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# NELSON - HALL CO., (Established 1909)

210 S. Clinton St., Dept. GR-141 Chicago 6, Ill.

# BIG JOB BOOM FORECAST!

## Can You Get Ready in Time?

Right now job opportunities are tight all along the line. Economists now predict a period of mild ups and downs. Look for the "big break" to come in the next three years, they say. That's when good jobs will open up as never before. And men who are preparing themselves *now* will ride the crest of the boom.

### DARK OUTLOOK FOR UNSKILLED WORKERS

Those with little or no training will find the going tough. Fewer openings. More competition for existing jobs. The tide is against the unskilled worker. It's getting stronger. Nor will the boom help. The new opportunities will go first to the skilled, next to the semi-skilled.

### BIGGEST DEMAND IN THESE FIELDS

What's ahead? According to the best estimates, here are the industries due for the sharp employment rise: Heavy transportation equipment. Mechanical, electrical, chemical, aeronautical and highway engineering. Industrial electronics.

All metals. Business services. Natural gas and oil. Paper products. On the other end of the scale, employment may lag in agriculture and leather. Check the trends in *your* field. Are you prepared to switch, if necessary?

### GETTING YOURSELF READY—NOW

All the experts agree: Education, skill, specialized training will net the greatest rewards in the coming boom. The time you spend improving yourself is perhaps the wisest investment you can make *right now*. Your future success and happiness could hinge on your mastering a certain subject or acquiring a special skill. But there are obstacles. You may have a family to support. Or a job to hold down. You may feel you're too old to learn.

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# SIR!

ADRIAN B. LOPEZ Editor-in-Chief

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## A MAGAZINE FOR MALES



VOL 16

NO. 2

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**PAT KLEIN**  
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Executive Editor

**CLEM BODDINGTON**  
Sports Editor

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Dr. Wilson M. Farrell  
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Frank Pritchard

**EDWARD HALLDORSON**  
Art Director

**JORDAN MALEK**  
Assistant Art Director

**JAY BURTIS**  
Advertising Manager

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July, 1959 Vol. 16, No. 2

# WILL YOU SPEND \$2 TO SAVE YOUR HAIR?

How many hard-earned dollars have you spent to save your hair? How many hair tonics, gadgets, restorers, electrical devices, have you tried in the last few years — with no success? How many times after an unsuccessful hair-growing attempt have you sworn not to spend another cent on another hair treatment?

Yet, you buy the next product that comes on the market with hair-growing claims.

Stand in front of a mirror, take a long hard look at the top of your head. What have you to show for the money you spent on hair restorers? Do you have as much hair as one year ago? Do you see any signs of new hair, or new hair growth? Why the failure?

## CAN YOU GROW HAIR?

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

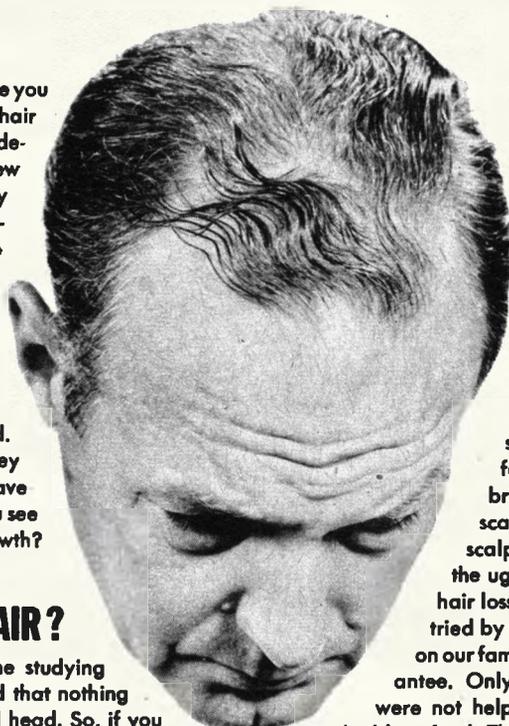
If you can't grow hair—what can you do? Can you stop excessive hair loss? Can you save the hair you still have? Can you increase the life expectancy of your hair? Probably. Please read every word in the rest of this statement carefully, since it may mean the difference to you between *saving your hair* and losing the rest of it to eventual **BALDNESS**.

## HOW TO SAVE YOUR HAIR

Itchy scalp, hair loss, dandruff, very dry or oily scalp, are symptoms of the scalp disease called **seborrhea**. These scalp symptoms are often warnings of approaching baldness. Not every case of seborrhea results in baldness, but doctors now know that men and women who have this scalp disease usually lose their hair.

Seborrhea is believed caused by three parasitic germ organisms (staphylococcus albus, pityrosporum ovale, microbacillus). These germs first infect the sebaceous glands and later spread to the hair follicles. The hair follicles atrophy, no longer can produce new hairs. The result is "thinning" hair and baldness.

Many men and women suffer needless worry and heartache as they peer into the mirror at their retreating hairlines. Worse, they suffer needless loss of hair because today seborrhea can be controlled—quickly and effectively—by treating



your scalp with the amazing scalp medicine called Ward's Formula.

## DOUBLE MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

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Ward Laboratories, Inc., 19 West 44 Street, N.Y. 36, N. Y. © 1956

Doctors and hospitals can obtain professional samples of Ward's Formula on written request.

Ward Laboratories, Inc. Dept. 907B  
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Rush Ward's Formula to me at once. I must be completely satisfied in only 10 days or you GUARANTEE refund of DOUBLE MY MONEY BACK upon return of bottle and unused portion.

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Enclosed find \$2, send postpaid (check, cash, money order)

Send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$2 plus postal charges.

Canada, foreign, APO, FPO, add 50¢—No C.O.D.

**DOUBLE MONEY BACK GUARANTEE**



# I Sold Havana STREET GIRLS For a Living

By **CARL VITENELLO**  
as told to **MYRON BRENTON**

● ● TROUBLE WITH a good-time place like Havana—where the liquor's cheap, gambling reasonably honest, and the girls beautiful, available and undemanding—is that you never want to leave, even when your money runs out. And since it's not the kind of paradise where they'll take coconuts instead of dollar bills, you start looking for ways to fatten up the wallet. Ways you might not, frankly, consider back home. But Frisco is a long way off, and there's something about being in a foreign country, especially a place like Cuba, that makes you say: "The hell with principles!"

Then you do like I did, get yourself what you might call a harem, five or six good-looking, honest girls who'll work hard and split their take with you. I don't know how you feel about doing that kind of thing for a living, but for me it was great while it lasted. Though it didn't last too long. After six months that awful thing happened and it's something I'll never be able to forget.

When I first got to Havana I had exactly \$550.34, 6 feet 2 inches and 205 pounds of strong, healthy body, and my divorce papers. What I left behind in the States was five years' reputation as a pretty good prize fighter and an ex-wife whose loving arms hugged the only thing that mattered to her—dough.

I got a room in a cheap downtown Havana hotel because I wanted to make my money last for the more important things, like doing a little work at the roulette tables and rumpling the sheets in a good, clean house a friendly croupier told me (Continued on page 45)

*This Story, Told by an Unsavory Character, Isn't Very Nice, but Gives Inside on a Vicious Racket*

Here's the Best and Quickest Way You Can

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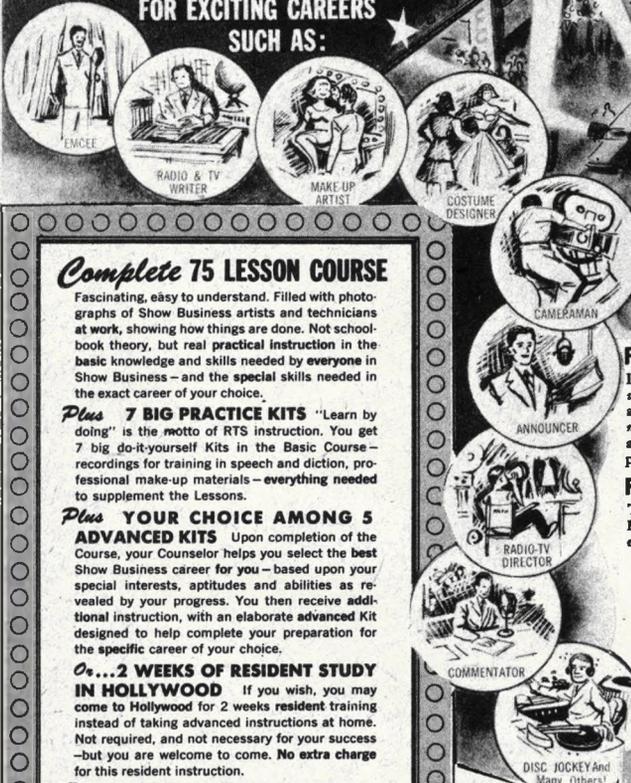
# SHOW BUSINESS



"I feel that show business offers the most pleasant associations, the most glamorous surroundings, and the highest pay of any profession today. As a veteran of many years in the entertainment field, I know there's only one way to get into Show Business. That is by sound preparation and perseverance. I feel that the RTS Course is an excellent step towards making a career in the world's most glamorous and most highly paid profession."

*Ben Alexander*

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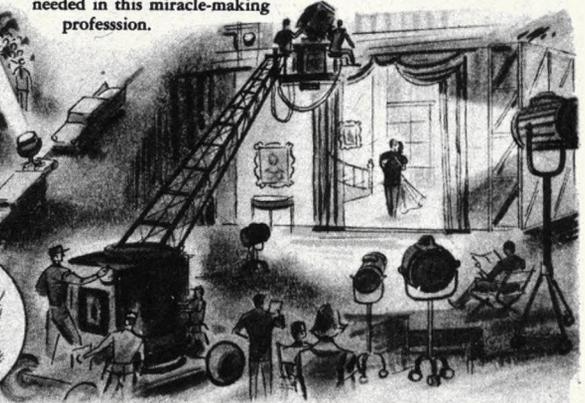
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Do you know it often requires 200 trained people to put a single TV show on the air? The demand for talent and skill in this mushrooming industry is sensational, yet its biggest growth is still to come! Long-retired actors and actresses are being coaxed back to help satisfy the demand. Writers can virtually name their own price for stories. Young men and women, barely out of their teens, see their names featured as producers, directors, designers. Never in the history of show business has there been such boundless opportunity in any of the hundred-and-one arts and crafts needed in this miracle-making profession.



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(Mailing this coupon may be the most important act of your life to date. Be sure to get it off TODAY.)

# "Treat 'Em Like Animals"

**Mickey Rooney Believes  
in Treating His Gals  
Rough. He's Had Four  
Wives and the End  
Isn't in Sight Yet**

**By CHARLES BROWNING**

● ● The party wasn't a big one by Hollywood standards. It was midnight and nobody was particularly drunk, nobody was getting tossed in the pool and the rooms upstairs weren't mused up—not yet, anyway.

The host was a kid star, but able to toss around as much weight as anyone in the movie colony. He sat at a table with one of the starlets he was dating and a half-dozen other guests, including one of his studio's writers.

The talk was about a movie then in the works. The writer didn't like the way it was going. He thought some changes were in order and said so.

This made the kid star sore. "There's nothing wrong with the picture," he said, "and there's nothing wrong with you that a good date can't fix in a hurry."

The kid nudged his girl friend, the starlet. "Be nice to him," he said, indicating the writer.

"You mean it?" the girl asked.

The kid star got mad. "When I say something I mean it!" he snapped. "Get going!"

The starlet stood up and looked at the writer. "You



Five feet of pure dynamite, Mickey always gets gorgeous gals. That's 3rd wife, actress Martha Vickers above.



No. 4, Elaine Mahnken wed Mickey in 1952. She was also ditched after several months.

Mickey was No. 1 box office star, Ava Gardner unknown starlet in 1942. For divorce she received \$200,000.

coming?" she asked.

"Sure, why not?" the writer said. He and the girl left the room together.

Believe it or not, this same starlet later became one of the biggest names in Hollywood. Even more incredible, she became the wife of a star.

We have offered the tale, as hers was offered, merely as an example of the awe in which filmland's hot shots are held, and of the obedience with which their whims are obeyed.

Although perfectly true, the story has absolutely nothing to do with the sex life and hard times of kid star Mickey Rooney, about to be served up for your inspection and comment.

This short Romeo, if you remember, was a movie figure of the first magnitude as a teenager. Mickey, back in the days of the Andy Hardy pictures, had more influence than Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy and many other man-sized box-office attractions.

Standing a big 5-foot-nothing, Mickey raked in both



Mary Jane Rase, 1944 Miss Birmingham, was Mickey's 2nd wife; gave him 2 sons before he tired of it.



money and girls. Today, at 38, he's still going strong. He's just pulled out on wife No. 4 and No. 5 is waiting for his nod.

If the producers don't come running the way they used to when Mickey whistles, the girls do. What's more, they stay until he's finished with them. Sometimes this is quick.

What's the little guy got? Tremendous energy, for one thing. But that's not all. He's one of Hollywood's great actors, he's got dough, persistence, charm. And he's got a gimmick, too.

He turns on all his charm during the initial period of courtship, which may last for a year or for an evening or two. But once the conquest has been made, the mighty Mickey changes. He becomes tough, indifferent, aloof.

The late John Barrymore, in talking about his wives, said: "You've got to treat them like animals—show them who's boss."

We don't know if Mickey ever heard of Barrymore's comment but he certainly knows how to treat his women rough. (Continued on page 42)

# NEW YORK'S V-DOLL SCHOOL MARM

*Ginny McManus Was a  
N.Y. Teacher—Until  
the Cops Came and Said  
She Was Just a Call Gal*

BY V. M. WESTERLY



● ● THE FIRST time Manhattan's vice cops laid eyes on schoolmarm Virginia McManus they were profoundly impressed, not so much by what they saw as what they heard.

The second time the sin sleuths encountered Virgie it was the other way around, for on this occasion the tall, blonde, lissome beauty was jaybird naked, angry and still flushed from an unusual anatomy lesson.

That first meeting was on the afternoon of last Oct. 3, and the setting was the handsomely outfitted apartment of attractive Beatrice Garfield, just off Park Avenue on East 61st Street. The cops involved were Art Matera and Tony DeBenedetto.

Art and Tony, purely in the line of duty and acting on a tip that Bea was riding herd on some call girls, gained entrance to the place by posing as a couple of free-spending jewelry salesmen.

Bea let them in, set up some booze and trotted out three blondes. There was a few minutes of small talk, mostly about what kind of fun went best under certain circumstances, and then the girls led the cops, they claimed, to another room.

The girls prepared to settle down to the task at hand when a voice popped in with a cheery: "Now, now, boys, cash first." The police said they were asked \$100 each.

Schoolteacher turned pro, Virginia McManus (l.) 26, arrives at court with lawyer and Beatrice Garfield, convicted madam. 2nd time, Ginny got 90 days.



Feb. 6 police raided apartment leased by Beatrice Garfield (r.); found Virginia (above in pants, mink stole) nude; also two other gals and several Johns.

Of verdict, ex-high school teacher said: "I don't give a damn. I'm so sunk it doesn't make any difference."



Picked up last October, Ginny (in sunglasses) said she'd stopped at raided apartment for chat; left when talk turned sexy. Was freed.

There was a bit of haggling and the price dropped to \$50 each, but the cops, without going further, whipped out police shields instead of cash and announced the joint was raided.

Bea, with nothing to lose, urged Tony and Art to be her guests, but the cops, unable to think of a precedent for this sort of thing, said no dice.

While the girls were sadly slipping into their duds for the ride downtown, the door buzzer sounded. Bea didn't hear a thing. The buzzer buzzed again but Bea was still deaf.

Art went to the door, opened it and was all but knocked down by Virginia, who brushed by trailing a cloud of perfume. Nobody said a word. Virginia looked at the expressions of dismay on the other girls and got the picture.

She did an about-face and started out, but Tony stopped her. "What are you doing here, miss?" he asked.

"I stopped to make a social call," Virgie answered sweetly. Then, in acid indignation, she assertedly added: "What, may I ask, do you crummy cops propose to do about it?"

Yup, that's what Virgie said and that's mainly why she was loaded into the pie wagon with Bea and the other girls. When the gang was haled before Magistrate Hyman Bushel the next day Virginia spoke up loud and clear:

"I am a schoolteacher, Your Honor," she said. "I teach English and other subjects at the William H. Maxwell Vocational High School in Brooklyn. I called at Mrs.

Garfield's home because she is a friend of mine. I know nothing of her business. It is inconceivable that I could be involved in a case of this nature."

While Magistrate Bushel mulled this over, his clerk made a quick phone call. He found Virgie was telling the truth. She was on the Board of Education's payroll as a part-time teacher and had been working regularly.

Judge Bushel was judicially correct. "You have no case against this young lady," he told the arresting officers as Virgie's trim self twisted out of the courtroom. He then meted out 60 days to Bea as a madam and shorter terms to two of the girls, who are appealing the verdict.

Naturally, the stunning schoolmarm was page 1 news. Following the brief trial she talked freely with reporters, stressed her love of literature and the arts and swore her only interest was the pursuit of her academic career.

While she talked, usually over a Scotch or two, the Board of Education issued a terse announcement to the effect that Virgie had been suspended. The educators probably wondered, as did others, why their girl had been so friendly with madam Bea.

Members of Virginia's family, located in Chicago, did some talking, too. One relative recalled: "She was a brilliant child. She could read at 2½. She read the Bible and when she talked she used such words as personality, elastic, luscious, protest and cunning."

It turned out Virgie had made excellent marks at Teachers College at Macomb, Ill., and the University of Chicago. She taught for (Continued on page 55)

The geologists in the helicopter were the first strangers to visit Eddie's Shangri-la in 12 years.

# "these three brides are mine"

***I Didn't Have to Be Urged to Stay in the Valley When I Heard I Could Choose 3 Luscious Brides***

**BY EDDIE Y**  
as told to **FRANK FORREST**

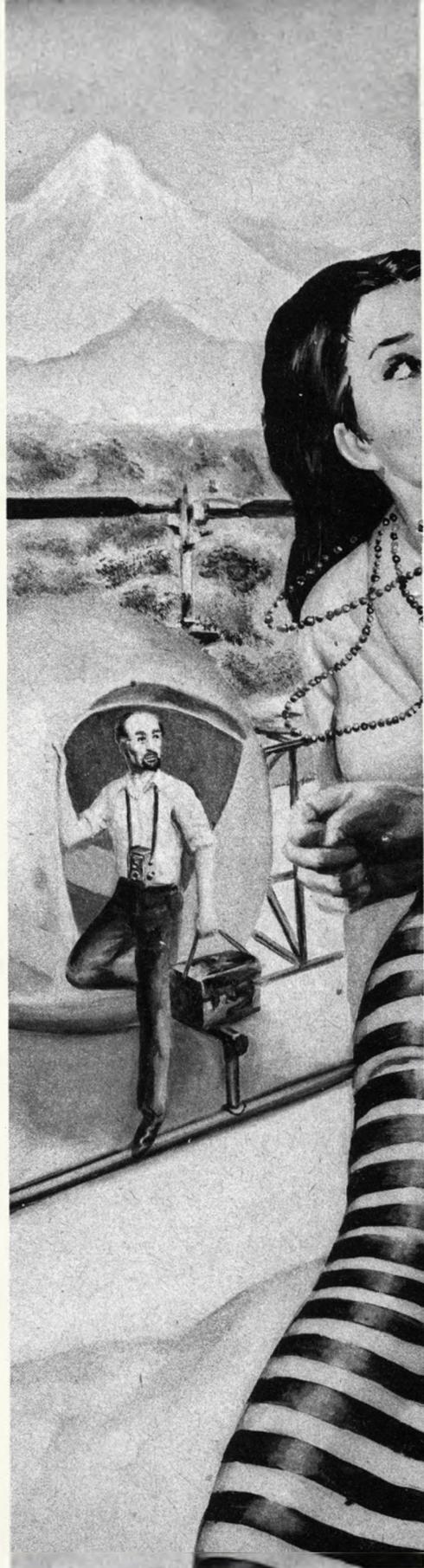
● ● THERE I WAS at 25,000 feet over the granite teeth of the Himalayas with my engine dead, my canopy iced shut, and my plane boring a hole through the sky at five hundred plus. Straight down.

A U.S. Army F86 fighter, without power, has the glide angle of a brick. By pulling the stick all the way back, I managed to get the nose up to nearly 45 degrees. The air speed didn't drop a hair below 550. I wondered what the chances of landing on the side of a mountain at 550 were. Then I tried to remember some of the prayers my mother used to say when I was a little boy, back in Chicago. I was down to 15,000 feet now. Ahead of me, a needle of grey rock jutted up out of the clouds like a hungry tooth. I threw the plane on her port wing and spiraled wildly off to the left while the altimeter unwound my life like a cuckoo clock running backwards.

We sliced down into the overcast on one wing. I couldn't see a damned thing. The windshield frosted over within seconds. I sat there, looking at the fernlike ice crystals growing on the bullet-proof glass in front of me, and thought, "This is it, Eddie old boy. This is where the man with the sickle catches up with you! The Germans couldn't kill you over in Italy and the Japs tried hard too. You had to catch it on a routine flight in peacetime!"

I glanced at the altimeter. It read 8,000 feet and still unwinding. Then I glanced again. As far as I could remember, Tibet was 10,000 feet above sea level all over! The lowest valley in the country was above 8,000 feet. Either my altimeter was haywire, or I was a couple of thousand feet underground!

I peered through the frosted windshield. I (Continued on page 50)





# THE WOMEN'S SLAVE BARRACKS AT NELKAN

BY MARK RYAN

*Enduring Torture and Rape  
Sieglinde Escaped, to Find  
Her Husband After 13 Years*

## EXTRA BOOK BONUS

● ● ON JUNE 13, 1953, a slim, dark-eyed German woman of 32 crept through the barbed wire of the border that separates the Communist country of Georgia from the free world. Lying full length on the ground, Mrs. Sieglinde Mannheim kissed Turkish soil and watered it with her tears.

After seven years of imprisonment in a Russian slave camp, Sieglinde Mannheim was free, free once again to search for the husband she had not seen in thirteen years. Her story is one of the epics of the Second World War and of the Communist plague that followed it. Suffering first under the Nazi heel, then under the lash of the Reds, Sieglinde Mannheim managed to survive—and triumph.

She had been just 19 on her wedding day in the summer of 1940. Hitler's madness was at its height then. Czechoslovakia, Poland, the Netherlands, Belgium, Luxembourg, and even France lay under German domination that summer's day, and terror reigned in most of Europe. But Berlin was calm.







## In 7 Years of Enslavement Sieglinde Never Gave up Hope

Sieglinde Eisenfeld, marrying the successful young physician Gottlieb Mannheim, knew that Germany was engaged in a war of conquest that threatened to engulf the entire world. But she scarcely cared about that. She was 19 and beautiful and in love.

But the time of love was short. They were married on July 8, 1940. Gottlieb had not yet been touched by the German army; his hearing was defective and he had been passed over in the early quest for manpower. He was able to get a two-week leave from his hospital, two weeks which he and his bride spent in seclusion outside Berlin. They were the last two weeks of happiness that Sieglinde was to know for many years.

On July 22 they returned to Berlin. Two days later the SS men paid a visit to the Mannheim home.

"It has been discovered," the new husband was told, "that you have Jewish blood on your maternal side. You are suspected of sabotaging the war effort. We will have to hold you for questioning."

Gottlieb Mannheim protested. True, his maternal grandmother had been Jewish, but he had thought the SS knew all about that; they had okayed him for important surgical assignments on Party bigwigs.

None of his protests carried weight. Hitler had ordered a new round of anti-Jewish demonstrations by way of shoring up patriotism in the Thousand-Year Reich. Under the new order anyone with even a fraction of Jewish blood was to be rounded up for questioning.

Sieglinde Mannheim knew what questioning meant. It meant a few days of treatment with a rubber hose, followed by internment in a concentration camp. She waited, alone in their apartment, amid all the new and precious belongings of their married life. Four days passed. She made inquiries and was unable to find out anything.

Then the notice came, in an official envelope: "Gottlieb Mannheim will be held in preventive detainment at a detention camp near Eberswalde. Dr. Mannheim is not under criminal sentence and will be released after the necessary period of interrogation."

Sieglinde knew others who had received similar letters, and in every case no further word had been heard of the missing loved one. For some, "the necessary period of interrogation" had lasted since 1936 or 1937, with no hint of release.

The bride of two weeks tried not to let her despair show. Tirelessly she visited Nazi officials, inquired as to the reason for her husband's arrest, filed applications for his release. For two months, August and September, she hammered ceaselessly at the gates of officialdom. But it was like trying to persuade the grave to disgorge a victim. No one could

tell her why Gottlieb Mannheim was being held. No one knew when he would be released. No one really cared.

Early in October she visited a Nazi official of high rank who had been a friend of her family's in better days. He listened sympathetically to her story. Leaning forward, he whispered some advice:

"Listen to me, child. I have checked the records. Gottlieb is listed on the Permanent Detention list. He will never be released, no matter how many applications you file. Take my advice, get out of Germany."

"Desert my husband?"

"You had better. You will never see him again, believe me. And who knows? Perhaps next month the Fuhrer will order the arrest of all relatives of prisoners. Gottlieb would want you to save yourself. Escape now; then, maybe, some time in the future you can return and search for your husband."

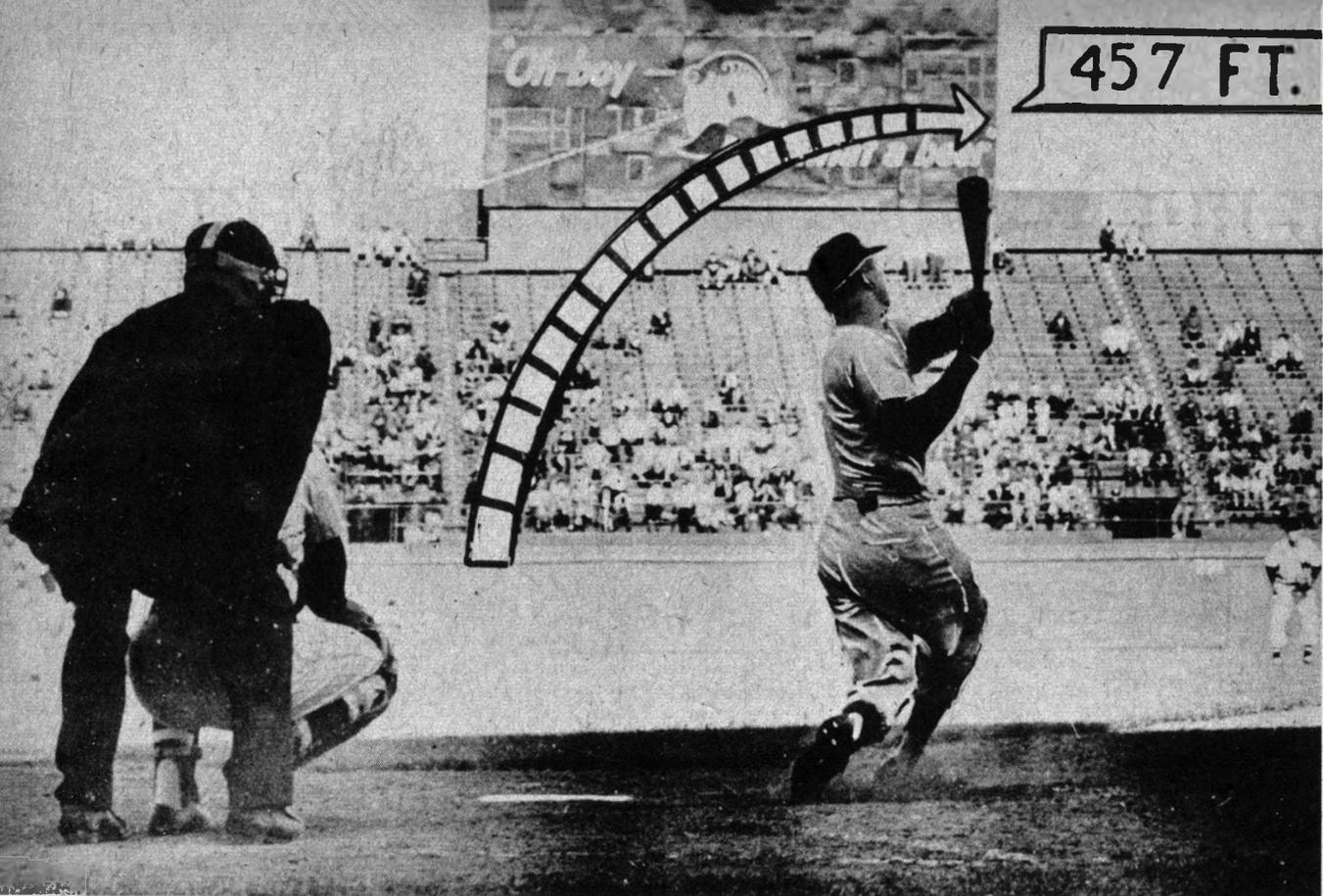
The official could say no more; he was risking his life to say this much. Sieglinde thanked him and left. For a week she paced her small apartment, staring bitterly at the double bed, at the dishes and silverware that had hardly been used. Finally she came to her decision. She would, indeed, leave Germany. She would be of no help to Gottlieb if she landed in a concentration camp. And perhaps, someday, if the Americans entered the war, Germany might be conquered, the concentration camps opened, Gottlieb freed.

A week later Sieglinde was in neutral Sweden after a hurried and highly illegal journey. From there she made her way by sea to England, where she was welcomed as a refugee from Hitler's hell.

The pretty 19-year-old bride settled in peaceful Cambridge and, as the war years slipped along, the wedding photo she carried became frayed from repeated handling. She thought of Gottlieb day and night; she refused to mingle socially with unmarried young Englishmen, explaining gravely that she was married, that her husband was imprisoned somewhere in Germany. She clung passionately to the memory of her husband. The conviction that someday she would find him, alive, burned brightly within her slender body.

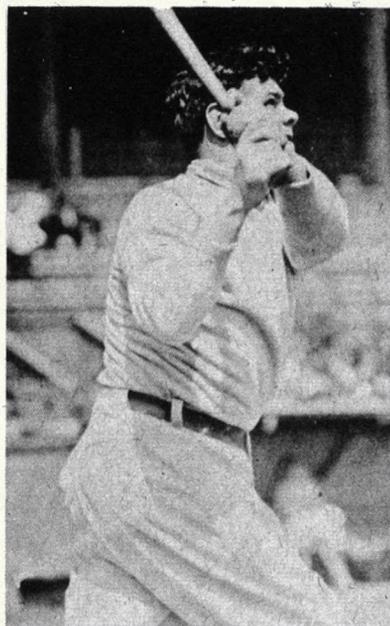
It was now 1941. Britain endured the blitzkrieg, emerging bloody but unbowed. Hitler's legions marched into Yugoslavia and Greece and then, in a moment of madness, the Fuhrer turned on his ally Stalin. Six months later the United States was in the war. Sieglinde prayed fervently. Germany, caught now between a titan on the West and one on the East, was inevitably doomed. The Allies were on the march in 1942; in 1943 came the tremendous victory at Stalingrad, the crushing of the (Continued on page 76)

In a last desperate sprint, Sieglinde and the young man crept through the barbed wire into Turkey—and freedom.



