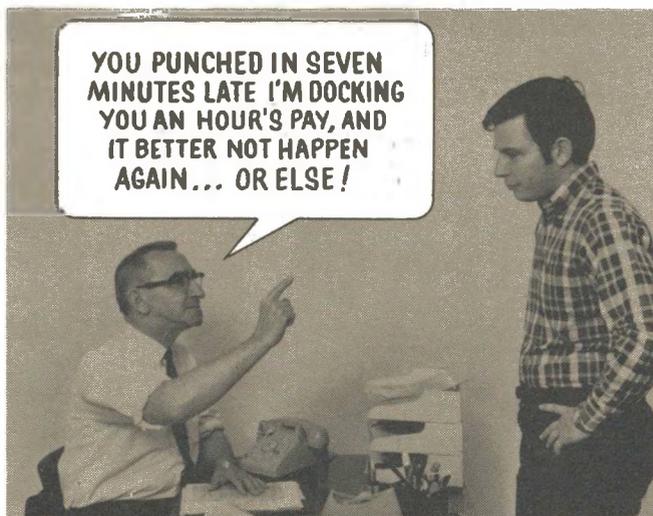
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The day Bill told off his boss



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AGAIN... OR ELSE!



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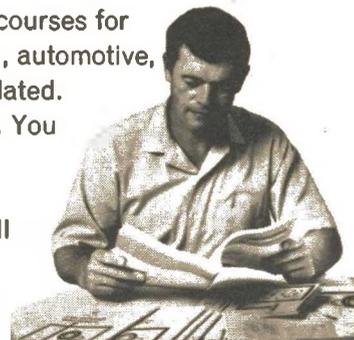
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HOT LINE ON WOMEN

IF A YOUNG WIFE IS SOMEWHAT INHIBITED ABOUT SEX, IS SHE LIKELY TO "LOOSEN UP" OVER THE SUCCEEDING YEARS?

Yes. Says Dr. Robert Barbfel: "In my practice I have found it very common that a wife's interest in sex tends to grow in succeeding years. This is quite normal with a great many women, since it must be remembered that sex is much more an emotional act with the female than the male and many women simply need time for their emotional desires to grow. It may seem strange but many wives simply get to 'trust' a husband more after several years of marriage, and this trust fosters the dropping of inhibitions. Thus orality, at least on a regular basis, is more likely to occur after five years or so. However, I would guess that what a wife will not do after 10 or 12 years of marriage or by her early thirties she will probably never do in any unrestrained manner."

HOW OFTEN DOES THE AVERAGE CALL GIRL NEED SEX FOR HERSELF?

At least once a week, says George R. Daviss, Ph.D., author of the new book, "Private Life of a Call Girl." "Girl after girl told me that if they did not have this outlet for themselves at least once a week they would 'crack up.' This, of course, is not the mark of the frigid women which so many call girls have been rumored to be—and are not. This once-a-week standard is not unique with call girls. Other researchers have found that divorced women demand at least this same quota. If the call girl gets no emotional satisfaction out of her work she needs the same sexual release other women need. The only difference is perhaps that she will be more aggressive in seeking it. Call girls are not above going into the park and luring a man into the bushes; in short, they will do anything to achieve sexual involvements that have no price tags."

IF AN AVERAGE COLLEGE COED IS SLEEPING WITH ONE MAN MORE OR LESS REGULARLY, DOES SHE PROBABLY HAVE THE SAME ARRANGEMENT WITH ANOTHER FELLOW?

Very likely. Researcher Thomas B. Craddock finds this a startling new development in campus life. "In

the past," he notes, "usually the coed who slept regularly with a boy did so with an 'understanding,' that is they more or less considered themselves engaged. Research my associates and I conducted at six northeastern and mid-Atlantic schools show that 40 percent of those girls who admitted sleeping regularly with one male also admitted they were sleeping with another during the same period. While it would be easy to attribute this to a simple growing promiscuity, we feel the answer may be more significant. In the past, men have always been considered more polygamous than women. What we may be witnessing is a new female rejection of monogamy as a life style."

DOES THE WOMAN WHO ACHIEVES ORGASM REGULARLY BECOME LESS OF A "NAG"?

Definitely! According to Dr. Charles W. Fallon this is the best way to determine if a woman has had an orgasm. "Rare is the woman who doesn't nag less over the first several hours after orgasm," he declares. "Too many husbands ask their wives if they achieved orgasm, which is not the best way to tell. The intelligent bed partner knows to watch the woman's disposition. If she is less naggy, or if you will, less 'bitchy,' for a sustained period, she is in a sort of emotional afterglow that can make even a generally unhappy marriage tolerable for a time."

DO WOMEN GO FOR "STYLE BUG" MEN?

Surprisingly enough, the answer is no. Women love the latest style and fashion—for themselves. Basically, women go big on style merely to impress other women. And deep down inside, says psychologist R.E. Chester, they know they are flighty about it. "Still they love to play the game," the psychologist observes, "but they don't really want their men to behave the same way. Women prefer men to dress conservatively, since that represents to them a feeling of substance and dependability and above all, security. At the same time, though, women don't want a man to be too conservative. They want him, for instance, to show some flexibility on minor matters of dress, thus in their minds the man with the cuffless pants is a swinger, the man with cuffs is probably old-fashioned. But all-out mod styles—Beatle haircuts and all—are deadly as far as the female over 20 is concerned.

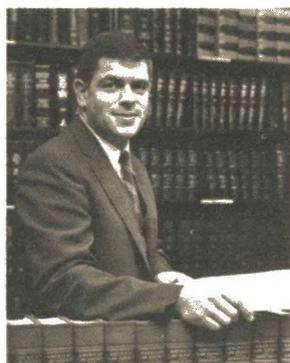
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"I would like to say thank you. I am making almost twice as much money today than I was before taking this course."
Mitchel W. Wray, North Carolina



"My income averages \$1,200 to \$2,000 a month, the most I have ever earned in my lifetime. I can never find words enough to thank Universal Schools."
Ed Crouch, California

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Free Book on LEGAL INVESTIGATION

Free Book on CLAIM INVESTIGATION*

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*Approved for Veterans Training

Please mail me, without cost or obligation, the Free Book I have checked above. No salesman will call or visit.



Accredited Member: National Home Study Council



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ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

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Next Time A Loudmouth Says:

I'LL BEAT THE H---OUT OF YOU!



WHICH OF THESE 3 VITAL DECISIONS WILL YOU MAKE?

- COWARD'S DECISION** — slink away like a whipped dog bringing shame upon yourself and your loved ones.
- FOOL'S DECISION** — rush in and get beat up because you don't have the fighting Know How.
- WISE DECISION** — unleash a whirlwind attack and utterly destroy the loudmouth because you had the good sense to send for my FREE Terror Fighting Self-Defense course and learn my self-defense **TERROR TACTICS**.

10 SECONDS THAT SEPARATE THE MEN FROM THE BOYS

11:00 P.M.— An argument in a parking lot. A big, beefy wiseguy gets insulting and takes a swing at you. He's pretty sure of himself— sizes you up as a weak pushover who couldn't punch his way out of a paper bag. Your girl looks on, terrified that you'll be beaten up, maybe permanently injured. BUT . . .



11:00 P.M. PLUS 10 SECONDS — A Miracle! In a flash you streak forward — almost too fast for the eye to follow. The bully is down quivering in fear and writhing in pain — completely destroyed by the ferocious terror blitz you unleashed. This situation could happen to you. READ ON THIS PAGE HOW IN JUST DAYS YOU CAN ACQUIRE THE HIDDEN SECRETS OF 5000 YEARS OF RUTHLESS TERROR FIGHTING TACTICS — ABSOLUTELY FREE!— TAKE ON ANYBODY— ANYTIME— ANYPLACE AND WIN!

POLICE FILES REVEAL: 590,020 Burglaries, 61,410 Robberies, 100,110 Assaults, 21,080 Rapas, 6,920 Murders ALL IN A SINGLE YEAR! IF ATTACKED — WHAT WILL YOU DO?

A BURGLAR IN YOUR HOME AFTER DARK!

Your family needs protection. Don't fail them. Here in this free book are the night-fighting tactics you need to hold a burglar helpless until police arrive. Here are the methods of the Commandos who fought by night.



A WOMAN TOO —

Can use the secrets in this free book and handle a man twice her size who tries to get fresh or WORSE. In seconds she can completely ruin any dirty dog who tries to lay a hand on her.



DISARM ROBBERS: —

Why give your money to some hoodlum. Here you will find terror-tactics that in a flash will enable you to make him drop his weapon and writhe in pain. Anyone dumb enough to tangle with a Weider Trained Terror Fighter will regret his mistake from a hospital bed or jail cell.



BE THE "ONE-MAN-IN-A-THOUSAND" TO MASTER ALL THESE SECRETS OF HISTORY'S MOST FEROCIOUS FIGHTERS.

My course teaches you how to use the Foot-Fighting Secrets of the French Underworld, the Methods of the Samurai Warriors of Old Japan who killed with bare hands and feet; ASSASSINS — religious fanatical killers; CARIBS — savage natives; ROUGH AND TUMBLE fighters — the most ruthless tactics from the docks, dives and waterfronts of the toughest towns.

PLUS shocking secrets of hideous Vandals, Thugs, ferocious Aztecs — Vicious Karate-kas, Commandos, Jungle Fighters — Boxing — Wrestling — Secret Police Methods, and other destructive self-defense secrets never before revealed.

All This and MORE in New Complete Terror-Tactics Fighting Course

THIS BOOK IS YOURS **FREE!** JUST MAIL COUPON



FEAR NO MAN IN JUST 24 HOURS

this absolutely free Terror-Fighting Course that I am anxious to send you shows how to swiftly start using my Terror-Fighting Secrets and Flatten out any Thug, Mug, Wiseguy or Bully — even if he's Tough, Trained and twice your size — Make him **ABSOLUTELY HELPLESS IN SECONDS**

FREE! FOR MEN WHO WANT TO BE FEARLESS — A NEW TERROR FIGHTING COURSE 10 TIMES MORE DEVASTATING AND EFFECTIVE THAN BOTH KARATE AND JUDO COMBINED — NOW YOURS — FREE FOR THE ASKING!

WHAT'S THE SECRET?

NOT SIZE — NOT POWER — NOT STRENGTH! I don't care if you're 15 or 50, Skinny, Fat or Under-size — If you've always been scared of your shadow — always 'chickened out' — never faced up to a fight in your life — got weak in the knees and ran — I **PROMISE YOU THAT IN 24-HOURS** I can give you the **TERROR FIGHTING SECRETS** that will turn you into a Fierce Human Arsenal of Fighting Power — giving you the cool confidence to walk through the toughest streets in late hours with the destructive force of a tiger stalking jungle paths — flattening and pulverizing in a split second with one jab of your finger any 200-lb. brute who is foolish enough to attack you — with one chop disarm any hood or break the strangle hold of any thief. No night-crawling thug will ever be dumb enough to break into your house nor any wise guy ever insult or lay hands on your loved ones or you — if he is still conscious after you've used the secrets that I am willing to send you **FREE** in this book. **NEVER AGAIN FEAR ANY MAN—WIN WITH WEIDER.**

After 20 years of research and at a cost of \$200,000 into History's Most Terrifying No-Holds Barred Survival Struggle for Power — Going back into 50 centuries of terrifying combat secrets known to man, from the destructive fighting methods of the Hindu and Japanese Killer Cults Temples, from the merciless Nahutian Indians, to the Foot Fighters of the French underworld to the religious fanatic Assassins of the middle east to the Waterfront docks, Lumbercamps to the private files of the Commandos, Police Departments etc., I have learned that the secret of fighting power is not in the weight and muscles but just simple plain "KNOW-HOW". These "KNOW-HOW" secrets taken from all these fighting systems stretching 5000 years are now, for the first time known to man, put into one course that I am anxious to send to you showing how you, and your family in just 15 minutes a day in the privacy of your own home, can learn to master all these closely guarded secrets of the Karate, Savate, Judo exponents and masters to turn you into a Terrifying fighting machine. Take advantage of this once-in-a-lifetime, limited free offer and —

YOU CAN BECOME A DESTRUCTIVE SELF-DEFENSE TERROR FIGHTER IN JUST 30 DAYS! says **JOE WEIDER, Acknowledged World's No. 1 "Trainer of Champions"**

Take care of yourself — Anytime — Anywhere — In any and all situations. Never again fear any man nor turn away from a challenge.

RUSH COUPON FOR FREE BOOK. Get this amazing booklet. It opens, for the first time, the door to 5000 years of amazing self-defense terror fighting tactics that can turn you into a terrifying fighter in days! Yours while the supply lasts!



MAIL NOW . . . FOR FIGHTING SECRETS!

JOE WEIDER, Trainer of Champions Dept. 16-91SD1
25 Maple Street Norwood, N.J. 07648

Yes Joe; I never again want to be "Weak In The Knees" and "Chicken Out" when insulted and attacked. I need your self-defense secrets that you reveal in your free booklet "How To Be A Destructive Self-Defense Fighter In Days". I am enclosing 25-cents to help cover the cost and handling of the booklet which is guaranteed to do all you say or I can get my money back.

NAME AGE

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

If under 15 yrs. of age parents must sign here

MEN'S NEWSLETTER MEN'S NEWSLETTER

SHORT SHOTS

ACCORDING TO THE SEXOLOGISTS, IF A GIRL TAKES OFF HER SHOES IN HER DATE'S APARTMENT, SHE IS DEFINITELY GIVING THE FIRST "SURRENDER" SIGNAL. HOWEVER, IT MEANS NOTHING IF SHE DOES IT IN HER FLAT. SHE COULD MERELY BE GETTING COMFORTABLE. . .



Guess what came off first

New book about to be published insists that the best way for a wife to help her husband live longer is to engage in sexual intercourse with him as often as possible. . .

NO BIG SURPRISE THAT RECENT SURVEY SHOWS THAT SINGLE GIRLS IN ALASKA AND MASSACHUSETTS ARE MORE PROMISCUOUS THAN IN OTHER STATES. HAPPENS THESE ARE THE TWO MOST "MAN-SHORT" STATES AND A GIRL JUST HAS TO DO MORE. . .

Look for a new scandal to break soon at several major marinas around the country which are now main bases for number of call-girl syndicates. Almost every marina now boasts a "cat cruiser" to service weekend sailors looking for new distractions. . .

UNLIKE THE U.S. IT'S NO CRIME IN ENGLAND FOR A GUY TO HAVE SEX WITH AN UNMARRIED GIRL BETWEEN THE AGES OF 13 AND 16 PROVIDED HE REALLY THINKS SHE IS 16. AND THE GUY HIMSELF MUST BE UNDER 24—OR ELSE HE'S A CRADLE ROBBER AND CAN BE PROSECUTED. . .

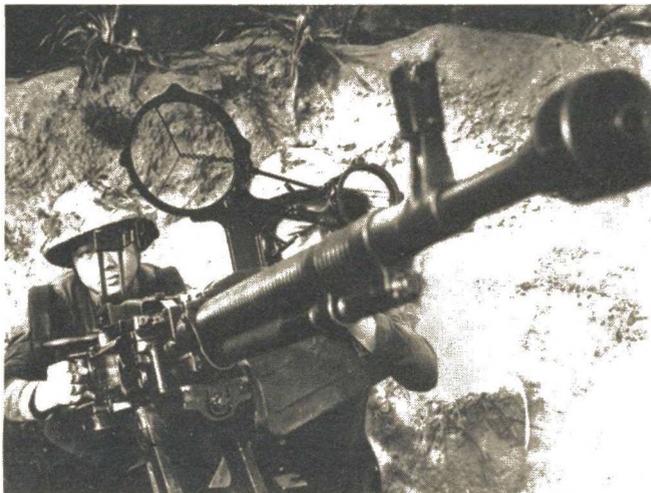
Some hookers now taking jobs as cashiers at movie houses featuring skin flicks. They say they can make a dozen dates an evening. They "lay off" some of the oversupply with other sisters of the trade. . .

AFTER ALL THAT TALK ABOUT THE BROTHEL BUSINESS HAVING IT, TURNS OUT THAT CAT HOUSES ARE ON THE INCREASE.

SURVEY OF 20 AMERICAN CITIES SHOW THERE ARE NOW MORE HOUSES THAN THERE WERE FIVE YEARS AGO. IN SOME PLACES THEY MASQUERADE AS MASSAGE PARLORS. . .

UP AT THE FRONT

ONE WAY NORTH VIETS DON'T STACK UP TO RUSSIAN SOLDIERS IS AS ANTI-TANK FIGHTERS. RED ARMY WAS GREAT AT KNOCKING OUT NAZI TANKS DURING WWII BUT VIET COMMIES HAVE BEEN UNABLE TO KNOCK OUT MANY OF OUR TANKS. MAIN FAULT IS THEY'RE LOUSY MOLOTOV COCKTAIL TOSSERS, EITHER BECAUSE THEY JUST PLAIN CAN'T THROW OR THE BIG MONSTERS SCARE HELL OUT OF THEM. . .



Can't measure up to Russian Commie cousin

However, our recent invasion of Laos gives veteran tank men something to worry about. North Viets used tanks and we demonstrated not only are tanks vulnerable to fighter-bombers, but they can even be knocked off by fast-moving choppers. All in all, it could mean the end of the tank as a major factor in future wars. . .

NOT EASY TO NAME THE BEST ARMY IN THE WORLD BECAUSE, AS IN A FOOTBALL GAME, THERE IS BOTH OFFENSE AND DEFENSE. PENTAGON IS KNOWN TO RANK AMERICANS, ISRAELIS AND TURKS AS THE BEST OFFENSIVE FIGHTERS IN WORLD. WE DON'T MAKE THE LIST ON DEFENSE THOUGH—NOT SURPRISING BECAUSE WE SELDOM FIGHT DEFENSE. BEST DEFENSIVES ARE CONSIDERED TO BE THE AUSSIES, GREEKS AND THE ISRAELIS AGAIN. . .

Amazing how many GIs who don't want to take classroom training don't realize they can take any one of hundreds of accredited correspondence courses

(Continued on page 42)

Southern California -- UNINHIBITED SEX PLAYGROUND

where a swinging new passion
"game" is invented
every day

"BE LOVED BY GIRLS"
1 pm & 8 pm

"SWINGERS" Club
For Couples and Singles
Call for information

Free couples for swinging
activities, now discussion groups
and discreet introductions.
Swingers Ltd.

BEAUTIFUL GIRLS
Latin, German, French, Irish

DATE, MATE
Instant dating service
124 hrs

Award women 21 & up screened
introduction to super photo guys
Call Mike Stone 664-2144
Beats Crowd

PRIVATE COUPLES CLUB
Party dances, living till dawn
Call for information

NEW in town, Lonesome or just cut
out? Just pick up the phone and
DIAL-A-DATE your instant love.

Are You Lonesome & Bored?
You Don't Have to Be. Let
● **INSTANT DATE** ●
Find You A Mate
1 Hour Service
Beautiful Blondes,
Brunettes & Redheads
YOUR CHOICE
from Models to Secretaries
Date & Dine, Dinner Included
Call 24 Hours

TOTALLY BARE **PINK PUSSYCAT**
NIGHTLY AMATEUR BARE CONTEST EVERY MON. WED. & FRI.
NO COV-NO ADM.
7600 SANTA MONICA BLVD.
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ALL OUR GIRLS ARE YOUNG
Sexiest Garage in Hollywood
THE BODY SHOP
NO COV. NO ADM.
OPEN 7 DAYS - 6250 SUNSET BLVD. 656-1401
EXOTIC · BARE · LUSCIOUS

THE PARIS HOUSE
CHOICE OF 15 X YOUNG X BEAUTIFUL X SEXY X GIRLS TO POSE FOR YOU IN PRIVATE
"FOR THE DISCRETE ADULT ONLY!"
OPEN DAILY FROM 11 A.M. TO 10 P.M.
7527 SANTA MONICA BLVD., HOLLYWOOD
THIS COUPON WORTH \$2.00 OFF

Hollywood's Original **TOTAL BARE** Revue
LIVE ADULT ENTERTAINMENT
SHOWTIME Continuous 12 NOON-2 A.M. COCKTAILS
6623 Hollywood Blvd. Hollywood
RABBIT'S FOOT CLUB 7 DAYS

It's very easy to start swinging in Southern California. Pick up a newspaper on almost any given day and you can find the following: ads for places offering totally nude shows; organizations ready to get you a date with girls of any nationality or occupation; social ads for singles who want to meet swinging couples, etc. Some people are fighting what's happening (as the news story indicates), but so far it's been a losing battle for them.

Swapping Of Wives Charged
By **WILLIAM J. HOMER**
Herald-Examiner Staff Writer
"Frontier law" is on the return in the San Fernando Valley today and high up on its target list are the "swingers"—groups of wife-swappers living in sections of several Ventura Boulevard hillside communities.
But the "swingers" are only part of the problem which is coming under attack from a resurgence of...

By **DANNY HARRELSON**

LOS Angeles, California . . . I had come to California to start a new life and to get far, far away from Boston and the wife I had recently divorced there. The first thing I did after renting a bachelor apartment in Hollywood was to advertise in the paper for a part-time housekeeper. I knew good domestic help was hard to come by—in the East and I figured the situation was probably the same in Los Angeles. But I figured wrong. The first day my ad ran, my phone rang constantly. I had at least 30 girls apply for the job. I scheduled interviews for the next day with the five who sounded best.

When the first applicant arrived at my apartment my eyes bugged in disbelief. I thought of housekeepers as women pushing fifty or older. But Elsa wasn't a day over 23 and looked more like a movie starlet than my conception of a housekeeper. In other words, she was a knockout.

Elsa told me she had been born and raised in Norway and had come to Los Angeles a year ago. She had worked at various jobs but none of them had panned out. She had never worked as a housekeeper before, but confessed she had had plenty of experience playing house.

"I've lived with half-a-dozen men and know how to make a man happy," she said seductively, cuddling up closer to me on the couch. "I can cook, clean and all the guys I've balled say I'm something else in bed. Come into the bedroom and let me show you."

I thought I was dreaming! I had hardly said two words to the girl and now she wanted to give me a free sample of her lovemaking. At first I thought Elsa was putting me on or was trying to frame me on a rape charge or something. But I learned she was really on the level.

She went into my bedroom without permission from me. I followed a few minutes later. And when I arrived, she was stretched out on the bed as naked as a jaybird.

"Do you like what you see?" she asked saucily. I nodded my head in the affirmative. "Everyone says I have beautiful legs. See?" She raised one high in the air and ran her hand slowly up the

Right: Beautiful girls from all parts of the country flock to the excitement of L.A. They outnumber men two-to-one, and therefore compete for their company.

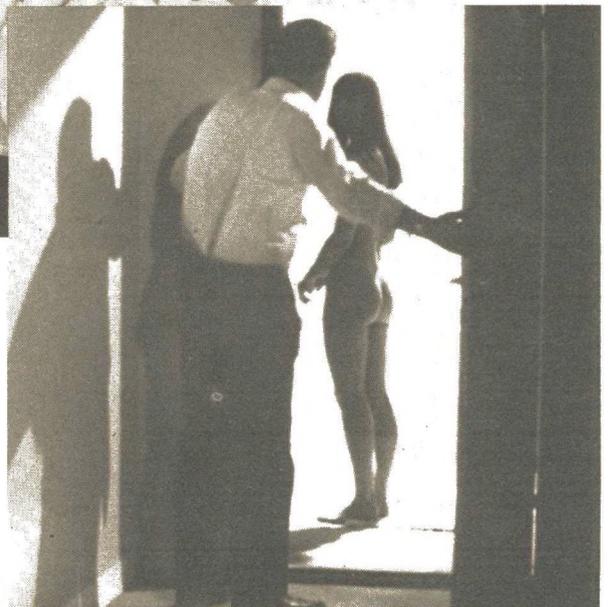


Single men with their own homes can get sexually willing girls to keep house for them. These girls find it hard getting a job, and are grateful to have one.

inside of her thigh. "They say my breasts aren't bad either." Then she proceeded to squeeze her marvelous mounds of flesh playfully with both hands.

I needed no further encouragement, and hopped into bed next to her, where I stayed until my doorbell rang.

"Damn!" I exclaimed, suddenly remembering the reason why Elsa was in my apartment. "It's another girl for an interview. Elsa, baby, sorry I've got to go, but business is business. Leave your phone number on the dresser and slip out



In some Singles-Only apartment houses, living is so uninhibited that women will wander in the raw at night, looking for men to keep them company.

SEX PLAYGROUND



Dating services have "hot lines" to their girls so that if you want a late date, you can get it.

the back door."

Of the five girls I interviewed that day there was only one who didn't tell me that if I hired her her sexual services would be included at no extra cost. And all the girls were young and cute.

It was an amazing introduction to the city. So amazing that I decided to spend some time investigating the whole sex scene, and to write about my experiences.

One of the first things I learned was that what had happened to me after placing my ad for a part-time housekeeper wasn't a fluke—that a man can get just about anything he wants in the way of sex as fast and as easily as he wants it. The reasons are quite simple. In the first place, girls outnumber guys two to one. Hundreds of girls flock to Los Angeles every month. Many hope to become actresses or models and are fully prepared to bargain with their bodies to land choice jobs.

The Hollywood casting couch routine as a springboard to stardom is well known throughout the world and most naive newcomers believe every word of it. Then there are the starry-eyed young runaways who end up in Los Angeles looking for the romance and excitement they couldn't find in their home towns. Young and middle-aged gay divorcees also come to L.A. to swing where nobody knows them.

The majority of girls who come to L.A.

find there aren't enough jobs to go around and become desperate to make ends meet. Most of them try to find a guy to shack up with and support them. Others, who can't land this kind of arrangement, resort to prostitution, full, part-time or occasional. Let's look at some of the many rackets that are fronts for prostitution. Then we'll look at all the ways a guy can get free sex.

When it comes to sex-for-sale, the newspapers are the tip-off. For example, in one large daily recently, advertisements offered men dates with beautiful redheads and blondes at any time of the day or night—and instantly. Single men were informed that they could meet swinging wives merely by picking up a phone and dialing. And men who had a yen for girls of a particular nationality were offered any and every nationality they desired, including German, Irish, French and Italian girls. Many of the ads offered as "dates" girls who were secretaries, waitresses, models and actresses.

I answered a number of similar ads and got fantastic action. The first one I tried read as follows: "What's your pleasure? A buxom blonde showgirl... a teenage Lolita type... a copper cutie... or a gorgeous playmate. Just dial us for the real stuff and fast service."

I called the number and was greeted by a sexy voice. She asked me what type of date I wanted—dinner, dancing, movie,



The "All-Nude" shows don't make idle promises. They advertise themselves as "unbelievably explicit" and they are just that—and much more.

nightclub, etc. What kind of girl I preferred—body type, hair color and nationality. I asked for a voluptuous brunette playmate for a dinner date. I was told the price would be \$50, payable in advance of the date, in addition to all expenses incurred on the date. I was then given the girl's name and address.

My "date" turned out to exceed my wildest hopes. She just radiated sex. Her body was as curvaceous as any I've seen, and she was dressed fit to kill. She was class all the way and very friendly and intelligent. There was never a lull in the conversation during dinner and not a word was ever said about sex.

By the time dinner was over we were the greatest of friends. We laughed and joked so much I completely forgot about sex until she asked me in for a drink after I drove her back to her apartment. After she had poured us drinks, she turned on the record player and suggested we dance. She snuggled her body close in to mine and didn't say a word as we danced.

But her actions spoke volumes. She gently massaged by neck with her fingers and every so often would rub her leg between mine. The feel of her body pressed so tightly to mine was too much. I lowered my hands from the small of her back and let them rove over her soft buttocks.

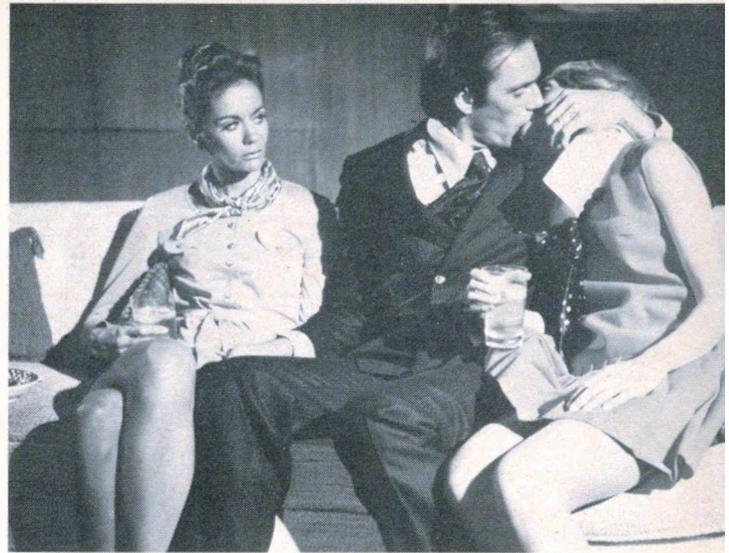
In a few moments she looked me dreamily in the eye and said: "Would you like sex right now?"

"I'm all for it," I grinned.

"It will cost you \$100."

By this time I was so hot to trot I wouldn't have quibbled at any price.

There wasn't a thing Debby didn't know about physical sex and how to continually thrill a man. She was a pro who didn't act like a pro. She (Continued on page 54)



By answering an ad a man can meet any number of housewives who are bored or just curious.



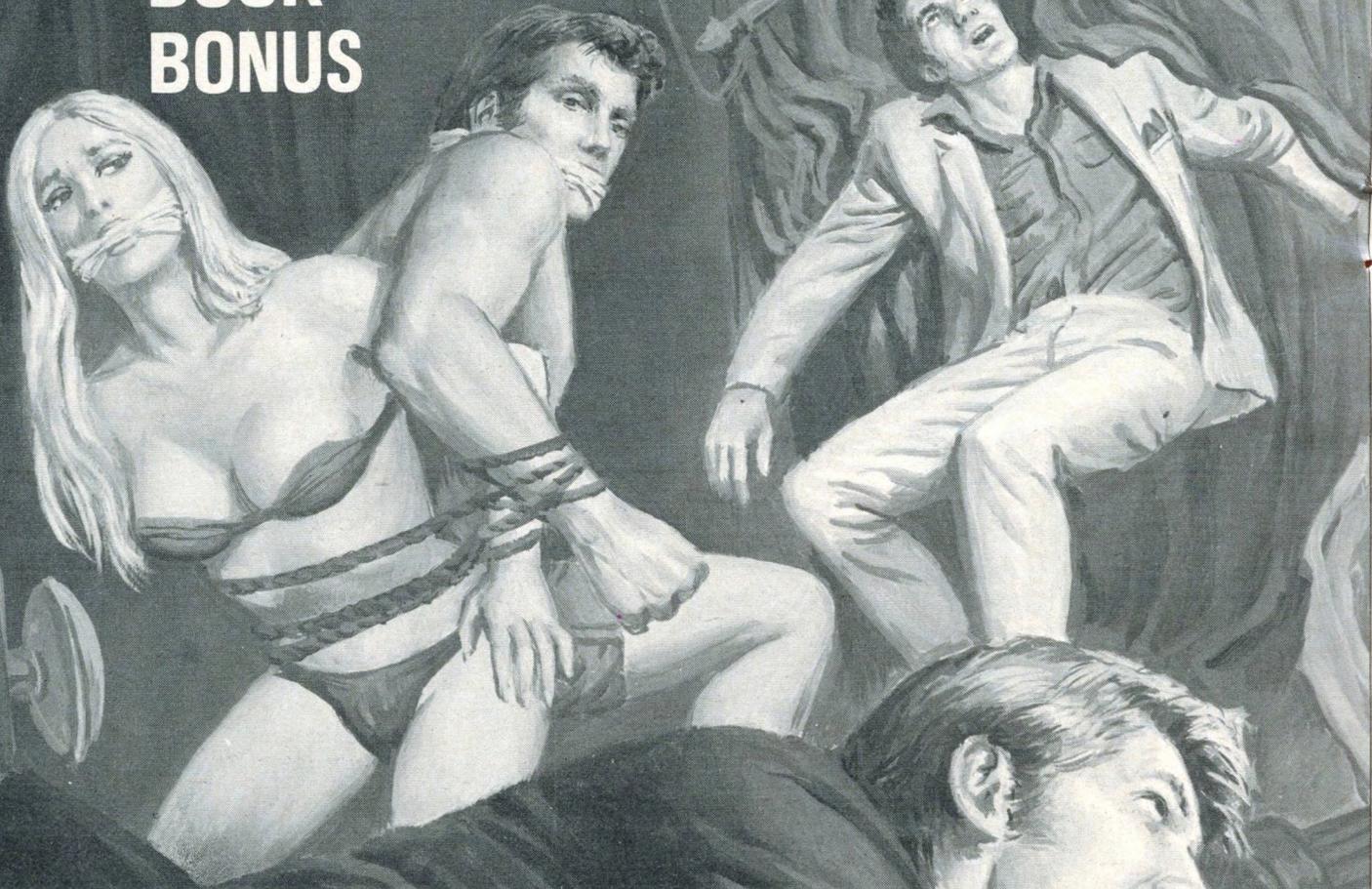
A man who wants to experience two women in bed at the same time will have no trouble finding women who like this kind of sex.



One thing all L.A. swingers agree on is that sex is—or should be—fun. And they play hard at making it as much fun as possible.

RAID ON THE BIG MOB'S

BOOK BONUS



"Executioner" Mack Bolan had a plan that would wreck the Syndicate in one bold stroke. But first he had to shoot his way out of an escape-proof ambush

OF all the grim specialties developed by U.S. fighting men in Vietnam, Mack Bolan had fallen heir to the most ruthless and cold-blooded job of all. Sergeant Bolan was a sharpshooter, a nerveless perfectionist, and a man who could certainly command himself. He quickly became the most renowned sniper of the combat zones. His many kills and daring methodology had earned for him the unofficial title of The Executioner. And then Mack Bolan had been summoned home on an emergency furlough to bury his father, his mother, and his teenage sister—victims of violent death. Bolan learned that the international crime syndicate had indirectly figured into the tragedies.

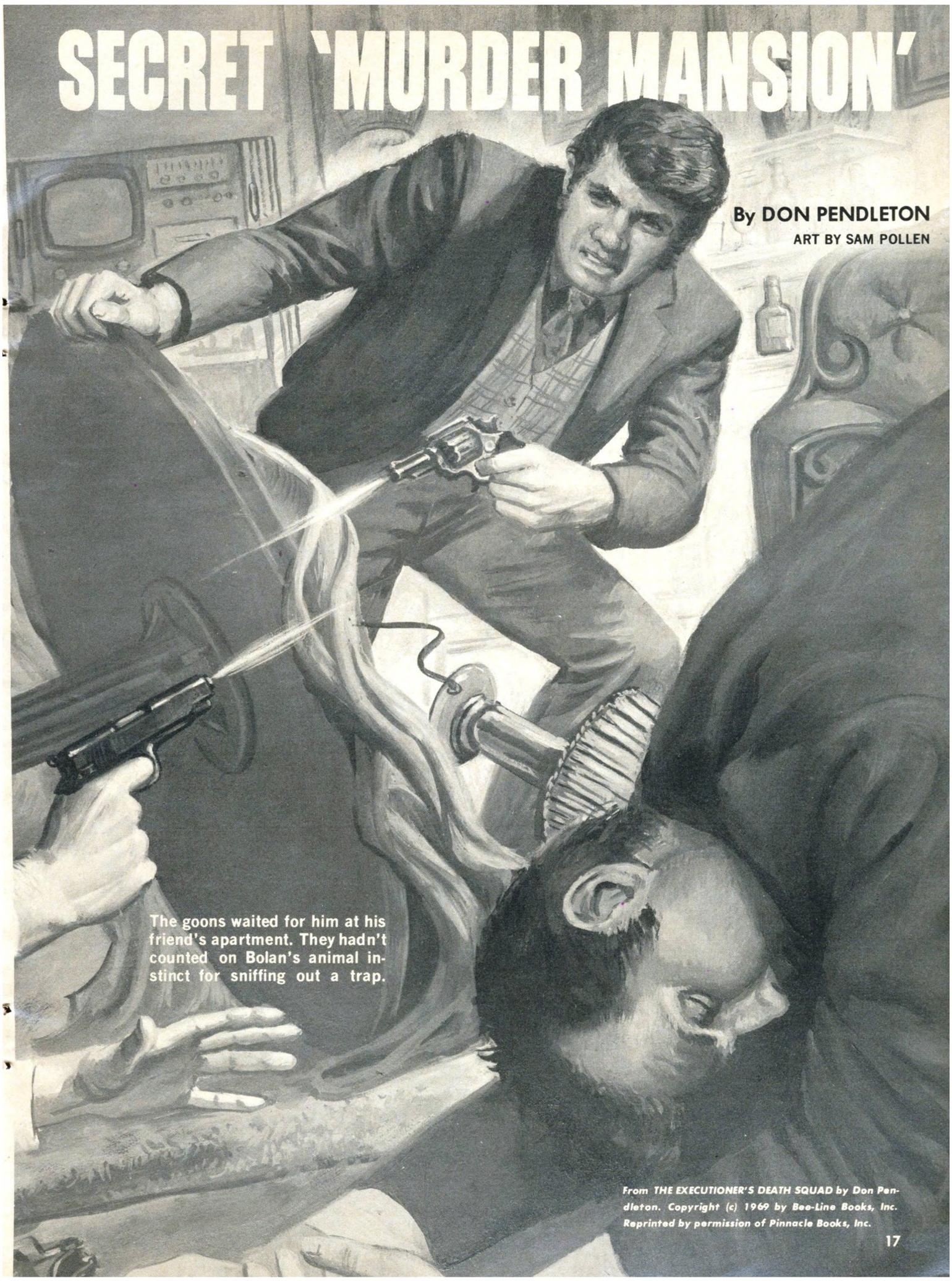
Bolan's grief turned to white-hot fury, and

he declared all-out warfare on the Big Mob entrenchments of his hometown, the Eastern city of Pittsfield. Unhampered by the usual restrictions imposed on legal authorities, Bolan carried jungle-warfare concepts directly to the enemy, and The Executioner's Battle of Pittsfield became an American legend overnight. Single handedly he smoked out the gangland principals and executed them in a daring series of encounters. "I am not their judge," Bolan declared. "I am their judgment—I am their executioner!"

But he was definitely outside the law. Though many officials secretly applauded the executioner's actions, he was officially charged with multiple counts of murder, arson, intima- (Continued on page 85)

SECRET 'MURDER MANSION'

By **DON PENDLETON**
ART BY **SAM POLLEN**



The goons waited for him at his friend's apartment. They hadn't counted on Bolan's animal instinct for sniffing out a trap.

From *THE EXECUTIONER'S DEATH SQUAD* by Don Pendleton. Copyright (c) 1969 by Bee-Line Books, Inc. Reprinted by permission of Pinnacle Books, Inc.

The KILLER

That



Whole herds of elephants were slaughtered by hunters and poachers. Finally the wardens moved the animals to a game preserve. But "Crazy" Albert refused to go.

ONE moment he wasn't there. The next moment he was, pawing at a rise just ahead. The elephant appeared that swiftly.

Dave Bolton braked his Land Rover. And the English couple, Charles and Eileen Drexler, married one month, slid from their rear seat. Charles Drexler complained, "Why the bleeding hell did you stop? We want to photograph the bugger."

Eric Hyatt, sitting beside Bolton in the passenger seat, said, "No, Mr. Drexler. Not that one. He's the one we call Crazy Albert. Get us out of here, Bolton. God, how I wish for a rifle."

The elephant called Crazy Albert was lowering his head, curling his trunk beneath his chin. He moved toward the Rover with ears wagging as sails do on booms.

"Why is he coming at us like that?" Eileen Drexler yelled in order to be heard above the engine and tire sounds.

"If it was any other elephant, I'd say blame it on marula berries. They ferment when they ripen. The elephants eat them and get drunk as hell," Bolton called out. "But Albert's not drunk. He's just mean."

Eric Hyatt nodded. Then, to no one in particular he said, "Would I love to see him dead."

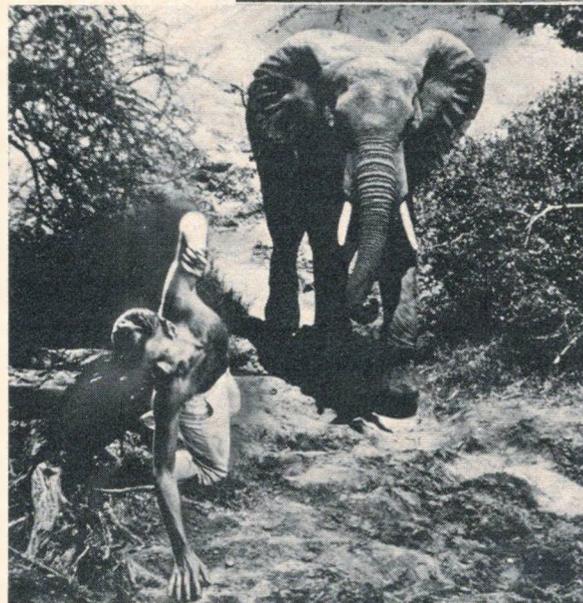
Bolton was turning the Rover away from the animal, and the incident should have ended with that, as Land Rovers outdistance elephants easily, even in low gear over East African washboard terrain. But it did not end. For Bolton, in turning, hit a bump, and Eileen Drexler lost her hold on her camera. When she leaned to retrieve it as it slid from the Rover, she too fell out.

Bolton stopped. He leaped out, telling Hyatt to take the wheel. Eileen Drexler was standing, holding her camera, saying, "I'm all right. You weren't moving fast."

"You move fast," Bolton said. For the elephant was hooting and (Continued on page 82)

Right: "Crazy" Albert's reputation as man-hater traveled far and wide. One photographer who heard about him came to Africa and got this photo of Albert charging.

By RICHARD FARRINGTON



ELEPHANT HUNTED MEN

Two busloads of tourists had ventured into the wilderness when suddenly the elephant appeared. He attacked the first bus while an occupant of the second bus snapped this photo.



He ruled the African plain until a man with a gun challenged him for overlordship of the land. So began one of the strangest feuds in history — a feud which could only end with the death of either the man or the beast he sought to kill

10 UNUSUAL TECHNIQUES CALL GIRLS USE ON MEN





Smart men don't need high-priced call girls to get maximum sexual pleasure. Instead, they instruct their women in the call girls' methods mentioned here.



The ultimate weapon in the call girls' arsenal—the one they use when all other arousal techniques fail—is called by the author the "Hot and Cold" treatment. Just reading about it is enough to make you tingle.

BARNEY Blaine was the kind of guy you normally don't get to meet if you're a hooker—and certainly not as a customer. He was a ruggedly handsome, clean-cut guy with a pair of bulging biceps that looked like coiled springs ready to pop—muscles, he said, he got from driving a bulldozer.

Now, if you're a hooker and a guy like Barney Blaine hires you for the night, you're bound to wonder why he should squander the dough on me when there were so many other chicks around who'd be willing to make it with him free?

One night my curiosity got the better of me, and,

though it was a rather unprofessional thing to do, I asked him.

"Well," he replied, "you know that thing you do with your hips right before I make it? . . . that special way you move that always makes me go off so fast?"

"You mean the zig-zag technique?" I asked.

"I don't know what you call it. But whatever it is, it drives me up a wall. I never had anything like it. And I never could teach an ordinary chick to do it because I never could figure out exactly what it is that you do."

