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A MAGAZINE FOR MALES



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May, 1959 Vol. 16, No. 1

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LETTER FROM SWEDEN

THOSE SIZZLING SWEDES



Posed by Professional Models

Swedish Girls Seem to Be Uninhibited About Everything. They're Beautiful—and So Easy

By DEAN W. BALLENGER

• • Late in the afternoon of October 23, 1958 Corporal Ken J. Munger of Spokane, Washington was driving through Stockholm's streets. Two other young Air Force men were with him—Privates Otis Hoffman of Buffalo, New York, and Alan Snyder of Chicago. These men were in a Volvo they had rented a few hours earlier.

The big one-million-population Swedish city impressed the soldiers. It was neat and orderly and the citizens had a crisp, clean look. Especially the girls. They were large-boned, blue-eyed and stacked like a SAC bomber.

The soldiers stopped for a traffic light. Three golden-haired girls in their early 20's were standing on the corner. The soldiers stared at their figures. A little later they got around to looking at their faces. What they saw were I-like-men smiles, the kind it would be a real strain to ignore.

At this moment the soldiers made the first of two pleasant discoveries, that many Swedes speak English. The second, which the soldiers were to learn a few hours later, was that Swedish dolls have as many inhibitions about doing what comes naturally as a bunny rabbit.

Corp. Munger looked at the doll who had extended the greeting. "Would you girls like to go for a ride?" he asked hopefully. They said they would.

The soldiers and girls, who were named Anna, Kristina and Lisa, rode around for a while. Then Anna suggested they go to the girls' apartment for a meal. The three worked together in a department store and lived together.

After the meal everyone watched TV for an hour. It was an American western but the dialogue was in Swedish, which the soldiers thought was simply hilarious.

When the program ended the girls began to undress, right in front of the soldiers. Anna, laughing at the shocked expressions on their faces, said: "You Americans are so hypocritical about sex!"

It was a night the soldiers won't forget, and after

breakfast Lisa said: "If you come back tonight we'll do your laundry."

This may sound incredible, but it probably happened because Swedish girls are sex starved. There are more women than men in the country because of the continuous emigration of Swedish men to Canada, the U.S., and Australia.

"This is one of the reasons," says Dr. Karl Lindholm, a Stockholm sociologist, "that explains the extensive pre-marital sexual relations in Sweden."

Another reason Swedish girls are sexually generous is because they haven't been inhibited by the Victorian sex standards of the U.S. and other English-speaking countries. A Swedish girl thinks of sex as something you do when you have the urge, like taking a drink when you're thirsty.

Sex education is taught in the schools. Lessons begin at the age of 7, the first year in school, and it's no birds and bees routine; the real thing is taught. These lessons continue throughout high school.

A Swedish boy or girl who skips too many classes, or who just can't catch on, can learn all about it at the local Reksforbundet for Sexuell Upplysning (Sex Information Center), a government-operated organization which functions, like a public library, in every community.

This indoctrination emphasizes the social permission of finding love when one desires. With this kind of program instilled in a Swede from childhood, it's understandable why these Nordics are, by American standards, quite broad-minded about sex.

The three young soldiers, by now convinced Sweden was a very hospitable land, spent the day sight-seeing. They were on furlough from the Delmenhorst, Germany unit of the Nato Fighter Command. Many U. S. soldiers spend their furloughs touring Europe; the cost is little and they see things they (Continued on page 40)



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The BOUNTY MUTINEERS and Their Island Harem



Of the Many *Bounty* Mutineers Only John Adams Made It to Old Age and an Island Harem



Pitcairn Island's *Bounty* Bay is rocky, hard to navigate. Mutineers thought they'd be safely hidden from passing ships.

By **GEORGE YORKE**

● ● The most famous mutiny in the history of naval operations, the story of Capt. Bligh's *Bounty* has captured imaginations of men for almost two hundred years. Who doesn't know how First Mate Fletcher Christian and twenty-four young officers and seamen seized control of the *Bounty*, set Capt. Bligh and eighteen more men over the side in a small open boat, and made off for Tahiti. Although it's now generally believed that Capt. Bligh's brutality led to the mutiny, the captain was actually no worse than any other naval officer of his day. The mutineers had another, more personal reason for their willful act.

The *Bounty* set sail from Southampton, England on December 23, 1787 for Otaheite (as Tahiti was then known) to collect samples of the breadfruit tree to be planted in England and other colonies of the British Empire.

After ten months at sea the *Bounty* reached Otaheite, with its friendly people and lusciously beautiful young girls. The *Bounty* men were young and virile—Capt. Bligh

was only 33 and Fletcher Christian 26, which was the average age of the crew—and they settled down happily on the South Sea island. Most of them soon had a *tyo*, or special friend.

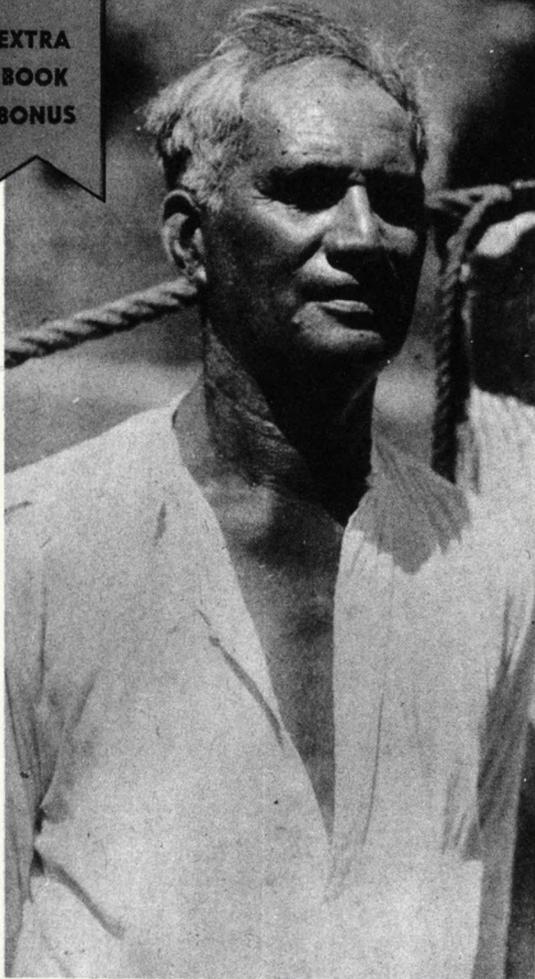
The beach at Otaheite quickly became a scene of constant festivity as the natives were introduced to rum and wine. Three months later when the breadfruit trees had been gathered and it was time to leave, Capt. Bligh had trouble rounding up his crew. In fact, three of them—Matthew Quintal, William McKoy and Alexander Smith (later known as John Adams)—took to the hills with their girls.

As was the custom of the time, when the deserters were apprehended Capt. Bligh had them strung up to the mizzenmast and given twenty-four lashes each. With raw and bleeding backs the men were confined to their bunks for days.

This act of cruelty probably had some bearing on the mutiny. However, more important, after three months of lusty living and un-



Morris Young, descendant of a mutineer, stands by grave of John Adams, "Father" of island.



Parkin Christian, great-grandson of mutiny leader Fletcher Christian, is chief magistrate. Islanders look like Europeans, speak English, are law-abiding.

BOUNTY MUTINEERS

bridled love-making on Otaheite, the men were more anxious to get back to their uninhibited native girl friends than to go home.

Twenty-three days after the *Bounty* left Otaheite, Fletcher Christian led his infamous mutiny. And for forty-one days after that Bligh and his men made one of the most extraordinary voyages on record. Crowded together in the open boat on the trackless, uncharted seas under a broiling sun, with gnawing hunger in their bellies and swollen tongues in hot, choking throats, these men, under the firm, watchful command of Capt. Bligh, navigated dangerous waters, passed hostile natives and sailed 3,618 miles to a haven in Timor. Of the nineteen men, only twelve reached England.

In an account of the *Bounty* and the subsequent history of the mutineers, written only forty-four years after the fateful event, John Barrow says:

"The tide of public opinion set strongly in favor of

Capt. Bligh on account of his sufferings and successful return to England. He was promoted by the Admiralty to the rank of commander and the government took steps to apprehend and bring to justice the perpetrators of the mutiny. For this purpose the *Pandora*, a frigate of twenty-four guns and 160 men, was dispatched under the command of Capt. Edward Edwards, with orders to proceed to Otaheite and, not finding the mutineers there, to visit the different groups of the Society and Friendly Islands and other neighboring parts of the Pacific.

This voyage was almost as disastrous as the *Bounty's*. The waste of human life was much greater, occasioned by the wreck of the ship, and the distress experienced by the crew was not much less, due to the famine and thirst they had to suffer in a navigation of 1100 miles in open boats. But the captain succeeded in fulfilling part of his mission, by finding fourteen of the mutineers, of whom ten were brought back to England to stand trial.

The only published account of this voyage is contained in a small volume by Mr. George Hamilton, the surgeon of the *Pandora*, who appears to have been a coarse, vulgar, illiterate man, more eager to relate amorous adventures in which he and his companions engaged, than to give any real information of the voyage. The journal of James Morrison, boatswain's mate, and a letter from Midshipman Peter Heywood, both of the *Bounty* mutiny, give the only real pictures of what occurred on the *Pandora*.

The *Pandora* anchored in Matavai Bay, Otaheite on March 23, 1791. According to Capt. Edwards, Joseph Coleman, the armourer of the *Bounty*, attempted to come aboard before the ship had anchored. Coleman seemed ready to give any information that was required. The next to come on board were Peter Heyward and Midshipman George Stewart. All three men had been reluctant members of the mutiny and had been waiting on Otaheite for a ship to take them back to England. Even so, Capt. Edwards called in the sentinel to take the prisoners into safe custody and put them in irons. Four other mutineers soon made their appearance. From the natives the captain learned that the other mutineers on Otaheite had built a schooner and sailed the day before to the northwest part of the island. In all, sixteen mutineers had remained on Otaheite; the other nine, under Fletcher Christian, had gone off in the *Bounty*.

Capt. Edwards sent two lieutenants with the pinnace and launch to intercept the schooner. The men could not catch up with her. But later they learned the mutineers had put in at Papparre. There the mutineers fled into the mountains. The lieutenants followed, called to the men to lay down their arms, which they did. They were then brought to the ship as prisoners. There were fourteen men in all. Two of the sixteen originally left on Otaheite had been murdered before the arrival of the *Pandora*.

These men, Master-at-Arms Charles Churchill and seaman Matthew Thompson, had lived with a chief who was the *tayo*, or sworn friend, of Churchill. When he died without children, Churchill succeeded to his property and position, according to the custom of the country. Thompson, for some real or imagined insult, shot Churchill. The natives assembled and came to a



Charles Laughton (l.) won fame as Capt. Bligh. Fletcher Christian's heirs (above) examining parts of *Bounty* found by skin divers. Typical Pitcairn family, below.

resolution to avenge the murder, and literally stoned Thompson to death. His skull was brought on board the *Pandora*. This horrible wretch had also killed a man and child.

In James Morrison's journal he tells of the treatment the prisoners received. He says Capt. Edwards put both legs of the two midshipmen in irons, called them "piratical villains," and they, with the rest, being strongly handcuffed, were put in a kind of roundhouse, only eleven feet long, built as a prison and aptly named "Pandora's Box." It was entered by a scuttle or opening in the roof about eighteen inches square. This was done so that the prisoners might be kept separate from the crew and to prevent them from having any communication with the Otaheitan natives. The friendly natives were instantly turned out of the ship and never allowed to come on board again. Two sentinels were kept constantly on the roof of the prison, with orders to shoot the first inmate who tried to address another in the Otaheitan dialect.

In a letter to his mother young Peter Heywood relates the tortures of "Pandora's Box": "... a sort of prison was built on the (Continued on page 74)





Author McAfee discusses cape work with pretty Pat McCormick, best of U. S. lady bullfighters.

Mexican Toreros Are Becoming as Well Known in West Coast Cities as U.S. Ball Players. America Is on a Bullfight Kick

BULLFIGHTING

America's Newest Rage

By Hoyt McAfee

● ● Like a roller coaster gathering speed, bullfighting has become America's newest rage. For example, on a recent week end a busload of American *aficionados* (lovers of bullfighting) traveled all the way from Kansas City to Juarez, Mexico, just to take in a lively *corrida*. On other occasions in recent months I've met small knots of bullfight fans from Oklahoma City, New Orleans, Denver, Omaha, Memphis, Albuquerque, and Santa Fe. What factors have touched off this surge of interest in bullfighting?

To begin with, popular American authors like Ernest Hemingway with "The Sun Also Rises," Tom Lea, Barnaby Conrad, and Bill Murphy with that bell-ringing novel, "Red Sands of Santa Maria," have done a great deal to stir up enthusiasm.

Also, many Hollywood movies deal with bullfighting. At present Warner Bros. is filming "The Carlos Arroya

Story," starring Randolph Scott and Barbara Neal. In it Carlos Arruza, long one of Mexico's greatest matadors, will be seen as himself. And handsome Fernando Lamas is trying to get permission from Manolete's widow to do a screen story on that most dramatic torero of all time, Manolete the magnificent, who came to an ill-fated end in a duel with a bull at Linares, Spain, in 1947.

Says San Francisco's Barnaby Conrad, who set the bullfighting woods on fire with his books, "La Fiesta Brava," "Story of Carlos Arruza," and "Death Of Manolete":

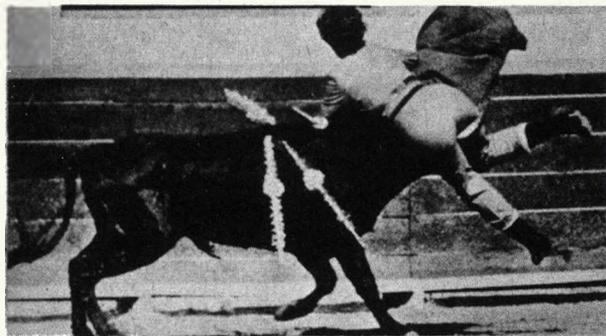
"Books, songs and articles on bullfighting are being received hungrily by increasing numbers of Americans. No idle curiosity, but instead dedicated interest motivates them. Every year many Americans are taking close-up looks at bullfighting as an art; and they're learning to appreciate it in that spirit."

As an echo to that, I think Pat McCormick, Bette Ford, Patricia Hayes, Rosita Barrios and Juliet Sanchez deserve credit for helping to stir up new interest among Americans. Pat McCormick was the trail blazer, and Bette Ford was close on her heels in invading a rough, masculine profession.

For years these girls have been strong drawing cards in their bullring appearances up and down the Mexican-American border. Pat McCormick in particular has that special something that packs them in.

At present Bette Ford has just about given up bullfighting in favor of marriage. But there's Patricia Hayes, a former cello player, who's shown pluck and determination, even though she's yet to turn in a skilled performance. And Rosita Barrios, an El Paso girl, displayed some daring and much stamina in her first two engagements at Alberto Balderas in Juarez.

In her third bout with the (Continued on page 52)



Torera Bette Ford was raised above ring by charging bull in Nogales, Mex. Bull's horns slipped between her legs and missed piercing her body by inches.



Pat McCormick grabs bull's horns as it catches her jacket. Knocked down twice, Pat killed three bulls,

WHITE QUEEN OF THE FIJI ISLANDS

***In 1819 Abraham Dunham
Found a White Cannibal
Queen in the Fijis, Who
Tortured His Sailors***

By TED POOLE

● ● When Abraham Dunham, head of a U.S. survey force, returned to San Francisco in 1819, it was with a tale that staggered the imagination. Rough and ready California was not easily shocked in those days. But Dunham's report of a blonde cannibal queen in the savage Fiji Islands made headlines.

Dunham came by his story in bits and pieces. I propose to take all the facts contained in his report, plus later bits of knowledge that were added in the second edition of his book "Island Cultures of Melonesia," and tell in a straightforward fashion the fantastic story of Marjorie Osborne, the castaway girl who became the white queen of more than seventy-five Fiji islands.