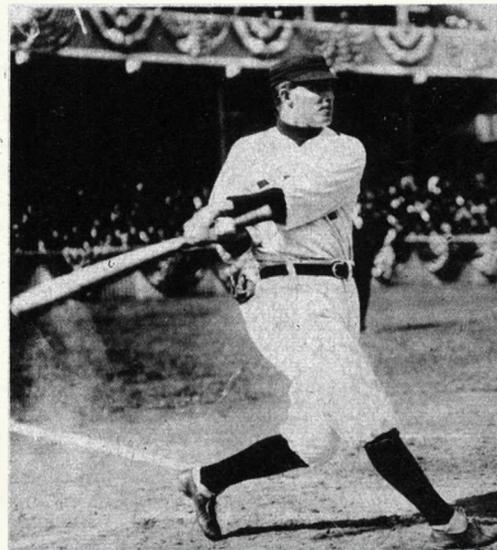
Line shows 5th inning flight of Mantle's 1953 562-foot home run. Ball hit sign, caromed against house.

In 1913 Ken Williams' ball caught by cowboy on horse near right field exit gate.

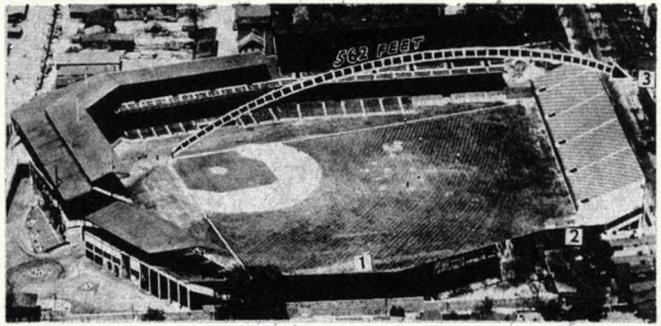


Babe Ruth belted a 500-footer off Columbia George Smith—in 1921 Phillies-Yankee game.

By CLEM BODDINGTON



Ball smashed by Cy Seymour in 1909 landed in gondola of a New York freight train.



Mantle's record homer takes a back seat to Jimmy Ryan's in 1888. Chi White Stockings star was playing Giants on Staten Island. The ball landed on ship in Bay, wound up in England.

***Mickey Mantle's Got the Record, but Some Other Guys Have Hit Home Runs That Make His Look Puny***

# THE LONGEST HOME RUN EVER HIT

● ● THIS IS THE ERA of the long ball. There's a saying among major league players that the fellow who hits singles and doubles rides to the ball park in a taxi, while the player who specializes in home runs rolls up to the park in his own chauffeur-driven limousine.

The ball and bat used by Mickey Mantle to hammer out his modern record 565-foot home run on April 18, 1953 at Washington, may be seen in the baseball Hall of Fame at Cooperstown, New York.

It was a monumental belt off southpaw Chuck Stobbs in the 5th inning of a game between the New York Yanks and the Washington Senators.

With two out Mantle hit a high, fast one that cleared

a beer sign on top of the 55-foot-high left field wall. Mickey, of course, was batting right-handed.

The ball was picked up by a 10-year-old boy who was a few blocks away from the left field wall. The boy sold the ball to Red Patterson, then a Yankee publicity aide.

Federal Judge James R. Kirkland, who was in Griffith Stadium when Mantle made his 565-foot poke, said: "It was the greatest home run of all I've seen, and I saw Babe Ruth hit several long distance home runs."

On March 15, 1941, in an exhibition game with Cincinnati at Tampa, Florida, Ken Sulvestri, a second-string New York Yankee (Continued on page 48)

# I Saw the Forbidden Somali Sex Dance

***This Polka Is the Most Secret Sex Dance in the World. I Was One of the Few White Men to See It***

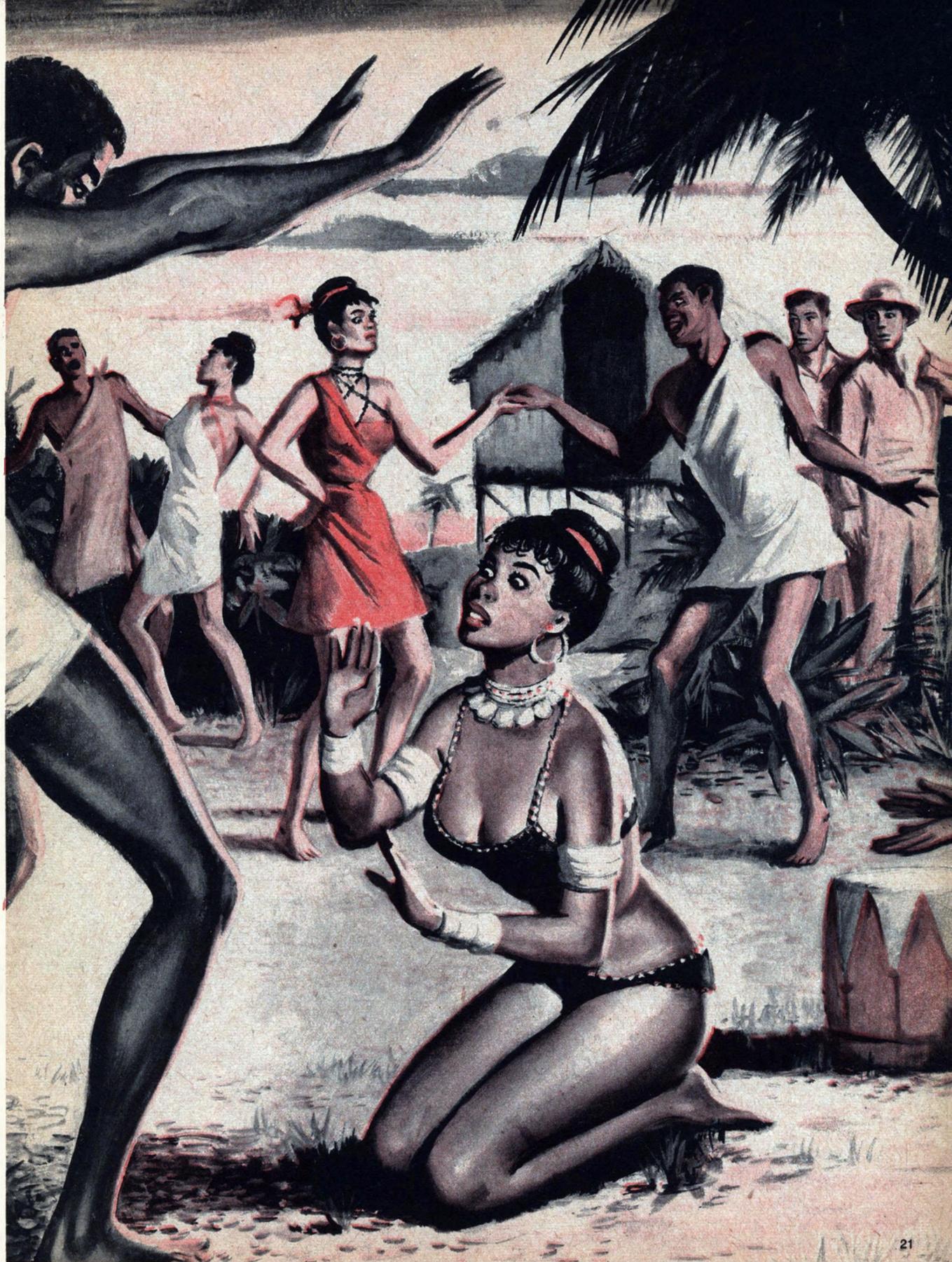
**By BRYAN M. BISHOP  
as told to Benton Wood**

● ● Moving with all the precision of the Radio City Rockettes, the beautiful native girls threw off their colorful *futus* and moved toward their men, naked and unashamed. The hypnotic frenzy of the drums grew louder and more insistent. The men advanced on the lovely girls eagerly, but not even their obvious lust for the copper-skinned queens of the jungle interfered with their strict adherence to the age-old patterns of the dance.

Sweat poured off my brow, partly from the torrid heat of the tropical sun and partly, I have to admit, from the sheer erotic sensation of the *mudundi*, the forbidden sex dance of East Africa.

I glanced at my friend Guido Corelli, who stood at my right smoking a pipe as casually as if he were kibitzing a bridge game back at the office of the tin mine. Guido had watched the primitive orgy that is the *mudundi* dozens of times—being perhaps the only white man who has ever done so—and had finally become pretty immune to its spell. I saw it only once, but I think I could have watched it fifty times without getting as disinterested as Guido seemed to be. I know one thing; we never had anything like the (Continued on page 70)







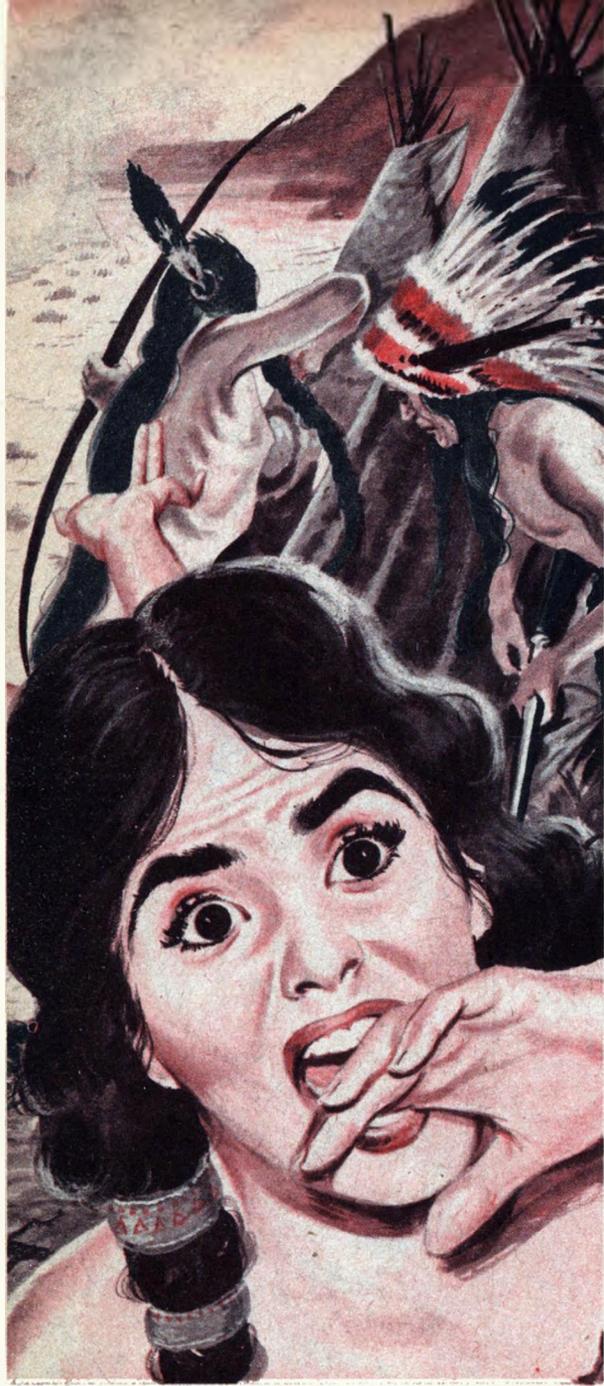
"Kill the Injuns!" was the cry as maddened militiamen went after helpless naked women and children.

● ● Dawn in southeastern Colorado was gray and bitter with autumn's frosty sting on November 29, 1864. Somewhere a coyote wailed. The mournful cry echoed through Black Kettle's Cheyenne village on Sand Creek and rode the prairie winds southward to where Colonel John Chivington's chilled column had halted.

Huddled in greatcoats, Chivington and Major Scott B. Anthony heard their half-breed scouts report that the Indian village was unguarded. The scouts, Jack Smith and young Charles Bent,

spoke with aversion, for both had relatives there. A sardonic grin twisted the hulking 6-foot-6 colonel's black-bearded face. Major Anthony saw it, grimaced, and spat dryly at a frost-white sagebush.

Neither Major Anthony nor his regulars from Fort Lyon wanted any part of this mission. But they'd had no choice. The previous day Chivington had come storming down from Denver with 700 boisterous militiamen, waving an order for Major Anthony to support him. Now, after a 37-



By BRUCE MacLAINE



Colonel Chivington (l.), blood-thirsty ex-preacher, mowed down Cheyenne tribe although chief had surrendered. Major Anthony (r.) refused to take part.

# CHIVINGTON'S BRUTAL INDIAN MASSACRE

mile all-night march angling northeast from the Arkansas River, they were a mile from their objective.

Major Anthony glanced down the waiting column. His First Cavalry troopers with their two 10-pound howitzers hunched wearily in cold saddles. Ninety men whose pinched, blue faces mirrored his own impotent anger and disgust.

On the other hand, the rank and file of Chivington's Third Colorado Volunteers were eagerly fondling weapons. (Continued on page 63)

**The Naked Cheyennes Were  
Horribly Slaughtered—  
Even Women and Children—  
in a Massacre Which Is  
Our National Disgrace**

"You pig!" Hernandez screamed at the chiclero, brandishing his black leather whip. The whippings occurred every day.



# QUICKSAND STRANGULATION FOR HERNANDEZ

## *The Chicle Boss Whipped and Charged Us Too Much for His Little Native Dolls Just Once Too Often*

By **WALLY J. OLSON**

● ● One night last spring Jack Hurd and I and a little Mexican roustabout, who also worked in a Wyoming oil field, were leaning on a bar in Cheyenne. Jack and I were griping about the monotony of our jobs and the low pay.

"Amigos," Pablo said, "if you want to earn the big fat money in a place where something she always happens, such a job is in Guatemala. The work, gathering chicle. One can earn \$300 a week."

"Yeah?" Jack said. "Then how come you're working here for peon wages?"

"It is because of a little incident with a knife," Pablo said, his black eyes glistening sadly. "The Indian women who live in the chicle jungle, they love so vigorously that one becomes weary. As a consequence I did not perform my work efficiently. The foreman, he had a big mouth. Then, *amigos*, the foreman suddenly died of a knife in the heart. The police were very unkind; they talked of a firing squad. One night I abandoned their hospitality and concealed myself in the jungle. Then I came to the United States where, for reasons of health, I must remain."

Pablo talked more about the fabulous earnings for gathering chicle, the main ingredient of chewing gum. Jack and I were all ears. The \$300 a week sounded good.

So did the Indian dolls.

The next day we wrote letters in Spanish. Like many men who have grown up in southern Texas, we know the language. A week later we learned that Pablo hadn't been lying about those fantastic jobs. On June 2, 1958 we arrived in San Marcos, Guatemala.

The chicle broker whom Pablo had told us to see was named Jose Rodriguez. He was a straight-talking, middle-aged guy and he said: "Before you begin this work you must know the truth of it. It is a miserable job. The chicle must be collected during the rainy season, from June to September, so it will not solidify. There are mosquitoes and other less kind insects in the jungle. Also the danger of drowning in the sink pits. And the men with whom you will work, the chicleros, are rabble who steal and fight."

The job suddenly didn't sound as good as it had back in the States. But Jack and I decided that for \$300 a week we could stand a few hardships.

The next day one of Rodriguez's employees drove us to a chicle camp on the banks of the Tejutia River. This was the headquarters of one of Rodriguez's nine chicle-gathering crews.

On the way the driver, a pinched-faced kid, said: "Amigos, I do not envy you. (Continued on page 73)"



## The Old Payola Is Reason "Cleaned-up" Juarez Now Has Hottest Late-Hour Strip Shows Seen in North America

By HOYT McAFEE



# ILLEGAL STRIP IN JUAREZ

● ● It was a steamy night in Juarez both inside and outside the main stem niteries. Two special detail men of the U. S. Border Patrol and this reporter sat quietly in a darkened corner of one late-hour night club. We watched a fiery Cuban seniorita, a buxom Mexican dancer, and three fair-skinned American girls swing into their act. This consisted of a torrid bump-and-grind routine, plus some stormy hip-wiggling at the whirlwind finish.

All the gestures, hip movement and body gyrations were sufficiently suggestive to register with a cornfed hick from the sticks, such as myself. Yet at no point in all the disrobing and undulating did the strippers shed their filmy bras and tiny G-strings.

Even at that hour, 2 o'clock in the morning, the club was packed with excitement-seeking GI's from Ft. Bliss and Biggs and merry-making American tourists. Their mild applause and age-old shouts of "take it off" betrayed their disappointment in the strip show so far.

One of my Border Patrol buddies leaned over and confided: "Let's stick around. You're in for a terrific surprise. In another thirty minutes or so this show will be hotter than a bonfire." Grinning, he added: "I think you'll find it more revealing, and certainly more risqué, than any of the shows you saw in Las Vegas."

His reference was to a trip I'd taken to Las Vegas for a close-up look at the bare-bosomed acts in that wide-open gambling town. For four nights along the celebrated strip in Las Vegas I saw stacked showgirls strip, skip, prance about and bare their superstructures.

At no point in those shows did I detect a spirit of wild

abandonment. They exposed their bosoms freely, to be sure, but they didn't plunge from that act into a routine of outright sexual suggestiveness.

Almost immediately one church group took an outspoken stand against the so-called "Nude Deal." Given wide publicity it served as a potent and dampening influence on most night-club proprietors. On their own initiative they began to tone down their bosomy extravaganzas.

Now another decisive step has been instituted, by the Nevada State Legislature itself, to restrain the bare-bosom promoters even further. As (Continued on page 44)

After 2:30 a.m. club managers pay off police and the strippers then go into real action.



**Guys have Made  
Bigger Betting Hits  
But Never in Such  
a Crazy Way as This**

**BY JOHNNY CRICK**

# THE DAY CHARLIE POPE WON 100 G's

● ● The morning sky of June 20, 1922 was gray and gloomy. Charlie Pope felt the same way as he stood in front of the Friars Club, "monastery" of actors on 48th Street in New York City.

Pope was secretary of the club and, even as you and I, liked to play the races. For the past two days he had been trying to get back some of the \$45,000 he had lost on opening day at Long Island's Aqueduct track.

Although Charlie had finished a big breakfast at the club, he was feeling anything but confident about breaking his run of bad luck. While he was leaning against the beautiful Gothic building and contemplating his sad state of affairs, a limousine pulled up to the curb. In it was Bill Halligan, Broadway star and a betting pal of Pope's.

Noting the look of desperation on Pope's usually smiling face, Halligan quipped: "What in hell are you laughing at?"

Without changing expression, Charlie climbed into

the car. Even the luxuriously-cushioned rear seat failed to ease his uncertainty about things in general.

"Let's take it easy today, Bill. I don't know when this losing streak will end. Maybe I'd better quit while I have a shirt on my back."

Halligan seemed to ignore Pope's mood. By nature he was no worrier and he was soon regaling Pope with anecdotes about a recent trip to Europe. By the time Halligan had finished telling Pope about the best vintage years of champagnes he had tested in France, the limousine had arrived at Aqueduct.

Bill immediately suggested lunch to the now more relaxed Mr. Pope. Afterward the two friends settled down in chairs to study the form for the first race. Halligan was a student of form in the racing sheets and in a tight dress. Pope now seemed to have acquired a modicum of what Jesse Burkett, the veteran baseball manager, once described as "the old confidence."

Halligan and Pope decided (*Continued on page 54*)

---

Some of New York's most delectable dolls helped Charlie and friend Bill to celebrate the victory of their day at the races.



**Native Brides Are  
Tough to Run but This  
Didn't Stop McLeod's  
Taking a Cannibal Gal**

**Gordon McLeod's**

**WHITE  
CANNIBAL  
BRIDE**

**By LOU CAMERON**

● ● The cannibals watched the battered longboat clawing its way toward the shore through the breakers. The boat was swamped and the lone figure kneeling on the thwarts was having a heck of a time getting ashore. The cannibals didn't offer to help. If he made it, they would be saved the bother of fishing his body from the surf. If he drowned, they were saved the trouble of bashing in his head. In either case they meant to have him for dinner.

The man in the longboat was big and beefy and red-faced, with sandy hair and a three weeks growth of beard. He looked like there was still plenty of fight left in him. But he was alone and there were lots of cannibals. They licked their chops in anticipation of the fine *kai-kai* he would make.

If they had known the man in the longboat better, they might have run to the other side of the island. His name was Gordon MacLeod and in any port of the South Pacific they would have told you of his terrible temper and iron fist. If anyone on the island was going to be *kai-kai'd*, it wasn't going to be MacLeod. The longboat of the whaling ship *Esmaralda*, out of Nantucket, had contained six men when their ship floundered in a typhoon three weeks before. Gordon MacLeod never explained what had happened to the other men in the longboat. But it's a matter of record that the tough harpooner hadn't lost a pound in the three weeks alone in the provisionless boat.

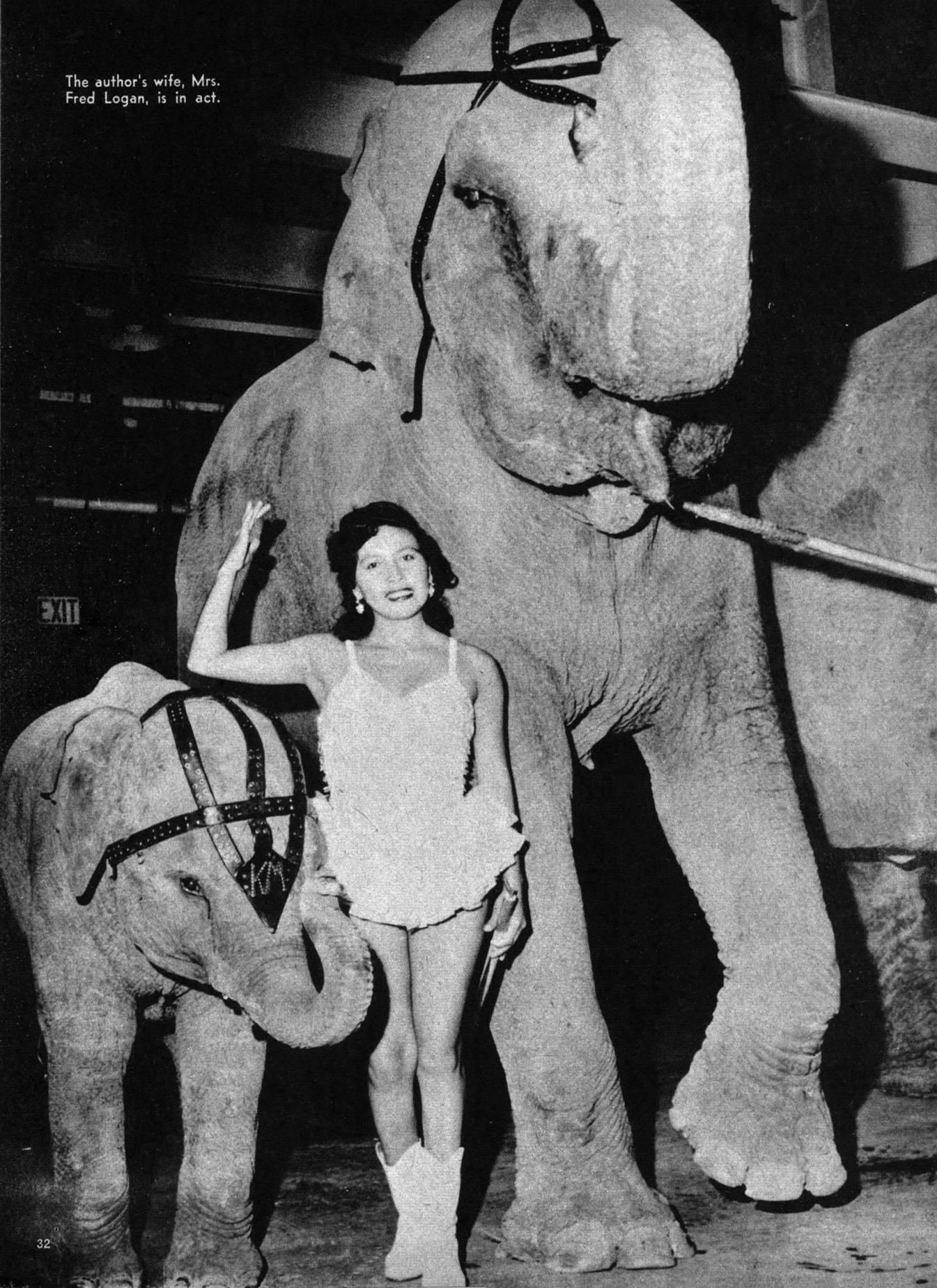
MacLeod ran the longboat up onto the coral and jumped out. The natives howled in delight and ran down the beach to him. If the big white man was worried he didn't show it. One of the cannibals tossed a shark-tooth-edged spear at him. MacLeod plucked it out of the air with a lazy motion, like a kid fielding a pop fly, and stood waiting for them. One hand was hooked in his wide belt. The other casually held the spear. The cannibals' charge slowed to a cautious walk as they eased forward like suspicious dogs. This crazy white man wasn't acting (Continued on page 57)



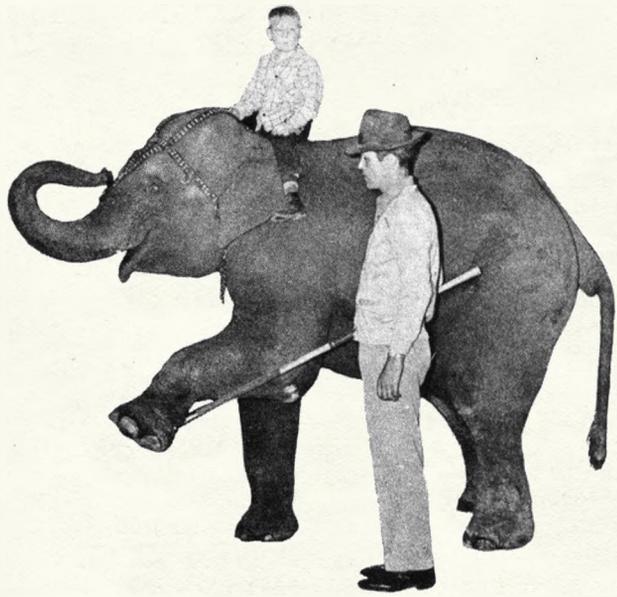
McLeod fought like a wild man. He knew the queen was giving him a chance to kill her male harem and move in with her.



The author's wife, Mrs. Fred Logan, is in act.



**The Most Dangerous  
Circus Animal Is the  
Bull Elephant. At  
Mating Time 10 Tons of  
Sex Can Spell Murder**



# AND SUDDEN MURDER

**By FRED C. LOGAN  
as told to K. D. Curtis**

● ● THE SUDDEN and spine-tickling chill of a big-game hunter faced by an enraged killer . . . the nerves-on-fire tension of a tank crew groping through a mined battlefield . . . the ego-inflating sensation of one man deftly triggering some gargantuan clamshell strong enough to batter in walls of stone. Are these the red-blooded thrills you've often wished could be yours? Do you wish for excitement in your job?

Come with me.

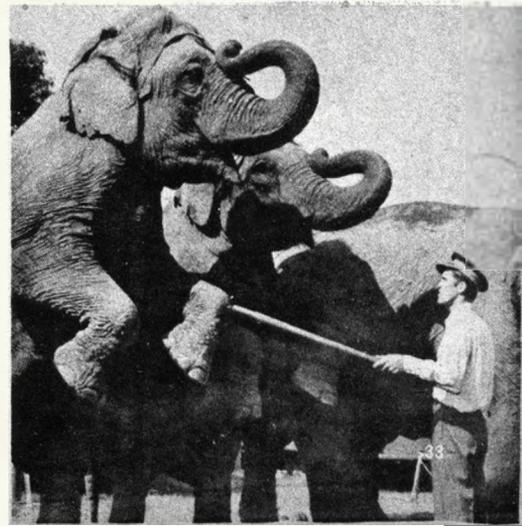
I'm an old bull man (elephant trainer) with the circus. Let me tell you about the huge, unpredictable and sometimes dangerous giants I live with. After this maybe you'll appreciate your routine—and safer—job.

First, I want you to remember that ever since those ancient battles on the plains of India, when herds of huge tuskers (tough males) with guiding *mahouts* atop each head charged the enemy, elephants have always been greatly feared. Back in those days each of these huge flesh-and-blood "tanks" was outfitted in steel armor plate and studded with spears. Each had sharpened iron blades fixed to his wicked tusks. Even the brute's forehead held a lethal ramming device. And like a Sioux warrior's face, each tusk was smeared with bright red war paint. (Continued on page 80)



Author gives elephant a pedicure. All are potential killers.

With light bull hook author controls elephants. Even to the most unruly circus bull, hook means authority.





Oleo heir Mickey Jelke (above); Pat Ward (l.) lived together for a year. She said he got her dates.

## THE

***Recent Developments and a New Book Indicate Playboy Jelke Got a Raw Deal from Call Girl Pat Ward, Who Is Still Making Lurid Headlines***

**By MEL FRANKLIN**



After breakup with Mickey, Pat was Martha Raye's secretary.

Mickey at trial with his mother and brother John (r.) John later died as hero in Air Force crash.



Pat first wed lawyer Delavan Smith; is now shedding doctor.

## "BUSINESS" FOR A PLAYBOY

● ● The kid getting her lumps in front of Lindy's that rainy 2 A.M. in April, 1951 wasn't taking it lying down. She was struggling, kicking and screaming curses, but this wasn't doing much good. The big middle-aged guy held her with one hand and methodically belted her across the mouth with the other.

"You crummy—," the girl yelled at one point. "You made me a five-dollar tramp and now you want to throw me out!"

Her hair was stringy and wet, her stockings torn, and blood spurted from her lips. The beating continued.

Bouts like this are not uncommon to Broadway's early hours and passers-by rarely interfere. In this case they did. Playboy Minot Frazier (Mickey) Jelke and press agent Ray Russell Davioni left the huddle of spectators and walked over to the couple.

Davioni spun the girl's assailant around. "Knock it off," he said. "She's had enough."