Barney is living proof of an adage I learned at the very beginning of my career (Continued on page 76)

For the first time, a "pro" who became a living sex legend puts down on paper the special "tricks" she's learned—"tricks" that can add immeasurably to every man's sex style

By LYNN KEEFE

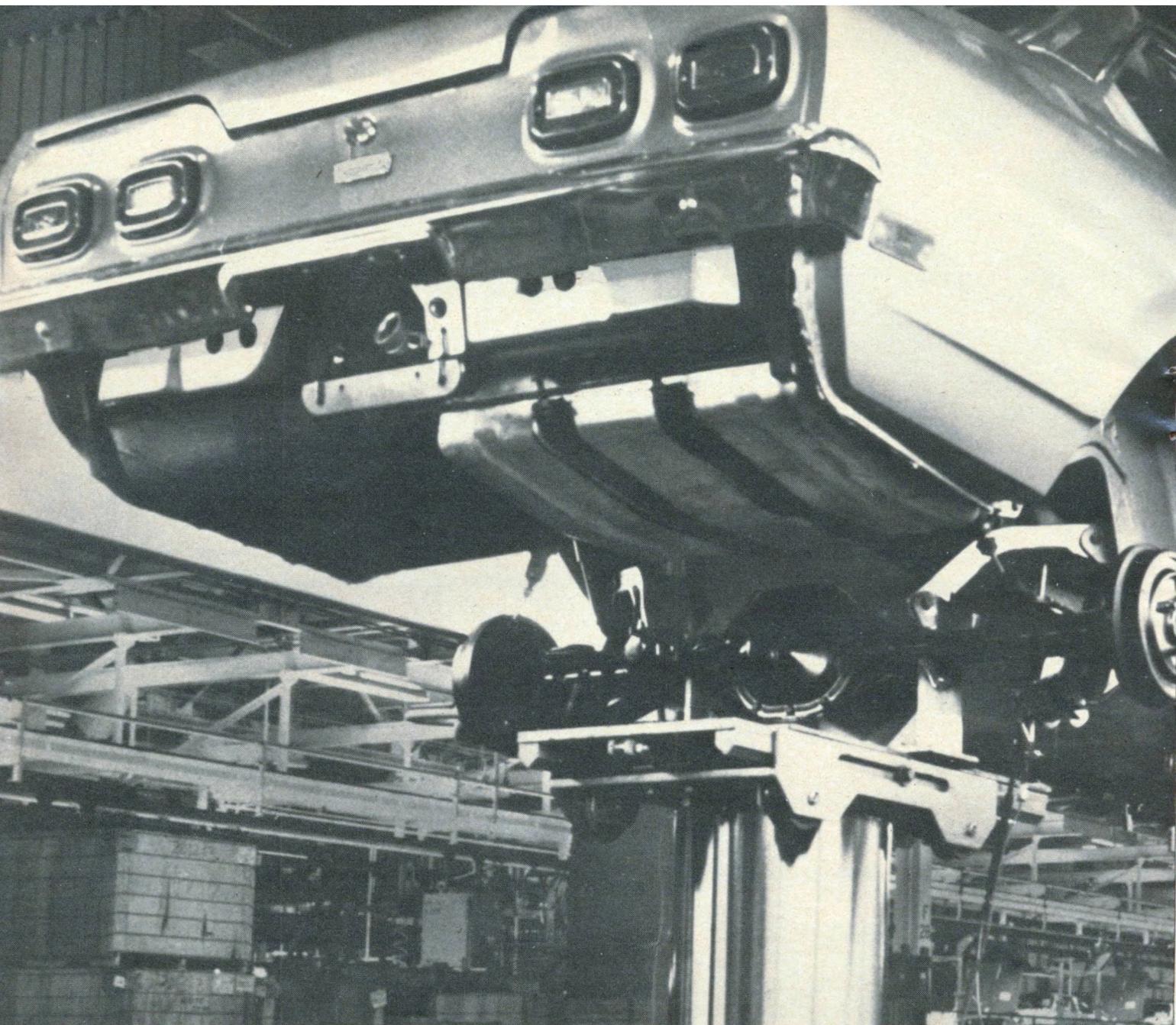
ABOUT LYNN KEEFE

For years Lynn Keefe was one of America's most successful women of pleasure. As a \$100-a-night (and up) call girl, then as madam of one of New York's poshest bordellos, this former secretary from Scranton, Pa., catered to the sex needs of some of the world's most demanding men. Her clients have included Broadway and Hollywood stars, major league ballplayers, and leading figures in business, industry and government.

After Miss Keefe retired from the world's oldest profession at a still-quite-young 28, she published her autobiography *How Did a Nice Girl Like You Get Into This Business?*, which is now a major motion picture starring Barbara Benton, Broderick Crawford, Robert Morley and Hampton Fancher, among others. She since has written a sequel, *Guess Who's Been Sleeping in My Bed?*, which tells about her between-the-sheets escapades with some of the most famous names in show business.

At present, Miss Keefe lives in Miami, where she lies on the beach and, in her own words, "writes when I get the urge." What she's now writing is her third book, which will be published soon "if the urge to write remains strong." (A major publisher has already contracted for it.) This article was especially adapted from the book by Miss Keefe for MEN.

—The Editors



50% OF ALL NEW CARS

YOU CAN FORCE DETROIT

"CAR BUYERS HAVE RIGHTS FEW OF THEM KNOW ABOUT. AND IT'S A GOOD THING THEY'RE IGNORANT. BECAUSE IF THEY UNDERSTOOD THEIR RIGHTS, THEY COULD FORCE CAR MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS LIKE ME TO DELIVER WHAT WE PROMISE IN OUR SALES PITCHES AND ADS." — A Prominent Midwest New-Car Dealer



Most new cars are assembled in little more than an hour. They are never test driven either—which is one good reason why so many of them come to the buyer with flaws.

HAVE DEFECTS. IF YOU GET ONE TO REPLACE A 'LEMON'

By JOHN LONNEGAN

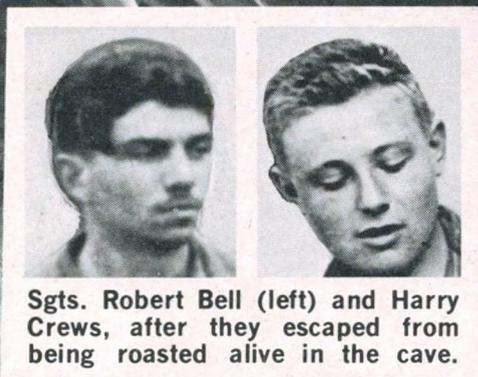
PETE Harriott went down to his dealer to pick up his made-in-Detroit automobile on a lovely spring day. When he arrived, his new auto was waiting for him, shining like an emperor's jewels in the bright sun.

Easing behind the wheel, he turned the key and heard the engine purr to life. Then he gunned it a bit, listening to the engine

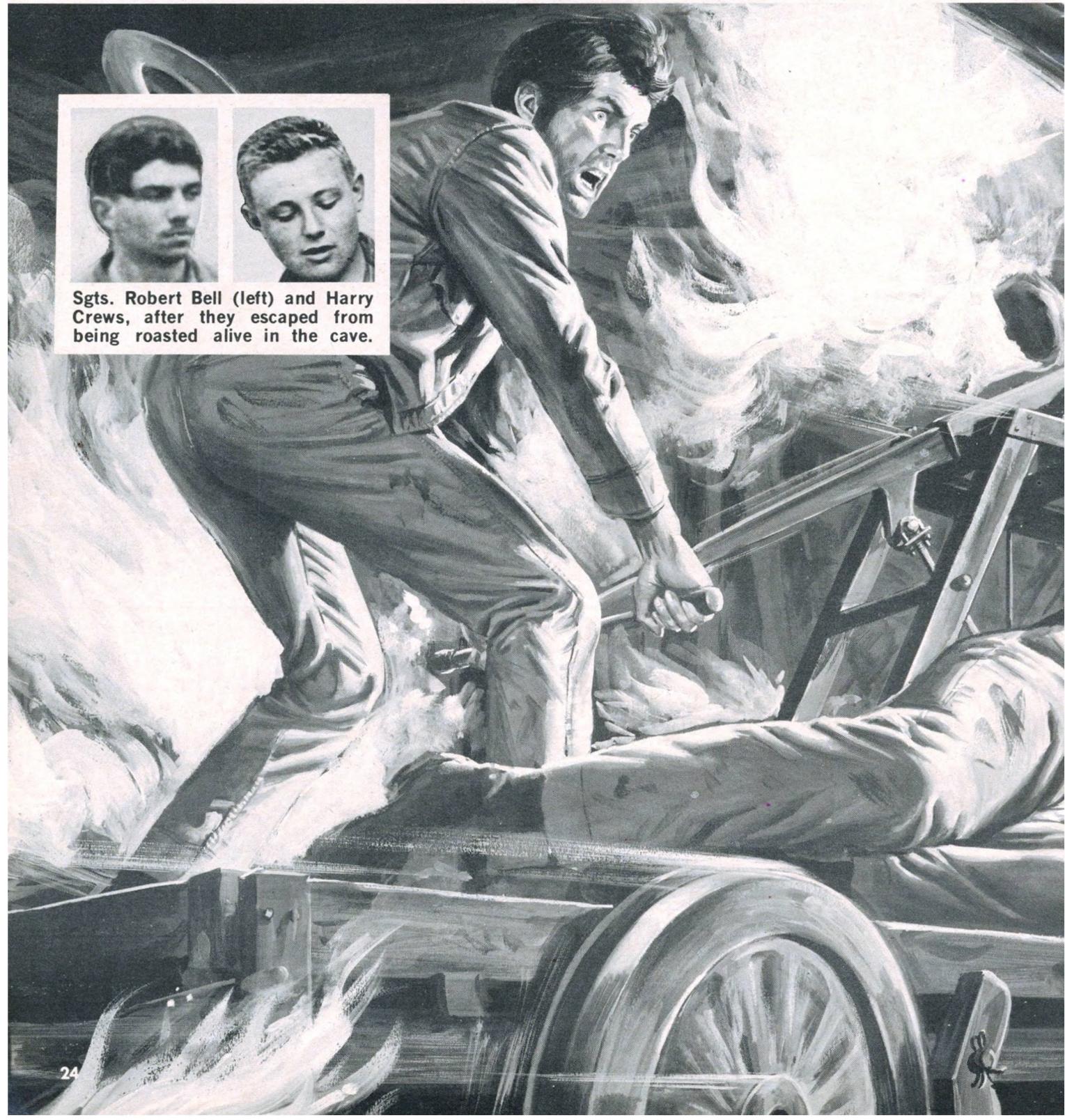
run smooth as silk. *Ah Pete*, he thought happily as he drove away, *you certainly bought yourself a \$3,700-beauty*. What he didn't know at the time was that he had also bought himself a war with Detroit.

It started the next day when the brakes on Pete's new car failed as he was backing out of his driveway. Luckily, he was going slow and there (Continued on page 66)

FIRE-BOMB AMBUSH IN A SECRET GERMAN TREASURE CAVE



Sgts. Robert Bell (left) and Harry Crews, after they escaped from being roasted alive in the cave.



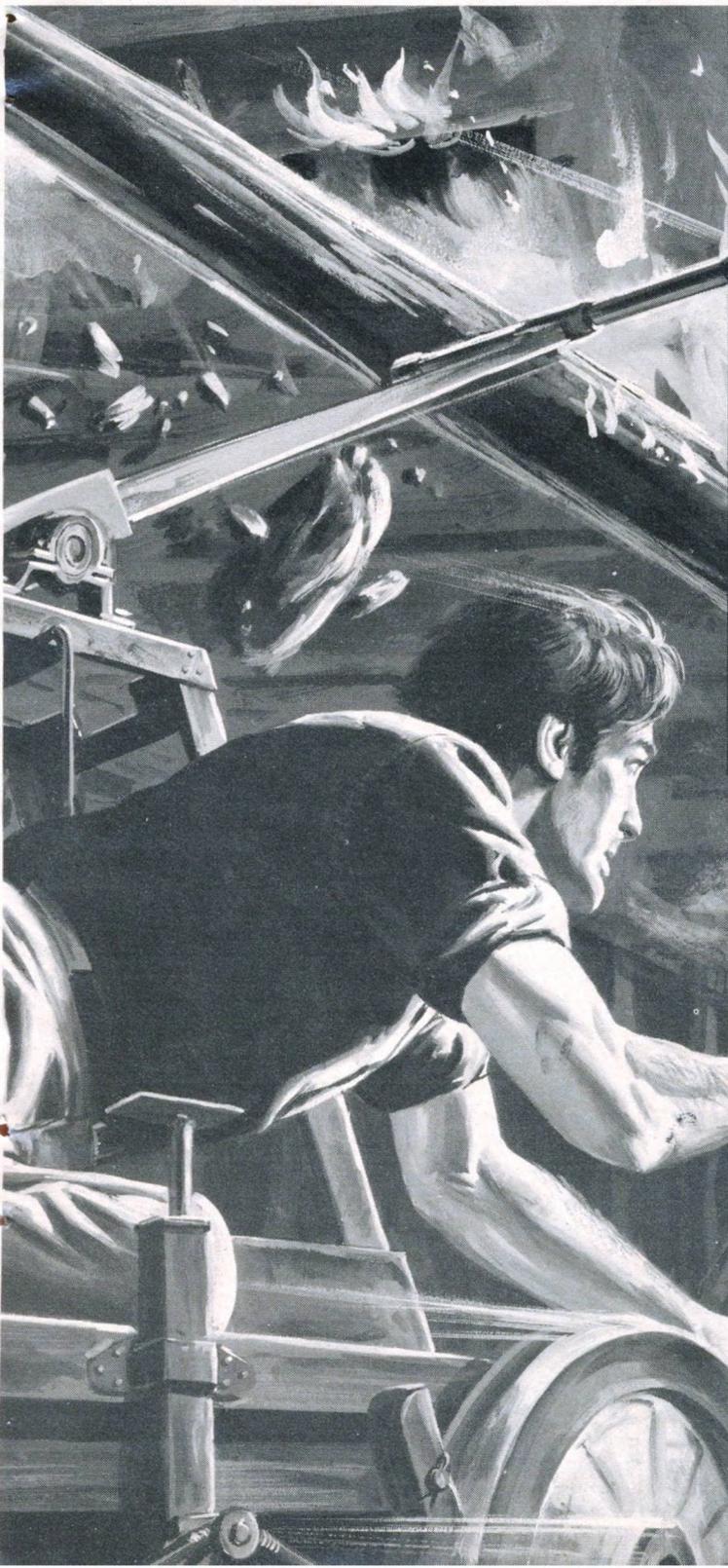
By TOM CHRISTOPHER ART BY BRUCE MINNEY

The incredible 1971 adventure of two ex-GIs who were besieged underground while searching for the last of the stolen treasures hidden by Nazi leader Hermann Goering at the end of WWII

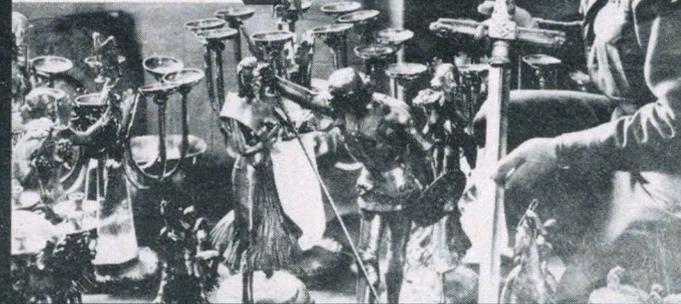
AS Robert Bell stood just outside the entrance of the tunnel and shined his flashlight into the blackness of the abandoned mine shaft, his partner, Harry Crews, asked expectantly, "Can you see anything in there?"

"Yeah," Bell said sarcastically. "I can see a goddamn hole that looks like it runs for about a thousand miles." Then, after directing the light's beam around the sides of the tunnel and across the roof to check the wooden shoring, he added, "Looks safe enough, though."

"Let's go then," Crews said. "If Hermann Goering did bury any looted treasure (*Continued on page 79*)



Most of the art treasures Goering (left) hid in caves was recovered. But there are millions more unaccounted for.



Wild in the Bed

By
BRAD
WHITAKER

MIKE Lydon met Julie Reed in a strange way—when he saw her getting pushed around by a tall guy in a blue suit in broad daylight.

He decided to get involved after the first slap, and swung his tow truck off the highway, bringing the vehicle to a stop. Then he dropped to the ground and started walking toward the squabbling couple. They were so busy telling each other off that they didn't know Mike was within 14 miles of them.

Mike had caught his initial glimpse of the pair when he came over a hill, driving slow because he was pulling a wrecked Pontiac with a shattered radiator and a caved-in roof.

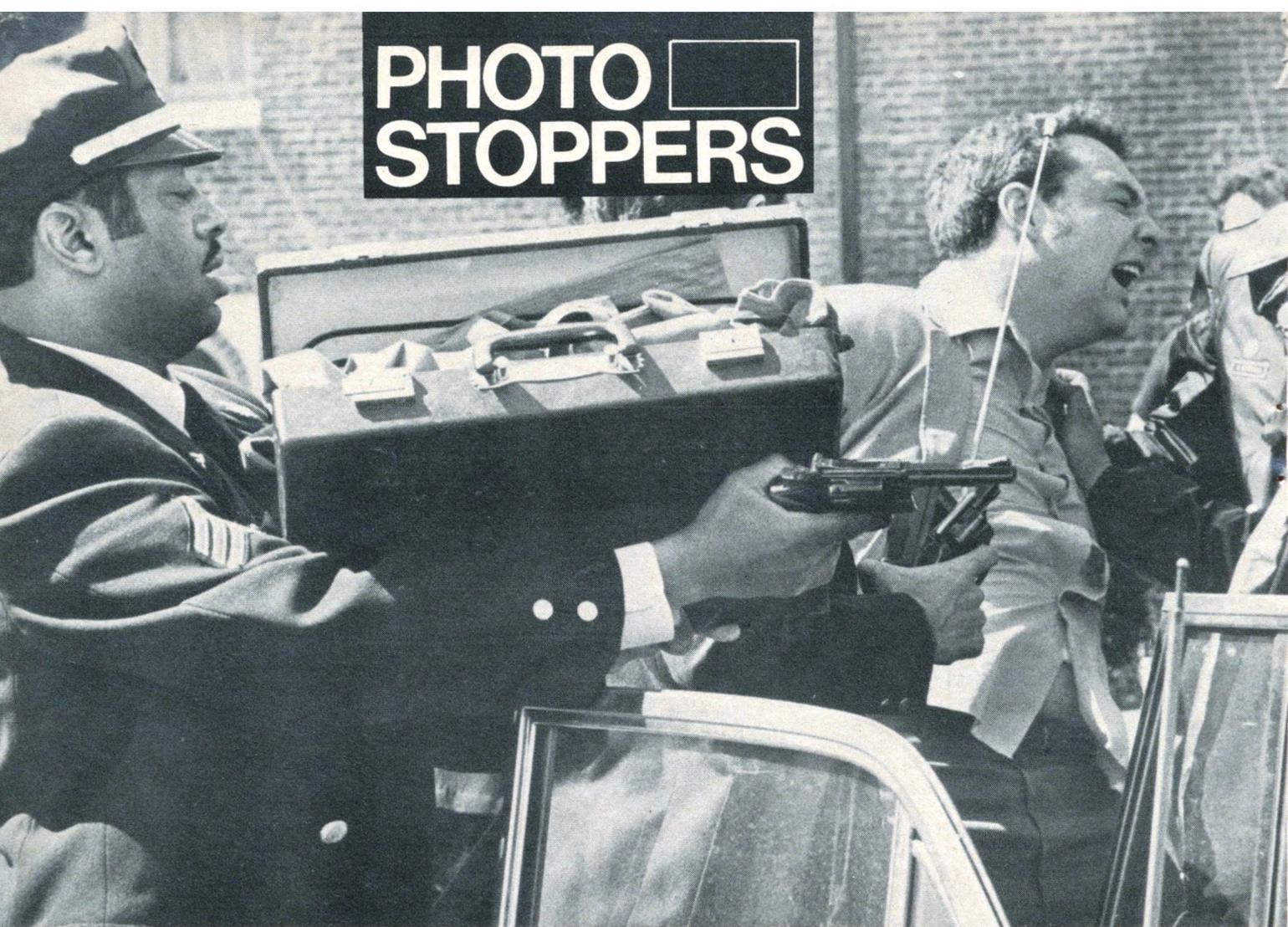
At this time, Julie and the guy in the blue suit were parked near an empty weighing station which consisted of a compact shack and a set of truck scales. About once a week, state inspectors took up posts there, waving down heavy trucks and checking their weight to see if the drivers were hauling heavier freight than the law permitted. The rest of the time, like now, the shack stayed locked. Often at night teen-agers parked behind it and did whatever teen-agers *(Continued on page 58)*

**FICTION
FOR MEN**

A black and white photograph of a blonde woman with shoulder-length hair, kneeling on a bed. She is wearing a checkered blazer over a dark, low-cut top. She is looking directly at the camera with a serious expression. The background consists of dark curtains.

For Mike, Julie was the kind of girl men like him dream about — the kind of girl a guy meets once in his lifetime. But his opinions about her changed when he saw the photographs she was trying to hide from the world

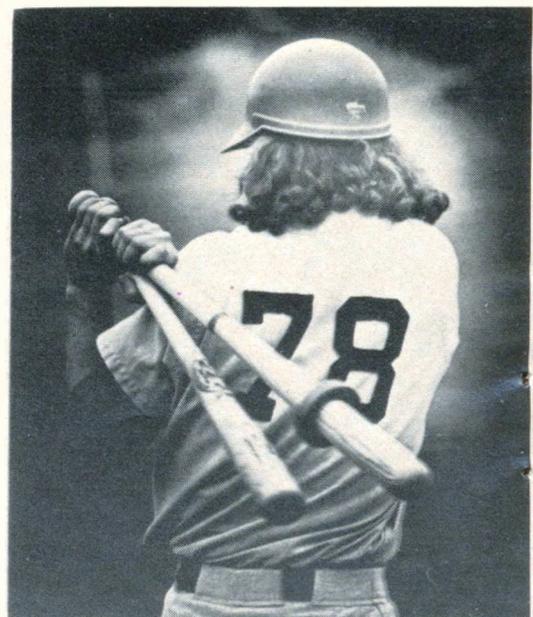
PHOTO STOPPERS



FAST WORK: Only 10 minutes after George H. Brown was alleged to have robbed an East Stamford, Conn., bank, he was nabbed in a barber shop with a suitcase of loot.



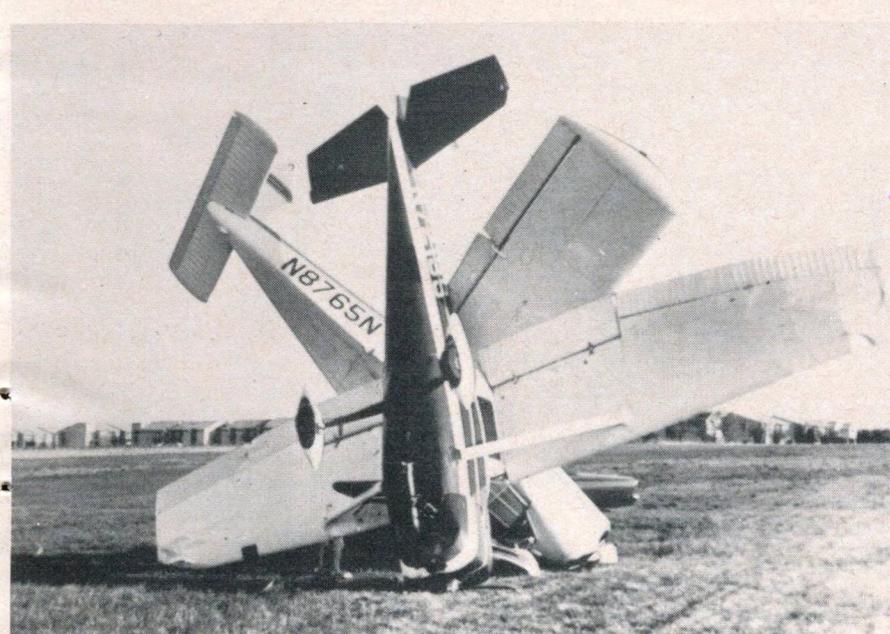
"NUDIE" NEWS: Nude movies are a dime a dozen these days. What makes Goldilocks and the Three Bares unusual is its feature: Joey Maxim, ex-light-heavyweight champ and conqueror of Sugar Ray Robinson.



SAMSON AT THE BAT: If the Biblical strongman ever played baseball, he'd look just like Curt Kelly.



NERVES OF STEEL: That's the only way to describe this hard hat working on the 14th floor of an Omaha, Neb. building.



IT'S A STORY YOU WON'T BELIEVE: These two planes actually collided and locked together 20 feet above a Texas runway—then crashed. Occupants of neither plane were seriously hurt.



NEVER TRUST A CAMERA-SHY OSTRICH: The director of a Tulsa zoo had all sorts of trouble trying to pose this fella.

U.S. Hijackers in Cuba Facing Segregated and Unhappy Life

Special to The New York Times

HAVANA, Dec. 7.—United States citizens who have hijacked airliners to Cuba are living here in segregated quarters.

According to their friends, most United States hijackers are unhappy, some to the point of extreme despondency, with their restricted life in a large residence known as Hijacker House in the Siboney district of Havana.

An 18-year-old high school dropout from Michigan, who

disliked life at Hijacker House, is believed by other hijackers to have plunged to his death Sept. 28 from a seventh-floor hotel room to which he had been permitted to move. His parents are reported to have tried in vain to have his body returned to the United States.

Friends of the hijackers here say that the death of this youth may not have been the only one among the scores of United States citizens who have forced planes to fly to Cuba.



A recent photo of Charley Loosen, taken after he fled Hijacker House, the place mentioned in the news story.



It would take a miracle to escape from the prison where Castro's bullies kept plane hijackers in virtual solitary confinement. And when the miracle came, Loosen grabbed at it

MOST airplane hijackers fit into two categories. The first one are the guys who grab a plane for political reasons—like the Palestinian guerillas who pulled that 747 caper a while back. The other ones do it because they're nuts: either they relish the feeling of power they get being in complete control of a flying aircraft, or they imagine they have a grudge against the world and they take it out on the airlines.

During my six weeks' stay at the place they call "Hijacker House" in Havana, Cuba, I met plenty of both kinds of hijackers, so I know what I'm talking about.

What was I doing in Hijacker House? Hell, I'm a plane hijacker myself! But I (Continued on page 71)



**A MILLION-TO-ONE GAMBLE THAT PAID OFF
I BUSTED OUT FROM CUBA'S
'TOWER OF TORTURE'
PRISON** By HIJACKER CHARLEY LOOSEN, as told to HAROLD PRINCE

ART BY EARL NOREM





Candy is Dandy

(ESPECIALLY WHEN IT'S PACKAGED LIKE CANDY FORD)

CAROL "Candy" Ford got her nickname from a part she played in a grade-school play. As she remembers it, "The play had something to do with tooth decay, and how eating too much candy caused it. I was dressed up as a candy package, and in the middle of one scene the paper material of the costume began to tear. By the end of the play all that was left was a few wisps of paper—and the rest of it was little ole' nude me! Imagine that: A nude scene when I was six!"

That "nude" scene must have been a prediction of some sort, for until a few months ago she was one of the most photographed models in her home city of Chicago. She left that to take a part in another play—in summer stock in the state of Washington—fell in love with the natural beauty of the state, and decided to stay.





Candy is Dandy

BESIDES the beautiful forest country of Washington, one other thing about the state has a hold on Candy—the men!

"I've met quite a few lumberjacks since I came here," she says, "and I like every single one of them. In Chicago all I met were city types—each of them either caught up in the rat race or trying to impress a girl with things that really don't count. But out here men are more natural. They say what's on their minds, and do what they feel like doing. I guess it comes from living so close to the land and nature. But whatever causes this honesty, I admire that in men."

And it's for certain men like that admire her.



KEYHOLE ON THE WORLD



A close-up on strange, out-of-the-way happenings around the globe

SAHARA REVISITED

In their search for a new, intriguing vacation adventure, travel agencies have come up with the Sahara Desert crossing. But inevitably, as with any large-scale travel package, danger has been supplanted by organized convenience.

One British travel agency features a trip across 500 miles of desolate Sahara sand to Timbuktu, legendary goal of 19th-century explorers. But unlike the early adventurers, the agency provides the tourist with four-wheeldrive vehicles, guides, mechanics and supply wagons carrying food, water, gas.

A German company offers a Sahara crossing from southern Algeria to Agades in Niger—in an air-conditioned coach trailer complete with bar.

Even for the hardy individual who attempts the crossing on his own, the dangers are no longer great. You must file a trip plan with local agencies and if, during your trip, you fail to check in at the stops along the route within a reasonable amount of time, African search parties are sent out. If you run into trouble through your own negligence, you must pay for the cost of search and rescue.

LOG JOG JAG

Beads of sweat erupted on Capt. Herbert (Smokey) Stover's forehead the minute he heard and felt a rhythmic *thump, thump, thump* over the drone of his Eastern Airlines Whisper Jet.

Flying at 33,000 feet, 30 minutes out of New Orleans, en route to New York, Stover and copilot Tom Zinn made a quick check of their instruments. There were no warning lights or bells and all instruments were reading in the green.

But the *thump, thump, thump* persisted, Zinn recalled in a recent edition of Eastern's employees' newspaper. Zinn timed the vibrations at a steady 140 thumps per minute. They rechecked the instruments. They were normal.

Stover and Zinn searched their memories of dozens of years of flight training and experience for an explanation of the steady *thump, thump, thump*, but found no answers.

Stover finally throttled back the engines. The thumping stopped. He decided to continue to New York, and the big jet landed safely.

As the crew headed for the operations office, a stewardess commented: "Man, did we have a weird passenger on this flight."

"What did he do?" Stover asked.

"Well," she explained, "this guy locked himself in the forward lavatory and then jogged in there for twenty minutes."

Sorry, but is that any way to "run" an airline?

"BLUE" FLOORS

Police are trying to track down the creators of a brand-new kind of pornography—tile floors with naked girls in sexual poses. Several thousands of the titillating tile sets are believed to have been exported to West Germany from Italy.

Individually, the tiles don't look naughty at all. But fit them all together, say police sources, and you can have the wildest, most erotic kitchen or bathroom imaginable.

PANTY HOSE vs. POLLUTION

Pollution is producing some unexpected results these days, not the least worrisome of which is the problem of disintegrating panty hose. Disintegrating panty hose? That's what police officers in London's Bishopsgate District said when 60 young women poured into the station house one day.

The girls said their panty hose, it seems, were victims of an acid dust carried by a sooty wind. As they walked through the Bishopsgate streets, the girls felt a tingling on their legs, and soon found their stockings full of holes and runs.

As the police officers set off to find the culprit, they soon discovered to be a local industrial chimney spouting pollutants.

TRUNK BUST

San Francisco policemen are trying what they call the "cop-in-the-trunk" trick in an attempt to stop an outbreak of robberies of cab drivers. The police borrow a taxi, and one cop in plain clothes drives while another hides in a specially padded trunk. A microphone is placed in the trunk, and the policeman there can hear dialogue from the cab. Using a two-way radio, he relays any suspicious-sounding conversation to a following police car.

The trunk duty is far from pleasant. "It gets a little hairy in the trunk," says Patrolman William Hemby. "It gets stuffy in there, and we change shifts after an hour. You get dizzy on those hills. You hear the sloshing of the gasoline and the squeaking of the brakes quite clearly."

HOW MONEY-HUNGRY MILLIONAIRES

The Great "Non-Profit" Foundation Scandal

The working stiff has to make up money lost to the government because of "charity" organizations

By **RON HOLLANDER**

FRIDAY is payday for millions of American working men—men like Danny Williams, a long-haul freight-truck driver who lives with his wife and two small kids in Pine Bluff, Ark. Danny's weekly earnings are \$305, but he never sees it. For when he opens his pay envelope \$40.35 has already been taken out for Federal taxes. Now to a guy like Danny, \$40.35 is nothing to sneeze at, not with four people to support. But it shouldn't *have* to be \$40.35. It could be a lot less if the supposedly "non-profit" and "philanthropic" foundations set up by some rich men as a tax dodge weren't allowed to operate with virtually no supervision by the government.

What do we mean? Well here's an example:

A while back, James H. Rand, Jr., former president of what is now the giant Sperry-Rand Corporation, founded the Public Health Foundation for Cancer and Blood Research, Inc., of Stuart, Florida.

But instead of doing medical research, the Internal Revenue Service found that:

It gave grants of \$10,000 and \$15,000, respectively, to two of Rand's old business buddies for "achievement in charitable" (Continued on page 48)

MS3 Order 3 Foundations To File State Reports

Three charitable foundations with total assets of more than \$430,000 have been ordered by a court to file financial reports. The court order was issued by Judge J. M. ...

Foundations Face Uncertain Future

By **M. A. FARBER**

Philanthropic foundations, accused of doing too much for themselves and too little for society, have in the last year been more stringently criticized, more feverishly defended and more ...

... nation, will rise in the next decade.

Foundations are at present estimated to spend ...

LEGALLY ESCAPE TAXES

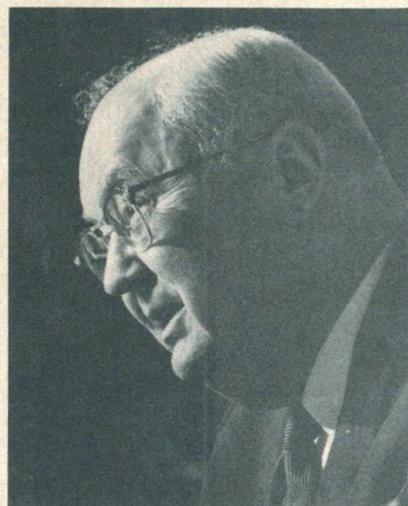
EXPOSE



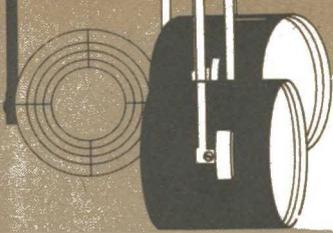
Thanks to foundations some rich men live luxuriously—the best homes, boats, women—on tax-free dollars. But there's more to the tax-dodge gimmick, as you'll learn.



Some foundations have supported entertainment, gambling, parties.



Rep. Wright Patman made startling discoveries about foundations.



In the

Special Features of Extraordinary Interest

ANIMAL MEDICINE MESS

—you run large risks when you take your pet to a vet

A GUY we know recently brought his pet German shepherd—a pure-bred worth \$300—to the veterinarian for some shots. The vet insisted on keeping the dog overnight to observe the effects of the injections.

The guy picked up his dog the next day. A week later it was dead. It had contracted a rare stomach virus from the vet's kennels—cages which would have made an Army latrine look sanitary.

Another guy we know—a writer for this magazine,



The next time your pet gets sick, check out the vet you send it to. It might be a matter life-or-death for the pet—and your wallet.

in fact—recently took his sick cat to the local animal doctor. The cat wasn't eating and was sleeping all the time. The vet clucked, shook his head wonderingly, took the cat's temperature, gave it a couple of shots, then sent it home after hitting the owner for \$42 and admitting he wasn't sure what was wrong with the cat but maybe the shots would help.

The cat perked up for a day or two (it turned out later one of the shots was a stimulant), then went into a fast decline. The writer rushed it backed to the vet. The vet shook his head again, said "Sorry, I just don't understand what's wrong," charged the guy another eight bucks and sent him to an animal hospital. There they discovered that the cat was suffering from an intestinal infection which had to be treated in its early stages or else it would be fatal. The early stages were past. The vet had not diagnosed the disease

properly and the animal had to be put away.

Horror tales like these have been rolling in from across the country by the thousands as pet owners sadly discover that many animal doctors are incompetent, avaricious, cruel, indifferent or just outright corrupt. So bad and so widespread have the abuses become that the Journal of the American Veterinary Medical Association recently had to warn its members that it was their duty to squawk about wrongdoing colleagues rather than remain professionally aloof.

Americans are the biggest animal lovers in the world. They annually spend \$2 billion on their pets—more than the national budgets of two-thirds the member states of the UN. A sizeable portion of that goes to veterinarians. Since most vets charge fees even higher than most family doctors, pet owners should be entitled to competent, intelligent medical care.

They aren't getting it.

For one thing, most vets are poorly trained. They're taught how to spot diseases in farm animals, and it's only after they've been in practice a while that they start to learn something about cats and dogs. But as Americans increasingly *(Continued on page 46)*

SEX SECRETS

—honesty, you'll learn, isn't always the best policy

A FEW months back, when Tom Wicker came home after a long stay in the hospital for injuries he got in an industrial accident, his young wife hit him with a bombshell. She confessed to him that one evening, while he was still convalescing, she went to bed with their next-door neighbor. She couldn't help it, she told him. With Tom in the hospital, she hadn't had sex for more than a month, and her body was aching for it. It was the first time in their five years of marriage that she cheated on him, and now that Tom was home and getting better it would certainly be the last time.

After that, things went steadily downhill for the Wicker marriage. Tom couldn't look at his wife without feeling she was a whore. A month after his wife bared her soul to him, Tom filed for a divorce. His wife did not contest it.

The sad part about the whole thing is, it should never have happened. If Tom's wife hadn't revealed her one-night affair, a perfectly happy marriage would not have gone on the rocks. And it points out what marriage counselors are saying about such kinds of confessions: Laying bare detailed experiences of one's past, where such experiences have caused no harm to the other partner of the marriage, can wreck a good marriage.

Dr. William Selig, the psychiatrist who treated Tom's wife after the divorce, explained it this way:

SPOTLIGHT

"Her confession was a silly thing to do. She and the neighbor realized it was just one of those things, and agreed not to see each other again. She was still deeply in love with Tom, and she had a beautiful marriage. And what Tom didn't know wouldn't have hurt him, or the marriage. Moreover, Tom's wife knew he was the very jealous kind, and was bound to feel hostility toward her once she told him about the affair. She should have known things would have ended the way they did if she told him."

What Dr. Selig—and a growing number of professionals—are coming to realize is that complete honesty in a marriage, to the point of revealing even the most minute details of a partner's sexual past, is not always the best thing. The old adage about having no secrets whatsoever between husband and wife is slowly being discarded. More and more psychologists and psychiatrists are coming around to thinking that detailed confessions, where the fiancée or spouse is not involved, and where the sexual episode being confessed has in no way hurt the other partner, can serve no useful purpose.

This does not mean that episodes of a person's sexual past should always be *(Continued on page 46)*

THE CHECK FORGERY EXPLOSION

—what you must do to protect yourself

WOULD you cash a check for a total stranger who stopped you on the street, gave you a hard-luck story and asked you to do him a favor?

Of course you wouldn't, for that's like begging to be robbed blind.

If that's the case, then Americans are begging to be robbed blind, for last year the bad-check racket cost the American public a reported \$500,000,000 a year! That's a reported figure, for police estimate another \$100,000,000 in forged or bad checks went unreported because the check amounts were small—under \$100—and the victims did not want to take the time to go to the police. No wonder, then, that the bad-check racket is said to be the hottest one in America. It is so widespread that there is a good chance you might become a victim, unless you understand how forgers work and you follow certain rules to insure yourself against being taken in.

There are basically three kinds of bad-check artist: the one who asks his victims to cash a check; the one who alters the amount on a check legitimately handed out; and the one who forges a signature and cashes the check in a bank or store. Let's take each one, show how they operate, then look at the rules which you should follow in order not to fall prey to their game.

The guy who asks his sucker to cash his personal check does not, of course, operate in so blatant a manner as to stop someone on the *(Continued on page 46)*

THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE

—new findings bound to shock people trying to lose weight

MEDICAL research believes it has come up with an explanation for obesity and overeating—and that explanation is bad news for every guy with a spare tire around his middle.

The culprit is something called a fat cell. These are cells in the body which store fat like safes store money. The key to how fat you get, scientists have now discovered, is how many cells you have. The more you've got, the plumper you'll be—and no amount of dieting can reduce the number of cells.

The implications of this are staggering. Since you

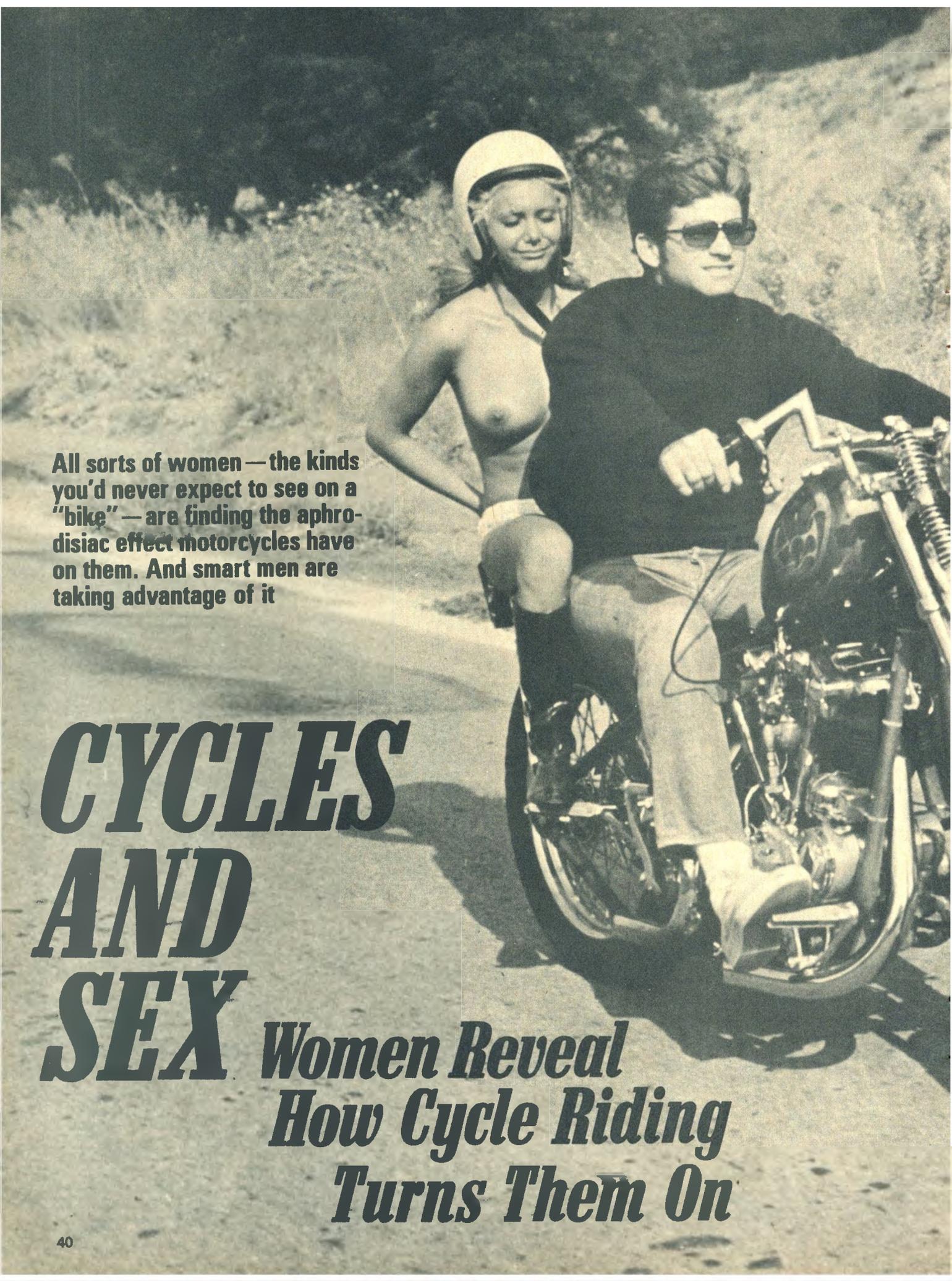


Many overweight people will do anything to reduce. But if recent medical findings are correct, all their efforts may have been in vain.

can't get rid of cells, the most you can hope to do by dieting is reduce the amount of fat stored in each cell. But unfortunately the cells crave being full the way women in heat crave men. Starve them and they only become more insatiable. A man with a great many cells is doomed, therefore, either to lifelong obesity or—if he tries to diet and starve the cells—to perpetual hunger.

Scientists aren't exactly certain how people with a great many cells acquire them. It may be determined by heredity, which would explain why fat couples usually have fat children. Or it may be determined by the amount of food you were fed in infancy. In those early years, the cells apparently multiply in proportion to the amount of food pumped into the body.

What is certain is that once the number of cells is fixed for life, the amount you then eat won't have much impact on your weight. A skinny person with few cells can stuff himself and *(Continued on page 46)*



All sorts of women — the kinds you'd never expect to see on a "bike" — are finding the aphrodisiac effect motorcycles have on them. And smart men are taking advantage of it

CYCLES AND SEX

*Women Reveal
How Cycle Riding
Turns Them On*



The vibrations of a motorcycle under them, the thrill of living dangerously, the feel of the wind in their hair—all these stimulate women to uncontrollable outpourings of passion.

By ARCHER SCANLON

MARCY was a tall, willowy, long-legged blonde who often paraded around without a bra in tight blouses and sweaters made of very thin material. She looked great. She also looked like she'd be great in bed. But her great-in-bed look was deceiving. For the report on her was that while she was receptive to sex as an idea, she was a dud when it came down to the nitty-gritty, reacting with as much passion as a limp rag doll. As far as the guys who came up weekends to the swinging resort in Pennsylvania's Pocono Mountains were concerned, she wasn't worth wasting time on, there being so many other really "hot" broads available.

Tim Morgan, however, felt that any broad as goodlooking as Marcy deserved some special consideration. What's more, he didn't think he would be wasting his time because he had a secret sex weapon—a big Harley. From past experience, he knew that if anything could arouse a woman to great love-making, it was a fast spin on a chopper. So one Friday evening, he drove his chopper to the resort instead of taking a bus or renting a car.

Bright and early the next morning, Tim had Marcy in front of him on the chopper, teaching her how to drive it. With one arm around her waist and his mouth close to one of her ears, he spent a couple of hours showing her what to do—how to pop the clutch in, how to feed the gas slowly and gently, how to brake, and how to steer and turn with her body instead of with the handlebars.

Then, when she had the mechanics under control, he told her *(Continued on page 62)*

MEN'S NEWSLETTER

(Continued from page 11)

recognized by the National Homes Study Institute. And Uncle Sam will pick up 100 percent of the tab . . .

MILITARY BRASS CONVINCED ONCE WE GET OUT OF VIETNAM OUR ARMED FORCES' NARCOTICS PROBLEM WILL BE CUT 75 PERCENT . . .

UNDER THE HOOD

HOW MANY CAR-REPAIR SHOPS CAN BE ON THE LEVEL WITH OFFERS OF FREE INSPECTIONS? WELL, REMEMBER THAT MOST MECHANICS WORK ON COMMISSION. WHEN THEY DO NO REPAIR WORK THEY GET NO PAY . . .

Smartest car-insurance buy is coverage that pays off if you are injured in an accident caused by uninsured driver. A dozen states require the coverage. If yours does not, you can get it for a mere \$2 a year . . .

DON'T BELIEVE THE TALK THAT YOU WILL NEVER GET USED TO WEARING A SEAT BELT. ALMOST EVERYONE DOES—AND LATER ON ARE ALWAYS UNCOMFORTABLE WITHOUT ONE . . .