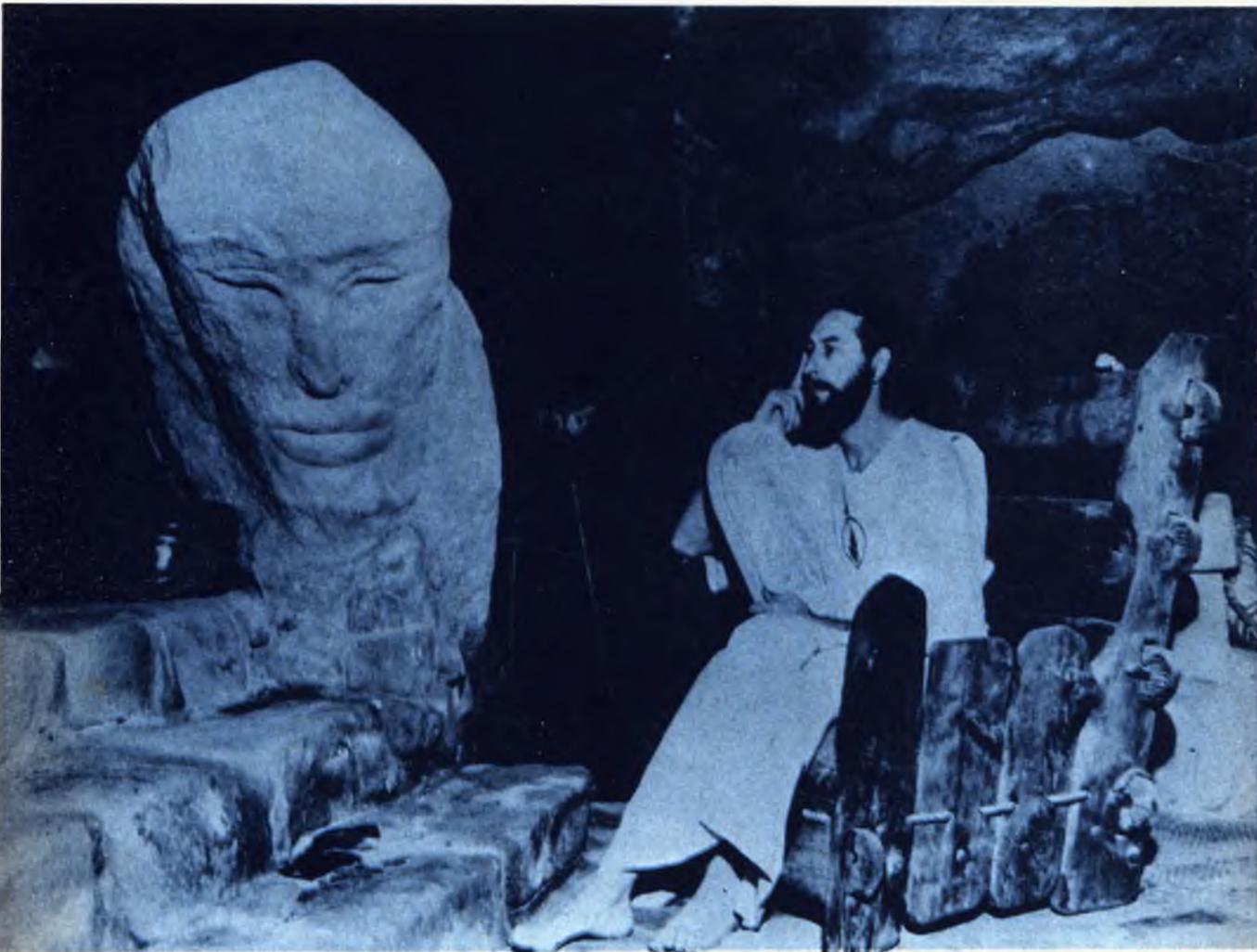
Near the equator lie a group of about 250 islands known as the Fijis. The largest is Viti Levu, 98 miles long and 67 wide. Forty miles northeast lies Vuava Levu, a slender island 117 miles long. The large islands in the Fijis are mountainous, of volcanic origin. The peaks reach heights of 4 to 5000 feet. The terrain is rugged and the vegetation tropical.

The Fijis were a war-like people in those days. They were also among the most notorious of the Pacific Island cannibals. Human sacrifices were a daily occurrence. It was regular practice to bury wives and slaves when a chief died. And whenever a chief's house was built, a slave was buried alive in the holes dug for each foundation pole.

Sick and aged relatives were (Continued on page 48)







"Master" Krishna Venta founded sex-ridden Fountain of World sect. He's believed to have been killed in bombing of cult headquarters.

● ● All through human history there have been strange cults which have cut themselves off from normal life and set up weird, mysterious, secretive colonies.

Few of these movements have proved as bizarre and baffling as the Fountain of the World, an off-beat religious group founded only twenty years back by a man as strange as the sect itself. Just a few months ago the lid was almost literally blown off the tangled, exotic inner core of this occult society. Yet when the dust had settled, the "Master," Krishna Venta, was shrouded in even more mystery than ever before.

For two decades the tall, bearded, robed figure of this uncanny man drifted over the North American continent and much of Europe, gradually building up a group of fanatical followers in each place he visited. Finally he established an international headquarters in the desert

foothills of Box Canyon, California.

To build his movement, Venta, whose real name was Francis Pencovich, had to do a lot of traveling, and his strange treks often got him into newspaper headlines.

In 1941, just before the war started, he and his first wife and their two children made a 44-day hike all over the wilds of British Columbia. Eight years later he attracted public attention by walking around barefooted on the plush carpets of London's famed Claridge Hotel. A \$38-a-day suite there had been provided for him by his followers in the British Isles.

In the spring of 1954 Venta showed up in Washington, D. C. with some of the cult members, to take in the Army-McCarthy Congressional hearings. A month later he almost created a panic in New York's Times Square by handing out dollar bills along with notes that said, "For

A Jealousy Bombing Literally Blew the Lid Off One of the Most Depraved U.S. Love Cults



Bishop Nekona (l.) describes to Sister Murie how fire swept camp after bombing. Nine sect members lost their lives.

Disgruntled Peter Kamenoff (2nd from l.) planted bomb. Of this group only Bishop Asaiah (2nd from r.) survived.

Sex Cult of Box Canyon

By CHARLES M. MASON



Nine bodies lie under rubber sheets near demolished building. Barefoot Venta predicted world's end in 1960.

the love of money is the root of all evil."

This, then, was the strange central figure in a mystery blast that either did or did not tear him limb from limb.

Early last December 10 the quiet night was cruelly shattered by a vicious explosion that ripped ten human bodies into disconnected bits of flesh. The same blast that leveled the "monastery" tore away much of the veil of secrecy that had surrounded the inner workings of the Fountain of the World.

Today, however, many baffling unanswered questions still surround the incident and the cult itself, as California authorities sift their way through tangled indications of free love and wife swapping, bizarre religious rites, and a murder-suicide pact—all revolving around the unearthly image of "Master" Venta.

The investigation has been made no easier by the fact

that all the central figures in the case have disappeared, probably, but not necessarily, blown to eternity by the explosion that tore the monastery from the face of the earth.

Known facts and best guesses suggest that this is essentially what happened: Two days before the blast a couple of cult members came to the police with a long list of charges against Venta, and demanded that action be taken against him.

The pair, Peter Kamenoff, 42, and Ralph Muller, 33, claimed Venta systematically had had illicit sex relations with female cultists, including girls under the legal age of consent. They further stated he had tried to sanctify some of these affairs through illegal marriage ceremonies. They also charged he practiced medicine without a license, letting sick cult members die from lack of proper

SEX CULT

medical attention.

On the night of the blast, Kamenoff and Muller went to the colony in a remote section of Ventura County, about 30 miles north of Los Angeles. They carried with them a stack of sudden death—twenty high-potency sticks of dynamite.

They used the lethal cargo to try to intimidate Venta into a public confession of his malpractices. When he haughtily refused, they set off the charge, tearing themselves and their enemy to bits, killing seven innocent people, and injuring others who had been sleeping in the totally demolished brick building.

If this version of the facts were solidly established, the case might be considered weird, but no stranger than some others bred of off-beat mystical cults. The trouble is, many of Venta's followers believe he's still alive, and

have some evidence to back up their claim.

Since the bodies nearest to the center of the blast were almost completely atomized, identification of the dead was based mostly on their dental records. But the undoubtedly clever Venta may well have been capable of faking his death by leaving his bridgework in his bed and fleeing before the blast took place.

A couple of other factors lend some credence to this possibility. For one thing, about \$10,000 belonging to the Fountain of the World organization vanished at the time of the blast, and nobody seems to know what happened to it. Then, too, there are the state-

ments of faithful cult members that they are looking forward to the Master's resurrection in the not too distant future. As one cop sardonically observed, this prediction would most likely come true if Venta were still alive.

The resurrection angle ties in neatly with Venta's conception of himself as a Christ-like character. He wore long hair and beard and Biblical robes and went barefoot at all times. Every year he supervised a reenactment of the crucifixion, during which he had himself actually suspended on a cross before his adoring followers.

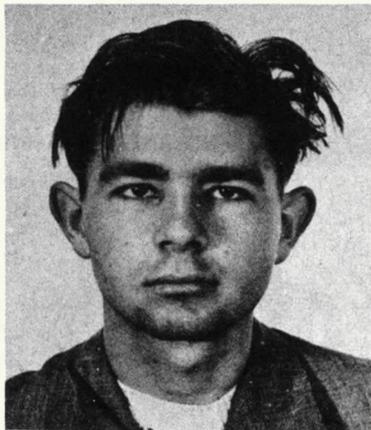
The authorities, however, have learned there was much in Venta's background that didn't place him four-square on the side of righteousness. For one thing, he had a long police record, some of which has not yet been disclosed, although it is known that charges against him included larceny, vagrancy and non-support of one of his wives. For another, he is alleged to have made periodic trips to Las Vegas, where he squandered cult funds in the gambling casinos.

And, if Kamenoff and Muller were anywhere near the truth, the Master's relations with women were far from God-fearing. Speaking in broken English, Kamenoff charged: "When we go on our forest fire fighting, whenever he chooses, he sleeps in the car. He takes one of his disciples, a 'sister,' and sleeps with her."

According to Kamenoff, Venta had a simple, non-religious explanation for this behavior. He said he was cold-blooded and therefore needed someone to keep him (Continued on page 62)



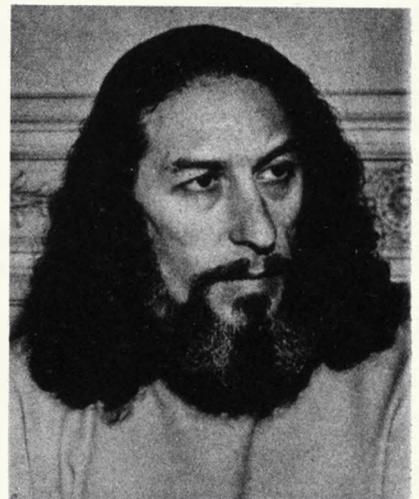
Bishop Asaiah comforts boys whose parents and younger brother were killed in bombing.



Ralph Muller, 33, set bomb with Kamenoff. Men accused Venta of playing around with cult women.



Bishop Asaiah leads sect members in prayer for dead. Some believe Venta escaped bombing and is in hiding.



Bearded Venta had long police record — and rich followers.

WHO HAS DILLINGER'S LOOT?



The Greatest Bank Robber of All Time Was Known to Have Over \$1,000,000 on Him When He Went on a Wisconsin Jaunt

By Ken Krippene

Continued

DILLINGER

● ● On the afternoon of April 20, 1934 three cars pulled up in front of an isolated roadhouse eight miles south-east of Mercer, Wisconsin. Emil Wanetka looked out the window of the Little Bohemia and took a hurried swipe at the bar with his towel. He was about to receive some unexpected business.

The door opened and Emil gave a welcoming smile to the leader of the mixed group. But before Emil could say: "What'll you have?" he found himself looking into the cold gray eyes of John Dillinger. The small, almost effeminate Dillinger announced that he and his friends were staying awhile. His

friends were identified as Van Meter, Hamilton, Tommy Carroll, Pat Reilly and Baby Face Nelson—as nice a group as ever machine-gunned an unarmed bank teller. The distaff side was represented by Helen Gillis; Marie Comforti, Van Meter's girl; and Jean Delaney, Tommy Carroll's sweetheart.

Emil Wanetka stared at the actions of the coolly efficient men and their hard-faced girl friends, and as Van Meter opened a suitcase and assembled a Thompson sub-machine gun, he managed to lick his dry lips and blurt out: "W-what'll it be, folks? Step up and order."

The men and women walked to the bar and began a week-end of unrestrained merriment. They drank and sang. They played the coin machines lining the wall. Dillinger dispatched Van Meter to the roof with his machine gun to watch for unexpected trouble. One of the mob stayed with Wanetka day and night during the following three days. He was a prisoner of the most vicious mob in the annals of modern crime.

Through the grapevine, the FBI learned that Dillinger and his gang had taken over the roadhouse and made preparations to capture them. The FBI

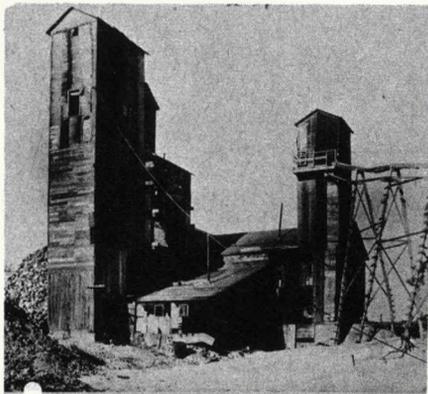
man arrived by plane on Sunday afternoon and began to take their assigned places around the tavern. Darkness fell before the order to attack could be given.

Meanwhile, as the G-men watched from their hiding places, three men came out the front door of the roadhouse and got into a car parked near by. They were three CCC workers, John Hoffman, Eugene Boissoneau, and John Morris. Hoffman got into the driver's seat and started the motor. The car proceeded toward the highway. One of the G-men ordered the car to halt. It isn't known whether or not the order was heard or understood: in any event, the car went on. The Federal men, thinking this was part of the Dillinger mob, opened fire. Boissoneau was wounded and died a short time later; Morris was seriously but not fatally hit, and Hoffman jumped out of the car and escaped into the deep woods.

Inside the roadhouse an alerted Dillinger took command and a raging battle began between the government officers and the mobsters. While the officers were trying to learn the identity of the occupants of the CCC car, the gangsters took advantage of the confusion by crawling out the back window



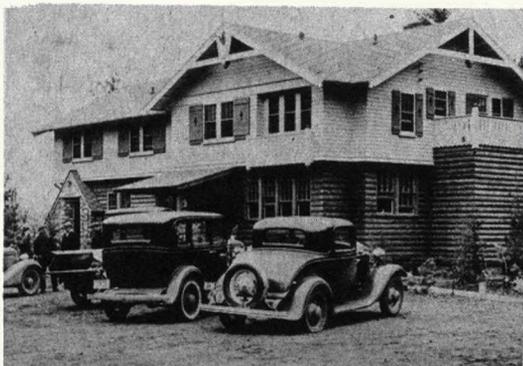
Dillinger strikes chummy pose with Prosecutor Robert Estill while in jail for cop killing. Estill lost job because of pix.



FBI says Dillinger mob used lead mine 4 miles from Cuba City, Wisc. as hideout.



Dillinger gang was holed up in Little Bohemia Lodge when FBI moved in. Gangsters escaped.



Same Little Bohemia Lodge after machine gun fight. Gang went through back window.

Crowd at Chicago movie house where Dillinger, most wanted criminal, was killed by the FBI.



of the roadhouse to the woods and safety. They separated and met again later.

Dillinger, Hamilton and Van Meter made their way to the house of a man named Robert Johnson, where they were able to get a fast car and make a successful escape. Baby Face Nelson appropriated a deputy sheriff's car, and when capture was imminent, he shot and killed Federal Agent W. Carter Baum. He, too, made good his escape.

The FBI had no way of knowing that the Dillinger mob had fled to safety. At dawn they blasted the tavern with tear gas bombs and machine guns. On entering they found only the three women hiding behind the bar. This is the story of the Little Bohemia fiasco.