"She's a dirty little tramp," the big guy boiled.

"Leave her alone," Davioni ordered.

"Beat it," said Jelke.

The big guy walked away. The girl spat a red blob on the sidewalk, ran a hand through her hair, and looked appraisingly at her two rescuers.

"Thanks for nothing," she said flatly, and started off after her man.

This, regardless of fiction to the contrary, is how Jelke, the oleo heir, and Davioni met call girl Pat Ward. How Pat repaid them was detailed in sensational headlines over the next four years.

Largely on Pat's testimony, and on the word of other prostitutes, some of whom were said to have been granted



Madam Erica Steel (above) introduced Pat to big-time call girl racket. Mickey's pal, Ray Russell Davioni (r.) was also jailed year on \$100,000 bail.

immunity from prosecution by the District Attorney, both Jelke and Davioni went to jail.

Jelke got a 3-year rap, of which he served 21 months, for compulsory prostitution. Davioni did one year for the less serious charge of living off Pat's profits.

Pat's story was that she was an innocent, wide-eyed teenager when she fell in with the cafe society set. Jelke and Davioni, she swore, introduced her to the primrose life and regularly cut themselves in on her earnings.

As a matter of fact, as will be detailed here, Pat had a record of selling herself for (Continued on page 56)



**The GIRL with the  
BROWN EYES  
LONG LEGS and  
LUSCIOUS LIPS**





***Marley Sanderson Is Her Name and She Has  
the Best Shape This Side of Las Vegas. What's  
More, She's Sharp as a Tack, Can Cook Like Hell***

continued

**Marley Was Crowned Miss Nevada Last Year. She's a Las Vegas Showgal Who Looks Like Ann Miller and Loves the Great Outdoors**





# THE WIND WHICH IS AN APHRODISIAC

***Science Has Now Discovered That  
Ionized Atoms in Some Unusual Air  
Currents Cause Sex Crimes, Insanity***

**BY PETER WOLFRAM**

● ● IF YOU'RE thinking of buying an air-conditioner this season, look into the ionized number the Westinghouse Electric Company has announced it is putting on the market.

A little-known fact in this country is that many doctors believe ionized air to be an aphrodisiac. According to scientists, in certain air currents which make a lightning descent from a mountain top, their self-generated heat absorbs the ozone, or oxygen, and the air current undergoes a form of ionization. When people inhale these electrically-charged atoms, ionized energy takes over their will power and natural impulses. One of the results is an increased virility and sex drive.

If you live in Indiana or Colorado you've been breathing in this sex stimulant in the form of ionized or ozonated air all your life—it comes in on the wind from Canada every fall.

The results of ionized air are much more widely known in Central Europe, where the ionized air is wafted, during the winter and spring, on a warm, dry wind that materializes from out of nowhere on the windward side of the Alps, climbs over the mountain peaks and then beats its way down the northern slope on the other side. From the Swiss plateau it drives down through Austria and Germany, leaving a nightmare wake of rape, madness, hysteria and violent death wherever it blasts its burning breath.

It is called the *foehn* (pronounced like a cross between fain and fern) and at its height it can hit a speed of (Continued on page 67)



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**"TREAT 'EM LIKE ANIMALS"**

(Continued from page 9)

One studio official, who has known all four of Mickey's wives and a number of his other conquests, summed it up with:

"Once he's got a girl he treats her like dirt. He feeds her well and gives her shelter, but they have no life together. He wants her around for kicks and to be used or shown off."

It's odd, or maybe it isn't, that none of Mickey's wives have ever walked out under this treatment. It was always Mickey who did the walking, invariably in search of a new face, a fresh kick. It was never a long walk, either.

Joe Yule Jr., the name by which Mickey entered the world in Brooklyn, was a vaudeville baby. His parents lugged him around the circuits and by the time he could toddle he was out on the stage.

Mickey began feeling the urge for girls at 13 or 14, which is in no way abnormal. In his case, though, the urge was easily satisfied, for there were plenty of older showgirls around who thought it was fun to play games with the great star.

Some of this sport was all right and some of it wasn't. Some of the girls had a couple of stunts which excited but humiliated the kid, and these experiences left permanent scars. If his parents had known what was going on they'd have called the cops.

Anyway, by the time Mickey was 17 and as big as he was ever going to get, he began giving the dames jolt for jolt. The bigger they were the harder they fell.

In a three-month period in 1941, when he was 20, Mickey was spotted by Hollywood columnists in the company of eleven different dolls. They were all types—red-heads, blondes, brunettes; starlets, models, tramps. About all they had in common was that each towered over him and most were falling in love with him.

Mickey was well along with the Andy Hardy series for MGM at this time and pulling in \$150,000 a year, which wasn't peanuts in those days. He drove the studio crazy with his late hours, his harem, and even a little gambling.

The studio hired a bodyguard to follow Mickey around and keep him in order. This helped for a while, but the agent finally woreid and quit.

Among Mickey's favorites in those days were Linda Darnell, who bought four pairs of low-heeled shoes just to wear on dates with him, and Ava Gardner, a starlet of no standing at all.

To everybody's surprise, Mickey upped and married the beauteous 18-year-old Ava in 1942, thereby beating Artie Shaw and Frank Sinatra to the post by several years. Ava, 5-foot-3, was impressed by the mighty mite's nonexistent fatigue point and probably somewhat by his money, which Mickey tossed around in handy fashion.

Mickey got tired of the match after nine months and pulled up stakes. Ava re-

quested a split on the usual grounds—cruelty. This was granted and Mickey moved on to the next pasture, poorer by about half his property, then estimated at \$200,000.

The Army was Mickey's next mistress, and for a few weeks his love life was curtailed. But once the period of basic training was past, he was back in action. A week-end pass, while stationed in Alabama, resulted in a meeting with Betty Jane Rase, 20, 5-feet-4, and as luscious as they come.

Mickey and the former Miss Birmingham were married in September, 1944, but before he had time to put her through the Rooney bit the Army shipped him overseas. He was in Europe more than a year, sampling the tidbits there and exerting himself over and beyond the call of duty.

He came home to find Betty Jane and Mickey Jr., a memento of their brief honeymoon, waiting. Mickey was all right for a while. The Army had tapped none of his ability and things went well for him. But by the time their second son Tim was born, he was ready to cut out.

His parting from Betty Jane, duly noted by a Los Angeles divorce court in 1948, was costly. She got \$500 a month alimony and \$415 per month for support of the two children.

After a few months of play Mickey settled for actress Martha Vickers, known best for her role in a movie titled "The Big Sleep." Martha, 23, 5-feet-4, and as pretty as any of her predecessors, enjoyed Mickey's version of marriage for a while, then got the old Rooney business.

After their son Ted was born, Mickey made himself scarce. When Martha filed the papers, as she did in 1951, she cited the little man's alleged unpleasant spend-thrift ways and long absences from home.

So that Mickey wouldn't spend so much in the future, Martha asked for and was granted \$24,000 a year, plus \$150 a month for young Ted.

Mickey let a year slip by, then tackled and brought to camp 5-foot-6 Elaine Mahnken, 22, the tallest catch of all. Elaine towered over Mickey by a full head when the solemnities were read in 1952.

Like the other affiliations, this one lasted for a few months, then petered out. There were long separations but it was only last June that Elaine got around to bringing suit. She asked \$2,353 a month in way of a settlement.

At the moment there's a new candidate, 21-year-old, 5-foot-4 Carolyn Mitchell, better known as Miss Muscle Beach. Carolyn had the bad grace to swallow an overdose of sleeping pills while Mickey's house guest last fall. He's still seeing her and no doubt it's fun to teach a kid with muscle to jump through the Rooney hoop.

Maybe Carolyn will be No. 5 and maybe she won't. But if history repeats itself there will be a No. 5 and probably No.'s 6, 7 and 8. Despite his alimony rap, running more than \$5,000 a month at present, Mickey still has dough and he still has steam.

He hasn't forgotten what those big showgirls did to him and as long as he can crack the old whip, the Rooney act will go on.

THE END

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## ILLEGAL STRIP IN JUAREZ

(Continued from page 27)

a result, the latest word from that Nevada gambling oasis is that night-club entertainment has lost a good deal of its fire.

Not so in jazzy Juarez, Mexico, across the Rio Grande from El Paso, Texas. Usually between 3:00 and 4:30 each morning the strip-tease dens get down to the barest facts.

While waiting for the real entertainment of the morning to begin, my Border Patrol friends and I watched the enticements and listened to the wheedling of a covey of B-girls. They flitted from table to table, ever on the lookout for a new sucker.

Rouged, perfumed, and in dresses which leave very little to the imagination, the B-bunnies pounce eagerly on any male in sight. Some drinks set the sucker back a dollar and a half. Others cost him ninety cents. This goes for the B-bunny's drink, too, only she usually imbibes ginger ale or soda water. A percentage of the cost of the drinks is her share.

Most of the B-girls are ingenious in coaxing one more free drink out of a cornered sucker. They plop on his lap, whisper in his ear and cuddle up to him provocatively. They'll even promise to join the pleasure-seeking male later at a quiet place, so the two of them can be alone. Provided, of course, he'll come across with an advance or deposit in anticipation of that privilege.

Many gullible men or very tipsy ones fall for that come-on gimmick every night. They get carried away with the promises and the sexy, smoky atmosphere of the strip den and fork over the advance, usually five smackers. The B-bunnies then tell the suckers to meet them at a certain place after the floor show and they'll keep their end of the bargain. A promise they rarely, if ever, fulfill.

Or, as the Border Patrolmen reminded me: "These Juarez B-girls have no equals when it comes to slipping out side and back doors and pulling the vanishing act on suckers."

Sitting relaxed at our corner table the two special detail men and I were able to catch the side show going on around us. The B-bunnies gave us a wide berth. Evidently the night-club manager suspected the identity of my two companions and ordered the girls to leave us alone.

But two of the featured strippers that the Border Patrolmen knew stopped at our table for a chat. They remarked that the suspenseful waiting would soon be over. Then—on with the show!

At the time I didn't know what that meant. Moments later I found out. I saw three serious-faced, dark-featured men enter the strip palace, and their hats, manner and stride gave them away. No mistaking their identity—they were Juarez police inspectors.

Everyone connected with the establishment expected them to arrive at that particular moment. All three men strolled about casually, looked the nitery, its customers and its swarm of B-bunnies over once lightly. Then they turned, went to the end of the bar and picked up sealed envelopes which were handed to them on the sly. One of my friends nudged me and remarked: "There you have just witnessed the oldest and most popular pay-off in Mexico. It's called *mordida*. Now that the wraps are off all stops will be pulled out. You'll see the hottest show up and down the American-Mexican border."

I doubt that the police inspectors had reached the foot of the back stairs when the peeler palace began to jump. A brassy, blaring orchestra went to town on a cha-cha number. Drinks flowed freely. There was a rising hubbub of voices. Exuberant males pinched, or tried to pinch, passing exposed bosoms and thighs.

Out on the dance floor itself a dark-skinned, bouncy, winking stripper lost little time or motion in getting to the point. To a swifter tempo of music and wild applause, she let go.

Off came this wispy garment, then that one. In the end she was whirling, stooping and undulating in the rays of the dim spotlight, her one piece of covering a mere semblance of a G-string. As for her exposed bosom, she manipulated it this way and that, flaunting it under the very noses of ringside customers.

Her act, as fiery as it was, served as a mere warm-up. There were much spicier performances to come. For example, a tall sexy-looking blonde ran swinging and swaying out to the center of the floor. Almost immediately she lowered herself into a suggestive posture and rolled, twisted and jerked with something resembling frantic abandon. Her meaning was clear to everyone.

No one had to be told that she was "dancing" a number billed as "Passionate Surrender to Love." After some more frenzied squirming and murmuring, as though in the throes of ecstasy, the brassy blonde back-pedaled off the floor, motioning to the aroused customers to follow her.

Fast on the heels of her performance four other peelers came charging out. By now the music sounded like a deafening din. Ear-splitting shouts rang out. "Off with it!"

This reference was to the wispy bra each stripper wore—in the beginning.

In keeping with the mood of the hour, and to please the audience, the strip-tease gals quickly responded to that call.

There was, I should make clear, very little art, grace or skillful technique in any of the performances at that hour of the morning. It was a show conceived in lust and dedicated to lust, with no manipulation, motion or gesture cloaked in mystery.

One unclad stripper after another was summoned back for another encore. It was necessary now and then for waiters and bouncers to restrain the more excitable customers.

After the lusty show ended those men who didn't have a woman companion or who couldn't latch on to a B-bunny hurried out of the strip den. Some of them

staggering, some rubbing their hands in anticipation, they headed for Juarez's back-street houses.

In a slowly cruising car the two Border Patrolmen and I watched this stampede toward the dens of prostitution. All the places did a rush business for the next two hours until daybreak, thanks to an assist from the near-nude performers along strip-tease circuit.

As one of the special detail men observed: "I've always believed that the strip palaces and the houses of prostitution in Juarez complement each other. Our information is that some of them are owned by the same man or group of men. In a set-up like that," he added, "how can they lose? The strip-tease joint whips up the desires of men and the house of prostitution sees to it that the desires are satisfied." THE END

## I SOLD HAVANA STREET GIRLS

(Continued from page 61)

about. My high-school Spanish, coupled with my Italian background, gave me a pretty good working knowledge of the language, so I didn't have any trouble on that score.

The dump I lived in happened to be a couple of blocks from where the local streetwalkers paraded up and down half the night. I used to stumble over them when I came home from the casinos. But I didn't realize their importance until later on.

When the sun was good and hot I took the bus to La Concha Beach, swimming, exercising and burning brown. I think if a man's got a good physique he ought to take care of it; that's a responsibility he owes himself. On the beach there was no shortage of classy babes in bikinis, showing their shapes to sun and sand and whatever else happened to be looking. Most of them were from the States or Europe, obviously looking to live up a rich man's holiday. On the budget my wife's lawyers and the California divorce laws left me, I had to leave that kind of stuff strictly alone.

One day I fell asleep on the beach. When I opened my eyes again I thought I was still dreaming. On her knees, bent over me, was one of those bikini beauties. Jet black hair tied in a knot, skin the color of that light mahogany furniture my wife was always making me buy, a shape you'd expect to see in a Miss Universe contest. She was so close my hand was practically touching that full bosom of hers, all exposed as she leaned forward except for that little bit of red ribbon that passed for a bikini bra.

She said in Spanish: "I've been looking at you."

"So I notice."

"Hope you do not mind?" She made it a question, smiling at me temptingly. "Not if you like what you see," I told her.

"Oh, I like. You're a big man." Her eyes traveled down the length of my body. "You must be proud. A big man

like you has a lot to offer."

She said it just like that. Her black eyes looked into mine without blinking.

There was only one answer and I gave it: "I'll let you be the judge."

We forgot about sunbathing after that. She took me to a fleabag hotel she knew about, the Estrella, where you could rent a room for a couple of bucks and no questions asked. I couldn't quite figure her out; she didn't tell me anything about herself. Half the time she acted common as dirt, the other half she showed real class. We got along fine, but when it became dark she left me in a hurry and I just knew that her name was Anita and she "might be on the beach again sometime."

A couple of evenings later I had it, but good at a roulette table. I'd been winning a few bucks now and then, but most of the time my luck was on a downhill curve. This night I hit a winning streak on number 37, three times in five tries, so I felt this was my night to make Poppa a little fortune. But when Poppa finally walked out at 2:30 in the morning he was left with six dollars and an unpaid hotel bill of \$28 staring him in those bloodshot eyes of his.

Two-thirty in the morning is still early evening in Havana; dragging myself back to my room I stumbled over those streetwalkers again. I hardly gave them a glance; that was the last thing I was interested in right then. I was too busy thinking up ways and means to keep from being kicked out of Cuba as a destitute or whatever it is you call a guy who can't pick up the tab any more. But then I did look up, and looked again, and exclaimed: "What the hell!"

Leaning against a wall, grinning at me, her gorgeous figure set off to the best advantage by a dress that clung exactly where it did the most good, was Anita.

"Don't tell me," I said.

She didn't stop grinning. "What did you take me for?" she asked. "An American secretary down here on a pleasure cruise?"

"But you didn't ask me for any money," I blurted.

She laughed, "No, I didn't." She shrugged. "Sometimes a girl wants to have a little fun, too."

I still didn't quite see why she hadn't tried to charge me but I let it pass. Suddenly I wasn't tired any more. Of all the angles I'd figured for making quick dough and discarded as useless, here was one I hadn't thought of. And it might be the right one to get me out of a tight spot.

Business was slow so she let me take her to an all-night joint for coffee. I began pumping her. How old was she? Twenty-three. How long had she made a living in this racket? Five years. What did she charge? Whatever she could get—three dollars, five, never more than seven.

My mind was saying, yes, yes, those are all the right answers; now let this one be right, too. Was she working for anyone? No, she said. It was, of course, the answer I wanted to hear. Why wasn't she? Because most of the Cubans in-

(Continued on page 46)



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volved in that little game were dishonest and sadistic and once you got involved with them it was hard to get yourself out.

My last question was, why was a beautiful girl like her content with walking the streets for a few bucks when she could do so much better with the wealthy Americans who stayed at the big hotels? Because, she told me, that beat was all sewed up by the Cuban pimps and if she tried to muscle in as a free lancer she'd find herself knitting socks in jail.

I lost no time making her my proposition. We'd work together, I said. I was an American and it would be easy for me to line up vacationing American males on the make (and what vacationing American male isn't?), men who wanted a beautiful girl and wouldn't mind paying for her. I'd met plenty already, guys who didn't know their way around Havana and wanted me to give 'em a little aid and assistance. Up to now I'd guided 'em to the right places in the spirit of friendship; now I'd guide 'em to Anita in the spirit of replenishing my poor wallet. We'd charge \$20 or \$25, with Anita to split the take with me. The customer would pick up the hotel and cab bills, of course.

I spoke rapidly, earnestly and desperately, because my situation was desperate. All this time Anita hadn't said a word. Now she stared at me, her eyes narrowed, as if she wanted to look inside me. I waited, holding my breath.

She said something I didn't expect at all. She said: "You're a kind man, aren't you?"

I didn't answer, because she had to figure that one out for herself.

At last, her eyes flashing with amusement, she said: "I like you," and smiled and lifted her coffee cup, and I knew right then and there that we'd made our bargain.

**A**NITA was the first. Later a couple of her buddies came to me, Rita and Elisa. Then Manuela drifted into the circle, and finally Sonya, a white Russian. All of them were pretty, likeable gals, friendly and eager to please. I never even had any trouble with them quarreling among themselves. I felt pretty good, like one of those Turks and his harem.

We did all right for ourselves, too. It was just like I said. The Americans would come up to me for a little advice, or I'd start a conversation with likely-looking prospects: "Hi there, you look like an American. I'm American, too. If you're interested I know where you can get some really good stuff, none of the worn-out ones, and you don't have to worry about waking up with a bump on your head and your watch and wallet gone."

I took to hanging out in the bars of the big hotels, lining up business, which meant bartenders had to be paid off for steering prospective customers my way, and hotel managers and cops on the beat had to be paid off to keep out of our hair. Yet, in spite of that, I was cleaning up, with each girl averaging at least two or three tricks a night. Part of my

new-found fortune went down that invisible little hole in the roulette wheel. But I'd learned my lesson and never allowed my losses to get too high. And, after all, I never had to spend a penny for my feminine companionship.

Nearly six months went by. Five months and twenty-one days, to be exact. Things were going good, too good. When things go too good for me something always happens. And this time was no exception. I had to run into George Wetherby.

At least that's what he said his name was. He was sitting by himself at the bar of a plush hotel. A sad-faced little guy in a tweed suit even though we were in the middle of summer, he stared into his martini glass.

"Hi," I said, sliding onto the stool next to his, "nobody's got a right to be sad in Havana."

"You American?" He turned to me. He had thin lips and pinched cheeks and he wore rimless glasses.

"Sure am. Frisco. Born, bred and boxed there." I told him my name.

He looked at me suspiciously for another minute, then seemed satisfied. "I got in yesterday," he told me. "From Akron. Work as a bookkeeper in Akron. My name is George Wetherby. Some men from the office were down here last year. They said you could have yourself a ball in Havana. So when vacation time came around I thought I ought to have myself a little ball, too. I've been here almost two days now and haven't met anyone and it doesn't look like I will. I don't speak Spanish."

"Plenty of Americans right in this bar. You can speak English to 'em," I said, testing him.

Sometimes you approach the wrong guy; he gets sore and wants to call the manager.

"I didn't come to Havana to meet Americans," said George.

"Well, George, maybe you're talking to the right guy. I'm not gonna beat around the bush. I'll put it to you straight, man to man. Do you want a girl? I mean a beautiful girl, eager to please a nice-looking guy like you?"

I'd learned from experience when to use that man-to-man routine, when to flatter.

Of course he wanted a girl. He let himself be persuaded and didn't balk at the \$25 tag I slapped on. We caught a cab to the Club Alegria. I had an arrangement with the manager and my girls hung out in a back room there.

I left George waiting in the cab while I went inside and got Anita. When she came out she gave George a quick look. Once in a while she gave a guy a look like that and then shook her head and told me she wouldn't go with him. I let her use her own judgment; if she figured a guy for an odd ball I didn't argue.

This time, however, she climbed into the cab without hesitation. They drove off to the Hotel Estrella, which we used all the time. Incidentally, the place has changed hands and names a couple of times since then. Well, that was the last I saw of George—and almost the last I saw of Anita.

Funny how things happen sometimes. My next customer was a Dutchman, a large, ugly guy who kept complaining that everybody was cheating him. I got Sonya to accommodate him and he insisted I come along to the hotel to fix it up about the room.

When we got to the Hotel Estrella there was a crowd outside and an ambulance. Just as we were getting out of the cab they brought somebody outside on a stretcher.

It was Anita. If you've ever seen a prize fight where the referee isn't too careful, you know what a pair of fists can do to a person's face. There's no point in going into details about how Anita looked, except to say the blood and hanging flesh made me feel a little sick. All right, I admit it: I turned aside and vomited. Me, a boxer. But at least Anita was still breathing; she was alive.

I rushed inside. The cops were still grilling the manager. No, he hadn't heard anything, no noise of any kind. The guy with Anita, George Wetherby, had come down about an hour before and gone out into the street without saying a word. There hadn't seemed to be anything peculiar about him. When all that time passed and Anita didn't come down, the manager got curious and went into the room. He found her there, on the bed.

I came in for my share of questions, but what could I tell the cops? I'd never seen George Wetherby before. You might have guessed it—the name was a phony. And, of course, he didn't live in the hotel where we met. When Anita was able to talk she couldn't add much. He'd given her the \$25 and she'd turned around and asked him to undo her zipper. That's when he'd slugged her from behind, before he went to work with his fists. It was all she remembered.

The cops never found Wetherby.

I hung around Havana for another week, not working, just seeing Anita in the hospital during visitors' hours. At the end of that week her face was still puffy and she was going to have two or three scars running across her nose and along her cheeks. Otherwise she'd be okay, except that you never look the same after a beating like that.

I paid her hospital bill and gave her almost all the dough I had left. She'd need it, even though she didn't ask me for a cent. All she could hope for now was to pick up drunken sailors in the alleys of Chinatown, near the Shanghai Theater.

For myself, I had to get out of Havana. I couldn't stand being there any more, couldn't go on in a racket where something like that could happen.

"It's all part of the game," a buddy in the same line of business told me, but I didn't think I'd ever be able to accept it. Not if it happened to one of my girls.

So I left the easiest money I ever made in my life and headed for the States, where I got back into the fighting game. At least that way you're pounding at somebody who's expecting it and able to defend himself—not a defenseless girl having her face bashed in by a perverted s.o.b. THE END



# Don't Spend Your Life on the Sidelines

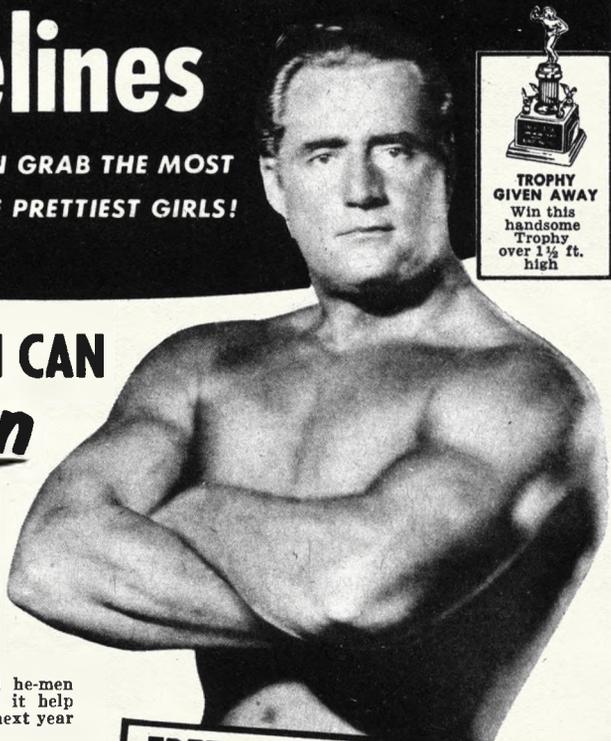
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## FIGURE MODEL PHOTOS

# LONGEST HOME RUN EVER HIT

(Continued from page 19)

catcher, hit a tape-measured homer of 538 feet. In 1921 Babe Ruth belted another 500-footer off Columbia George Smith, then pitching for the Philadelphia Phillies against the Yanks in a Florida spring training exhibition contest.

While Mantle, Sulvestri and Ruth deserve full credit for their tape-measured jobs, there was another home run ball that traveled much farther than the longest drives recorded in modern baseball.

Oddly enough, this home run, now a practically forgotten event in baseball's misty past, would not have been hit if it hadn't been for a feud between New York City's Tammany Hall politicians and John B. Day, owner of the New York Giants.

In March, 1888, after much wrangling between the strong-willed prexy of the Giants and the politicians, a street was ordered cut through the Polo Grounds, then situated at 110th Street and Fifth Avenue. This meant that Day had to find a new playing field for the 1888 National League season.

Of course there was much groaning and gnashing of teeth by loyal Giant fans, who roundly cursed the Tammany men as spoil sports, to mention one of the more polite epithets.

Mr. Day managed to rent a temporary home for the Giants on the shore of St. George, near the ferry terminal, on Staten Island. A small grandstand was erected and the right field bleachers were built on pilings sunk into the shore at the water's edge. An inebriated or unwary fan who lost his balance was assured of a thorough dunking in the shallow water at the base of the pilings.

Jim Mutrie, manager of the Giants, dressed in stovepipe hat, cutaway coat and striped trousers, led pitchers Tim Keefe and Mickey Welch, star catcher Buck Ewing, first baseman Roger Connor, shortstop John Montgomery Ward, plus George Gore, Jim O'Rourke and Mike Tiernan of the Giants and some 200 of the more rabid New York fans in a parade down lower Broadway to the ferry slip at the Battery. They boarded a ferry which took them across the bay to St. George.

After the Giants had played host to several other National League teams, the New Yorkers welcomed Cap Adrian Anson and his famed Chicago White Stockings.

Among Chicago's stalwarts was the left-handed batting and throwing right fielder, Jimmy Ryan. He was noted for throwing with remarkable quickness and accuracy.

Before the game he gave an exhibition of throwing to the plate from right field. Twenty feet inside first base a patch had been rolled smooth, watered and hardened. Ryan threw from deep right field to that patch. The ball caromed off

the hard surface like a shot into the hands of the catcher.

Then Mickey Welch, slightly built but wiry pitcher for the New Yorkers, went to the mound. Ryan led off at bat for Chicago.

He smashed Welch a pitch high over the heads of the fans in the right field bleachers. As the fans craned their necks to watch the ball in its flight over the bay "to disappear into the vasty deep," as a writer of the day described the home run, an outgoing steamship was slowly moving close to the shore.

A passenger stood at the rail of the ship trying to discern the action on the playing field. A ship's officer, on deck patrol, informed him that the Giants were playing the White Stockings.

Suddenly the passenger was hit in the face by a round object. He staggered back in shock. After recovering his balance he looked down and saw a grass and tobacco-stained baseball on the deck. He picked up the ball and pocketed it. Then the ship's officer escorted him to his cabin.

Some days later the ship made port at Liverpool, England, where the passenger rented rooms. Three weeks later he received a bundle of New York newspapers. The story of Ryan's home run and the apparent disappearance of the ball into the bay was featured in one of the papers.

The reader immediately realized he had been hit by Ryan's some run ball. He boxed the baseball and mailed it to the publisher of the paper.

The publisher was delighted to receive the ball and a letter explaining the reason for his receiving it. He kept the ball until Ryan and the Chicago team returned to New York for another series, then gave it to the even more delighted Jimmy Ryan.

Bozeman Bulger, a baseball writer-humorist for the old New York *Evening World*, told of a home run that was, in his opinion, the longest traveling ball ever hit in a modern major league game.

In 1909 the New York Giants played a series in Boston. In one of the contests Cy Seymour, a heavy-hitting Giant outfielder, smashed a home run ball that bounced over the low right field fence and landed in the open gondola of a freight train en route to New York City.

According to Bulger, the ball was found in the car after the train had reached its destination.

Then there was Ken Williams' long distance home run ball.

In 1913 Williams was a lanky outfielder for the Regina Red Sox of the Western Canada League. In a game with Calgary Ken slammed the ball beyond the reach of the Broncs' right fielder. The ball bounced toward a cowboy fan seated on a horse near the right field exit gate. He dismounted, snatched up the ball, pocketed it, remounted and the horse galloped through the exit gate. When last seen they were heading toward the Northwest territory.

In 1922 Williams, then a left fielder for the St. Louis Browns, hit more home runs in that season than the New York Yanks' Babe Ruth, but it's doubtful that any

of Williams' American League four-baggers ever traveled as far as that home run ball he hit in Calgary.

A small dog figured in another long ball story.

"While playing for Olean, my first professional team," said John J. McGraw, for many years manager of the New York Giants, "our club played Bradford, Pennsylvania. The score was tied in the fourteenth inning.

"One of our players slashed a bounding ball just inside the third base line to left field. A crowd lined the left field foul line. A black and white spaniel dashed out of the crowd and retrieved the ball. The Bradford left fielder raced after the dog, but Fido evaded him and raced out of the park with the ball in his mouth. In the meantime, our runner had sprinted around the bases and scored.

"That ended the contest, because we had no other baseball. We claimed the victory and got away with it."

Another long distance home run ball, picked up by a small boy, was hit by Buck Freeman of the Washington Senators and a dead ball home run king of the early 1900's.