If this doesn't teach you . . . nothing will

Detroit's petrified by rumor that government is considering proposal to disallow all deals on new-car purchases. Manufacturer would be required to cut down to a firm list price and all dealers would have to sell at that rate. Reformers say only difference would be that dealers that give good car servicing would end up with the business and consumers would no longer be gouged . . .

IF YOU'RE CONSIDERING BUYING A FOREIGN CAR, REMEMBER ONLY VOLKSWAGEN AND VOLVO HOLD UP ON DEPRECIATION. IMPORTS LIKE RENAULT, OPEL, FIAT AND TOYOTA CAN CRASH A GRAND OR MORE THE FIRST YEAR

And don't forget that while the initial cost of a foreign job can be low, maintenance costs can be murder. Replacing a single-barrel carburetor on a British built Cortina will run an owner about \$107. The whole car can be purchased for under \$1800 . . .

HOW MUCH CHANCE DO YOU HAVE TO GET DETROIT TO REPLACE A LEMON? NOT LONG AGO FEDERAL TRADE COMMISSION ASKED MANUFACTURERS FOR DATA ON SUBJECT AND NEITHER FORD NOR AMERICAN MOTORS OFFERED PROOF OF A SINGLE CAR EXCHANGE

It doesn't pay to sink money in a car before trading it in. Used-car dealer can get the same repairs at about half the cost to you. Thus, for \$100 worth of tires you'll be lucky to get \$50 credit, if that . . .

MUGS, MOLLS, MAYHEM

WORST THING THAT CAN HAPPEN TO A MAN IN PRISON IS TO BE AN EYEWITNESS TO A SERIOUS CRIME RIGHT INSIDE THE PRISON WALLS. AUTHORITIES WILL EXPECT HIM TO STOOL AND IF HE GIVES ANY SIGN OF COOPERATION, HE'S A DEAD DUCK AS FAR AS OTHER CONS ARE CONCERNED . . . And wildest finding of the year comes from a German criminologist who claims his research shows that between 95 and 98 percent of murderers he studied expressed a definite liking for cauliflower . . .



He's feeling his cauliflower

On the other hand, a Michigan judge says that a boss who gives a woman employee a "friendly kiss" is guilty of assault and battery . . .

FBI INSIDERS CLAIM AGENCY IS GETTING "BAD RAP" OF CLAIMS BY POLITICIANS AND MAFIA MEN THAT G-MEN ARE CONSTANTLY TAPPING THEIR TELEPHONES. FBIERS INSIST BUGS ARE OFTEN WORK OF SUSPICIOUS WIVES . . .

Italian pickpockets find American tourists, both men and women, such easy marks that several dozen are emigrating to this country where every passerby's a likely victim . . .

BIG LIE THAT VIET VETS ARE CRIME PROBLEM. SO FAR THEIR CONVICTION RATE LAGS FAR BEHIND THAT OF WWIIERS AND KOREAN EX-GIs . . .

Those streetwalkers in midtown NYC who offer special services in doorways have banded together so that at least three other girls are nearby in case a guy tries to welch. If he does, girls bring him in line by threatening to yell molester at him . . .

CONNECTICUT COURT HAS RULED THAT A MAN HAS A RIGHT TO PHYSICALLY KEEP HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW OUT OF HIS HOUSE . . .



Helping to keep the Old Bag out

CYNICAL OLDER COPS CAN'T RESIST POINTING OUT MEN IN BLUE ALWAYS GET A HARD TIME ABOUT RAISES UNTIL THERE'S A RASH OF SEX ATTACKS OR SEX MURDERS IN THE AREA. THEN, SUDDENLY, THE RAISES COME THROUGH . . .

Supposed to be a deep secret but one city cleared up its hooker problem by not arresting the girls. Instead, the chief gave orders that the girls's pimps were to be slapped around by vice boys at every opportunity. Magically, the streetwalkers disappeared . . .

TOP AND BOTTOM OF THE BARREL

WITHIN NEXT TEN YEARS THERE MAY BE NO MORE AMPUTEE PROBLEM. DR. EUGENE M. LANCE OF CORNELL UNIV. SAYS, "IT IS MY BELIEF THAT IN THE NEXT DECADE WE WILL BE ABLE TO TRANSPLANT JOINTS AND WHOLE LIMBS." REJECTION PROBLEM STILL HAS TO

BE LICKED BUT MOST MEDICS SAY IT SOON WILL BE . . .

Relax about that radiation hazard from color TV sets. Govt. now has manufacturers under tight control on that. But problem is still serious for another reason: Your set may be perfectly okay, but an incompetent serviceman can foul up the works so there will be considerable X-ray leakage from previously safe set. Only protection is using a repairman you know is qualified to do the work . . .

IF ALL THE BRAWLS BETWEEN PLAYERS BECAME KNOWN TO THE PUBLIC, BOTH FOOTBALL AND BASEBALL WOULD LOSE THEIR LILYWHITE REPS OVERNIGHT. MOST SQUABBLES AND FISTFIGHTS ARE BETWEEN PLAYERS WHO MAKE A LOT OF MONEY AND THOSE WHO FEEL THEY'RE UNDERPAID . . .



At least it's out in the open

Good idea in boat-buying is to find one with most of the equipment already put in, such as life perservers, racks for ski and fishing gear, a bait well and good deck cleats. Stuff's expensive and time-consuming to put in later . . .

HOSPITALS FIND THAT SOME PATIENTS RECOVER FASTER WHEN THEY ARE EXPOSED TO CERTAIN HOMEY SMELLS, HONEYSUCKLE AND HOT BUSCUITS FOR EXAMPLE WITH SOUTHERNERS . . .

Big fight going on behind the scenes at NASA. Some scientists want future astronauts to be teenagers or certainly in their twenties at the latest. They say much more could be accomplished in space exploration with youngsters who can better take the rigors of rocket travel and variations of gravitational pull . . .

IN HAMBURG, GERMANY, YOU CAN CALL A CERTAIN NUMBER, GET INSTANT MEDICAL ADVICE ON WHAT TO DO FOR A HANGOVER ON THE MORNING AFTER . . .

Strange aftermath to those California earthquakes: Many girls admit they have turned more promiscuous since the tragedy . . .

JOE WEIDER
PRESENTS

THE TRIM MASCULINE

Here's where you shop for your "BODY SHAPERS FOR THE 70's"—to Shape You Up—to help You Lose Weight or Gain Weight—and create a more Masculine, Virile You!



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**PUT MUSCLE
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Quickly add up to 2" on your arms, 4" on your chest. Build rippling back muscles. Thick, broad shoulders. The power to lift girls over your head with one arm! One twist of the "007" TWISTER and every muscle in your body ripples with new vigor and power. Builds strong muscles FAST!—muscles that make you an action-packed guy and a super-charged tiger with the girls! Easy-to-use. No adjustments. No assembly. Use it right out of the box for instant muscle-building fun! Made of chromed-steel tubing, the TWISTER is tough... durable... like you'll be! Guaranteed to muscle you up or your money back. ORDER NOW! Only \$9.98

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EXTRA BONUS GIFT: 3 copies of Muscle Builder magazine, worth \$1.80... yours FREE!



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\$9.98
WITH COURSE



2 This "Killer Karate Krusher" gives you pulverizing hand power!

Just 5 minutes a day for 30 days builds your hands into granite-hard battering-rams of power! Simply fit your fingers into the leather grippers, and with your very first squeeze, you'll instantly start building invincible new power into every tendon and ligament of your hands and fingers!



**MAYBE YOU
DON'T WANT TO
BREAK A BRICK IN
TWO WITH YOUR BARE FISTS OR RIP
A PHONE BOOK IN HALF—BUT
WOULDN'T IT BE GREAT IF YOU COULD?**

Here's a brand new way... a fantastically successful system that turns your hands into fearsome, devastating arsenals of power! Based on centuries-old secrets of Japanese Killer Cults and a Space Age hand-building principle, my **KILLER KARATE KRUSHER** can make you into a two-fisted tank of power... able to take care of yourself... anytime... anywhere... in all situations! You'll never again fear any man or turn away from any challenge. ORDER IT TODAY! Only ~~\$9.98~~ postpaid.

MY GUARANTEE TO YOU: You'll own fearsome, ferocious, crippling arsenals of hand power—and become a "Terror-Fighter," able to take care of yourself in every situation — IN 30 DAYS — or your money back!

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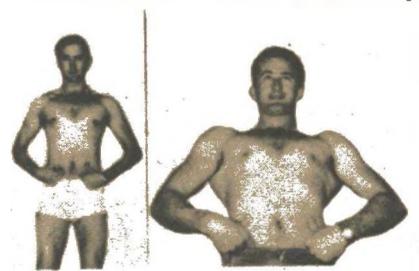
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3 THE END OF THE SKINNY BODY

Drink on as much as 14 pounds in the next 14 days this delicious FUN way!



BEFORE—James Parker at a thin 158 pounds. **AFTER** 14 days on the Crash-Weight Plan, Jim weighed 175 pounds.

GAINS 14 POUNDS IN 14 DAYS!

HEY YOU SKINNY GUYS! Thousands are doing it every day. **WHY NOT YOU?** Here's a totally new breed of nutritional "wildcat" drink that's guaranteed to put an end to your hungry-looking, muscle-poor body... through a new, scientifically-blended milkshake-tasting drink. **Crash-Weight Formula #7** Plan puts meat on your frame. Fleshes out your narrow, shallow chest, skinny arms and spindly legs. Nobody likes a bag of bones! With my proven **Crash-Weight Plan** you just drink 4 milk-shake-delicious glasses with your regular meals and take in an extra 3500 calories daily... to help you pile on the weight FAST! (It's the calories that count when you want to put on some handsome weight!) The nice thing about my weight-gain plan is that it's so easy to take. No complicated exercise to do. No bloating, heavy-as-lead foods to force into your system. The **Formula #7 Plan** does all the work... you just sit around, take it easy, be as lazy as you want—and in a few days you'll see measurable weight gains pile up! Check the coupon for the Plan and flavor you want to use to put an end to your skinny body. Guaranteed to put weight on you or your money back.

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7-day supply: \$8.00 • 14-day supply: \$14.98
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BODY LOOK FOR THE '70'S!

Your Good Looks—Your Health—Your Virility—are *Your* responsibility. So Start NOW to use one or more of these "Body Shapers For the 70's". Shake up your physical fitness program and Light Up the 70's!

4

Joe Weider Creates . . .



the STRONG ARM METHOD

with these New

"HELL BENT for LEATHER N' LEAD" BRACELETS—

They Turn Your Arm Power On!

ARE YOU MAN ENOUGH TO WEAR THEM?

Snap on these electrifyingly New "HELL-BENT FOR LEATHER N' LEAD" Strong Arm Bracelets—and instantly your arms will start getting bigger and "oozing" 100% more power—almost without effort! Your body will take on the appearance of ferocious strength . . . striking fear and terror into anyone who would even think of attacking you!

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SHE'LL LOVE THE LOOK OF YOUR ARM POWER!

Your manhood and virility will quickly COME ALIVE to women! They'll instantly sense your sex appeal and want to be in your arms.

THEY SPELL OUT 'POWER' — & ARE 'MOD'-STYLED

Expertly crafted from genuine leather and gold-toned lead weights—with the word P-O-W-E-R spelled out on each of them—these bracelets are the latest in mod fashions. They go well with all your clothes, turning them into vigorous-looking styles. You come alive with muscle and sex appeal—ALL AT THE SAME TIME!

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Come on, Tiger—give these Strong Arm "HELL-BENT FOR LEATHER N' LEAD" bracelets a try for 10 days—entirely at our risk. If you don't turn on the Arm Power fast, you can return them for a full refund. Fair? START NOW TO BECOME MORE OF A MAN IN SECONDS!



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Or, Get 2 (1 for each wrist)
FOR ONLY **\$14.95**

5 Another JOSEPH WEIDER Breakthrough!

Slim DOWN & MAKE OUT

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THE INSTANT SLIMMER



Just slip on Joe Weider's New "Science Weapon", SLIM GARD and instantly start trimming your waist and hips to a sexy-slim size—without dieting—without tedious exercise!

And when combined with the "Slimmer's Routine" SLIM GARD can really flatten your pot belly and "pulverize" unwanted fat away from all over your body! Here's Proof: In a controlled University test, students reported waist losses of up to 3 1/4 inches and overall fat losses of 17 pounds—IN ONLY 2 WEEKS! They called it a "small miracle" the way it worked so fast!

Yes. SLIM GARD has really revolutionized weight reducing. Men everywhere are regaining their youthful, virile appearance by wearing it under their clothes and letting it work for them as they sit, stand, walk, run, bend, eat, watch TV or relax. It turns the simplest body movement into a waist-trimming exercise without effort. It can work "miracles" on your waistline, too.

And remember, SLIM GARD is hidden—no one knows—nothing shows . . . SLIM GARD's secret is its gentle but firm "hugging" action that keeps warm air in—cool air out, trimming inches effortlessly away!

SLIM GARD and the "Slimmer's Routine" work effectively for the fat or slender man. Simple instructions are included for the man who wants to quickly lose 20 to 40 pounds . . . and for the slender fellow who wants to lose only a few inches off his waist without losing weight.

And remember, SLIM GARD is hidden—no one knows—nothing shows . . . except the inches that go. You're guaranteed impressive results in 14 days or your money back!

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Savvy Slimming Tricks to Shape You Up and Trim You Down. Here's Part 3 to the Slimming Formula—the suprisingly effortless "Aerobic/Circuit" training routine used by athletes, coaches and models to get into shape fast. Within 14 days you'll be Firmer, Slimmer, More Energetic and Stronger—creating a New, Youthful, Sexier more Exciting You! IT'S YOURS FREE—with SLIM GARD!



THE SLIM GARD (Made to Last for Years) with The Slimmer's Routine

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- 2 KILLER KARATE KRUSHER & Free "Killer Karate" course only \$9.98
- 3 CRASH-WEIGHT FORMULA #7 PLAN with Free course (check one):
 7-Day Supply only \$ 8.00
 14-Day Supply only \$14.98
 Check flavor desired: Chocolate Vanilla
- 4 "HELL BENT FOR LEATHER N' LEAD BRACELETS"
 One Bracelet only \$ 7.95
 Get Two For only \$14.95
- 5 SLIM DOWN & MAKE OUT KIT with SLIM GARD and the Free "Slimmer's Routine" only \$11.95
 Check waist size: Medium (30-38) Large (39-47)

IN THE SPOTLIGHT

(Continued from page 39)

ANIMAL MEDICINE

acquire exotic pets—birds, wild animals, highly sensitive pure breeds—the vets increasingly are at a loss to treat the array of pets brought before them.

Even more important, once vets leave medical school, there's very little follow-up education for them. The state of the science of animal medicine has long trailed behind human medicine anyway. Only now are researchers beginning to discover the causes of, and find cures for, animal diseases that have long bedeviled them. Yet much of that new knowledge is lost to the practicing vet. For unlike doctors, these guys, as we've stated, rarely take follow-up courses. What's more, they seldom show interest in the new research discoveries. Too many of them are too busy traveling between their offices and the bank.

And they've discovered a number of tricks to insure that those lucrative bank trips will continue. They'll unnecessarily keep an animal in their kennels in order to collect boarding fees—even when those pets could be sent home. They've got 50 different substances, each expensive, with which to inject your animal, whether it needs the shot or not. And they'll treat pets with lingering but fatal diseases rather than tell the owner that their efforts are foredoomed to failure.

And if you can't meet a vet's price, you might as well take your pet to the pound. There isn't much charity work being done.

What can you do to protect yourself? Before choosing a vet, call up the local chapter of the Humane Society and ask for a recommendation. They should know which animal doctor in your area is competent and which is a greedy fraud. If the vet always seems vague and uncertain about the causes of your pet's troubles, get another one. Animal doctors who are good diagnosticians are a rare breed, but if you can find one it might make a life-and-death difference.

Finally, avoid gougers and vets who don't take obvious sanitary precautions. Their medical skill is probably on a par with their cleanliness anyway. ●●●

BATTLE OF THE BULGE

never gain an ounce. With no place to store the fat, the body will just pass it out. But a fat person with a great many cells, each gasping for fulfillment, can eat less than the skinny guy and end up with most of the food packed into the cells.

This explains why so many fat people stay that way. For them, dieting is physical pain

and suffering. But even eating only moderate amounts still keeps those fat cells well supplied.

Most of the cells are located around the stomach, the heart and the kidneys. In these spots, they take a terrible toll. Nearly everyone who is obese in childhood will die prematurely. And 25 per cent of all fat people, even those who didn't acquire their lard until middle-age, will also die at an early age. A menacing prospect with half the adults in this country overweight.

What can you do? At this point, if you've been fat from childhood, the options are equally miserable. You can either endure the constant pain of a diet or you can eat your way to an early grave. Sorry, but that's where it's at.

If you've picked up that role under your belt since your mid-twenties, there's more hope for you. Dieting and exercise will hold your weight down, though you too will, at times, suffer pangs and pains as cells long accustomed to a nice full feeling bitch about being deprived.

Meanwhile, researchers are hard at work looking for a way to eliminate fat cells. Already they've tried surgery to cut them out, using rats, in experiments. Unfortunately, they discovered that the cells grew right back again. Now they're trying chemicals. So while things may look bleak for the present for the Colonel Blimps of the world, science may yet come to the rescue. ●●●

CHECK FORGERY

street and ask him for a favor. He has more subtle means of plying his phony trade, relying on the American tradition of trusting your fellow man. Chet Ramier, a telephone repairman in Chicago, was the victim of a bad-check passer recently, and the way he was taken in illustrates how this sort of thief works.

One day this spring Chet went to the funeral of a co-worker who was killed in an accident. There he met a man dressed as a member of the clergy who explained that he served as the deceased's Army chaplain in Korea and when he heard about the death he decided to attend the funeral. It was Saturday, and after the services the "clergyman" discovered he had no cash. Since the banks were closed he asked Chet if he would cash his personal check for \$75 to tide him over the weekend. Chet, normally a cautious guy, obliged. After all, the man *was* a clergyman.

Needless to say, he wasn't. He was a bad-check passer who specialized in making the rounds of funerals in Chicago and approaching the mourners with the same line he gave Chet. His victims were taken in because they violated the cardinal rule which everyone must heed, if he does not want to be robbed by a check con: Never cash a check for someone you do not know well, no matter who he says he is and under what circum-

stances you met him.

The second kind of check thief is the guy who alters the amount on the figure of a check legitimately written. His victims leave spaces between the numbers filled in next to the \$ sign of the check, and between the figure written in. Changing the amount of a check filled out in such a way is child's play for a pro. To thwart this kind of criminal, *never* leave spaces between the figures you write on a check.

The third kind of con man is the forger; the one who signs his own check with your name and cashes it in a bank or store. There is not much you can do to protect yourself against this one, for it is relatively easy for anyone to get a sample of your signature. But you can make life more difficult for him by signing your checks in a clear, unhurried, easy-to-read handwriting. Surprisingly, the hastily scrawled, elaborate, illegible John Hancock is the simplest for a forger to imitate. It is the legible signature that drives him up the wall.

That pretty well covers what you can do to cut down the chances of being robbed by a bad-check artist—except for the obvious warnings against throwing away a signed check without destroying it first, or handing out a blank check which you've signed. But as a precaution, always go through the cancelled checks your bank sends you with your monthly statement. If you find a forged check among them, report it to the police and the bank. By doing so you just might help in nabbing the bastard who did it. ●●●

SEX SECRETS

kept secret from a husband or wife. If, for example, an affair is bound to be found out, then making a confession is often the right thing to do. Suppose the next-door neighbor with whom Tom's wife slept insisted that she continue seeing him, and if she didn't, he'd tell Tom. Then she would have had no choice but to confess the affair and hope for the best. For if Tom had been hurt hearing it from his own wife, he'd have been hurt 10 times more hearing it from the neighbor or from gossip.

In Dr. Selig's files is a case where a woman had been sleeping with her husband's boss. Everyone in the plant knew about it except the husband, and it would have been only a matter of time before the husband heard of it. As things happened, the wife and boss broke up before the husband discovered the affair. Still, the wife kept it a secret, and sure enough, one day the husband heard a few co-workers talking about his wife—and having a good laugh at his expense. The irate husband stormed into the boss' office, almost killed him and smashed the furniture to smithereens. The husband was arrested for assault—but the boss dropped the charges later.

"In this case the wife should have made a confession to her husband," Dr. Selig said. "She should have known her husband would find out eventually—and that he'd be hurt when he did. She had everything to gain and nothing to lose. At best, the couple could have moved to a new town and tried to salvage the marriage. At worst, there would have been a divorce once the husband discovered what had happened—whether his wife told him or whether he heard it through gossip, as he did."

Should you reveal all about your sexual past to your mate? Before you do, think about it for a while. If by doing so you have nothing to gain, don't! ●●●

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Collas D. Smelser writes, "After 28 years in the Air Force as Chief Warrant Officer, I find the work as an insurance adjuster very interesting. My training with your institution certainly provided me with all the basics I needed to fill the challenging position as a staff adjuster with a large company in Texas."



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MONEY-HUNGRY MILLIONAIRES

(Continued from page 37)

endeavors." These two men, their wives and another couple also received grants of \$200,000, \$250,000 and \$200,000 to spend *anyway they wanted* for the "advancement of human welfare." They were not accountable to anyone for their distribution of the income, and had the right to name a successor manager," the IRS said. "The whole transaction was merely a scheme by . . . Rand to reward them for loyal service."

It made low- or no-interest loans to Rand's friends, gave jobs to them and relatives, and purchased their properties at inflated prices.

It bought Rand's Darien, Conn., 41-acre estate for \$231,462, for "research purposes and to house visiting scientists." However, Rand rented it back for \$2400 a year including servants salaries.

The IRS finally caught up with Rand's tax dodge, but he died owing the government \$17.6 million in back taxes and penalties on the deceptive "foundation."

How does this affect you?

Who do you think took up the slack in tax money lost to the government? You did—you and every other working stiff in this country.

Sounds rotten, doesn't it? But don't go away, there's more. You see, there are now over 24,000 tax-free foundations existing in this country whose total worth is 20 billion dollars. In addition, their ranks are increasing at the rate of 2,000 a year. Just imagine how much less in taxes you, and working stiffs like you, would be paying if these foundations were taxed.

To understand why foundations don't have to pay taxes, you have to understand the laws regulating their purposes. So let's spend a little time on this.

FOUNDATIONS exist under a special section of the Internal Revenue Code of 1954—Section 501(c) (3). This section describes them as being entitled to tax-free status if they are "organized and operated exclusively for religious, charitable, scientific, testing for public safety, literary, or educational purposes, or for the prevention of cruelty to children or animals, no part of the net earnings of which inures to the benefit of any private shareholder or individual, no substantial part of the activities of which is carrying on propaganda, or otherwise attempting to influence legislation, and which does not participate in, or intervene in (including the publishing or distributing of statements), any political campaign on behalf of any candidate for public office."

In other words, to qualify for tax-free status a foundation must exist solely to do good works; it cannot be political; and it cannot earn money for its shareholders or others holding interest in it.

Foundations, depending upon who founded them, can also be called "endowments," "trusts," "funds," "estates," "institutions" or even "corporations." They can range from giants—like the Ford Foundation with \$2.9 billion and the Rockefeller Foundation with \$890 million—to the thousands having less than \$100,000 in assets.

The scope and power of the foundations is staggering. For instance, 136 foundations hold stock in various corporations with a market value of \$4.9 billion. Foundations disbursed in grants \$7.50 for every person in

the country in 1968.

Some foundations, including some of the largest, do in fact fit the legal definition of the law and do engage in educational or charitable activities. Many more, however, have been set up by rich people merely as a tax dodge to avoid having to pay their fair share of what it costs to keep this country running. That's the tab that you pick up.

Consider the Richard King Mellon Foundation of Pittsburgh. Between its creation in 1947 and the end of 1968, 85 percent of its \$40,378,216 in grants were disbursed in Pittsburgh and western Pennsylvania. But not all of this went for better housing or streets or other needs of the people, as it was supposed to go. For instance, the fund allocated more to the restoration of Fort Ligonier—an old French and Indian War fort which interested Richard King—than it did to the Allegheny Conference on Community Development, the area's main renewal agency.

And while the foundation gave \$62,500 to a non-profit housing group in the area between 1966 and 1968, it gave \$200,000 during the same time period to the marine research program of the Oceanic Foundation at Waimanalo, Hawaii. The Mellon Foundation's 1966-68 report explained that the grant would hasten the discovery of the "untold and virtually untapped riches" being explored by the Hawaii group. "There are oil and gas. Some 15 percent of the world's production now comes from offshore wells; oil reserves in the United States Continental Shelf are estimated conservatively at 2.5 trillion barrels—more than all U.S. land reserves."

What's the connection? Simply that the Richard King Mellon Foundation's major holding is Gulf Oil stock. It controls \$97 million of the company's total assets of \$160.5 million. The Mellons, their banks and holding companies also hold Gulf Oil stock.

So if oil just happened to be discovered in Hawaii through a Mellon tax-free research grant, Gulf Oil and hence the Mellons would be in a nice position to profit from the find.

Another foundation, the St. Genevieve Foundation, was established by Spencer R. Collins, a millionaire in his late sixties, to finance the high living of his twin sisters. Rep. Wright Patman reported to Congress that this tax-exempt foundation helped support "twin sisters through several years of parties and gay living, spending an estimated \$100,000 on them . . . One of the twins lived in a posh duplex, and spent more than \$3,000 alone on clothes one year. The other twin, ensconced in a five-bedroom mansion on Lage Oswego, was paid \$36,000 as a 'caretaker of the house' . . ."

Collins tried to explain that he needed companionship and this was the only way he knew to obtain it.

Patman also described a foundation in Oregon which got free steaks and other prime cuts of meat for the family that started it under the guise of making donations of beef to the city's needy.

This foundation, Patman said, "Occasionally buys beef carcasses and donates them to the city's soup kitchens—however, the steaks, tenderloins, prime ribs, and other choice cuts are missing before the beefs get to the soup kitchen and it is widely believed that these finer pieces wind up in the deep freeze, tax-free, and, for the most part, cost-free."

Patman also found a Julius S. Eaton Education Foundation which was established to make "interest-free loans to needy students" at the University of Miami, Fla. But, said the congressman, "The primary purpose of the Eaton Foundation is to recruit prospective players for the Miami University football team, as it so states in its brochure. Once a year, boosters of the football team who have paid their \$100 annual dues get together for a big blowout. Free, and tax-free, of course. The U.S. government, in effect, picked up the chit."

For "U. S. government" substitute your own name and you have the story of one more tax-free foundation living high off the hog at your expense. And for still another, note this:

In Newport Beach, Calif., a businessman and church leader, Donald Griswold, established the Sherry Griswold Foundation, honoring a son killed in World War II. However, according to testimony given in tax court, during a three-year period the foundation made 12 loans totaling \$284,300 for what the IRS charged were "clearly non-charitable purposes." Among these were \$197,300 which Griswold and three corporations he controlled received; \$37,500 to a nephew; \$25,000 to a brother; \$23,000 to a real-estate trust in which he was involved.

With all this shelling out of money for personal gains going on, you'd expect that the foundations would at least make an attempt to justify their existence by giving generously to the charities or educational causes they are supposed to support. But this is not the case with some funds. The Bright Star Foundation of Texas, with \$10 million in its treasury, made only one charity payment of \$100 to a children's medical center in 1967. The First Texas Charitable Foundation in Dallas had a gross income of \$1.4 million, and contributed only \$100 to the Dallas Zoological Society. The generosity of the Thirteen Hundred Foundation of New Orleans really takes the cake, however. For this foundation, with a worth of \$2.9 million, made one charitable contribution—\$25 to a local Methodist church! Where did the rest of the money these foundations handed out go? To finance oil-industry projects. For it just so happens that these last three foundations are connected with the oil industry.

THE foundation can also be used to avoid estate and inheritance taxes, which would otherwise go to the government and reduce your and my tax burdens. Take the case of Henry Ford, for example.

Henry Ford and his son, Edsel, owned almost all the stock in the giant Ford Motor Co. In the 1930s they realized that if the stock was to pass directly to Edsel's children—the legal heirs—the inheritance and estate taxes would be so great that most of the stock would have to be sold to pay them. So in 1936 the Ford Foundation was incorporated. Edsel died in 1943 and Henry in 1947. In 1950, when both estates were settled, the value of the Foundation was revealed.

The wills left 10 per cent of the Ford stock to the heirs of Henry and Edsel. The rest went to the Foundation. The family still retained control of the company, for the shares given the foundation were non-voting while those left to the heirs were voting class shares. Inheritance tax on the 10 per cent left the heirs was \$42 million. Had the foundation not existed, the family's tax bill would have been a whopping \$321 million. Incidentally, the will provided that the foundation had to pay the inheritance tax due on the family's portion. So, the foundation set up by the Ford family kept

(Continued on page 52)

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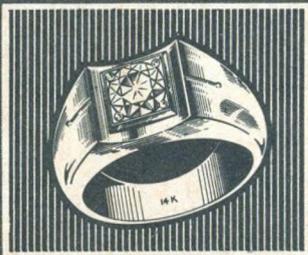
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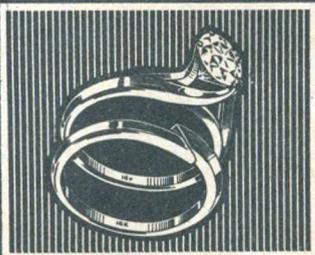
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Inside Tips For Smart Buyers

CONSUMER CONFIDENTIAL

THE VERY HIGH COST OF SAFETY—Take it from the top—Henry Ford 2d—your pollution-free, safety-packed car of the future is going to cost you. According to Ford, there's no way possible to build the car standards the U.S. government is demanding and still keep prices down. Big thing facing the car industry is how to turn out autos that meet U.S. requirements and still compete—price-wise—with overseas imports. One prediction the auto mogul made: fewer style changes from year to year in order to keep costs in line.

R. NADER BLASTS WATER POLLUTION FIGHTERS—After 15 years of spending 3 billion dollars and enacting seven different laws, water pollution has been reduced in a pitifully few cases, charges consumer watchdog, Ralph Nader. Blasting the U.S. Government for its laxity, Nader calls our water-pollution efforts “a miserable failure.”

FIVE GIANT COMPANIES ARE PRAISED FOR CONSUMER EFFORTS—Taking time out from blasting companies who flagrantly shaft the consumer, the Senate Consumer Subcommittee pointed to five huge corporations who have been making a big effort to step into line. The subcommittee's praises went to Sears—for lobbying for clarification of industry's responsibilities; Giant Food—for hiring a consumer advocate; Motorola—for standing up for warranties and backing local consumer agencies; Whirlpool—for trying to strengthen the Better Business Bureau; Quaker Oats—for fighting for a vigorous program of self-regulation in advertising.

KLICK-KLACKS PACK A KICK—Warnings have gone out over 50

the latest toy craze since hula hoops—the gadget that is made of two hard plastic balls on the ends of a string. When you get the two balls spinning in the air, they slam together with a crazy noise that has given them their names: Klick-Klacks, Klackers or Bo-Los. What Food and Drug Administration officials are worried about is that when the two plastic balls bang together too hard, some have a tendency to shatter into sharp-edged chunks that pose potential damage to eyes and skin. Whatever the outcome of FDA testing, the craze has swept the country and may even die out before an official verdict is reached.

EXPERTS VERSUS TIRE MAKERS—While tire manufacturers claim that the 1% reserve they allow for over-loading of tires on cars is an ample safety margin, most experts feel they are flirting with disaster.

According to independent tire experts, 1% is not enough leeway in either direction—overloading or under-inflation—to prevent tire failure. The 1% margin, critics claim, shortens the life of the tire and leads to blowouts.

LABELS THAT REALLY MEAN SOMETHING—While the FDA is making a start in the area of “truth in labeling,” many experts—including syndicated columnist Sylvia Porter—feel that no label is meaningful unless the following information is included: 1. Food Dating—especially when perishable foods are involved; 2. Calorie Counts—The term “diet” is not enough on a label. Anything dietetic should tell exactly what the caloric intake is; 3. Net Weight—In the case of soups, for instance, this would tell you what the actual soup content was as opposed to the chunks of vegetables or meats included in the can; 4. Key Ingredients—Anyone should be able to read a label and be able to tell how much beef, chicken, bread, flour, etc., is in the package; 5. Simple Grading of Meat—Instead of various government gradations, a simple A, B, C rating so anyone can understand the quality he is buying.

DON'T GET KILLED BY UNDERTAKERS—Should you unfortunately have a death in the family that you have to make arrangements for, take a page from New York State's policy of requesting undertakers to give itemized bills. Instead of a lump-sum funeral—where undertakers can bury a lot of hidden costs—your bill will tell you exactly how much you're paying for what, whether it's casket, flowers, chapel or hearse.



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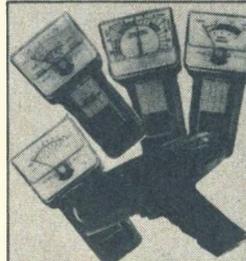
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\$279 million out of the federal treasury—an amount that had to be made by up all the little people of this country.

After reading all this, you might want to set up your own foundation? Well, you can! Kits have been put out by publishers of legal materials because the practice has become so widespread. "How to Get Maximum Tax Benefits from Charitable Contributions;" "How To Make Money by Giving It Away: Tax Consequences of Creating a Charitable Trust;" and "Possible Tax Bonanza in Giving Property Instead of Cash" are the titles of some of the material published. One legal stationary company in New York advertises a "Black Beauty" kit, "an all-in-one corporate outfit . . . for the non-profit corporations." You get a pocket-sized seal, a book for minutes and bylaws, membership-roll sheets and certificates. Your lawyer can buy step by step instructions on "How to Draft the Charter of Indenture of a Charity so as to Qualify for the Federal Tax Exemption."

And the foundation, as drafted by a crafty tax lawyer who may charge more than most of us earn, is just a continuation of long-standing inequities in the tax laws: The little man pays but the rich man gets off free. In 1966, for instance, according to Treasury Department figures, 154 persons with adjusted gross incomes of \$200,000 or more, and 21 with incomes of over \$1 million paid no taxes at all by "piling one (tax) advantage on top of another, an intolerable situation," according to the House of Representatives' Ways and Means Committee.

One would think that with the amount of money they control—\$20-billion—the foundations would be carefully regulated by the government. After all, such an amount, if invested at one time and in one place in a concerted action by the foundations could make the foundations a government unto themselves. Banded together, they might control the stock market and the country's economy or could perhaps manipulate foreign policy and world affairs. Yet, the only form a foundation is required to file disclosing its activities is an IRS form 990-A, which seeks only the most basic of information. The foundation is not required to tell precisely what it is doing with its money at all. It might simply say, for example, that Dr. X has received a \$100,000 grant to continue his studies on the common cold. Maybe Dr. X is the brother of the foundation's founder. Maybe he is a quack. Maybe he has been getting \$100,000 for the past 20 years and has so far only learned that some peoples' noses get clogged and others get sore throats when they catch colds.

Of the 24,000 foundations in this country, only 140 issue printed public reports annually or biennially. Of the 10 largest foundations, only seven publish such reports. The Pew Memorial Trust, with assets of \$541-million, the Irvine Foundation, with assets of \$250-million and the Charles Stewart Mott Foundation, with assets of \$413-million, publish no public reports.

Only about one-third of the 261 foundations with assets of over \$10-million publish reports. The Foundation Center, a central clearing-house body for foundation information, said this lack of public reports "is a scandal. Foundations are quasi-public institutions," the center said in its own annual report for 1968, "and they have an obligation to make information on the activities readily available to the public. The fact that the overwhelming majority of foundations do not do so is clear evidence that their trustees regard them as essentially private. This is damaging the whole foundation field."

deal in charitable deeds for the public or in projects designed to further the public good—were not even cooperative when the Foundation Center attempted to publish a national directory listing all foundations so that persons desiring grants would have a central place to look. (The Foundation Directory is published every two years, listing only those with assets of at least \$200,000 or annual disbursements of \$10,000 or more. Between 1964 and 1967 the number of foundations qualifying for this directory increased from 5,331 to 6,003.)

Many foundations do not even respond to requests for information. The president of the Center, Manning Patillo, Jr., said in a speech in 1969 to the Twenty-First Annual Conference of Southwest Foundations in Galveston, Texas, that a university president he met once told him that of 150 letters he wrote to foundations, only two acknowledged his letter. All the others maintained their secret, aloof posture.

We're not talking here solely about the small, bogus funds. Even among the larger, more "legitimate" foundations, there is great abuse of the public trust that goes with having tax-free millions to play with. The trustees of these foundations are usually rich men. Nevertheless, they often receive salaries and lavish expense money for attending a few meetings a year.

At the Ford Foundation in 1968, the board chairman, Julius A. Stratton, received \$50,000 in salary and \$19,698 in travel and other expenses. And that's for a part-time job, four meetings a year, for Ford has a large full-time professional staff including president McGeorge Bundy to handle most of the work.

John H. Loudon, board chairman of Royal Dutch Petroleum in the Hague, Netherlands, commuted from Holland for Ford Foundation meetings to be tune of \$10,494.92, which the Foundation paid in tax-free money, thereby raising your and my taxes by that amount which the government missed collecting taxes on. Other travel expenses included \$486.25 for U. S. District Judge Charles Wyznaski, who commuted from Boston to New York; \$1830 for John Cowles, president of the Minneapolis Star and Tribune Co.; and \$1,403 for poor Henry Ford II who had to travel from Detroit.

Sometimes the tax-free grants the foundations do give out are not distributed in the most careful ways, even by a supposedly "legitimate" foundation. The tale is told that in the 1930s, \$10,000 from the

Rockefeller's General Education Board was given to an organization after arrangements were conducted entirely by mail. The organization sounded impressive, for it carried an important-sounding name. The grant was considered well-spent. One day by chance, a routine mailing sent out to all grant receivers came back from this particular address marked, "addressee unknown." No one knows who really got the money which was untaxed.

Another story around is told of a graduate student doing research in one of the areas in which one of the country's 25 largest foundations was interested. The clever student submitted a forged application which seemed to have the endorsement of his university's development office. He received \$19,000, mainly for "equipment purchases." The money was payable at a particular bank specified in one of the forged letters. Not a penny of it was spent on research, and the plot went unnoticed for seven years until the foundation and the university happened to stumble on it by accident. The student, of course, was long since gone.

BY now, you're probably asking yourself what can be done to get rid of the bogus foundations that exist merely as tax dodges for the rich and to police the more legitimate philanthropies in order to curb their huge power and their often extravagant, self-serving spending?

A tentative step was made in 1969 in the Tax Reform Act. It requires foundations to spend (in of course a charitable, non-profit way) at least 4.5 per cent of their assets beginning in 1972 and 5.5 per cent by 1974, to prevent foundations' existing merely as storage companies for family wealth. The ban against foundations activities which might influence legislators was made more explicit. The act was seriously crippled, however, when the foundations succeeded in eliminating a provision which would have required existing foundations to go out of business by 1995 and would have limited renewals to a life of 25 years. Any foundation that was really sincere could find a worthwhile beneficiary for its money in 25 years of looking, senators argued, but the provision was eliminated.

What must be done, first of all, is to eliminate the secrecy in which foundations operate. They get their tax-free status through the government and the people, and we deserve to know exactly what they are doing. They must publish detailed annual reports, have open board meetings, give full financial disclosures. They must be made to give away a lot more than 5 per cent of their assets: This will separate the fakers who just want to protect their money, from the real do-gooders. They must cease being closed country clubs of a family or a rich man's friends. Representatives of the public must serve on their boards. Finally, when such amounts of money are granted tax-free status, they cease being solely private. They must in fact practice charity at such a rate that in fact the money—all of it—will be totally distributed in, say, 25 years. The foundation should not live forever.

When you come down to it, the foundation is enjoying a special privilege, one of the greatest a democratic society can bestow. We're saying—you, I, our government—that the foundation can get a free ride, not have to pay taxes like the rest of us, so long as it truly engages in philanthropy by helping the people.

And there we all have the right and the duty to demand of the foundation—through our government—that it be thoroughly accountable to those who in a sense are carrying its tax burdens for it: We, the people.



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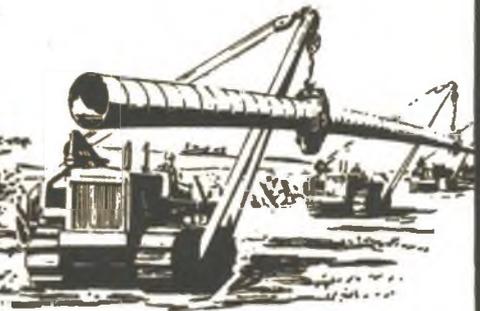
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SEX PLAYGROUND

(Continued from page 15)

was like the girl-next-door gone ape with desire. During a breathing spell, I told her she was unlike any prostitute I had ever known.

"Do you really enjoy sex or is it just an act?" I asked her. "If it's an act, then you must be the best actress in town."

"I just dig sex," she said. "It's all I live for."

"But why do you sell it? Damn, a girl like you could marry any number of wealthy men and live like a queen the rest of your life."

"One man couldn't satisfy me," she said. "Maybe I'm a nymphomaniac, I really don't know. But I do know I've got to have sex all the time with lots of different men. That's why I work for this date service. I make \$500 a week, sometimes \$1,000 with tips, and I ball a different John every night. For me, it's the most beautiful way in the world to live. I wouldn't trade my life style for all the gold in the world . . . or the biggest stud in the world. Variety in sex is the spice of my life."

Another ad I answered even offered to send three girls to my apartment for me to choose from. The ad was listed as a "Lonely Hearts Club."

"No need to leave your home or apartment," it read. "Our lovely girls will come right to your doorstep at no extra charge. We believe that anyone who wants companionship deserves it as a human right. Our aim is to bring people together for a small fee."

I tried it out, just for laughs. But it didn't turn out to be a laughing matter. Just half an hour after I called, three very attractive girls knocked at my door. None were raving beauties, like Debby, but neither would you want to put paper bags over their heads. All the girls seemed like fun. Then I had a wild idea. Could I date all three girls at the same time? The girls were all for it and said I could, but I called the club just to make certain.

"Sure, go right ahead," said the owner pleasantly. "Be our guest. After all, why not triple your pleasure and triple your fun. Of course, you don't get all three girls for the price of one."

The four of us had a ball, in more ways than one, believe me. The only hitch was that they charged by the hour—\$25. They would have stayed for as long as my money held out. But after an hour and a half I had had all my pocketbook or body could stand and bid them farewell.

My next ad adventure almost took me to a yacht at Long Beach, which is not far from Los Angeles. It all started when I saw an enticing ad under "Key Clubs" that read: "Do you like girls? Do you like chamber music? Do you like boats? Do you like good drinks? So do we. So do all our members. If you would really like to be a member of this enthralling group and enjoy our close association with moonlight, water, good drinks and beautiful girls for a few unrestrained hours in a cabin cruiser, you must call me soon."

The ad was signed "Esther" and it gave her phone number. My curiosity aroused, I called and made a date with her to learn more about membership in the club for "boat buffs."

Esther turned out to be a black-haired, brown-eyed, 205-pound secretary of the club for nautical nymphs and other swinging seagoers. She told me the club's initiation fee was \$300. When I turned pale at the price, Esther introduced me to the club's organizer

for the hard-sell treatment.

He turned out to be a distinguished-looking gentleman about 50 named Wilson, who said he had recently been discharged from the French foreign legion. I told him I was very interested in joining the club and asked him for more details. After he asked me a few questions and evidently satisfied himself I was not a cop, he readily complied.

"My organization is similar to a key club," he explained. "I request \$300 per key, as an initiation fee, and each time a girl is furnished a bill will be sent for her services."

His "girls," Wilson said, included professional prostitutes and "sexually neglected" housewives. He said he could furnish any number of girls requested. I pretended to be very interested about joining and asked when the next party aboard his yacht at Long Beach was planned. He said next Saturday. It was only Monday and I told him I would think about it and let him know.

Naturally, I didn't have any intention of joining if I had to pay a \$300 initiation fee. And I'm damn glad I didn't. When I read the paper the following Monday I saw an article that police had raided his yachting party. It seemed that a member of the vice squad had infiltrated the club.

Another ad that caught my eye came under the category of "education." The ad was headlined: "Sex School for Swingers." I trotted down to the address given and paid the "student rate" of \$10 to get inside. I couldn't believe what I saw.

The scene looked like a Roman orgy. Nude male and female bodies were entwined in various postures. Grunts and groans of ecstasy rent the air as bare bodies jogged up and down like derricks pumping for oil. The "teacher" in charge was plumpish and in her middle forties.

"Go easy there, Joe," she told one dark-haired, would-be Lothario, who was bouncing up and down on a luscious blonde for all he was worth. "Take it slow and easy at first. Then gradually increase your thrusts. Don't give it everything you have until you and your partner are both ready to come."

The schoolmarm looked at another couple who seemed on the verge of bliss.

"That's it," she said. "That's exactly the way to do it. Get each other aroused first with your tongues and wait until you are both fully excited before attempting intercourse. Don't rush things. Take your time. You'll enjoy it more that way."

I couldn't believe it. Rolling around on many mattresses were the weirdest collection of characters I had ever seen in my life. And all were doing their thing in plain view of one another as though they were doing nothing more ordinary than brushing their teeth!