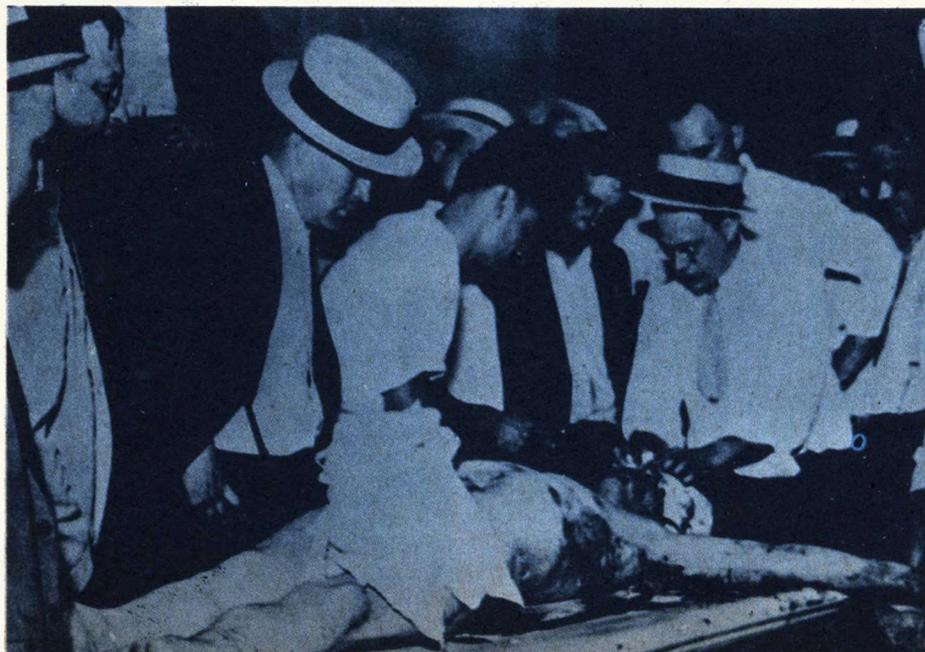
Why had the Dillinger gang picked such a spot as this isolated outpost in northern Wisconsin for a hideout?

At this point in the life of the mob their working capital had been reduced to nothing. They needed cash badly. Dillinger had more than a million dollars' worth of negotiable stocks and bonds but this loot was hard to sell. The bandit had a fence in Minneapolis, which, as you probably know, is a person who buys stolen property. In order to raise quick cash Dillinger decided to send one of his mob to the Minnesota city and cash his suitcase full of stolen securities. Patricia Charrington was picked for the job.

She left Chicago for Minneapolis three days before the mob began their
(Continued on page 60)



Mrs. Anna Miller was "Lady in Red" who fingered Dillinger for FBI. Dillinger was object of biggest manhunt in the history of U.S. crime.



Bullet-ridden body of Dillinger lies in Chicago morgue. FBI was after him for year and a half.

PIRANHAS ALMOST ATE

**While Taking a Nude "Skinnydip" in Shallow
Backwaters, I Narrowly Escaped a Gory Death**

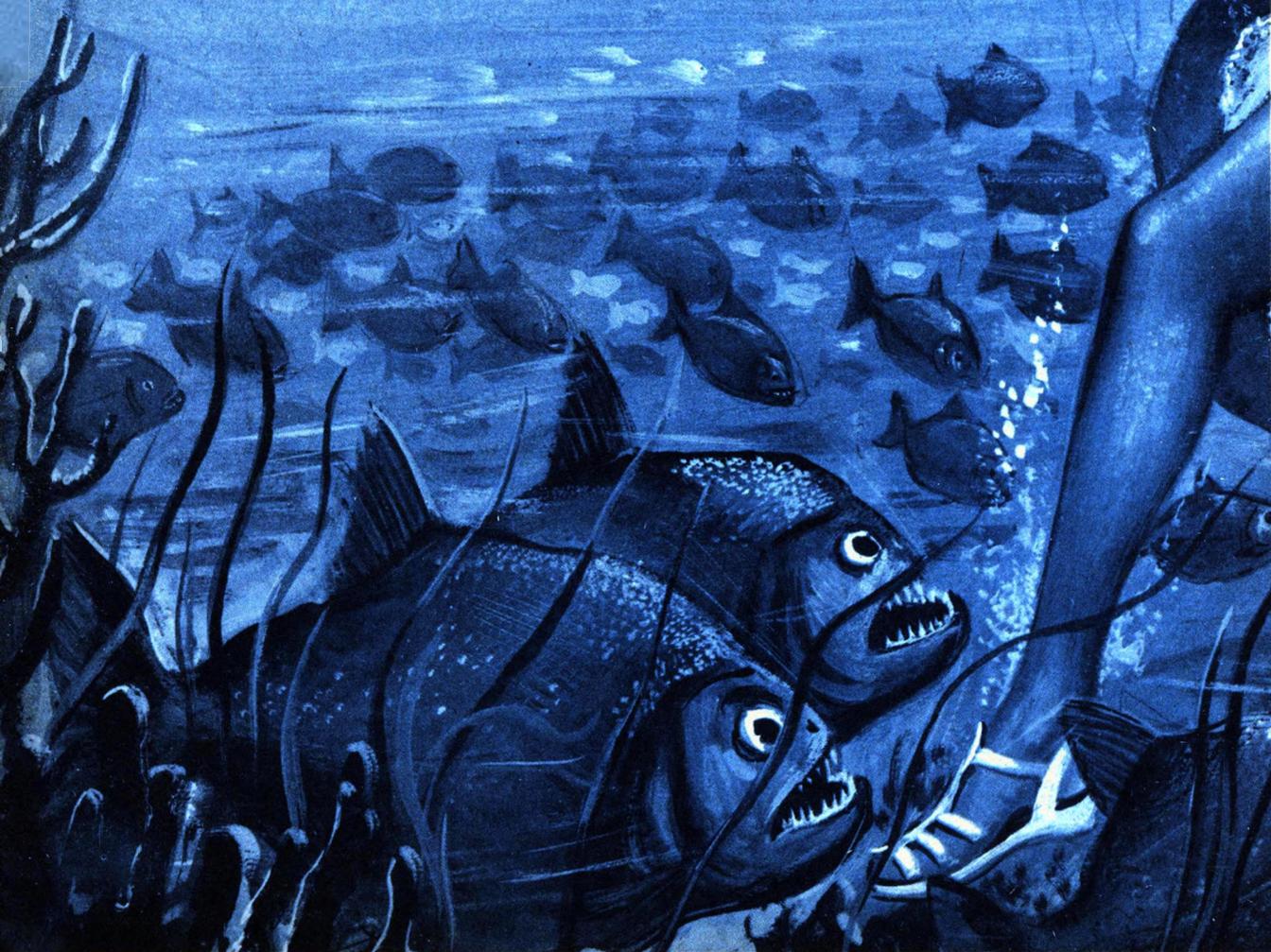
By Jane Dolinger

• • The most terrifying danger to explorers in the great Amazon Basin is not its savage Indians, the poisonous bushmaster, or even the marauding jaguar. Rather, the deadliest of all dangers is found in the dark, placid jungle streams and lakes where the tiny but ferocious piranhas lurk. These man-eating monsters of the Amazon live a predatory, cannibalistic existence. Their favorite diet is blood and flesh, and this includes human beings. It's a matter of record that one hundred of these innocent-looking foot-long fish can devour a man in four minutes flat.

Recently, while living with the Cashibo Indians of

Peru on the shores of Lago Ymiria, a beautiful, calm inland lake, I decided late one afternoon to take a bath. Following a small trail away from the village, I came to a secluded spot. After quickly disrobing down to my bra and panties, I began wading out into the water. Suddenly one of the Indians came running down the trail, shouting something and motioning for me to follow him. He led me through the jungle until he spotted a three-toed sloth high up in a tree. Stringing an arrow to his long bow, he brought the sloth to the ground with the first shot. Then he walked back to the spot where I had intended to bathe.

(Continued on page 62)



ME ALIVE



● ● At dawn the morning of Thursday, January 15, 1959 I opened my eyes, and for a few moments I lay on the ground, half-awake, staring at the lush green jungle-covered Sierra Cristobals. These mountains are a subtropical range of the Andes, with some of the most spectacular scenery in South America.

Then I yawned and stretched my arms. It was time to get started on another day's trek to the Caribbean coast. The quicker we got out of this hostile Chogas territory, the better chance we had of living long enough to enjoy the loot we'd found in the cave.

I got to my feet and looked around. Juan Man-

taros, our Columbian guide and partner who was supposed to be standing watch, was gone. So were two of the mules. I didn't have to look at what was left of our gear to know that our gold had vanished, too. I yelled to Joe Hempel, my partner, who was still asleep.

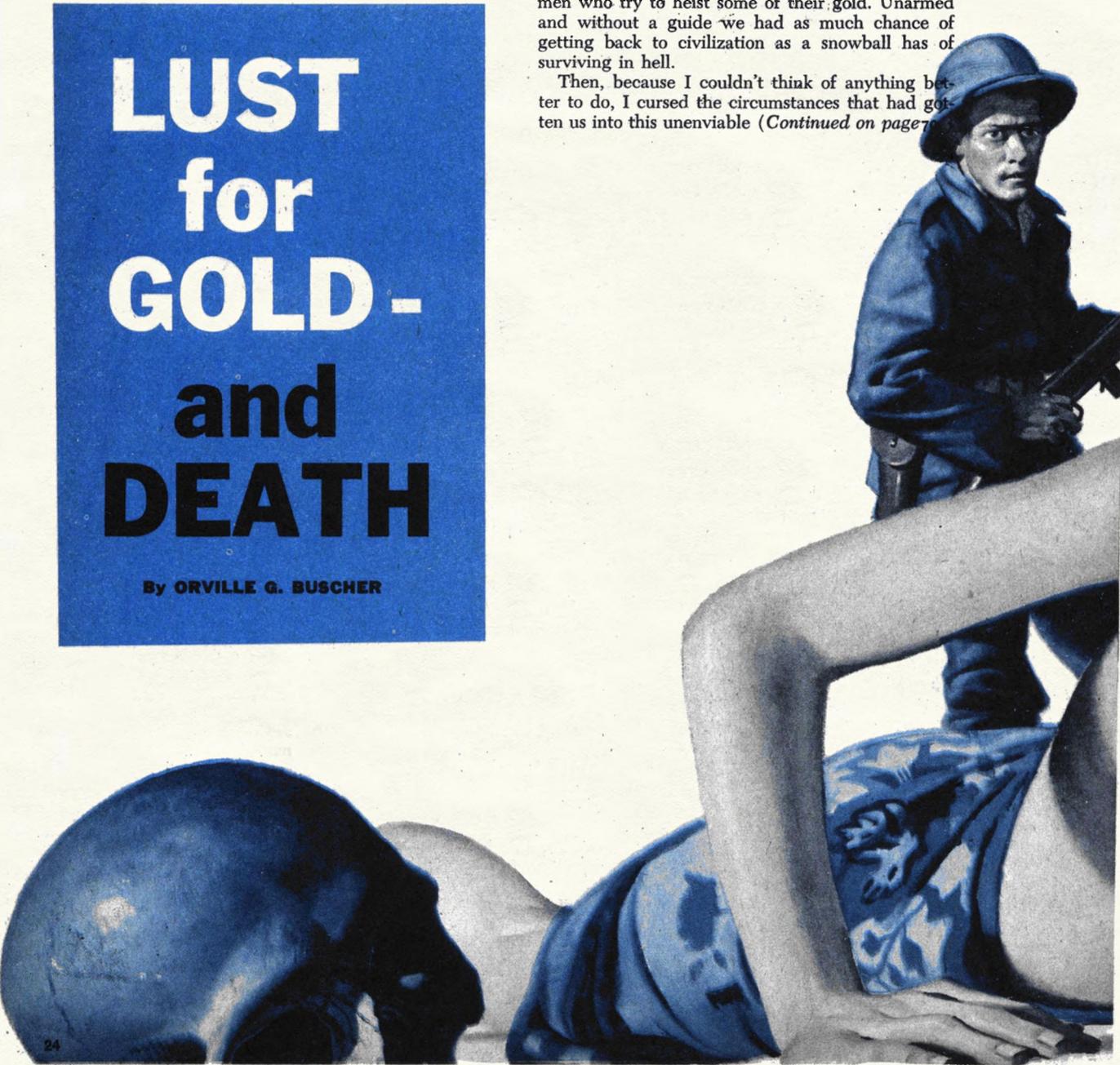
Joe leaped up. When he got over mumbling what Mantaros was a son of, we looked through our gear. There wasn't much left, only the ten pint bottles of whisky, part of our chow, the medical kit and a couple of spare shirts and trousers. The gold was gone, naturally. More important, so were our shotguns.

"We've had it," Joe said, tight-lipped. I was even tighter-lipped. We had reason to be scared. The Chogas are extremely savage Indians, with a centuries-old hatred of white men. Especially white men who try to heist some of their gold. Unarmed and without a guide we had as much chance of getting back to civilization as a snowball has of surviving in hell.

Then, because I couldn't think of anything better to do, I cursed the circumstances that had gotten us into this unenviable (Continued on page 7)

LUST for GOLD - and DEATH

By ORVILLE G. BUSCHER



***I Really Thought
We'd Had It, When
Deep in Hostile
Chogas Territory
We Awoke to Find
Our Gold, Food,
Clothes, Tools and
Medicine Gone***

"Now we know the location of the cave we no longer need her," Mantaros said, as he pulled on the trigger.



APEMEN OF THE AMAZON

***Despite Cannibals
and Untold Dangers,
We Got Photos of
the Apemen, Thought
to Be Only Living
Neanderthal Men***

By JANE DOLINGER

● ● In South America there are all sorts of rumors of buried Inca treasures, of emerald mines deep in the heart of Ecuador, of a tribe of mysterious white Indians in Brazil, and of "apemen" along the far reaches of the mighty Amazon. In most instances these fascinating rumors are based on fact. But proving them is another matter. It takes time and money, and one must endure weeks, even months of untold hardships and unexpected dangers. But that's all part of an adventure writer's life.

Take the apemen of the Amazon, for example. I had first heard about them from Padre Pascual Alegre, a Franciscan padre who has spent over thirty years with the savage Indians on the fringe of the Gran Pajonal of Peru, a vast unexplored region which no white man had dared enter.

"They're there," the padre confided to me at his small mission along the banks of the Rio Ucayali. "Other Indians have seen them. Undoubtedly they are the most primitive people in the world today, but finding them is another matter. They're classified as Amahuacas, but unlike the other tribes they are nomads, continually roaming the vast

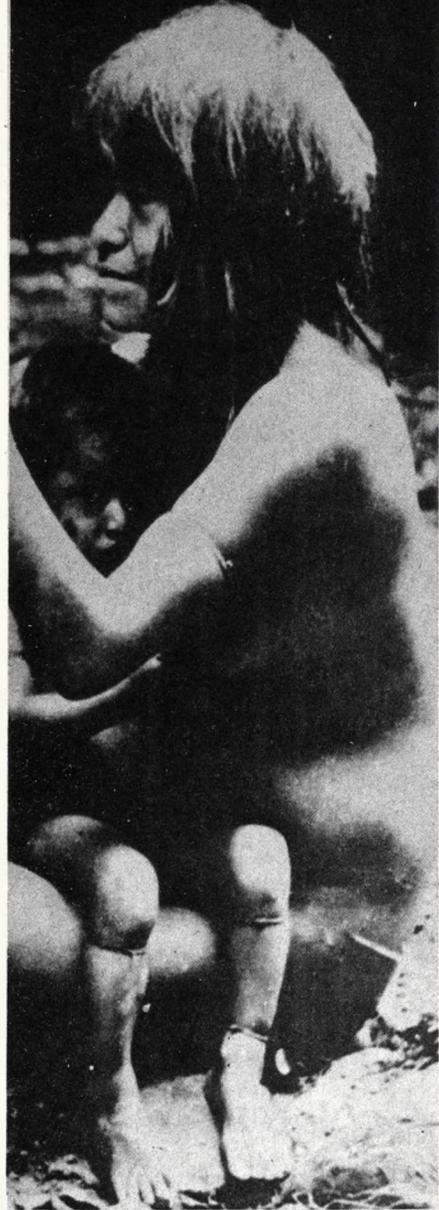


reaches of the unexplored Amazon searching for food. When they are hungry, as they often are, they turn to cannibalism, killing and eating one another in their eternal fight for survival."