Buck slammed one of Chief Bender's offerings over the fence at Columbia Park, the original home of Connie Mack's Philadelphia Athletics. The ball landed on the head of a man walking along a street a few blocks away from the park. The impact shot him to the ground.

A policeman shoved his way through a small group of spectators that had gathered around the prostrate man. As the cop bent over, the injured man regained consciousness. The first thing he saw was a policeman with a club in hand. He looked at the club, then felt the bump on his head.

The angry man jumped to his feet and swung a fist at the surprised patrolman. Missing the punch, he aimed a kick at the cop's shins.

The policeman grabbed him. "What's the idea?" he demanded.

The hurt and angry man twisted, squirmed and yelled: "You almost murdered me! You hit me on the head for no reason at all!"

In a new rage the man tried to break away from the patrolman's grasp, then bit his arm. Another policeman helped to quell him. An hour later, in the cooler, he had calmed down to the extent of reluctantly believing the cop's explanation.

"If I had seen the ball I wouldn't have been so sore," he said.

Of course, the kid who had grabbed the ball had made himself scarce immediately after the accident.

Despite all the long distance balls hit, it may be safely assumed that none of the baseballs traveled as far as Jimmy Ryan's.

For several years after he was through playing for the Chicago White Stockings Ryan displayed the stained baseball he "had hit from New York to Liverpool."

In fact, such displays, according to a friend, enabled Ryan to enjoy many a free drink. Admiring fans were always ready to pick up the tab.

THE END

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# "THESE THREE BRIDES ARE MINE!"

(Continued from page 12)

was beneath the overcast now. But all I could make out was a pale green light. Like the bottom of the sea. I horsed the stick back and fought to level out. I aimed for the lightest part of the green light, the more open part of the valley I'd dived into. I don't know how far up I got the nose. There was a tearing sound as one wing smashed itself to tinfoil against a tree. Then I hit. I hit hard. The F88 rolled up like a toothpaste tube. Somehow, in the devastating crash, I was thrown through the canopy and landed in a rice paddy. All this, however, I learned five days later. It took me that long to come to.

The first thing I remember after the crash, was the almond eyes of Moon Woman. I was lying on a mat in a darkened room and someone was spooning hot soup into my mouth and crooning to me in a soft liquid voice. I don't know what was in that broth. It sure did the trick. I could feel the strength flow back into my bruised body. Within a couple of days I was ready to make a pass at Moon Woman.

She was a real little thing of mixed Tibetan-Indian ancestry. She had the quick birdlike movements of a Hindu with the grace and delicacy of the Mongol. Her hands were like ivory blossoms as she fed and bathed me and changed the bandages on my head. A few other people came in, from time to time. A bearded old man in a yellow robe, and a younger man in spotless white Chinese dress with a shaven head and a sinister moustache.

It wasn't hard to get on to the language. The United States Air Force had really trained me well. I spoke some Tibetan.

At last I was well enough to get up. Moon Woman and her brother, the sinister man with the shaven head who turned out to be the village head man, helped me to my feet and took me outside. What I saw took my breath away.

The valley is a freak. A huge rift in the roof of the world. On all sides are the towering crags of the highest mountains on earth. But the valley floor is only a few thousand feet above sea level. At this latitude, it has almost a tropical climate. It is prevented from being hot as India to the south by the shade and cool breezes from the mountains. As far as I was ever able to determine, the valley has its own private climate. It is only slightly affected by the clouds and storms that hang ten thousand feet above our heads most of the time. Once every four or five years, we get a light snow in the valley. The winter temperature never drops much below 40° F., and the summer heat has never reached 90°. It rains a little more

than I care for but the fine drizzle keeps the valley unbelievably green. In the fertile loess soil, bamboo and pine grow side by side far up the slopes while the valley natives grow everything from wheat to cotton in the bottom lands.

To anyone who grew up on the bleak streets of south Chicago, the Valley of the Singing Grasses looked like paradise. Unlike other Asiatic villages, the town of Hung Fu, where my plane crashed, was spotless and the people were well fed and contented. There are eight villages in the valley. As well as a small city of 5,000 where the Great Khan holds court. Somehow, here in the wildest part of the Himalayas, time has stood still. The Valley of the Singing Grasses lives on in a soft echo of the golden age of the Orient, before overcrowding made the great cultures of the east a squalid eyecore on the face of the earth.

Learning of my recovery, the Great Khan sent for me. I went down to the wreck and got out my revolver and first aid kit as well as the still working compass.

Mounted on a shaggy little pony, I rode with Moon Woman's brother and a few of his retainers to the palace of the Great Khan. I was frankly disappointed. The great llamasery at Lhasa, in Tibet, is much larger. But the wooden palace was covered with gold leaf and had a fairy tale grace of its own. I was ushered in by a couple of guards who were clad in blue silk and varnished leather armor. They looked like something from an historical movie. Only the mauser pistol one of them had tucked in his scarlet sash showed he belonged in the 20th century and not at the court of Kublai Khan. I noted the weapon with interest. I knew there was a way out of the valley if the natives traded for modern pistols.

The Great Khan was seated on a yellow velvet pillow on a raised platform at the end of a large room. He was dressed in blue silk robes and a pair of lovely teen-aged maidens fanned him constantly while we talked. Since it was cool in the room, I guessed he just liked their company. I didn't blame him. They were both stark naked, with lovely lemon-colored skin and proud breasts.

Reluctantly, I took my eyes away from them and tried to talk to the Great Khan. It wasn't easy. We tried to make a conversation with the outrageous Mongol-Tibetan jargon I'd used with Moon Woman. The Great Khan just couldn't seem to understand me. The longer I tried to talk to him, the more convinced I became he didn't want to understand. Finally, in desperation, I said in English, "You s.o.b. I bet you speak English as well as I do!"

The Great Khan looked blankly at me for a minute or two. Then, in spite of himself, his eyes crinkled up and he smiled. In English, he said:

"I can't hold out any longer! I've been busting a gut trying to keep a poker face while you struggled with that bastard Tibetan!"

It turned out the Great Khan was a White Russian officer named Dimitri Del-

torsky, a Tartar cavalryman in the service of the Czar. After the October revolution, Deltorsky had fled, with thirty-five others, through the Himalayas from the Red Army. All but he had frozen or fallen to their deaths from the treacherous crags surrounding the valley. Then, just as he'd given up, Deltorsky had staggered into the valley almost as I had.

A slight knowledge of medicine, plus a crafty mind and a little palace intrigue, had brought Dimitri Deltorsky a long way since the half-starved Russian had limped down the slopes in 1919. The one-time Tarter cavalry officer now ruled several thousand square miles of the most fertile soil on the planet.

After telling me his story, Deltorsky looked at me for a long time and said, "What of you? What are your plans; now that you have seen the Valley of the Singing Grasses?"

I hadn't stopped to think. I shrugged and sighed. "I have to report back to my squadron. They must think I'm dead by now."

"Exactly!" said Deltorsky. "You are listed as dead. Nobody will ever be looking for you! Do I make my meaning clear?"

"What are you getting at?"

"This valley. MY valley. I don't want the outside world to ever know about it."

"But I have to report back. I have family, friends; besides, it's my duty as an American officer."

"That's what I was afraid you'd say," said the Great Khan. The next thing I knew, I was looking down the barrel of a pistol. The Great Khan glared at me. His eyes squinted in hate as he held the muzzle pointed at my head.

"Damn you!" he shouted. "Here is a paradise on earth. The one place the filthy politics and wars of the 20th century have never touched. And you want to change it. You want to go out through the passes and tell everyone about this valley!"

"I don't want to do anything. I have my duty."

"And I have mine! I've ruled this valley for twenty years now. I've tried to do a good job. It isn't democracy. It isn't Communism. It's just a little common sense and a hell of a swell bunch of people. Don't you see what will happen if I let you go? If the Communists don't take over the valley, the other side will. There's three feet of top soil in the valley. It will grow any crop you care to plant, without fertilizer or irrigation. Can you imagine what will happen if starving India finds out about this valley? Under the soil a little way is enough oil to start a war. I can't let one man throw away the happiness of the people who trust me."

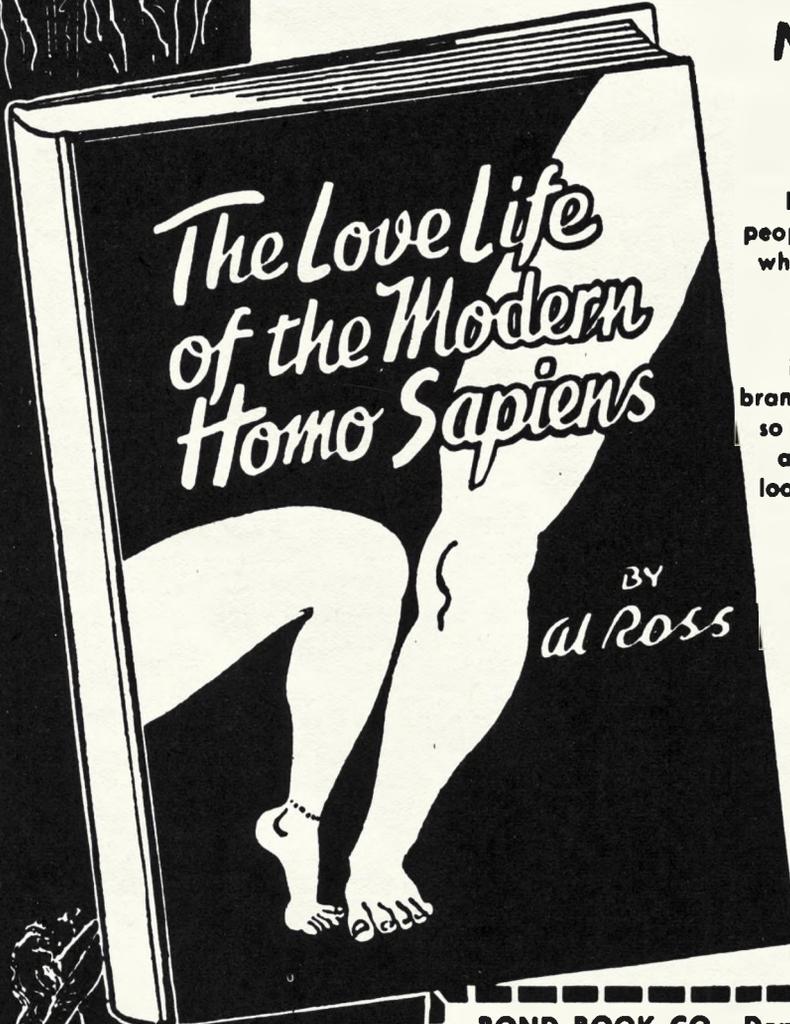
I stood there, staring down the barrel of his gun, while the Great Khan threatened to blow my head off. All this time the two naked girls kept fanning him. I shrugged. If he was going to shoot me, there wasn't much I could do about it. I didn't think he was going to shoot me. He was talking too much about it.

(Continued on page 52)

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The gun muzzle dropped. Deltorsky said, "You could promise me not to try to escape from the valley."

"How do you know I wouldn't go back on my word?"

The Great Khan's shoulders sagged. He put the gun back in his robe and stood up. Wearily he said, "You win. I can't shoot you and you know it. I haven't shot a man since 1919. The Buddhists converted me years ago. There hasn't been a killing in this valley in living memory. I can't be the one who starts it."

He walked over to a sliding screen and motioned me. "I want you to see something," he said. He slid the screen open. I stopped breathing.

We were looking into a large patio behind the palace of the Khan. A wooden veranda ran around a long pool down the center of the garden. There were water lilies and lotus and gold fish in the pool. I took that in, later, at a glance. What riveted my attention was the girl seated on a cushion near the pool, throwing bread crumbs to the gold fish.

She was eighteen or so. Her skin was a pale shade of gold and her nude body was without a hair or blemish from the nape of her graceful neck to the tip of her delicate dancer's feet. She had the legs of a ballerina and the muscles of her abdomen were taut under the golden skin of her belly. Her compact breasts moved with her breathing. They were the firm breasts of a huntress. Only the high cheekbones and almond eyes and the straight, blue-black hair hanging down over her naked shoulders kept her from being a perfect model for the Greek goddess, Diana. Wordlessly, I turned to the Great Khan and said, "Who is she?"

"My harem," he replied. Only then did I notice the others. There were at least fifty girls in the garden. All lovely. All naked. And yet, the girl on the silk pillow stood out so from the rest, she might as well have been alone in the harem of the Great Khan.

"These are all your wives?" I gasped. Dimitri Deltorsky had done well indeed for a boy from the Tartary plains. He shrugged. "Only a part of it," he said. "Princes up and down the valley keep sending me their daughters to stay on the good side of me. Fortunately, I was never a good Christian and Buddha never said anything about how many wives a man can have. I've had at least three hundred permanent wives over the years, and more concubines than I can remember. Alas. I'm getting on in years, my dear friend. I can hardly keep up with the demands on me these days." He gave me a sly look. I tore my eyes away from the girl on the pillow and smiled. "Are you trying to bribe me?" I asked.

"Why not? It's better than shooting you. And I have to stop you from telling about the valley. Even if I have—even if I have to make you a partner. I have nearly eight hundred children and grandchildren living up and down the Valley of the Singing Grasses. I hate to think of them learning to cheat on their income tax forms."

"But I have my duty. I am an officer in the U.S. Air Force."

"So what? How much do they pay you? Is it worth the life you could have here among these gentle people?"

I had to think about that. I'm proud to be an American. Still, it would be pretty good to get away from the bustle of the world and settle down in this paradise with a gorgeous native wife. I had no family dependent on me back in the States. And by now the Air Force must think I was dead. If my conscience pricked me a bit and told me I was nothing better than a deserter—well, I managed to ignore it.

I turned to the Great Khan. "That girl on the pillow," I said, "who is she?" The ex-Russian officer's eyes brightened. He let out a little sigh of relief.

"Lotus Blossom? The girl feeding the fish? She's the younger sister of a tribal prince down near the pass. Do you like her? You can have her. I will give her to you for a present if you agree to stay here in the valley."

"Well," I said, and the blood was pounding in my veins, "I make no promise. But, what the hell? I haven't had a furlough in a year. It won't hurt to take a few weeks to make up my mind."

THAT was twelve years ago. Lotus Blossom and I have had eight children since then and she's still as trim and athletic as ever. We go falconing on the little ponies with some of the other nobles in the valley at least once a month. (The Great Khan made me a prince and deeded me an estate a few years ago. Not bad for the son of a railroad brakeman.) And Lotus Blossom rides as well as any man in the valley. But on soft summer nights, on our pavillion overlooking the softly flowing "river of the thousand ripples," Lotus Blossom is all woman.

Fortunately, she's not jealous. A few months after we were married in the little Buddhist pagoda above the village by a kindly saffron-robed holy man. I met Moon Woman again at the home of her brother. Far from being annoyed at me for marrying Lotus Blossom, Moon Woman was overjoyed. She and my wife from down the valley were cousins and old friends. Lotus Blossom and Moon Woman both asked me to marry a second time so they could be together!

Where Lotus Blossom was fire and passion, Moon Woman was maternal and loving. The two of them are as different as night and day. And in the twelve years I've lived with them, I've never made up my mind which one means the most to me. I'd be lost if either of them left me.

I've never tried to immitate the Khan. Though I guess I could if I wanted. But having more wives than you can remember sounds gluttonous to me. Not that I have been completely true to Moon Woman and Lotus Blossom. On trips about the valley for the Khan, I often spend the night at an outlying village. In the Valley of the Singing Grasses it's considered common courtesy to share your wives with an honored guest.

Moon Woman has born ten children for me and two years ago, when both the girls were pregnant at the same time, they decided I needed another wife.

Her name was Fan of the Almond, and she was fourteen when I came home on a cold winter day, soaked to the skin from my ride, and found her sitting calmly by the charcoal fire with her clothes thrown aside for my inspection, while Lotus Blossom and Moon Woman giggled in the other room. Needless to say, they'd chosen well and Fan of the Almond passed her examination with flying colors.

She's the lightest of the three. Her eyes are grey on an Oriental face and her hair has a touch of red. She claims descent from Ghengis Khan as all red-headed Mongols do. I wouldn't know about that. She sure has some of the old killer's fiery temper. She's a little spitfire, when she's in the mood. But there are moments when I can make her gentle as a kitten.

For a long time I guess I was kidding myself. I kept telling myself I was not really a deserter from the U.S. Army Air Force. I kept telling myself I could always go back and report I'd been stranded.

Then, last year, something happened to change all that. I finally had to choose once and for all between my old life and the Valley of the Singing Grasses.

It was a simple thing. An English helicopter. A couple of oil geologists flew up the south pass from Pakistan, searching for new oil fields. I told them to get the hell out. They tried to tell Deltorsky and me about how it would benefit the simple natives if they brought in their oil rigs. We didn't buy it. We don't want to see the Valley of the Singing Grasses converted into a collective farm by the Russians or a little bit of London or New York, either.

The two men in the helicopter didn't argue. They got back in their whirly bird and said they'd be back, after we'd had time to think it over. Well, we've thought it over. Dimitri sent a caravan down through the south pass with enough gold to buy a few hundred rifles. . . .

So, I don't think I'll leave the Valley of the Singing Grasses. I'll have the old Tartar's job someday; the Great Khan has named me his heir. I intend to make a few, a very few, changes in the Valley of the Singing Grasses. That's why I'm telling my story for the first time. I'm not ready to give the location of the valley. But I will in a few years. Deltorsky was wrong to think a good thing like this can be kept a secret. Sooner or later, one side or the other will try and claim the valley. But I'll be ready for them. I've been stocking up on ammo and Moon Woman's brother has rounded up some damned good shots. With a few white officers I think we could make it pretty hot for anybody who wanted to take our valley over.

It won't be hard to recruit the men I need. I won't need many. Just a few guys with guts and brains who figure

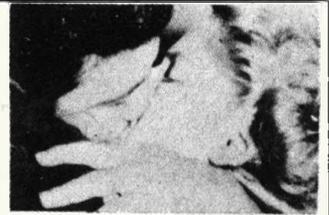
(Continued on page 54)

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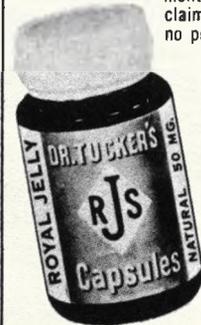
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I can pay for the guns and ammo with the rice and fruit we grow here. If I have to, I may make a deal for oil rights. But I'm trying to keep it down to a few hard-cased helpers who'll settle for an estate of a few thousand acres of rich soil and all the cheerful workers they need to show a profit. As far as the women go, well, the valley is full of women. And they're not bothered by the morals of the rest of the world; where it's okay to shoot an enemy soldier with a flame thrower, or drop an atom bomb on a city, but wrong to make love to a good looking girl.

The few men I invite in to help me hold the valley won't have trouble getting women. They can have any woman in the valley. All but the three who live in the teakwood pavillion over the falls of the river of a thousand ripples. These three brides are mine!

THE END

## THE DAY CHARLIE POPE WON 100 G's

(Continued from page 28)

that the opening race, a quarter-mile for fillies and mares, would be won by Pen Rose, a 6-year-old mare, with Laverne Fator up. The boys sought out Max Blumenthal, a clubhouse bookie and a member of the Friars who had entered into many wagering transactions with Pope. Charlie bet \$500 on Pen Rose at closing odds of 2 to 1.

Pen Rose shot to the front and stayed there as Pope's confidence increased. The mare won by herself.

Charlie's \$500 had increased to \$1,500.

The second race was a matter for study. It was a steeplechase and a puzzler even for the bookies, who couldn't decide on an outstanding choice in the field of five jumpers.

Halligan, noting that Faunus was a Cosden horse, suggested they slap the \$1,500 on him, even though he was quoted at 11 to 5. Charlie went along with Bill, although he seemed to be a little nervous. A jumping race has caused many a bettor to have a heart attack.

Faunus led the pack; then won by five lengths. Charlie Pope's \$500 had now become a respectable \$4,800.

The next race, the Rockaway Selling Stakes, Pope decided was the spot for a solid investment. The Rancocas Stable's entry was Dominique and Lord Brighton, an odds-on choice for the man who wanted to play it safe. Moreover, Earl Sande was up on Dominique.

You guessed it, Dominique, a beautiful thoroughbred, won by two lengths. Dominique's win increased the Pope wad to \$7,650. Charlie now felt he was getting really hot.

The fourth race was the Borrow Handicap, a mile and a 16th event, and a race for 3-year-olds. New York Giants owner Charlie Stoneham had Recount entered, opening at 2½ to 1. Pope took his time before he bet. He noted that Recount went up to 3 to 1 while Thimble stayed at 3 to 1. He placed \$3,000 on Thimble

after Max Blumenthal refused to take a cuff bet of several thousand more.

Thimble won by five lengths. Pope's bankroll was \$28,650. Halligan became a bit concerned at this juncture and suggested that Charlie stop his luck-teasing parlays and bet only a thousand or two on some horse at a fair price.

It was like reasoning with a man in a daze. Pope was on a pink cloud, surrounded by a gentle shower of 100-dollar bills. Gone were the depressing thoughts that had plagued him after breakfast. He felt young and gay.

The fifth race was coming up, a mile run for maidens, 3-year-olds and up. Halligan stifled his own doubts about betting big on this race and went along with Pope. Charlie wagered \$28,000 on Arnold B. at 4½ to 1. No Time at 3 to 1 and Bravo at 4 to 1 seemed worthy of consideration, Halligan thought, but he agreed on Arnold B. At post time Arnold B. was a 13 to 5 favorite. Even in getting odds Pope was fortunate in this race.

No Time led the field at the quarter. At the three-quarter mark Pope was beginning to get a chill, wondering where Arnold B. was lagging. His fears were put to rest as Fator made his move on Arnold B. In the stretch Arnold B., No Time and the outsider, Futen, were just heads apart. Then Arnold B. shot ahead, winning by one and a half lengths.

Halligan wiped his brow. After a sight of relief, he pleaded with Pope to quit for the day.

"The bookie owes you \$154,650. You can't expect to win forever," he pleaded.

Pope refused to quit, so Bill, who had agreed to take 25 per cent of the day's profits, settled for \$38,500, which Charlie assured him would not be played.

Charlie Pope, the fellow who had wanted to quit betting on horses at 10 a.m. was all set to parlay \$115,000 on the favorite in the sixth and last race. Halligan just shook his head in disbelief at what he was witnessing.

The last race was a four-and-one-half furlong sprint for 2-year-olds, no easy test for even an experienced player. It was an allowance race for the Distaff Purse. In such a short race it was imperative to pick a fast breaking sprinter.

Equinoctial, owned by the Widener Stable, opened as the favorite at 8 to 5. The second choice, Possible, at 3½ to 1, was ridden by Earl Sande. Laverne Fator, who had been up on two winners, was the jockey on a Rancocas Stable first-time starter, Edict, a 20 to 1 shot.

Pope bet on Equinoctial. A few seconds after the horses got away it was apparent that Equinoctial, a slower starter, had lost the race. Possible, with Sande up, finished first.

Halligan was sympathetic. "Too bad, Charlie," he said. "Too bad, old boy."

Pope grinned. "Forget it. You can't beat every race. But, anyway, I'm over \$100,000 ahead, friend."

"What!" exclaimed Halligan.

"Max Blumenthal would take only \$10,000 of my bet on Equinoctial. It seems my luck scared him," Charlie explained.

"So even the bookmaker made sure your good luck wouldn't desert you. Well,

let's get out of here," Bill said.

By the time they had arrived at Barney Gallant's in Greenwich Village news of Pope's lucky day had preceded him. Gallant's was the Stork or 21 Club of that era before mutual machines. It was situated on Washington Square South and it was patronized by the elite of society, stars of stage and screen, and top sports figures. Of course, Jimmy Walker, then the glamorous Mayor of New York City, was a regular customer.

Pope and Halligan had a long chat with Barney about the day at Aqueduct. This naturally called for champagne at \$25 a bottle and Scotch at \$16 a bottle in Gallant's.

After dinner Pope and Halligan climbed into the limousine and instructed the driver to wheel them up to Joe Pani's Woodmansten Inn, where the two fortunate horse players really celebrated with more champagne and some lovely ladies.

Because of that certain feeling, the aftermath of the champagne, the two boys slept at the Friars Club until noon of the following day.

While in the breakfast room at the club, Bugs Baer, the humorist for the Hearst newspapers, and other names of the newspaper and theater world looked on with pleasure and a little envy as Charlie Pope counted out his treasure of 100-dollar bills.

There have been sure-thing plungers like Arnold Rothstein and John "Bet a Million" Gates, who was said to have won \$2,000,000 by spreading his bets through agents on his horse, Royal Flush, winner at Charleston Downs, England on July 31, 1900. "Pittsburgh Phil" was another legendary winning plunger.

Yet as far as the more conservative bettor is concerned, Charlie Pope's parlaying of \$500 into more than \$100,000 can safely be described as a thrill.

Pope has since passed on to greener pastures, perhaps to a spot where favorites win at 20 to 1. Bill Halligan has long since deserted Broadway but has outlived his pal Bill Corum, the Hearst papers sports columnist and late head of Churchill Downs and the Kentucky Derby. At last reports Mr. Halligan was taking it easy in California and no doubt dreaming of the day he convinced Charlie Pope it was worthwhile visiting Aqueduct. THE END

## NEW YORK'S V-DOLL SCHOOLMARM

(Continued from page 11)

two years at Chicago's Bateman High. A fellow teacher there said: "She had a wire crossed somewhere. We begged her to see a psychiatrist, but she wouldn't do it."

Virginia had been in New York only five months when hit by the vice charge. Following her acquittal she dropped out of the spotlight, but if the public wasn't informed as to how she was getting along, the cops said they were.

Still smarting from the publicity, the plain-clothes men kept close tabs on Virgie, and when Bea was sprung pending

an appeal, the cops put them under surveillance.

The cops tailed the girls to such rendezvous points as Danny's Hideaway, a swank restaurant where patrons beefed up on raw meat before setting out on their missions. They put taps on the phones used by Bea and Virgie and on the early morning of Feb. 6 moved in.

The second raid was a honey. The vice boys, a half-dozen strong, didn't knock this time. Using a passkey provided by a co-operative super, they trooped in, and here's what they found:

Bea, wearing, the papers said, a lacy black brassiere and little else, was in the kitchen with a Scarsdale business executive, drunk. He, as the court records put it, was "partially disrobed."

A girl, a brunette, dashed from a bedroom into the living room and back again, looking toothsome in a filmy half-slip. She managed a few screams in the process.

The raiders hit pay dirt in a second bedroom. Here, the police claim, were Virgie, a redhead named Barbara Jackson, and a balding, middle-aged Texas spender.

The gent, they said, leaped up and scampered into the bathroom. Virginia, also seminude and seeming to resent the interruption, took her time about leaving Barbara's side.

Virginia finally got up, stalked into the living room, ran her hands over her pretty self and asked one and all:

"What's this all about? Can't a girl sleep in the nude if she wants to? Do you guys think I'd take money for a thing like this?"

The vice boys didn't bother to answer. They invited everybody to get dressed and within a half-hour the party had moved to the E. 67th St. station house, where the girls were booked.

When the case came to court, Virgie and Bea faced Magistrate Bushel a second time. After freeing the other girl for lack of evidence, His Honor indicated the transcribed wiretap evidence and addressed the two defendants:

"There is enough material here for forty-eight scenarios," he said, and he proceeded to read some excerpts. Most were exchanges between Bea and some Johns, but one was between the madam and her lawyer.

Virgie took the hearing in her stride but blanched when Judge Bushel sentenced her and Bea to 90 days in the workhouse.

"Think you can take it, kid?" a reporter whispered as the matron led Virgie out of the courtroom.

"I'm so sunk now," Virginia said, "nothing else really matters."

Attorney Benjamin forthwith announced he would appeal the sentences on grounds of insufficient evidence, and he asked Special Sessions Justice Edward F. Breslin to free Virgie and Bea in bail pending final disposition of their cases.

Justice Breslin was not to be hurried. He took two weeks to review the voluminous wiretap evidence and then ruled that bail was not warranted. When last heard from Virgie and Bea were still in the can, still hopeful.

In an interview with a reporter for the New York Daily Mirror, Virginia frankly answered questions about her views on sex, life and men.

When asked if she had ever had any boy friends in high school or college, Virgie answered no. The same answer went for the question of marriage. The pretty ex-schoolmarm also admitted preferring the company of women to men, saying she had found women to be more understanding and less demanding.

Asked when and under what circumstances she had had her first experience with a man, Virginia answered:

"I have never had any experience with a man and I do not intend to—unless I am married. That, I must add, perhaps ruefully, looks rather doubtful, now."

In answer to the question: "Have you ever been infatuated with a woman?" Virgie replied:

"My answer, if I can call it an answer, is simply to quote that very valid old line, 'Discretion is the better part of valor.'"

"Now, perhaps, you can understand that when I am asked, 'What meaning has life for you?' I can answer, 'Very little.'"

"I feel that society has persecuted me."

Before long Virgie will be out of jail. She hopes to go back to teaching and also to write. No doubt more will be heard from her. THE END

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# "BUSINESS" FOR A PLAYBOY

(Continued from page 35)

cash long before becoming a call girl.

Let's go back and pick up our principals at the time of that initial encounter. Pat took only a few steps in pursuit of the man who beat her. She stopped, turned, and came back to where Jelke and Davioni were standing.

"I guess I need help," she said. "I'm broke and I look like hell."

"Sure," Jelke said. "Come on across the street and we'll get you fixed up."

The three crossed Broadway to an all-night pharmacy where the druggist swabbed Pat's bruised face and split lips with antiseptic. A comb and some make-up—the torn hose was discarded—did the rest. Pat looked ladylike enough to be taken to one of New York's most famous supper clubs, and that's what Jelke and Davioni did.

Pat was 17 at the time, very pretty and taller than average. Her breasts were small and hard, her body thin, but not too much so. Her posture was good and she dressed simply and with taste.

Over the third or fourth round of drinks Pat laid her cards on the table. She'd been around, she said, and for the last couple of months had been living with the guy who beat her up.

The man wanted to kick her out of his place, she went on, because there was another girl he wanted to move in. Pat said she had refused to leave because she had no place to go. The fight resulted.

Jelke and Davioni bought the story. Later they adjourned to Jelke's apartment. Davioni had a nightcap and went home. Pat peeled off her clothes and stayed in Jelke's room. Mickey slept in the living room.

When he awoke early the next afternoon Jelke immediately noticed an unpleasant acrid odor. He traced the smell to Pat's heap of clothes. He examined them—panties, slip, dress, bra. They were very soiled.