"Come on in and join the class," the woman said breezily when she noticed me standing there gawking. "I'll find you a partner."

"Wait a minute," I protested. "I don't need any lessons. I was just curious to see what was going on."

"Just sight-seeing, huh," she sniffed, "well we don't like that. How'd you get past the receptionist?"

"Just walked," I said. "Nobody was at the desk." Then I cut out, quick-like.

I discovered there are a number of similar "educational" sex clubs operating in L.A. How they get away with it I don't know.

Another ad in the "education" category solicited "Lonesome Lovers" and gave a phone number. I called it and got a recording. A girl's voice said in a sexv manner: "Why not give full expression to your sexual impulses? Come and see us. You won't be disappointed. You can indulge your sexual desires with a girl or in a group. Or you can just sit and watch the action. Don't be bashful. Come and see us soon. It will be \$10 well spent."

I didn't follow up on this one. I figured it would be very similar to the sex-school deal I had just gone to.

LOS Angeles is so wide open sexually that you don't have to go to a so-called private club for instant action. You can get that, plus live sex acts on stage, at public clubs. Here's what I saw the first time I visited one of these clubs:

A hard-looking blonde came on stage and took off all her clothes while a heavy-breathing audience of males shouted lewd comments. The girl, now nude, yelled back at them in obscene four-letter words, making everyone howl with laughter. Then a guy came on stage and took his clothes off, too. The crowd went wild.

"Give it to her! Really give it to her!" they yelled excitedly when he started to make love to her.

The enthusiastic encouragement spurred the guy on to greater erotic endeavors. Meanwhile, the crowd of male spectators went wild. Finally, the couple collapsed in a climax of mutual frenzy.

Many whores work the clubs that feature sex acts, and find it a happy hunting ground to get customers. Some shady ladies have found that the porno film clubs are also a good place to find sex-aroused males.

I paid a visit to one to see first hand what was going on. I sauntered in solely in the interest of research one afternoon about 2 p.m., when I figured the place would be fairly empty. But the place was jammed with guys.

Blatant pornographic movies were grinding away on three different screens. I got a stiff neck trying to watch them all. In addition, as an added feature, a girl danced in the nude and made comments about her sexual prowess.

Waitresses, young and pretty, clad in skimpy costumes, served drinks. None batted an eyelash at the sex acts taking place on the screens. It was obviously just another job to them. They didn't act any differently than the cocktail waitresses who work in bars where only drinks are served.

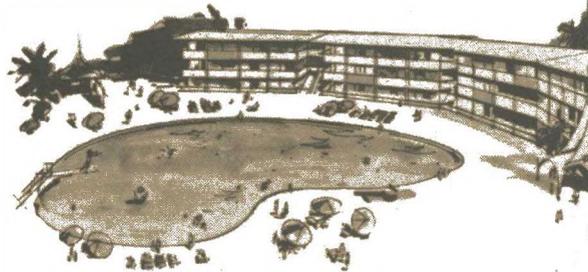
This particular porno film place was alive with professional prostitutes, as are most beer bars that show porno films. They are perfect places to ply their trade. After a guy gets all steamed up watching every conceivable sex act on the screen, the whores move in with ease. Rare is the time they don't score with a guy—and at inflated prices. The porno films have done half their work for them. Guys are so eager for sex they hardly bargain about the price.

I overheard one whore proposition a guy. She said she would give him anything he wanted in his car for \$25. He readily consented. Another didn't hesitate when a whore propositioned him for \$50. Her sales pitch was tremendous, but the guy was so ripe and ready she probably could have gotten more money if she had asked for it.

Most prostitutes in Los Angeles are members of organized vice rings. Only a small number freelance, like those who work the porno film clubs. Some enterprising hustlers make random phone calls to men and try to sell them on their sexual services over the phone. Others place classified ads in the "Personal" columns. The wording of these ads makes it obvious what the girls are up to. The competition among prostitutes is fierce and most must really *hustle* to make a living. The more clever ones are always thinking up new ways to solicit clients.

Consider the case of Jean, a real schemer. When things got tough hustling, she got a job as a secretary for an aerospace company. The first thing she did was buy a camper. She always arrived at work at least an hour before her starting time at 8 a.m. and seldom went home until long after the whistle blew. She was seldom seen at lunch time and often she took more than her allotted 45 minutes.

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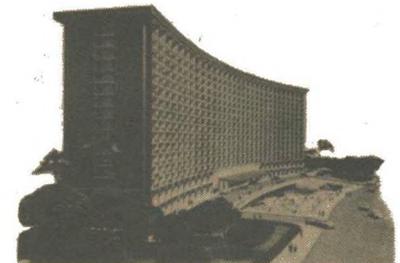
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04N

For a long time Jean's extra income pastime went undiscovered. During this period she had a field day. She took on one guy after another in her cozy camper which also featured a well-stocked bar. Besides charging \$20 a trick, she also charged \$1.50 for a shot of whiskey. The "talented" secretary made a small fortune before word got around about her activities.

One night, shortly after first-shift workers had left the plant, the personnel director banged on her camper door. He wasn't looking for a piece of tail, but he had a sad tale to tell Jean—she was fired! She took off in her camper, leaving a lot of disappointed men behind.

Authorities have a hard time catching prostitutes, especially those working for organized prostitution rings. But from time to time, they make a little headway.

Recently, police raided a swanky mansion high in the Hollywood hills where wealthy businessmen were cavorting with play-for-pay girls. The first thing the cops noticed was that all the girls and the men were naked. They were indulging in all kinds of sexual practices.

"It looked like a Roman orgy complete with swimming pool and sauna bath," a detective said. "Some were in the pool. Some were in the sauna. But most were going at it in the bedrooms on wall-to-wall beds."

Police said the establishment had a game room with ping pong and billiard tables, two bars and five bedrooms, in addition to the tiled pool and sauna. They said bowls of fruit including grapes were placed throughout the mansion, carrying out the Roman motif. Seven girls were arrested and charged with prostitution. An eighth woman was charged with promoting prostitution and selling liquor without a license. Three men were charged with patronizing prostitutes. Police said at least five women and many men escaped the raid by diving naked through windows and racing away in the darkness.

Wild sex orgies, such as this one, are commonplace in Los Angeles. For every one that gets raided and public notice, there are many that escape detection. The majority of them are held at private homes. Sometimes prostitutes are hired to entertain guests, but most often there are plenty of girls available who participate in the festivities just for the fun of it. The hosts have plenty of money and don't give a damn about the possible consequences. It is an unwritten law that nobody spills the beans the next morning—or ever.

THE really remarkable thing about sex in the "City of Angels" is that you don't have to pay for it if you don't want to: It's free for the asking just about everywhere you look. The young girls who populate Los Angeles and environs practice the philosophy that sex is joy, and they want to be very, very happy.

Believe it or not, many of these youthful, swinging, devil-may-care girls don't wait for you to proposition them; they actively take the initiative and go out looking for guys. The most frequent way they pick up guys is by hitchhiking. The streets and highways of L.A. are just full of lovely young things panting for action.

My first experience giving a lift to hitchhiking girls came as a shock. I was driving along Hollywood Boulevard when I spied two groovy chicks in their early twenties thumbing a ride. I gave them a ride to be friendly. There was no thought of having sex with them in my mind at all.

They jumped in eagerly when I stopped. They were wearing miniskirts and when they sat on the front seat beside me their skirts came up almost to their thighs. I had a hard time keeping my eyes on the road. I was dumbfounded when the girl next to me nonchalantly asked, "How would you like to

have some fun with Betty and me?"

"Are you putting me on?"

"We're on the level, mister. We love to ball strange men we pick up hitchhiking. It's our thing. How about it? Why don't you stop at a motel."

I decided to be daring. I checked into the nearest motel while the girls waited in the car. In the room I sat on the bed and watched the girls undress. Both had very shapely, trim figures and one of them had extremely well-developed breasts. I couldn't believe my good luck.

"Okay, mister," said Carole, the one with the big breasts, "stop drooling and get undressed. It's almost showtime."

And she wasn't kidding. Carole told me to lie down on the bed and then she got on top of me.

It didn't take me long to realize that these girls had had a lot of sexual experience and knew all the wild ways to please a man. We spent all afternoon pleasuring each other. It was simply wild. When we were all completely exhausted, I took the girls out for drinks and dinner in appreciation of their services rendered.

Of all the sex I sampled in Los Angeles, I found that the freshest, most enthusiastic female lovers of free sex inhabit the apartment houses for singles only. These gals hold respectable jobs as secretaries, receptionists and airline hostesses and really put their hearts into sex. They haven't worked as prostitutes, they haven't married and they bring to sex something of a virginal quality that can't be matched.

They're full of fun and fancy free and are out for a fling before they marry and settle down. Sex is a relatively new thing to them and after they have experienced the real raptures of the flesh they crave more and more of the same. In other words, once they have tasted the so-called forbidden fruit, they can't get enough of that wonderful stuff.

My first introduction to the free-sex bit at apartment houses for singles only came after I met an airline hostess who lived at one in Redondo Beach. She invited me to come over for a Saturday night party.

The party was well under way when I arrived—in fact it was going full blast. Couples were dancing to rock records. Others were sprawled on the floor loving it up. Some were sitting in the living room drinking red wine in paper cups and discussing current events. Everybody was in varying degrees of undress.

Sandra greeted me at the door and gave me a big hug and kiss.

By midnight the young swingers were

really going strong. Some embraced in darkened corners. One guy strummed a guitar while his girl lavished his body with kisses. Moans and groans and love talk filled the apartment. Some left for a midnight swim in the pool and then went back to their own apartments.

Finally, Sandra, who was more than a bit tipsy, ushered me out and took me to her apartment. We made it then, and when we awoke the next morning we went at it again with a mad passion. While Sandra served me breakfast in her apartment, she told me why she loved living in a singles-only apartment house.

"It's the greatest," she said. "Everyone is completely sexually liberated here. I was brought up in a very small Ohio town that was completely old-fashioned. I mean, you couldn't do *anything* without feeling guilty and afraid you'd be caught. So, as soon as I graduated from high school I headed for California to get a job and be free.

"At first I figured it was going to be easy to meet the right kind of men, to have a lot of dates with really nice guys. But it turned out to be almost impossible. There was hardly any place where you could meet other young people, except in the bar and pickup scene, which is not for me. Anyway, it turned out that most of the guys I met were married. I know some girls don't care if a man is married—who prefer it because they're not interested in lasting relationships—but that's not my scene either.

"I have sexual feelings and sexual equipment that were given me for more than just having babies with a husband. Sex was made to enjoy, to use and get pleasure out of. So I enjoy it. That's why I think I'm so lucky to have found a singles-only place like this. Because sex is totally accepted here as a part of living. Every one of us living here is young and single and alive.

"We enjoy all the sensual experiences it's possible to enjoy. We all share the same feeling. We're free because we've gone beyond the making out and the seduction game. I don't have to feel uptight about men picking me up, which still makes a girl feel a little bit like a whore. The men I have sexual experiences with are my friends and neighbors before they become lovers.

"I've established a sexual relationship with three guys who live here. Each of them has a relationship with one or more other girls besides myself. But some of the guys and girls are going steady, enjoying only one another, almost as married couples do. They sleep only with each other. And a lot of those couples get married and move out."



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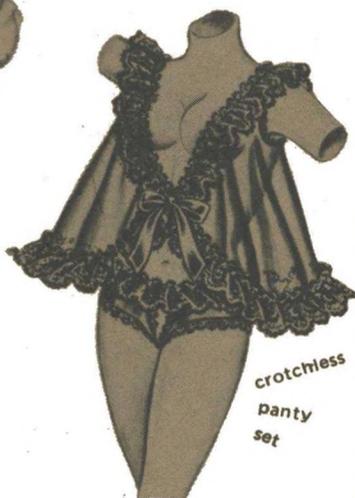
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE



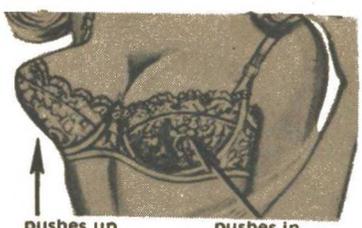
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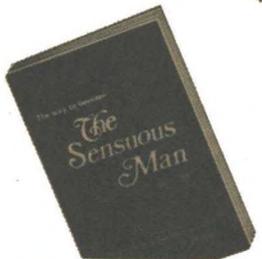
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WILD IN THE BED

(Continued from page 27)

That night Sandra and I went to a beach party. It started at dusk and went on and on. We toasted hot dogs and sat around drinking beer and joking. There were about 10 couples in the group. We decided to have a dance contest and turned on a transistor radio. We twisted and gyrated on the sand to the pulsating beat of rock groups. First one girl took off all her clothes, then others followed suit. As the dancing became more animated breasts and buttocks flopped around like driftwood on a raging sea. Under the light of a full moon the scene resembled a primitive mating rite.

Suddenly someone suggested we all go for a swim. We stripped to the buff and raced for the ocean. The icy water revived our perspiring bodies. We bobbed around like playful dolphins. I grabbed Sandra from behind and gently massaged her bosom. She reached behind and fondled me. We did it right there in the water.

Afterwards, we dried each other off, grabbed two cans of beer and went for a long walk on the beach. Almost everywhere I looked there were couples making love, oblivious to everything but giving and receiving pleasure.

"My God," I said to Sandra, "does this go on all the time at the beach?"

"Of course, silly," she laughed. "Everyone who lives at the beach is completely uninhibited when it comes to sex. The young swinging singles, I mean. We don't have any sexual hangups here like they do back in Ohio. We all look upon sex as a natural function and consider it as casually as brushing your teeth. What better place is there to make love than on the beach under a full moon with the sound of the waves lapping on the shore?"

I hated to return to my own place in Hollywood after a short taste of beach life. But as soon as my lease is up, I'm going to move to the beach, quite possibly to the singles-only apartment house where Sandra lives. You can say what you want to about living in the greater Los Angeles area. There's smog and crowded highways and earthquakes. But if you like sex as much as I do there's no other place like it in the U.S. There must be something about the balmy Southern California weather that drives everybody a little daffy about sex.

In any case, there are thousands of delicious dames willing and eager to ball—for a price or for free. There's no doubt about it: Los Angeles, 1971, is as wide open sexually as a city can be. Everywhere you look L.A. is having one big gigantic sexual orgasm.

did nowadays in parked cars, which was probably plenty. But the spot was also a good place to pull off the road and check a road map, steal a nap if you were nodding at the wheel, grab a bite of lunch or have a heated argument.

Mike hadn't paid much attention to the parked car until Julie sprang out of it, left the door open and started walking away. Then she had a second thought. She went back, slammed the door shut and leaned down to say something through the window. Whatever she said, the guy in the blue suit behind the wheel didn't like it. He came out of the car even faster than Julie had, and she burst into a run. When he caught her, Blue Suit didn't handle her gently.

Julie was spitting like a cat, furious. She called Blue Suit a creep and told him that no man pawed her without permission. Blue Suit grabbed her by an arm, called her a high-toned society bitch and said he'd show her how a real man dealt with her kind. That's when Mike had decided to step in.

"The hell you will," she told Blue Suit as she tried to twist out of his grasp. Her short skirt danced up a beautiful thigh as she sought to knee Blue Suit in a very sensitive neighborhood. She missed, but Mike had to admire her intentions.

"Bitch," said Blue Suit a second time, then slapped her hard. His blow left a blaze of red on her smooth, fragile cheek.

Mike had seen enough. "Hey," he said. "Hey, mister. That's illegal use of hands."

The disputing pair glanced around, both of them startled. Besides having a great figure, Julie had clear blue eyes and tawny eyelashes. She appeared delighted to see Mike. The man, who had his hand clamped on her wrist, obviously didn't share that feeling.

"Buzz off," he said to Mike, his teeth showing in a mean grin. "This is a private discussion."

"The discussion is over," Julie snapped. Still breathing hard, she turned to Mike and said: "I'd like a ride to town. That is, if you can persuade this goon to let go of my wrist."

"I can," Mike told her, "if it's necessary."

Blue Suit led with his right—without warning. But Mike had been expecting it and he dipped his shoulder, letting the blow streak past. He then hit Blue Suit in the belly with his left. Since he still worked out once a week, Mike was as hard as he had been in Marine training five years ago. Blue Suit looked as though he was about to lose his lunch. Mike faked another left and came with a right that caught Blue Suit full in the mouth, and the tall man sprawled to the ground, blood creeping out of the corner of his thin mouth.

"Beautiful," said Julie with enthusiasm. "A great move."

The man on the ground touched his hand to his lip, then looked at it. The sight of his own blood discouraged him. "Okay, I pass for now," he said as Mike led Julie to his truck.

YOU can call me Julie. Just Julie," Julie said to Mike on their way to town. "And don't ask what a nice girl like me was doing with a creep like Burke."

"If you say so," agreed Mike.

"Burke isn't a close friend of mine, I'll tell you that much. And I'll try not to get myself into that kind of situation again." Julie curled her legs under her and turned in the

seat. She smiled. "After all, next time you might not happen along. How does it feel to rescue a lady in distress?"

Mike shrugged. "Forget it. In my spare time, I also slay dragons."

She had a nice laugh, the genuine article, nothing phony about it. Mike already liked her. Part of the reason, he supposed, was her spirit; She had stuck up to Mr. Blue Suit Burke, whoever he was, and she was now joking about the experience although it could have ended up much worse for her.

"I'm going to call you Mike, if you don't mind. It isn't every day a girl meets a slayer of dragons. Especially one who drives a tow truck and has a hell of a right cross."

Grinning, Mike saw the edge of town coming up ahead of them. He wasn't exactly happy about it. He didn't want Julie to get out of the truck and walk out of his life forever.

"I'll tell you where to put me out." She rested her arm on the back of the seat. "You really don't know who I am, do you?"

Mike shook his head. "I'm new in town. I've been here only three months. Are you a local celebrity?"

Again that easy, natural laughter. "Not really a celebrity, but I've lived here all my life. My father is what is known as a Very Influential Man."

"How would he feel about his daughter seeing a tow-truck driver?"

"I choose my own friends." For some reason, she scowled. Then the smile broke through again. "I'll date you, if that's what you mean. But give me a little time. I'm trying to work out a problem."

"Anything to do with this guy Burke?"

"I'll get out on the corner here. My car is parked across the street." She hadn't answered his question. "Mike, thanks again. And I'll call you when the time is right."

"You don't know my number."

"I can read. The name of the garage is on the truck." She now hesitated before adding: "Don't mention what happened on the road to anyone, please. I wouldn't want my family to hear about it." Then she got out and strode to her car.

He was afraid he'd have a long wait before he heard from her. But the following afternoon she called. "Do you have a tie? I want you to go somewhere with me." A pause. "Mike, this is important."

"I'll wear the blue tie," he said and gave her his address.

She was driving a Cadillac. As Mike settled down in the seat and stretched out his legs, she said, "I did some checking on you. You don't just drive that truck. You're part owner of the garage."

"With an old pal from my Marine days. I got tired of working for other people, so I came south and tied in with Roy. We're going to do all right. Soon I can afford to buy a third tie."

They went to a night club that was as crowded as a hive of bees. Girls in miniskirts and hot pants wriggled to the noise of a band that was loud and not good. The lead guitarist wore trousers so tight they looked as though they were painted on him.

"This isn't your kind of place," Mike said to Julie.

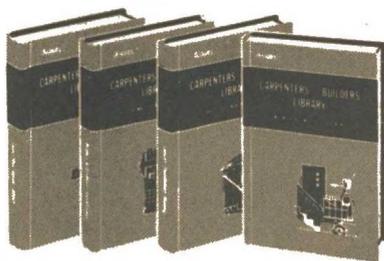
She was scanning the mob. "Don't jump to conclusions. For all you know, I come here every night."

"You're looking for somebody. Burke, maybe?"

Her eyes returned to Mike. "He hangs out here sometimes. So does my sister. She hasn't been home in three days. I told my parents she was visiting a friend, but I really have no idea where she is. Once she ran away to Mexico with that guitarist up there. That's how idle rich girls get their kicks."

"Not you," Mike said. "You might go to

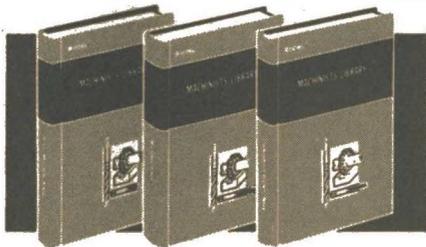




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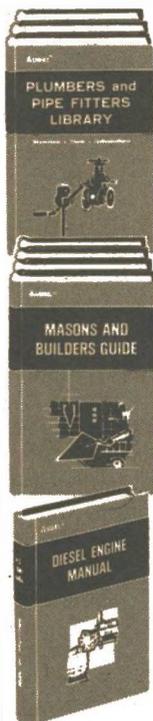
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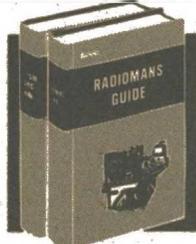
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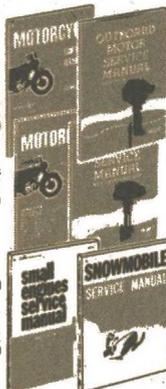
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Mexico with a guy if he meant something to you, but it wouldn't be a casual thing."

"Your faith touches me, Mike Lydon," she said in mock seriousness. She reached across the table and laid her hand on his. "Let's get out of this sideshow. Let's go somewhere . . . like your apartment. And I assure you, what I have in mind is not something casual."

He took her arm and they fought through the crowd which was now so thick their bodies pressed together. Mike felt the contact of Julie's thigh, hip and breast. And when he caught her gaze, he saw that it did to her what it was doing to him.

He reached for her as soon as he closed the door of the apartment. She came willingly to him, catching his cheeks between her palms and bringing his mouth down so that she could kiss him.

"There's something we'd better talk about," he said as he pulled the zipper at the back of her dress, baring her white shoulders.

"Burke?" She pawed hair out of her eyes, pushed the top of her dress down so that Mike could get at her bra. "He's nothing to me, absolutely nothing. The rest we can talk about later."

Instinctively, she covered her breasts when Mike threw the bra aside. Then she laughed at herself and lowered her hands. Mike leaned down. She stroked his head. Her nipples were hard.

"Let's go to the bedroom," he said hoarsely.

She stepped out of her dress and came to the bedroom clad only in her panties. When Mike reached for her, she shook her head and put her hand on the lamp cord, indicating she wanted to shut the lights off. Mike shook his head, saying "No," and wrapped his fingers around her wrist. They looked into each other's eyes and laughed again. Then she took off the panties and climbed into the bed. She blushed as he gazed at her naked body, then pulled up the sheets and got under them.

Mike turned toward her and worked his hand between her thighs. Her tongue stole along her upper lip. Her eyes smoldered. She clamped tight on Mike's hand and said, "Now I'll show you I'm not as innocent as you thought."

Smiling, Mike stroked her hips and buttocks. He loved touching her. There was a tenderness in him for this girl that he'd never had for any others. He felt as though no one else had ever kissed her breasts, or took those hard, ruddy nipples and toyed with them.

He pushed the sheet down so that he could see all of her body. He had seen his share of women, but none had ever been put together more beautifully than Julie. Everything about her was genuine, including her blondness.

Deliberately, slowly, she raised her arms and clasped her hands behind her neck, bold now, permitting him to get his fill of gazing at her.

Mike lowered his mouth to her breasts again, then rose over her. Their bodies brushed.

"Mike," she blurted suddenly. "Mike, I'm going to die if you don't start now."

They made love for a long time. Sometimes it's awkward for two strangers' bodies to adjust to each other's moves. But with them, it was smooth. They meshed perfectly.

In a final burst of passion, Julie locked her legs around him and rose off the bed. Her head tilted back and she let out a faint cry as an explosion shook them both.

He had climbed the highest mountain, Mike thought. He could live to be a hundred and have a hundred others and it would never be this good again.

"No man ever touched me before," Julie said. "None ever made love to me, either. I only *thought* they had. With you, it was all new."

She slid from the bed, gathered up her clothing, faded into the bathroom. She came back dressed. "We were going to talk about something, remember?"

"About Burke."

"I asked you to go with me tonight because I expected to run into him. With you along, he wouldn't pull what he pulled yesterday. He has something I have to get from him."

Mike sat up, put his feet to the floor. Her voice, he thought, suddenly sounded tight.

"That's the reason I was in his car yesterday. To ask him to name a price," Julie said. "He put his hand under my skirt and started telling me what I had to do for him first."

"What's this thing we're talking about, Julie? What do you have to get from him?"

She turned her face from him, cupped her hand over her eyes. "He has some photographs he won't give up. He says he's holding on to them and unless he gets paid every month, he'll start mailing them one by one to my mother and father. I could pay the money, Mike. But having that threat hanging over me from now on is something I can't take. It would kill my mother if she ever found out. She's straight-laced, old-fashioned, and she's ill. I just have to get those photographs."

"Photographs," Mike repeated. Even to himself, he sounded stunned.

"Telling you this is difficult. You don't know how difficult. But I urged you not to jump to conclusions about me." Her voice dropped to a whisper. "There was a party. I'd had too much to drink. This man, a friend of Burke's, had a camera. Burke got the pictures from him. There's a whole package of them."

Mike flexed the fingers of his right hand, looked at the knuckles he'd skinned when he hit Burke. "And you thought maybe I could get the pictures for you."

"That's right. But it isn't the reason I went to bed with you. I'd have done that anyway. I never felt about a man the way I feel about you."

"Don't worry, I'll get your pictures," he said, feeling like the whole world had just crumbled at his feet. "Just tell me where I find Burke."

"I don't know where he lives," she said. "All I know is that he works in a men's clothing store on Butterfield Avenue."

She waited for him to say something, but he just stared at the wall blankly. The heavy silence between them was too much for her to

take. "Thank you very much, Mike," she said softly. Then she walked out. Mike didn't even return her good-bye.

THE next day he pulled up in front of the men's shop on Butterfield and walked in. When Burke saw him he swallowed hard and put on his best salesman's smile.

Mike sneered at him, as if he was looking at a loathsome snake. "I came to pick up some pictures," he snarled.

They were standing at the rear of the store amid racks of clothing, the door to a dressing room behind them. Mike put his hand on Burke's chest and forced him back into the room. He knew Burke wasn't going to yell.

"She said you were carrying them yesterday. Maybe you have them on you now."

Burke's eyes flickered. "Stay out of this, sucker. The lady in the picture is a slut. She's made it with half the guys who go to the club. Just because her family is rich, that doesn't make her special."

Mike feinted with his left, hit with his right, and Burke bounced off the wall. "You bastard," Burke said. "You'll mark my face."

"You like this better?" asked Mike, and hit him below the ribs. Burke doubled up, gasping.

"If you've got the photographs on you, I want them. If you haven't, we're going to get them now."

"Bastard," said Burke again. "You're crazy." He leaned against the wall. "They're in my car, in the glove compartment. I'll give them to you if you'll go away and leave me alone."

They walked out to the parking lot, Burke taking each step as though it hurt him. When they got to the car he took an envelope with the rubber band around it from the glove compartment and slapped it into Mike's hand. "They're all there. And the negatives. You won't have to come back."

Mike slipped the packet into his coat pocket. "Thanks."

"What are you going to get out of it, sucker? A roll in the hay with the high-toned bitch? Or maybe she's going to fix you up with her sister. She'll do anything for kicks."

Mike didn't want to hit him again. He was afraid of his own fury. He walked away, out of the parking lot, to his car.

He sat under the steering wheel, telling himself to leave the rubber band around the envelope. But he couldn't.

The photograph on top showed her on a bed. She had a man's jacket around her, open, and except for that, she was naked. She didn't look very drunk.

In the second photograph, she wasn't alone. The man had his back to the camera. Mike felt that twisting in his gut again. He ought to stop now, he held himself, but he didn't. He had to know the whole dirty truth.

There was a photograph that showed his beautiful, wholesome, innocent-faced blonde on her hands and knees, long hair dangling as she knelt over the man.

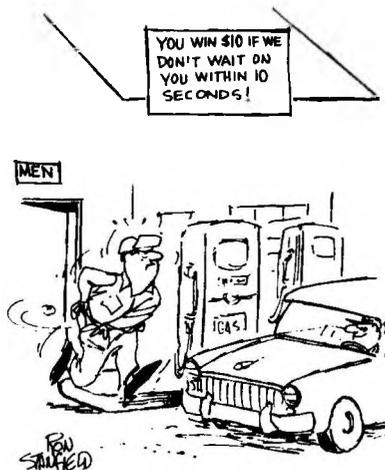
There were photographs of the two standing up, of her sitting in a chair with her legs spread wide, of the two of them in a position Mike had heard about but never seen.

The camera was brutal. It left nothing to the imagination. The couple in the pictures ran through the whole catalogue, and all the time the young blonde was smiling, enjoying it to the fullest.

Mike cursed aloud. How stupid he had been; how blind. You couldn't judge a book by its cover. Julie was nothing but a slut, and she had hooked him good with her pose of girlish shyness last night in his apartment. All so he'd get those photographs for her.

Well, there were all sorts of ways to set accounts in order.

He gave the envelope to her in his



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apartment that night. "You better make sure they're all there."

"Have you looked at them?"

"Yes," he said. He tossed her a book of matches. "I'd burn them."

"Were you shocked, Mike?"

He shrugged. "Like you said, idle rich girls have their ways of getting kicks."

"Mike..."

He unbuttoned his shirt. "Let's go to the bedroom. Or were you lying last night when you said I was someone special to you?"

"I wasn't lying." Her eyes narrowed. "All right, we'll go to the bedroom and I'll show you. If that's what you want."

Mike had a vivid memory of what was in the photographs. They reenacted every scene in them. Julie raised up once, her eyes dark, and said, "Mike, are you sure this is what you want?"

"You love me, don't you, baby? I'm your favorite dragon slayer."

"Yes, I do, and there isn't anything I won't do for you."

"Then prove it," he said.

The night was long and full of the wildest sex Mike Lydon had ever known.

When there was nothing left to do, or have done, he got up and went to the shower.

Julie was gone when he reappeared. Dawn was gnawing at the windows. Mike yanked the sheet off the bed and balled it up and hurled it into a corner. They were through, he knew. She had what she'd wanted—the photographs—and he could never see her again anyway. He had fallen for her too hard to begin with, and the image of her that he had now could never be fitted to the Julie he thought existed.

A girl called him at the garage two days later. Her voice sounded a little like Julie's. It was faintly mocking. "I'm Jeanne Reed. You know, Julie's notorious sister. I just got home from Key West. Could you come out to our house today? I have something to show you."

"I'm pretty busy."

"If you don't come, lover, you'll regret it."

He got there at five o'clock, following Jeanne's directions. The house was as big as a baseball field, with a swimming pool at the rear. He saw Julie stretched out on the diving board in the sun. She was wearing a bikini. Dark glasses shielded her eyes.

"Well, here you are." She sat up, took off the glasses. A cynical smile tugged at the corners of her mouth. She looked him up and down. "I can see why my sister goes for you. I wouldn't mind a round or two with you myself."

For the first time Mike realized she wasn't Julie. She had Julie's body, her features, her hair, but the voice and the bold expression on her face were different.

"Didn't the idiot tell you? We're identical twins. On the outside, that is. Otherwise, we're opposites. When Burke started bugging me about the photographs, I took off so that I wouldn't be here when the explosion came. But Julie took over, determined to get the pictures and save the family name and all that crap."

"You're the girl in the photographs?"

"Of course. Julie told you it was her so you'd get them from Burke. But she's so hung up on you, she's been mooning around ever since. All things considered, I figured I owed her that phone call today. She's in the house if you want to see her."

Mike started walking. Toward the house.

"Hey, lover," said the girl on the diving board. "It's really a laugh, you believing sweet, square Julie was the one in the pictures. She wouldn't go to bed with any man she didn't think she was in love with. And the rest of that wild stuff—why, she'd never do that for anybody."

Mike grinned at what he and Julie had done the last night they were together, and walked faster. Julie was coming out to meet him.

CYCLES AND SEX

(Continued from page 41)

they were going to take a trip along a lightly traveled and dangerous mountain road.

On the road, he sat silently behind Marcy, watching as she gained assurance in her ability to handle the cycle. She slowly but surely picked up speed. When she was really zooming along, he squeezed her waist gently, pressing his mouth firmly into her ear, and said: "You dig this, don't you?"

"Yes," she replied, shouting back at him. "I really dig it!" After a brief pause, she added, "Come higher."

Tim ignored her command, not knowing what she meant. She wasted little time in explaining: "Your hands," she shouted. "Bring them higher up on me. Cup my breasts."

Tim smiled to himself and did as requested, fondling her large and very hard nipples until she moaned and almost went limp in his arms. At this point, he feared that they might crack up. So he reluctantly took his hands from her breasts and grabbed the handlebars of the cycle, clutching down at the same time until they had slowed considerably. Marcy paid no attention to what Tim was doing. She had her head tilted back and turned slightly so that she could hungrily nibble at, and kiss, Tim's neck. Her lips were parted and wet, her tongue darting.

Eventually, Tim turned off the road and onto a little trail that led into the woods. When the trail came to a dead end, he killed the engine, saying, "End of the line, sweetheart."

Marcy was the first to dismount. Swinging off her seat, she grabbed for Tim, pressing her mouth to his, spearing him with her tongue, her kiss so hot it could have grilled a steak.

In a moment Tim had a blanket unpacked and spread over a cushion of pine needles. When he turned to face Marcy she had her blouse off, her shoulders hunched forward slightly as if she was going to spring at him, her breasts small but beautifully rounded and incredibly luscious. Tim pulled her down to him. She fell on top of him, her legs straddling his chest, her breasts brushing his face. Tim's tongue darted forward and it could feel the nipple grow even harder and larger. At the same time he unbuckled the belt on her jeans and pulled them down.

Panting huskily, Marcy did the same to him. And then her long fingers raced down his belly until they settled on his groin.

"Our clothes came off like they just melted away," Tim later recalled in an interview. "Marcy was so fired up she acted like a chick who'd been chained to a bed for a year with nothing to do but dream about the men she would love when she broke free; she treated me like I was the first one she had had after gaining her freedom. That afternoon she took me on the best sex trip I'd had in ages."

"Before going on that cycle blast," Marcy said when interviewed in Tim's apartment, "I had never been really aroused. But the throbbing of that machine under me—between my legs, to be more exact—did things to me that no one and nothing had ever done to me before. My thighs and the area around my thighs felt like they were on fire. I couldn't control my desire."

"Since that first time, I've taken a couple of dozen more cycle blasts with Tim. And I almost always end up with that same fire-like feeling—and that same overwhelming craving for totally uninhibited sex."

"It's also got something to do with the feeling that you're flirting with danger and

death," Marcy added, trying to explain further why a speeding bike under her body acts almost like an aphrodisiac. "Something gets into you. Something marvelous happens: the speed and the throbbing engine and the bouncing bike is like a special kind of sex foreplay."

"It primes me. And when we end the ride, I simply have to release all that energy that's been built up. I have to make love."

Marcy is not at all unique. I have interviewed dozens of women for this article who are hooked on bikes. Ordinary women—housewives, receptionists, waitresses and college coeds—the kind we all know; none were bike-gang mamas or greasy motorcycle broads. And these women all agree on one point: Cycle blasting is like a sexual tuneup, revving them up until they must explode with passion. And most of them—whom I met through friends and bike clubs in New York, California and Illinois—also agree that their finest sexual experiences have come after long rides with men.

DON Collins is one of the men who knows what a bike ride can do to rev up a woman's sexuality. Don is 28 and manages a transmission repair shop in San Francisco. He rides a Norton, one of the fastest motorcycles a guy can drive. I met him through contacts at a bike club he belongs to.

"I know a dozen girls who don't really dig making it with a guy unless there's been the warmup of the bike ride first," Don says. "Ramona, the chick I'm living with now, is like that."

"I met her one Sunday afternoon while I was driving down the Coast Highway; just riding around to get some speed under me and maybe go for a dip in the Pacific at a little place I know. I had just crested a hill when I spotted this Thunderbird down below me, slowing to pick up a hitchhiker. But the hiker sort of waved him away and the car kept going."

"I thought it was funny until I got close and saw it was a chick out there thumbing—a small dark-haired girl about 20 or 22, and very pretty. She got prettier as I came closer and she began to thumb me. When I stopped I saw she was more than pretty. A knockout. I later learned her name was Ramona."

"I told her to get on and when we were moving a bit I leaned back and asked if she had anything against T-birds. She said; 'Hate all cars. Dig bikes. I won't hitch a ride in a car.' We rode along for a few miles, not saying much because of the roar of my Norton. She didn't say where she was going and I never asked; played it cool. Finally, I slowed down a few miles out of Big Sur."

"I feel like a swim," I told her. "Love it," she said. I pulled off the highway, onto a little road that leads down to a steep cliff on top of a cove which the guys use a lot for swimming and messing around. About the only things that can make it down to the beach are donkeys and motorcycles. I clutched down and began to roll down this cliff that's practically 90 degrees all the way. Ramona was hanging on tight, leaning into me, gasping with pleasure, just saying things like 'Oh, wow!' all the way to the bottom."

"It was completely deserted down there, as it usually is because it's so hard to get to. Nothing but a few gulls around. I stepped out of my clothes, down to my bathing suit."

"Ramona smiled in a funny way. Then she went off behind some scrub pine with her knapsack and I figured she was going to change into a suit. I ran into the surf and swam out a way. When I started back, I saw Ramona running across the sand toward me. She hadn't changed into a suit. She hadn't changed into anything! She was completely nude."

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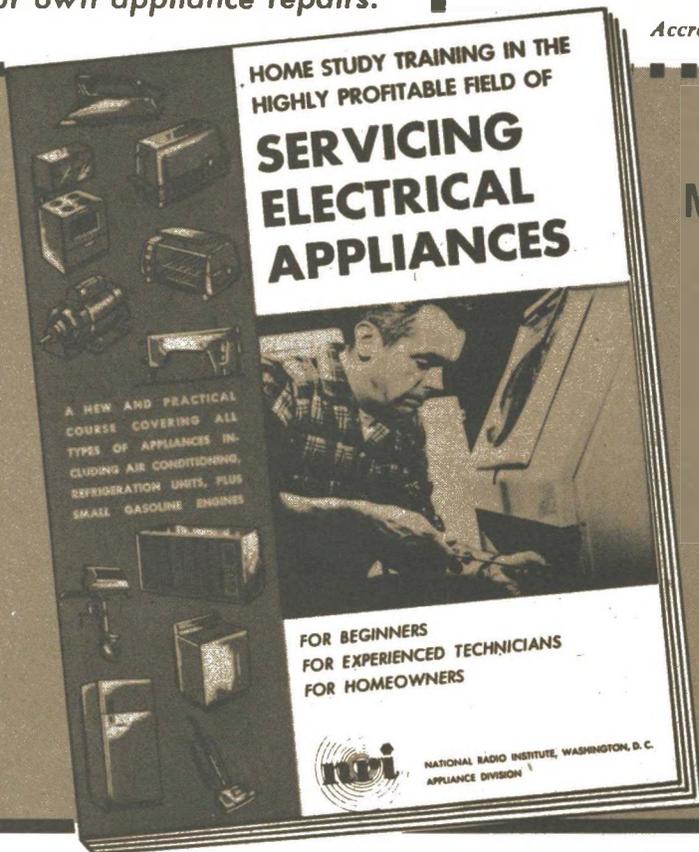
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"Standing in the surf, she shouted, 'I forgot I left my suit home.' Then she giggled and ran off, heading down the beach. I chased after her. When I caught up, I dove at her and brought her down in the surf. She started wrestling me—not trying to fight me off, but to bring me way up high. It wasn't much of a fight. I had my trunks off in a second and we made love there on the edge of the surf, with the waves banging against us as we just tore away at each other."

WHAT all this points up to is clear: a new sexual revolution has zoomed up on us, throttle wide open, as the motorcycle has begun to replace the automobile as America's first-place makeout instrument. Says Dr. Roscoe Sherron, a leading psychologist:

"The sudden upwaving in the popularity of motorcycles is basically because of the sensuality involved. For men, it is a new means of escape from the straight jacket of modern life. I've done counselling at colleges and I have private patients who are members of bike clubs or are lone pleasure bikers. In the schools, the best-looking and most 'in' girls prefer to go out with the men with bikes. And the men are all switching to bikes because of the sexual impact of a machine with two wheels. Outside the schools, the men I know all affirm that their sex lives have become fuller, richer and with greater variety than ever since they bought bikes."

"As for the women, the big thing is that a bike seems to be a possible vehicle to greater sexual freedom. Somehow, it seems to break down inhibitions and make a woman more deeply aware that sex is something that is natural and to be enjoyed to the fullest. The bike helps a lot of women tear off the Puritan blinders that have made them almost afraid to enjoy sex."

"From what I have been able to deduce in my interviews with bikers and their women," Dr. Sherron continued, "the rhythmic vibration of a motorcycle creates a sexual excitement. The short, rapid, vigorous vibrations are very stimulating, and it is interesting to note that the rhythm of a motorcycle is very similar to the rhythm of the sexual act. It is a kind of music that triggers a sexual reaction in many women."

And there is something else the doctor has noted—an insight that many men have taken advantage of: "The women who have discussed with me their reactions to motorcycle rides make it clear that the sexual stimuli of the throbbing bike sneaks up on them. These women don't have erotic thoughts or fantasies the first time out. Sex is the furthest thing from their minds. The physical kick of riding, the idea of danger, is what they're thinking of in the beginning. But after a while the sexual stimuli reaches the consciousness and becomes an overwhelming force—a very strong need that must be filled. If the opportunity presents itself, the woman makes that need very clear to her man and sexual intercourse invariably results."

"This sneaking up effect opens a whole range of possibilities. I have found that some women who are afraid of sex have their lives opened by taking bike rides. It happens often enough so that I now suggest bike rides to some of my patients whose problems appear to be sexually related. And, I may add, it frequently works for my women patients."

The psychologist persuaded one of those patients to tell me about her experiences. Linda, as I'll call her, is a young divorcee whose marriage broke up after a little more than a year because of sexual problems. The psychologist, after months of digging into Linda's psyche, learned she had a sex hangup because of a strict religious-moral upbringing, and she had made life miserable for her husband. He also learned she was

dating a guy with a bike and recommended she cut loose on a cycle blast with him.

A redhead with an upturned nose and appealing dimples in her cheeks, and green eyes that are very seductive, Linda talked rather openly about her experience.

"I used to be terrified about sex," she told me. "Really terrified. But since I've been getting into my head and finding out all the stupidities that were implanted there, I've learned a lot about myself and about my sex needs. I'm not ashamed of sex any more, and I'm not even ashamed to discuss it. In fact, I find the more I talk about it the more I understand what messed up my first marriage and my life."

"When Dr. Sherron suggested I go for a weekend jaunt with Bob, my boy friend, I thought it was a screwy idea. I mean, I had been telling the doctor that I felt very stiff in bed, that I didn't enjoy having sex with Bob and that I wasn't good for Bob because I was just a lump lying there under him feeling all kinds of guilt. I felt I shouldn't enjoy sex. I couldn't figure what the bike ride would do for me."

"You see, I had gone riding with Bob before. But mostly short trips around town to get to a party or a movie. Never a long blast or anything like that. But I figured I was paying the doctor \$25 an hour for his advice, and I'd be foolish not to take it. Bob liked the idea, and we made plans for the first weekend coming up. We packed bathing suits and a change of clothes and headed up to Cape Cod, 300 miles away from my home town."

"After about a hundred miles I could feel something happening to me. I didn't know what it was, I hadn't expected anything. Just a weird feeling all over my body that was good, and also scary. And it kept growing and growing. It took me a while to figure out what it was. We had hit a bump and I leaned closer against Bob's back. That's when I realized my breasts were aching. Not hurting, but aching—crying out some kind of signal."

"I reached inside my jacket and shirt and felt my left breast, and the nipple was as hard as a rock. And then I knew what the hell was happening to me—I was totally, wildly, crazily stimulated. I was hot as hell."

"I leaned over and shouted in Bob's ear: 'I want to make love to you. Right now!'

"It was so funny. Bob almost killed us getting off that highway and to a motel."

"When we got into the room Bob slammed the door and locked it. Almost before he could turn around I was attacking him. I mean, I was literally raping him. And he dug it, because I had never been able to feel it that strong before. Then I simply undressed him and went to work on him. I was ready, I didn't need foreplay at all. So I concentrated on giving everything I could to Bob. I used my mouth on him, giving him oral sex—and that's the first time I'd been able to do that although I knew Bob always wanted it so bad that way."

"When Bob was up as high as he could get, I pulled him down onto the bed and into me, and I began making love to him like I've never made love to a man in my life. I had a very fast orgasm that was so strong that I cried with pleasure. As for Bob, he just kept going, probably wondering what the hell happened to make me a different woman but not stopping to ask any questions. And that day, for the first time in my life, I had more than one orgasm through a single sex act."

"Since that time sex has been the most important thing in my life. I mean, I just have to make love to Bob as often as possible. And I'm good now. Bob says I'm the best woman he's ever made love to, and that I'm at the top of my form after a bike blast. We go riding a lot now, and we make love wherever we happen to stop—in the woods, in motels, back at his apartment, anywhere

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and everywhere. Sometimes we even make love on the bike while driving along. Would you believe it? Would you believe making love like that was possible? Or that a woman like me would try it?"

I believed it, but the first time I heard that some bikers make it on their machines, while it is moving, I admit I found it a little difficult to believe. But after interviewing dozens of men and women I discovered that the bike, which is a sex stimulant, is actually used sometimes to heighten the enjoyment of the sex act.