The padre looked at me searchingly. "But why are you interested in the Amahuacas? Finding them is a man's job, and you are just a pretty young woman."

"That's not my fault, Padre," I assured him. "It's an accident of birth. But as I've told many others, one's sex has nothing to do with adventure. Believe me, in the last six years I've been around."

I recounted several of my most thrilling exploits—seven months with the Jivaro head-hunters of Central Ecuador (See SIR! March, 1959); a three-week journey into the forbidden land of the dreaded Aushiris, the same savage Indians who had so mercilessly killed five North American Protestant missionaries (See SIR! April, 1959); four months on the desolate Galapagos Islands where Alexander Selkirk, the original Robinson Crusoe, had been marooned for so many years (See ESCAPE TO ADVENTURE! March, 1959); five weeks in the harem of Ahmad al



Resembling apes, Amahuaca women search each other's heads for lice, which they extract with their nails, crack between their teeth.



Shipibo mother feeds baby. Jane lived with these South American Indians while waiting to catch a glimpse of elusive apemen tribe.



Padre Pascual Alegre first told Jane about apemen. She's only person ever to photograph the Amanuacas.

Jane talks with Shipibo woman. They all wear pieces of silver in their noses as a distinguishing tribal mark.

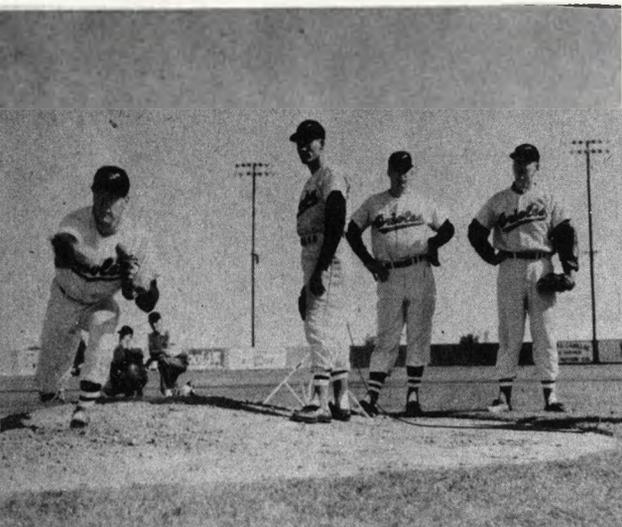


Yaman in Spanish Morocco (See SIR! Feb., 1959). Yes, I had been around!

The padre and I then discussed the best way to find and photograph these elusive apemen. The padre took me to a wall map in his adobe hacienda.

"There," he said, pointing to a spot not far from Atalaya, the seat of his mission, "is the beginning of the Gran Pajonal. In it are over 50,000 square miles of unexplored territory. There are rivers filled with deadly man-eating piranhas that can reduce you to a skeleton in less than three minutes. Also giant crocodiles, thirty-foot boas, large enough to swallow a mule, deadly bushmasters, and dozens of tribes of savage Indians.

"Somewhere in there," he continued, tapping his forefinger on the map, "are also the apemen. It may take you a month or it may take a lifetime before you find them, but if you are determined I will send an Indian guide with you. His name is Kamalkeiri, and he knows his way around the jungle. If I had the authority I would not permit you to make this trip, but in any event, may God go with you."
(Continued on page 57)



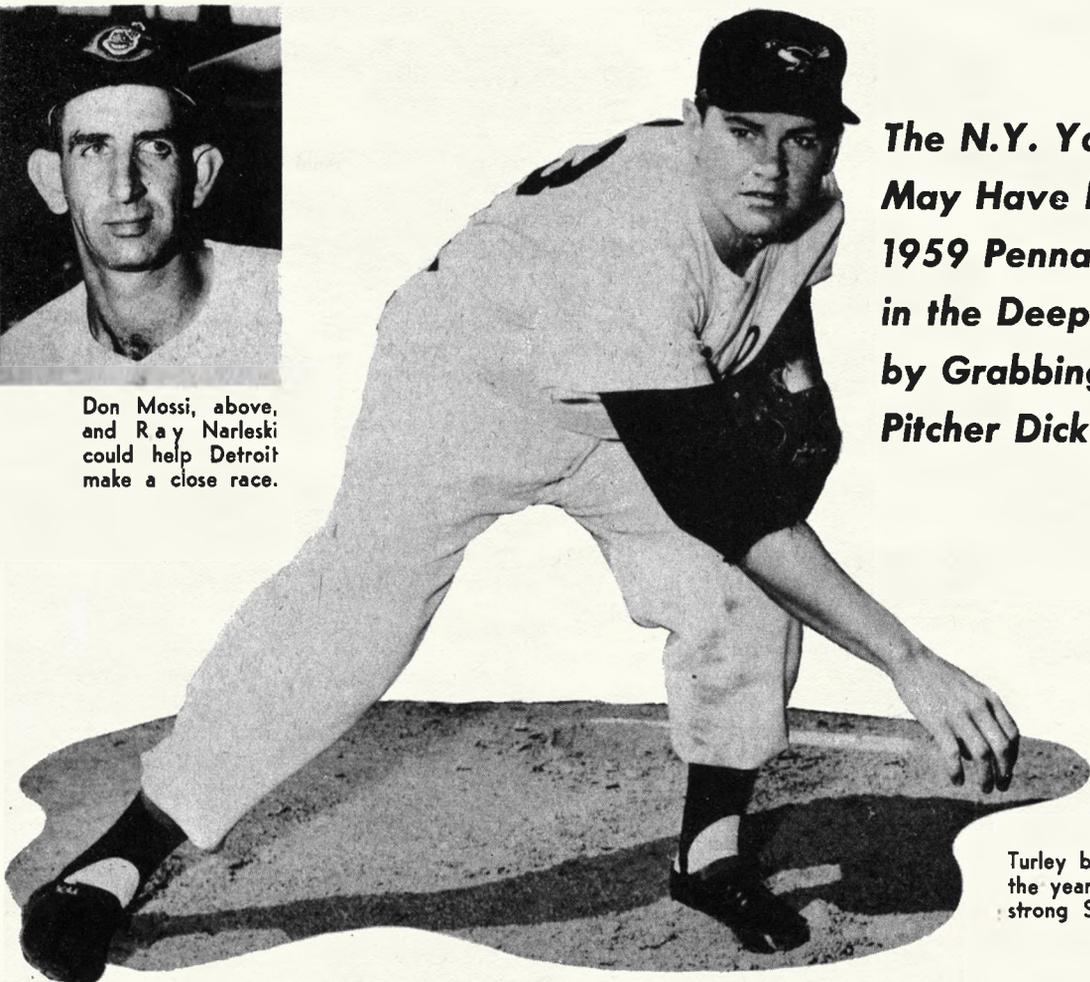
Turley and Duren (above as lowly Orioles) became Yank pitching stars of the come-from-behind '58 World Series.



Submariner Dick Hyde will give Yanks added strength. Bronx Bombers have always profited from their trades.



Don Mossi, above, and Ray Narleski could help Detroit make a close race.



**The N.Y. Yanks
May Have Put the
1959 Pennant Deeper
in the Deep Freeze
by Grabbing off
Pitcher Dick Hyde**

Turley became player of the year on 21 wins and strong Series clutch job.



Braves will miss Red Schoendienst, out with TB; but they should win anyway, helped by Red's sub, Mel Roach.

By CLEM BODDINGTON

● ● There still is a chill in the air in some sections of the country as the American and National League pennant contenders start the 1959 season.

The chill is felt by fans in cities other than New York, for the Yankees are in the market for another deal.

While Casey Stengel, the manager of the Yanks, has been playing it coy, the ball club has been dickering for Dick Hyde, and the fans in other cities say: "Here we go again as patsies for another of those Yankee trades."

PENNANT PREDICTIONS



Casey Stengel's playing it coy, but the bets are that the Yankees will get Washington Senator's Dick Hyde.

There's more than defeatism in the crack. Dick Hyde, a superman in relief for the cellar-dwelling Washington Senators in '58, was credited with ten victories, saved many other contests, and was beaten only three times. His 1.75 runs per game was the lowest earned run average in the American League.

Fans in other cities have always had good reason to moan over Yankee deals.

For example, the Yankees won the 1921-'22 and '23 pennants by stripping the Boston Red Sox of pitchers Carl Mays, Waite Hoyt, Joe Bush, Herb Pennock, Sam Jones, and, of course, Babe Ruth.

Red Ruffing, another ex-Bostonian, helped the Yanks win flags in 1936, '37, '38, '39, '42 and '43.

Allie Reynolds, acquired from Cleveland for Joe Gordon, was a Yankee mound ace when the Bronx Bombers won pennants in '47, '49, '50, '51, '52 and '53.

In '48, George Weiss, the Yank's astute business manager, snared Ed Lopat from the Chicago White Sox. The wily southpaw won 113 and lost 59 for the New Yorkers. More deals by Weiss accounted for Bob Turley, Don Larsen, Bobby Shantz, Ryne Duren and Duke Maas.

Few of the deals, with the exception of the one which sent Joe Gordon to Cleveland, helped other American League Clubs.

In order to tighten up American League races of the future, something must be done. The answer is, not to trade with the Yanks.

During the 1958 World Series Paul Richards, general manager of the Baltimore Orioles, remarked: "I am against dealing with New York. It is already too strong. Every time you trade with Weiss, you take (Continued on page 54)



“AVALANCHING” CHARLIE

***“The Stage Coach Gold Was Almost in My
Grasp—and the Guy Shooting up Knew It.”***



By **NATHAN S. LAVINE**

● ● About 9 a.m. on August 17, 1958 Charlie Brehm, a 29-year-old mechanic of 6919 East Colfax Street in Denver, was climbing up the side of a canyon wall in the mountains of north-central Colorado. It was a rugged and dangerous climb. Suddenly a bullet struck the rocks a few feet above Charlie's head and a dozen rocks, perilously balanced on the canyon wall, tumbled down. Charlie hugged the wall. The rocks bounced over him. Seconds

later they struck the canyon floor, 200 feet below.

Another bullet plunged into the rocks above Charlie. More rocks tumbled down. One struck Charlie on the shoulder and almost knocked him off the wall.

Terrified, Charlie looked down. His brother-in-law Ed was standing on the canyon floor, holding a rifle. Charlie cursed. He'd thought he'd eluded Ed. Now the big man knew the cave where Charlie (Continued on page 42)



**THE WOMAN WHO SHRUNK
HER LOVERS' HEADS**



No One Believed the Story About France's Female Bluebeard—until They Dug up Her House Last Fall

● ● The foreman of the wrecking crew in Lyons, France, was not unduly disturbed when his workmen reported they had discovered a false wall in the ancient rooming house they were demolishing. Some of the buildings near the center of the city had been built a century before Napoleon's time and were full of hiding places and secret rooms.

But his indifference changed to shocked surprise when the workmen came running back to him ten minutes later. They had knocked down the wall, they said, and entered a concealed chamber. Inside, seated at a table, was a skeleton in woman's clothing, and on the table itself were twenty-five human heads, shrunken but in an almost perfect state of preservation.

The police arrived, headed by the elderly Prefect, Georges Farquier. "It is incredible," he gasped as he gazed at the macabre tableau. "But it can be no other. This is Jabirouska, the female Bluebeard of Paris. No other murderer has ever preserved skulls in such a manner!"

The Prefect's agitation was more than warranted, for until that day the fate of Jabirouska had remained a mystery for 150 years. Police records showed she had committed at least thirty known murders, all on males, and that after killing a victim a favorite technique of hers was to decapitate him and preserve his head as a souvenir. A number of such gruesome relics had been found in the lady's apartment when Monsieur Lecoq, brilliant French detective, and his son l'Eveille had arrested her. But because of intrigue in certain high places, where a seductive woman, even though a proved murderer, was considered more entertaining alive than dead, she had wriggled free from the tentacles of the law. Her shapely neck never rested where it undoubtedly belonged, under the knife of the guillotine.

During the latter part of the 18th Century law and order had only just begun to emerge from chaos in France. Justice could be bought at all times, and the police looked elsewhere if an act of lawlessness was committed by a nobleman, though their methods of repression were pitiless if the offender was merely a humble citizen.

Monseigneur La Reynie, a favorite at court, used his position as Chief of Police to further his own schemes. The position was lucrative. Those who could pay for leniency continued their underworld life.

Occasionally, in order to pacify the indignant citizens, a brutal example was made. The rack and the executioner publicly displayed their horrors and some hapless wretch was sent shuddering to an agonizing death. There was virtually no trial. A confession was always obtained, because death was preferable to the lingering agony of "the question," a formula involving the use of a hard leather funnel forced down the victim's throat, into which bucket after bucket of water was poured.

But although the people were schooled to suffer without protest, there came a time when the angry roar from the city penetrated even to the gilded palace of Versailles. The sons of more than twenty wealthy merchants had disappeared one after the other, without leaving the slightest trace. The story was always the same—they had wandered out, obviously anticipating a glorious night of pleasure and debauchery, bedecked in the fashion of the time with gold and jewels. None had returned.

Soon parents refused to allow their sons on (Continued on page 64)

By PHILIP BRADLEY

NANA

FEMALE MICKEY HARGITAY



*Belly-Dancing Nana
Is a Curvy Beauty
Who Has Her Sights
Set on Hollywood*



Considered one of the best belly dancers, raven-haired Nana has been studying dancing since she was six years old—which may account for her spectacular 42-23-38 curves. In Europe she performed for King Farouk and other connoisseurs of the dance. Now the 20-year-old beauty lives in California, and has made a screen test.





"Annabelle"

AND MR. SMITH

"Brother," Annabelle thought, "with all your millions, I sure could learn plenty from you!"

By PHYLLIS W. HEALD

"HMM," thought Annabelle as she stood on the Tucson station platform and watched the tall man coming toward her. "Hmm. Not bad! Not bad at all!"

"Howdy, ma'm. You must be—" "Just call me Annabelle," Annabelle interrupted as she let her eyes wander expertly from the ten-gallon hat down past the custom-made shirt to the hand-tooled riding boots and back again. "I hope you're Mr. Smith!"

"Just call me Smitty," the man answered with a grin. "Two-gun Smitty, if you want to be formal." And his blue eyes covered her like a tent.

"Can I stay?" she asked finally, having allowed Smitty plenty of time to look over her wares.

"Forever, gorgeous! But not here. Come with Two-gun." He picked up her suitcases and guided her to a shiny, expensive station wagon which had "Smith's Guest Ranch" splashed across its sides.

He helped her in, then slid behind the wheel. But before starting the motor he studied her carefully

again. "Guess I'll have to call you Redtop. That hair and those green eyes sure look like you'll make up to be one mean filly! But"—and he eased the car into motion—"there's nothin' I like better than a mean filly."

Annabelle smiled happily. This was the kind of double-talk she understood. It looked as if her Western campaign were going to bear fruit—rich, juicy fruit at that.

She relaxed against the leather cushion. "Do you ever lead your fillies to drink?"

He gave her a quick, appreciative glance.

"After all," Annabelle continued pathetically, "two days on a dull train make a girl thirsty." She moved an inch closer to the broad shoulder at her left. "And I've heard so much about Western hospitality."

"I love a gal with a thirst," Smitty murmured as he rounded a corner and brought the car to a stop.

"Hmm," Annabelle murmured
(Continued on page 44)



Annabelle Learned Too Late That Smith Is a Very Usual Name

how to buy an ESCAPE ISLAND

*If You Want an
Island All to Your-
self, With Free Food
All Year Around, Where
No One Has to Work and
the Gals Are Aplenty—
Here's How to Get One*



By PAUL BROCK

• • "If you really want to go fishing," said the real estate men, "why don't you give up this rat race? Why don't you go where you can catch all the fish you want, live in peace and plenty for the rest of your life, with honey-skinned native girls at your beck and call and a teeming tropical sea lapping at your backyard?"