He gathered up the lot, including the shoes, and took them to the incinerator. Then he phoned a near-by dress shop and ordered new things. When he hung up Pat was standing beside him, naked, grinning, rubbing her eyes.

"For Pete's sake, kid," he said, "go get in the tub."

Pat did. While she was bathing, Jelke got the sheets from her bed and tossed them after her clothes. When Pat came out of the bath they stayed together some more.

Mickey at this point was 22, living on an allowance of \$200 a month and what extras he could scrounge from his mother, who kept a duplex apartment on Park Ave. He was due to come into his full inheritance—the sum was put at five million—at 25.

True, he lived high. His afternoons and nights were spent at expensive bars and night clubs, but he wasn't picking up many tabs. Glib, amusing, personable, he

was a favorite with the young society girls and their call-girl sisters who frequented these places.

Well-heeled Wall Street figures, Hollywood executives and wealthy manufacturers were quick to pick up Mickey's bills, merely to get the chance to meet and perhaps date the playboy's acquaintances.

Pat began accompanying Mickey on his rounds. With no objection on his part, she began dating for cash. She did all right, getting from \$25 to \$100 for meeting a John. She continued to live at Jelke's place, sometimes dumping a wad of bills on the bureau and inviting Mickey to help himself. Sometimes he did.

Within three months of her first encounter with Jelke, Pat hit the big-time. This came about through an introduction to Erica Steel, a svelte madam whose beautiful stable commanded the highest prices in New York.

Pat and Erica met at one of Jelke's parties in his apartment. The affair was tame enough until about 11 P.M., when most of the guests went home. Then it got rough.

One of the men suggested pictures. Pat and one of Erica's girls complied. A photograph was taken and this picture, when introduced at Jelke's first trial, caused even Pat to lose composure for the only time during her hours on the stand.

Later, with reefer smoke hanging heavy and things getting noisy, Erica and her girls cleared out, fearing a visit by the cops. Another picture was asked for and this time Jelke and Pat were the principals.

Although she hadn't hung around for the grand finale, Erica had seen enough of Pat's work to admire her. She invited Pat to sign up with her elite group and Pat did. Her fees from here on were \$50 to \$200.

Despite the prosperity, Pat began getting sloppy again. She had enough underclothes but neglected to launder or even change them daily. Twice Jelke threw her into the shower.

They fought, and although Pat testified that their battles were over money, her sloppiness was the cause of each scrap. Mickey told her to get out. She refused.

Finally, after having lived with Pat for almost a year, Jelke threw her out, physically. This time she had a place to go. Erica had seen to that.

That summer the cops began to move in, not on Jelke and Davioni, but on Erica and her ring. Through wiretaps and surveillance, the police had all they needed on Erica and the other girls, Pat among them.

It would have been a routine haul except that Pat, still burning over Jelke's eviction notice, put the playboy square in the middle of the picture. The cops, amazed and incredulous, called in the D.A.

The D.A. was amazed, too, but there was almost enough to Pat's story to make a case against Jelke, and the prospect of dragging up a young millionaire on a procuring charge was an opportunity not to be overlooked.

Pat kept talking and the case got stronger. The other girls were quietly

questioned, always with a view to getting Jelke more deeply involved.

At last, in August, 1953, the trap was sprung. Jelke, by a rare piece of luck, was found with a beautiful blonde. He was hauled out, taken downtown and booked as a procurer.

At the same time Erica and her gang were brought in. Erica was arrested as a madam, the other girls as material witnesses. The D.A., in announcing his haul to the press, said that his star witness against Jelke and Davioni was a teenager identified only as Miss X. Pat was being protected.

Several days before Pat's name was disclosed Jelke's attorney said: "This is all the doing of a girl who tried to get Jelke to marry her. She is a pathological liar. The whole thing is a fabrication."

Liar or not, Pat's story held up. Jelke was found guilty, and although the verdict was thrown out on a technicality, he was convicted all over again at a second trial.

Erica Steel drew a one-year suspended sentence and Pat and all the other witnesses went scot free. Davioni, facing the same penalty and much of the same evidence as Jelke, agreed to plead guilty to one count of the indictment and take a one-year sentence.

While killing time between trials, Pat sobbed out her life story to the newspapers and took up with Manhattan's black-jacketed motorcycle set. She shackled up with one cyclist, an experience duly recounted in a book, "I Love You—I Hate You," by Emmanuel Trujillo.

Trujillo had two prides, his bike and his girls. He used one to get the other, for it was his contention that a few minutes on a vibrating motorcycle would make a girl his.

Pat and Trujillo lived together for six weeks. During this time they were intimate, according to Trujillo, many times. Like Jelke, he got sick of her sloppiness, only quicker.

It was the same old story. She wouldn't change or wash her clothes often enough. She was insatiable. All she wanted after a man's attentions was more of the same.

Beating her—Trujillo admits several beatings administered in order to get her to be neater—only aroused her more.

Pat told Trujillo a story which checks with information in police files: She ran away from her Lower East Side tenement home at 15, after pushing her mother down a flight of stairs. She was sent to Bellevue Hospital for psychopathic observation.

Released, she went home, remained a short time and took off for Greenwich Village, where she frequented hangouts by day and slept with the dykes at night. She discovered that men could be more exciting than working.

Trujillo found her vain about her figure. She refused to wear much clothes in his apartment, even when his friends were there. She spent long hours in front of his mirror.

They spent the afternoons on his bike, the nights in taverns favored by his set. When he wouldn't do all she wanted, she threw things and broke furniture. Above all, she wasn't neat.

Trujillo got rid of Pat just prior to the

second Jelke trial. Before doing so he approached Mickey's lawyers, for he was convinced; from what he knew of Pat first-hand and what she had told him about the case, that Jelke was getting worse than he deserved.

Trujillo and the lawyers hid a tape recorder under his bed. The machine picked up a long conversation between Trujillo and Pat in which she instructed him on what to say if he were called as a witness. He subsequently was called, but the tape was not permitted as evidence.

While Mickey was in jail Pat got herself married to a Greenwich Village attorney. This didn't last long (the lawyer has never uttered a word about Pat or their life together) and then Pat latched onto a Miami doctor. At last report they were separated. In her separation suit Pat told a Florida judge she was pregnant. She also had a baby girl when she was 16. The child was given out for adoption when it was born.

Jelke is married, too. Oddly, he wed the blonde girl, Sylvia Eder, who was found with him on the night of the big raid. They have a new baby.

Mickey, a chicken farmer today, certainly wasn't the good-clean-kid type, but it's said he wasn't an out-and-out procurer, either. The feeling now is that he got a tougher sentence than he really deserved. And ditto for his buddy Davioni.

THE END

## McLEOD'S CANNIBAL BRIDE

(Continued from page 30)

right. He wasn't afraid of them. Either he was mad, in which case he was probably taboo, or he had something up his sleeve, in which case it might pay to be careful until they knew him better.

The leader of the cannibal war party scowled at the white stranger. The white man scowled back. The warrior walked as close as he dared and let out a spine-chilling war whoop. The white stranger didn't move a hair. Instead he threw back his head and gave out with a ban-shee wail that raised the hair on the cannibals' heads.

The white man sneered openly at the whole pack and said: "What village belong along you?"

Sullenly the cannibal leader replied: "Me belong along Queen Manukai tribe. We going to kai-kai you chop chop!"

Ignoring the second part of the native's speech, MacLeod said: "You fellas bring me along village belong along you."

Somehow, before the native could figure out just how it had happened, the bully of the Singapore dives had turned them all around and was walking up the beach with them. As they led MacLeod back to their village they observed that this way they were saved the trouble of lugging his body to the cook fire. They were sure Queen Manukai would have the big whaler for dinner.

As he walked along MacLeod whistled a sea chanty and thought to himself: "Queen Manukai is it? Probably 90

(Continued on page 58)

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years old and fat and full of malaria and yaws to boot. But Manukai is a Polynesian name. Maybe I can get on with the old girl. The Polynesians are passionate wenches."

The village was back from the beach a way, surrounded by a log stockade. There were twenty or thirty long poles by the gate. On top of each one a human head was drying in the sun. Some of them were gleaming skulls, polished to clean ivory by the sun and the sea air. Others were of more recent vintage. They were in various stages of putrefaction. MacLeod shrugged and took a deep breath. He didn't know when he'd get another breath of fresh air. Cannibal villages are not known for their antiseptic smell.

Inside, the village was a cluster of filthy thatched hovels set on stilts in a circle around the devil-devil house. The smoke-blackened grass temple to the cannibal gods was painted dull red with clay and decorated with a frieze of cowrie shells and human bones hanging from the eaves of the veranda all the way around.

The burly seaman grounded the butt of his spear and yelled out at the top of his lungs: "Hey! Anybody home?"

Cannibal women and children peered out from the low doorways of the huts. An incredibly filthy-looking native in a devil-devil mask appeared on the veranda. And through the door of the temple stepped Queen Manukai. In spite of himself Gordon MacLeod felt his jaw drop.

Queen Manukai was a golden blonde white girl with china-blue eyes. Her skin was tanned to a golden copper glow by the tropical sun. Her sun-bleached hair hung down to her magnificent breasts. It was the only covering she wore. Aside from the scarlet hibiscus bloom in her hair, Manukai was stark naked.

Gordon MacLeod had been at sea over a year. The effect on his glandular system was shocking. His knees nearly buckled under him as the gorgeous white girl stood there looking down at him. He strode forward, gazing into her calmly appraising eyes. He saw she was free from the slightest trace of embarrassment at her nakedness. She must have been raised by the natives from infancy to be so lacking in the blushing modesty of the Victorian girls he'd met across half the globe.

The hibiscus over her left ear signified that she was unmarried, according to the flower language of the Polynesians. MacLeod smiled at the luscious girl and promised himself he'd change the position of the flower before long. He'd completely forgotten about the cannibals' promise to eat him. The only thing he was interested in right now was getting as close as possible to the lovely blonde on the veranda.

It wasn't so easy. The character in the devil-devil mask jumped in front of MacLeod and hissed at him through the filthy wooden face: "Taboo!"

The big white man grinned at him wryly. "Taboo, eh?" he sneered. "I'll bet she's taboo! You figure to keep it all to yourself, eh?" He looked at the wizened figure of the witch doctor and shuddered. The scrawny native was the color

of old brown leather. His body was obscenely naked except for stripes of white clay and oohre daubed on in a clumsy pattern. His arms were stained to the elbows in grease and dried blood. He smelled like a deceased vulture.

MacLeod swallowed the salty taste in his throat and fervently hoped the white queen of the Fiji cannibals was off-limits to her witch doctor too.

The pack of hungry cannibals stood around MacLeod and anxiously awaited for the signal to begin the *kat-kai*. They held their spears ready for the moment Queen Manukai should decide it was time for the white man to die. The signal didn't come. The Queen shouted something to the warriors. They grumbled and the witch doctor tried to give her an argument. MacLeod started forward as the skinny old native raised his rattle and shook it at the white girl. She didn't need MacLeod's help. With a backhanded swipe of her dainty hand, Manukai belted the witch doctor across the chest and sent him flying backward off the veranda of the devil-devil house. His mask, and most of his dignity, came off in the fall.

Manukai turned regally and walked back into the devil-devil house. MacLeod whistled soundlessly. She looked just as good walking away as she had from the front. He wanted to mount those stairs so bad he could taste it. But the three husky natives who stood in the doorway of the Queen's apartment didn't look like they'd go for the idea.

The big sailor saw the natives were ignoring him. Whatever Manukai had said, it didn't include killing him right away. He walked across the clearing to an empty hut, shrugged and went in and lay on the mat. He was exhausted by his fight to get ashore in the long-boat. Since they weren't going to do anything right away, he figured this was as good a time as any to get some sleep.

MacLeod awoke to the throb of native drums. For a few minutes he lay there in the dark hut and wondered where he was. Then he went outside and found the natives were gathered at the luau pit. They were eating something they'd cooked in green banana leaves on the hot stones. MacLeod didn't ask what it was. He didn't ask to be invited. He grabbed one of the natives by the top-knot and pulled him away from the fire. Then he calmly stepped over the sullen cannibal and took his place. He snapped his fingers and finally was given a steaming green roll of banana with what tasted like roast pork inside. MacLeod had a strong stomach and a limited imagination. Besides, he was as hungry as a bitch wolf in mating season.

After the meal the fun and games began. The tempo of the drums increased and the natives started to dance in the orange glow of the luau fire. MacLeod helped himself to another portion of the greasy red meat. He noted the bones seemed unusually long and heavy for those of a pig. But the only thing that bothered him was the lack of salt.

Suddenly he noticed a golden figure among the writhing dusky forms in the firelight and threw the thigh bone aside.

Manukai had dressed for the occasion. In a knee-length skirt of panduras leaves, she stepped back and forth, her proud feet beating out a savage rhythm on the packed earth. Her hands fluttered back and forth across her swaying breasts in the sign language of the hula.

MacLeod couldn't read the signs her hands made, but he caught the bedroom glance of her blue eyes clear across the clearing. Grinning, he wiped the grease off his hands on his faded cotton trousers and stood up.

The whaler had seen the hula a few times. He'd never bothered to learn it in the Sandwich Islands where the *Esmaralda* hunted sperm. All he knew was the natives shook their hips at each other for a while until they got tired of it and dragged one another off into the bush. MacLeod wasn't exactly graceful on his feet. But with brutal jabs of the knees and elbows he bulldozed his way to Manukai and danced by her side in the firelight.

Manukai seemed pleased. Her high priest and bodyguards didn't. The skinny witch doctor stepped between them and shouted: "Taboo!" MacLeod swore in English and threw him bodily into the fire pit. The witch doctor scrambled up out of the luau with third-degree burns and an intense dislike for MacLeod. He pointed a scorched scrawny finger at the white interloper and barked out something. MacLeod didn't know what he was saying but he got the gist of it when the three muscle men he'd seen at the devil-house closed in.

The first warrior to rush MacLeod went down as his head snapped back from the first right cross ever seen in the Fiji Islands. MacLeod kicked him in the temple and stretched him out full-length on the ground. The warrior never got up again.

There was an angry roar from the tribe. The white queen held up her arms and shouted at them. All but the two temple guards stopped closing in. MacLeod looked at Manukai and grinned. The white girl stood with her hands behind her, gazing at him in frank appraisal. Suddenly he understood who the three handsome warriors were. They were Manukai's male harem as well as her bodyguards. This was no shrinking violet. Though her skin was white, she was a cannibal, with the morals and ethics of a cannibal. She'd given him a chance to fight her lovers fair and square. If he were good enough to beat them he knew what the prize would be.

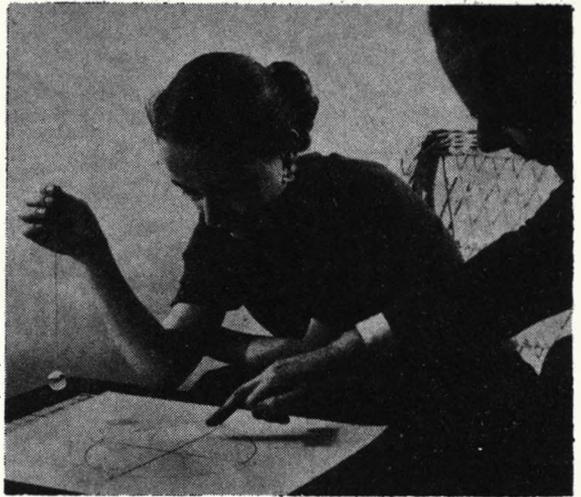
MacLeod balled up the iron fists that had made men fear him from Frisco to Hong Kong. The poor cannibals never had a chance.

They were game. They had a lot to lose. Even after the big harpooner sent one to the ground with a broken jaw, the other tried to spear him. He side-stepped the spear and drove his hard right fist into the native's guts. The warrior doubled over in pain and MacLeod drop-kicked his head nearly off his shoulders. He knew before the cannibal hit the ground that the man's neck was broken. MacLeod turned to the other,

(Continued on page 60)

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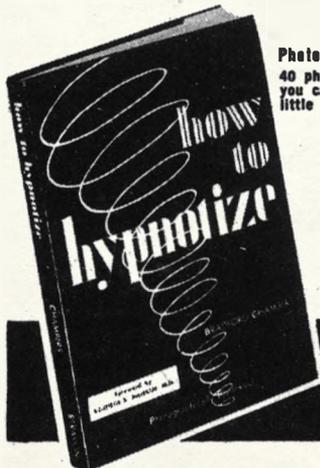
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Write me, Alice T.

writing on the ground with a broken jaw. He jumped high in the firelight and came down with both heels on the warrior's face. The man's skull was crushed like an overripe melon.

MacLeod stood over the bloody corpse with his hands on his hips and dared the rest of the tribe to fight. If they understood him there were no takers. He looked at Queen Manukai. The blonde cannibal girl cast an admiring glance at him and walked away. Before she'd gone a half-dozen steps, MacLeod was behind her. She turned and smiled. The big whaler ripped her grass skirt off with one brutal motion of his big hand. He swept up his naked prize in his brawny arms and carried her away from the devil-devil house and the stench of the cannibal village. He carried her into the clean moonlight along the wave-washed coral beach. Nobody tried to stop him; least of all, Manukai.

Gordon MacLeod never learned who his white bride was or how she'd gotten to the island. Manukai couldn't remember ever being anything but a cannibal child in a Melanesian village. Her name, Sea Bird in Polynesian, was a tantalizing clue. But how she happened to have a Polynesian name and what it meant remained a mystery forever.

She'd grown up among the cannibals of Fiji. Her golden hair and pale skin had attracted the notice of the devil-devil priest and resulted in her being made a sort of high priestess. Shrewd maneuvering and the judicious use of sex and village politics had made her the queen of the blood-thirsty tribe after a series of intrigues and murders that would have put Lucretia Borgia to shame.

Gordon MacLeod, as brutal and tough as any man she'd ever known, won her savage heart. When they returned to the village, after a week-long honeymoon in the jungle, the cannibals had a new king as well as a queen.

MacLeod ruled wisely and well with his hot-blooded wife. He taught her English and made her wear a sarong when other white men visited the island. There were many after the word got around that MacLeod had convinced the Fijis it was easier to trade with white men for food, calico and tobacco than it was to fight with them for a few scraps of meat. The tribe gave up their bloody activities and took to raising copra.

The many descendants of King Gordon and Queen Manukai still startle visitors to the island with their white skin and sandy hair. The MacLeod clan became leading traders in the Fijis and it would surprise some of them to know that their great-grandmother was a cannibal.

THE END

## AND SUDDEN MURDER

(Continued from page 33)

Just before the battle each tusker was given a shot of heated wine, spiced with the hottest Oriental peppers. And every beast was trained to batter, ram and crush with his mammoth head. To kick, trounce

and crush. To gore with tipped tusks, to toss, strangle and beat with his trunk.

Come with me out to my line-up of bulls. Here a network of chains keeps all fourteen of my herd securely tethered, side by side. Here you'll find a 100,000 pounds of muscular power, courage, intelligence, and potential danger. Marvel with me at the anatomy of an elephant, towering eight to ten feet in height (always twice the circumference of the right front foot). Wonder at death-dealing feet that kick in any direction; feet tough enough to walk through a grass fire, but sensitive to any tiny object underfoot! At an unbelievably handy trunk equipped with 40,000 muscles. Inside the cavernous body are ballooning lungs; a twenty-eight-pound heart with animal-  
dom's slowest beat, 40 per minute; even eleven pounds of inside testicles, making castration of a mean male almost impossible. The elephant also has a brain with more convolutions than any living thing except man.

Before we come alongside to inspect this first big male, notice how I warn him of my approach, always on his left, by singing out his name. If surprised, he might lay me out with a trunk blow. Never trust a bull too far, no matter how well you know him. Too many men have died doing it.

"Rajah! Steady boy!"

Notice how I keep that trunk in front of me, where I can use my bull hook (a short hooked staff) in case the old boy decides to grab a wrist or ankle and whip my body through the air like a slingshot, or suddenly wrap his trunk around my neck in a cobra strangle.

"Up foot. Rajah!"

See him stall, faking absent-mindedness?

"Up foot!"

Now he stirs lazily. This is the last call.

"Rajah! Up foot!"

No response? I take my bull hook and bring it smartly down on his huge toes.

"Up foot!"

His trunk curls menacingly. But his foot lifts promptly and properly so that I can inspect underneath that great pad.

"Down foot, Rajah."

I chastized him because every successful (and living) bull man must follow the philosophy of a prison warden—he must be feared, but he must also earn the respect of his wards by absolute fairness.

Now the eyes. Never move anything quickly before them, if you want to live. Rajah's are large, clear, intelligent. Small, beady, cloudy eyes, say Burma's famed *singoungs*, spell treachery.

Next, a most important inspection. The musth gland. See it here, near the ear? It's caused more trouble, cost more human lives, killed more elephants than anything else. Whole Oriental communities quake when, each year for some forty days, this sticky, smelly musth gland flows. It means a male is in his breeding season. He'll fight almost anything to death, in his native jungle or the circus lot. He'll drive his tusks between the hind legs of another male, seeking to rupture his testicles. He'll batter,

bruise, even kill, any female who resists his clumsy, powerful and relentless love-making. (Females more mildly seek a sweetheart every twenty-two months.)

See Rajah's big tusks? Nice forward curves. If they flared outward, it would mean trouble.

I'll chuck his lower lip. He likes that. Watch him open his huge mouth, big enough to "nutcracker" a man.

"Good boy, Rajah. We're through." We'll reward him with "elephant candy"—juicy, fresh carrots.

Want to hear some true hair-raisers while I check the rest of the bulls?

Well, eighteen years ago I left my Canadian home for a carnival's elephant act in the States. I was fresh and eager. My Dad, a land agent, wasn't too sold on the dangerous trade, but he was nice about it.

To pound home to a daring youth that all elephants, no matter what their background and history, are potentially dangerous because they'll fake docility for months until you become soft and careless, I was often told this true circus classic:

Back when circuses traveled by wagon, Columbus, a huge and apparently safe bull, was being shepherded by a beginning keeper on horseback at the rear of the wagon train. Just as they entered a Louisiana town, Columbus suddenly pounced on his keeper. With one mighty trunk blow he blackjacked the man to earth. Once flattened, Columbus beat out his life by trampling. Then Columbus jumped the maddened horse and caved in his ribs.

Now Columbus started down the row of wagons. Caged and dangerous animals paced inside. Fortunately, the cage he chose to smash to smithereens held harmless llamas.

Now trumpeting his anger, he dashed for a Negro mule skinner. The man screamed, abandoned the mules, and fled to a concealing fence.

Columbus hesitated. He decided to be thorough, so he seized the mules one by one and tore them apart. Then he started hunting down the driver. He spotted him quickly. Blowing off his wrath, he uprooted the fence and seized the man. He flailed him repeatedly to the ground, then tromped him to death.

Now Columbus headed for town. He roared through the streets as fear-crazed townspeople ran for cover. He bulldozed through fences and hedges and seized and killed several horses, cows and mules.

The rampaging beast was finally stopped by three bullets from a brave bull man's rifle. But even that didn't kill him. He just wore the wounds as battle scars for life.

Elephants, I was warned, devise revengeful acts no other animal is capable of.

To illustrate this, I was told of Emperor, who bolted off an unloading ramp and headed for the town's foundry. He crashed the door, to be confronted by a trough of molten metal. His three tons of weight had built up so much momentum that Emperor piled himself right into the

(Continued on page 62)



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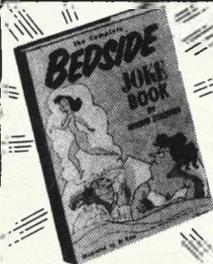
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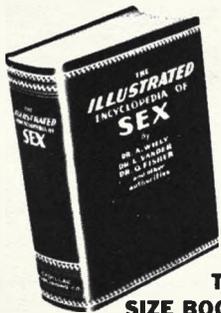
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fery bath.

Squealing and bleating with pain, he staggered out and seized the closest man (who, he was sure, had devised this torture). He whiplashed him off his feet, smashed him against the concrete floor, and shattered both his legs. Then he heaved the unfortunate man through a big plate-glass window.

An angered elephant's sense of macabre mischief equals any hoodlum's. Bulls have pitched keepers into property chests, then submerged them under creek water until they drowned. They've ripped off house porches, upset chicken houses, smashed cottage walls, snapped light poles and ripped up wiring, overturned box cars, yanked garage doors off hinges and pushed the car through the opposite wall, uprooted tree, with their trunks, bowled over statues in public squares, and torn clothes off women.

Sometimes they delight in scaring the devil out of a man without harming him.

Now how would you like to envision yourself as an apprentice learning a fundamental operation, that of moving herd elephants afoot from point to point? And while you're at it, think of an eventuality that can happen to any good bull man—a stampee.

**YOU'RE** with me now in 1946 as we handle fourteen elephants, tail to trunk, across Iowa. Every inch of the way we pray there'll be no curious dog barking, no auto backfire, no loud traffic noises. Often bulls will seize any excuse to break and run.

Everything is going peacefully. Now we're at the edge of town, near a field.

Watch it! Here that growl and bark? Here he comes charging! A snarling, barking dog.

Up goes the trunk of Big Mac, my lead bull. He tilts his tusks upward. This means "charge!" He blasts out a challenge that chills you. With a powerful yank he rips free of my bull hook. Instantly every bull in line breaks formation.

With a mighty lunge Big Mac is off and running. Others squeal their excitement, lash their trunks, and join the runaway. God save the spectators!

I yell for you to run back to the circus for help. I'll give chase to keep the bulls in sight. Fortunately a passing motorist, glad to leave these parts, gives you a ride.

You come back with reinforcements—truckloads of circus help, pike poles, chains, hawsers, guns. The round-up is on.

I get near enough to Big Mac to shout commands, threaten, cajole and even bribe with treats. Finally he turns, swings out his huge ears, and starts dog-trotting right toward me. Is it love—or hate? As a bull man I've got to take that chance. I just pray—for myself, my wife, our two youngsters.

He comes up grumbling. With my bull hook I reach out for his trunk. He whirls cannily. I miss. He tries sideswiping me. I dodge. I reach again and hook a hind leg.

Immediately Big Mac stops dead, full of docility. To him the touch of a bull

hook spells authority. A few minutes later his leg is chained to two trucks, spread apart.

With their leader in chains other bulls sense the party is over. Mumbling and grumbling, their bluff met with pike poles, they're rounded up.

If you're visiting a tent show during gale-like winds, stay away from the menagerie tent. In Nebraska in 1952 someone misjudged the strength of our baby elephants. They yanked free of their picket chains when canvas began popping and stamped across to their truck.

On the way they smashed through a tent wall, crashed poles, men and power lines. Squealing and bleating their terror, they galloped through the midway, scattering baby carriages, popcorn vendors, side-show spielers and hand-holding lovers. Fortunately their truck door was open. Otherwise they would have rummaged through every open door, possibly trampling several people.

Like any other understudy, sometimes the assistant elephant man gets experience by taking over. My assistant, Roy, hadn't noticed that two big bulls were enjoying grudging activity on the picket line. In such cases you avoid positioning them together during a performance.

All went well with the act. I stood by outside to lead the bulls back to picket. Then Roy, in maneuvering, placed the two meanies next to each other. It was just briefly, accidentally.

In that moment pandemonium broke loose. They began roaring and rearing and beating each other with trunks. Bravely Roy fought for control. But, riled up by the unrehearsed fight, the rest of the herd suddenly broke out of the ring and headed for the entrance, where the flap was temporarily lowered.

Confused, they ripped off the canvas. Then, still confused, they grumbled and trumpeted their displeasure and began circling the outside of the big top.

I came running across the lot, just in time to be bashed down. I almost fainted as the entire herd, like leapingfrog tanks, hurdled over my body without turning a hair! (It must be a world's record.)

Round and round the tent went the beasts. Ripping down men, hashing in poles, upsetting equipment. Panicky crowds poured out as the great tent began to sag.

I'm sorry to say that before we got the brutes under control, several circus-goers were severely injured in this southern town.

But don't let this story get you down on circus elephants. Actually mishaps are so rare that going to the circus is safer than driving your car down the highway.

Well, here we've come to Eva, the last bull on the picket line. A quick look-see and I'm through.

"Eva! Now put that trunk down! If you want to beg my cigarettes, I'll hand 'em to you. But don't try playing the pickpocket with that world's longest nose. You might get ideas.

"I love you, my big one, like I do the rest of my bulls. But I'm here to enjoy life because I trust no elephant any further than I can throw you by your tail!"

THE END

# CHIVINGTON'S BRUTAL INDIAN MASSACRE

(Continued from page 23)

They wanted to "kill Injuns," especially Cheyennes, against whom they had been incited to a murderous frenzy by their kill-crazy colonel, who knew Black Kettle was not hostile.

Major Anthony reminded Chivington of this as the column moved on.

The psychopathic ex-preacher purpled angrily. "They're all of one breed!" he snarled. "Spawn of the devil! Murdering heathens! It's my Christian duty to exterminate them, young and old!"

"Not women and children!" exploded Major Anthony, shocked by the outburst. "My God, man, it's inhuman!"

Chivington's eyes flashed. "That's enough, Major! I command here. I say nits make lice. Kill the nits and there'll be no lice."

Major Anthony choked back a sharp retort. Regarding the arrogant fanatic with undisguised loathing, his shoulders sagged in weary resignation.

John Milton Chivington was an ordained Methodist minister who saw evil in everyone but himself. He was also a homicidal maniac.

Like mealy-mouthed Cotton Mather, the sanctimonious witch-burner of Salem, Chivington's cloak of righteousness covered a vicious sadistic nature. But where Mather only incited the slaughter of 600 harmless Pequot Indians in Connecticut, Chivington commanded the force which treacherously fell upon Colorado's unoffending Southern Cheyennes.

General Nelson A. Miles, in his "Personal Recollections," called it: "... the foulest and most unjustifiable crime in the annals of America."

General William T. Sherman, whose horrified investigating committee exposed Chivington's butchery, said: "... it is without parallel in the annals of savagery and barbarity."

The earthy comments of men like Kit Carson aren't printable.

True, these Indians had been hostile. Cheyenne, Arapaho, Kiowa and Comanche warriors had fiercely resisted white encroachment into their ancestral hunting grounds. Fiendish attacks on homesteads, wagon trains and settlements around Denver in '63 and '64 had taken 239 lives. Enraged Coloradans—who had seen arrow-studded bodies black-bloated beside trails, found violated women spread-eagled near the charred debris of cabins, and fished mutilated children from wells—demanded drastic retaliation.