Nora and her husband, Ralph, described how they've done it. They are both in their early 30s, have been married about 10 years and live in a split level in a Chicago suburb. Last year Ralph started riding a bike for pleasure, and he suggested he and Nora get out onto the road on bike blasts.

"I remember very clearly the first time. Something weird came over me," Nora told me in an interview. "We were out riding on our Triumph Bonneville, a great little machine that makes 100 miles an hour without a wheeze. It was at night, a real dark night, and I was so hungry for loving because of the way that machine stimulated me that I told Ralph to head into the big government park down near where we live.

"He did, and we pulled over onto a dirt track that's used mostly by the park rangers. I told Ralph to stop. When he did I got off the bike, took my clothes off, and then helped Ralph undress. He tried to make love to me right there, but I said no, I wanted to try something different. I shoved our clothes into the packs on the bike. Then I sat up on the seat and told him to get on. He did, he wasn't about to argue. When he was set up and had the engine going I just squirmed into his lap until we were joined together. I put my hands back on the handlebars and lifted myself as

much as I could onto his lap, so his legs would be free for maneuvering and so we could be as tight together as possible.

"Then I told him to drive, real slow. And we started moving over the trail, bouncing along on this dirt road, and every bounce was an agony and a joy because he just thrust into me and at the same time that I was moving my hips forward and back, creating this enormous sexual tension between us, just driving both of us up into the trees. And every bounce changed the rhythm, jolting us, sending us on the strangest sexual trip. When we finally hit the climax we just sort of fell off the bike into the weeds and rolled away from it. He then got on top of me and started loving me all over again. It was simply great, there is no other word to describe it except great."

Although some psychologists are recommending bike blasts to their patients to stimulate a more natural sexuality, not every case has a happy ending. Dr. Sherron read me a summary of one case that ended rather badly. From his file:

"Gale is 27, married four years. She believed she needed a divorce because she and her husband were not sexually compatible. Described herself as frigid, although she said she does have orgasms in sex. Her 'frigidity' appeared to be nothing more than a feeling that she is not satisfying her husband sexually because she feels she is under-sexed.

Her husband is a draftsman in a small architectural firm, and rides a cycle to work. I recommended that Gale and her husband take a long bike trip over a weekend. Gale said she would do it . . .

"She missed two appointments. When she finally called to explain, she told me her husband had filed for divorce and there was no chance of saving the marriage. I asked her what had happened and she said: 'I put out for everybody.' She went on to explain: 'We

went on a long trip with four other couples who were my husband's friends. We were the only married couple there, the rest just dating. We went to New Jersey, out in the hills where one of the guys had grown up. The bike ride loosened me up, all right, just as you thought it would. And when we got there I was ready for sex. I took my husband back in the woods and we had a marvelous sexual experience. And about an hour later I wanted more, but my husband wasn't ready.

"So, I just wandered off, telling everyone I was going swimming down at the stream near our camp. And one of the other guys followed me. I made it with him, I just couldn't help it. And while we were making love at the edge of the stream another one of the guys came down. Things led to things, and I did it with him. I was just going out of my mind and I wanted to make love to anybody who came along. I did it, because I wanted it so bad. And my husband saw me with the last one—the fourth guy.

"He got mad, and he made me tell him about making it with all of them. He started to push me around but one of the girls pulled him away and calmed him down and he made love to her in the woods. I thought everything was cool—that it was just one of those strange things and he could forgive it. Especially since he took another woman, too. But when we got home he just packed up and left.

"They have since been divorced," the psychologist's last note in the files reads.

But there have not been too many failures of that kind, say the psychologists I've talked to. And the men and women who blast off on bike jaunts that wind up as sexual escapades insist that a new dimension has been added to their lives by the two-wheeled sexual revolution. The women are finding a passion inside of them that they never before knew existed . . . And you can bet their men are discovering that passion, too.

DETROIT 'LEMONS'

(Continued from page 23)

was no one behind. The new auto rolled against the far curb—the one across the street from his driveway—and stopped. No damage done.

Pete drove the car at five miles per hour back to the dealer, using the emergency brake to stop when necessary. He rushed into the showroom and yelled some nasty things at the salesman. The salesman told him to bring it into the shop.

The mechanic in the shop examined the car and reported to the foreman. The foreman told Pete the master cylinder had sprung a leak and that the brake fluid had drained out. It was a terrible thing. But it was the factory's fault. It was something the shop could not have noticed before turning the car over to Pete. Just an assembly-line error. They'd fix it immediately.

Okay, Pete said, do a good job. What else could he say? The car was his now, in fair weather and foul, in sickness and in health, till wear and tear did them part. If it broke down, what could he do but get it fixed?

Pete took his new car home again—carefully. It didn't seem to be glinting and gleaming quite as much, but at least the brakes were working.

It rained hard the next day. Pete was on the parkway, doing 50 plus. Suddenly there was a loud snap and the windshield wipers stopped. Instantly rain screened the windshield. It was like peering through a waterfall. Impossible. Blinded and turning a curve, Pete braked hard. The car skidded on the rain-slicked surface, mounted the curb and slammed into the divider.

Pete survived. For he hit the metal divider at only 10 mph, having been able to slow down considerably before impact. The damage wasn't even too bad. Pete took the car back to the dealer.

The dealer was very concerned. He even offered to repair the damage. A good guy, that dealer. So good that when Pete told him to shove it, he told it to him quietly. Pete didn't want repairs, he wanted a new car. A brand new automobile in excellent working condition, just like he was supposed to get in the first place.

The dealer looked very distressed. "We can't do that," he said. "Company policy. It's just not done. Nobody gets a brand new car. You know that. It's just unheard of."

"Okay," said Pete. "Then I'll sue."

He did. And he won. Pete's case is not unusual, but it does prove a point: You don't necessarily have to get stuck with a lemon. There are legal ways to protect yourself against Detroit. There are things you can do—and suing is only one of them—to avoid getting stuck with a new made-in-Detroit pile of junk.

You should know about these things, too. For in your lifetime, you will buy an average of four and a half new automobiles. And the chances are that at least one of those four-and-a-half cars you'll buy will be a disaster.

That is because the automobile, Detroit version, is a disaster. It is our chief means of transportation, our number one status symbol, the keystone of our economy—and it is a huge disaster.

The automobile costs too much, breaks down too often, has to be junked too soon. It is a shoddy piece of goods put together by companies which have a shoddy attitude toward their customers. It is flimsy, unsafe, expensive to run and even more expensive to maintain. A disaster.

The average car comes to you with

something like 25 defects. That's according to Consumers Union, and more reliable testimony you won't find. There is an average of 25 defects in the new cars attributable just to careless construction procedures and slipshod treatment by dealer servicemen alone. The situation's so bad that 36 per cent of new-car buyers report themselves disgusted with the condition of the product delivered to them.

Given these sorry state of affairs, you owe it to yourself to develop some automobile savvy—savvy about what you can do to cut down the risks of ending up with a disaster; savvy about what steps you can take if, after all the precautions you've gone through, you get a disaster anyway.

OKAY, let's start at the beginning. You decide to buy a new car. The first thing to do is settle on the make of car you want and the dealer to buy it from.

About the make of a car: talk to garage mechanics and ask them which cars seem to give the least trouble. Ask the people you know about their new cars. Read the consumer magazines which rate new autos. Try to get some notion of which makes and models are rolling off the assembly line with the fewest flaws and the best chance of not breaking down every week.

Then ask around about dealers. Finding the right dealer may be more important, ultimately, than finding the right car. You want a guy who's going to deliver what the warranty promises—in full. You want a guy who's got a good, speedy shop with mechanics who know their business, a foreman who isn't out to cheat you and a service policy that's sympathetic to your problems.

Once you've got some idea of the model car you want and you've got a line on a dealer you may be able to trust, go to the showroom and look the showroom model over.

You may be able to spot sloppy workmanship in such obvious things like the fit of the hood or of the trunk lid, the anchorage of the seat belts, the condition of the door latches, even in the positioning of the mirrors. Reach under the car and try to rattle the exhaust system. Are the muffler and pipes loose? Open the hood. Check the carburetor linkage. Does it jiggle too much? Have someone turn the steering wheel back and forth quickly. Is there a lot of play in the steering linkage? Push down on the fenders and watch the springs and shocks. Is there some softness?

All of this is really small stuff. But in a new car, especially in a showroom model, you shouldn't detect anything wrong. So if there seems to be a number of small flaws, they mean something. They mean maybe you'd better look at another model—or another make altogether. Shoddy workmanship has a way of becoming a habit with Detroit.

Now you finally find a car that passes *showroom* inspection at a dealer with a good rep. But before you buy, test drive it. Wheel that glinting, gleaming hunk of metal out into the streets, take it into traffic, zoom up and slow down. Take it out on the parkway and open up. Slam hard on the brakes. Drive it as if you owned it. Paul Delasse, a skilled mechanic, explains why:

"You can't really get a sense of a model until you drive it. You want to see if it rattles on bumpy streets. You want to take your hands off the steering wheel and see that it holds a true course. That's only wheel alignment, of course, but it's a clue to the way they put the car together.

"Then you try the brakes. They should be firm and quick, but not lock on you. The car should stop nice and evenly, without any swaying. Then try the steering. See if there's any looseness in the wheel. The car should turn the moment you turn the wheel.

"All right, then you get to the transmission. Put the car in neutral and step on the brake. Hold the brake down hard. Then slide the stick into drive. The car should kick forward instantly, without clanking. If there's any whine or pause, or you get a noise, then maybe the transmission wasn't put together too well.

"If the car has power steering, turn the engine off while coasting and try to steer the car. These things are engineered so you should be able to steer if the power suddenly goes out on you."

IF the car model and the dealer pass all these tests, you're only one-tenth of the way home. The other nine-tenths is represented by the car you get—the one that comes in with your name on it; the one with the average of 25 defects they hand you the key to.

What you've accomplished by careful pre-checking of make, showroom model and dealer is to *limit* your risks so that maybe your personal car comes in with only 14 or 15 defects while some other make comes in with 35 or 36 (making for an industry average of 25). Still, some of those 14 or 15 defects can be serious. Before you take title to the automobile, you'll want to unearth as many of these flaws as possible.

This is a delicate area, an area where you'll have to play it tough and cool. Before you officially sign a receipt for the car tell the dealer you want your personal mechanic to look it over before you take possession. Then watch the dealer sweat a little.

He'll probably tell you that it is company policy not to let the car out of the showroom without the buyer signing a receipt to buy it.

That's a lot of bull!

The law says you have the right to inspect a car before buying it outright.

Tony Caruso, a Chicago electrical worker, can tell you how it's done:

"I told the dealer I wanted to take the car out in order to let my mechanic look at it. He says they don't do that kind of thing; they don't have plates or insurance for that. I told him, 'Well, get them. I'm not taking the car unless I get to show it to my man first.'"

"The guy makes a face and says, 'Well, maybe we'll have to cancel the sale.' I told him, 'Uh, uh, baby. I know my rights. The law says I got the right to fully inspect the machine before I buy it. It's right down there in black and white. So you either let me see the car or I'm going to invoke my rights.'"

"So the guy gave in. He knew I was right. So I took it to my mechanic and he found that the exhaust system was leaking into the car and that one of the valves in the engine wasn't working right. Also, one of the rear shocks was halfway shot. These are the kinds of defects I wouldn't have discovered for months—if I survived accidents caused by them.

"I took the car back and said, 'Here, you keep it! Drive it around and gas yourself if you want. I want another car!' They bitched a lot but eventually they gave me one."

Now how can you benefit from Tony's experience? Well, somewhere in your area is a competent mechanic or an independent auto-diagnostic clinic (one not linked to any repair shop). Spend a few extra bucks and get your car checked over before you accept it from the dealer. Then, if the defects they find aren't major, take it back and insist the car be repaired before you take it. If they are major, demand a different vehicle.

Once they make the repairs, test drive the car the way you did the showroom model. Only this time go over the vehicle with a fine comb. Check for body damage and for defective signal lights, radio, heater, vents, windows, latches, wiper, spare tire, etc. And make sure there's no damage to the tires

(Continued on page 70)

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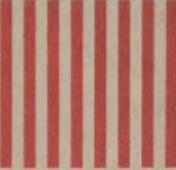
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you're driving on. Don't accept the car until everything is fixed.

Then ask the dealer to show you his check list on your car. Every car manufacturer distributes check-list forms to their dealers. These are lists of the items the shop mechanics are supposed to check out before finally delivering the car. Don't be shy about asking to see the check-list for your car. It'll give you an idea of what your mechanic may have overlooked—or what they may have overlooked.

NOW you finally take possession of the vehicle. Watch it with a hawk's eye for the first few weeks, before you take it back for the 1000-mile tune up. Our mechanic friend, Paul Delasse, offers this advice:

"Watch out especially for leaks. When you park it slide a piece of cardboard on the ground underneath so you can spot any leaks when you move the car.

"If you've got a leak around the engine area—a reddish one—it could be oil. Then again the block may not be tight, or you might have a bad gasket. If the leak is black, it could be brake fluid. Watch especially for brake fluid from the master cylinder or the wheel cylinders.

"If the leak is further back, like under the front seat, it may be the transmission seal. And once the oil's gone, you'll burn up the transmission. In the rear, a leak could be from the differential box. If that goes, it's another expensive job. It's on the warranty, but most times you have to fight the dealer to get everything you're entitled to.

"Then you should make sure the car isn't burning oil. A new engine may burn a little while she's breaking in, but if the oil level goes down fast, you may have some engine problems.

"One more thing: Make sure your brakes aren't locking or twisting the car one way or another. They should all stop evenly. If they don't you might have a bad drum. And make sure all the gauges are working, especially the temperature gauge. If the engine overheats, you may have a radiator leak or the water pump may be shot."

Keep a list of all the defects you find. When you take the car in for the 1,000-mile tune up, give a copy of the written list to the service manager and ask him to personally check them all out.

If the defects are very critical—either in terms of performance or safety—return the car immediately. Ask the dealer to replace the car with another one or give you your money back.

And here's where the real battle begins. If you are to come out of that battle a winner, you've got to know what legal rights you have with which to fight.

GETTING a new car out of a dealer once you've taken title is as difficult as getting a well-made car out of Detroit. It really is almost unheard of. But believe it or not, it's easy to get your money back, though you may need a lawyer to help. So let's start with that.

Before you return the car, write down the reasons why you are doing so. Stop payments on all checks you've made to the dealer, and bring the car, payment book and written explanation to the dealer. Repeat your reasons for returning the car to the highest official on the premises—the owner, the sales manager, even the salesman if he's the only one there. Make it clear, without threatening, that you're considering seeking the advice of a legal counsel.

Usually they'll try to make a deal with you. The deal will be a promise to fix all the faulty parts of your car. Don't accept this unless it is really what you were after in the first place. If you're willing to accept, say, a

new transmission for one that's on the bum but which the dealer was lagging in making the repairs on, then demanding your money back or demanding a new automobile may spur him to action.

But if you really have lost all faith in the car, hold out for a refund or a replacement. You're legally entitled to one either one. In lawyer language it's called "loss of confidence."

The case of John Perotta, a Boston truck driver, can serve as an example of what "loss of confidence" means.

As John tells it, "The car I got was in the worst condition I've ever seen a new car to be. It had a bum engine, and the brakes went on me three days after I bought it. I felt that every time I got into that car I was climbing into a death trap. I went to my lawyer, and he told me what to do.

"First I took the car back to the dealer. I told them I was stopping all payments and wanted a new car. They went through the ceiling. They threatened to sue, to attach my salary—you name it. This was after first trying to cajole me into letting them fix the stinking thing.

"I told them, 'Forget it, man. I want another car. Nothing else.' When they said they'd sue, I said, 'Go ahead. Let's see who wins. Then my lawyer sent them a letter.

"After that I just sat tight. A few days later the sales manager called and said, 'Well, after considering the case, we've decided to let you have your money back—less wear and tear on the car.' I told him to stick it up his tailpipe. I wanted my money back in full. He said he was sorry, they couldn't do that. I said, 'Okay, we'll see!' And hung up.

"The lawyer told me to sit tight another two days, and sure enough they came back with an offer for a full refund. I considered holding out to make them pay the \$30 I owed the lawyer, but then I figured, what the hell. I was glad I got my money back."

John won his battle. You can, too, if you see a lawyer before you act.

Now suppose the defects aren't serious enough to warrant turning the car back in but the dealer won't fix them anyway. Don't give up. You're not helpless.

Before the battle over defects begins, you should know this:

The dealer and the company are liable even for defects not specifically listed in the warranty.

They are liable for any promises made by the salesman during his spiel; for any promises made by the sales manager; for any verbal agreements extracted by you from the salesman or shop foreman; for any implied promises contained in the auto-company literature about your car or in auto-company advertising.

Knowing this, you then do battle the way a guy we'll call Fred Whittigham, a Houston construction worker, did:

"I was driving on a rainy day and I made a sudden stop," Fred remembers. "I hit the brake but the gas pedal got stuck. It didn't come up, and I plowed into the back of another car. I had about \$800 in damage to my car.

"The car was only about six weeks old, so I went back to the dealer and told them the carburetor linkage was defective and it caused me to be in an accident. They looked at the linkage and, sure enough, it wasn't right. But they said there was no proof it was a manufacturing flaw—that it could have gone bad due to my driving and it's not covered by the warranty. They said they weren't responsible for the accident.

"Now I never wrote a letter in my life, but this time I was burning. So I wrote to the company president, to my state representative and to Washington—both to the Federal Trade Commission and to my congressman.

"After that a lot of things happened. One

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of my congressmen called up and gave me the name of a consumer outfit that helps people with problems like mine. He also gave me the name of a lawyer who specializes in these kinds of things, in case I needed him. He told me I should also see the Better Business Bureau and meanwhile he was going to get the car-safety outfit in Washington to look into it.

"Then the company president wrote that he was looking into my case. And a week later a guy from the company customer-relations department called me and we got together. He said he couldn't help me, but he wanted me to know that the company had made a thorough review of my case. He said I wasn't entitled to get my car fixed, but that I should be satisfied that a total review had been made.

"So I went to the lawyer and we sued. We never even got to court. We got word that they were going to fix my car for me."

The lesson is plain: Don't be afraid to see a lawyer if need be. Even just the threat of a suit can be effective. And you've got more grounds than just the narrow liability terms spelled out in the written warranty.

Also, don't be too reluctant or too lazy to complain to the company and to government officials. To fight a monster you've got to be willing to do anything, use any weapon—to kick, bite, scratch, maul, hit below the belt. See your local district attorney, if need be. Tell him you're the victim of a fraud. You bought a new car expecting to get a machine that ran smoothly and safely, just as you were promised. Instead you were given a wreck. That's fraud. That's something for the bunko squad.

The DA may not arrest anybody, but if he just sends a man around to investigate, that'll give the dealer and the auto company enough of a scare. It's the only kind of language they understand. Remember, you don't have to be stuck with a Detroit Disaster—not any more. ●●●

TORTURE PRISON

(Continued from page 31)

didn't fit into either category I mentioned. I didn't do it for political reasons, and as far as I can tell I'm not nuts—unless you want to call falling head over heels for a girl being nuts.

That's right. I did it because of a girl; but what a girl!

Her name is Consuelo, and I met her in Rio de Janeiro. I'm a heavy-crane operator and I had just finished a job on a dam near San Pedro, Uruguay. Before going back to the States I decided to take a long-needed and long overdue vacation in Rio. I was sitting at an outdoor cafe sampling the local wine when the chick to end all chicks sat down at the table next to mine. I wasted no time in getting to meet her, and the fact that she turned out to be a Cuban working at the Cuban consul didn't discourage me in the least bit. I mean, a girl's a girl in bed, be she Commie or a flag-waving member of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Well, this one was a Commie named Consuelo. And that I was an American didn't faze her at all. That evening she wound up in my bed at the hotel, and she stayed there for the whole weekend. Never in my life had I met a girl like her. I mean, she took to sex like a thirst-wracked person takes to an oasis. She literally drove me up the walls. And with no strings attached.

On Sunday night, just as she was leaving my hotel room, she told me it was goodbye; that she was returning to Cuba on Tuesday morning. I felt bad about it at the time, but what the hell. I figured, a chick is a chick,

and that there'd be plenty of others. So I told her I hated to see her go—wished she could stay longer—and blew her a kiss. As far as I was concerned, that was the end of the whole affair.

But it wasn't. I found myself thinking about her more and more. It got so every woman I met I compared to Consuelo, and each on the wrong side, which made Rio a very depressing town for me. So I wasn't unhappy when I received a cable from my company asking me to fill in immediately for a crane operator who had gotten appendicitis on their Mexican project. They said that if I was agreeable, they'd fly in a Lear jet to transport me.

Two days later I was on that jet and while on it decided to head for Cuba. It happened when the pilot, who was the only other person on board beside me, pointed to a spit of land on the horizon while we were flying at about 15,000 feet just off Mexico's Yucatan peninsula.

"That's Cuba," he mentioned, "only 60 miles away."

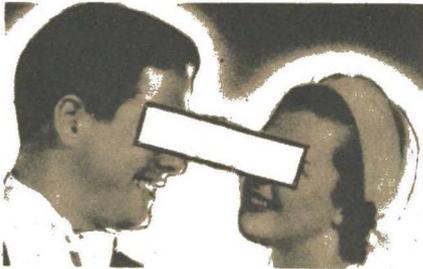
That was all I needed; the word Cuba instantly heightened the memory of the two nights I had spent with Consuelo. I knew I had to see her again, even if it was just for one lovemaking session. It was then that I hijacked the plane.

Looking back at it now, it was so easy it almost frightens me. I reached into my overnight bag and withdrew my .45—the gun the company insisted every employee carry when he was working isolated regions like I had been. I pressed the gun against the pilot's temple and said softly, "If that's Cuba, that's where we're heading. I have a date in Havana with a girl."

The pilot's eyes opened wide, as if he didn't believe what was going on.

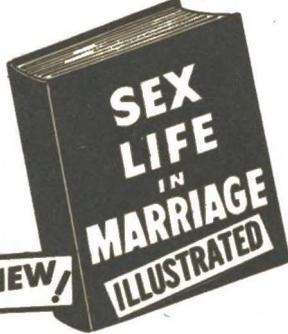
"This is no joke," I warned him. "I want to go to Havana."

He then banked the aircraft to the right and just like that we were winging our way to



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- Sensation-Providing Areas
- When Sex Power Fails
- Technique of Sexual Intercourse
- Effect on Wife: on Husband
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- When Husband and Wife Cannot Keep Pace
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ABOUT 20 miles off the Cuban coast, the pilot radioed that we were coming in, and why—to keep trigger-happy Cubans flying MIGs off our backs. The rest was easy. In a few minutes the Havana skyline loomed below us as we headed in for a landing.

A welcoming committee was waiting for us at Havana airport. The pilot was ushered to a waiting room, where he would be detained until he got permission to return to Mexico. I was hustled by two army personnel into a jeep and driven to Havana. During that trip I tried to talk to my escorts—in English and in Spanish—but they ignored me. As far as they were concerned, I didn't even exist.

About a half hour out of the airport the jeep pulled up to a huge building which had railroad-crossing barriers barring entrance to the building's grounds. The guards said something I couldn't hear to the sentries at the gate and we were let through. It was then that I got my first glimpse at the prison they call Hijacker House—my home for the next six weeks.

Hijacker House, I later learned, used to be a grand hotel in pre-Castro days. But since the Communists took over there have been some changes made. For one, the gardens between the house and the surrounding heavy-iron fence have been leveled, so there is a stretch of about 30 yards outside the building which is devoid of any cover. For another thing, the heavy iron fence circling the grounds has been elevated by electrified barbed wire which is strung along the top, and which can jolt a man to unconsciousness if he should happen to touch it. And all access to the building has been sealed off except from one road. That one goes through the front entrance, which is guarded by the railroad-crossing barriers and the armed sentries I saw when I arrived.

The jeep pulled up at the foot of a series of wide steps leading into Hijacker House. One of the Cubans guarding me remained at the wheel while the others got out and said, "They are expecting you in the lobby," and pointed up the steps.

I shrugged my shoulders, thanked them for the lift, and went in.

Like the guard said, they were expecting me. A militiaman who couldn't have been more than 18 stood at the door. He said in Spanish "You are Senor Loosen?"

I nodded.

"Follow me."

I followed him through a vast lobby which, although it had seen better days, stilled retained an aura of elegance. The floors and pillars were made of marble, and the armchairs and sofas, though thoroughly worn from use, were unmistakably expensive.

The kid stopped at a closed door on which the sign "Major Corozai" was tacked, swung the door open and motioned for me to enter. When I did, he shut the door behind me, remaining outside.

Major Corozai looked like a starved vulture. He was thin, hawk-nosed, and he sat behind a huge desk which made his small stature stand out even more. He gave me a smile which reeked of phoniness and beckoned me to the chair which faced him. I sat down, as he asked me to, and what followed was three hours of intense interrogation: the exact details of my hijack, my life history as far back as I could remember, what I wanted in Cuba, and of course why I commandeered the plane. When I told him I did it because I wanted to see Consuelo, he picked up the phone and called the Foreign Office. When he put down the receiver he said, "It is impossible for you to see her. Senorita Consuelo Morazon has been posted to our trade delegation in Poland."

He went on to tell me that it might be a

matter of weeks, or months until she returned. And until it was decided what to do with me I was to be kept as a guest of this establishment. "We call it Hijacker House," he said. But he said it with a wicked smile, as if he was enjoying a private joke.

After that he summoned the same militiaman who met me and ordered him to take me to a room on the second floor.

As I rode up the elevator with my guard he told me that I wouldn't be alone in the room. I would have a roommate, an Englishman, to keep me company. "I think the man is a little crazy," he cautioned, "but pay him no heed. He is not dangerous."

Before I got a chance to ask him what he meant, we were at my room. He took a key from a key ring he carried strapped to his belt, unlocked the door, and shepherded me in. Then he closed the door behind me, locked it, and left me alone with my "crazy Englishman" roommate.

His name was Jack Cunningham, and he was lying in bed nursing a foot which was swaddled in bandages.

"I'd tell you to get the hell out of here, but seeing that you have no choice but to stay, make yourself comfortable," was Cunningham's first words to me.

After I introduced myself he all but bellowed out, "A Yank! A flaming, bloody Yank! Of all the people to stick me with, they stick me with a Yank!"

I opened my mouth to tell him what he could do with his "flaming, bloody Yank" business, but he shushed me by puckering his lips, putting his forefinger against them. Then he pointed to the light fixture. I pulled up a chair, stood on it and inspected the fixture. It had two sockets but only one bulb. The empty socket housed a miniature microphone. It was a poor attempt to bug the room—done more to intimidate than to get information.

While I stood on the chair, Cunningham swung off the bed and hobbled to the bathroom, calling me to help him to the "louie." Once in the john he turned on the faucets full blast, then said, "Now we can talk. The bug can't pick up anything above the racket of the water."

After I explained to him the circumstances that brought me to Cuba, I asked him where I was.

"Mate, you're in Hijacker House," he said, "although Hijacker prison is more like it. The Cubans keep all of our sort here until they send us to the sugar fields to work like slaves."

"Not this one," I said, pointing at myself. "I know someone in the Foreign Office. And besides, I do heavy construction work. They need guys like me. At least that's what Consuelo told me. They'll treat me like a king."

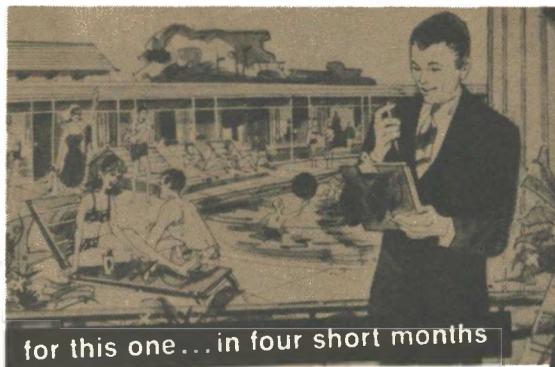
Cunningham guffawed. "Like flaming, bloody hell they'll treat you like a king! They need good truck mechanics, too—like I am. But what did they do? They sent me to the sugar fields. That's how I injured my leg—not knowing how to swing a bloody machete."

"Let me give you the facts of life, fellow hijacker. They hate us here. Hijackers give their foreign policy all sorts of headaches. But they can't send us back because that would ruin their image as a refuge for 'oppressed people fleeing the evils of capitalism.'"

"They can't let us roam about the country either because we'll see how bad things are here compared to where we came from, and maybe we'd let the people know what it's really like on the outside. So what do they do? They keep us isolated by cooping us up in this place. No one's allowed in to see us, and we're not allowed to go outside—unless it's on one of the labor battalions going to the sugar fields. Even then they keep us together and separated from the bloody natives."



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CUNNINGHAM'S description of Hijacker House was all that he said it was—and for me, it was more. I found out how much more the next day, when Major Corozai summoned me to his office. He told me I was to be assigned to the next sugar harvest, but since that was weeks ahead, I was expected to earn my keep. That meant doing anything and everything that needed doing. I was not alone. At the time, there were 50 hijackers in Hijacker House—and each one of them was given a menial task to do around the house. Now 50 hijackers may seem like a lot to you because you haven't read about that many in the papers. But the only hijacks that get publicized are the ones in which the major airlines are involved. There are countless minor ones, involving private planes like the one I took over. These are the hijacks that never make the headlines, and there are more of those than the big ones.

Anyhow, each one of us was given tasks to do. Some were assigned to keep what grass remained outside the hotel neatly trimmed. Others had to do repair work—like fixing the roof which leaked constantly, or installing new plumbing.

I was assigned a series of menial tasks—dishwashing, cleaning the bathrooms, polishing the marble in the lobby, things like that. It seemed that if there was a dirty job to do, Charlie Loosen was told to do it. When I asked Cunningham why, he told me that before Castro took over, Major Corozai worked in the hotel as the captain of the bellhops. He was at the beck and call of all the visitors, most of whom were Americans. "Let's face it," he said, "Corozai hates Americans. And since you're the only American here at the moment, he means to make it as rough on you as he possibly can. You'll just have to take it."

"I will," I said. "Once I'm sent to the sugar fields all that will change. I'll be out of Corozai's clutches."

"Don't bet on it, Yank," Cunningham warned. "Unless I'm mistaken, Corozai will give you a bad report—tell them you're a troublemaker. You'll probably end up doing the dirtiest and hardest work even during the harvest."

Somehow I had the feeling he was right. And I'd be damned if I ended up being a lackey for the rest of my life. "Then I'll escape," I blurted out.

Cunningham shook his head sadly and steered me by the elbow to the window. He pointed out and said, "What chance do you think you'll have out there? That's 30 yards of flat ground you're looking at, and those guards parading back and forth aren't carrying broomsticks. Those are rifles on their shoulders, man. They'll spot you and cut you down before you even took two steps. There have been two attempts, and both failed. The only way out is through the front gate, and you *know* they won't let you simply walk away."

He was right, of course. It seemed that I had no choice but to take whatever came.

What came was more menial work. Only my work hours changed, becoming longer. I swept floors, mopped hallways, shined brass fittings, washed dishes, cleaned bathrooms and peeled potatoes till I thought I'd drop from sheer exhaustion. I was at the point of desperation, and I knew it. I was ready to clutch at the first opportunity to break out of there—regardless of the risks.

THAT opportunity presented itself to me as I neared the end of my sixth week in Hijacker House. It was almost sundown, and I was finishing up a long day of work by polishing the marble pillars of the lobby while dreaming about the kind of life I left

behind to come to this hellhole. Suddenly, I was shaken from my daydreams by the roar of a motor which echoed through the huge room. I turned, and there in the middle of the lobby stood a Russian-made jeep! Seated in the jeep were three militia men, obviously drunk. One of them was waving a bottle of rum above his head with one hand, while the other hand held a revolver. He kept muttering that he was going to shoot all the "imperialist Yankee spies" in the place, and to prove he meant what he said he let off a shot at the ceiling. The bullet ricocheted off the ceiling, struck a wall and buried itself in a flower pot no more than 10 feet from where I was standing. The gunman's companions giggled crazily, pointed at me and told him I was a CIA agent. He stood up, weaved back and forth unsteadily on his heels and aimed the gun in my direction. I froze in my tracks, not knowing what the hell to do. Just when I thought he was going to pull the trigger, Major Corozai burst out of his office.

Corozai was furious. He ranted and raved, then ordered the guards to arrest the occupants of the jeep. They were hauled from their seats and manhandled out of the hotel and down the front steps. Corozai went along with them.

For a moment I was too stunned from my narrow brush with death to do anything. Then, as I regained my senses, I saw the jeep standing in the middle of the floor with no one guarding it. In fact, I was the only one in the lobby.

I ran to the car, jumped into the front seat, and thanked my lucky star that the keys were still in the ignition. It was the one opportunity I had been waiting for. Another might never come again.

I turned the ignition, half expecting to be spotted. But it didn't happen. I was still alone.

The engine came to life instantly. I let down the hand brake, shifted into first gear

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and swung around that huge lobby in a U-turn. Now I was facing the front door. I stepped on the brake, pushed the accelerator down to the floor, held it a moment, then released the brake pedal.

With all that horsepower propelling me, I shot forward like a shell out of an artillery piece. I must have been doing at least 40 when I burst through the doors. I flew over the steps without touching one of them. In fact, I must have been 10 feet in the air for below me and to one side I could see Corozai and the guards leading away the prisoners. All of them looked like they couldn't believe what they were witnessing.

They weren't the only ones who were shocked. The sentries who patrolled the grounds around the hotel must have also been stunned silly, because not one of them threw a shot my way. And the guards at the gate just stood there, mouths agape as I crashed through the wooden railroad-crossing barrier which barred the entrance.

An hour later I was outside Havana, among green fields and rolling hills. I ditched the car in a small lake, for by now its description and mine was probably being broadcast over the country. I hiked all that day, taking special pains to avoid anything that even resembled a road. Just before sundown I spotted the roof of a barn jutting up in the distance. It was already dark when I reached it.

Inside the barn were empty cattle stalls. I plopped myself down in one of them and collapsed into an exhausted sleep.

I was awakened the next dawn by rays of sunlight which crept through the slats of the barn siding and fell across my face. Reluctantly I stirred, sat up and took stock of my situation.

I was a hunted man, whose description—and even picture—was sure to be circulating. I knew nobody in Cuba who could help me except Consuelo—and she was halfway across the world in Poland. Or so I'd been told. Lined up against me were the regular army, plus the home militia, plus the police. As if that weren't enough, I was trapped on an island and couldn't rely on borders to cross. In other words, I was a caged rat.

Now for what I had going for me: I spoke Spanish like a native, and in a peasant's garb I could probably pass as one. That, and only that, was my sole advantage. So the first order of the day was to get a change of clothing.

Getting it proved easier than I thought it would. About a mile from the barn was a

commune. It was still too early for anyone to be about, and the clothesline outside the main building was jammed with shirts, pants and dresses. I grabbed the first set of men's clothes I saw and scurried away from the place. In a thicket of trees I changed and buried my old outfit. I didn't want to leave any clues that I had passed that way, and there were so many items on the clothesline that I didn't think the shirt and pants I stole would be missed.

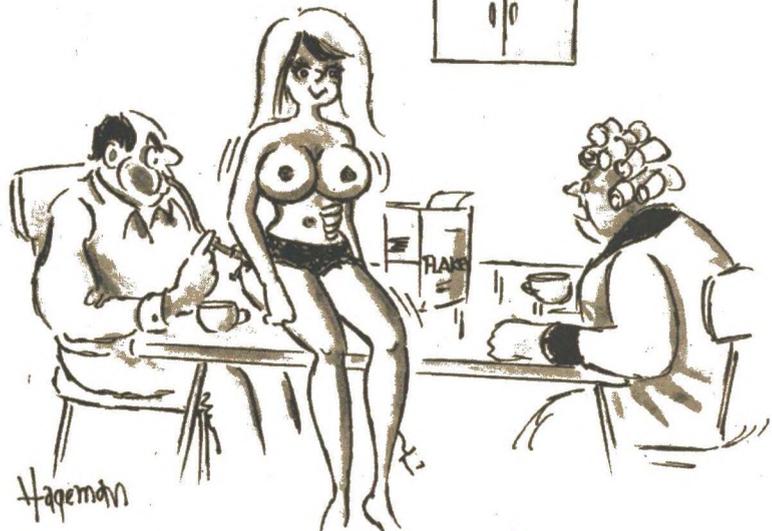
When I was properly dressed I figured that my best chance to get off the damned island would be to hijack a boat. So since I was already 50 miles south of Havana, by my own reckoning, I decided to continue south, and then east. For I knew that at one point the tip of Haiti is only about 25 miles from the easternmost part of Cuba. Reaching Haiti, I hoped, would be child's play once I got a boat.

I set off walking. But I didn't have to walk long. About mid-day, as I was crossing an open field, I heard someone shout for me to stop. The first thought that came to my mind was that my brief period of freedom was over and that my next stop would be the firing squad. I turned in the direction of the shouting, expecting to see half the damned Cuban army surrounding me. Instead, I saw a small convoy of trucks stopped on a highway which ran alongside the field I was crossing.

Someone on the back of one of the trucks was standing up and waving to me to come over. For a moment I thought about making a run for it, but I quickly erased that idea from my mind. Since no one from the convoy had gotten out to approach me, I knew they didn't suspect who I was. Running would only arouse their suspicion.

Instead, I walked slowly to the highway. When I got to the shoulder, the man who had been doing the waving jumped down and greeted me. He said the convoy was made up of laborers who were being recruited from the area to help harvest the sugar crop near Camaguey. It was an emergency. Would I like to do the fatherland a service by coming along with them for a few days? I would be able, I was told, to notify my family when the convoy reached its destination. The way he put it, for me to refuse would be the only thing short of treason. I had to accept. Besides, I wasn't in such a bad bind. Camaguey is nearly three-quarters down the length of Cuba—which meant that once I got there I would be three-quarters of the way to Haiti. And I'd be getting a ride to boot.

But the thing that really clinched the argument for me was the bread, sausages and wine my recruiter offered up. It was then that



"Why can't you bury your head in the sports page like other men?"

I realized I hadn't eaten a thing since the morning of my escape, and my stomach literally rumbled at the sight and smell of the food. Happily I took his presents and allowed myself to be hauled aboard the back of the lead truck. As the convoy started to move again I slumped down against the side of the truck and attacked the meal with a vengeance. My fellow passengers expressed amazement at my hunger, but I grinned stupidly and continued eating. They must have thought I was a maniac because all through the ride, not one of them spoke to me. In fact, I could swear a few shied away, giving me room to stretch out lazily.

We reached Camaguey that evening, and were greeted like war heroes by the field hands. We were shown to barrack-like quarters and told that the harvesting would begin at sunrise the next morning. Then we paraded to a common mess hall and fed. The remainder of the evening was left to us to do as we pleased. Most of the men went straight to bed, but I told the head of my battalion that I had relatives in Camaguey I wished to visit. He gave me permission to do so, but warned me not to stay too late because I had a hard day's work ahead of me.

I walked slowly down the road to Camaguey, and as soon as I was out of sight of the camp I broke into a run—away from the city.

I hiked all that night and most of the following morning. By noon I had reached the sea. If I wasn't at the tip of Cuba that was nearest to Haiti, I couldn't have been far from it. I walked along the beach till I came to a small fishing village. The village was empty, except for women, children and a few old men. I followed one of the oldsters down a narrow lane, and when we were far from the center of the village I sneaked up behind him, grabbed him in a strangler's hold and hissed in his ear to take me to a boat.

He babbled that all the boats except for a few small skiffs were at sea. "After all," he reminded me, "this is a village that makes its living fishing."

"A skiff is all I need, Old Man," I said. "Do you know how to sail one?"

He looked pained, as if I had insulted him. Of course he knew how to sail a skiff, he answered. He was sailing them before I was born.

"That's fine, Old Man," I said. "You're going to sail me to Haiti."

"But the patrol boats," he whined. "They'll stop us."

"Not if they think we're fishermen," I reminded him. "And as you said before, this is a fishing village."

The rest was easy. A patrol boat did spot us about a mile out, but it probably thought we were fishing because after giving us the once-over from a distance it plowed on. After that it was clear sailing for Haiti.

We landed at Port-de-Paix, a medium-sized town in about two hours. Once there I gave myself up to the local police and asked for asylum. They gave it to me.

Of course there was still the hijacking charge hanging over my head, and the Haitian authorities asked the American consul if they wanted me extradited. The consul said he'd have to check with Washington. The next day I received news that the construction company whose plane I hijacked wasn't going to press charges—something to do with nobody getting hurt and the fact that I did work for them for six years without a blemish on my record.

I'm still in Haiti. It seems that although Cuba doesn't treat skilled construction men like me as kings, Haiti does. I'm making more money now than I ever did before. I have a nice cottage on the beach and I'm living with a beautiful girl friend who quickly made me forget all about those fantastic things Consuelo did with her body. This Haitian chick does them better. ●●●

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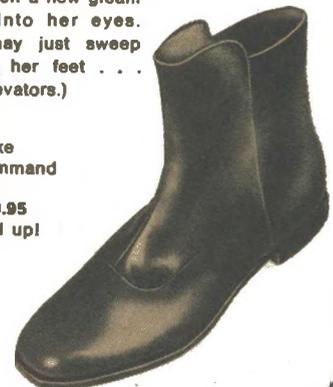
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UNUSUAL CALL GIRL TECHNIQUES

(Continued from page 21)

as a play-for-pay girl: Men never walk to a whorehouse; they're invariably driven there by their wives or girlfriends. For most men who patronize prostitutes do so because they can't get elsewhere what any hooker worth the name can—and normally does—give them.

The things these men are looking for usually are not terribly bizarre or far-out; they're simple sexual techniques which any woman can master if only she is told what to do—and which any man can teach his woman to do, if only he knows what to tell her.

The techniques include:

The Hot-and-Cold Compress Technique, the surest way a woman has of arousing a man when everything else has failed.

The Tight Vagina Technique, which bed-smart women use on sophisticated lovers to give them a unique thrill.

The Falling-Off-a-Log Intercourse Position, which enables men to prolong the sex act for a full hour or more.

The Gentle Grope, or Nutcracker Suite, sure to heighten a man's sensation and increase his pleasure.

The P.G. Special Wrap-Around Technique, which some expert lovers consider the best intercourse position of them all.

In this article, I plan to describe these techniques and a few more which have stood me in good stead over my years as a prostitute. I don't promise that all will be exactly your cup of orange pekoe. But I'll bet my assets that you go ga-ga over at least one or two of these techniques—and your sex life will improve considerably if you teach your wife or girl friend (or both) how to incorporate them into your sex life.

1. The Hot-and-Cold Compress Technique. Readers of my books will instantly recognize the name of Grayson Lloyd. It is the made-up name I used for an accomplished Shakesperean actor who has also appeared in everything from thrillers to Westerns. Other things which Grayson has a reputation for are boozing and 'round-the-clock partying—the former of which he does almost constantly, and the latter of which he does less often than he used to but still a lot more than most men his age (which must be close to 60 by now, though he'd die before he'd admit it).

Well, a man with Grayson's habits is, as you might well imagine, apt to suffer some sexual lapses now and then. Or to put it a little less delicately, he frequently encounters situations in which, as a result of all that boozing and partying, he finds that his spirit is willing but his flesh is pitifully weak. He was in just such frustrating circumstances the first time he hired me. It was the evening following the close of a three-day party, which Grayson had been the life of for all three days. I came to his apartment and found him as limp as an overcooked strand of spaghetti, in more ways than one.

I used the Hot-and-Cold Compress Technique on him, and it worked wonders. Within half an hour I had him raring to go, and before I left his apartment the following morning I had made it with him a total of three times—which, all things considered, is nothing short of sensational. He says to this day that he has never encountered a sexual technique that restores his energy so effectively, and he teaches it to every girl he dates, hooker or no.

The technique:

Fill two basins with water. The water in one should be scalding hot, the water in the other icy cold. The girl should dip a washcloth or a small face towel in the hot water, wring it out, open it and wave it in the air a few times to let it cool slightly. Then she should gently wash the man's pubic area with it, just as if she were doing so for hygienic purposes, covering the entire pubic area and the surrounding regions—the penis and testicles, the upper thighs, the lower abdomen and the cleft between his buttocks.

After this step has been completed, she should dip the towel again into the basin of hot water and once more wring it out. But she should not cool it by opening it and waving it in the air. Instead, she should unfold it just enough to cover the man's testicles, and then press it against them—holding it tightly in place to make sure that the man feels the heat fully.

Still holding this hot compress in place, she should now dip a second washcloth or small face towel into the basin of cold water, and replace the hot compress with the cold one.

The girl repeats these hot/cold alternate applications three times. Then, with lukewarm water, she repeats the washing maneuver with which she began the exercise. She follows this by stimulating the man with conventional genital foreplay. It probably will take a while for her to stimulate the man to full erection, but when this is achieved it will be quite firm and hard—and long-lasting during the act of sexual intercourse which will follow.