Two months later, hypnotized by such sales talk, I was on my first real desert island, the Isle of Goats off the coast of Majorca. The stench was awful. The agent hadn't told me that the hordes of wild goats who live and die on the island are never buried.

Since then I've roamed the Isles of Greece, sailed around the Azores, lived, loved and fished among the thousand islands off Stockholm, one of which was recently bought for Ingrid Bergman by her new husband Lars Schmidt, and sampled the eternal spring of the Canary group. And everywhere I've listened to men getting all enthusiastic about the legendary isles of the moon, which means any possible scrap of land surrounded by fish-filled waters and preferably containing a good selection of beautiful females.

Not long ago I kept a record of modern Crusoes who thought they'd found their ideal escape island, and corresponded with most of them. There were the two husky Johnson brothers, Mike and Tom, who lived with their cat on Sunday Island south of the Tongas. The mail boat called once a year. The first time it did, they boarded it and went back home to San Francisco.

Pete Kelvey, a cab driver, spent his life savings on getting himself cast away on some chunk of rock near the Madeiras. He lived for twenty-nine days on pigeons and crab apples. He didn't catch a single fish and he wept with relief when a boat took him off. And in much the same way a friend of mine went to Papeete in the South Seas and wrote that it would cost him \$15,000 a year to keep up his living standard.

The average duration of island enchantment, it seems, is less than a year. Of course there still are islands where it is possible to keep up the fetish of solitude (Continued on page 40)



On balmy Lord Howe Island close to Australia, the 200 inhabitants work 2 hours a day and spend leisure time fishing, swimming and loving. New settlers are cordially welcomed.

Besides tax-free, easy living, you will find some luscious dolls tucked away on South Sea islands.

THOSE SIZZLING SWEDES!

(Continued from page 61)

don't see back in the States.

In the evening the three adventurers went back to the girls' apartment. After dinner the girls wrote the soldiers' names on pieces of paper and drew them from a dish; this determined who was to romance whom.

Swedish girls, the soldiers were rapidly learning, go a whole lot faster and further than their American sisters. None of the business of coy talk and a build-up first.

Swedes make no apologies, either. "Coitus before marriage," writes Dr. Olaf Karl Blomstrom, a Stockholm sociologist, "is the rule, and chastity the exception, in Sweden."

It's generally assumed that when a girl and a boy go places together they also play house. Even the clergy doesn't object to this free-wheeling sex. In TV and radio addresses Bishop Helmer Lindscomb of the Swedish State Church has advocated recognition of free love and greater subsidies for unmarried mothers.

As a result, quite understandably, Sweden has a tremendous illegitimate birth rate, the largest in the world. They take a tolerant view of this facet of their society, too. Dr. Ilsa Peterson of the Swedish Child Welfare Agency says: "We recognize no difference between children born in or out of wedlock."

The reason for the official acceptance of the consequences of lusty love is that Sweden is desperately in need of babies to maintain its population level. The nation's population is only 7,300,000 and it declines each year.

To encourage a bountiful baby crop, the Swedish government gives a 3,000 kroner (\$550) subsidy to newlyweds and to unmarried mothers. This is technically a loan, but the government long ago ceased making demands for repayment. Newlyweds also get a 500-kroner (\$91) annual housing allowance. Children (illegitimates, too) get a 290 kroner (\$54) annual subsidy until their 16th birthday.

To further promote marriages, the government offers other inducements, including free medical and hospital care during childbirth and free day nurseries for babies and small children.

In view of the government's anxiety to produce more little Swedes, it isn't surprising that artificial insemination has gotten into the act. Test-tube babies are encouraged for unmarried girls who want babies but who don't want to go about it in the old-fashioned way. A Swedish girl who has borne three test-tube babies and has another in the works told a UN social worker: "You get better babies that way. Only the finest of our men are allowed to contribute to the artificial insemination clinics."

After the second night in the girls' apartment the three GI's decided that while the girls couldn't be more hospitable, they were a little wearing. The boys decided

to see some other parts of Sweden before they came apart at the seams.

They drove through the pretty countryside and arrived at a small town called Enkoping early in the evening. They went into a cafe and in a few moments several shapely young women came in. They smiled at the soldiers.

"Here we go again," Pvt. Snyder said, but not unhappily.

An hour later the soldiers were in a hotel room which they had engaged for the night. The events that followed were what might be expected in sexually advanced Sweden.

It was the same in Vasteras, Fargesta, Leksund and the other towns the soldiers visited. Everywhere they went they discovered beautiful blue-eyed girls who practically begged for a little romance.

These naughty Nordics were real man-pleasers in other ways, too, like laundering the soldiers' clothes and preparing mouth-watering meals. Swedish girls are taught these things from childhood.

The boys observed the Swedes' accent on sex in other ways. One book in four on the newsstands was a treatise on sex information. And in every community there was a government-operated Sex Information Center.

The GI's were never accosted by the you-pay-me kind of self-employed lady. The reason is obvious. Selling sex in a land where this commodity is available in such big quantities, and for free, would be like selling icicles in Alaska.

Despite the fact that they'd learned it's always open season in Sweden, the soldiers were amazed at the number of unmarried pregnant women they saw. They learned, though, that these girls will eventually get around to marrying the guys who did it. But Swedes don't think pregnancy is any reason to be in a panic to get to the altar. Most couples wait until the stork can hardly carry the load before they make it legal. In Sweden 62 per cent of the brides are pregnant before marriage. And even if the guy blows, or the doll can't remember his name, she doesn't get nervous. She gets all kinds of government handouts and no one cares whether her baby is illegitimate or not.

Dr. Alexis Sunneborg, a physician in a small Swedish village, tried to explain this phenomenon. "Most Swedish girls," he said, "are obsessed by the fear that life will pass them by without marriage. So they try to become pregnant, knowing that's a girl's best chance to get married." The law, he said, requires a man to marry the girl he got that way. But, he added, a divorce can be obtained by mutual consent after a year's separation, which can consist of shacking up with someone else in the meantime.

Dr. Sunneborg also explained several other facets of Sweden's remarkable sex attitudes. Sweden solves its sex offender problem by castration; quite naturally no such offender has been arrested for a subsequent sex caper. Sterilizations are performed on feeble-minded persons; the result has been the world's lowest proportion of babies born with mental defects.

The soldiers romanced their way back to the coast. By this time they had lost interest in seeing other parts of Europe.

Sweden, they were convinced, provides all the recreation a man can stand.

On November 20, 1958 these frolicking warriors returned to the dull duty of maintaining the planes at the Delmenhorst base. Quite understandably they plan to spend their next furloughs in the merry sex playground they toured in '58. THE END

HOW TO BUY AN ESCAPE ISLAND

(Continued from page 391)

and tranquility. The Australian government, for instance, owns quite a number of islands and is willing to lease them at rates ranging from \$12 a year for the entire 320 fertile acres of Armit to \$12 a square mile for 25-mile blocks of Hinchinbrook Island. And Meheetia, near Tahiti, rich in fruit and resources, is reputed to be empty today, with banana plants and breadfruit going to seed.

According to ancient mythology, the isles of Montana Clara, Graciosa, Aleygranza, Roque del Oeste, Roque del Este and Lobos in the Canary group form part of an archipelago which is supposed to be the earthly paradise of the fisherman and lotus-eater. They have been uninhabited since the 16th Century, when bubonic plague killed off all the natives. Today all of them are for sale.

Montana Clara's 500 acres are covered with lava and are devoid of plant life, but the others have lush vegetation, including the famous dragon tree found nowhere else in the world. Its foliage looks like the claws of some giant lizard and its thick sap is blood-red. The surrounding waters, which cover submerged volcanic craters, teem with fish and marine monsters, such as giant sharks and devil fish. Anybody interested in buying such insular real estate is invited to write to the *alcalde* (mayor) of Arrecife-de-Lanzarote, Canary Islands.

There's fabulous Lord Howe Island, eight miles long and just over a mile wide, with coral-fringed lagoons set amidst the blue, sun-drenched waters of the Pacific. It's a place where anything grows with the minimum of human effort, where the temperature never exceeds 80 degrees in summer, and snow and frost are unknown in winter. Three hundred miles of blue ocean cut it off securely and happily from the nearest point of "civilization" and thus from politics, world news, ballistic missiles and ulcers.

You would never be lonely on Lord Howe. About two hundred hospitable and sturdy people are already living there, paying no rent, eating four-course meals, swimming in the shark-free lagoon, fishing in glass-bottomed boats, climbing the island's two mountains. Housing problems don't exist, for on Lord Howe the palm-thatched houses are built with local labor—neighbors and friends all lending a hand.

Here an income of \$600 a year is wealth, for money doesn't count for much in a place where you can catch as many fish

in an hour as most anglers can hook in a week, where the rich soil grows custard apples, ginger, sugar cane, date palms, guavas, oranges, lemons, pineapples, bananas, sweet potatoes, even coffee and tobacco. The average man works only a two-hour day.

Tourists from Sydney, Australia, come by steamer for a brief glimpse into this paradise, but nobody bothers to try and capitalize on it.

Snags? It depends how you interpret them. For instance, the island has no bars and selling of liquor isn't allowed. There are no stores, no banks, no police, no courthouse, no judge or magistrate. One schoolmaster teaches the island's forty children in a one-room schoolhouse. Each child, at the age of 21, receives a block of shares in the co-operative enterprise which markets the palm seed.

There's one peculiar thing about this place. The first people to find it didn't appreciate it all. First came Lieutenant Henry Lidgbird Ball in the British ship *Supply* in 1788. He reported to the Governor of Port Jackson that the place was uninhabitable and swarming with turtles and wild birds.

After that only whalers visited the island for forty years. Then in 1834 three white New Zealanders came, with three Maori girls and two Maori boys. Soon they sold out to a Sydney hardware merchant for the equivalent of \$1,000 and went home.

Even the four couples who tried to colonize the island in 1843 didn't appreciate their blessings. The blissful surroundings and unlimited food made them too lazy to work and to prepare the island for other new arrivals, which they had agreed to do in exchange for large grants of land. Their leader was taken away and shipped to Sydney inside a cask as punishment.

Lord Howe Island and everything on it belongs to the Crown of England. Families may bequeath their land grants until the family is extinct, then it reverts to the crown.

But not all tropical islands offer such unmixed blessings. Take six-mile-long Palmyra island, 1,600 miles north of Samoa. At one time under British protection, but abandoned in 1912, this crab-inhabited territory once changed hands for the sum of one dollar.

Only ten years ago an 80-mile-an-hour hurricane flattened buildings and covered most of the land with water. Its ninety-five citizens had to be taken off in a hurry, and now Palmyra is once again abandoned to the crabs.

Islands tend more and more to become a real estate racket, a realm for speculators and big business. Commerce has cashed in on glamour. Islands such as Heisker and Humla, Canna and Sanday in the Hebrides are handled by big London and New York firms. Thus, when a doctor in flight from the telephone bought the remote ten acres of Edernish, off the coast of Donegal recently, they cost \$20,000.

Fifty miles off the coast of Florida the erstwhile pirates' rendezvous of Cat Cay came into the market seventy years after Queen Victoria had made a grant of the island to a prospective settler. Mr. Louis

B. Wasey stepped in, bought it, and consulted an architect. Fine Bermuda grass was sown, palm trees were imported, seven or eight mansions have already appeared.

Progress, if that's the word, has similarly overtaken Darrell's Island, once a paradise isle in the Bermudas and now an airport.

Then there's the strange transformation of Jekyll Island off the coast of Georgia, with its ten-mile beach, forested interior thick with game and sulphur springs.

The founders of a fishing club, men with such illustrious names as Vanderbilt, Rockefeller and Morgan, bought the island for \$100,000. Thousands of more dollars were spent on so-called improvements, including \$50,000 for a golf course alone. Today you would find it impossible to get on the island for less than an annual subscription of \$500, plus incidental expenses; apart from the initial difficulty of being voted in.

Another island to bring big money was Guiana, comfortably tucked away in the heart of the sunny Caribbean, which was recently bought for \$50,000 through a New York real estate firm. This 750-acre paradise is two miles long and has a big manor house, built by English settlers back in the 17th Century but now equipped with all modern conveniences. Included in the sale were Guiana Island's two flourishing industries, growing cotton and sheep rearing.

The island of Stranger Cay in the Bahamas, which recently changed hands for \$30,000, offers a profusion of tropical fruits, plenty of fresh water, wild birds, sponge

beds and good prospects of striking it rich in oil. With no income tax, land tax, licenses, parking problems and cost-of-living problems, Stranger Cay was cheap at the price.

An island which has brought a vast fortune to the descendants of the men who originally settled on it is Christmas Island in the Indian Ocean, south of Java. In the 19th Century two explorers, Sir John Murray and George Clunies Ross, discovered phosphates on the island and formed a company to work the deposits. The company had \$360,000 in \$10 shares and a 99-year lease. Nine years ago the Australian and New Zealand governments bought out the company for \$10,000,000 and the title "King of Christmas Island" disappeared from the list of the world's unofficial royalties.

While most desert islands are cheap nowadays, they tend to be boring. You can soak up sun and live for nothing on certain islands in the Gilbert group, but the menu of fish and coconuts never changes and half the terrain slops under the sea twice a day when the tide rises.

You might sign a bargain lease for Falcon Island in the Tonga group—but a word of warning. This otherwise attractive property offers little future to the fisherman who prefers to get home with his catch; for hundreds of years it has been popping up and disappearing at regular intervals.

On the other hand, there's always the chance of running into a beautiful dark-eyed, eager doll to share the boring hours and stir up a little excitement besides!

THE END



"Dad Can I have the Jaguar tonight?"



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**"AVALANCHING"
CHARLIE**

(Continued from page 31)

had found the loot from a long-ago stage coach robbery.

Charlie had discovered this treasure a week earlier. He had taken six of the gold ingots home. Ed had demanded half of the loot. Charlie had refused.

"I'll follow you when you go back for the rest of it," Ed had said. "Lots of accidents happen in the mountains. Yours will be a real fatal one."

Now, too late, Charlie realized Ed hadn't been bluffing. The big, cunning slob had trailed him and was trying to start a rock slide. Charlie would be killed. There would be no bullet wounds in his body, and consequently no investigation. And Ed would have the loot.

Charlie screamed: "I'll give you the half you wanted!"

Ed fired again. This time almost a hundred rocks, some the size of boulders, roared down the slope. One of them gashed Charlie's cheek.

Charlie looked down again. He was no coward but he was terrified. Pinned to the canyon wall, he was helpless. The next slide, or the next, would knock him off the wall.

Hugging the canyon wall, Charlie began to sob. Finding the loot had been the only real break he'd ever had. Now he'd lose it—and his life along with it.

His friends had told him he was a jerk to spend his time and money searching for the loot. But none had said it louder, or more often, than Ed.

Ed was the kind of ignorant man who thinks a big mouth is an acceptable substitute for wisdom. In addition, he was a man of elastic ethics. Also, he was motivated by greed. This combination had made him the owner of a large garage.

Charlie worked for him, and this amused Ed. Now and then he'd go back into the shop and if customers or some of the other mechanics were near by, he'd blurt: "It's sure a funny thing how some guys got it and some ain't. Take me for example. Charlie and I both got out of the Army after the Korean fracas with no dough. So what happens? Five years later I own a business and a Cadillac. And what's my brother-in-law got—a two-buck-an-hour job!"

Charlie, a quiet little man, ignored these cruel comments. He needed the job—until he found the loot. The treasure-hunting bug had smitten him four years before when he began to wonder what had happened to the loot some of the old-time outlaws had stolen. This loot, he reasoned, had to be somewhere.

He began to devote several evenings a week to pouring over archives in the Denver Historical Society. In this way he discovered that on May 14, 1872 three bandits had robbed a stage coach of forty-two gold ingots which were being hauled from the Dead Indian Mine to Laramie, Wyoming. The bandits had been ambushed two days later. Two had been killed in the

ensuing gun fight; the other had been captured. The captured outlaw was hanged, without ever revealing where he and his pals had stashed the ingots.

Charlie studied maps of the region. He believed the loot had been stashed either in the Cache de Poudre canyon or a little further west in one of the canyons of the rugged Mummy Range.