Territorial Governor Evans wired the War Department for more troops. The terse reply read: "We are fighting a war. Settle your Indian trouble yourselves." Evans immediately formed a 100-day militia regiment, with his constituent, Chivington, as colonel.

A 260-pound brute whose sole attribute

was a persuasive bass voice, Chivington was born on January 27, 1821, in Lebanon, Ohio. He preached about the Goshen Circuit until he moved to St. Joseph, Missouri in 1848. There he incurred the people's wrath by mixing anti-slavery tirades with fire-and-brimstone sermons. In 1865 he fled—one jump ahead of a lynch mob.

A powerful, cruel-faced, pugnacious man, who augmented a parson's meager income by working a forge, he now forsook words to "smite down his enemies" physically. There is evidence to show he joined one of the many guerrilla bands roaming the Missouri hill country. All these bands were lawless bushwhackers, who kept the Kansas-Missouri border aflame with the bitter hatred aroused in 1850 by fanatical "Osawatomie" John Brown. Among them were cutthroats like the James boys and Quantrill, the Younger clan, Coffee, and "Bloody Bill" Anderson. They were fit companions for Chivington, whose cruel lust to maim and kill would incite the plains tribes to many blood-splashed years of vengeful warfare.

Why he turned from killing to again take a pulpit remains a mystery. But in 1859 he showed up in Omaha—a presiding Elder, no less. Again his caustic bigotry proved obnoxious, and 1861 found him preaching in Denver.

A brace of loaded .44 Colts beside the Good Book, he stomped about like a huge, shaggy beast snorting damnation gospel.

"Sinners!" he scorned his spellbound flock. "Satan's foul henchmen lusting for worldly goals! Lilith's sisters with painted faces and fancy bonnets! Repent! Repent—ere I step down and smite you to your knees!"

On occasion he did exactly that. Yet many never missed a sermon in those early war days. As William Gilpin, then governor, put it: "Violent times make violent men—even men of God."

Came August 1861. Confederate General Henry H. Sibley held all New Mexico in bondage with 5000 fighting Texans. Ordered to drive Sibley out, General E. R. S. Canby told Governor Gilpin to recruit the First Colorado Infantry. The governor offered its chaplaincy to Preacher Chivington.

"No!" roared the giant, slapping his .44's. "I'm a man who puts Secesh killing before saving souls. If I go—I go shooting!"

Gilpin made him a major. When the regiment left Camp Weld for New Mexico on February 2, 1862, he had become a killer again.

Official records show he slew without mercy, scorning the chivalry of the era. Using his guerrilla lore at Val Verde on February 21, he dry-gulched bands of Sibley stragglers, killing 600. At Fort Craig nine days later he denied quarters to Colonel Surry's wounded cavalymen. In Appache Canyon, March 26, he forced 97 Confederate prisoners over a sheer bluff.

He mocked Colonel John P. Slough's tactics and accused brother officers of cowardice. Resultant court-martial charges called him: "... a crazy preacher who believes he is Napoleon."

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In some mysterious way the charge  
sheets of this court-martial were "lost."  
When Colonel Slough angrily resigned,  
Chivington commanded Fort Craig until  
sent home in July.

Having laid aside the Bible for good,  
he led a small guerrilla unit which har-  
assed rampaging war parties throughout  
1863. He solved nothing. In the spring  
of '64 no mail stages or freighters were  
running, flour was \$50 a sack in Denver,  
and Denverites were afraid to venture  
beyond the Blake Street stockade. The  
terrible Hungate Massacre of June 15,  
just east of Denver, was the final straw.  
Governor Evans got his authority to ac-  
tivate the Third Colorado Infantry. Chiv-  
ington was to command.

General S. R. Curtis, Department Com-  
mander, wired from Leavenworth: "Pun-  
ish all recalcitrant chiefs, mainly Black  
Kettle and Left Hand."

But regiments aren't organized over-  
night and the weeks slipped by. Then  
in August Black Kettle decided to bury  
the hatchet. On September 15 he released  
his five white hostages to Indian Agent  
Colley and Major Wynkoop at Fort Lyon.  
All were in fine health. At Major Wyn-  
koop's request five Cheyenne chiefs vol-  
untarily came in.

Sincere in his desire to have Washing-  
ton make a treaty, Major Wynkoop took  
the chiefs and released captives to Den-  
ver. He got nowhere. Cursed as an In-  
jun lover he returned to Fort Lyon, where  
Black Kettle's people were enjoying gov-  
ernment rations. He gave his word they  
would still have justice. But suddenly  
local influences had him transferred. Be-  
fore leaving he held council with Black  
Kettle, Agent Colley and Major Anthony,  
his successor. As a result of this meet-  
ing, the Cheyennes departed for Sand  
Creek. Major Anthony's patrols rode un-  
molested.

Then Chivington descended on Fort  
Lyon and arbitrarily took over.

His lust to kill defied even Injun savvy.  
Fort Lyon's gentry in buckskin made it  
clear why attacking Black Kettle was  
taboo. Old Jim Beckwourth, the mulatto  
mountain man once a Crow chief, minced  
no words.

"Yore loco as a pisened she-wolf!  
Them's treaty Shy-annies! What yore  
cookin' up c'd set off th' bloodiest gol-  
dang Injun war ever."

"Poppycock!" Chivington snorted de-  
risively. "The many curs will fear my  
wrath forever afterward!"

His bluster didn't awe Beckwourth or  
Charlie Bent. The half-Cheyenne son of  
Col. William Bent, fabulous Bent's Fort  
trader, bluntly refused to guide troops  
against his mother's tribe. Only after Ma-  
jor Anthony confided he hoped to sway  
Chivington did Bent agree.

Persuading Jack Smith was much eas-  
ier; he had no well-known father. Encoun-  
tered near the fort, Smith denied  
knowing the village's location. Chiving-  
ton touched his saber hilt suggestively,  
his eyes cold as a rattler's. "Don't fool  
with me, breed!" he rasped harshly. "You  
take me to it fast as you can, or I'll  
slice you up alive for coyote bait!"

The distant ridges slowly lifted from  
the night as the dejected youths led the

column over a hogback, and the village  
sprawled before them.

Comprising some one hundred skin  
lodges, it stretched along Sandy Creek's  
east bank in the Big Bend, where it  
swings southeastward to the Arkansas.  
Dry but for icy rivulets, the creek bed  
here was about 500 feet wide, and its  
low banks were barren of timber. The  
sixteen-pole Cheyenne tipis stood in  
family circles, and beside Black Kettle's  
lodges fluttered an American flag, the treaty  
tribe symbol. Farthest downstream were  
Left Hand's ten lodges of visiting Arapa-  
hoes. On the west bank grazed large  
pony herds, unattended.

In this set-up, wide open to sneak  
attack, drowsed 600 gullible souls, trust-  
ing the white man's word. Of them only  
200 were warriors.

Below the ghostly white Arapaho  
lodges, Chivington deployed his men  
northeast to draw a half noose about the  
village. But Major Anthony perversely  
sent Captain Wilson's H Company west,  
to capture the ponies. Chivington was  
furious. Spurring back, he made sure  
Captain Soule's company crossed the creek  
with the howitzers. As Captain Soule  
halted on a knoll, some squaws were  
kindling morning cook fires.

His face an unholly mask, Chivington  
drew his saber. "Char-r-r-ge!"

The dawn ripped alive with a blood  
howl and the earth throbbled with a  
thunderous rush. Like a tumultuous blue  
sea the Coloradans surged down to en-  
gulf the doomed village.

"Uncle John" Smith, an Indian Bureau  
interpreter, dived outside when lead rip-  
ped his tipi. As he hauled on his buck-  
skins he was jostled by shrieking women  
begging him to stop the attack. Over  
their heads he saw Captain Hal Sayre's  
yelling company spur past the Arapaho  
lodges.

Well-known to the Denverites, the old  
plainsman ran out waving his arms. Blind-  
ed by blood lust they came on, shooting  
at anything that moved. A ball raked  
his arm as he dived into a brush pile.  
Near by crouched a nude, whimpering  
young woman. A rider, swerving his  
mount, swung his saber. Her head burst  
like a melon, drenching Smith with sticky  
black blood.

Cowering horrified, he saw tipis burst  
into flame as screeching Indians spilled  
out. Some milled in panic, dumbfounded  
by the unwarranted assault. Others fired  
desperately from door slits. A few leaped,  
unarmed, to drag down slashing,  
shooting soldiers.

No Indian was spared, regardless of  
sex. The sexes were easy enough to de-  
tect since the Indians slept in the raw  
and few had had time to dress. But Chiv-  
ington's order was: "Kill 'em all!" and  
the militiamen showed no mercy.

They followed the gigantic colonel like  
men under the influence of a drug. Even  
mothers holding babes were killed as they  
ran to surrender. Corporal Miksch of  
Captain Soule's company testified later  
that he saw Lieutenant Richmond brain  
two naked girls and Third Regiment in-  
fantrymen bayonet toddling children.  
Lieutenant Olney, First Cavalry, said  
Lieutenant Richmond shot and scalped

eight women and children Olney himself had hidden near the pony herds. And a boy trumpeter saw Little Bear's sister shot by a militia sergeant, who cut off her breasts before scalping her. None were spared. Chivington even broke his word and shot Jack Smith in cold blood. Had young Bent not stuck close to Major Anthony, he might have died too.

Old John Smith finally reached Chivington's side unscathed. "Uncle John!" exclaimed Chivington. "Here, catch hold of my stirrup!" And, incongruously, the butcher took time out to lead him to safety.

Sunrise, slicing blood-red through the smoke haze shrouding the tipis, saw the slaughter unabated.

As he drove the baffled warriors back over the creek, Black Kettle ran up a white flag beneath his Stars and Stripes. Standing there unafraid with his wife and old White Antelope, the chief howled at his people to stop fighting back, that the attack had been a mistake.

Captain Wilson withdrew to the north-west bank. He had been engaged for "about ten minutes," says his official report, "with but one casualty."

The pitiless onslaught drove the redmen upstream, where many eluded pursuers in the sand hills. About ninety-five braves armed with lances, bows and trade rifles took cover with many women and children under a cutbank. With knives and bleeding fingers they dug in for a desperate last-ditch stand. Outnumbered, naked and cold, they sang their mournful Cheyenne death chant: "Nothing lives long except the earth and the mountains."

Realizing the attack was no mistake, Black Kettle dashed with his wife to join them. Carbines spanged viciously and the woman plunged to the creek bed. Amid whining bullets Black Kettle turned her over—then sped on to miraculously reach the dunes. In 1868, on the Washita River, death overtook him during a similar sneak attack made by General Custer.

White Antelope refused to flee. Proudly erect, his white hair blowing about his stoic, wrinkled face, the Cheyenne patriarch stood with arms folded across his scarlet blanket until a slug slammed into his heart.

Chivington lost six men trying to rout the Cheyennes trapped under the cutbank. Moving back, he signaled the howitzers to blast them out.

Not one shot was fired.

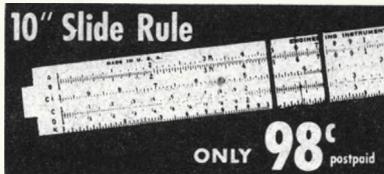
Fury suffusing his bearded face, he galloped to the emplacement. The guns were unmanned. Merciful Captain Soule, whose company had taken no part in the carnage, resolutely intended to keep Cheyenne deaths down. Chivington's eyes bulged insanely in their sockets, said observers, as he roared for Captain Soule to obey orders or face a court-martial.

Captain Soule spat contemptuously. "Court-martial, hell!" he sneered. "If any court convenes, it will be to try you for wanton, calculated murder."

About then Major Anthony rode up and took over.

For four hellish hours a deadly rain of canister and slugs deluged the defense pits, but the Cheyennes held on. They

(Continued on page 68)



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held and fought back with a stubborn  
courage that wrung admiring curses even  
from some Coloradans. Says Major An-  
thony's report to General Curtis: "Never  
in my entire army career did I see such  
bravery displayed by any foe, red or  
white."

Around midday the frustrated Colorad-  
ans gave up in sheer disgust and with-  
drew to sack the fire-gutted village.  
Crouched in their bloody pits the suf-  
fering Indians waited, gagged by clotted  
black smoke and the stench of roasting  
human flesh. Finally the sporadic firing  
ceased. Warily the survivors slipped  
away, carrying their wounded, and fled  
north to safety.

"Uncle John" Smith (whose account of  
Sand Creek Massacre is accepted by un-  
biased historians) said that when Chiv-  
ington took him around to identify dead  
chiefs, he counted 73 shattered bodies  
under the cutbank, mostly women and  
children. Many more were strewn along  
the creek bed and in the village, or  
lumped grisly-black in tipi ashes. Just  
how many died was never known. He  
guessed 300, only 75 being warrior-age  
males. Others estimated 150 to an im-  
possible 800. Chivington gloated: "We sent  
500 heathens to hell."

Of 51 Arapahoes, only Chief Left Hand  
and three warriors survived. Chivington's  
casualties were 17 dead and 33 wounded.

Prominent chiefs slain included White  
Antelope, Yellow Shield, Bull Bear, Spot-  
ted Crow, One Eye, Standing Water,  
Neva, and War Bonnet.

Most of the corpses were mutilated  
beyond recognition, for the sadistic mil-  
itia, ignoring insults hurled by Major An-  
thony's men, slashed and chopped up the  
dead with a ferocity unequalled by any  
savage. Bloody hands even ripped tiny  
scalps from infants. One hundred such  
grisly trophies and four terrified Chey-  
enne children were triumphantly taken  
to Denver and displayed between the  
acts in a leading theater.

Most Coloradans and a naive East called  
Chivington and his militia heroes who  
had bravely ended hostilities in Colora-  
do. But wise men like Jim Bridger, Kit  
Carson and Beckworth grimly oiled  
their rifles, predicting the wanton mas-  
sacre would arouse every tribe to ter-  
rible reprisal.

Chivington's group scoffed. Five weeks  
passed. On January 7, 1865, 1500 re-  
vengeful Cheyennes, Arapahoes and Sioux  
swarmed from sand hills on the South  
Platte River to practically wipe out a  
cavalry garrison. Waving dripping scalps,  
the feathered horde swept eastward a mile  
to plunder and burn the settlement of  
Julesburg. All scoffing abruptly ceased.

A full account of the red man's ven-  
geance for Sand Creek—and later white  
atrocities—has filled many volumes. From  
Texas to the Dakotas the countryside re-  
sounded to the ominous war whoop and  
scalp dance. The tragic finale came on  
June 25, 1876 on the gory banks of  
the Little Big Horn. Afterward, gradu-  
ally, came the peace Chivington had  
prevented.

But long before then the brutal ex-  
preacher began to have his troubles.

The day Julesburg ran red the Missouri

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*Intelligencer* published an angry letter from Indian Agent Colley. It seems Mr. Colley and the Army had sent the Cheyennes to Sand Creek as government wards. There, as was planned, Black Kettle had smoked the pipe with chiefs who were still hostile and won promises to seek peace. Chivington's barbarity had fouled it up.

Public opinion quickly changed. Edwin McMasters Stanton, Secretary of War, ordered Chivington brought before a Court of Inquiry. But Army justice could not touch him; he'd been mustered out with his killer crew.

Nevertheless, at the demand of irate citizens a Senate Military Commission and House Committee on Wartime Conduct both took him to task.

Testimony of eyewitnesses like young Bent, "Uncle John" Smith, and Fort Lyon personnel left no doubt as to his guilt. Infuriated, Colonel Bent and other traders of good reputation demanded fast frontier justice at a rope's end. Everyone now knew the vile massacre had undone years spent winning the Indians' trust. But Chivington only glared brazenly and denied it all.

Governor Evans and three junior officers were his defense witnesses. Evans called him a Christian gentleman being crucified by jealous enemies, a hero of Val Verde worthy of national acclaim, a kindly if stern officer. He had attacked "only after tricky hostiles fired as he sought to parley."

These witnesses left the Commissioners cold.

They knew Governor Evans had given Chivington the command despite his record to nuzzle Colonel S. F. Tappan, Denver publisher and their political foe. Also, in July, 1864, Governor Evans had commented what occurred by proclaiming: "Every Colorado citizen is authorized to pursue and kill Indians wherever found."

Richens L. Wooten, one of the junior officers, said: "It was necessary to punish all Indians, so Colonel Chivington chose the closest tribe. It was no massacre. He gave strict orders not to fire first. Two men were shot before he struck back. The Cheyennes were waiting in trenches along the creek bank. All absurd massacre tales come from Easterners, who don't know the facts."

Captain Sayre snorted: "The Third Regiment's conduct at Sand Creek was justified. Sure, we killed many Indians. But they were hostile dogs posing as treaty Indians while they butchered honest folks. If our boys were overzealous, so what? The red devils needed a damned good lesson."

The Commission wasn't impressed. No trenches were visible at Sand Creek—but they had seen photographs of those 100 grisly scalps! It was quite evident that Captain Sayre and others were also washing blood from their own hands.

Their report mentions "dastardly conduct" and "disgracing the Army uniform" and other things not exactly descriptive of a "Christian gentleman." But scathing censure was Chivington's only official punishment.

He moved East, but the Sand Creek horror clung like a foul stench. Return-

ing to Denver, he was virtually shunned until his death in 1894.

Some have since tried to paint him "a fearless pioneer whose career was ruined by vicious lies." But who can ignore those damning scalps? THE END

## APHRODISIAC WIND

(Continued from page 40)

100 m.p.h. and raise the winter temperature from 5° below to 54° above zero within a matter of hours. Although during this peak it strikes devastation on all sides, tearing the roofs off houses, flattening crops and uprooting forests, its destructive force is accepted philosophically as an uncontrollable element in nature, like floods or hurricanes.

Not so its baffling effect each year on the health and emotional well-being of countless thousands of Swiss, Germans and Austrians. The real damage of this down-sweeping wind—winds normally move horizontally—lies in what the Germans call the *foehn stimmung*, or *foehn jag*. As long as can be remembered, the *foehn* has had the power to twist human lives.

At its worst, it brings with it an epidemic of suicide, senseless murder and rape. People who have led commonplace, blameless lives, suddenly find themselves driven to crime and acts of violence. For instance, a Sunday school teacher may commit mayhem on young boys or wander out in the dead of night to white-wash grotesque pornographic designs on the sides of houses.

In its less vicious manifestations the *foehn* brings on attacks of nausea, fainting spells and fits of hysterical anxiety. Blood pressure drops, heart palpitations set in, and whole villages come down with an apathy and depression that hinders their mental and physical capacity for work.

The sexual drive is almost always intensified and overstimulated during the *foehn*. Birth rates show a conspicuous rise nine months after the hot wind's high periods in spring and winter. There is also a proportionate increase in the arrests for rape, molestation, indecent exposure, and perverted public aggression. The death rate rises sharply in heart disease cases and people suffering from T.B. and asthma.

The Manfred Clinic, outside Munich, which since the war has devoted its facilities exclusively to the study of the *foehn stimmung*, last year published a summary of typical cases. They included:

A famous Austrian surgeon who refused to perform any operations during the *foehn*. He finally yielded to pressure and did an appendectomy to save a patient's life. His hands trembled like a student's, and the nurses had to wipe the dripping perspiration off his brow every few minutes.

At a concert the members of the Munich Symphony Orchestra ignored the instructions on their music and the directions

(Continued on page 69)

# MEN PAST 40

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### DESTINY LEAGUE

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of their conductor and played through an entire movement in slow tempo when fast was what was called for. The conductor himself, although trying frantically to speed them up, was also way off the beat.

A motorist with a 30-year safe-driving award, although dead sober, suddenly went careening through the Munich traffic in his car. He was finally arrested after driving up onto the terrace of a sidewalk cafe and scaring the wits out of a tableful of beer-drinking German women.

A thoroughly respectable Swiss church elder, who had worked as a teller for the same bank for twenty years without a single demerit on his record for absence, tardiness or carelessness, paid his respects to the *foehn* on its second day through Berne by taking an ax to his wife and daughter. Far from having provoked murder, both his victims had devoted their lives to encouraging his private delusions of self-importance.

A 78-year-old philanthropist and founder or orphanages, white-bearded and venerable in appearance and reputation, struck up a conversation with a nursemaid on a bench in Munich's English Gardens. Although she didn't know who he was, his manner inspired such confidence that she asked him to keep an eye on her four-year-old charge for a few minutes while she went off to make a telephone call. The moment the nursemaid was out of sight, the distinguished old boy inveigled the little girl into the woods by telling her his pockets were stuffed with candy. When they got to the woods he not only failed to produce the candy, but proceeded to tear off all the child's clothing. Then he beat her with his heavy gold-headed cane until she went into a coma.

Other less bizarre *foehn* cases at the Manfred Clinic describe their reactions to it as "pleasant in a stupid, lazy sort of way," "I just don't want to do anything and don't care if I never do anything again in my life," "I feel like I'm walking on air."

Animals caught in this hot, dry wind also display unusual reactions. They often lie down where they are, falling into a deep sleep. Or they go whining and bay-ing into the fields, chasing around in circles until they can no longer run. Flowers also die at this time and furniture, walls and woodwork in houses have been known to crack. The most common human sight during a mild *foehn* is that of people walking about the streets with their hair electrified and standing straight up in the air.

Before the establishment of an International Weather Bureau and the pooling of comparative statistics at the turn of the century, it was fashionable for skeptics to dismiss the peculiarities of the *foehn*. The theory generally accepted in those days was that the *foehn* was an ordinary warm south wind, like the *sirocco*, blowing in from the Sahara across the African coast to Italy, then up into Germany and Austria. The unbalancing effects of its currents on human temperament were dismissed as superstition,

imagination or old wives' tales.

A few years later the first important meteorological explanation for this strange phenomenon was advanced by Dr. Julius Hahn. Hahn was a pioneer in applying thermo-dynamics to atmospheric and weather conditions. His explanation of the causes of the *foehn* was based on the fact that although air pressures at different parts of the earth's surface vary individually, they serve to equalize each other when considered as a mass. In this way, when a low pressure belt encircles Britain, there is a compensating rush of air from the Mediterranean. This compensating air sweeps up from the Mediterranean and blasts smack into the side of the Swiss Alps, building up pressure and speed.

Although it sets out as a damp, cool wind, the higher it struggles up the mountain the more it condenses and rises in temperature. When it finally pushes over the top of the Alps and is pulled down some 13,000 feet into the valleys on the opposite side, its humidity has been cut in half. Its temperature, on the other hand, has increased some 40 degrees. By the act of moving over the mountain it has been transformed into a warm, dry wind.

**T**HE temperature of the *foehn* is absolutely independent of the sun. It is as oppressive at midnight as at noon.

Natives of the Tyrol, who each year witness the paradox of a winter wind that comes down from the mountains and wipes out ice and snow with the breath of summer, menacing their lives with floods, fire and landslides, never refer to the *foehn* as anything but the "Snow Eater" (*Schneefresser*).

Another great hazard is fire. Because of its extreme dryness and high electrical content, the *foehn* can pick up the smallest spark and carry it for a mile.

The *foehn* gives very little advance warning of its hawlike descent. Just before it tears down the leeward slope of the Alps, faint fragments of cloud accumulate around the crest of the mountain. The air on the wind's downward path becomes radiantly bright and transparent.

"When you look across your fields and think you can touch the mountains by reaching out your hand, the *foehn* is here," the Austrians say. And it's too late to do anything about it.

Some communities boast *foehn* seers. These are gifted individuals who consistently predict the coming of the dread wind when it's still two days away. Like rheumatics who can feel a rainstorm in their bones twenty-four hours before a cloudburst, these sensitive people suffer nausea, splitting headaches and the most widespread reaction—a dull, heavy pressure behind the eyes that makes the eyeballs feel as though they were going to pop. Their neighbors are properly grateful and take the few precautions against the oncoming wind that aren't entirely futile.

These seers also have their direct opposites. Individuals, surrounded by a whole village thrown off physical and psychological balance, who remain im-

pervious to the effects of the *foehn*.

The only protective measures people can take against the *foehn* are those required by law as fire prevention. At the first signs of the cloud formations over the Alps, all village churches sound their bells six times, pausing briefly between two sets of triple rings. This is the signal for all hearths and kitchen fires to be put out; all smoking indoors or in the streets is forbidden for the duration of the *foehn*. That is about as much as anyone can do.

Although Dr. Hahn's meteorological explanation of the atmospheric origins of the *foehn* is now accepted, it doesn't explain the emotional disturbances the *foehn* brings to almost everything it touches.

The incidence of emotional maladjustment during its siege can no longer be laughed off as fantasy. It has become a matter of closely compiled police and hospital records. The level of crime, aberration, insanity, morbidity, deviation and death rises in exact proportion to the intensity of the *foehn*. As the *foehn* wanes and ebbs during its 40-day season, the rate of disturbed behavior also lessens.

Scientists, and particularly a Russian scientist in Germany's East Zone, are convinced the ionization theory, advanced at the beginning of this article, explains the *foehn* and its psychological impact on people.

The greatest headway toward arriving at a solution for the *foehn* jag is going on right now at the Manfred Clinic in Germany. The serious investigations of its chief, Dr. Wolfgang Spann, have already had a drastic influence on Bavarian criminal law. The majority of judges in this province (in the heart of the *foehn* area) now consider the evil wind as an extenuating circumstance in cases of murder, manslaughter, drunkenness and rape.

Dr. Spann sets no stock by the *foehn* cures now on the market. Among those he has tested is the widely sold patent medicine called "Anti-foehn." He found its principal ingredient to be aspirin. One of Dr. Spann's patients had swallowed almost an entire bottle of it during the *foehn* and had progressed from mild exhibitionism to stripping himself bare in the lobby of the city's most fashionable hotel.

Other popular remedies include "*Gegen die Stimmung*" ("Counter-jag"), a number of radioactive salves and unguents, and electronic amulets and girdles.

The chief of Germany's Medical-Meteorological Consulting Division of the University of Munich, Dr. Hans Brezowsky, sees no hope at all for a *foehn* cure. Six months ago his department began sending bulletins to hospitals through the German *foehn* area, graphing the approach of the devilish, down-beating Alpine wind.

But if the scientists are right about the ionization theory of how the *foehn* spreads its evil, warming the blood and stripping all inhibitions from our sexual and criminal instincts—and Westinghouse sells enough of their new air-conditioners—the average American home, restaurant and movie theater is going to see some strange sights come the first oppressive days of summer. THE END

## FORBIDDEN SEX DANCE

(Continued from page 20)

*mundi* back in Granite City, Illinois, where I grew up—not even when the big carnivals with the girly shows came around during the summer.

After high school I learned metallurgy at the University of Illinois. I was in North Africa during the war, and I was so fascinated by what I saw of the Dark Continent that I wanted to learn more about it after we kicked out the krauts.

When the war was over I went back home and got a job with a sheet metal firm in St. Louis. The money was good and I liked the work, but every now and then I'd get the feeling that I wanted to break loose and see some more of the world. The part I thought about most often was Africa, not the Europeanized part I'd served in, but the real Africa, the land of primitive danger, mystery and splendor down around the Equator. My wanderlust might never have been satisfied if Guido Corelli hadn't turned up in my office one day in the fall of 1958.

Guido was one of a delegation of Italian engineers touring the States under a program sponsored by the U.N. for the exchange of technical know-how among the member nations. I was assigned to show Guido around our plant, and we hit it off right away. We were about the same age and we had a lot of interests in common besides metallurgy. We spent quite a week end with a couple of blonde interests who had an apartment in Webster Groves. But that's another story.

One night when we were demolishing a bottle of chianti Guido started talking about his company's plans to build an addition to their plant in Somaliland, the former colony now being administered by the Italian government under the auspices of the U.N.

"Work will start in about a month," he told me. "I go down there right after I get back to Naples. I was at the old plant until 1953, when they called me back to the main office."

I didn't even hear the last part of what he was saying. A big idea had come into my mind and it was getting bigger all the time.

"They have any use for a little Yankee ingenuity down there?" I asked.

"Surely, I hope so," he said, his face lighting up.

Well, a few cablegrams later the arrangements were made, and in a week Guido and I were winging our way toward Naples. After a couple of weeks of needles in the arm and passport formalities we boarded a small freighter, steamed through the Suez Canal and the Red Sea, and put in at Mogadiscio, the capital and main seaport of Italian Somaliland.

Two days later we had our gear packed into a Fiat station wagon and were heading for the mines some 40 miles

(Continued on page 72)

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inland, where the new tin processing plant was in the first stages of construction. Guido introduced me to Mario Scotti, an older fellow who had been sent down by the contractors to supervise the whole project. Guido and I were each put in charge of a crew installing machinery inside the new plant.

We settled into our jobs quickly and my life started to get as routine as it had been in the States. We'd work all day and then drink and play bridge until midnight. In the States it had been poker instead of bridge, but the Italians were strictly contract men. Since they won the world championship a couple of years ago they seem to consider it unpatric to play anything but bridge.

Like I said, everything was getting pretty routine—until the night the cement disappeared. About ten bags turned up missing one Monday morning. Scotti, an excitable little fellow, was furious, even though the loss didn't amount to much as far as money was concerned.

He let out a stream of Italian cuss words much too fast for me to pick up, then started talking earnestly to Guido. His tone of voice got lower and he seemed to be almost pleading.

When he walked away Guido filled me in. The loss of the cement offended Scotti's sense of efficiency and he had half-ordered, half-pleaded with Guido to find the thieves and get the cement back.

"We never find it in a million years," Guido told me with a grin. "Natives take it to make idols. They got it hidden by now. Even if we find it we have to shoot up a village to get it back, and the U.N. not like that. We look for it anyway, though. This will make Scotti happy and give you a chance to see how natives live."

So the next morning we got in the Fiat with a few days' supplies and drove deeper into the interior. The weather was as hot as hell at first, but after a while we got into jungle so deep that the trees met over the road and kept out all but a few rays of sunlight. It was cooler now and everything seemed kind of serene, even though there was a steady hum of animal sounds, varied now and then by the shriek of a monkey or the piercing call of a big bird.

We were off the modern highway by now and driving slowly along a widened-out version of an old caravan trail. About noon we met a line of native girls coming from the opposite direction. Each of them was leading a camel with cargo strapped to its back. The girls wore only one garment apiece, a burlap-colored piece of cloth, rectangular in shape, that covered them loosely from shoulder to mid thigh. These *futas* were knotted at the left shoulder, leaving the right breasts bare, which didn't seem to bother the girls in the least. It bothered me some though. They were beautiful girls with flawless bronze skin, symmetrical features, and a way of walking that was as graceful as a dance.