The success of the technique, I am told by people who should know including a physician upon whom I performed it regularly for a number of years, is that it shocks the genital organs into being receptive to normal sexual stimulation. In other words, the sharply contrasting sensations of the hot and cold compresses sort of wipe away all interference to sexual sensation, like an eraser cleaning a blackboard. The intense physical experience forcibly draws your mind away from any emotional or psychological problems which might be plaguing you, and makes you concentrate solely upon what you feel. At the same time, other physical feelings which serve as sexual impediments—tiredness, anxiety, the effects of alcohol, et cetera—are supplanted by the hot/cold genital sensations. The Hot-and-Cold Compress Technique is, as I stated earlier, the surest way a woman has of arousing a man when everything else has failed.

A final, cautionary note: The hot water should be very hot, but not so hot that the girl can't hold the towel or washcloth in her hands long enough to wring it out. If, by chance, the man can't stand this much heat—or can barely stand it—he can tell his partner to take the compress away and let it cool slightly.

2. Tight Vagina Technique. There's nothing quite as satisfying to a man as a tight fit inside his woman's vagina. Some men mistakenly correlate a tight vagina with sexual inexperience. Actually, vaginal tightness results from the tensing of the largest of the female's vaginal muscles—and the ability to tense this muscle must be developed; thus, tightness more often than not is related to experience rather than inexperience.

To develop vaginal tightness have the girl try the following exercises:

(a) For about 15 minutes each day, she bears down with the vaginal muscles as if she were trying to keep from urinating.

(b) She places her baby finger inside her vagina and applies this same sort of pressure; she continues to practice this until she can feel this finger being tightly squeezed.

(c) She tries the same thing with a paper drinking straw; she can consider herself accomplished when she actually succeeds in denting the straw with her muscular pressure.

If she can't accomplish these three things, she may want to consult a gynecologist to make sure that her vaginal tissues haven't been ruptured—this occasionally happens during childbirth. If there is a rupture, it normally can be corrected surgically. If there is no rupture, her physician probably will prescribe treatments with a perinometer, a device which measures vaginal muscular tension and which can be used as an aid to exercising the muscle, much as nutcracker-like spring devices are used by weightlifters to exercise their wrists and develop a strong grip.

Once she's learned to control the largest of her vaginal muscles, she's ready to attempt the Tight-Vagina Technique.

Phase One: The girl takes the penis inside the vagina, squeezes it as tightly as she can, and continues to maintain this pressure for the duration of coitus.

Phase Two: The girl alternately applies tight, moderate and loose muscular pressure against the penis during coitus.

Phase Three: The girl uses her now well-developed muscle to make provocative, nibbling grabs at the penis—and especially at the head of the penis during intercourse.

3. Zig-zag Technique. This probably is the easiest technique of all—so easy that I can only wonder why more women don't employ it. It takes no special skills, and only a small amount of practice and coordination.

It merely involves moving along one plane while the male is moving along another. In other words, while the male is thrusting forward and backward (in and out), the female moves from side to side.

If this is hard for your girl to conceive, have her imagine herself doing the hula, or raising and lowering her hips alternately, or pushing each hip forward alternately. Any one of these maneuvers will create a counterpoint to your forward and backward thrusting that results in the zig-zag effect.

This movement gives you new and supremely satisfying physical feelings as the head of your penis will come into contact with the various female genital parts at angles at which such contact normally is not made. The movement also provides the female with new and exciting sensations resulting from different pressures against her clitoris.

Naturally, the roles of male and female can be reversed, so that she is doing the forward and backward thrusting while you perform the complicated lateral maneuvers.

The more vigorously the Zig-zag Technique is employed, the more sensation you get—causing you to have orgasm more rapidly, if the girl desires it. Conversely, if she wants to delay your orgasm, all she has to do is retard the speed of her movements. Thus, the Zig-Zag Technique permits the woman to control her man's sexual response, thereby insuring her own satisfaction—which will make it possible for her to be even more satisfying to him.

And speaking of techniques which are simple and which permit the woman to control her man's sexual response, nothing can quite rival the next one.

4. The Falling-Off-a-Log Intercourse

Position. The man lies on his back, feet fairly close together. The woman lies atop him, with her legs bracketing his. After vaginal penetration has been accomplished, the couple performs normal coital movements. However, because the female is on top, she controls the speed and rhythm of their movements, the depth of the man's thrusts, and the nature and intensity of the stimulation he receives.

Her control enables the man, with her help, to prolong intercourse for a full hour or even longer. Any time he finds himself approaching climax, she can slow down her movements, change their direction, or stop completely. As a last resort—and here's where the position gets its name—she can sever the coital tie, slipping off the penis just as someone might fall off a log. This severance will cause the man to lose some of his excitement, after which coital union is reestablished and the mutual quest for satisfaction continued.

Because it's so easy—as easy as falling off a log—you might be inclined to dismiss this technique. Don't. The man-on-bottom position is a good change of pace that was favored by the Ancient Romans when they were conquering the whole known world.

5. The Gentle Grope, or Nutcracker Suite. This is a splendid, all-time champion maneuver that separates the women from the girls. It's unbelievably easy, but very few women do it—probably because they know so little about male anatomy and physiology.

Have intercourse conventionally, in the position of your choice. Once you've started, the woman brings her hands—both of them—to the man's groin. Reaching between his abdomen and hers, she takes his testicles, one in each hand, and gently massages them. I say to you without fear of contradiction that this maneuver is sure to heighten sensation and increase a man's pleasure. There is not a male upon whom I've used it who didn't go ape over it.

A word about logistics: Naturally, to make access of his testicles possible, the man will have to raise his hips slightly to permit the passage of the woman's hands. This maneuver should be performed fairly gingerly lest the coital bond be severed.

6. The P.G. Special Wrap-Around Technique. This is my all-time favorite. It was taught to me by a psychologist I once knew in a professional capacity—my profession, not his—and I acknowledge my debt to him by using his initials in the technique's title.

To get things going, the man and woman achieve penetration in the conventional man-on-top coital position. The woman then brings her legs together, and the man places his legs over them and outside them. When this has been accomplished, the woman hooks her calves over the man's calves. And with your bodies arranged like that, you give it all you've got.

I swear to you, there's nothing like this position for sensation, comfort and control. The man can achieve deeper penetration than is possible in any other position. The woman's vagina feels unusually tight for him. The angle at which the woman's hips must be arched to properly receive the penis causes her to receive direct stimulation of her clitoris by his pubic bone—thereby heightening her sensations considerably. And the pressures of his legs against hers (and vice-versa) in this unorthodox configuration contribute further to sensation.

In summary, wow! There's no position like this one. Try it!

But one cautionary word: The woman must really arch her hips way upward, as if she were trying to drive the man's penis out through her back. Without the arching

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action, the position is extremely difficult to achieve and the man's penis tends to slip out on every backstroke.

7. *The Floor Technique.* This is so simple I almost hesitate to mention it. I do mention it, however, because some people are sure to overlook it. And that would be a shame as it's really groovy.

All you do, really, is make love on the floor instead of a bed. You use the conventional male-superior position—that is, man on top, partners facing each other—preferably with the P.G. Wrap-Around Variation.

What makes this such a big deal? Well, the sensations of making love on the floor are somewhat different from doing it on a bed. There's less give as the man comes down against the woman's body. This causes deeper penetration, and an excitingly different kind of sensation as the bodies come together—a different (and terrific) sensation for the man as well as the woman.

Try it and see if you don't agree: This technique is an absolute gas!

8. *The Greasy Body Technique.* If you've ever gone to the beach and oiled yourself all up for a suntan, then balled a chick before you took the oil off, I don't have to tell you how groovy this particular technique can be.

Ideally it should be done outdoors and in the summertime. Rub your partner's body with suntan oil while she does likewise for you. Make sure you rub the stuff into every crack and crevasse, and don't be afraid to be sexual in your caresses.

Once you're both thoroughly greased up, start making out. The feeling of your oily hands against her oily breasts and thighs will drive her up a wall—just as the feel of her oily hands against your oily penis will make you squirm with passion.

When you've finally got each other really hot to trot, go to it. The feel of your greasy and sweat-slick bodies slapping against each other in response to passion's proddings—*eeeecaaaaahhhhh!!!*

9. *The Vaseline-Cracked Ice Technique.* Here's one a bit on the sophisticated side; it has proved very effective both for me and for many other hookers I know in making hard-to-please guys very happy.

Before you go to bed, make sure you have a jar of Vaseline (or some similar, petroleum jelly product) handy. Also have a towel full of cracked ice (or just plain ice cubes) somewhere close by.

Now, in bed, have the girl start massaging your penis with Vaseline. She should rub the stuff in lovingly and painstakingly, as if she were trying to insure that every single pore of your penile flesh were filled with it. Have her massage the penis shaft, the head of the penis, and the testicles, kneading them as if they were bread dough. While she'd doing this, you can be massaging the entrance to her vagina with Vaseline.

Finally, when you're both turned on, start making it. The Vaseline will make penetration extremely easy, and may even make your organs so slippery that sensation will lessen somewhat. But don't worry about that; lessened sensation merely means that the act will last longer—which you certainly shouldn't object to.

Swing with your Vaseline-slicked genitals for as long as the spirit moves you. Then, when the girl notices that you are about to come, she should reach for that towel filled with cracked ice. She'll take it in the palm of one hand, and open it so that a circular surface of bare ice is exposed—which will take some dexterity and practice to accomplish because you'll both be balling to beat the band. Then, just as you begin having orgasm, she slaps the naked ice hard against your testicles and holds it there. The harder you squirm, the harder she should

press the ice—until you finish coming.

I tell you without exaggeration that some of the most difficult johns I've ever had—old rakes who could barely get it up, middle-aged lechers who had the experience of a Casanova, young guys who hadn't yet found themselves sexually—all responded fantastically whenever I introduced this stunt.

The two maneuvers, by the way—the Vaseline and the ice—can be done independently of each other. But it's better when they're done together. For some reason which I don't pretend to understand, the Vaseline coating on the testicles makes the sensation of the ice more exciting.

10. *The Rhythm Shift Technique.* One of the biggest problems most men have is ejaculating before they want to. Naturally, if this happens, they can't enjoy the sex act to the fullest. One of the most common complaints hookers hear from johns is that a john's wife or girl friend doesn't know how to help him prolong intercourse and delay orgasm.

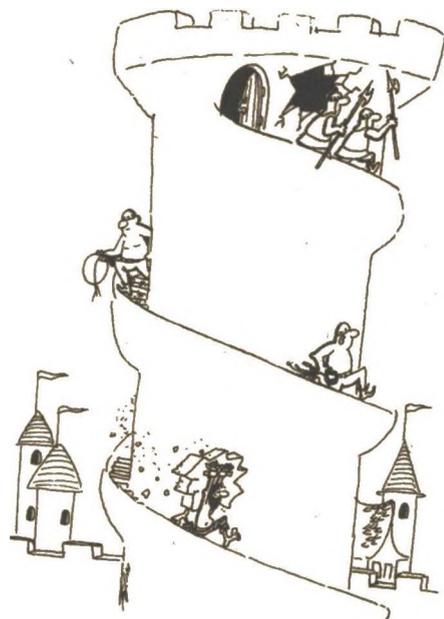
The way to do this—and hookers do it all the time, at least for their better customers—is by shifting sexual rhythms. The girl pays very close attention to the way her partner is reacting, and when she perceives that he's approaching climax, she abruptly changes rhythms. For example, if she was thrusting rapidly and in a front-to-back motion, she quickly shifts to thrusting languorously and in a side-to-side or zig-zag motion.

The effect of this is to cut off the sensations that were bringing the guy close to orgasm, and to replace them with an entirely different set of sensations. These latter sensations are exciting also; but it takes a while for them to catch up with the sensations she just abandoned. When they finally do, she naturally switches again—and, in this manner, a girl can prolong intercourse and delay climax almost indefinitely.

The above are the best tricks and techniques which I, during my career as a prostitute, found most effective. I might add that many other hookers whom I've known over the years employed the same techniques, and with almost assured success.

So, fellas—

If you'd like to spark up your sex life, learn these techniques well, then teach them to your wives and/or girl friends. You'll never want to pay for sex again!



TREASURE CAVE

(Continued from page 25)

down there, the only way we're going to find it is to go looking."

Bell hesitated. He had the eerie feeling that they were being watched—the same feeling he'd had ever since they entered the forest—not too far from Berchtesgaden, Germany—where the mine was located. He turned and searched the trees behind him. It was March of 1971, and the trees were still leafless so he had an unobstructed view of the surroundings for hundreds of feet around. But try as he might, he couldn't spot anything to confirm his suspicion.

Harry Crews eventually nudged him into activity. "Come on," he said, "let's get moving. We've got work to do." Then he began loading their equipment onto the rusty, unused handcar which stood on the twin rails at the mouth of the tunnel, and in which they planned to ride down to the depths of the mine.

Bell gave him a hand and they quickly stowed aboard the shovels, pickaxes, rope, and extra battery-operated lights they'd need for digging in the tunnel. They also loaded several canteens of water and some food supplies so they wouldn't have to return to the surface every few hours to eat and drink.

When they finished, Bell, who carried a Colt .45 strapped to his waist under his jacket in case of trouble, checked his weapon out. He advised Crews to do the same with his Colt.

Finally, they were ready for the mine's handcar, which was operated by a manual pump like that used on the old railroad flatcars, and which they had oiled on an earlier trip so that the wheels and pumping mechanism would function smoothly. After attaching a battery-operated light to the front of the handcar, they climbed onto it and each took a position on either side of the pumper.

"Here we go!" Crews yelled, his voice tinged with excitement, and they bent their backs to the pump. The handcar moved jerkily down the rails before they were able to synchronize their pumping movements. But once they did, the handcar began to gather momentum, gliding smoothly and swiftly down into the dark, gaping hole in the ground. Bell, who was facing the mouth of the tunnel, saw the circle of daylight which marked the tunnel entrance grow smaller and smaller as they receded deeper into the mine. Then the handcar creaked around a bend in the tunnel and, except for the light on the front of the handcar which faintly illuminated the track ahead, they were in total darkness.

Bell knew, thanks to the research he had done on the tunnel, that they still had a long way to go to the end. And as he pumped, he thought back over the past few months to the events which had led them to this abandoned mine in Germany, wondering if he and Harry Crews weren't just a couple of damn fools risking their necks for a hidden fortune that they weren't sure really existed.

BELL and Crews, who were both sergeants, met when they were sent to an American Army base in West Germany. Bell was 26 years old, a wiry, dark-haired man from a suburb of El Paso, Texas, where he had been an auto mechanic before entering the Army. Harry Crews was a year older than Bell. A stocky, sandy-haired man, he had lived all his life in Dickson County, Tenn.,

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before joining the Army.

The two became friends while sitting in on the weekly high-stakes poker game which took place at the base every Saturday night. Both had girls back home they planned to marry once their tour of duty was over, and both dreamed of winning a bankroll to take home with them. The problem was that the two of them got wiped out in the poker games more often than they won.

One night about six months after they'd met, they were sitting in the base PX drinking beer. Crews was reading through a West German newspaper when he suddenly said, "Listen to this, Bob. Here's a story that says that perhaps \$10 million of the loot Hermann Goering and his Nazi buddies hid in Germany just before the end of the war may still be lying around. The story says the treasures are probably inside old abandoned salt and coal mines, those being Goering's favorite hiding places because they were bombproof."

"Oh hell, Harry," Bell said, his mind still on a poker game in which they had lost heavily. "The newspapers are always printing a lot of bull like that."

"Well," Crews said, "for what it's worth the story says that Goering collected a fortune in gold and diamonds as well as art treasures during the war, and that much of the stolen loot was found after VE Day in unused mines. It adds, however, that some experts believe there are people in Germany today who are still uncovering the remaining hidden hoards and selling off the valuables in small collections so as not to attract attention." Crews passed the paper to Bell. "Here, read it yourself."

Bell read the story, which said pretty much what Crews had just told to him.

"Just think of it, Bob," Crews said. "If we could get our hands on some of that loot, we'd be set for life. It would make poker winnings look like penny ante stuff. I'd like to make a search."

Bell laughed. "The trouble with you, Harry, is that you're a daydreamer."

"I'm serious," Crews said, pulling his chair closer to Bell. "After all, what have we got to lose by doing a little bit of nosing around? We're both stuck here till our hitches are up the spring of '71. There must be plenty of information on Goering lying around in various files in this country. And I'm sure it's not impossible to locate the various mines around the countryside. The Germans must have something like a Bureau of Mines. I'm gonna give it a try."

At that time Bell didn't really take Crews seriously. But in the days that followed, Crews began digging into old records and newspaper clippings, and soon Bell found himself getting involved and excited. Over the next several months the two Americans did a lot of research on Hermann Goering, especially on what he had done in the last few weeks before Germany collapsed. And in the process, they learned that much of what they'd read in the newspaper story was true. For he had stolen fabulous amounts of treasure, intending to use the gold, silver, paintings and sculptures for himself after the war ended. And millions of what he'd stolen was still missing.

They also learned that although Goering had scattered his stolen treasure around Germany, most of his activity had centered in and around Berchtesgaden. Here, fabulous art collections and sculptures were recovered from crates at the railroad station and in freight cars. And it was to Berchtesgaden that Goering came in the last days of the war, when the Allied forces were closing in on Berlin. He had many things to do in Berchtesgaden and one of them quite possibly had to do with treasure. For according to an obscure official report Bell and Crew read, two German officers and an armed unit rounded up a vast collection of treasure from a salt mine not far from

Berchtesgaden on May 2, 1945, which was a few days after Goering had arrived at Berchtesgaden. Included in the objects taken from the mine were 184 valuable paintings (among them several Rembrandts and a Titian), 49 bags of tapestries and several boxes of sculpture. The report did not state what had become of this treasure.

"It seems to me," Bell said after they had read everything they could get their hands on, "that there still might be some treasure around—enough to make us rich. And that the best place to hunt for it would be in the vicinity of Berchtesgaden. Or rather in abandoned mines in the vicinity of Berchtesgaden which might have been overlooked by other treasure hunters."

"And it seems to me that you seem to be thinking with unseemly clarity," Crews quipped.

FOR the next several weeks they dug through the records in one of the offices of the Bureau of Mines. They discovered a whole list of mines, but when they double-checked with other records they found that all of these had been thoroughly checked out earlier. And in some, gold and other valuables had been recovered.

It was several months after they had begun their project that Bell stumbled across the records of a small coal mine which had been worked in the late 1920s but which, since then, did not show up in any of the listings.

"This could be just the place we're looking for," he said, showing the records to Crews. "Unless somebody dug back as far as we have, they wouldn't even know this place existed. What we have to do now is find out as much as we can about the mine before we go out and take a look at it."

Now the two Americans took turns visiting the Bureau's office and copying down everything they could find about that one particular mine—about its size and depth and other characteristics, most of which were contained in the faded record book. On the last day Bell visited the office, he felt that someone was watching him. And when he left he was sure he was being tailed. He couldn't spot the person, but when he got back to his base, he told Crews of his uncomfortable feeling.

"I wouldn't be surprised if you're right," Crews said. "After all, we've been poking around a good bit and it's likely that someone would become suspicious of what we're doing. But that shouldn't stop us. The thing is to keep our eyes open."

"Yeah," Bell said. "We've put too much time into this thing to quit now unless we're forced to."

It was in late winter of 1970—only a short time before their discharges were due—that the two men rented a car and drove for their first visit to the mine they were seeking. Earlier, they had agreed not to do any

digging until after they received their discharges. They realized there were certain risks involved in what they planned to do, and if they crossed the wrong people while still in the Army it could lead to some pretty serious consequences.

It took them most of a day of driving around the woods before they finally spotted the mouth of the mine. It was at the foot of a small hill in the middle of the forest. At the entrance to the mouth was the small handcar, still mounted on rails that apparently ran all the way into the mine.

They spent a few hours inspecting the area and then Crews said, "There couldn't be any treasure in this mine. This place looks like it hasn't been used since it was closed up in the 1920s. Goering, remember, was doing his thing in 1945."

"I agree and disagree with you," Bell said very quietly. "I agree that it looks like nobody has set foot in the place for 50 or so years. But I disagree about the treasure. The place looks *too* unused. In other words, it looks to me like somebody might have gone to great lengths to make it look like it does. Why? Because they knew we might be sniffing around and hoped to throw us off? It's an interesting situation, my dear Crews. I only wish we were ready to go exploring now—before someone might decide to remove whatever is in there."

"Do you think they would?" Crews asked.

"Yes, I think they would if they were convinced we were going to really explore this place. I suggest we do not go into the mine again, that we act discouraged and disgusted. Maybe we'll throw whoever's watching us off—if, that is, we are being watched."

They then went into a short act. Crews ranted and raved about their bad luck, about all the goddamn time they'd spent for nothing. Bell, for his part, acted like he was consoling him, and told him they would look elsewhere. "Come on," he said, "we're still young. We still have plenty of time to search every damn mine in West Germany."

Tugging at Crews, Bell led him back to their vehicle.

Bell now started the car and the both of them began making plans for gathering together the equipment they'd need for their search which they'd make in a few weeks—when they were released from service.

NOW, as the creaking handcar pumped to a final stop at the end of the mine shaft, the two Americans jumped off and began unloading the equipment.

The place was like a tomb. It was chilly and clammy and they could hear the sound of rats scurrying in the dark. They set up several of their lamps in a semi-circle around the handcar and examined the cavern. The walls of the tunnel seemed to be made of rock and coal, and the wooden braces which held up the roof looked none too secure. But they soon forgot about the braces when they found a spot near the side of one wall which looked like somebody had been digging there recently. They decided that was the spot where they'd concentrate their efforts. With pickaxes and shovel they started to dig.

Pausing now and then to take a swig from the canteens, they dug steadily for the next few hours. But nothing turned up.

Finally, his back aching from the strain, Crews tossed his shovel aside, deciding to take a long rest. He plopped down, propping his back against the side of the handcar, and closed his eyes. But not for long. For soon Bell was calling to him. "Harry," Bell hissed, his voice charged with emotion. "Come here. Look at what I've found." He was pointing with the flat of his shovel at a spot directly in front of him."

There, embedded in the upturned earth and coal dust he'd just uncovered, lay a Nazi

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flag with swastika, several Nazi medallions, some silverware objects, and a smattering of gold pieces.

"Well, I'll be a happy son-of-a-bitch," Crews said softly. As he started toward Bell there was a series of shots, and a hail of bullets beat around the two men.

"Get down! Get down, Harry!" Bell screamed. "Put the goddamn lights out!"

Crews squirmed across the tunnel floor, snapping off the lanterns while bullets rained down around him. The shots were coming from the direction of the tunnel's entrance, but whoever was doing the shooting was hidden in the darkness. Bell and Crews, too, were in darkness now. The only light was the orange blossoms of flame from the guns up ahead which kept up a steady fire. Bell and Crews were lying side by side next to the handcar. Neither of them had been hit.

Suddenly there was an ear-shattering explosion, the kind made by a grenade. Following the explosion, a streak of flame lit up the far wall of the tunnel, and then a tongue of fire raced across the wall. Bell knew instantly what had happened: The grenade explosion had ignited the coal gas in the tunnel and set off a fire. In seconds the whole interior of the tunnel was in flames.

"Come on, Harry, we've got to get the hell out of here," Bell shouted, "before we go up in smoke."

Bell jumped onto the handcar and grabbed the pump. Crews quickly joined him and they started the car as flames lapped at them from both sides.

The shots were still whistling around them from the tunnel entrance as they rumbled toward the mouth. So Bell threw himself flat on the front of the handcar, drew his .45 and began returning the unseen snipers fire as Crews continued to work the pump. Bell could tell that his .45 was driving the snipers back because their hail of shots was slackening.

Finally, Bell spotted daylight—the entrance to the mine. When he did, he had Crews stop pumping. "We gotta be extra careful from here on in," he said to Harry. "Let's go the rest of the way on foot so we can get some cover from the sides of the tunnel." Then, he jumped off the handcar and Harry followed. Following both of them were flames.

They expected to be met by a hail of bullets once they were outside, so they hesitated for a moment before racing into the open. And when they did it was with both guns blazing. But there was no one in sight, no return fire. Whoever their attackers were, they had vanished as swiftly and as completely as they had appeared. The Americans put their guns away, and with flames shooting out from the mine, they ran for the car which was parked well away from the mine. Once inside they drove swiftly away.

BOTH men expected some kind of inquiry after the fire, but they never heard or read of any. A few days later they left Germany. They never learned who fired upon them, but they've speculated that it could have been someone who had discovered the mine earlier and was taking treasure out of it a little at a time—if there ever was any really valuable treasure in there. Or it could have been someone who just didn't like snooping Americans. Then again maybe there had never been anything in the mine except for the few objects Bell and Crews turned up that day.

Still, Bell and Crews, both married now to the girls back home, have made a pact that one day they'll go treasure hunting again. Bell has read reports that the Indian Apache chief, Cochise, left a hoard of gold buried in Cochise County, Arizona, and he and Harry Crews figure maybe they'll take a vacation to Arizona one day soon.

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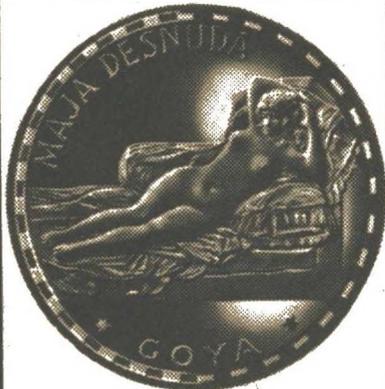
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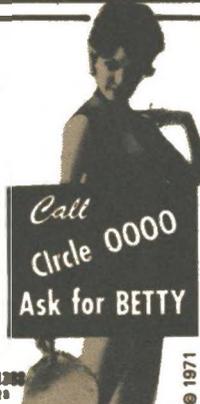
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KILLER ELEPHANT THAT HUNTED MEN

(Continued from page 19)

breaking into a run toward them. Bolton thought of all the stuff in cheap fiction about elephants resembling oncoming express trains.

Then, as Bolton boosted Eileen Drexler back inside, Hyatt, driving, panicked in shifting gears. He stalled the machine and could not start it again.

Hyatt was still punching the starter solenoid when the elephant loomed above them, alternately beating at the hood and trying to overturn it.

Bolton shoved Eileen Drexler free and pulled Charles Drexler behind. Hyatt was out and running and watching out for himself. There was a stand of deformed, fat, thorn trees ahead. Bolton yelled. "Everyone in there," and they scrambled in.

The trees served as a fence—a stockad shielding the four from attack. The elephant Albert circled, reconnoitering, trying to determine the quickest and easiest way to breach the prickly trees. Then he suddenly seemed to have it figured.

He trumpeted, the trumpet carrying what seemed to Bolton a note of triumph, and got busy. First he uprooted one tree with his trunk, then another and another.

"What happens if he pulls up all the trees?" Eileen Drexler asked. She was still holding her camera.

"Then he gets us, maybe," Bolton said. "And that's just how he figures to do it. I swear he's human sometimes."

They were spared from the elephant by a symbolic arrival of cavalry: A Serengeti National Park helicopter clattered across a ridge, its downdraft parting grass.

Albert sensed its coming, quit the attack and moved off, cantering easily.

Bolton marveled at his style. The animal did not seem intimidated by the clatter of the chopper's rotors as most animals are, even elephants. Indeed, he frequently glanced backward at the craft. Finally he reared and pawed a challenge: "Helicopter," he seemed to say, "come and fight."

Bolton knew he was prone to generosity in endowing this elephant with human qualities, but this time he was certain there was a look of contempt on the big gray face.

When, at last, Albert rambled off, the helicopter, which had been drawn to the scene to find out why in hell an elephant was assaulting a forest, landed. When it took off again, it did so with the Drexlers aboard while Hyatt stood kicking the tires of his dented Land Rover and saying: "The bastard is ruining my business, you know that Bolton? I'm going to have to kill the bastard once and for all."

Bolton proved unsympathetic. "They say elephants never forget. Remember, you brought all this on yourself."

"I can fire you, Bolton," Hyatt said. "Right here."

"So fire," Bolton said. "But face the truth. You've been mean as hell to him in the past months, and they say elephants never forget. I know, it's just superstition about elephants never forgetting, but every time you come out on the plains Crazy Albert appears. It's almost as though he recognizes your smell . . . and then something happens. Like today, you almost caused the deaths of two of your guests. But something tells me it wasn't them—or me—that Crazy Albert was after. As farfetched as it sounds, I think that damned elephant is after you, and he won't rest till you're killed or you leave these parts. And you have no one to blame but yourself,

Hyatt."

Hyatt did not answer.

HYATT was Eric Hyatt, ruddy, 33, a former Royal Air Force navigator, supposedly the classic black sheep of a rich family and supposedly paid a fat annual remittance to stay in East Africa and out of England. He came to Tanzania in 1967 and there built a hotel just inside the Serengeti Game Preserve, near no particular Tanzanian community. He named it Erewhon, borrowing the name from the imaginary land of the Samuel Butler novel bearing the same title. Erewhon is "nowhere" spelled almost completely backwards. The name was fitting. The place was indeed nowhere anyone could reach without four-wheel drive vehicle or helicopter. Both place and name were typical of Hyatt. He was inclined to be moody and perverse at times.

Erewhon proved a success despite its remote location and difficult owner. From its opening on, it attracted the kind of tourist who jumps at the chance to involve himself in primitive adventures as long as he can sleep at night in first-class accommodations. The true hunters called Erewhon "Marshmallow Manor" and stayed away. Hyatt didn't mind for his kind of tourists spent money—big money.

Hyatt and Bolton met during the spring of 1970, in the Checquers Hotel in Nairobi, Kenya.

David Bolton was 25, single and returning to Oklahoma City by way of India and Africa after two years' infantry fighting in Vietnam. He had always wished to visit these two land masses.

The scene was the Checquers Bar. Hyatt thanks to his rude manner, was being punched silly by two other men when Bolton walked in for a rum. Bolton backed Hyatt. Constables ended hostilities by throwing all four into jail. And there, between lockup and court appearance in the morning, Hyatt offered Bolton the job as his general assistant and tour guide at Erewhon.

"Take it, Bolton. If you don't, someone else will. I decided this morning to fire the man anyway."

Bolton accepted the job.

Now, at approximately this same time, a problem had been shaping up for Hyatt. A few months earlier, the Serengeti Game Preserve governors had decided to relocate a particular herd of elephants roaming the eastern plain near Erewhon. Poachers seeking the ivory of their tusks were cutting them down by the dozens. Some poachers were even using .50 machine guns mounted on Jeeps. Also, over the years the herd had grown to number several hundred. The animals were eating so much vegetation they were literally creating famine for themselves and other creatures. The land could no longer support them. Thus, if the poachers did not wipe the elephants out, the elephants themselves would.

Relocation to vaster feeding lands was simple. Herd leaders were captured, tranquilized chemically and walked westward. All the others simply followed.

All but one . . .

This was the big bull male who would later be named Crazy Albert. He refused to join the exodus. And there was no way anyone was able to capture him and ship him—not with drugged fopd, not with nets and pitfalls, not

with tranquilizer darts carrying dosages large enough to put whales to sleep. No. He was telling everyone in the Serengeti administration he was not going to be moved.

In the beginning, his rebellion harmed no one. In fact, he was so gentle and harmless, park supervisors contemplated leaving him be. One elephant was no problem. If he wished to stay so badly, let him.

Hyatt had not cared about the wandering bull at all until the afternoon he gobbled marula berries on the greenery spreading before the hotel, and staged a grand drunk show. (The naturally-fermenting alcohol in ripening marula fruit tests at about 140 proof.) He charged the hotel veranda. He skidded to a stop, leaning back on all fours just before he would have swept it away. Then he galloped off, his backside sometimes appearing to catch his front.

Bolton fell down laughing. A group of touring teachers shrieked. Bolton tried to persuade them the elephant was having a joke, playing a game. They said no. They knew a drunken menace when they saw one. And they departed that night, a week early, leaving an empty hotel and blackening its reputation all the way back to London.

Watching them drive off in a bus caravan, Hyatt mumbled, "That bastard elephant just cost me more than \$4,000 in lost bookings with that Tarzan-movie charge of his. I'm going to destroy him."

Though he spoke quietly, Hyatt was aboil. His knuckles on the veranda rail were white. And Hyatt remained unforgiving. That one incident was enough to make him hate forever.

Hyatt became obsessive. He hunted the elephant every spare moment. He hurt him again and again in numerous ways. One way is worth mentioning for its calculated cruelty. It happened after Hyatt skillfully tracked the creature one day and caught him in the open plain. The elephant did not fight. Instead he turned and trotted off, glancing backward in the arrogant manner which was to become so characteristic.

By all African hunt rules, Hyatt should have let him go. It is poor sportsmanship to shoot animals from behind. It is also sloppy hunting. Backsides present poor targets; a backside shot wounds but seldom kills a large animal.

Hyatt chose not to let him go. He was using a .256 Mannlicher-Schoenauer that day—a weapon considered too light for elephant by some. His first shot bored in just left of the tail, right into the rectum judging by the dust geyser that rose from the hide on bullet impact.

The elephant literally shrieked. He lifted on all fours, arching his back as a cat does, and trembled as if trying to shake the bullet loose. Hyatt placed another shot there, hoping "the slug might plow through the body and get a vital organ."

Then the elephant was gone. He carried his tail tucked under from that day onward.

"You knew you wouldn't stop him," Bolton said, after Hyatt told him about the incident back at the hotel.

"That's right."

"You just wanted to hurt him anyway."

Hyatt squinted at Bolton for a moment, then said, "You can wager your sweet arse on it."

During this time, no one interfered with Hyatt's feud. The Serengeti people warned Hyatt he was hunting illegally, but that was the only notice. In such matters in East Africa, man and animal are generally left to quarrel among themselves.

During the following weeks the elephant charged a small cross-country bus and butted it from the highway, injuring eight. He flattened an entire village, injuring 12 more. He attacked Masai livestock and broke the backs of some 20 steers by hurling them

against thick trees.

WHAT was happening was clear. The Serengeti rangers knew it. The Masai knew it. Local farmers knew it. One day Bolton put it into words: "Hyatt, all by your Goddamn self you've turned what was once a sweetheart into a monster."

Hyatt squinted speculatively. "I can still fire you."

"Like I say: Fire But the point is, everyone's saying they now have to go out and maybe lynch the poor bastard elephant. Don't you think you've gone too far with him?"

Hyatt thought for a moment. Then he said, "No. That poor bastard elephant, as you call him, owes me \$4,000 still."

Albert Bolton began calling him that at about this time. Just Albert. It seemed so gentle a name. Albert stood 13 feet high at the shoulder. He was the biggest elephant Bolton had ever seen. It was definitely known he weighed at least 11 tons for a bridge with that maximum load capacity broke under his weight. To Bolton, Albert was almost human. Bolton imagined he might have been a German tank general in some previous life, he was so clever at attack and diversion. Bolton regretted that Albert was learning to hate men.

The one man Albert hated most was Hyatt, obviously. Albert had come to know Hyatt's smell, recognize Hyatt's vehicles, even Hyatt's own shape. Albert still would trot away from other men on occasion. But when Hyatt was present he always attacked, or at least took some arrogant notice.

So it went through the summer and into fall, 1970. The elephant attacked Hyatt. Hyatt attacked the elephant. In Bolton's view, Albert was trying to give as he received, an eye for an eye.

It culminated with the Drexler incident.

Drexler's attorneys contacted Hyatt. Drexler was suing for 100,000 pounds' damages. He was claiming Hyatt had misrepresented the dangers of bush filming, had been negligent of his guests' welfare, and so on. A lengthy bill of particulars. This suit blackened the Erewhon name further, of course. Bookings dropped sharply once again.

As business slid downhill, so slid Hyatt. And finally, it seemed to Bolton, he slid right across the line between perspective and distortion. He said, "I'm going out every day, Bolton, until I have his tusks in my Rover and his carcass split open so that carrion birds won't have to fight their way inside. Are you coming?"

Yes, Bolton was coming, partly to watch over Hyatt, but mostly because he was fascinated by the drama; a man behaving like a beast and a beast behaving like a man. Bolton wanted to witness the ending of the vendetta.

On the third night they stood beside the Land Rover, preparing to return to the hotel a mile off. They were tired and therefore unprepared when the elephant appeared, seemingly from nowhere as he always did. All their weapons were inside the vehicle.

Hyatt needed several seconds to pull his rifle free, a Weatherby .375 Magnum this time. He kneeled. His ammunition pouch hung about his chest. He fumbled, managed to slide one cartridge into the chamber, then fired at about 75 yards range.

A dust puff on Albert's trunk indicated a hit. (When an elephant charges, a heart shot is all but impossible. The trunk serves as shield, taking bullets meant for the chest.)

Albert was closing at 50 yards. An elephant moving at average speed 15 miles an hour covers 50 yards in seven seconds. Hyatt was fumbling for fresh loads. He never had time for his second shot.

As the animal had done once before, he

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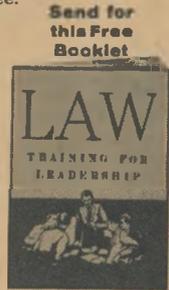


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attacked the vehicle first and disabled it. The tusks pierced the body metal. He used them to simply fork the Rover onto one side. There was now no way out except on foot, Bolton realized. And he himself could not stand and fight because his own weapon was somewhere under the vehicle.

Albert curled his trunk about Bolton's waist, lifted him high. Bolton bellowed, "No, goddamn it. Don't let this happen." He had a terrifying feeling he was about to die, and there was no way to reverse it. Then he felt himself floating upward. The tops of low trees fell beneath him. He was twisting about. Then the treetops came back up. Albert had tossed him, as elephants frequently do to enemies.

Bolton executed a parachutist's roll on landing and as he came up on hands and knees, he saw what went on between Hyatt and the elephant.

Albert was trying to nail Hyatt to the earth with his tusks. Hyatt rolled aside. Albert stabbed again. Hyatt seized one of the tusks, causing Bolton to yell, "What are you doing, Hyatt?" Then Hyatt pivoted himself around it and was clear again. Clots of earth and roots flew from the tips.

Hyatt fell. The elephant screamed, pushed forward, bracketed him between his two long shafts, then leaned to crush him with his forehead.

Hyatt fumbled at his ammunition pouch, now twisted about his neck. He pulled out a round dark object. Then he crawled free of the tusks and backed off slowly. The animal was anchored for a moment. Its ivory was imbedded too deeply into the soil.

"Here," Hyatt said, making croaking sounds. "See how this pill sits on your stomach."

He rolled the round object between the forelegs. He whirled, flattened himself on the ground, yelled at Bolton, "Get your own arse down."

Bolton leaped among some rocks, muttering, "If that thing is what I think it is..."

It was. The grenade exploded beneath the belly seconds later; a flat bang and bright flash Bolton knew well.

Albert flailed his trunk so hard Bolton could feel ground vibrations. He toppled to one side. The weight levered the tusks loose, two mounds of earth forming where they broke surface. Blood leaked from a cluster of incisions at the part where the elephant's underside is roundest and softest. Flaps of tissue slopped wetly and one pinkish tubular thing appeared to be a length of intestine, but this last was not certain. The head lowered slowly. The tongue rolled loose. Bolton imagined he actually heard the animal weeping.

The body rested on Hyatt's rifle. Hyatt tugged at it, shouting that he had him, he had him, and now he was going to put the killing bullet into one of the eyes.

Bolton hauled him away, telling him to forget it. Just run. There was no time for that. Just run. Bolton shoved him through the grass toward Erewhon a mile off. They stumbled and ran and fell and stood again, supporting one another. Bolton said, "You didn't tell me you had a grenade."

"You didn't ask me." Hyatt was croaking again.

"Where'd you get it?"
 "Stole the bloody thing at the constabulary."

"Keep running."
 Bolton's decision to run was the correct one.

The animal was up again, lurching after them, stumbling as they themselves were, but building speed.

Bolton and Hyatt broke into the clearing before the hotel verandah. Guests sat there sipping sundowners (the customary East African first drink as night falls). At first

they cheered; good show and all that. Then, seeing the blood running down the beast's legs, they understood. They began backing inside. A woman screamed.

"Up the steps," Hyatt grunted, openly frightened now. "Inside. He won't... follow... there..." His words came in gusts.

The elephant did follow. He ignored all the guests but he followed only Hyatt.

He followed him up the veranda steps, punching great holes in the planking with his bulk.

And, in the stairwell to the second floor, he finally caught Hyatt and backed him against the wall at tusk point. Hyatt's ribs and plaster gave way together. To maul Hyatt further, the elephant had to haul him from the lathing with his trunk.

In his thrashing, Albert kicked away 30 feet of bannister. He kicked other holes in the walls.

To his credit, Hyatt fought hard. He seized a bannister rung, used the jagged end as a stabbing weapon, and all but lifted out Albert's eye.

The beast bit down on Hyatt's leg. Bolton heard the snap of bones. Hyatt did not cry out. Instead, he kicked the tender tongue with his good leg and forced the biting to stop. Hyatt was still kicking when he finally passed out.

The elephant slammed Hyatt down one more time, trumpeted a triumphal noise (heard a quarter mile away according to witnesses), then turned, seeming satisfied to leave Hyatt for dead.

He ambled back through the shambles of the hotel, broke the last remaining steps getting down to the lawn.

The elephant limped back toward the bush. It was clear he was gravely hurt; the blood came from his underside "like water from a faucet," someone said.

He did not try to run as wounded animals do. No. He moved with his characteristic deliberation, trumpeting his pain in soft bursts. Once he looked back, as Bolton had seen him do often. He seemed to be daring someone to give chase, knowing no one had the nerve.

Then, a final gesture of contempt... He raised the tail Hyatt had so brutally wounded and defecated on the lawn.

HYATT died two days later in Presbyterian Hospital in Nairobi. Nairobi was where Bolton had met Hyatt, Nairobi was where he lost him. To Bolton, it was now time to go.

A letter came to Bolton last April at his mother's home in Oklahoma City; one of the Serengeti Park rangers was writing. Since Bolton had been so involved in the affair, the ranger felt Bolton might like to know the elephant responsible for Hyatt's death and other woes still lived. ("Albert, I believe you called him.") And for the moment any action to hunt and kill him was suspended. Since Hyatt's death the creature seemed to have reverted to calm and gentle ways. The ranger's superiors felt he should be allowed to live, provided he remained calm and gentle. Probation on good behavior, so to speak. The ranger himself felt this was forgiving too much, but he had to admit there might be good reason for lenience. The elephant showed remarkable near-human switches in behavior. Anger to repentance. That kind of thing. Had Bolton ever thought about this?

Bolton put the letter away, pleased.

The decision was only fair. Hyatt had challenged. Albert had won. It was only fitting that he now be permitted to live to a grand old age.

And if he too had lived, even Hyatt himself might have agreed, Bolton felt.

'MURDER MANSION'

(Continued from page 17)

tion, and miscellaneous mayhem. And to the executioner's certain knowledge, he had found no victory at Pittsfield. He had become a man marked for death, sought by every law-enforcement agency in the nation and with every resource of the worldwide Big Mob organization geared to his destruction. Bolan left Pittsfield with the feeling that he was setting out on his last mile—but he was determined to stretch that final mile to its highest yield, to fight the war to its last gasp. Mack Bolan's last mile was going to be a bloody one. The Executioner would live life to the very end.

But for now Mack Bolan had to flee and seek refuge. The trailing Big Mob dogs were at his heels. He could practically smell them. And not far behind were the police dogs, who were determined to put him in the clink and put an end to his private war.

Yes, Mack Bolan, alias the Executioner was seeking refuge, and he knew exactly where to find it—in the home of his ex-Vietnam buddy, George Zitka, in California.

THE Executioner arrived in San Pedro on the evening of September 20 without fanfare or prior announcement. A hot little sports car eased through the arched gateway and along the parking ramp of a flashy apartment complex and came to rest in an open spot opposite the oval-shaped, swimming pool. A tall man wearing dark glasses unwound from the small vehicle and stepped out onto the multicolored flagstones, coolly surveyed the swinging scene at the poolside, then set off across the patio and through the near-nude swarm of life encamped there. Blazing lights provided glaring illumination in the darkness. Several hi-fis were going full blast in a cacophony of mod sounds, but not even the electronic amplifications could overcome the noise level of scores of energetic voices raised in breathless chatter and excited revelry.

A large blonde in a minibikini was going from atop the shoulders of two bronzed youths out at pool center; a shriekingly amused girl was trying to hand a tall glass up to her. Bolan grinned to himself and shook his head against the frantic din, halting momentarily to consult a building directory at the base of the outside stairway. A dazzling beauty in a flesh-colored bikini came down the stairs, carefully balancing a tray of drinks. Bolan stood aside to let her pass; instead, she pushed the tray toward him. His right hand jerked instinctively towards the opening in his coat, then froze in relaxed constraint as the near nude giggled and said, "Name your numbness, baby."

Bolan smiled. "I'm not in the party," he told her. "Thanks just the same."
"This's no party. This's a way of life." Her voice was slurred in alcoholic realization. "Get into something revealing and come on down." She giggled again and went on her way, hips swaying in the certain knowledge that her departure was being appreciatively watched.

Bolan went on up the stairs, paused at the first landing to gaze down on the swinging scene below, then continued slowly to the third level. Each apartment opened onto the courtyard; the level-three porch was deserted. Doors along Bolan's route of travel stood open, as though the entire building housed one big, swinging family. It seemed probable that most of the tenants were at the poolside. The noise from below seemed to

amplify as it rose toward the higher levels. Bolan wondered vaguely how anybody could live in such a racket.

He found the door he sought, conspicuously closed, and pressed the announcer. A peephole opened almost immediately, and an eye glared out at him. "Yeah?" a muffled voice said.

"George Zitka," the tall man replied. "He live here?"