Charlie began to spend his week ends prowling through these canyons. He was convinced the gold was in a cave, since a cave would be the most logical place to stash it. But there are thousands of caves in this wilderness, part of which is now Rocky Mountain National Park.

Four discouraging years passed. Then about 8 P.M. on Sunday, August 10, 1958 Charlie parked his battered old car in front of the house where he and his wife, Estelle, lived. It was in an old, unattractive section of Denver.

A new Cadillac convertible was parked at the curb. This magnificent automobile belonged to Ed. He must be in the house yakking to Estelle, his sister; probably telling her what a failure she'd married. He often dwelt on this subject.

Charlie lifted a heavy gunny sack off the floor of the car. He lugged it into the house.

Ed was sitting in the living room, his feet on a hassock. He never missed a chance to belittle Charlie and he didn't miss this time. "This is some dump you live in," he said, adding: "Sis, you sure weren't in focus when you let that little creep ambush you." Then, pretending he had just noticed Charlie, he winked at Estelle and said: "I suppose this time you found that stage coach loot?" He began to guffaw.

"As a matter of fact, I did," Charlie said quietly.

Ed's guffaw ended so abruptly that his mouth was still open. "As a matter of fact you did what?" he asked jerkily.

"I found the loot."

"You're kidding," Ed mumbled.

Charlie went out and dragged the gunny sack into the living room. He reached into it and pulled out a ten-inch-long bar. It was covered with a patina. He took a knife from his pocket and scraped it off. The bar was gold.

Charlie pulled out the other five bars. Ed stared at them, then greed flowed over his face and he said: "I knew all the time we'd find it, Charlie. You kids know what I'm gonna do with my half? I'm gonna—"

"You don't get half," Charlie interrupted. "I offered to cut you in a dozen times if you'd help me with the search. But you told me what I could do. Now you can do it."

Ed tried to smooth-talk Charlie. "We're brothers-in-law," he whined. "Doesn't that mean anything?"

Charlie told him all it meant was, he'd often wondered how a sweet girl like Estelle could have a jerk like him for a brother.

Ed tried another angle; suddenly overwhelmed with the spirit of fraternity he said: "We fought and bled together in Korea, old buddy. Us veterans wouldn't rake each other."

(Continued on page 44)

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"I fought and you brown-nosed yourself into a job as bartender in an officers' club," Charlie said drily.

Then Ed tried the money angle. Charlie might as well cut him in for half, he said, as pay it in taxes. Charlie reminded him how every year he had told them about how much he had to pay in taxes, with no mention of sharing his profits to juice Uncle Sam out of part of the bite.

"But keep trying," Charlie said. "I'm getting a real kick out of seeing you crawl for a change."

This great truth jarred Ed back to normal. "Half of it, you little runt," he belted, "or else!"

Estelle began to cry and Charlie did what he'd wanted to do for years. He punched Ed in the nose. Ed, whose courage consisted of conversation, ran out the door.

Charlie put his arms around Estelle. "Baby," he said, "we just got out of the peasant class. I'd take you out to celebrate only I've got to keep an eye on the loot. But you take the rent money and go out and buy a bottle of champagne."

THE next morning Charlie turned his ingots into a bigger bank deposit than he ever thought he'd own. Each ingot was worth \$5200, and this money was all his. The mining company, to which the ingots had originally belonged, had been out of business for more than eighty years and its records and books had been destroyed. So the gold, technically, was treasure trove. In regard to treasure trove, U.S. court rulings state: "Coins, gold or similar articles hidden for safekeeping and forgotten, or remaining undiscovered by reason of the death of the person who hid them, constitute Treasure Trove. A finder . . . is entitled thereto."

There were thirty-six other ingots in the cave—\$187,200 worth. And Charlie intended to get them. But Ed had said he'd follow him.

The next day Charlie drove into the mountains northwest of Denver. He drove up a canyon as far as he could take his car. Then he walked for about a mile, stopping now and then to hide behind a rock and peer back over his trail. No one was following him.

He did this the next five days, each time going to a different canyon. But he wasn't followed. Convinced that Ed had been bluffing, the morning of August 17, 1958 Charlie set out for his treasure cave, 300 feet up the mountain side.

Charlie climbed to the cave and with a rope lowered twelve ingots to the canyon floor. He climbed down to the floor and concealed these ingots under a rock outcrop. He would do this two more times, then carry the ingots the two miles to the point where his car was parked. If he hurried he'd have all the ingots in Denver before nightfall.

Charlie was two-thirds of the way to the cave on his second climb of that fateful morning when Ed shot into the rocks above him.

Terrified, and with his cheek badly cut by a rock which Ed's third shot had sent cascading downward, Charlie cursed his ruthless brother-in-law. Ed, he reflected bitterly, possessed the cunning and pa-

tience of the devil. He had been stalking him all along, but hadn't shown himself until Charlie lowered the ingots, thus making certain that he knew the location of the treasure.

Now Ed had him. It would be a matter of seconds, minutes at the most, before one of the slides swept him to his death. Ed fired again. This time only a few rocks tumbled down. Charlie hugged the wall. The rocks rolled over his body.

Charlie looked down at Ed again. He was going to beg once more for the break he knew he'd never get. But suddenly he stared at the rocks directly above Ed. There were tons of them, ranging in size from pebbles to half-ton boulders. Balanced atop a sloping ledge, Ed couldn't see them from the canyon floor.

Charlie crept toward this ledge. Four times he had to hug the wall as Ed fired and rocks cascaded over him. Then he came to the top of the ledge. He stopped crawling. Ed fired again. Charlie flattened himself against the wall. The rocks poured over him and one gouged his shoulder cruelly. Then they struck the rocks on the ledge.

Hundreds of tons of rocks on the ledge, dislodged by the cascade from above, roared down onto the canyon floor. Charlie looked down. Then he climbed up to the cave.

Two hours later he lowered the last of the ingots to the floor, then began carrying them to his jeep. This required many trips and it was about 8:30 p.m. when he got back to Denver.

He went immediately to a doctor's office. After his cheek and shoulder were bandaged he drove to the sheriff's office. The next morning a crew began to remove the pile of rocks on the canyon floor. Two days later the men uncovered what was left of Ed's body. One of them said: "That slide was sure a terrible thing."

"It sure was," Charlie agreed. THE END

ANNABELLE AND MR. SMITH

(Continued from page 36)

contendedly as she let Two-gun help her from the car and lead her into a dimly lit bar.

Smitty seated her at a table and asked: "Can you trust me?"

"I hope not. I never know what to say to a man I can trust."

Smitty grinned. "I mean about the drinks."

"Oh, sure! Just so they're strong, long and often."

"Leave that to me," he said and was gone.

Annabelle's heart, if she had one, would have sung. Things were shaping up neatly. George, the nice old bartender back in New York who suggested she come West and find herself a rich rancher, had been smart. At 28 it was time she secured security. And Mr. Smith

(Continued on page 46)



Did you ever ask yourself...

WHY CAN'T I GROW HAIR?

First, let's understand a few facts about hair growth and baldness. Common baldness follows a characteristic pattern. The hair recedes at the temples and there is a gradual loss of hair at the crown of the head. Hair lost in this manner is progressive and, if unchecked, the end result is baldness.

You may have seen ads with "before and after" photographs of men and women enjoying renewed hair growth. These photographs are probably authentic. But the next time you pick up one of these ads observe it carefully. Note that the baldness areas do not follow the characteristic pattern of common baldness. Note that the bald spots are not on the crown or at the temples. Instead, they are almost on any other part of the head—the back of the head, the side of the head—places where most people still retain hair after many years of being bald. These people were suffering from a scalp disorder called alopecia areata, which means loss of hair in patches. In these cases the hair falls out in clumps practically overnight, and grows back the same way after weeks, months, or years later. Doctors don't know the cause of alopecia areata but believe it results from a nervous disturbance.

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tice too much hair on your comb, beginning to be worried about the dryness or oiliness of your hair, the itchiness of your scalp, the ugly dandruff—these are Nature's Red Flags. They warn you that if these conditions go unchecked, baldness may be the end result.

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This is how Alophene works: (1) It tends to normalize the secretions of your sebaceous glands, controlling excessive dryness and oiliness. A few treatments, and your hair looks more beautiful, more vital, and healthier. By its rubifacient action, it stimulates blood circulation to the scalp, thereby supplying more nutrition to the hair follicles. It supplies Vitamin A to the scalp, which some medical authorities believe may be an essential nutritive factor to the hair and scalp.

(2) As an effective antiseptic, Alophene kills, on contact, seborrhea-causing bacteria believed by many medical authorities to be a cause of baldness. By its keratolitic action, it dissolves dried sebum and ugly dandruff, it controls seborrhea, thereby tending to normalize the lubrication of the hair shaft, and eliminating head scales and scalp itch. In short, Alophene offers a modern effective treatment for the preservation of your hair.

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pending baldness. After years of research and experimentation, we can say this about Alophene. We know of no other treatment, used at home or in professional salons, that can surpass Alophene in saving your hair.

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looked like a pushover. She had checked on him carefully before making her reservation. He was not only single, but he owned one of the biggest cattle outfits in the state. He took in dudes just for the fun of it.

Annabelle lighted a cigarette and decided to get right to work. She glanced up as Smitty returned, carrying a tray with two small glasses, a tall bottle, some slices of lemon and a salt shaker. "Goodness, Smitty, why the seasoning?"

"I'm initiating you to tequilla. Watch!"

He filled the glasses, then shook salt on the back of his left hand. He tossed off the drink, licked the salt, then sucked a piece of lemon. Smiling, he shoved the second glass over to Annabelle. "Go ahead. Try it. It beats any combination you have in New York."

"Maybe," Annabelle looked skeptical as she reached for the salt.

By the third round Annabelle was expert. She could pour the salt without accident and take the lemon without pain.

"Smitty, this is wonderful! A burning sensation, some salt and a lemon. Wait until I tell them about this back home!"

"What d'you mean, back home?" Smitty demanded as he served another round. "You can't go back; you've just come."

"Oh, Two-gun!" Annabelle gazed up at Smitty and her slightly confused eyes saw him as a couple of bleary dollar signs. The adoration on her face was angelic. "I could stay here with you forever, but my family wouldn't let me unless I was married." Annabelle took Smitty's hand, carefully patting the turquoise Indian ring he wore on his little finger. "My, wouldn't this make a marvelous wedding ring!"

"It would at that," Smitty acknowledged, patting the hand that was patting the ring. "Let's go over to Nogales, have dinner and talk it over."

By the time they drove the sixty-five miles and crossed the border, it was after 7. More tequilla led to the conviction that marriage was the only solution to their problem. So, dinner forgotten, Smitty guided her to the home of a Mexican official who, for a consideration, legally transferred the turquoise to Annabelle's left hand.

After the ceremony they went to a cafe where Mrs. Two-gun proudly bought a couple of rounds as a wedding present for her husband.

The last thing she remembered was a burning sensation, some salt and a lemon.

Annabelle awoke with a burning sensation. She was about to reach for the salt when she realized this pain was different. It was caused by sunlight, trained like a tommy-gun, on her tender eyelids.

She lay perfectly still. Gently and experimentally she opened one eye.

She was fully dressed and lying on the bed of a room identical with those shown in the folder of Smith's Guest Ranch. Slowly the activities of the preceding night seeped into Annabelle's consciousness. She glanced over at the second twin bed. It was empty and undisturbed. Annabelle shrugged. The gesture brought an avalanche of pain down on her head.

As Annabelle, from necessity, lay prone, she had to admit Arizona could offer more excitement in twenty-four hours than the East in a lifetime. Since 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon she had acquired a husband, a hang-over and a hacienda. "Husband!" she thought and again looked at the untouched bed. "Where is he?" She began to feel insulted. Never before had she been treated like this by a man. Indignantly Annabelle started to get up, then thought better of it.

Finally she eased herself into a sitting position. She was trying to decide whether to sue Two-gun for mental cruelty or physical neglect, and wondering which paid the most alimony, when there was a tap on the door.

The door opened and a fat, motherly Mexican woman smiled at her sympathetically. "Good morning, senorita. I am Maria, the cook."

"Black coffee?" Annabelle asked hopefully, her eyes focused in the general direction of the tray Maria held.

"No, senorita." Maria came toward the bed. "Smitty said to bring you a hair of the dog that bit." Maria placed the tray on the night stand. It held a small glass of colorless liquid, a salt shaker and a slice of lemon.

Annabelle gave it one glance and decided to use mental cruelty in her fight for freedom. Then, with as much dignity as she could muster, she said: "Maria, please ask Mr. Smith to come here."

Maria's understanding smile suddenly changed to rippling laughter. "Mr. Smith! Has Smitty been playing he is Mr. Smith again?"

"What do you mean, playing?" Annabelle sat up straight.

"Two-gun Smitty is not Mr. Smith, senorita. They have the same name, yes. But that means nothing. They are not related. Smitty is only the ranch hand."

Maria's eyes became shrewd and wise as she continued. "Be careful of Two-gun, senorita. He is a no-good lazy hound. He always looks for a rich wife. He cannot even save the money to pay for the expensive shirts he buys." She walked to the door. "I go now and get you black coffee."

As Maria closed the door Annabelle stared unblinkingly at the wall in front of her. Then, without turning her head, she reached for the glass of tequila and downed it.

The salt and lemon remained untouched.

THE END

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WHITE QUEEN OF FIJI ISLANDS

(Continued from page 14)

killed. There were two reasons for this—to put them out of misery and to assure them of a continued life in the hereafter. Belief in life beyond the grave is strong in Fijian mythology.

The Fijis were first spotted by the Dutch navigator, Abel Tasman, in 1643. Cook arrived in 1773, and after the *Bounty* mutiny in 1789 Lieut. William Bligh passed the island group in the course of his famous longboat journey and clashed with the natives.

It was into this savage wilderness that an 8-year-old blonde girl came one day.

She was the daughter of Stuart Osborne, an American who had dreams of establishing an island empire. His sloop, the *Surf Maid*, was heavily loaded with planters, supplies, weapons and twenty-three settlers to form the backbone of the new colony.

They put in at Tavenuni, a small island off the southeastern shore of Vanua Levu, on September 12th, 1793. Unluckily, Osborne was a poor navigator; he believed he had reached the Friendly Islands. The natives swarmed out to meet the *Surf Maid* in huge ocean-going canoes that measured over 100 feet in length. Guilelessly, Osborne welcomed them aboard.

He was talking happily in sign language with Chief Ludjuan, a fierce-looking native of 25, when his skull was split from behind by a heavy war club. In seconds the deck of the *Surf Maid* was flowing with blood. Not a native was injured, so sudden and unexpected was the attack, and not one white person was left alive.

The Fijis were trussing up the victims to haul them back to the beach. To a tribe that loved human flesh, this was a sudden windfall that called for a celebration.

Quietly, without their noticing it, a door opened. Standing there, a look of blank bewilderment on her face, was Stuart Osborne's 8-year-old daughter Marjorie. She had been playing in the hold, in disobedience to her father's strict rules. Her disobedience had saved her life.

In his report Abraham Dunham insisted that from this moment on Marjorie Osborne was mad, that the sight of her mother and father and all her friends lying there on the deck, encrusted with their own gore, unhinged her mind permanently.

If this is true it explains why the Fijis spared her. In their superstition they imagined a mad person was inhabited by a god.

Chief Ludjuan took the girl to his hut and treated her like a first-born son, which entitled her to many privileges. The spirits that inhabit the body of a first-born son are so powerful that only the medicine man is allowed to cut his hair. Anyone else damaging or injuring any portion of his body in any way is sure to fall under an evil spell and die.

Marjorie grew up with the Fijis, her slim white body turning bronze as the years went by. The blazing sun bleached her blonde hair almost white, and she

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was a striking sight among the dark-skinned, fuzzy-haired natives. According to tribal history, the natives of Tavenuni made her their first queen around 1799, when she was 14 years old.

At that time, becoming conscious even in her madness of the strange urges that were beginning to stir her body, she took a first-born son as her lover. He died in screaming agony days later, probably from measles. This disease, which could be carried harmlessly by white people, produced violent eruptions and fever in natives. They buried their burning bodies in the sand near the ocean, cooling them with sea water. The result was that they often died of pneumonia.