Guido seemed to read my thoughts. "Beautiful people, the Somalis," he said. He went on to fill me in on some of their culture and customs. "They belong to one of the Moslem religious sects, but

their way of life is much different from North African Arabs."

He pointed out some of the strange contradictions in their attitude toward sex. They are so insistent on virginity among their younger girls that they stitch parts of the vulva together to prevent sex relations. Wives are absolutely faithful to their husbands when it is required, on penalty of death. Yet some tribes insist on fidelity only from Monday to Thursday, and permit complete promiscuity over the week end.

As Guido was telling me these things we came to a small village which, he said, was as far as we could go in the car. After a little excited haggling with one of the natives Guido was able to arrange for him to take care of the Fiat while we were gone and to rent us a couple of horses.

Now we set off into the deepest part of the jungle. "We ride out about ten miles and come back, just to tell Scotti we searched hard," Guido told me.

We had been riding for maybe fifteen minutes when Guido stopped his horse and motioned for me to do the same. He raised his head and held it perfectly still, as if he were listening to something.

"Hear that?" he asked.

"No."

"Listen!"

Finally I picked it up. At first it seemed just like the hum of the jungle grown a little louder, but then I began to detect a rhythm to it, a kind of throb that rose and fell, getting slightly louder all the time.

"You are in for a treat," Guido said, smiling. "It is the *mudundi*."

He went on to explain about the age-old sex dance. It was officially forbidden when the Italians gained control over Somaliland early in the 20th Century, but the natives either didn't hear about the order or weren't interested in letting the white man dictate their tastes in popular entertainment.

The *mudundi*, Guido told me as we rode ahead, faster now, is frankly a dance symbolizing sex and fertility, something like the rites of the ancient Greeks. This isn't so unusual. Our own dancing—rock and roll, and even the waltz—certainly has elements of sexual love to it. The difference is that what our dances suggest, the *mudundi* actually carries out.

I had just been hipped on the background of the *mudundi* when we came to the clearing where it was about to be presented. By now the throb of the drums was so loud that we could hardly carry on a conversation.

We stopped our horses at one side of the clearing and, although some of the natives noticed our presence immediately, there was no interruption of the festivities. One elder of the tribe did come over and exchange smiles and sign language with Guido, whom he had evidently met before.

Directly opposite us, on the edge of a clearing, squatted about a dozen musicians, pounding feverishly on their drums. Their eyes stared off into space or up toward the heavens, as if they were com-

pletely unaware of what was going on around them.

The young women of the tribe stood to the left of the musicians and the men to their right. Both sexes were wearing their dress *futas*, colorful garments of every hue, used only for ceremonials of this kind. The married women wore kerchiefs of brightly colored cloth on their heads, while the single girls had their long hair done up in crown-like waves.

At a signal from a tribal elder the music grew more intense and the main part of the dance began. The men, who had been totally ignoring the girls, now looked at them and began smiling flirtatiously, their pearly teeth gleaming and their eyes seeming to blaze.

Guido explained that this effect was achieved by the use of a plant dye which is also a perfume. The women, too, added to the sensuality of the performance by dyeing their eyelids and cheekbones to make them look even darker or more satiny than they were.

At this initial stage of the dance the girls pretended not to notice the glances of the men and looked away haughtily. The *mudundi* portrays the whole process of flirtation, coyness and ultimate seduction.

Now the men began hopping rhythmically on one foot across the clearing toward the girls. The girls turned their heads still further away and pulled up their *futas* to cover their eyes. The Somalis have this strange idea of modesty; if a girl's face is covered she can expose her breasts or other attractions without worrying about it too much.

The teasing byplay of the dance went back and forth as the music grew still more violent. When the men hopped away as if to say: "Okay, forget it," the girls let their *futas* down from their faces and went into bumps, grinds and provocative wiggles worthy of the burlesque circuit.

But once again, as soon as the men started to act interested, the girls turned away and put on the modesty act. This give and take went back and forth several times until the men, supposedly disgusted with the whole business, went off and hid in the woods.

Now the girls went into a full-fledged mass strip routine. First they untied their belts, permitting the *futas* to flap out and give teasing glimpses of their bodies as they danced. When that still didn't lure the men back, they finally shrugged out of the *futas* altogether and went into a series of wild gyrations, now dressed only in a few jewels.

With that the men came out of the bushes, obviously no longer to be denied. They grabbed the women and the performance gradually began changing from a dance to an out-and-out orgy.

Finally, as exhaustion and complete sex arousal began to set in together, the couples abandoned all pretense and threw themselves to the ground. Using the discarded *futas* as mats, they worked out their long built-up passion without a trace of shame.

I looked at Guido and he looked at me. I guess I gulped louder than he did, but I could tell he wasn't as bored by the whole business as he had pretended.

Before returning to the tin mine we drove into Mogadiscio and had a kind of *mudundi* of our own, except that it was much more private. Then Guido stopped by a supply depot and bought ten bags of cement.

"I put it on my expense account as a bribe to natives," he explained. "It costs me nothing and Scotti is happy because he thinks he gets his cement back. Nothing wrong with that is there?"

"Nothing," I agreed.

Well, we got the plant built despite a couple of more cement thefts, and I guess the natives got their idols built, too.

After the job was finished I got homesick and turned down an offer to join the company's main office in Naples. I'm back in St. Louis now and things are pretty much the way they were when I left. Only I no longer go to the burlesque shows across the river. Those girls just aren't in it with the *mudundi*!

THE END

## QUICKSAND DEATH FOR HERNANDEZ

(Continued from page 25)

The foreman of this camp is a lout named Manuel Hernandez, whose mother was an Oaxucha Indian. Like his mother's people he is evil and cruel."

We arrived at the camp shortly after noon the following day. A few moments later a pockmarked, tobacco-chewing giant came out of a tent and slobbered through the mud toward us. "I am Hernandez, the foreman," he snarled.

Hernandez got right down to business. He assigned us to an eight-man sleeping tent, one of seven in the camp. Then he took us on a tour of the jungle to show us how the work was done. He explained, as Pablo had already done, that chicle is derived from the sap of achras trees. These trees grow to a diameter of 5 or 6 feet and they are notched like rubber trees. A milky sap exudes from the notches, dripping through little metal tubes into buckets. Then it begins to solidify into an elastic substance. Each tree bleeds about 100 pounds a day. The chicleros are paid on the basis of the chicle they collect. The pay is no strain to figure; Guatemalan money is valued *centavo* for cent and *quetzal* for dollar with U.S. currency.

We trudged along the swampy jungle floor with Hernandez. Neither Jack nor I are midgets but we had to take almost two steps to one of his. He must have been 6 feet 5 or 6 inches tall. He was hard-looking and grim-faced. A machete was lashed to his belt and in his hand he carried a coiled black leather whip.

A few minutes later we came to a chiclero. He was leaning against a tree, smoking a cigarette. In back of him an achras tree was bleeding its sap. But the sap was dripping onto the ground, missing the bucket by about an inch.

Hernandez took a look at this. Then he laid the whip across the chiclero's face. "You pig!" he screamed. "You waste the sap!"

(Continued on page 74)



Extra pounds dragging you down? Back falling apart? TV snacks, extended lunches, extra martinis and oversized desserts make a shambles of your diet regimen? Diet—the best way to deflate an "expanded midsection" having run counter to the need of being a "social guy" there remains but one alternative: to push the expanded midsection "back in." You can do this by interlocking your hands across the abdomen and pushing up and in. This is fine to demonstrate an idea but obviously impractical except for a few seconds.

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The chiclero, his face bleeding as though it had been knife-slashed, ran to the bucket and moved it under the tubes. Hernandez and Jack and I trudged on.

Within an hour the big foreman lashed two other men. One because he failed to address Hernandez as sir; the other because he hadn't notched a tree properly.

We began the trek back to the camp. "You have observed," Hernandez said smugly, "that the whip awaits those who are stupid."

"We get the idea," Jack said. "And what you do to those zombies is your business. But if you ever lay that whip on my buddy or me just be sure you want a .38 hole in your belly, because that's what you'll get."

Hernandez spun around. "Are you threatening me?" he shouted. His face twitched with rage.

"Nope," Jack said. "Just giving you the best damned advice you ever had."

Hernandez opened his mouth again, but his eyes were focused on Jack's .38. They slid over to mine. He apparently decided that whatever he was going to say might result in a personal disaster, because he closed his yap. We went back to the camp in silence.

Chow that night was served in the camp's mess tent. The cook was a stranger to sanitation. And the food was worse than the field rations Jack and I had endured in Korea.

After the evening meal we went to our tent. There was about a half-hour of daylight remaining and I said to a little chiclero named Morena: "How about a few hands of poker?"

Morena explained that a more interesting recreation was forthcoming. In a few minutes Hernandez would come around collecting five-quezal notes; this entitled each man to an Indian girl for the night.

"It is a swindle," Morena said. "The girls get none of this money. But we yield to this robbery because, *amigos*, one needs a woman to help him forget this miserable jungle."

When Hernandez came around I pulled out my wallet. So did Jack. So did the other six men in our tent. Within ten minutes eight teen-aged Indian girls came to the tent. All they were wearing was smiles.

The next morning Jack and I began our work. It was no mental strain. All we had to do was slash achras trees, shove tubes into the ends of these slashes, then place buckets below so the sap dripped into them. Late in the afternoon we turned over the buckets, tapped out the solidified sap and lugged it back to the camp.

The fourth morning we discovered that someone had removed the sap—which had collected during the night—from our buckets.

The next morning Jack and I sneaked out of camp at dawn. We hid in a big hibiscus clump which was near two of our biggest producing trees. About half an hour later a big *ladino* (mixed breed) named Jarez appeared. He lifted one of our buckets and turned it over, intend-

ing to tap out its rubbery contents. I slipped the .38 from my holster and zeroed in on his left hand holding the pail. I squeezed the trigger. Jarez howled and leaped to his feet so fast that he fell over backward. He rose to his knees and stared at his bleeding hand. Then he looked around warily. In a moment he got to his feet and began to run.

We were never again bothered by thieves. Apparently Jarez told the other chileros that we didn't wear our .38's just for the hell of it.

At the end of our first week we went to the tent of Toledo, the camp's little glasses-wearing bookkeeper, to draw our pay.

"Senors," Toledo said, "your money is not forthcoming until the end of the season, except a weekly fifty-quezal draw. This is Senor Hernandez's orders."

This was a strange arrangement but we thought it had merit. It would keep the chileros from walking off the job in the middle of the season. Anyway, we reasoned, if we didn't have the money we wouldn't spend it. And at the end of the season we'd each have a real bundle.

A month dragged on. Jack and I understood why it was necessary to pay such fantastic wages to attract men for this work. The jungle was hell. On three tragic occasions men blundered into sink holes and were slowly drawn under the surface by the remorseless pull of the mud. It was a slow, terrible way to die.

It rained almost ceaselessly. And the insects were tormenting. In that dank green jungle they swarmed from the shadowed, swampy floor to the top of the trees. The mydas worms were the worst. They would burrow under the skin, creating quarter-sized blisters.

The first of those little devils terrified me. He burrowed into my left forearm while I slept. The next morning I could see his head through the skin, his beady little eyes staring into mine. I touched the blister with the lighted end of a cigarette. The mydas quickly crawled out of it. I burned off his head with the cigarette.

The chileros were a rowdy assortment of shadowy citizens, the scum of Guatemala. They fought among themselves but they were united in one thought, their hatred of Hernandez. He was merciless with his whip. But he never laid it on Jack or me. He knew we weren't bluffing when we said we'd kill him.

Hernandez's driving cruelty was motivated by economics; he was paid on the basis of a percentage of each man's earnings. For this reason he felt that a man who did not produce to the maximum was cheating him.

The evening of July 7 Hernandez dragged two men into camp. Their arms were laced behind their backs. "These two," he said to Jack and me, "chose to romance with Indian girls during working hours."

Hernandez believed that punishment, to be effective, had to be dramatic. He suspended the men from the limb of a mahogany tree by wires wrapped around their wrists. Then he tore off their trousers and poured honey over their

genitals.

There was no sleep that night. The tortured men screamed hideously. In the morning Hernandez lowered them to the ground. The ants had not been kind—neither man would love again.

"That torturing sadist," Morena mumbled during chow. "Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to slit his throat."

July faded into August, then September, the last month of the rainy season. One day was much like another. We gathered chicle. We witnessed fights. Always Hernandez found an excuse to whip someone. And each night we paid the big creep five *quetzals* for the privilege of sleeping with an Indian girl.

The end of September approached and Jack and I began to make plans to return to the States. We'd each have approximately \$5,000; which was more dough than we'd ever had in one chunk.

The evening of September 29, 1958 we went back to the camp as usual. Hernandez was gone. So was his bookkeeper.

He couldn't have had more than eight hours' advantage, a point which Jack and I mentioned. Morena grinned. "He went down the river, naturally," he said, "and I know of a way to reach the river at a point he must pass. There is a certain trail through the jungle . . ."

Two days later, about 5 p.m., we found Hernandez and Toledo, the bookkeeper. They had camped on the bank of the Tejutia. We surrounded them, then moved in.

Hernandez had guts. And he could think fast. He grinned and said: "I was not trying to run off with your pay, *amigos*. I was merely scouting for a site for next season's work. Just to prove it, I will pay you right now."

He yapped at Toledo, who was so scared his hands trembled. That little creep opened a steel box. He turned over a wooden carton and, using it as a desk, began to count out our wages.

When each man had pocketed his pay, Morena said: "Now, Senor Thief, we pay what we owe you, too!"

Jack and I knew the chileros were mad enough to kill but we didn't want any part of it, so we turned around and headed back to camp. Later they told us how they swarmed over Hernandez and Toledo and carried them into the jungle until they came to a sink pit. They threw Hernandez into it.

He began to sink, lunging and clawing at the mud and cursing. Finally his ugly mug slid under the surface.

Then the chileros wrapped wire around Toledo's wrists and hanged him from a tree. "The buzzards and the ants, they will teach you the penalty for dishonesty!" the men told us Morena said to the screaming little bookkeeper.

At the camp there was still a bundle in a steel box. Jack and I counted out the amount we had paid for the Indian dolls. Then we said good-by and shoved off in Hernandez's boat.

The chileros didn't answer. They were fighting over the rest of the money. Morena had already knifed two of them. As we faded around a bend another man knifed Morena in the back. THE END

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# WOMEN'S RED SLAVE BARRACKS

(Continued from page 17)

Afrika Korps, the surrender of Italy. Each bold, triumphant headline brought Sieglinde closer to her husband, she told herself.

In 1944 came the invasion of Normandy, the attempt on Hitler's life, the liberation of Paris. Then the Belgian breakthrough, and finally, in May of 1945, total and ignominious defeat for the Third Reich. Hitler's might crumbled. The concentration camps were thrown open. The prisoners poured forth.

In England Sieglinde, now 24, her face lined and darkened by five years of loneliness and waiting, hoped daily for some word of her husband. None came. By the fall of 1945 she was determined to return to Germany and search for him.

She reached her homeland in December, 1945. Germany now lay partitioned four ways. Eberswalde, the place at which her husband had been interned, was deep in the zone of Soviet occupation. British authorities told her she could not go there without Soviet authorization. The Russians informed her flatly that no civilian personnel would be allowed to enter.

"But my husband—"

"Your husband will be found and returned to you in due time if he is alive," the Reds told her.

Sieglinde cooled her heels in British-occupied Germany for two months, once again bombarding officialdom with requests concerning her husband, and once again drawing no response. At length, early in February of 1946, she resolved to make her way to Eberswalde herself to search for her husband. After all, this was Germany, her homeland, and she had been an enemy of the Nazis. Why couldn't she search for a victim of Hitler's persecution?

A wholesome smile and a few words in her broken English yielded her permission from the British authorities to go to Berlin, which was in the Soviet zone but under four-power occupation. Ostensibly her purpose in going to Berlin was to search for relatives there. But after making her journey eastward across the devastated country and arriving in Berlin on February 11th, she quietly slipped out of the city and made her way, on foot, to the town of Eberswalde, 28 miles northeast.

What awaited Sieglinde Mannheim in Eberswalde was not her long-imprisoned husband but immediate Russian arrest. She hadn't been in the medium-sized town more than five minutes when, foot sore and exhausted, she was confronted by two grim-looking Red soldiers.

"Let us see your papers," they demanded in heavily accented German.

She surrendered her British-issued documents. They conferred a moment and then, ignoring her protests, swept her off to their superior officer.

He looked through her papers. "These documents are worthless here. You have no business in the Soviet zone of occu-

pation. I never thought a British spy would be so foolish."

"I am not a spy!" she said hotly, fighting back the tears. "I am looking for my husband. He was imprisoned here during the war—"

But the suspicious Russians refused to listen to anything she tried to say. She was in the Red zone without permission and therefore she was a British spy. The psychopathically cautious Soviets suspected anyone and everyone of trying to pry into their secrets. Sieglinde wept and implored and threatened, but none of it did any good.

She was not a British citizen, merely a German refugee, so there was no government to which she could appeal. The Russians could do whatever they pleased with her. And, having made up their minds that she had entered East Germany for the purpose of espionage, they placed her under arrest.

She lay in solitary confinement in Eberswalde for forty-two days, living on bread and watery coffee, with pea soup at lunchtime and cabbage soup in the evening. She had weighed a buxom 138 pounds at the time of her arrest. She was to lose nearly half that weight before reaching freedom again.

After the forty-second day of imprisonment without companionship, a fat German woman of about 40 was thrown into her cell.

"Why are you here?" the newcomer asked.

"They say I am a spy," Sieglinde said.

"Hah! They say I am a spy too. Me, a spy!"

It turned out the other woman had been a prostitute in Eberswalde. Sieglinde shared the cell with her for nine more days. By her count it was April, springtime. But she never saw sunlight.

At last she and the other woman were taken from their cell. They were brought to a courtroom where a solemn-faced Russian official held forth a document written in Russian.

"Sign it."

"How can I?" Sieglinde asked. "I can't even read it."

"It declares that your case has been considered in Moscow by the High Tribunal and you have been sentenced to eighteen years at hard labor for espionage. You will be shipped to the Soviet Union. Signing it simply means that you understand the terms of the sentence."

Seeing that she had no choice, Sieglinde signed. The other woman did the same. Later Sieglinde was to learn that the document had been a confession as well as a statement of sentence. But it mattered very little, really. If she had refused to sign the confession they would simply have forged her name. It was all the same in the eyes of Russian justice.

A convicted spy now, Sieglinde was taken to Lichtenberg prison in East Berlin. The American-occupied sector was just a few feet away, but MVD men with tommy guns discouraged any thought of making a dash for freedom. After five days in the prison Sieglinde and a number of other women were crammed into a truck, driven to a railroad yard, and

loaded aboard a Stolopinsky prison car.

Named after a Czarist Minister of Security, the Stolopinsky is a brutally efficient means of prisoner transport. There were eight cages facing a narrow hallway. In each cage were three wooden shelves nine feet wide. Into each cage went fifteen prisoners, five on a shelf. They lay flat on their stomachs, wedged tightly together, their heads butting against the bars of the cages.

For three weeks Sieglinde Mannheim traveled in this position, unable to turn around, unable to lift her head more than a foot without hitting the shelf above her. Twice a day the prisoners were taken out to go to the toilet. At no other time could they leave their shelves. The prison car smelled of filthy bodies.

The train angled southward and eastward across the vast expanse of eastern Europe, all of it grabbed up by the Russian armies upon Hitler's collapse. Word filtered through the train that their destination was the slave barracks at Nelkan in southwest Russia, hundreds of miles from the Turkish border. It was an all-women's camp.

After three weeks of agonizing belly-riding travel, the slave train disgorged its hundreds of female prisoners at the Nelkan camp, 500 square miles of barbed wire encampment. Blue-pauletted, jack-booted MVD troopers supervised the unloading, gesturing meaningfully with their *halalaikas*—the ironic name for tommy guns—as the new arrivals were led from the railroad sidings through the gates into the Nelkan prison camp. Sieglinde Mannheim had become one of the 20,000,000 Soviet slaves under the lash of the feared GULAG, *Glavnoye Upravleniya Lagerei*—the Penal Labor Camp Division of the MVD. Sentenced by the *troika*, the invisible Moscow court in which all defendants are found guilty, she was to join the vast slave labor force that helped to build Stalin's empire.

The new *rabskaya rabota*, slave laborers, were herded into a big, bare building near the entrance to the camp. This was the indoctrination and registration center, known sarcastically to long-time prisoners as "The Hall of Welcome."

Sieglinde walked unsteadily, her limbs swollen and cramped from weeks of riding in the Stolopinsky car.

Once inside, the prisoners were massed together by MVD men, and then a Soviet officer equipped with a megaphone shouted an order in Russian. MVD men at the sides of the big gymnasium-like room repeated the order in German, Polish and several other languages. It was: "Remove your clothes."

Sieglinde was grateful for the chance to rid herself of her foul-smelling, filth-caked garments, which she had not removed in more than a month. But it was humiliating to have to strip before the eyes of more than a dozen staring Russian guards. She hesitated, telling herself that no man but Gottlieb had ever seen her nakedness before. Some of the other women were protesting and they were beaten to the ground by the guards. There was no room for protest in the slave camp.

Sieglinde peeled her filthy rags from

her body and stepped forward to dump the discarded clothes into a huge rubbish barrel at the side of the room. As she approached the Russians, they leered at her and made what sounded like obscene comments. Reddening, Sieglinde self-consciously put one arm across her breasts, only to have the arm angrily slapped aside by an MVD man.

At length all the new arrivals were nude. The officer in charge gave the command: "Shagom marsh!"—"Get moving!" In double file the prisoners left the big room and were marched across an open field, naked, to a group of buildings a hundred yards away. Appreciative MVD men commented on the bodies of the women as they walked. Sieglinde shivered, more in horror than from the cold, since at Nelkan it was late spring and the air was warm.

Their new destination was the medical center. A process of decontamination was on the agenda. One by one the women were forced to get under an ice-cold shower and scrub themselves completely. Then, after drying off with a filthy towel, they moved forward on the assembly line.

MVD men with shears chopped away their hair. Then they moved along to cubicles where other MVD men, using blunt razor blades, shaved the stubble from their scalps and all the hair from their bodies. "To prevent disease," was the curt explanation. It was a painful and humiliating process.

After the shearing came a medical examination. A gap-toothed Russian medic looked in Sieglinde's mouth, pinched her buttocks, tapped her chest, and nodded. He stamped a Russian character on her wrist in indelible purple ink: "Fit for manual labor."

By this time Sieglinde had grown accustomed to her nudity. She looked upon herself as the Russians saw her, no longer anything human, just so much machinery. All around her were other slave women, their bodies bare, their scalps shaven, their shoulders drooping in that sullen posture of the utterly defeated.

Sieglinde shambled along with the rest of them. All this seemed like some dreadful nightmare.

The next stop was a commissary where she was issued clothing—a pair of rough linen underpants, an equally rough undershirt, a black jacket, cotton-padded pants, and a cotton hat, a *shapka*, with ear flaps. Dressed, she looked totally shapeless, a robot worker and nothing more. She was inwardly grateful for the unglamorous garb, for most of the other prisoners women lacked her beauty, and in the shapeless outfit she would not be likely to come to the attention of the lustful MVD men.

Dressed, numbered—her slave number was sewn across the hat and pants—Sieglinde Mannheim was now a fully registered member of Joseph Stalin's slave corps. Her sentence would run officially to 1964. But she did not deceive herself into thinking that she could survive eighteen years of slave labor or that she would be released when her time came. She was here for life.

The numbered slaves were assigned to

barracks. The barracks were crudely constructed; posts had been thrust into the ground and boards nailed to them to serve as walls. Sieglinde's bunk was nothing but a two-foot-wide strip of wooden shelving, one of the double-deck pairs which ran the entire length of the barracks. She drew the upper shelf. There was nothing like bedding. The barracks were lit only by three tiny naked electric bulbs suspended from the roof. Dozens of women were crammed into the long room.

AND so Sieglinde entered her new life. This was an agricultural camp which raised its own food and shipped the surplus to Russian cities. Agricultural methods were of the crudest. There were no farm animals so the slave workers dragged the ploughs through the earth. Vegetables were raised, packed, shipped. Sieglinde worked a fourteen-hour day under the direct supervision of jeering MVD men.

The MVD guards did not go armed within the camp for fear of having their weapons stolen. But outside the camp was a 10-foot-high fence of barbed wire, with machine-gun towers placed at regular intervals. A second fence, 3 feet high, was placed within the outer one, and it was the small fence that marked the confines of the camp for the prisoners. An unauthorized person stepping over that inner fence would be shot without question.

For the first two months of her stay in the camp the thought of escape never entered Sieglinde's mind. It looked impossible and why bother to try? There was nothing to gain by escaping except a mercifully quick death at the hands of the machine gunners. Europe was large; even if Gottleib still lived, there was small chance she would be able to find him.

She succumbed to despair and turned herself into a machine for farming. Fourteen hours of back-breaking work, then a few hours of sleep. Work and sleep, work and sleep. The days went on with monotonous regularity, blurring one into the next. The miserable prison food remained in one's stomach, indigestible, for days. Work went on endlessly. When the weather grew cold the winter crops had to be planted, to nestle in the frozen ground until springtime. When it became too cold even for any agricultural work, the female slaves were shifted to repair duties. They fixed up the barracks and built new ones to house the endless stream of new arrivals. Sieglinde's hands became red and raw. Her muscles thickened; her delicate arms became corded and muscular.

There was no way of avoiding work. Slackers were stripped naked and placed in an unheated stone room, hands chained to the wall, thighs straddling a concrete block that sometimes got as cold as 10° above zero. After two days or so of this kind of treatment, the prisoner would be unchained and—"to warm her up again" was the excuse—raped by five or six Russian soldiers.

Sieglinde spoke to several victims of this kind of treatment and any thought

(Continued on page 78)



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she had had of easing up on the work vanished from her mind.

There was only one way to get shifted from strenuous manual labor to easier work and that was to disable yourself. Some of the women cut the big tendons in their heels; others lopped off fingers and hands. The trouble was that although the self-damagers were sometimes given medical care and transferred to lighter duties, very often they were simply allowed to bleed to death. Labor was easily come by and life was cheap.

When she entered the camp Sieglinde spoke only German and poor English, but gradually she began to acquire words in their languages. The women at Nelkan came from all over Europe and Asia. Most of them were Russians who had either committed treason against the Communist regime or had advocated unpopular ideas. Many were women who came from the unfortunate countries absorbed by Russia—Ukraine, Poland, Latvia, Lithuania, Estonia. Some of the women had fought against Hitler in World War II, but had landed in the slave camp all the same. There were Chinese, enemies of the spreading Red government in China, Iraqis, Italians, Czechs, Mongolians. Nearly every nationality was represented in the 5000 slaves.

The months passed. Sieglinde became aware that in the outside world it was now 1947. Spring came again and with it an intensified planting program. Sixteen hours a day of back-breaking toil. She forced herself to work mindlessly, never letting herself think of the past and of the life she might have had.

Her weight dropped to 90 pounds and she managed to keep it there. Even at that, she looked healthier than many of her fellow prisoners. But her body looked strange and unfamiliar to her. The flesh had melted away from her breasts, hips and buttocks, and her muscles had developed, giving her a tough, mannish appearance.

Still, she kept to the rules. The only rule she broke was the one forbidding religious services. Religion flourished underground in the camp. A devout Lutheran, Sieglinde managed to attend a service every Sunday. There were no clergymen, but the women would repeat as much of the Bible to each other as they could remember. When the congregation prayed, she prayed to be reunited with Gottleib, if not on Earth then afterward.

Sieglinde had been in the camp nearly a year and a half before she was sexually violated for the first time. The prison guards were forbidden by their superiors to engage in sexual relations with the prisoners except as a matter of punishment. A woman who had committed some wrong was beaten and raped. But it was hands off for all the rest, and once an MVD man was shot for raping a prisoner.

Still, the sex-hungry guards had worked out schemes for satisfying themselves. They would separate the woman in whom they were interested from the rest of the group, take her to one of the farming sheds, and then, as one of their num-

ber stood guard, the others would violate her.

Sieglinde had hoped to avoid this by looking as emaciated and shapeless as she could. But it was impossible to completely deceive the MVD men.

Once a week the women were taken to the medical area for a shower, and the MVD men who supervised would keep careful watch for women who showed less signs than usual of suffering. Sieglinde's unbowed body and relatively feminine figure finally caught a guard's eye in the fall of 1947. She saw the man watching her.

The next day, while she was at work, four MVD men separated her from her group and marched her to an empty shed. Sieglinde knew what was about to happen.

"Strip," she was ordered.

Shrugging hopelessly, she peeled off her dirty garments.

"Lie down."

She lowered herself to the cold, bare wooden floor. A tremor of disgust rippled through her. She neither resisted nor responded, but lay in passive submission. Finally the four guards permitted her to dress and rejoin the others. She felt dirty, foul, and silently begged Gottleib, wherever he was, to forgive her for having submitted.

After that hardly a month went by without her being violated by her captors. To preserve her sanity she took the only course open to her, that of blotting from her mind each indignity as soon as it ended. She developed a valuable faculty for being able to wipe her mind clean of such humiliations.

And so the years slipped by. Now it was 1950 and Sieglinde Mannheim had been a prisoner of the Russians for four years. Deep within her still burned some spark of hope, but on the surface she was what the Soviet masters wanted her to be—a robot slave. She worked, ate, slept, and when she had to, she gave her body. She had grown accustomed to prison-camp food and to the total lack of privacy. She had made a few friends in the camp and she had slipped into a regular routine of life. Her wedding photo had long ago been lost, and Sieglinde realized with dim regret that she was starting to forget what Gottleib had looked like.

It was the spring of 1951. Five years of imprisonment had gone by and Sieglinde could see nothing but a lifetime of continued slave labor, ending perhaps at the age of 40 or so when she died from tuberculosis or malnutrition or perhaps simple exhaustion. The average lifespan at Nelkan was far from long. Not a day went by without a death. Several women of considerable age claimed they had been in one Soviet slave camp or another since the middle 20's, when Stalin had come to power. But they were the exceptions. Sieglinde prayed that her time of slavery would not last much longer.

And then on April 21, 1951, everything changed for her. A trainload of new prisoners arrived from East Germany, rebels against the continuing Communist tyranny there. That evening, as Sieglinde settled down in her cramped bunk to wait until morning, a friend of hers, Leonie Klein-

berg, also a German, entered the barracks and whispered sharply to her.

"Sieglindel! Come outside!"

Puzzled, Sieglinde made her way to the door of the barracks. The other woman, a frail, tired little person, was smiling.

"One of the new arrivals claims to know your husband," Leonie said.