"That's the name on the door, isn't it?"
"I don't believe everything I read." Bolan removed his sunglasses and dropped them into a coat pocket, the hand remaining to hover near the opening in the coat. "Is that you, Zitter?"

"Yeah." The peephole closed quickly, and the door cracked open. Bolan cast a quick glance right and left, then launched his 200-plus pounds into a vicious kick against the partially open door, following through with a rolling tumble into the darkened apartment.

Several handguns unloaded in rapid fire, the muzzle flashes triangulating along his route of entry. Bolan's own weapon found his hand even as he was twisting across the floor, and a new sound was added to the gunfire symphony. A grunt and a thud near the open doorway announced the results of the first retort, and already the second and third words were being introduced into the reply. Then there was silence, except for a sighing groan off to one corner of the room.

"Zitter?" Bolan called out softly.
"Zitter," came an immediate reply. "That you, Mack?"

"It's me." Bolan was rolling slowly as he spoke. "you okay, Zit?"

"Yeah. There's three of 'em. You get all three?"

"Check—three," Bolan replied. He sighed and got to his feet, returned to the door and found the light switch, then closed the door and turned on the lights.

Three men were lying about the small room like grotesque statues of death. Zitka sat in a corner on the floor, ropes binding his wrists and ankles. A young girl in a bikini sat next to him in the same condition. Bolan produced a pocket knife and cut the ropes. "You should have told your buddies the password," he said, grinning.

"Buddies hell!" Zitka muttered.
"What'd you let them tie you up for?"

Zitka growled an unintelligible response and reached for a pack of cigarettes on a nearby table. A dark man, heavily built, he moved with surprising grace. He was dressed only in a swimsuit.

Turning to the girl, Zitka said, "O.K., baby, beat it! One word out of you and you'll get the same." The girl ran out the apartment with her jaw hanging open.

Bolan had moved to one of the dead and was busily searching pockets and laying the contents out for inspection. "How'd you know they weren't cops?" he asked off-handedly.

"Cops don't slap you around and tie you up like a turkey," Zitka growled.

Bolan nodded. "They're Mob boys," he reported.

"These bastards ain't playing games, Mack."

Bolan smiled and said, "Weren't much of a match for a couple of old jungle fighters, were they?" As he looked down at the dead men, Bolan added, "Poor bastards could have known I'd remember your voice. Should have let you answer the door."

"Yeah," Zitka agreed.
"How long they been encamped, Zit?"

"The big guy there has been hanging around a couple days. I knew he was reconning. I figured they had a phone tap on me. The TV and papers here were full of your private little war. I had the setup figured, all right. You're the last guy on earth I expected to show up here. You shoulda stayed clear. You really should've."

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Bolan's smile became a dark scowl. "I couldn't stay clear, Zit," he replied. "The bastards have backtracked my entire life. I found stakeouts every place I went. They were waiting for me in Omaha, in Denver, at Gordon's place up in Evergreen, at Vegas—and now here. It's getting to be too damn much, Zit, Dammit, I need . . ." His voice trailed off, and he raised baffled eyes to his friend.

"What you need, buddy, is a miracle," Zitka declared. His eyes dropped. "And what I need is to get this garbage the hell out of here."

THEY shook hands solemnly, then stood quietly surveying the latest carnage of The Executioner's war. Bolan kicked lightly at a dead foot. "Don't suppose anybody's tumbled to the gunfire yet," he murmured. "Not with all the other racket around here. What kind of joint is this, Zit? Does this noise go on all the time?"

"Just about," Zitka smiled. "Places like this are the new scene, Mack. Residence club, it's called—for swinging singles only. I had to lie about my age to get this apartment. Would you believe I'm in the older generation?"

Bolan chuckled. "The guys over in 'Man don't really know what they're fighting for, do they? Well . . . I'm driving a 'Vette. It makes a lousy garbage truck. What kind of car do you have?"

"It'll serve as a garbage scow," Zitka replied. "The only way outta here, though, is out through the patio. We'll have to lug them right through the swingers."

"From what I saw, it wouldn't be too startling a sight," Bolan said musingly. "Well, let's give it a try. You lead the way."

Zitka picked up a keycase from a corner table, then carefully positioned a body on the floor and heaved it onto his shoulder. Bolan swung on aboard in a fireman's carry and followed Zitka onto the porch and down the stairway. He found it weirdly incredible that such a short time had elapsed since he had climbed those stairs. The revelries at the poolside seemed unchanged, except that now the blonde go-going in the pool had been joined by several others; they seemed to have some sort of contest going. Someone shouted a greeting to Zitka, and a playful couple nearly spilled Bolan and his corpse into the pool. Otherwise, they were totally ignored. Bolan paused alongside a table to reposition his load. He smiled at a gargantuan-chested cutie in a technically topless swimsuit, lifted her glass to his lips and tasted it, then thanked her and went on. He found Zitka stuffing a body into the rear seat of a late-model Dodge and added his own burden to the repository.

Zitka was huffing with exertion and complaining about his feet and the rough pavement. "One to go," Bolan declared. He was pushing at a protruding foot and trying to close the car door.

"Let me get him," Zitka said. "I need to get into some clothes anyway. I'll make it fast." He hurried back toward the patio. Bolan walked over to his Corvette, took a handful of ammo from the glove compartment, and dropped it into his coat pocket. Then he returned to the Dodge, reloaded his weapon, lit a cigarette, and waited. The cigarette was less than half-gone when Zitka reappeared, dressed in jeans, a knit shirt, and deck shoes and carrying the third gunman.

A car swept up the drive at that precise instant, catching Zitka in the full glare of the headlights. It halted with a lurching bounce, as though the driver had floorboarded the brake pedal; doors on each side were flung open, and a flurry of human activity erupted around the vehicle. Jungle instincts moved Bolan into a flying dive across the Dodge just

as the chatter of an automatic weapon laced the night air above the sounds of patio revelry. Bullets were zipping into the Dodge in a full sweep from bumper to bumper. In the periphery of his vision, Bolan noted that the dead gunman who had been on Zitka's shoulder was now lying across the trunk of a parked automobile; Zitka himself was not in sight. Bolan's .32 was in his hand, but it seemed small comfort in the face of the burpgun that was methodically spraying the area about him. He rolled and crawled along the line of parked cars until he was directly opposite the attacking vehicle.

Another chattergun had joined the action, one on either side of the car now, and the fire was still being directed in the general direction of the Dodge. A pistol cracked from somewhere downrange, then again; both headlamps of the enemy car shattered, and the lights went out. One of the gunmen yelled a muffled warning, and one of the automatics began spraying the car upon which Zitka had dumped the body.

Bolan smiled grimly; Zit was in the action—he had anticipated Bolan's movement and was providing diversionary fire. The gas tank of the latest target exploded in a spectacular fireball. An unfamiliar voice cried, "Goddammit! Lookit that!" Bolan jerked to his feet just as a nattily dressed man pounded around the line of cars; his .32 arced up and exploded, and the man hit the pavement and slid grotesquely into a fetal ball.

One does not plan each successive step of a firefight. Actions in warfare proceed from the instincts, not from the intellect, and Bolan's first shot, at such proximity to the enemy, of necessity became a fusillade. Diving and shooting, rolling and shooting, eyes ever on the enemy—these are the dictates of effective warfare at eyeball range, and The Executioner knew them well. One chattergun was silenced by his third shot. The other gunman had spun to the rear of the vehicle and was frantically trying to bring the spraying track onto Bolan's furious advance. There was not time. Bolan's fifth shot tore into the gun arm; the sixth impacted squarely on the bridge of the nose even before the heavy weapon could fall to the ground, and man and chatter went to earth together.

Another man scampered around the front fender of the vehicle, firing wildly with a pistol, the bullets singing past Bolan and ricocheting into automobiles behind him. Bolan's .32 was empty. He went into motion, leaping toward cover, just as Zitka stepped into the open, pistol raised to shoulder level, and popped two shots into the other man's chest. Silence descended. Even the patio was quiet. The burning automobile was lending an eerie quality to the silence. A gradually growing babble of excitement was beginning to issue from the patio area.

Zitka had run over to the Dodge and was dragging the dead bodies out onto the pavement. Bolan moved swiftly to the Corvette, started it and swung toward the Dodge, slowing down for Zitka to jump in, then gunned down the ramp and onto the street. Zitka relaxed into the backrest. "Got that garbage to hell out of my car," he panted.

"Let the cops figure it," Bolan clipped. He was heading west; moments later they intersected the coast highway and swung southward.

“WHAT'S your plans?" Zitka broke the silence.

"I thought I'd look up Jim Brantzen."

"Doc Brantzen?"

"Yeah. He's out now and in civilian practice. Cosmetic surgery, he calls it. Remember that raid at Dak To? He's always figured he owes me something for that. I



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figure maybe I'll see if he still feels that way."

"Gonna get your face changed, eh?"

Bolan grinned. "I hate to part with it, but I guess it's the only thing to do. I can't go on jumping at every shadow that rears up in my path."

"So you're running from the Big Mob."

"I didn't say that. I just need a camouflage job, that's all. I'm not calling off the war."

Zitka sighed again. "In that case, then—are enlistments open?"

Bolan threw him a fast scrutiny. "You want to join up?"

"I guess I already have."

"Yeah, I guess you have. You'll be on their list now for sure. For damn sure."

"I been thinking, too," Zitka announced.

"About what?"

"You figure the Mob is in a fat-cat position around here?"

"I figure that."

"You figure I could be of any use to you?"

Bolan snickered. "Whispering Death Zitka? Hey, buddy, I've been there, remember? Quang So, Hwa Tring, Chak Dong—yeah, I figure you could be of some use."

"You need some reinforcements, Mack."

"Yeah, I'll buy that."

"Well, I been thinking. Lot of guys come back from Vietnam and find it hard blending back into the tedium of civilian life. Like me. And like Boom-Boom Hoffower."

Bolan raised his eyebrows and flashed a sideways glance at his companion. "You've been in touch with Boom-Boom?"

"Yeah, he's dying of boredom. His wife run off with some actor, and he didn't even get excited about that. Best damn demolition man this side of the China Sea, Mack—just sitting around bored to death."

"Are you saying I could get some troops like Boom-Boom to join my war?" Bolan asked quietly.

"If you made it interesting enough."

"Mercenaries," Bolan said.

"Sure. Why not? You're fighting a bunch of mercenaries, aren't you? Fight fire with fire. I imagine you could figure some way to make this war profitable. How much did you pay for this little bomb?"

"It can be profitable," Bolan assured him. "The Mob transacts a lot of cash business. There's always a pile of green wherever they may be. I've had my hands in it."

"Well, there you are," Zitka said, sighing. "Me, I'd do it just for the hell of it. But like any game, it's more interesting with some cash on the table. A I think of what a troop of jungle professionals could add to your odds, Mack. I bet we could get—"

"Okay, I'm thinking about it," Bolan snapped. "Be quiet now and let me think."

"So think," Zitka growled.

Bolan smiled and drove on in silence. Zitka sighed several times and drummed his fingers on the seat. Bolan was coming to a fateful decision. Presently he lit a cigarette, slowly exhaled the smoke, and said, "Okay."

"Okay what?" Zitka sniffed.

"Ten of us. That's all. Tight, effective, mobile—and every man a specialist. At least two more sharpshooters. Two scouts, as good as you. Boom-Boom or an equal. Two heavy-weapon men. A good technician. That's it."

"Ten isn't very many," Zitka complained.

"It's enough. I don't want a damn army. A squad. A death squad. that's it."

Bolan nodded curtly. "The name of the game will be Hit the Big Mob. We'll hit them so fast, so often, and from so many directions they'll think hell fell in on them. We steal 'em blind, see. We kill and we terrorize and we take every goddamned thing they have—and then we'll see how powerful and well organized they are."

Zitka shot his friend an appraising stare. A nerve ticked in his cheek, and a small thrill chased down his spine. It seemed ridiculous,

but he felt a flicker of pity for the Mob. He had worked with The Executioner before, many times, in the jungles of Vietnam. Now the jungles were moving to organized-crime land.

"Well, what do you say?" Bolan asked.

"I say, on to the games, James," Zitka replied quietly. "Turn this bomb around. I'll show you how to get to Boom-Boom."

Bolan swung into a roadside park and back onto the highway, reversing his direction. His foot grew heavy on the accelerator. "The game is on," he murmured.

Beginning with Boom-Boom Hoffower, the "Death Squad" was born. Mack Bolan and George Zitka traced their ex-Vietnam buddies, the best of the jungle fighters, to form the most efficient, destructive army ever assembled for guerilla warfare. Except that this deadly army will not reek havoc in the jungle, but in the streets of America.

Bill [Boom-Boom] Hoffower, the demolitions expert, was pulled away from a five-day drunk, sobered up, and recruited with a two-minute pitch. The twenty-six-year-old ex-Quaker from Pennsylvania, a blonde and blue-eyed six footer, found the proposition immediately intriguing.

Bolan was impressed with Hoffower's knowhow and was, of course, cognizant of the demolition expert's Vietnam reputation. Not only did he possess a golden touch with explosives, but he had also proved himself as a coolly capable combat infantryman. Hoffower was left sober, a thousand dollars wealthier, and with "forty-hours, delay in reporting" to settle his personal affairs.

Tom [Bloodbrother] Loudelk was recruited by telephone from the Blackfoot Reservation in Montana. He had worked with both Bolan and Zitka in various military operations, and he agreed to the proposition with only the sketchiest of information, even before he was told of the thousand-dollar "enlistment bonus."

They found Angelo [Chopper] Fontenelli in a topless pizza parlor and bar, where he had been employed as a combination doorman, bouncer, and maitre d'. The twenty-four-year-old native of New Jersey, though only slightly more than five and a half feet tall, was not often a party to casual disputes. Powerfully built from the ground up, with mammoth chest and shoulders, thick and squat, the tough little Italian ranked high in Bolan's respect.

Chopper was so called because of his expertise with heavy automatic weapons.

Juan [Flower Child] Andromede was rehabilitated from a reality cult in the North Hollywood hills where he had become known as "Fra Juanito" eleven short months after his recognition as "the Butcher of Tanh Vin." Also a heavy-weapon man, Andromede was a poetry-spouting mass-death expert who used a field mortar like a six-gun.

Herman [Gadgets] Schwarz was plucker from a technical school, where he had been taking a course designed to equip him with an FCC license in radio electronics. He had been a counterintelligence advisor in Vietnam and had once "bugged" a VC command bunker to gain intelligence from a Bolan-Zitka sniper-team operation. Bolan had been deeply impressed by Schwarz's cool and painstaking methodology and was particularly elated to number him in the Death Squad.

Jim [Gunsmoke] Harrington was flushed from a suburban amusement park, where he was employed as a "gunfigger." One of the few men to Bolan's knowledge who had been allowed to carry personal weapons into battle, Harrington had brought the image of the old West into the firefights of Vietnam, with two six-guns worn in quick-draw fashion. It had not been all image—his Colts were equipped with specially designed hair triggers. This youngster from an Idaho sheep

ranch could draw both guns and hit a fast-moving target at a hundred feet more quickly than most men could think about it. He had been Bolan's flank man on a score of sniping missions and had repeatedly demonstrated his value in the sudden eyeball encounters with the enemy that were so common on the deep-penetration strikes.

Mark [Deadeye] Washington certainly had no integrated blood in his viens, unless it was a fusion of the darkest African tribes. He was the blackest black man Bolan had ever known—and certainly the most dangerous. Washington's specialty was the big high-powered distance rifle with the twenty-power sniperscope. Like Bolan, he had been a sniper specialist. Bolan had only once witnessed Washington's craft—Mark had dropped three running targets from five hundred yards out, and the feat ruled out any possibility of luck or chance. Bolan knew that one does not luck onto three scurrying men a third of a mile away; once was enough to assure Deadeye Washington a chunk of Bolan's respect.

Rosario Blancanales had started his Vietnam adventure as a member of the special forces. He had understood the Vietnamese, perhaps simply because he'd wanted to understand them, and he had learned their language and their ways. He had proved himself highly effective in the pacification program, was known throughout the delta as, simply, Politician, and had been an invaluable guide on several of Bolan's penetration missions. He was a pretty fair medic and a gifted mechanic, and he could hold his own in a firefight.

Blancanales took over the remains of Bolan's "purse," some several thousand dollars remaining from the spoils of the Pittsfield battle, and attended to the immediate problems of logistics support. He rented a large and comfortable beach house in a lonely area facing the Pacific and stocked it with foodstuffs and other necessities. The "first formation" of the Death Squad was accomplished on the afternoon of September 24, with all members reporting into the beachside "base camp." Blancanales had already seen to billeting assignments. Schwarz immediately set about developing an electronic-security system. Hoffower undertook a terrain inspection, with an eye to the emplacement of personnel mines and other defensive devices. Zitka and Loudelk began a thorough recon of the entire area, toward the establishment of forward defense positions. Harrington and Andromede began work on the armory. Fontenelli and Washington repaired to the beach to set up a target range in the shadow of the cliffs. Bolan and Blancanales went to ferret out a contact for the procurement of arms and munitions.

IN the early morning hours of September 27th, the Death Squad had its first test with Operation Edward Jordan.

The plan was to attack the home of organized-crime leader Edward Jordan. It would only be a test mission for the squad, with certain goals: to give Jordan a warning and a sample of the Death Squad's fury. Also, to steal whatever cash Jordan had in his home—for the Squad's funds.

The attack was a success and the individual members of the Death Squad passed the test with flying colors.

Behind a covering smoke screen, the Death Squad entered the Jordan home, shooting their way through lines of Jordan's soldiers and bodyguards.

By the time the smoke had cleared, the guerilla army had killed six soldiers, broken into Jordan's safe, and tied the crime leader to wooden steaks on his front lawn at the view of shocked spectators who had gathered at the sound of the commotion.

By the time the police arrived, all members of the Death Squad had vanished, leaving behind them chaos, destruction, death. And a few bugs in Jordan's home.

Back at their beach headquarters, Mack Bolan congratulated the members of his army on a job well done, and discussed their future missions.

"We're playing a death game here," Bolan explained. He glanced at his watch. "Only there will be no air-force or infantry reinforcements to finish the job once we've smoked the enemy into the open. We have to do the entire job ourselves. We're going to hit 'em, and hit 'em, and keep on hitting 'em until they're trying to hide up each other's asses. Then, when we know who they are and where they are, all of them—they we squash them. That's the entire plan. We play the details by ear. Gadgets has bugs all over Jordan's house, and he put a recorder on the telephone. In just about two hours, Zitter and Bloodbrother will take up their stakeout positions. Flower, you're on Zitter. Gunsmoke, on Bloodbrother. You know the routine—play it like life and death, 'cause that's what it's going to be. Boom, you alternate the electronics watch with some Gadgets. Politician and Deadeye, on me but not too close, give me room to operate. Chopper, you've got base camp security. Oh—and Boom, how long would it take you to make about a dozen of those little impact grenades?"

"Hell—twenty minutes," Hoffower replied.

"Good. Do it now. Put them in a hip pouch for me." Bolan smiled and got to his feet. "This is going to be a lot better than Pittsfield. I'm glad you people are with me." He started to walk away, then checked his stride and turned back with an afterthought. "Oh—Politician has the money divided up into eleven shares. It figured to forty-seventy-five per man. The eleventh share is for the kitty. Pick up your money and then get some rest. There won't be much sleeping tonight." He turned abruptly and strode off the patio, heading for the beach.

AND indeed there wasn't much sleeping that night. For that night Gadgets Schwarz picked up a conversation from the bugs in Jordan's house which would put the Death Squad into action the next day.

Gadgets Schwarz reported to Mack Bolan that he had listened in on a conversation between Jordan and another syndicate man by the name of Baron. Although still ruffled by the Squad's recent attack on his home, Jordan was planning a trip for the next afternoon to his citrus groves in the country—where all local, big-cash, syndicate transactions were made.

The next afternoon, Edward Jordan left his mansion in a bullet-proof, tank Rolls Royce with two black Continentals as bodyguards—one in front and the other in back of the Rolls.

Jordan didn't realize that at that moment two black eyes, belonging to Deadeye Washington were watching his entourage as it pulled out of his drive way.

Deadeye scrambled from one of the many massy slopes that surrounded the area, binoculars hanging from his neck. In his right hand he carried a high-powered telescopic rifle, and on his left hand a walkie-talkie.

Lifting the walkie-talkie, he said, "Subject leaving . . . heading from Freeway . . . suggest trackers and flanks move in."

A voice backed up with some static, belonging to Mack Bolan replied instantly, "Roger, Deadeye. Join up with Blancanales and regroup. We're moving in for the kill!"

Deadeye did a fast sprint to the Mustang parked at the edge of the slope and, jumping in the passenger's side, said to Blancanales who was behind the wheel, "We follow and

move in."

Mack Bolan and the Death Squad were ready for Edward Jordan. Discovering the location of the citrus groves from the bugged conversation the night before, Bolan had selected the perfect place for an ambush: an ideal curve surrounded by hills in the country road that led to the groves.

Bolan and Zitka left the Corvette in which they came in behind some rocks off the country road and headed for their battlestations.

Deadeye Washington and Blancanales were to follow Jordan up to the junction of the highway and the country road where they were to remain to watch for incoming traffic and especially for bluesuits.

Bloodbrother Loudelk was keeping watch from his car on a hill which had a clear view of traffic coming into the dirt road.

Andromede was at the wheel of a large van parked on the blind end of the curve. A winch in the van was, at that moment, trying to move a huge boulder into the roadway.

The big boulder at the side of the roadway began to dance with vibration, then tited and rolled abruptly onto the roadway. The winch was silenced. Zitka and Andromede ran out to the boulder, freed a network of cables, and dragged them into the shadow of a high butte.

The Death Squad could not have found a better location for an ambush. They were about midway between the blacktop country road and the citrus grove, at a point where the private dirt road curved abruptly to thread between two high-ridged rock formations. The roadblock was dropped directly into the eye of this needle, halfway through and just beyond a ninety-degree curve. A jeep had been unloaded from the van and was angled into the shadow of the butte just beyond the roadblock, with its big fifty caliber commanding the situation there. Andromede was manning the fifty.

Zitka had the left flank, Bolan the right, both with light automatic weapons and with good cover on high ground that allowed a good triangulation of firepower.

Gunsmoke Harrington was at the front end of the needle, ahead of the roadblock. His six-guns were strapped low, and a light automatic was slung at his chest. He would plug any attempted retreat.

"Coming up on one mile," Loudelk reported.

Bolan thumbed the transmitter and snapped, "Roger." Then, "Blancanales start your move. Hold at the junction of the dirt road."

He received acknowledgements from Blancanales and Washington, then tossed



"Call it a hunch or intuition, but let's keep our eyes on the new Treasurer."

the radio aside and waited.

They came on fast, as if they knew the road was their very own, the dust from the lead vehicles all but obscuring the third car in the file. The big Continental swung expertly into the curve, the driver was frantically grabbing for more brake pedal than he would ever find. Bolan could see electrified alarm replace the dreamy smile on the handsome face; he could see the driver's body stiffening and the tightened fingers clawing at the steering wheel.

It was a long microsecond. Then the Continental was trying to climb the barricade and failing to do so as three tons of hurtling metal met sixteen tons of unmoving rock. The grinding crash sent a bodyless head arching through the shattered windshield, to bounce along the quickly shriveling hood. The passenger compartment continued moving briefly after the forward part had come to rest, telescoping into the flattened engine compartment—and then the armored Rolls smashed into the rear, brakes screaming and horn blaring inanely. Almost instantly the third crash came as the rear Continental plowed into the Rolls.

To this bedlam was suddenly added the staccato chopping of the big fifty as Andromede began spraying the wreckage with steel-jacketed projectiles. A man staggered out of the third car, firing blindly into the rock walls with a pistol. A higher-pitched chatter responded immediately from both sides of the trap, and the man was flung backward, and down, and dead.

Incredibly, fire was being returned from the Rolls, and the heavy vehicle was rocking forward and backward, the powerful engine straining mightily as the driver fought to extricate the armored car from the jamming smashup.

"It's a tank, all right," Bolan grunted to himself, noting the battering-ram writhing of the Rolls. He snatched up his radio and barked into it, "Gunsmoke! Bring up the big stick!"

All three members of the fire team were now concentrating their assault on the Rolls, Andromede from almost point-blank range. Still it snorted and struggled like an enraged bull elephant caught in a bog, and still a sporadic return fire issued from it. Then Bolan caught a glimpse of Harrington sprinting around the curve, a long tubelike object hefted onto his shoulder. He watched him approach to within 100 feet of the Rolls, then drop to one and sight in the bazooka. An instant later the familiar whoosh, fire, and smoke, of the armor-piercing rocket was introduced to the battle. The enraged bull elephant was enveloped in a deafening explosion, and its struggles immediately ceased.

"Awright, awright!" a voice screamed out a moment later. A thickset man staggered out of the smoke and into the open.

Bolan sprang atop the rock that had served as his cover and called down, "Time to pay the tab, Jordan!"

"Dumbhead!" the mobster screamed. His arm jerked up, and the .38 reported three times. The third report, however, was no more than the spasmodic reflex of a quickly dying muscle. Bolan had fired from the hip in one rapid burst that split the racker's body from groin to skull.

All in all, the battle had lasted less than two minutes. Zitka took a blackened briefcase and a metal box from the passenger compartment of the Rolls. The heavy weapons and the spoils were tossed into the jeep. Andromede jumped behind the wheel and sped off toward the rear of the needle.

Bolan ran to rejoin the others. The jeep was already inside the van. He jumped into the passenger side. Zitka was already in the passenger side.

Zitka was reaching for the radio as Bolan spun the sportster around. "How do you say,

Bloodbrother?" he demanded into the transmitter.

"Coast clear man, clear," Loudelk's drawl came back. "And I missed all the fun."

"Okay, split," Zitka told him.

"Affirm, I am splitting."

Bolan grinned and reached for the radio. He depressed the transmitter button and said, "Good show, group, all of you, but play it cool now until we're home clean. Radio silence, beginning right now, except for emergencies. Read?"

"Read," replied Deadeye Washington.

"Gotcha," said Harrington.

"Affirm," reported Bloodbrother Loudelk.

SO far the Death Squad had been lucky. Two hits against the Mob and both went off smoothly with no casualties and no fuzz trouble.

It was in their third hit that the Squad's luck began to change. And it was then that Bolan realized how close the fuzz was getting to them.

Their target was the building and warehouses of Tri-Coast Records, owned by no other than the Mob's chief Zeke Baron. The hit went smoothly at first. In a matter of minutes, the Squad turned Tri-Coast's warehouses into an inferno, bugged Baron's office and stole all the money in the safe.

It was then that the fuzz arrived. Bolan immediately gave the break-off order. All the participating members for this mission acknowledged the break-off order.

"Okay, break off!" Bolan yelled into his radio again. The warehouse was blazing furiously, great mushrooms of roaring flames boiling high overhead and turning night into day for a hundred yards in all directions, intense heat generating into an impenetrable barrier surrounding the long structure.

Bolan was jumping for his vehicle, parked along the fence at the back of the lot. He jumped inside, clipped the radio to a fixture above the dash, and fishtailed along the graveled back lot in a full-power swoop toward the warehouse office at the far corner. There he collected Boom-Boom Hoffower, who had been standing a casual guard over a small collection of warehouse employees, evacuated just prior to the incendiary attack. Hoffower swung the door open and nonchalantly slid into the seat alongside Bolan.

Bolan grunted into the gears and sent the little speedster whining along the macadam drive. They flashed through the open gateway and skidded into the street, then straightened in a full-throttle roar toward the distant line of hills. They were free and clear.

BACK at their headquarters, the Death Squad had gathered to discuss the results of their mission.

Bolan was positioning a TV tray in front of a chair. He sat down, pulled the tray closer, and sampled the coffee. "We got lucky," he said for openers.

Bolan then turned his attention to Gadgets Schwarz. "Did you get Baron's office doctored up okay?" he asked him.

Schwarz stared solemnly back at Bolan. "Sure. That jazzed-up joint was a natural. Never saw such an overdecorated layout. He's rigged good. And I got a twelve-hour recorder with a voice-impulse starter up on the roof of the next building. Bloodbrother was assisting, so he knows where it is. We can slip up there twice a day and change the tapes, and that gives us a twenty-four-hour automatic surveillance on the place."

"Great." Bolan washed down the last of the sandwich with a swallow of coffee. He glanced at his watch. "I'd like to have that first tape before ten this morning. Take Bloodbrother to cover you. Oh, and since Jordan is out of the picture now, maybe you

better figure some way to get your gadgets out of his place before someone discovers them. No sense tipping our hand before we just have to."

"I already did that."

Bolan's eyebrows raised.

"These things are too damn hard to come by. I don't leave them laying around in a dead drop."

Bolan was staring at Fontenelli. "The cops," he mused.

"What cops?" Schwarz asked.

"The cops were bad news—plenty bad news, I'm afraid."

"And the police response was quick. Damn quick. They were all over that place in no time at all," Zitka added.

"Like they'd been just sitting and waiting for someplace to run to, eh?" Blancanales observed. Bolan showed him a faint smile. "Yeah. It looks as though the police have set up some sort of special unit. A unit that is directed squarely against us."

"Screw 'em," Fontenelli sneered. "They haven't showed me anything yet."

"We don't get off that easy, Chopper," Bolan said thoughtfully. "It pays to know your opposition. If those people are gearing up to bring us down, then we damn sure have to do some gearing of our own. I don't like it. All of you know what can be accomplished with just a little bit of close-order organization. We've been successful so far because we've been playing it to a cadence count. Now if the cops are playing that same game, then I'd say we'd better come up with a counterpoint."

"The sarge is right," Andromede said. "We need some intelligence. Who's our intelligence officer?" His gaze fell squarely upon Gadgets Schwarz.

Schwarz merely smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

A momentary silence followed; then Bloodbrother Loudelk said, "I've tried everything else. I guess I could try infiltrating copsville."

Bolan smiled wanly. "We'd better look at the idea pretty close. Could be suicide mission."

Bolan was returning Loudelk's direct stare. He was thinking about it. "What do you say, Gadgets?" he asked in a barely audible voice.

Schwarz also was thinking about it. "There are several ways to go about it," he replied slowly. "We could monitor their radio frequencies, and that would be the safest and the easiest, but . . ."

"But?" Bolan prompted.

"Well we really do need to have a monitor on their radio nets, but it will take some inside work to just find out what those frequencies are."

"All right, consider that as an objective," Bolan agreed. "We want their radio frequencies. That should be an easy mark. Any radio amateur could probably give us that. But they probably have some special radio net for their elite unit. We'll need that, above all. Go on, Gadgets."

"Okay, that would be in the nature of just routine intelligence. These people don't tell their secrets over the radio, though, bet on that. So we need some way to monitor their telephone conversations, their official discussions, and their bull sessions. That means we have to get inside."

Bolan sighed. "Give it a try, Gadgets. You and Bloodbrother get down there as soon as you feel ready and scout the layout. See what you can figure out, but don't make any actual move until I've reviewed your plan. We'll give this a top priority, and we make no further hits until our intelligence apparatus is functioning. While you're out, pick up that tape from the Baron drop. I'll want to know his reactions to tonight's hit." He showed Loudelk a grim smile. "I'm depending on your instincts, Brother, to keep this play

safe. If it can't be done without undue risk, we'll just get along without it. Okay?"

Loudelk smiled. "Okay."

"I'll have to build a mike," Schwarz added.

"You have all the stuff you need?"

"I think so. If not, I can pick up what I need in any electronics shop."

Bolan shifted his gaze to Blancanales. "We've used the vehicles long enough, Politician," he said crisply. "Better drop them and get some more. Be very discreet. Include my 'Vette—get me something else. Anything that's got some fire. Maybe a Porsche, eh?"

"You don't mean the van, too?"

Blancanales asked, frowning.

"No, but see what you can do about some new paint and decals. What about license tags?"

"No problem there. They're scared to death you were going to make me rig up a new van."

Bolan chuckled. "We might have to drop the van idea entirely after another strike or two. They're bound to tumble to it sooner or later, and then that big mother becomes a dead liability. Be thinking about a new gimmick."

Bolan studied his watch. "Well, it's getting on to four o'clock," he said. "I can't offer you much in the way of recreation, but it is time for a bit of rest. Let's all turn in. Eight o'clock reveille."

EARLY the next day, Gadgets Schwarz and Bloodbrother Loudelk reported to Mack Bolan on their successful infiltration and recon of police headquarters. "A directional mike is out of the question," Schwarz reported glumly. "It's a hard building, any way you look at it."

"Internal security is a loose goose, though," Loudelk told Bolan. He tossed a small notebook onto Bolan's lap. "They call the operation *Hardcase*. The names of the detail leaders and their areas are in the notes there. Got that from a duty roster pinned to a bulletin board in their control room." He withdrew a three-by-five card from his hip pocket and waved it gently in front of Bolan's eyes. "And guess what this is. Phone numbers and radio frequencies on the front, code words on the back." He produced a folded paper from his shirt pocket and added it to the loot on Bolan's lap. "And this is an area map, showing zones of responsibility for the various details."

Bolan was wearing a broad grin. "Bloodbrother, you're a master craftsman," he said.

"Place was wide open. I just walked in and picked it up. This Braddock, the cop in charge, looks more like a judge than a cop. He's hard, though, and the other cops respect him. They call him Big Tim. Behind his back, anyway. His office adjoins their control room. Floor plan's in the notebook. They're running a military operation there, Sarge. I'd say they want us real bad."

Bolan nodded, the grin still in place. His eyes were traveling down the list of radio frequencies printed on the card. "Can you cover these frequencies, Gadgets?" he asked.

"Yeah, but I'll have to get some more gear. I'll need some cash. I'd say . . . oh, about at least two thousand. If you want to cover all those at the same time."

"Money is no object," Bolan replied. "What better use for the Mob's green, eh? Draw what you need from Politician. Need any help?"

Schwarz shook his head in a decided negative. "I shop better by m'self," he said.

"Okay, but play it cautious. Don't excite anyone's curiosity. Brother, you cover him, separate vehicles. From this moment forward, no one leaves base camp without a cover man."

"Let's chow up first," Loudelk suggested, his eyes on Schwarz. The electronics man nodded, and they went off together toward the kitchen.

Schwarz halted in the doorway and turned back to Bolan. "You get anything worthwhile from that tape I sent back?"

"Plenty," Bolan assured him. "Chopper and Gunsmoke are out reconning a couple of leads right now." He got to his feet and strolled over to join Schwarz in the doorway. Listen, Gadgets, get those radio monitors set up just as soon as possible. They're going to be a hell of a weapon for us." He started to walk away, then whirled back and added, "And listen—I don't care how much it costs—set up a mobile capability. Maybe we can use the van as a rolling command post. You know what I'm thinking of?"

Schwarz was smiling with bright enthusiasm. "I know exactly what you're thinking of. I dunno if I can do it in one day, though."

Bolan slapped him on the rear and said, "Sure you can. A genius can do anything."

Schwarz grinned and went on into the kitchen.

THE van was behind the camouflage netting when Bolan returned to the base camp from one of his recon missions, and the big vehicle was the object of multiple attentions. Hoffower and Loudelk were spraying the van with a fast-drying paint. Fontenelli was crawling about on the roof with an electric drill. Biancanales and Zitka were struggling with a large framework of wood shelving, being arm waved through the huge doors by Schwarz.

Bolan slapped him on the shoulder and went on to the house. He found Gunsmoke Harrington and Washington conversing in low tones on the patio.

"What was Baron doing today?" Bolan asked.

"Busy-busy," Harrington replied. "Chopper has the log. We split off at two o'clock. He stayed on Baron while I checked out the other stuff."

Bolan nodded, his face devoid of expression. "I'll get with Chopper for the details. What impression did you get, Guns—from what Chopper told you, I mean?"

"About Baron? I'd say he's running scared. He made about six stops, one of 'em at a big joint up in the Hills. Stayed in there about twenty minutes. And then he drove all the way down to San Pedro."

"Who'd he see there?"

Harrington shrugged. "Chopper said he went into this warehouse on the waterfront. Stayed about five minutes, then bugged straight home."

"I'd better talk to Chopper. Sound like things are shaping up, Deadeye?"

"Yeah?" Washington had been listening attentively to the conversation. He was now grinning broadly at Bolan, leaning forward to intercept his words.

"Get ready for a fire mission. You and me. Take my big sniper down to the range and sight it in up to 300 yards. Give me scope calibrations for every hundred feet. Better do the same for yours if you haven't already."

Washington was all smiles. "Hot damn," he said.

"Will I be in this one?" Gunsmoke Harrington asked.

"You bet you will. You and Chopper will flank us."

"Where's the hit?"

"I'll have to talk to Chopper before I'm sure. But from what you've told me, along with what I got from Gadget's tape, it looks like the Hills."

"The big joint?"

Bolan nodded. "The big joint. Baron's been trying to set up a council. The Hills

sounds like the place. I'll take Zitter and Bloodbrother out there for a recon while we still have some daylight."

Bolan left them and headed for the van to speak with Chopper.

EARLY that evening the Death Squad had pooled all their information from different sources: recon missions, Baron's bugged office, and the various microphones that Bloodbrother had left in police headquarters when he infiltrated it.

They were now ready to plot their strategy.

"All right, here's the situation," Bolan told the assembled Death Squad. "The pressure is building, strong and fast. The Mob is in a state of general alarm. They're using the pattern I've been expecting them to all along, closing ranks and making preparations to crush us the next time we show ourselves. The pressure is on the cops, too, and they're trying their best to lower the boom on us. So we have to worry about two fronts. There's also another item that's liable to throw us a curve. The cops are worried about the mob buildup. They view this whole thing as a sort of gang war that could spill out onto their streets at any moment. So they've added a bit of spice to the pot. They've decided to begin a harassment campaign that will keep the Mob off-balance and unable to wage warfare. Okay—so the word has been leaked to the Mob. They know that the cops are going to begin rounding them up first thing tomorrow."

"What effect will this have on our plans?" Zitka asked.

"I don't know for sure," Bolan replied, frowning. "I do know, though, that our success depends on getting our job done at the quickest possible pace and getting the hell out of this area. This state has about the toughest police department in the nation, and when these guys gear up for you, you can bet that your days are numbered. Two immediate effects, or possibilities, that I can see. Either we'll get knocked off our pace as a result of the police interference or else the

Mob will go into hiding or take a trip or something until the heat's off. Either move will defeat us, or at least defeat our objectives."

"We can lay low, too, can't we?" Andromede said.

"Not around here," Bolan quickly replied.

"We can't afford to give the cops that kind of time-factor to work with. Like I said, these guys know their business. Given enough time, they'll find us and they'll nail us. I had allowed five days for this operation, and that's all. We've already used two."

"What are you getting at, Mack?" Zitka asked worriedly.

"Well . . ." Bolan scratched his forehead.

"Tonight might be our last chance for a grand slammer. I'd say twenty-four hours at the very most. There's too much working against us now."

He produced a stack of Polaroid snapshots of their target: Mob chief Julian George's house on the Hills. These he handed to Zitka. "Everyone take a good look at these. Pass them around. Brother and I were on site a little while ago, and we tried to cover every angle. Study them carefully. We'll be going in under cover of darkness; I want you to have a good idea of the lay of the land."

Zitka spoke up. "You get any feeling for the interior layout of the house?"

Bolan wagged his head. "No, and I doubt that we'll need it. The way it looked to Brother and me, they're going to hold their council outside, on the patio. They were setting up the bars and stocking them when we were out there. I doubt that we'll need to worry about the interior of George's house. If they retreat into the house, we will not go in after them. We'll just strafe hell out of it and then abort the mission. Can't take the risk of trying to smoke them out, because the cops will be on the scene damn quick—I feel sure of that. So—"

Gunsmoke Harrington said, "You're basing our strategy, then, on them breaking and running right after we make contact."

Bolan nodded. "Or soon after. There's a . . . well, here's my reasoning. The word is

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out, see. These people know that the police are planning a rousting operation, to begin tomorrow morning. Now. What's the purpose of this council tonight? First, I figure, is to set the strategy for a counteroffensive against us. The second item of business will undoubtedly have to do with the police threat. I just can't believe that they will want to go on home and wait for the cops to begin the harrassment. A lot of these people are living highly respectable roles, and they don't like their names in the police news any more than any other respectable citizen would.

"So here's what I think they'll decide to do. I think they will decide to join forces against us. I think they will decide to leave home for a while. The best possible place for them to achieve both objectives at the same time is at their hard site. I know damn well they have one somewhere in the area. In three different recorded conversations today, Baron mentioned 'the hard house.' They have one—and we want to help them decide to go there. Okay?"

"Sounds reasonable," Zitka commented. "Okay." Bolan stepped over to a portable blackboard, on which was drawn a rough sketch of the George neighborhood. "First I want to set the positions. Then we'll run through the individual missions. Deadeye and I will be on this hillside to the west, with the rifles. Bloodbrother is above us, on the rim of the hill, eagling. Chopper and Gunsmoke at the rear, here . . . and here . . . flanking with the automatics. Zitter and Boom on tracking stations, here . . . and here . . . I may have to call you in if things go sour, so be ready for a fire mission. Flower Child on the south flank, rear. Get your grenade launcher, Flower, and stake out a good spot to fly from."

Andromede grinned and wet his lips. "Chopper will cover you when you begin your grenade assault. Now—Gadgets will be inside the van, Politician driving. Keep that big mother moving, Pol, and don't get in too close. Gadgets will be monitoring the police radio nets and keeping us posted on their activities. I want every man in radio harness and his ears open. This could be—"

"I've been doing some thinking about this," Gadgets Schwarz said, interrupting Bolan. "And I'm worried."

"What's worrying you, Gadgets?"

"I've been wondering if these cops have the ability to ECM us. If they do, that van could become a Trojan horse in reverse."

"What is ECM?"

"Electronic counter measures. Electronic spying, in other words. Like on our spy ships and spy planes."

"Radio direction finders," Bolan muttered.

Schwarz nodded. "Yeah, the same principle, only they got some mighty damn sophisticated stuff out now. They can scan-through and lock onto another transmitter in nothing flat. They find your frequency with a scanner. Then, just like a computer, they lock on a couple of peripheral stations and get an automatic triangulation on you."

"Suppose they did," Bolan said. "Could we counteract it?"

Schwarz shook his head. "Not with the stuff we have. Our only defense would be to keep quiet as much as possible. Keep transmissions brief."

"How brief?"

"Three or four seconds at a time. That brief."

"All right," Bolan said. "We'll play it that way. The radios will be used only when absolutely necessary. We will not acknowledge each other's transmissions. Rely on code words as much as possible. Don't say anything that may give away your position or route. Okay." Bolan had drawn on a troubled frown. "I want every man in night suits, blackface, and as light as

possible. You flankers will provide covering and diverting fire only. Trackers, I want you to . . ."

The squad listened in silence to the balance of the full-scale combat briefing, interrupting only to quietly request a clarification of some detail, each one clearly realizing the importance of a complete understanding. Each man present was fully aware that this was a rehearsal for the death game.

THAT night Deadeye Washington was lying prone in a shallow trough, a clump of umbrella trees to his rear, the long rifle supported by a small tripod. His right eye was fastened to the eyepiece of the large sniperscope, and he was smiling. Just to his left was Mack Bolan, like a twin, sighting down through the big twenty power and grinning.

"Wish I could read lips," Bolan grunted.

"Yeah, man, that'd be cool," Washington agreed quietly. "That's Baron there on the right, the little guy. You figure white-hair is the big daddy?"

"Probably. Looks the part. We'll know for sure when they take their places at the table. What do you figure for the length of that table, Deadeye?"

"Oh . . . I'd say . . . fifteen feet. Hey! There's a lotta people movin' around down there now. Where'd white-hair go to?"

"Head of the table, to your right. He's your big daddy, all right. Hand me those glasses, Deadeye. Field of vision through this scope is . . ."

"Like lookin' through a microscope," Deadeye finished. He passed the binoculars over without disturbing his own position at the rifle.

Bolan took the glasses and raised it up over his rifle. "That's better," he said, surveying the George layout in the larger field afforded by the binoculars. "And you're right. They're moving the troops around. Plain sight."

"How many d'you make, Sarge?"

Bolan was moving the glasses in a slow sweep of the expansive grounds. "Hell, about a full company in full sight," he replied slowly. "And they're turning lights on all around."

"Maybe they've flipped. Combat fatigue."

Bolan chuckled. "No. No . . . I think . . . maybe it's meant to be a show of strength."

"Oh. Like a peacock raisin' its tail, huh?"

"Yeah," Bolan replied, grinning. He swiveled his head toward his left shoulder, depressed the transmitter button, and said, "Anything?"



"Even if we catch the guy who assaulted her, it won't stand up in court."

Five seconds passed; then Schwarz's voice replied, "Negative. Clear."

Bolan counted to ten, then punched the button again. "Flower." (Pause.) "Take Able Four." (Pause.) "Launch five on signal." (Pause.) "Chopper, cover. Out."

"That'll make Flower very happy," Washington commented softly. "That man sure loves that little grenade launcher."

Bolan nodded grimly and again addressed the radio transmitter. "Caution, caution." He waited ten seconds; then: "Company strength. Extreme caution."

"You're not giving them cops much to get on to," Washington said, grinning broadly.

Bolan smiled at Washington and fitted his eye to the scope. "Gadgets shook me up," he admitted. "I don't want to take anything for granted, not where these cops are concerned. I don't give them one damn advantage."

"Those people down there sure giving us one," Washington observed. "Even got the table turned our way."