This was positive evidence to the Fijis that Marjorie was even more powerful than they had thought. And when Ludjuan himself died a few weeks later it was obvious that she was destined to be their ruler.

The Council of Elders had other reasons for this decision. They knew that, inhabited by spirits or not, the poor mad wretch had little desire to do anything but eat, sleep and make love. This left the field wide open for them to be the powers behind the throne.

So little Marjorie became Queen.

It took a while for her to realize her new powers. But when she did, her first order was that the entire Council of Elders be executed. Chief Ludjuan had appeared to her in a vision, she announced, and had told her that his death had been a murder, ordered by the Council.

The Council members were herded into the forest, slaughtered with knives, and hanged by their feet. The next day they were the main course at Marjorie's coronation feast.

As she grew older Marjorie became clever and crafty. She could sniff out conspiracy, and the punishment was certain death. But she was not a completely bad ruler, either. From her fantastic imagination came a system of irrigation with watercourses and bamboo pipes.

For several years little more is known of Queen Marjorie, except that she ruled the Tavenuni people moderately well, taking many lovers.

Twice a year the entire *matanitu*, or tribe, put aside all labors and had a tremendous feast. Often the main fare was roast pig, a favored dish. But if a member of a rival tribe happened to be in the neighborhood, the principal course was likely to be long pig instead.

Ceremonial dancing, called *meke-meke*, continued for days at such feasts. It was as such times that Marjorie would choose a young lover from the hottest bloods of the tribe. It was said that to touch her body meant certain death, and this was usually the case. If the boy did not contract some disease, the Queen was liable to tire of him and have him put to death. Yet it never occurred to the Fijis to protest such behavior. According to their rather loose religion, there were two classes of gods.

The most powerful, the immortal Ndengei, existed eternally in the form of a serpent. Though the greatest, he troubled himself little with the affairs of humans.

(Continued on page 50)

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My proved formula for success in making money is simpler than you might think—just buying good imports at next-to-nothing "below wholesale" foreign prices and selling them in the U.S. by mail order. Also take orders from stores or friends. Others I have shared this plan with have reported big profits. You can make your home your office—your kitchen table your desk. You can use your spare time to help build a fascinating and profitable business!

To most people, importing smacks of mystery, romance and costly things for collectors. Actually, any capable man or woman can use past experience and training to great advantage in the Home-Import Business. To my knowledge, this is the only business in which previous experience in almost any other field can be used profitably. When you turn to this field of big profit opportunity, you do not throw away the valuable experience you've gained through your jobs, hobbies or interests. Rather, combine that experience with export-import methods I have proved by taking in millions of dollars. This combination then goes to work for you and can easily pay off far more profitably than everyday salary of a "worker."

For example, the mechanic or factory worker has a great knowledge of tools and industrial materials. The salesman or saleswoman whether an "outside salesman" or selling in a retail store has a profound understanding of products sold in the past. Who could be better qualified to deal in office equipment than the office worker? The doctor—medical supplies, equipment. Truck driver—automotive parts, supplies. Beauty shop operator—beauty aids.

I could go on and on—because for almost every type of business and hobby, there are hundreds of beautifully-made imports at trifling cost abroad for you to offer at a big profit. You will find that you can easily deal with these products because they are "old friends." You'll also find a ready American market for new imports—people are always ready to snap up fantastic bargains you can offer. And there are also great opportunities exporting U.S. products.

HOW TO BUY BELOW WHOLESALE

Those who follow my plan will receive free, confidential monthly bulletins which reveal suppliers of new and desirable imports. These bulletins tell you how to contact and deal with traders in foreign lands who urgently need U.S. dollars and offer bargains to get them. They are eager to trade with you or me or anyone who knows the methods I will show you.

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POCKET PROFITS IN ADVANCE

So you see, it is even possible to do business of this kind without investing in merchandise. You can take cash orders, pocket your profits in advance, then order the merchandise. And you don't have to travel abroad—unless you want to. You don't even have to know a foreign language. You might ask, "Why do you let others in on your plan? Why don't you keep it all for yourself?" The answer is that the demand is virtually impossible to fill. No one person could handle even a small portion of this gigantic market. There's plenty of business in import-export for you and me and many others.

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I have told you a little about the business I have devoted the last 30 wonderfully happy and successful years to, and I'd like to tell you more. But the final decision must be up to you. If you're sincerely interested in learning more about how to start a profitable full or spare time Home-Import Business of your own, write me today. I'll gladly send you a letter with full details. I'll also enclose a list of 157 imports, showing amazing low foreign prices & revealing book, describing some of the profitable businesses operated by followers of my plan. No cost or obligation. Send coupon NOW. Air mail reaches me overnight. B. L. MELLINGER, Director, Dept. X1035 1717 Westwood, Los Angeles 24, California.

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The gods of the second rank were spirits of chiefs, heroes and other ancestors. They were supposed to inspire and speak through the priests. Marjorie was at the same time both a chief and a priest. This gave her more power than any single person on the island.

Gradually her fame spread, and under her mad leadership other tribes were conquered by the Tavenuni. One of her more favored rules banned the eating of any tribal member, and many weak tribes rushed to become members of the Tavenuni empire, thereby evading the cooking pot.

In 1807 Queen Marjorie saw her first white man since the massacre on the *Surf Maid*. The Spanish frigate, *Isabel*, had foundered some 200 miles west of Tavenuni. One of her small boats managed to reach that island with four men still alive, though in a greatly weakened condition.

At first Marjorie welcomed them as friends. But when one, a surly man with a flaming red beard and a habit of sucking his teeth loudly, lost his head under the influence of the native beer and tried to rape her, the Queen lost her temper and decided to have the four men tortured and killed.

The fiendish imagination that had devised the irrigation system now turned to torture. And the result was horrifying.

One sailor was spread-eagled in the sand at low tide. He drowned slowly, twisting at his bonds, as the tide came in. His death was easy compared to the others.

A second was rolled, bound, into a pit. He was covered with pieces of coral and a fire was built on top of him. He roasted alive and was eaten.

The third was killed slowly by clubbing. This was not really regarded as torture, as he was the best liked of the four. His arms and legs were broken first, then his body was crushed by heavy blows. He died cursing Marjorie.

The worst Queen Marjorie reserved for the red-bearded sailor. Changing her tactics, she convinced him that her feelings had changed and she wanted him as her consort. The fool, utterly duped by her, sneaked into her hut one night and, lured on by her whispered words, began to make love to her.

At the very height of his passion a native slipped in and castrated him. Streaming blood from painful, but not fatal, wounds, he was chained to a post in the village in the House of Women, for menstruating women. He was given neither food nor water.

Marjorie watched avidly through a hole in the wall. After five days she ordered the hut burned. The Spaniard's screams were heard for miles.

For several years life went on normally among the Fijis. Marjorie became a legend among the natives. Her appetite for food and men continued. She grew huge, gross. Once beautiful, she was a disgusting hag before she was 30.

In 1816, when Abraham Dunham's survey party anchored off Tavenuni, the famous map maker was surprised to learn there was a white woman ashore. But he was no idealistic Osborne. He sent a party ashore to rescue the "captured" white

woman, but it was a well-armed one, ready for trouble.

Trouble was there. The Fijis attacked the raiders on the beach but were driven back by gunfire. Dunham himself led the party and it was he who first saw the white woman.

In his own words:

"Once driven off, the savages fled to the woods and were lost from sight. We proceeded to the village, guided by the smoke from its campfires. It seemed deserted. Everywhere we saw horrible signs of cannibalism—great mounds of bones, human skulls and indescribable filth.

"The place was as quiet as the grave. We did not know which way to turn. In our minds was the positive knowledge that the white woman must have been killed by the savages. Yet we pressed on. All paths seemed to lead to one hut, larger than the rest. So, our weapons held cautiously, we entered.

"How can I describe what we found within? She was crouched, naked, in a corner. Her body was monstrously huge. Her face was blank, featureless, doughy. But most horrible of all was the half-eaten thing in her hand that could only have been a human arm.

"It was obvious that she was mad. I made as if to help her and then we were surprised from all sides. It was by the grace of God that a handful of us were able to fight our way back to the beach, where we made all haste to get back to the ship."

Marjorie had acted as a dupe to trick Dunham into a trap. Wiser now, he completed his survey without setting foot on Tavenuni again.

But as the months passed he heard a great deal about the white queen of the Fijis. Much of it was legend, half-truths, speculations. A resolute man, Dunham set himself to sifting the truth from the lies. And when he delivered his report in San Francisco he insisted that every word in it had been verified and reverified. It is on his report, and one other source, that this article is based.

That other source was a long letter, now in the possession of Brayton Harris, a San Francisco publisher. Written in 1821 to his brother Austin, it's from a South Seas adventurer named Otto Danker, better known on Tahiti as Otto the Paunch.

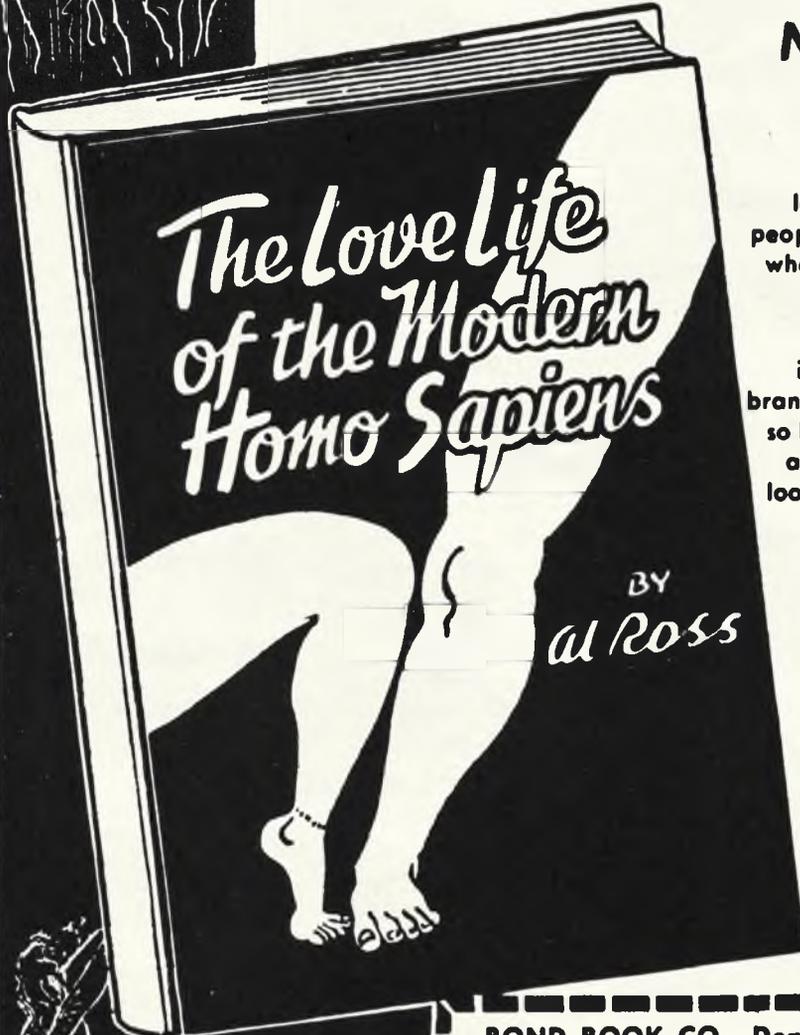
Otto wrote: "Now the rainy season is on, I will take pen in hand and relieve my obligation to kith and kin. All the talk here is about the two English sailors (lime juicers, they're called out here) who were captured and got away from those man-eating Fiji islanders by the skin of their teeth and the mercy of the Almighty. It seems they were washed up and fell right in the middle of a big feast, and I am sure I do not have to describe the main course (ha ha) of a Fiji dinner. They were trussed up and thought their moment had come, when (I know you will say I am giving you the lie, but this is gospel) a white woman came out, drunk as a lord and twice as big. She looked like she was the queen or something, because those savages gave way and waited on her hand and foot.

"Well, sir, these limeys were saying (Continued on page 52)

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in San Francisco. Other girls have left good jobs all over the U.S. No matter how little they learn in El Paso they manage to cross over to Juarez once or twice a week for practice sessions in the Alberto Balderas bullring. These sessions usually last an hour; never over two hours.

Besides the girls, many GI's from Ft. Bliss, near El Paso, devote their liberty hours to bullfighting.

A few of the more fortunate girls sign up for training under the expert guidance of Alejandro, Pat McCormick's former trainer. His services are much in demand these days and he never takes a girl under his wing unless she shows real aptitude for the sport.

On Sunday afternoons students join tourists and *aficionados* in watching the *corridos*. Being both feminine and human, the students show a personal interest in the various performers, particularly the rugged, skillful and handsome ones.

The five most popular young toreros are Joselito Caracas, Emilio Rodriguez, Gabriel Espana, Joseph Abaroa, and Raul Garcia.

There's no doubt that Joselito Caracas is the No. 1 glamour boy. Gaining his initial experience in the bullrings of Spain, Venezuela and Panama, he made his first appearance at the Alberto Balderas in Juarez a few months ago. Since then he has been the talk of the bullfighting world up and down the American-Mexican border.

He's gotten rave notices in the papers, and with a devilish grin on his handsome Venezuelan features, he's a big hit with the gals.

In his first Juarez appearance Caracas was matched against the great Carlos Arzuza. Before the curtain fell on that *corrida*, Caracas had stormed his way into the affections of the whole crowd. In the process he pushed Carlos Arzuza dramatically into the background.

Caracas created a sensation and made a lasting impression by waving the picadors (mounted on horses) back into the tunnel. He would have no part of them, something unheard of in bullfighting. Later, to the thunder of oles, Caracas circled the bullring in triumph. He received blown kisses from hundreds of pretty girls and was showered with flowers and scented handkerchiefs. Then many of the more exuberant fans descended to the building, hoisted Caracas to their shoulders and carried him, like a conquering hero, through cheering throngs of men and women to his hotel room.

His second appearance in Juarez was like the first. In a razzle-dazzle display with the capote and *muleta*, and a brand of daring such as no Juarez bullring had ever seen, he stirred spectators to a wild frenzy.

Although he suffered a light goring in the stomach, Caracas toured the bullring to ear-deafening shouts of pure joy. He was mobbed by swarms of his feminine admirers, literally smothered with hugs and kisses, before going off to the infirmary to have his wound dressed.

No Hollywood movie script could have improved on his bullring triumph that afternoon in color, drama, and sheer emotional impact.

THE END

their prayers when suddenly that big white woman had some kind of a fit and started flopping around like a chicken. It turned out that one of the savages had poisoned her soup; at least that's what it looked like. Well, they swarmed over her like ants, and before you could say Jack Robinson she was cut up in pieces and on her way to the pot. In the confusion the limeys managed to slip away, and they stole a canoe and put out to sea. As luck would have it, they were picked up on the fourth day by the *Enterprise* and set ashore here."

Danker's letter has more to say about Tahiti. But that's the last mention made anywhere of Marjorie, the white queen of the Fijis. Somewhere she had done something wrong; killed the wrong lover perhaps. And that was her undoing.

She reigned over the savage Fijis for twenty-two years, even among a people as savage as they, her reign was so bloody that it is still a part of Fiji legend. THE END

BULLFIGHTING: NEWEST RAGE

(Continued from page 121)

bulls Rosita took a mauling. However, she intends to keep on fighting.

Juliet Sanchez, of Juarez and El Paso, also has shoved herself forward recently to claim attention as a torera.

All critics in the Juarez-El Paso area have pronounced the Sanchez girl a real comer, one to watch with lively interest. Her skilled cape work gives her a head start on all the other young aspirants.

There was another promising entry in the bullfighting sweepstakes for a while, lively young Doris Weninger from Akron, Ohio. After watching the reissue of "Blood and Sand," she felt an overpowering urge to become a lady bullfighter.

Not long afterward Doris astounded her friends by quitting her advertising job in Los Angeles and taking off for bullfighting country in Southern Spain. There, under the guidance of good instructors, Doris learned the art of cape work and how to use the capote and *muleta*.

Later, out on ranches, she tested her ability in duels with young bulls and calves. Her experience was topped off with a real fight in a small-town bullring, where, according to Spanish critics, she came through with a good performance.