"What?"

"Yes. She said she knew him."

Sieglinde was quivering with astonishment. For five years she had been a sullen laborer. Now, once again, she was suddenly a human being. She gripped Leonie's thin shoulders. The women of the camp knew each other's stories and new arrivals were always quizzed for familiar names. But Sieglinde had long ago given up hope.

"Where is she?" Sieglinde demanded.

"Come with me."

Leonie led her to one of the new barracks' occupied by the latest arrivals. A moment later a woman in her middle 30's emerged, with the bizarre look of the newly-shaved prisoner. She was plump, though, another mark of the newcomer. Sieglinde rushed up to her.

"You know my husband?"

"Gottleib Mannheim?"

"Yes. Yes. How do you know him?"

"We were neighbors in Potsdam. He is a doctor there."

"A doctor?" Sieglinde repeated. It was incredible that there should be two Dr. Gottleib Mannheims. Trembling, she said: "He—is not married?"

"No. He talked to me of his wife. He was imprisoned by Hitler and she—you—were separated from him. Then, at the war's end, he was interned by the Russians for six months, and when they finally let him go he tried to find his wife—you."

"But he couldn't because I had been captured by the Reds!" Sieglinde was alive, glowing with energy once again. "Tell me—what does he look like?"

The other woman smiled. "Very tall. Deep eyes that look out at a distance. He has a high forehead; he looks quite distinguished."

Thanking her informant profusely, Sieglinde returned to her barracks. She was so excited she hardly slept that night, exhausted though she was. Her husband was alive! After five years of mindless existence, Sieglinde Mannheim had a goal once again: To escape, to reach free soil and somehow to be reunited with her husband.

Fixing the goal was easier than accomplishing it. If anyone had escaped from the Nelkan camp, Sieglinde had never heard of it. But she began to plan, to dream.

Nelkan was hundreds of miles from the Turkish border. But if she could reach Turkey she would be safe, for the most recent news from outside told her that Turkey was free and sympathetic to the West. The problem divided itself into two sections: getting out of the camp and reaching Turkey safely.

Without telling anyone what she had in mind, Sieglinde set about to learn Russian fluently from other prisoners. In five years she had acquired a fairly good rough working knowledge of the language, but now she wanted to be able to speak it fluently enough to deceive a native. She worked

at it constantly, reciting to herself as she worked, trying to eradicate any hint of German in her pronunciation.

Spring turned into summer, summer to fall, and as 1951 ended and the new year began Sieglinde continued to dream and plan. Escape was her one thought. Still she had no idea of how to reach her goal. No one could get past the machine-guns at the camp gates. And rumor had it that any escaped slave caught by the villagers outside was worth a reward of 10,000 rubles, a staggering sum, a fortune.

It was impossible to ask openly for suggestions from the other prisoners. Informers might lurk anywhere in the camp. Sieglinde knew she was strictly on her own.

By the spring of 1952 she had decided the only way out of the camp was with assistance from higher up, from one of the guards or prison officials. Any single-handed attempt was certain to meet with death. But if she could somehow attract the attention of one of the prison higher-ups—

No longer did she deliberately attempt to make herself look ugly. She held her shoulders straight, her head high, and let her inner beauty make itself visible. This resulted at first only in increased attention from the MVD soldiers. They kept her so busy in the sheds that she barely did any work. Sieglinde closed her mind to the indignities that were committed on her person, thinking over and over again: "Forgive me, Gottleib."

For several months this went on. Sieglinde worked hard, neither complained nor grumbled, and was in every way a model prisoner. Some of the other women muttered at her behind her back; she was much too obliging to the Reds, they said. She hardly seemed to hate them.

Sieglinde ignored the accusations just as she ignored the things done to her by the Soviet soldiers. Within, in her heart, she still maintained her integrity, and what was done to her body or said about her mattered no more than the howling of the winds.

Her campaign finally met with success late in the summer of 1952. An MVD guard, one who had frequently had relations with her, came to her barracks one evening after the meal.

"Come with me," he said gruffly.

Sieglinde steeled herself, ready for another bout with amorous guards. But to her surprise, she was marched the entire length of the camp, past barracks after barracks, and found herself finally in the little clump of better-grade buildings where the camp officials lived.

"Where am I going?" she asked.

"Colonel Petrov's office."

Petrov was a member of the camp's high command. He was a stocky Germanic-looking man with a big head, close-cropped hair, and a monocle jammed arrogantly into one eye. He looked Sieglinde over from head to toe. Then he said:

"You have been recommended to me as an unusually trustworthy prisoner. Your record shows no blemishes, no disciplinary violations. And I understand you are a German who speaks flawless Russian. Is this so?"

"Yes," Sieglinde replied.

Petrov smiled coldly. "By order of Moscow, prisoners in labor camps are to be given a greater degree of independence in running their own affairs, effective at once. Among the new measures, we are now to select certain co-operative prisoners who will be given greater responsibility in camp activities—trusties, you see. And you have been chosen as a trusty."

Sieglinde's new job took her from the fields and placed her in a clerical, almost supervisory position. She would no longer live in the barracks, but would be given a private cubicle of her own in a new building being erected for the prisoner trusties. She would also receive a salary of 420 rubles a month, of which 300 was taken away immediately for room and board expenses, and 26 more for income tax. That left her with 94 rubles a month to be spent on food at the workers' canteen or, if she chose, on alcohol (at 130 rubles a pint!) There was nothing miraculous in this sudden liberalization of the slave camps. There were rumors all over the huge Soviet Empire that slave uprisings were being plotted, and this was a strategy designed both to placate the slaves and to develop a group of prisoner-informers.

There was one additional duty Sieglinde would have to perform in her new status—she would have to become Petrov's mistress.

That task was not as odious as it might seem. Being affiliated with Petrov made her untouchable for the ordinary soldiers, and Petrov was a much more refined lover than the brutal MVD guards who had forced her so many times in the sheds. And since Petrov kept several mistresses in the camp, Sieglinde was not treated to his attentions more than once or twice a week. That much she could tolerate, blanking out her mind when in the little officer's embrace.

The winter passed. Sieglinde used her command of Russian to gain more and more responsibility. She was a hard worker, and conscientious, and she didn't seem to mind when the other slaves hissed things-like "Turncoat!" at her as she walked through the camp. She obtained access to the central records, found her own record, with the notation that her sentence would expire in 1964. Eleven more years.

She made use of her new supply of cash to purchase fatty foods. Gradually her weight increased. From a low of 81 pounds she got up to 104; still far below her normal weight, but healthy enough. Petrov was pleased with the change in her appearance as she gained weight; he was delighted with the way her body was filling out. He confided in her more and more. She learned that in Moscow Stalin was supposed to be very ill, perhaps in his final illness. Petrov speculated that perhaps the Premier's illness was not altogether natural in cause. Other men stood waiting to replace Stalin.

"Who will it be?" Petrov wondered out loud. "Malenkov, most likely. Or Beria, or perhaps Khrushchev."

Sieglinde continued to bide her time, knowing that with Stalin's death would come confusion that might permit her to

(Continued on page 80)



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escape. In the meantime, she submitted to Petrov with as little disgust as possible and dreamed of the day when she and Gottleib would be reunited.

Rumblings of a coming upheaval persisted all through January and February of that year. And then, March 6, 1953, the news came thundering out of Moscow: Stalin was dead.

Slaves cheered; the Russian overlords tried to look mournful, but secretly they were relieved that the grim old man had at last gone, or had been sent, to his eternal rest.

In his office Petrov paced tensely, pouring out to Sieglinde, his only confidante, his hopes and fears and speculations. Sieglinde nodded sympathetically at whatever Petrov said.

Each day there was a new rumor—a revolution in Moscow, uprisings in the satellite countries, slave rebellions. Malenkov had taken control of the nation. No, it was Khrushchev. A different story had it that Beria, the dreaded MVD chief, having probably murdered Stalin, had now done away with his rivals for power and had seized control of the government.

Later in March the truth became apparent. A coalition of rulers had taken the place of Stalin. The new Premier was Georgi Malenkov, the pudgy, mild-mannered little man who had been thought of as Stalin's successor for the past several years. Malenkov had already called for peace with the West, for a relaxing of international tensions. Wild hope swept the camp. Malenkov was a good man; Malenkov would close the slave camps and free the prisoners.

Sieglinde knew that Malenkov would never dare to do such a thing. To free the entire slave population of the Soviet Union would be to release 20,000,000 human beings, nine times as many as were in the Soviet army. And the slaves were the backbone of the rapidly expanding Soviet economy. Malenkov would neither wish to set free so many bitter enemies nor to sacrifice such a cheap labor force.

But change was in the wind. Sieglinde managed to learn about it a week in advance, and the advance news enabled her to get free.

On April 14, so the news ran, MVD head Lavrenti Beria would celebrate his birthday by declaring an amnesty for all prisoners who had less than five years to serve. It was a transparent bid for popularity on Beria's part. By his act of generosity he hoped to persuade the Russian people that he was less menacing than his reputation declared. At the same time the act was meaningless, affecting as it did less than 10 per cent of the prisoners. The amnesty had a rider on it, permitting the officials of the camp to deny freedom to any "enemy of the State" if it was thought unwise to release him.

Sieglinde Mannheim hastily made her way to the place where the records were kept and found her own card. So far, she had not risked altering it; there had been nothing to gain from that. But now she made one deft change. The date of release now read, not 1964, but 1954. She was eligible for release under Beria's amnesty.

Three days later Petrov told her offi-

cially of the decision from Moscow.

"Prepare a list of those prisoners eligible for release," he told her. "We will check it over before we notify them."

Heart pounding, Sieglinde prepared the list—500 names including her own. She brought it to Petrov. He checked through it, crossing out a name here and there. Finally he came to the M listings.

"Mannheim, Sieglinde. You?"

"I am due to be released next year."

Petrov scowled. "I will regret losing you."

"Would you deny me my freedom?"

The Russian had no easy answer for that. It was within his power to refuse her her freedom, but his decision was subject to review by his immediate superior. If it were learned that he had made a special exception simply to maintain his mistress, things would go hard for him. Sexual license among Soviet officers is officially condemned, and someone out for Petrov's scalp might choose to call him down for his action.

So he passed over Sieglinde's name on the list. In due course of time the list was approved and those eligible for release were informed that their stay in Nelkan was at an end. For 486 prisoners there was to be no more slavery, thanks to the benevolent Beria.

And for Sieglinde Mannheim there was to be freedom, too—thanks to Soviet inefficiency and stupidity.

She was offered a chance to stay on at Nelkan as a civilian employee at a salary of 900 rubles a month. But she said she preferred to go to near-by Stalingrad to search for other work, and Petrov was powerless to stop her.

On April 19, 1953 Sieglinde Mannheim walked out of Nelkan Prison Camp with 300 rubles in her pocket—a free woman for the first time in seven years.

Her freedom was still highly circumscribed. She was not allowed to leave the Soviet Union. When she reached Stalingrad she was supposed to register as an ex-prisoner and to notify the police of her whereabouts at all times. The first, and hardest, part of her flight to freedom had been achieved. But, having escaped from escape-proof Nelkan, she was now faced with the task of getting herself out of the immense prison camp that is the Soviet Union itself.

During her stay in Petrov's office she had spent many hours poring over the maps of Russia, memorizing this entire corner of the globe until she could draw a correct map blindfolded. She knew that she had to travel about 400 miles due south, passing through the Republic of Georgia, Stalin's birthplace, before she reached the free world. And separating Russia from Turkey were the terrible Caucasus, a wall of mountains as high as 17,000 feet.

On foot, alone, Sieglinde set out for freedom. She traveled at night, keeping to country roads, sleeping in fields, eating what she could. Luckily the primitive Georgia district did not abound with secret police. But the pace was slow. She averaged only about a dozen miles a day. Then, through a stroke of luck, she stumbled into a tavern near Zimovniki just in time to hear a peasant announce loudly

that he was looking for a paying passenger to ride with him on a trip to Divnoye, a hundred miles to the south. Speaking up, Sieglinde was accepted, and for fifteen rubles she rode in the back of a cart full of hay for the next three and a half days. In Divnoye she parted company with the peasant and continued on her way.

Day after day, through good weather and bad, Sieglinde trekked toward Turkey. When she saw men in uniform approaching on the road, or vehicles bearing the red star, she crouched by the roadside. The only documents she carried were her prison record and a safe-conduct as far as Stalingrad. If she were discovered this far south it would be back to prison for her, and this time for keeps.

To cross the Caucasus on foot is a task that might stop the hardest mountaineer. But Sieglinde simply would not be stopped at this point, having come so far. It was May 19th when she first stepped onto the mountain path, weighted down with all the food she was able to buy in Pyatigorsk. Then, upward through thinning forest and thinning air, living on a few crusts a day and whatever water could be had at clear springs, she pressed forward through mountain passes 12,000 feet above sea level. On the 24th of May she saw a truck convoy winding its way toward her from a lower elevation ahead and she huddled in a depression behind a huge rock for two hours until the trucks rumbled past. Peering out cautiously, she saw that they were full of Russian soldiers, no doubt returning from border duty. If they had seen her their suspicions would have been aroused by a solitary pedestrian, and no doubt her fate would have been either arrest or mass rape and death.

On the 27th of May a Soviet plane droned above her, also part of the border patrol. Sieglinde remained still until the plane was gone. It had been flying at an elevation of no more than 1500 feet above the mountain tops and might easily have spotted her. But she moved on and was not stopped.

The night of May 30th she spent in a freezing downpour, sheltered only by leafless trees. She stripped off her clothes and covered them with her naked body, knowing that her skin would dry faster than her heavy cotton garments. In the morning the rain stopped. She dried herself in the sun, dressed, and resumed her journey. Food was getting low now. She had planned on two weeks for the crossing and that period was all but up, with a seemingly endless stretch of mountainous country ahead of her.

An occasional Soviet plane flew overhead to remind her of the watchful eye of Moscow, and several times she hid just in time to avoid being seen by a passing Soviet truck. On the 5th of June the last of her food was gone. She went two days on an empty stomach; then, desperate, rooted grubs out of the frozen soil and ate them. By the 10th of June the level of the countryside had lowered appreciably. Sieglinde lived on bark, roots, leaves, insects—anything that would give her the energy to go on.

On the 13th of June the long and lonely trek came to its end. The Black Sea was visible to the west as she passed through

the Georgian village of Khashtredia, skirted the port of Batumi, and came to the Russo-Turkish border.

Stolid Russian guards marched stiffly along the barbed-wire boundary. Hidden, Sieglinde watched them. On the other side of the fence lay Kars Province, Turkey—and freedom.

The Barbed Wire Curtain was 350 miles long. The Soviets could not patrol every inch of it. Sieglinde waited for nightfall. A chill wind swept down out of the Caucasus as darkness descended. The Russians continued to patrol. Cautiously Sieglinde made her way along the border. But now she was not alone. In the darkness a young man had come along. At first Sieglinde had been terrified, but soon it had become plain that he was just as frightened as she. He told her he was wanted by the MVD and so they joined forces in their sprint for freedom. It was now past midnight and no border guards were visible as far as they could see. Under the cover of darkness they descended from the low hill and ran frantically across the wide plateau toward the border. The young man helped her scramble through the barbed wire fence. Even so, she cut her hands deeply, but what did it matter—as she tumbled to freedom on the other side.

She lay where she had fallen, panting, crying for joy. But the young man urged her to get up. If the Russians saw them they would not hesitate to shoot from the other side. She stumbled to her feet.

After a few hundred gasping yards she fell again. The young man half-carried her—into the arms of two men in uniform. They spoke in Turkish.

"Refugee," the young man said in Russian, and pointed to the Soviet border. The Turks began to smile.

Sieglinde and the young man spent the night in the lonely village of Kizilcakcak, and in the morning received an official convoy to Kars, the capital of the province.

"You two are the first to cross the border successfully in two years," they were told. "Eight tried it last year but were shot by the Russians."

In Kars, Sieglinde said good-by to her young companion and at her request was taken to the British consulate. There, spilling out the fantastic story of her escape and of her astonishing flight to Turkey, she became an immediate celebrity. After spending a week in a hospital, recovering from the privations of her seven years' imprisonment and her three weeks of lonely journey, she was flown to London.

The story of Sieglinde Mannheim, one of the most incredible tales of the past decade, came to a story-book end. A week after her arrival in London word came from the West German capital of Bonn. Her husband, Dr. Gottleib Mannheim, had escaped from East Germany a year before.

Their reunion took place on August 4, 1953 in the West Germany embassy in London.

Dr. and Mrs. Mannheim live today in West Germany, man and wife again. They talk very little of the thirteen years in which they were separated from each other. But Sieglinde Mannheim's epic struggle to rejoin her husband will never be forgotten. It is one of the great sagas of the 20th Century.

THE END

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# GAIN WEIGHT!

STOP BEING SKINNY AND TIRED!

Amazing Scientific Plan Adds New Attractive Pounds and Inches

AS FAST AS YOU WANT . . . OR YOU PAY NOTHING!

## START GAINING WEIGHT TODAY . . . AND KEEP ON GAINING HEALTHY POUNDS AND INCHES!

Don't be skinny . . . Put on pounds and inches of new, attractive flesh . . . and feel like a new person. *Vitatonc* Tonic and Appetite Stimulant is an amazing Scientific Formulation for easier weight gains. It helps you gain pound after pound, which makes your figure better looking . . . while you eat the foods you choose. It peeps up Vitamin deficient *Appetites* . . . automatically you gain weight without conscious effort. And at the same time, you lose that "tired feeling," have more resistance, sleep better at night. If you are skinny and tired because of poor appetite or poor eating habits . . . this medically safe, easy way helps you gain energy faster, and puts on pounds and inches of new weight, for a shapelier figure.

### NOW YOU CAN LOOK BETTER HAVE A HEALTHIER, MORE ROBUST FIGURE!

*Vitatonc* is entirely safe, contains no drugs, no stimulants, but is a medically scientific Concentrated Food Formula that's EXTRA RICH in easier to assimilate calories, fortified with other proven weight building elements. Many underweight people have smaller than normal stomachs. Half-way through a meal, they're full . . . can eat no more. *Vitatonc* is more than a meal. Yes, each daily supply of *Vitatonc* is as rich in calories as many a skinny person's regular full meal.

### ONE OF THE MOST POWERFUL YET SAFE WEIGHT GAINING FORMULAS THAT HAS EVER BEEN OFFERED!

*Vitatonc's* 10-in-1 Formula is like a Doctor's Prescription . . . Special care was taken to formulate it so that it was wonderfully tasting. It was prepared so as to be approved and recommended for use by men, women, and even young children.



THESE ARE THE PLACES ON YOUR BODY WHERE YOU TEND TO BE UNDERWEIGHT

- Cheeks
- Arms
- Thighs
- Legs
- Hips
- Calves

### BE APPEALING—HAVE SELF-CONFIDENCE

If you are skinny and embarrassed when you un dress because of scrawny body, thighs, arms and legs . . . New you may be able to quickly put on more attractive pounds and inches so fast it will amaze you . . . *Vitatonc* is developed by Men of Medical Science . . . a delicious weight adding formula, jam-packed with wonder calories to help your body gain good-looking flesh automatically, wherever you need it . . . on face, neck, arms, legs and ankles . . . Almost like magic, skinny "broomstick" figures fill out all over the body into a beautiful "new look" that wins popularity! Concentrated *Vitatonc* stimulates Vitamin Deficient appetites . . . New Pep, Vigor and Vitality.

**IMPORTANT!** Forget everything you have ever heard about weight gaining products before today! Don't confuse *Vitatonc* with any other formula you have ever seen, heard of, or tried. *Vitatonc* is a medically researched product. A weight gaining wonder formula unlike anything ever released without a Doctor's Prescription! And here is the overwhelming proof! When you use *Vitatonc's* concentrated 10-in-1 Formula to add weight . . . you will be among the fortunate men and women who experienced incredible weight gains . . . after every other weight gaining method failed them.

No other product can claim all these amazing weight gaining and health giving ingredients.

### NOW VITATONE WORKS TO GIVE YOU NEW ATTRACTIVE POUNDS AND INCHES . . .

Here is the actual formula\* . . . The amazingly safe, tested, way to gain weight. The method you may have heard about . . . now ready for sale without a Doctor's Prescription.

Concentrated 10-in-1 Weight Gaining Formula Contains:

1. Amazing, DPA (Dicalcium Phosphate Anhydrous)—When you take concentrated *Vitatonc*, this

tested ingredient will build body tissue, strong bones and supply your body with two needed minerals of Human Nutrition.

2. **Excelsior B-12** . . . Called the sensational growth vitamin, this is the world famous "red vitamin" doctors prescribe to build healthy robust appetites . . . has a remarkable ability . . . proven in clinical tests on children to cause weight and growth gains.

3. **Special Iron (From Ferrous Sulfate)** . . . Helps correct iron deficiency anemia, which makes you feel tired, listless, and run down. Helps rich, red blood for added pep, and energy too.

4. **Stimulating B-1** . . . Two average doses of Concentrated *Vitatonc* contain four times the minimum daily requirement of Vitamin B-1 . . . An appetite building vitamin that increases your desire for food . . . helps you relish your meals, and look forward to dinner time with happy anticipation.

5. **Calciferol Vitamin D** . . . A proven high concentrate vitamin which helps you build strong bones . . . A proven aid in keeping your teeth in good condition as well.

Five Other Ingredients . . . making concentrated 10-in-1 *Vitatonc* Formula one of the greatest weight building products ever developed! Loaded with super-calories that help you put on pounds and inches of good-looking flesh, easily and pleasantly.

### RELEASED . . . WITHOUT A PRESCRIPTION

Used successfully by thousands of Doctors, you can now gain, new, attractive pounds so quickly, so easily, so safely, that your friends will be amazed. Yes, you can do this without cramping, with sugar, lard, fish oils, drugs or dangerous overeating. The ingredients in *Vitatonc* were tested by Doctors on underweight men, women and children of all age groups and found effective.



### HELPS YOU ENJOY NEW ENERGY AND A ZEST FOR LIFE WHILE YOU ADD WEIGHT!

It is very rare that a Weight Gaining Formula offers an underweight person the opportunity to maintain a vigorous, alert appearance, enjoy sound sleep and have a good sense of well being . . . when they are in the process of gaining the needed pounds and inches they so urgently desire. You will, we feel, thank us a thousand times for telling you about *Vitatonc*, the most amazing Weight Gaining Formula Ever Developed.

**GUARANTEE**

Accept no substitutes; only *Vitatonc* Concentrated Weight Gaining Formula contains 10 special ingredients . . . including DPA\* approved for sale without a Doctor's Prescription. ONLY *VITATONE* Concentrated Formula is Guaranteed by the Most Amazing Guarantee in the Entire History of Weight Adding Products. If you are completely satisfied that *VITATONE* is helping you gain precious pounds and inches quickly and easily, just return the cap from the *VITATONE* bottle and your full refund price will be refunded. BUT YOU KEEP YOUR *VITATONE*. AS A GIFT YOU ARE NOT BUYING AND IT DOESN'T COST YOU A PENNY. This Guarantee is in Effect for Full 21 days after you receive your *VITATONE* FORMULA!

**VITATONE HEALTH PRODUCTS**  
\*Dicalcium Phosphate Anhydrous

### THE SECRET OF THIS SAFE, DOCTORS APPROVED WEIGHT GAINING FORMULA!

The ingredients in *Vitatonc* have been more thoroughly tested over a longer period of time, by more Doctors in more clinics and hospitals than many other products sold anywhere without a Doctor's Prescription. Doctors have proven time and time again that the wonderful ingredients in *Vitatonc* are completely safe and produce no unpleasant side effects.

You may take *Vitatonc* with complete confidence, content in the knowledge that the ingredients have been released for sale without prescription. Is it any wonder that *Vitatonc* not only helps you gain an attractive, more shapely figure, by fortifying weight maintaining meals with its concentrated ingredients . . . but also helps you put good looking flesh on face, neck, arms, hips, thighs, legs and ankles. Why be skinny . . . why let your life slip by without trying . . . No matter what you've tried, *Vitatonc* is the one product that can help you! It's a shortcut to easy, safe, and pleasant weight gain. Unconditionally Money Back Guaranteed if it doesn't work for you! Yes, this is our unconditional guarantee . . . *Vitatonc* may gain weight for you . . . or it won't cost you a penny!



### PROOF POSITIVE

If you want to see good-looking pounds and inches of attractive weight added to your Face, Arms, Hips, Thighs, Calves . . . to every inch of your body where you are thin, then read the thrilling Medical Facts on this amazing concentrated APPROVED WEIGHT GAINING FORMULA: try "Wonder-working" *Vitatonc* . . . Now available Without a Doctor's Prescription . . . Entirely at our expense!

Here is the astonishing answer . . . Underweight people, while actually taking *Vitatonc*, report easy weight gains of 12 to 26 pounds!

" . . . Gained 26 pounds in 7 weeks . . . to me, *Vitatonc's* the best product I've ever known." —Mrs. A. F., Brooklyn, N.Y.

"I'm a nurse and I was always tired and worn out after my Night Shifts. Now I eat better and can do my work better since taking *Vitatonc*." —Miss J. V., Registered Nurse, N.Y.C.

"My son was skinny, underweight and unhappy— he's now 15 pounds heavier and looks wonderful! —Thanks so *Vitatonc*." —Mrs. M. W., Texas

"Gained 5 pounds the first week . . . Since then went from 105 to 122 pounds!" —Miss S. C., California

The only real test of a Weight Gaining product is this—How many pounds and inches did people gain in actual use . . . and *Vitatonc* holds the answer for you!



DOCTORS WRITE ON LETTERHEAD FOR CLINICAL SAMPLE

WHAT VITATONE THE "MIRACLE" WEIGHT GAINER MEANS TO YOU

VITATONE may mean New Hope if you are tired of being skinny . . . of no appetite . . . and merely picking up your food if you want to get rid of that "tired out" feeling . . . build resistance, sleep better, and have more pep and energy . . . show off a more robust, stronger figure or physique . . . then prove it! OUR MIX has much the concentrated VITATONE Tonic and Appetite Stimulant Plus may help you!

### UNDERWEIGHT IS NOT HEALTHY . . . HELP YOURSELF TODAY . . . DON'T STAY SKINNY!

Your doctor may have been warning you that your underweight condition can lead to fatigue, loss of sleep and low resistance. Your doctor may also tell you that underweight can make you embarrassed, sensitive and ashamed . . . That you may be feeling "gawky" and ill at ease, because you are so thin.

If you are skinny because of poor appetite or poor eating habits . . . if you feel tired out all the time . . . look pale, underfed, almost sickly, if your resistance is low and you sleep restlessly at night, then you should shake up your mind to test GENUINE CONCENTRATED VITATONE.

If when summer comes, you're ashamed to wear a bathing suit, try this New Weight Gaining Discovery, Concentrated *Vitatonc* today. You may say, "I never thought I'd be so happy on the beach. I never thought I could gain weight so easily. The *Vitatonc* Tonic and Appetite Stimulant Plan is just wonderful.

Take advantage of *Vitatonc's* Special Introductory Free Trial Offer! Do it today!

**VITATONE HEALTH PRODUCTS**  
41 Union Square, New York 3, N. Y.

**MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!** Dept. SR-7

**VITATONE HEALTH PRODUCTS**  
41 Union Square, New York 3, N. Y.

Please send me the complete VITATONE WEIGHT GAINING PLAN AS MARKED BELOW:

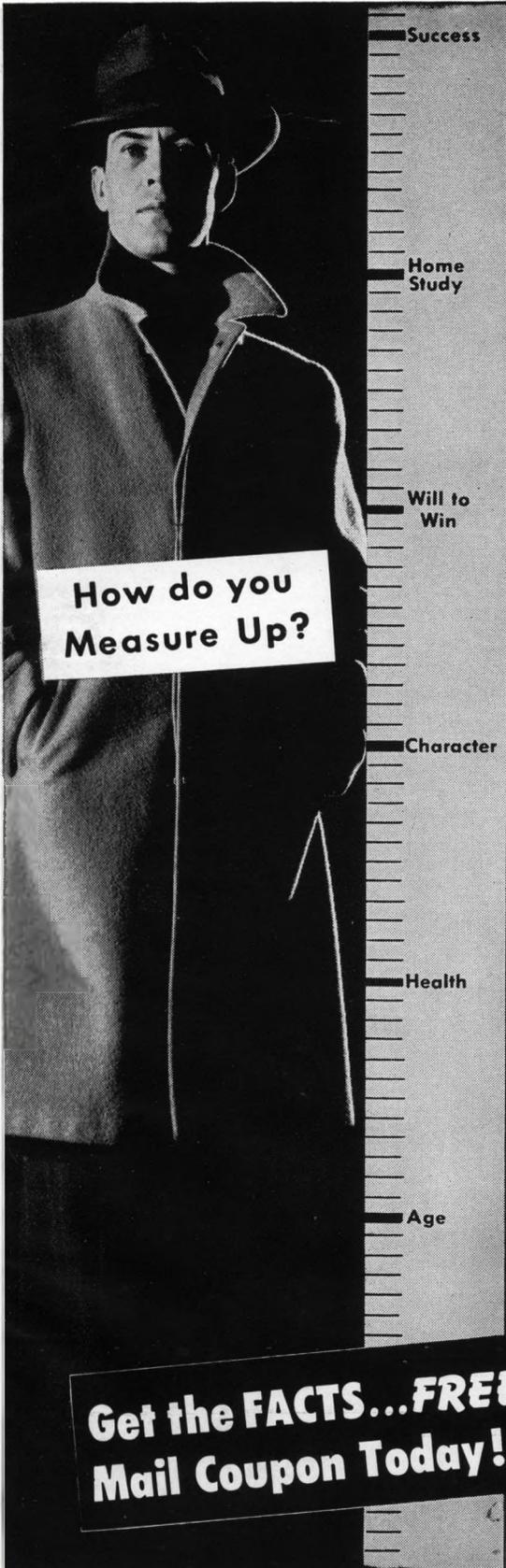
Please send me your Generous Introductory 21-Day Plan. I enclose \$2.98, cash, check, or M.O. The very first bottle must help me gain weight as fast as I want, must help me to look better and feel better . . . must be delicious to take or my money will be refunded promptly and without question.

I want to save \$2.94. Please send me Triple Size (3 bottles) 63-Day VITATONE WEIGHT GAINING PLAN. I enclose \$6.00 cash, check or M.O. and thereby receive 1 GENEROUS 21-DAY PLAN ABSOLUTELY FREE (regular price \$8.94). Same absolute money back guarantee. (When you send cash with order you save up to 50c in postage charges and C.O.D. Fees.)

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