Bolan's heavy rifle was swiveling in its tripod as he slowly tracked along the faces at the council table. "Remember—one second to impact," he reminded his partner. "The man to George's left, first one, the fat one, with his back to you. Got him in your field?"

"Yeah, I got him. Don't like the looks of those chairs, though. I'd like to take 'im above the shoulders."

"Any way you want, Deadeye. He's yours. After the scramble, it's snipers choice. I'm taking the guy to George's right."

"What are you holding on for your correction?"

"I'm using the top of the glass door in the background."

Washington sniffed. "Okay. I'll take about an inch offa that. What do your figure for wind?"

"Let's call it a dead calm."

"Dead is right," Washington said. "I'm ready, if you wanta start the count."

"On five," Bolan replied. He took a deep breath and began releasing it in short bursts as he counted, his finger tightening slowly on the hair trigger. "One . . . two . . . three . . ."

FLOWER Child Andromede reached into the trunk of the automobile and hastily unwrapped the felt-covered grenade launcher, affixed it to his rifle, and snatched up a prepared pouch of rifle grenades. Then he slammed the trunk door and jogged around the end of the car and ran along a six-foot-high wall that fronted the property directly adjacent to the George estate. About fifty feet before reaching the thick hedgerow that marked George's line, Andromede vaulted to the top of the wall and slithered along on his belly for another twenty feet, halting in the protective overhang of a date-palm frond.

He could see the rear of the George house clearly from this position and could even hear small groups of men moving noisily about the grounds, laughing and passing wisecracks back and forth.

He was vaguely wondering where Chopper was, when a thick shadow detached itself from the hedges just forward of his position. He immediately recognized the squat bulk of Fontenelli and softly cleared his throat to signal his position. Fontenelli moved into the shadow of the wall and advanced silently, to stand just beneath him.

"You see okay from up there?" Fontenelli hissed.

"Perfect," Andromede whispered. "I'm going to walk 'im in from right to left, up by the house. That oughta jar the piss out of 'em."

"Hope Bolan knows what he's doing," Fontenelli said after a brief silence. "That joint is crawling alive with some of the meanest hoods in the country."

"Better keep it quiet," Andromede suggested. "Four of them were walking along the hedge there a couple of minutes ago."

Fontenelli moved silently away. Andromede watched him drop to the ground and crawl into the hedges; then he lost sight of him.

Then a distant, double *cra-ack* of twin highpowered rifles firing simultaneously split the calm. Someone at the far side of the house was yelling. The *craacks* were coming in rapid succession now, and men were running about excitedly in the yard next door, cursing loudly and calling to one another.

Andromede smiled grimly and tensed at the trigger, his ear bent to the small radio. The attack was on.

FROM their hill post, Deadeye and Bolan were watching the attack. Bolan was on the bonoculars.

"What're they doing down there now?" Deadeye asked.

"Flopping about like headless chickens. Some are starting to look our way now. Give 'em a couple more rounds, Deadeye. See if they can spot your flashes."

Washington grinned and bent once again to his eyepiece. He fired two quick rounds into the heavy glass at the front of the house. Bolan, peering through the binoculars, smiled. "Believe you dropped about ten with that burst," he said.

Bolan tossed the glasses to Washington. "Now watch the fun," he told him. He thumbed the button on his transmitter and said, "Now, Flower, go!"

A loud, faraway blast echoed Bolan's words. He grinned at Washington. "Damn, he was primed, wasn't he? What's the reaction?"

Another blast sounded. "They were all running up from the rear," Washington reported. "Now they're standing and gawking at each other. Now they're starting back, but slow—damn slow."

"Let's keep them see-sawing," Bolan said. Picking up the rifle, he made good use of it as he spoke. The grenade blasts were coming at ten second intervals. The George grounds were in pandemonium, flames sprouting up here and there, puffs of smoke drifting aimlessly about, men running everywhere. Bolan squeezed off calculated shots down the long range, and Washington joined in.

Minutes later, the heat from Bolan's rifle was becoming decidedly uncomfortable for the flesh of his face. Deadeye Washington stopped firing and pushed himself away.

Bolan raised off the hot rifle, his face set in grim lines. "Okay, Deadeye. Break the pieces down. It's time to get out of here." He spoke into the radio. "Gadgets. What's up?"

"Nothing," came the immediate response. "One call on the general net and then nothing. It smells. Hardcase is silent."

"Break off!" Bolan snarled. "Stand by to track!"

"God damn!" Gadgets Schwarz cried. "I been ECMed!"

"Get rolling out of there!" Bolan commanded. "Move it! All units, break away and forget the track!"

"Negative," came Zitka's cool tones. "I'm on one and I'm sticking."

"Fuzz movement, coming up south," Loudelk's calm whisper announced.

Washington had the rifles in his arms. His eyes were flaring with excitement. Bolan jerked his head toward the crest of the hill, and his partner moved out immediately.

"More blues, coming west," Loudelk said, "and I'm breaking."

Bolan was sprinting up the slope behind Washington. Zitka's voice was coming through the small speaker. "Route Three, it's a line-up. This's paydirt. Suggest break and re-form on me."

"All who can," Bolan added. "But evade blues at all cost."

"I can't find Chopper," Andromede declared woefully.

"Break, Flower! Get the hell out!" Bolan had reached the road and was transmitting as he ran for his vehicle.

"Get . . . the . . . hell . . . out!" "Goddammit, goddammit, they got Chopper," Andromede cried.

GEORGE had made a hasty and careful check of the dead. Eight of the bosses had fallen, and there was unbelievable carnage among the hired hands. Only four of the twelve who had come to the council survived, and still the raining bullets were ricocheting off the flagstones, tearing through the table and slamming into the cement blocks of the back wall. And now a new note had been added—the explosions and the chattering of machine guns out back.

"Get out of here!" George screamed. The four survivors of the ruling council turned frightened eyes onto him. "Through the house! Call your boys and blow! You hear? Blow!"

"Where we gonna go?" Baron whined. "Get to hardsite! I'll meet you. But get going! Through the house!"

Bolan nodded meekly and dragged himself across the flagstones. He had been nicked in the arm and was bleeding. The others quickly followed after him. George shouted. "And dig in, dammit, as soon as you get there!" He waited until they had cleared the patio; then he scrambled to his feet and zigzagged in a low crouch to the protection of the cement wall. He stepped through the

He followed the explosion with a headlong plunge down the stairs, sweeping with the chopper . . .

shattered glass window and ran toward the rear of the house, colliding with his personal bodyguard, Lou Pen, in the kitchen. "What're you doin' in here?" George snarled. "There's a nut walkin' around out there with a machine gun." Pen declared breathlessly. "I come in to get the light."

George snatched the pistol from Pen's hand, pushed him aside, and stepped out the back door, then dropped to a crouch and made a run for the garage. When he was halfway there, all the lights went out. George swore under his breath, then flung himself to the ground as a machine gun began chattering nearby. A cloud of smoke was drifting toward him; from out of the cloud of smoke stepped Chopper wearing a black outfit and carrying a spitting machine gun. George raised Pen's revolver and fired three rapid shots. The guy slumped to his knees without a sound, still holding the big gun. It continued to spit sporadic flame, but now it just chewed up the ground. The gunner was trying to bring the muzzle up, but it kept dropping lower and lower until it was resting on the ground. It ceased its chatter, and the guy dropped back onto his butt, then slumped forward.

George scrambled to his feet and resumed his trip to the garage. He cast a quick glance over his shoulder. The guy in the black suit was still sitting there, a shadowy blob in the darkness, still trying to pull the gun out of the dirt.

George tugged frantically at the garage door. There was no telling how many more guys like that one were wandering around his grounds. The Hills had ceased to be a safe place for Julian George. There was a better place. He had to get there—and the sooner the better.

THE Porsche was careening down the hill, Washington behind the wheel, Bolan leaning against the opposite door with the radio in his hand.

"That's Bloodbrother, dead ahead," Washington pointed out.

Bolan jerked his head in a nod. "Stay on him," he said; then he spoke into the radio. "Gadgets! Dump and bail out! You have no chance in that van!"

"We got a better idea," Blancanales' voice reported. "We're gonna try a D and D."

"Negative," Bolan snapped. "Jump ship! Let it go!"

"Sorry, Sarge. It's a D and D. Our decision."

"What's he talking about?" Washington asked, rolling his eyes toward Bolan. He quickly swung his attention back to his driving chores as the Porsche leaned into a sweeping ninety-degree turn.

"Dummy and Divert," Bolan muttered. "They're trying to lead off the blues."

"Think they can do it?" Bolan sighed. "I don't know. They're gonna get themselves racked out, that's what. Just might swing the track from everyone else, though." He spoke again into the radio. "Where away, Gadgets?"

"Route Two and leveling. Gadgets found their new web. Stand by for intel."

"Route Three is maintaining," Zitka advised. Then: "Uh-oh. Trouble at the crossroads."

"What is it, Zit?"

"Roadblock! Damn—lookit that! They're running it!"

"Break!" A brief silence; then: "It's Route Three, Junction Two. I am avoiding, resuming track beyond."

A brief silence; then: "It's Route Three, Junction Two. I am avoiding, resuming track beyond."

Bolan swore under his breath. Washington chuckled and sent the sports car into another squealing turn. "You said tonight's the night, and that's the last thing anyone believed," he told Bolan.

The voice of Gadgets Schwarz came through the radio, speaking in a rapid monotone, "Okay, here's the lay. Containment around periphery. Looks like a hole on Route Four, though. All exits at Routes Two and Three are sealed. Avoid. Run wide on Four. Out."

"Okay, that's great!" Bolan snapped into the radio. "Now dammit, bail!"

"Negit," Schwarz replied. "D and D is bearing fruit. Will exercise options."

"Roll call!" Bolan commanded.

"Eagle is out and splitting wide on Four," from Bloodbrother Loudelk.

"Track's back on and streaking for skinnytail," said Zitka.

"Comin' round the mountain and closing," reported Boom-Boom Hoffower.

"Angling and running for Four," Gunsmoke Harrington sighed.

"I've got Gadgets in sight," said Flower Child Andromede. "Will cover all possible."

A brief silence followed. Bolan glanced at Washington, punched the transmitter, and barked, "Chopper! Where away?"

"He's away in a lay on the Hills clay," Andromede reported in a flat voice.

"Confirm!" Bolan snarled.

"He's free, brother, and that's as confirmed as he's going to get."

"Run careful, dammit," Bolan muttered into the radio. "The price has already got too high."

"This is Gadgets, signing off, final transmission. Good luck, Sarge. Hope you win the war."

"Gadgets!" Bolan snapped. "Gadgets?"

Flower Andromede's calm tones came through. "Guess he can't hear you, Maestro."

They're buzzed by the fuzz. No chance, no chance. I'm breaking."

"Is it P.O.W., Flower?" Bolan inquired anxiously.

"Affirm. A quiet surrender. Where do you run? I'm rejoicing."

Bolan's voice was heavy with a mixture of sadness and relief. "We run true. Your option, Flower. Head for the hutch if you'd rather."

"Neg. We're already three too few. I'll find you."

"I'm in clover," Zitka came in. "Are you on?"

"I'm on," Bolan assured him. "Guns? Where away?"

"Parallel to track and running true," Harrington reported.

"Roger. Guess we're clear. Keep running true."

"I couldn't hear Horse and Flower," Zitka complained. "What's happening?"

"The blues corralled the van," Bolan replied. "Flower is rejoicing, and just in time—it sounds like we're running beyond the radios."

"Maybe we broke outta the radio trap, then," Zitka observed soberly.

"Maybe so. But keep it minimum, just in case."

"Roj."

"Where do you run, Boom?"

"Closing on Gunsmoke right now," replied Hoffower's quiet voice.

"Okay. Let's try to tighten it up. Give me a fix, Zit, so I can verify track."

"I'm coming up on Victor Four," Zitka said.

"Mark your passage."

"Okay. I am . . . two minutes light and closing. Let's all fall in now."

"Roger, I see you. Let's try to flock now. All birds, pull it in."

"Man I am flying in," Andromede's faint voice advised.

THE track ended on one of the irregular outjuttings of California coastline. They had left the interstate route some minutes back to proceed along a twisting and torturous blacktop road that swept down to the sea, skirted a small inlet, then climbed several hundred feet to the rocky promontory.

Bolan rolled to a halt behind Loudelk's vehicle. Zitka's chase car, a little MG, was not in sight, but Zitka himself was jogging quietly down the road toward the clustering cars of the Death Squad. Bolan stepped out onto the ground just as another vehicle pulled up on his rear bumper. Loudelk had slithered out to join Zitka; the two of them walked on to Bolan's Porsche, where they were joined by a grinning Gunsmoke Harrington. Washington opened his door and stepped out, then leaned across the roof of the Porsche with a sober smile. A few scudding clouds were passing low overhead, intermittently blocking out the faint nightlight.

Zitka had been busy lighting a cigarette. A stiff coastal wind was making the job difficult. He dragged hard on the cigarette and said, "End of the line."

Bolan nodded. He was gazing out onto the long promontory, mentally calculating the length, breadth, and height. A large house at the far end loomed grimly foreboding against the horizon. Lights were showing faintly on all three floors of the structure. "Is it sealed at this end?" he asked Zitka.

"You better believe it. Stone wall, about ten feet high, runs across the entire front. About a hundred yards wide. Big iron gate right in the center. Brick gatehouse just inside. Maybe four guards in there. I figure a thousand yards from the gate down to the house. There's a guy walking the wall with a shotgun."

"Conclusions?" Bolan asked tersely.

"It's a fortress."

Bolan nodded. "It figures. This is their hard site."

"Eighteenth-century mentality." Harrington put in.

"Maybe so," Bolan said, "but we have to figure a twentieth-century way to get in there."

Loudelk had walked to the far side of the road to gaze along the sheer drop to the ocean. "Almost straight up and down as far as I can see," he observed quietly. "And I'd hate to fall. Looks like nothing but rocks down below."

"He's spotted back at the turnoff," Harrington yelled, "to make sure Flower doesn't get lost."

"I'm glad we have the benefit of Politician's last bright idea," Bolan said musingly. "Looks like we might need it."

"We going to bust on in?" Harrington inquired, smiling brightly.

"Might have to," Bolan replied. He turned to Zitka and Loudelk. "Give the place a thorough recon," he told the seasoned scouts. "Pay particular attention to the cliffs at the other side. Find a hole—any kind of hole."

Zitka and Loudelk exchanged glances, then slightly withdrew. Bolan watched them out of sight, then spoke into the radio. "Boom. Situation."

"Flower just arrived," Hoffower immediately responded. "On our way."

Bolan laid the radio on the hood of the Porsche and told the others, "Let's check the weapons."

Washington pulled the keys from the ignition and went to the rear and opened the trunk. Harrington was walking quickly to his vehicle, playing with the snapaway straps

... the charge hit the massive doors with a deafening roar, and licking flames brightened the landscape . . ."

that held his six-shooters in place. Moments later, when the other vehicles joined them, an assortment of automatic weapons and ammo clips were neatly arranged on the roof of the Porsche.

Hoffower was driving to a small panel truck and towing what appeared to be a low canvas-covered trailer. He pulled the rig even with the Porsche and immediately cut the motor. Andromede halted his vehicle, a late-model Fury, just to the rear.

Bolan gave them a brief rundown of the situation.

"Guess you're gonna need my tagalong, then," Hoffower observed.

Bolan jerked his head in a curt nod. "Pull on ahead of me, Boom, and get it unhitched. Give 'im a hand, Flower, and get that weapon ready to go. After you get unhitched, Boom, get your explosives ready. How many satchel charges do you have in there?"

"Six," Hoffower replied. "I can make a few more right quick if you think you need 'em."

Bolan shook his head. "Six should be enough. And break out four grenades for every man." He swiped at his nose and added in low tones, "Seven of us left—twenty-eight chunks, Boom."

Hoffower nodded, started his engine, and pulled off the road ahead of the Porsche. Andromede walked along beside the trailing vehicle, slashing at the ropes of the canvas with a knife. Washington stepped over to help him strip back the canvas and uncover the jeep. Hoffower was between the vehicles with a wrench, releasing the tow bar.

Andromede swung up behind the fifty-caliber mount, removed the dust cover, and busied himself with an ammo box.

Zitka and Loudelk materialized from the

shadows along the road, and Zitka reported, "Not a hole anywhere, Mack. It's right up the middle or not at all."

Bolan had obviously been prepared for such a finding. "Okay," he said. He spread his arms at shoulder height and waved both hands. "Gather 'round and let's go over the footwork. Time check first." He stared at his watch. "One-oh-seven . . . right . . . now. Boom, I want you to drape a satchel charge over the hood ornament of Zitka's vehicle. At precisely 1:15, Boom, you send that car against the gate. Give yourself plenty of room to drop clear. Flower, you on the fifty and Deadeye driving, right behind the battering ram. Hold back at about fifty feet and open up with that big mother. Rest of you deployed along the wall, and raise as much hell as you can without actually exposing yourself. Toss some grenades or something. Boom, I want four of those satchels. Now—nobody comes in. You're providing diversionary fire only, and I want you—"

"Just a damn minute!" Zitka protested. "You're going in there alone?"

"One man can do it, Zit," Bolan argued. "If you can pull everybody toward that gate, I can be over the wall and halfway to the house before anyone begins to wonder what's happening."

"With four damn satchel charges!" Harrington put in disgustedly.

"You're not leaving us standing around on the outside, Mack," Zitka said. "Look, we're all sorry about Chopper and about Pol and Gadgets. But we made the decision back at camp. We're going all the way."

"It's our war too, man," Deadeye Washington murmured.

"Boom?" Bolan queried, his eyes grim.

"Hell yes," Hoffower replied quietly. "This's no time to get faint."

"As a squad, we'll shoot our wad," Flower Child intoned.

Bolan's eyes dropped. When they came up again, he was grinning. "Okay. We're still the Terrible Ten. Maybe Chopper's wild-ass charge was what sent all these bunnies hopping along the trail. His effect is right here with us. Pol and Gadgets provided the police diversion that got us here. So . . ."

"So the squad's all present and accounted for," Andromede said. "Now let's go show those cats what a firefight looks like."

"Deal the cards again, Sarge," Harrington said.

"Okay. We still use the satchel on the MG, but Zitka drives. It'll give just as much punch on that gate as any tank, and it's light enough to be moved out of the way. Flower, Deadeye, and Gunsmoke in the jeep. Swing wide just outside and provide covering fire while we clear that gateway. Boom, use your truck and ram right on through. Try to push the MG inside and out of the way. If you still have wheels under you then, stand by to fall in on the procession. If not, get clear and join the first vehicle you can."

"Deadeye, swing that jeep in right behind Boom's truck but wait until the way is clear. Flower, after penetrating the gate, keep your fire to the left of the road and fire at anything that moves or looks like it could move. Gunsmoke, I want you in the front, beside Deadeye. Get your big chopper—you're sweeping the right side and the road ahead. Bloodbrother, you fall in behind the jeep. Pick up Zitka and punch right on in. I'll bring up the rear in the Porsche. Boom, you better just plan on leaving the truck and joining me. I'll need a rear gunner."

"Now this will be a punch in, pure and simple. No telling how many active troops we'll be leaving behind us. We'll have to punch right back out again probably, and if the blues show, we're going to be in a hell of a tight situation. So let's keep it fast and furious, and the sooner we get moving the better."

"Let's get everything out of the truck and

into the punch vehicles. Let's get moving, let's go go go!"

ZITKA leaped from the speeding MG and hit the ground in a tight roll. A man ran out of the gatehouse just as the careening vehicle smashed into the steel gate with an instantaneous clap of thunder and whooshing flames. The jeep swung in a tight arc past Zitka as he scrambled to his feet and sprinted back down the road. The deep rattle of the big fifty mingled with the secondary explosion of the MG's gas tank and the excited cries coming from beyond the flames.

Harrington raised his gun to track onto a man who was running along the wall; the gun burped briefly, and the running man disappeared beyond the wall.

The panel truck swerved around the curve and cautiously approached the flaming wreckage in the gateway; then gears meshed, and the deep whine of low gear propelled the truck into the crackling pile. Harrington had scrambled out of the jeep and was standing against the wall, his gun chattering, to cover the maneuver. The truck whined on through the debris, pushing it along in a grinding scream of protesting metal, while the jeep circled about and fell in to the rear. Harrington leaped aboard and remained standing in the front floor, his weapon raking the gatehouse in an incessant sweeping. Men were running and shouting, and the sound of gunfire issued from deeper inside the grounds. The windshield of the jeep shattered, and Harrington abruptly sat down.

Two men stood behind the gatehouse, firing at the truck with revolvers. They crumpled and jerked to the ground under the heavy staccato of the fifty caliber. Flames were shooting from the hood of the truck as Hoffower flung the door open and bailed out. The jeep moved swiftly along the narrow drive. Loudelk's sedan spurted through the gateway and quickly closed on the jeep; then Bolan's Porsche roared in. Hoffower had darted across the drive and was kneeling in the grass, his .45 spitting flame toward the wall. The Porsche slowed momentarily, and the door swung open; Hoffower jumped in and slammed the door, and they spun out with a shriek of rubber.

The jeep was leading the fast-moving procession, its automatic weapons rattling angrily. Tracers were leaping out from the big fifty, probing the terrain ahead. Shouts and curses could be heard on both sides, rising above the explosive reports of gunfire.

If the Hills had boasted a company, Bolan was thinking, this place easily supported a battalion. The window just behind his head shattered. Hoffower immediately announced, "I'm hit," in a quiet voice. He swiveled in the seat and pushed the .45 out the window in his left hand and began firing at running, shadowy figures on their right flank. Bolan risked a glance at his partner. A red groove traversed one side of his face, oozing blood.

"Grazed," Hoffower amended as he ejected a spent clip and snapped in a replacement.

The jeep was now running about, broadside to Bolan's travel, and the fifty was tracing up Bolan's left flank. They had reached the circular portion of the drive, in front of the house. Bolan swung in behind the sedan just as Loudelk and Zitka bolted from the vehicle. Flame was spitting at them from several basement windows, and Harrington's chopper was replying. The Death Squad was caught in a cross fire, with enemy reinforcements gathering quickly to both sides of their soft position.

"Take the house!" Bolan cried.

Loudelk and Zitka sprinted to opposite corners of the house, grenades in their hands. Bolan stepped to the ground with a chopper

in one hand and a satchel charge in the other. He twirled the charge overhead, then let it fly. It hit the massive doors at the front of the house with a deafening roar, and licking flames immediately brightened the landscape. Bolan tossed another charge into French doors on the second floor, and the explosion blended with lesser ones coming simultaneously from the sides of the house.

Harrington was dueling with enemy fire from both floors and the basement; Andromede was checking the advance on their rear with the big fifty. Deadeye Washington had snatched up a chattergun and was making a run for the front door. A burst of fire hit his chest, and the big fellow went to the ground with his weapon chattering. Bolan, also in motion toward the door, had to spin past Washington's falling body. A pain shot up from his heel, and he realized that he was hit also, but he was up the steps and charging through the flaming doorway with Harrington pushing close behind, and the heel was forgotten. He charged into a large room just as a clump of men were descending a circular stairway. Bolan chopped at them; two fell, and three more raced back up the stairs.

Harrington's burper was swinging toward an arched doorway at the rear, and another two men were flung to the floor. The burper went silent; Harrington shook it, then tossed it aside and released the straps of his six-guns as he moved swiftly toward the stairway.

Bolan glanced at him and snapped, "The basement!"

Harrington nodded and swung back to Bolan's side. The house was burning, the flames beginning to roar on the top floor. They found the basement stairs in an alcove beyond the main room, just as a pair of men ran into the house through the front door. Harrington said, "I'll cover!" and stepped out with both guns blazing. Bolan wondered vaguely about the other four of his squad and about the fact that two enemy had managed to get inside, but there was no time for speculation. He was already halfway through the doorway to the basement stairs.

He dodged back as a bullet thwacked into the wood alongside his head, then leaned around the curve and dropped a grenade over the staircase. He followed the explosion with a headlong plunge down the stairs, sweeping indiscriminately with the chopper. There was no return fire. A bookcase along one wall burst into flame, eerily lighting the underground scene. Dead bodies were flung about, and nothing moved. At the bottom of the stairs lay a man who Bolan had watched earlier that night through his sniperscope.



"As near as I can figure, Inspector, his inflatable chair sprung a leak and smothered him."

Deadeye had said, "That's Baron there, the little one."

Bolan swung back up the stairway and erupted into the alcove. Gunsmoke Harrington lay there on his back, his chest wetly red and his lips flecked with red foam. "Look out, Sarge," he said faintly, and died.

A white-haired man loomed up in Bolan's side vision. A shotgun roared just as Bolan flung himself toward the corner. Bolan felt the sting of several straggling pellets, and he knew that the main charge had missed him. He was twisting about to bring the chopper up, when George flung the shotgun at him and darted for the front door. The discarded gun flanged against Bolan's weapon and diverted his aim. He scrambled to his feet and gave chase, reaching the steps just as the whine of police sirens bored in on his consciousness.

THE house was engulfed in flames now. Bolan staggered down the steps, his mind numbed, and walked stiffly through incredible carnage. Bodies littered the drive in front of the house, and there was no movement anywhere Bolan could see. He gazed down at the grotesquely curled caricature of what had once been Deadeye Washington. Several yards away lay the remains of Boom-Boom Hoffower. Flower Child Andromede was crumpled atop the fifty.

Bolan threw back his head and yelled, "Zitter! Brother! Regroup!" The sirens were screaming up the blacktop—almost to the gate. Bolan figured. He jogged around the corner of the house and immediately found Zitka. The fierce little fighter was clutching a machine pistol and snarling, even in death.

Bolan found Bloodbrother Loudelk at the rear. Half of his head was missing. Otherwise, he looked very peaceful. In life, Bolan thought, so in death. He wearily returned to the Porsche, wondering where all the enemy had gone, and tossed the chopper onto the rear deck, then slumped into the seat.

The sirens were swinging through the gates now, starting the short journey down the promontory. Bolan started the Porsche and wheeled it around into the grass. His heel hurt like hell, and he was slowly discovering other nicks and scrapes in tender places.

He could see the flashing bubble-gum machines on top of their cars now. Quite a parade. He sighed. The Death Squad was a dead squad now. He'd offered them wealth and glory and given them only death.

He double-checked the safety belt, then screamed around in a wild U-turn, straightening out into a full-power run. His tires slipped a bit on the damp grass, but the needle kept climbing in a steady movement toward the end of the speedometer. He flipped a glance into the rear-view mirror. The parade had arrived at the front of the house, and bluesuits with riot guns were pouring out everywhere.

Bolan smiled tightly and moved quickly toward the road. Life wasn't all hell, he decided. Another battle had ended. Perhaps somewhere, someday, he would find a place to end the war. Let the dead rest in peace. Someday Mack Bolan, too, would rest. For now, had had to find his way among the living. And he would find Julian George somewhere about that landscape, and undoubtedly many more just like him.

He would never, however, find another Death Squad. Not like the helluva bunch he'd just lost.

"Roll Call," he said, half-aloud.

And he could have sworn he heard them checking in. Bloodbrother, Zitter, Gunsmoke, Deadeye, Boom-Boom, Flower Child, Chopper, Gadgets, and Politician. They were all in—and they were all on Mack Bolan.

Pussycat

My Fair Fraulein!

ONE OF OUR AGENTS SNAPPED THIS PHOTO LAST WEEK

GET A LOAD OF THAT BODY!

I'D LIKE TO!

WHAT'S THE DOLL'S NAME?

BY
LARRY LIEBER
AND
JIM MOONEY

PUSSYCAT! SHE'S BEEN CONDUCTING A EUROPEAN SEX SURVEY!

... AND NOW SHE'S HERE IN WEST BERLIN!

SHE KIND OF MAKES ME PROUD TO BE AN AMERICAN!

BUT CAN SHE DO THE JOB THAT WE HAVE IN MIND?

AFTER ALL, SIX OF OUR BEST AGENTS HAVE FAILED?

YEAH, BUT THEY DIDN'T HAVE HER EQUIPMENT!



I TELL YOU THIS DISH IS DYNAMITE!

WHEN SHE APPEARED ON "VOTS MEIN LINE?" TO PROMOTE HER SURVEY, THE TECHNICIANS WERE SO DISTRACTED, THEY BLEW THEIR CABLES-- AND BLACKED OUT EVERY SET IN WEST BERLIN!



LAST WEEK HER CAR STALLED ON THE AUTOBANN!

WHEN SHE GOT OUT TO FIX IT, THE OTHER MOTORISTS COULDN'T KEEP THEIR EYES OFF HER!

SHE CAUSED THE WORST CHAIN COLLISION, AND PILE UP OF CARS, SINCE WORLD WAR II!

GRAND BASH

EEEEEE



AND ONLY YESTERDAY WHEN SHE VISITED THE ART MUSEUM...

THE GUARDS WERE SO MUCH MORE INTERESTED IN HER TREASURES, THAN IN THE MUSEUM'S...

THAT THEY ALLOWED DURER'S FAMOUS MADONNA TO BE STOLEN RIGHT FROM UNDER THEIR NOSES!

OKAY, YOU'VE SOLD ME! LET'S CONTACT THIS KITTEN!

THUS, A SHORT WHILE LATER...



THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A HOT BATH TO RELAX A GIRL, AFTER A BUSY DAY OF SIGHTSEEING AND SEX SURVEYING!



WHA--WHO ARE YOU? WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY ROOM?

GASP! DREAMING, I THINK!

SIMMER DOWN, SAM!

WE'RE C.I.A. AGENTS, MISS! WE HAVE A PROPOSITION FOR YOU!

SO? WHAT MAN DOESN'T?

IT'S NOT THAT KIND OF PROPOSITION!



THE COMMIES HAVE KIDNAPED AN IMPORTANT GERMAN SCIENTIST, AND ARE HOLDING HIM CAPTIVE IN EAST BERLIN!

WE WANT YOU TO GET HIM BACK FOR US!

BUT WHY ME? WHY NOT USE A REGULAR AGENT?

BECAUSE YOU HAVE CURVES IN PLACES WHERE OUR AGENTS DON'T EVEN HAVE PLACES!



I SEE! YOU NEED A WOMAN'S TOUCH! OKAY, I'LL DO IT!

FOR MY COUNTRY AND THE FREE WORLD!

AND FOR MY CITY EDITOR, WHO'D SELL HIS OWN MOTHER TO GET A JUICY SCOOP!

THE FOLLOWING DAY, OUR HEROINE WIGGLES UP TO THE BERLIN WALL!

MY! YOU EAST GERMAN GUARDS ARE SO HANDSOME AND DASHING!

MAY I SNAP SOME PICTURES OF YOU?

WE ARE SUPPOSED TO SHOOT ON SIGHT ANYONE WHO COMES THIS CLOSE...



...BUT FOR YOU, FRAULEIN, WE MAKE AN EXCEPTION!

JA! TAKE ALL THE PICTURES YOU WANT, LIEBCHEN!



THANKS, BOYS! IT'LL BE A GAS!

UHH! I CAN'T BREATHE!

I--I'M FALLING...

WE WERE TRICKED!



HAVING DISPOSED OF THE GUARDS, PUSSYCAT ENTERS EAST BERLIN!

THIS IS THE ADDRESS WHERE PROFESSOR VON KRUPTKIN IS BEING HELD PRISONER!



I'LL WALK IN AND PRETEND TO BE AN INNOCENT TOURIST ASKING FOR DIRECTIONS!

BUT ALAS, FOR OUR INTREPID INTERVIEWER...

SO! ANOTHER AMERICAN AGENT FALLS INTO OUR TRAP!

Y-YOU KNOW!

OF COURSE! YOU WERE FOLLOWED FROM THE MOMENT YOU CROSSED INTO THIS SECTOR!

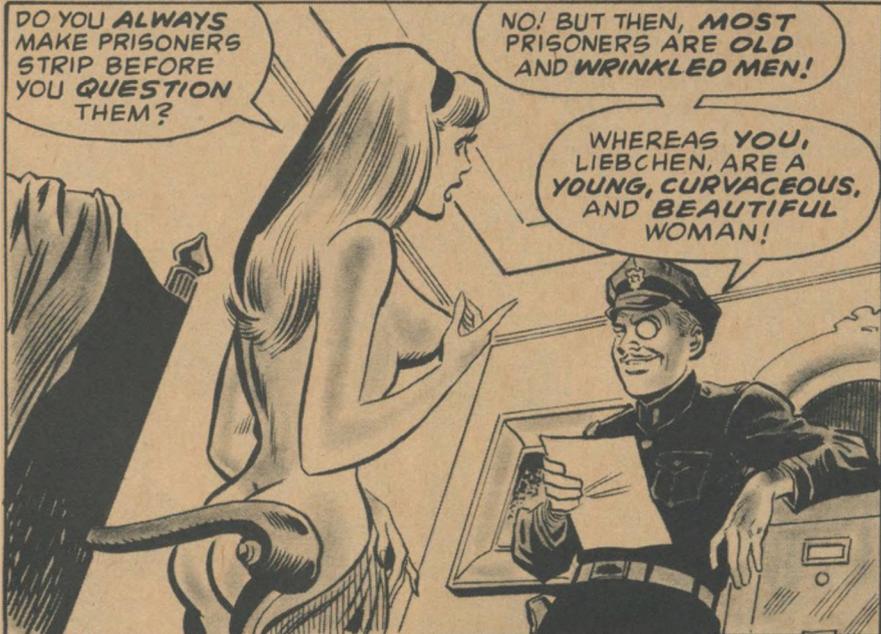
NOW PLEASE-- REMOVE YOUR CLOTHING! I MUST INTERROGATE YOU!



DO YOU ALWAYS MAKE PRISONERS STRIP BEFORE YOU QUESTION THEM?

NO! BUT THEN, MOST PRISONERS ARE OLD AND WRINKLED MEN!

WHEREAS YOU, LIEBCHEN, ARE A YOUNG, CURVACEOUS, AND BEAUTIFUL WOMAN!



BUT ENOUGH OF THIS TALK!

ACHTUNG!

ALL WORK AND NO PLAY MAKES FRITZ A DULL OFFICER!

SO LET'S PLAY!





WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS?

KOMMANDANTUR! I WAS MERELY ABOUT TO QUESTION THE PRISONER!

LIAR! GET OUT OF HERE! I WILL HANDLE THE INTERROGATION, MYSELF!



FOR YEARS I HAVE HAD A CRUSH ON FRITZ! BUT HE HAS ALWAYS IGNORED ME!

YET YOU, HE GOES WILD OVER!

I WILL MAKE YOU PAY FOR THAT-- DEARLY!



BUT THERE'S NO NEED TO BE JEALOUS OF ME!

YOU'RE JUST AS ATTRACTIVE AS I AM!

I'LL SHOW YOU!

FIRST LET'S GET RID OF THESE GOSH AWFUL GLASSES!



NOW WE'LL LET YOUR HAIR DOWN!

MY HAIR?

OF COURSE! MEN GET TURNED ON BY LONG FLOWING TRESSES!



AND NO WOMAN IS COMPLETE WITHOUT SOME FACIAL MAKE-UP!

I BEGIN TO SEE YOUR POINT! YOU KNOW, I HAVE NOT AN UNPLEASANT FIGURE EITHER, AS YOU CAN NOTICE!

BUT THIS IS SO BOURGEOIS! SO DECADENT!

MAYBE... BUT IT'S ALSO SEXY!

FORGET ME! SHOW YOUR GOODIES TO FRITZ!



YOU ARE RIGHT! I HAVE BEEN A FOOL!

I, A LOYAL SOLDIER OF THE PEOPLE HAVE OVERLOOKED THE MOST POWERFUL WEAPON I HAVE-- MY FEMININITY!

NOW, THANKS TO YOU, I WILL BE BETTER ABLE TO SERVE MY COUNTRY!

--- AND HOOK FRITZ!



LATER, BACK IN WEST BERLIN...

AND THE KOMMANDANTUR WAS SO GRATEFUL TO ME...

THAT SHE FREED PROFESSOR VON KRUPTKIN...

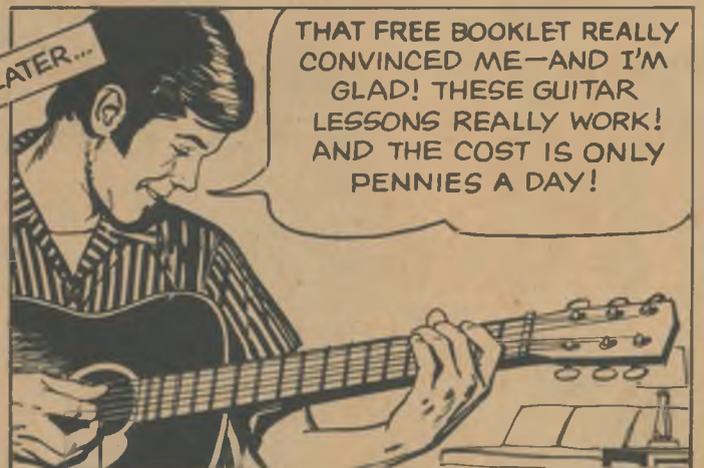
AND GRANTED US BOTH SAFE PASSAGE!

WHAT A STORY!

WHAT A GIRL!

END

They laughed when Bill took music lessons by mail —but now they've changed their tune!



Would YOU like to learn to play the guitar, piano, organ or other instrument? Mail postpaid card for FREE BOOKLET
 (If card is missing, use this coupon.)

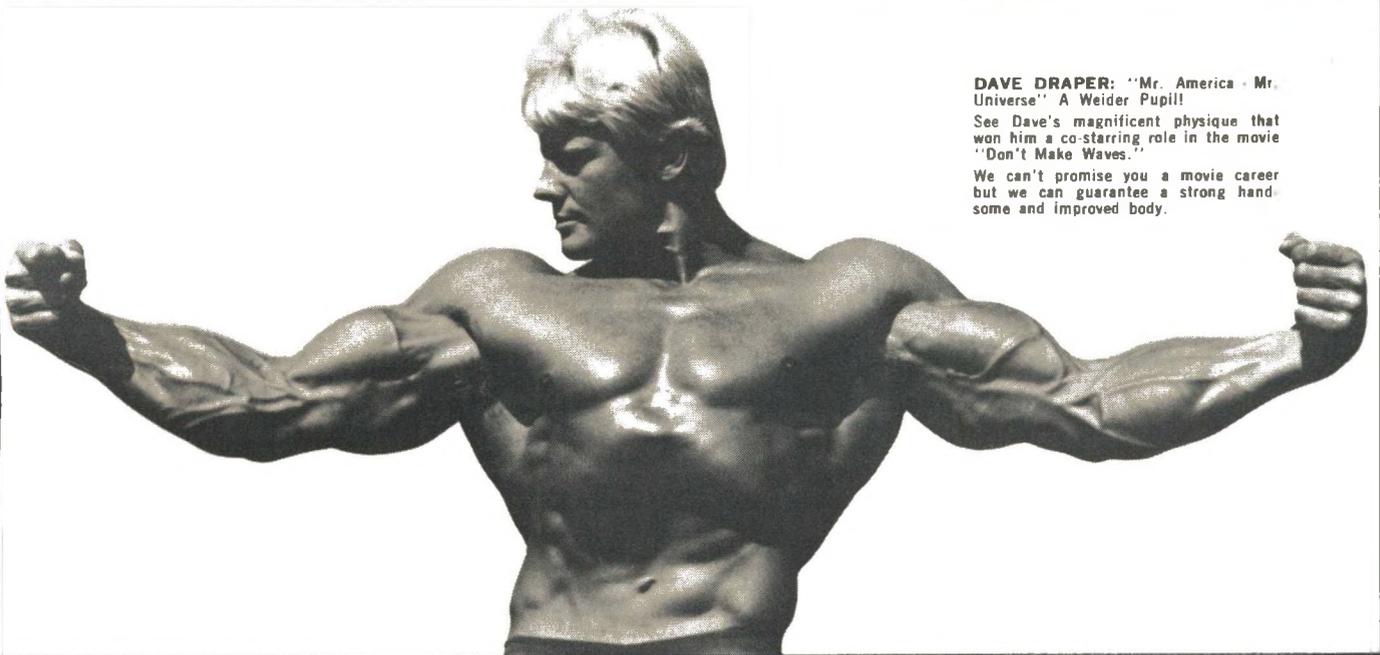
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 Port Washington, New York 11050

I'm interested in learning to play the instrument checked below. Please send me, FREE, your illustrated booklet, "Be Your Own Music Teacher." Also include a free Piano "Note-Finder." I am under no obligation. Check the instrument you would like to play: (check only one)

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<input type="checkbox"/> Guitar	<input type="checkbox"/> Saxophone	<input type="checkbox"/> Mandolin	<input type="checkbox"/> Ukulele
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I don't care if, today you own the skinniest, flabbiest or most laughed at body—whether you're tall or short, young or not-so-young. If you send for my FREE 32-page booklet of muscle building information, I guarantee that you will experience a muscle building miracle; before your eyes, you will see handsome muscles start bursting out all over you. They will ripple with power, burst with energy—and for the first time in your life men will envy your body, women admire it, because at last you own a body that brings you fame instead of shame. Let me help you as I did other champions—who were also weaklings—to put

an end to your weakness and shame. Write now for free information—you'll be so happy you did! After all, you have nothing to lose but your weakness!

A-C-T-I-O-N is the key to strength—make your first He-Man-Decision N-O-W! Fill out the coupon right now, rush it to me, and in hours I will send you absolutely free—the exact same muscle building information I sent to Dave Draper and numerous champions, and to over 5 million other successful students. I am known as the most successful trainer of champions. I have been turning weaklings into "Mr. Americas" and "Mr. Universes" successfully since 1936. Don't pass up this once-in-a-lifetime proven successful offer to trade in your body for the one you always dreamed of having. Remember, you will be following in the proven, safe, scientific footsteps of the World's Best Men. So hurry! Put an end to your weakness now. Send for my sensational free offer—good only to males between 13 and 75 in normal good health. This is the most time-tested, results-producing course of all time.

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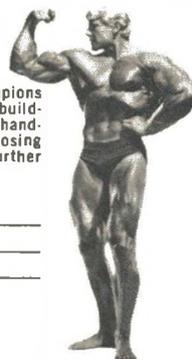
Dear Joe: Shoot the works! I agree, that just like the champions before me, I want to be a New Man! Rush me your free muscle-building information that I can use right now at home to build a handsome body. I have checked the gains I want to make. I'm enclosing 25c to cover handling and mailing charges. I am under no further obligation in any way.

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ZIP _____

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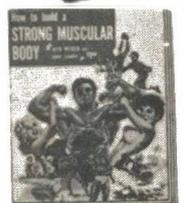
MAIL COUPON TODAY FOR FREE 32 PAGE COURSE!

NO OBLIGATION! NOTHING TO BUY!



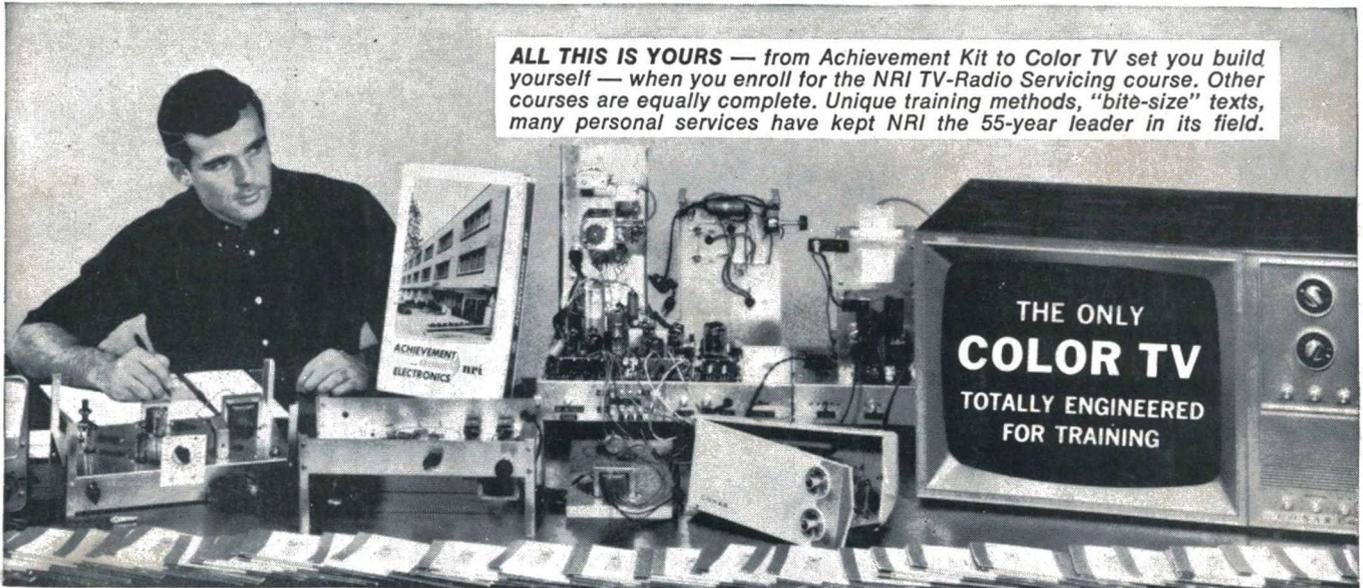
Here's the kind of body I want (Check as many as you wish).

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- Larger Chest
- Broader Shoulders
- Athletic Legs
- More Weight
- Lose Weight
- Magnetic Personality



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