Back in El Paso months later I introduced Doris to Pat McCormick. Pat suggested that Doris move to Mexico City, take her final training on ranches near there, then make her bow as a torera (lady bullfighter).

In Mexico City, however, romance took over. Doris fell in love with a student from El Paso and married him. This seems to have put an end to her budding career.

There are plenty of girls eager enough to take Doris' place. Once it was the rage for attractive girls to make a beeline for Hollywood. Now such dolls head for towns along the American-Mexican border and embark determinedly on careers as lady bullfighters.

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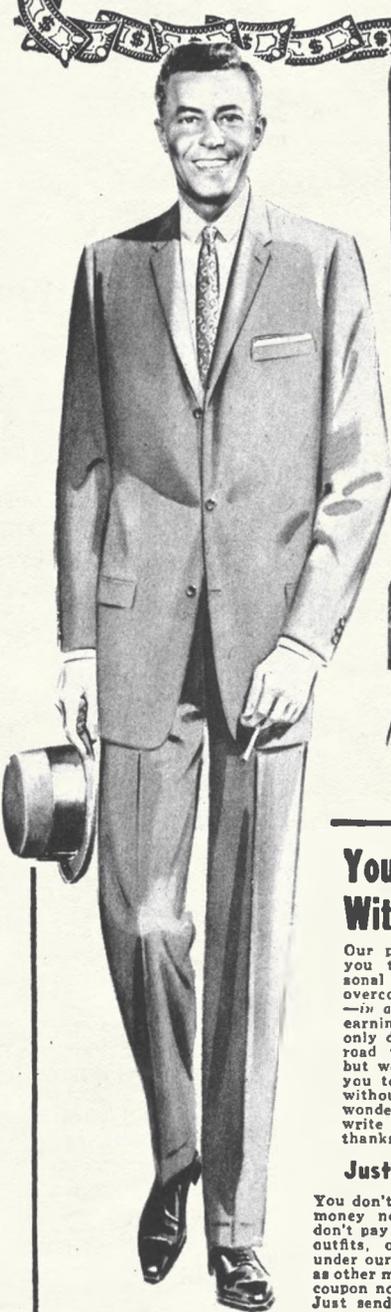
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PENNANT PREDICTIONS

(Continued from page 29)

the chance of giving him the edge." Richards is in a position to know. He traded Bob Turley and Don Larsen to the Yanks for Triandos and some merchandise not worth mentioning in the same breath with Turley and Larsen.

A no-trade with the Yanks edict was adopted by the American League back in 1939, after the Yanks won four straight pennants. The late Clark Griffith, owner of the Washington club, introduced the rule. It cost the Yanks the 1940 pennant, won by Detroit after a neck-and-neck finish with Cleveland.

The rule was rescinded at the winter meetings in 1940, and the Yanks went on to win 11 pennants in the next eighteen years!

Apologists for the Bronx Bombers may point out that in trade for Hyde, the Yanks will send Jerry Lumpe or Andy Carey along with Tom Sturdivant or Johnny Kucks, plus first baseman Marv Throneberry and catcher Darrell Johnson. On paper it looks as if the Senators are getting a good exchange. On the field, however, the Yankees get Hyde to back up Ryne Duren, and in them Casey Stengel has the two outstanding relief pitchers in the American League.

With two such relievers Casey could get by with a mediocre collection of starting pitchers. Stengel, however, has starting pitchers of the caliber of Turley, Larsen, Ford and Ditmar.

With Hyde added to the mound staff, the Yanks back up this strong pitching with the power of Mantle, Berra, Skowron, Howard, McDougald and Siebern. This, plus a bench in depth, makes the Yankees odds on favorites to repeat as pennant winners in 1959.

Detroit, stronger this season, should finish second. Bill Norman, the Tigers' pilot, feels that the lack of bullpen strength in '58 has been remedied by the trade with Cleveland, in which Don Mossi and Ray Narleski were obtained. Both are crack relievers to back up starting pitchers Jim Bunning, Paul Foytak, Frank Lary and Billy Hoefl.

Detroit's main problem is the lack of a long ball hitter. The Tigers lost 30 games in '58 by one run.

Al Kaline will be in right field. Harvey Kuenn will be in center, and left field is to be shared by Charley Maxwell, Tito Francona and, possibly, such rookies as Osborne and Walters. The infield will be made up of Gail Harris at first base, Frank Bolling at second, Rocky Bridges at short-stop, and Eddie Yost at third base. Bridges and Yost came to Detroit from Washington. The veteran Yost is one of the better lead-off batters. Coot Veal is the extra infielder.

Red Wilson, who batted .299 last year, is the No. 1 catcher, backed up by Charlie Lau and Lou Berberet, the latter from Washington.

Cleveland is rated in third spot. Manager Joe Gordon's big if is Herb Score. If the big left-hander, hampered by eye and arm trouble in '58, makes a comeback, Cleveland might supplant Detroit in second place at the season's end.

There's power in the Indians' batting line-up. Rocky Colavito should enjoy his best year as a Cleveland outfielder. Manager Gordon has Minnie Minoso, another outfielder, and Vic Power at first base to supply the long ball hit. Larry Doby, bad knee and all, may provide some offensive strength, too. Piersall, obtained from Boston, is also to be considered.

The infield, in addition to Power, will be made up of Billy Martin, secured from the Tigers, at second base, Billy Moran or Billy Hunter at short and Randy Jackson at third. Russ Nixon, a .300 hitter, will be the first string catcher.

In addition to Score, Gordon expects good pitching from Al Cicotte, a sensation in winter league baseball in Cuba, Don Ferrarese, the southpaw, Hal Woode-schick, Bob Tiefenaur, Dick Stigman and Dick Brodowski.

Chicago's White Sox should finish fourth. Manager Al Lopez has several individual stars in pitcher Billy Pierce, who almost hurled a no-hitter against Washington in '58; Dick Donovan, Early Wynn and Ray Moore; Nellie Fox, a star second baseman, bothersome to pitchers but not a power hitter; Luis Aparicio, another stellar glove-man; Callison, the young outfielder, and Barry Latman, a pitcher of promise. The one power hitter is Sherman Lollar, who may alternate as a catcher and first baseman.

Boston's Red Sox have, of course, the master hitter, Ted Williams, and another long ball specialist, Jackie Jensen, the American League leader in RBI's in '58. Pete Runnels, the second baseman, gave Williams a battle for the batting title in the American League last year. Frank Malzone, the third baseman, is another good one, and the veteran Vic Wertz may add some spot batting power.

Brewer, Sullivan, Delock, Bowsfield and Monbouquette form the nucleus of a fairly good pitching staff.

The Baltimore Orioles, Kansas City Athletics and Washington Senators should finish sixth, seventh and eighth.

The National League races are expected to prove tighter in 1959.

Milwaukee will miss Red Schoendienst, the classy veteran second baseman and clutch hitter, who is out with TB. But manager Fred Haney plans to sub with Felix Mantilla and Mel Roach, and Milwaukee should place first anyway.

Johnny Logan at short, long ball hitting Ed Mathews at third, and Joe Adcock and Frank Torre, alternating at first base, complete the Braves' infield. The outfield of Hank Aaron, Wes Covington, Bill Bruton and Andy Pafko is strong. Del Crandall will head up the Milwaukee catching staff.

Although Warren Spah is growing older, he should win twenty games this season. He's backed by Lew Burdette, Carlton Willey, Joey Jay, Bob Rush, Don McMahon and Juan Pizarro.

Milwaukee has the strongest farm system.
 (Continued on page 56)

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tem in the National League, a factor to be considered in evaluating the Braves' pennant hopes.

Pittsburgh's Pirates, an inspired young team in '58, should finish second.

The double play combination of Bill Mazerowski at second base and Dick Groat, the shortstop, makes the Pirates a pennant threat in the opinion of Manager Danny Murtaugh.

Dick Stuart, at first base, may prove to be one of the new, young sluggers of the National League. The outfield has a defensive star in Bill Virdon and two hard hitters in Bob Clemente and Bob Skinner. Rookie outfielder Jim Daniels may win attention, too. Hank Foiles and Danny Kravitz catch. The trade which brought Don Hoak, Smokey Burgess and Harvey Haddix may strengthen the team's chances.

Some of the young talent has been developed by the old master, Branch Rickey.

The pitching staff is very good. Bob Friend, a 22-game winner in '58, heads the mound corps. Ron Kline, Vernon Law, Curt Raydon and the sensational young George Witt, along with the abovementioned Haddix, complete the list of starters. Elroy Face is one of the better relievers, too.

San Francisco figures to finish third. The Giants, under the leadership of Bill Rigney, took the wraps off several interesting newcomers in '58. Orlando Cepeda, the 20-year-old first baseman, was identified as the National League rookie of the year before the '58 season ended. He's helped by Bill White at first base. Jim Davenport was another young star at third base to complete the infield featuring older performers Danny O'Connell at second and shortstop Daryl Spencer.

In the outfield there's the incomparable Willie Mays. Also Willie Kirkland, Leon Wagner, a youngster from Phoenix who batted .317 and hit 13 home runs in 74 games, and Jackie Brandt, returned from Army service. Bob Schmidt catches.

A not too robust pitching staff was the Giants' weakness last year. It's expected that Jack Sanford from the Phillies may strengthen it.

The St. Louis Cardinals, led by new manager Solly Hemus, figure to occupy fourth slot. Stan Musial is at last showing the effects of age and wear and tear. However, he still can break up a game with a key hit. Ken Boyer at third base was a solid performer last year and Sam Jones is the top pitcher for the Redbirds. He was the first hurler since 1941 to strike out more than 200 men in a season.

Several of the '58 players, notably Blasingame, Kasko, Smith, Mizell, McDaniel and Muffett failed to live up to their '57 promise. Perhaps Hemus can steam up the team.

Chicago's Cubs should finish fifth. The Cubs have a one-man team in slim Ernie Banks, the shortstop. The wiry Texan blasted 47 home runs in '58, and in one-third of the Cubs' victories he drove in the run that gave them the decision. The Chicagoans have a good mound staff in Drott, Drabowsky, Hobbie, Hillman, Elston and Buzhardt. Taylor Phillips is an excellent catcher. The veteran Alvin Dark, switched to third base, hit over .300 for the greater part of the '58 campaign, and

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Walt Moryn, a slow outfielder, proved a dangerous and timely long ball hitter.

The Los Angeles Dodgers must rebuild, and not just in Chavez Ravine. They should finish sixth, as the veterans are well over the hill. Bob Lillis, a young shortstop, may alternate with Don Zimmer. Ron Fairly, a young outfielder, may stay up, and Wally Moon, obtained from the Cardinals in a trade, may add power to the offensive. The catching is weak and the older pitchers are nearing the end of their careers. Podres, Drysdale and Koufax are the only hurlers that show promise for '58.

Cincinnati, picked to finish seventh, has a new manager in Mayo Smith. The Reds need more than Don Newcombe to pitch them into contention, despite having sluggers like Bell, Bailey, Crowe and Robinson, plus the recent acquisition of Frank Thomas from Pittsburgh.

Philadelphia's Phillies have Richie Ashburn, the wrist-hitting National League batting champion, but the former Whiz Kids seem destined for the cellar. THE END

APEMEN OF THE AMAZON

(Continued from page 27)

That's the way it began. A week later Kamalkeiri and I, using a small Indian canoe hacked out of the trunk of a tree, were deep into the impenetrable jungle, following broad rivers and little streams which wound their way eastward through the Gran Pajonal toward the mighty Amazon.

The jungle has often been called a green hell, and to the inexperienced it is just that. During the day it assumes an air of deceptive beauty. Thousands of multicolored birds, gorgeous butterflies and orchids of every hue make it a paradise. But at night nature shows her sinister side. The mating cry of giant jaguars, the shrill bark of howling monkeys, the discordant bird cries turn the air into a bedlam.

To walk along jungle trails once the sun has set is to invite disaster. Deadly bushmasters, some ten feet long, whose bite is fatal within minutes, come out in search of food. Coral snakes, some no longer than a lead pencil, slide softly through the brush. Death waits on every side.

We spaced our travel in short river jumps, always making certain that by 4 o'clock each afternoon we were well off the river and safe in a village of some friendly tribe. The reason for this is that in the late afternoon hordes of mosquitoes, literally millions of them, leave their swampy hiding places in search of food, and more than anything else they prefer human blood. Little wonder then that all the Indians are safely under their mosquito nets by 6 o'clock each night.

Three weeks after leaving Atalaya we came to the territory of the Shipibos, one of the most unusual of all Indian tribes in the Greater Amazon Basin. Short in stature and dressed in colorful hand-woven garments, the Shipibos welcomed us to

(Continued on page 58)

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FIGURE MODEL PHOTOS

their village and because they were friendly I decided to remain with them, hoping they might be able to locate a roving band of Amahuacas.

Unlike all other people in the world, the Shipibos flatten the heads of their children until they resemble grotesque dwarfs. The process is achieved by using flattened boards made from two rows of small bamboo sticks, which are applied one row across the forehead and the other on the back of the skull. The strange device is left on during the day and removed only at night. The boards are first applied to a child's head within a week after its birth and the process is continued until the child reaches the age of 5. By that time the skull bones are permanently set and the contour of the head radically changed.

The Shipibos told us that centuries ago this custom was started so that their children could be readily distinguished from monkeys, and the practice has continued to the present. At one time in the backwash of civilization there probably was a relationship between the Shipibos and the ape.

Their village consisted of about a dozen straw-thatched huts and was completely enclosed by a high bamboo fence to ward off marauding jaguars and other dangerous animals. With Kamalkeiri acting as an interpreter, I learned that on rare occasions the Indians had seen Amahuacas in the near-by jungle. Because of the apemen's tendencies, the Shipibos stayed far away.

Knowing that machetes were highly prized among Indians, I offered one as a reward to the first Shipibo who could find a roving band of Amahuacas and lead me to them.

Meanwhile I settled down in one of the huts, content to live the life of an Indian while waiting for a miracle to happen. For the next three months I completely forgot the civilized world and for all practical purposes became a Shipibo. I joined the warriors on their hunting parties for tapir and red deer and helped them tree and kill, with bow and arrows, the vicious jaguars which lurked about the village.

The rivers teemed with fish and once a month the entire village went on a fishing spree in order to provide food during the rainy season. Barbasco, a poisonous root which grows in abundance, was pounded into a pulp, mixed with water, and dumped into a small stream. Twenty minutes later hundreds of fish began rising sluggishly to the surface and were easy prey for our arrows. Back at the village the fish were placed on wooden platforms and left in the sun to dry. By night the fish were stiff as boards and were stacked up like so many pieces of wood to be used at a later time.

The question of food often became a major problem. Not that the Indians didn't eat well, but it was rather what they ate and the way in which it was prepared that became revolting. Fish was always fried whole, with the innards considered a delicacy. Other common foods included crocodile tail, which surprisingly tasted like lobster, stewed monkey meat, toasted grubworms and fried black beetles. Fortunately the jungle offered delicious pink

bananas, oranges and pineapples, so there was never a question of going hungry.

The Indians cultivate yuca, a form of potato, which they prepare in a dozen different ways. Yuca is also the basis of a jungle brew called *masato*. The potato is boiled in huge clay pots, then peeled and mashed. During this operation the Indian women plop huge handfuls of the mashed yuca into their mouths, chew it until it reaches a liquid consistency, then spit it back into the bowl. When the yuca has been reduced to a watery substance, it's then carefully covered with banana leaves and allowed to ferment for three days.

Unfortunately I was forced to drink great quantities of this highly alcoholic beverage, as it was considered a great insult to refuse it. But after two or three swallows one becomes relatively high and quickly forgets the way the drink was made.

Early one afternoon one of the Shipibo warriors rushed up to Kamalkeiri and talked excitedly in *quechua*, the native language.

"Kunu tells me the apemen are in the jungle not far away," Kamalkeiri told me in broken Spanish.

My heart pounded rapidly. "Where are they?" I demanded.

Again the two men engaged in rapid conversation.

"If we leave now," Kamalkeiri said, "we can be at their village by morning."

I ran back to the hut, grabbed my camera and a machete, the only weapon I ever carried in the jungle. "Let's go," I said.

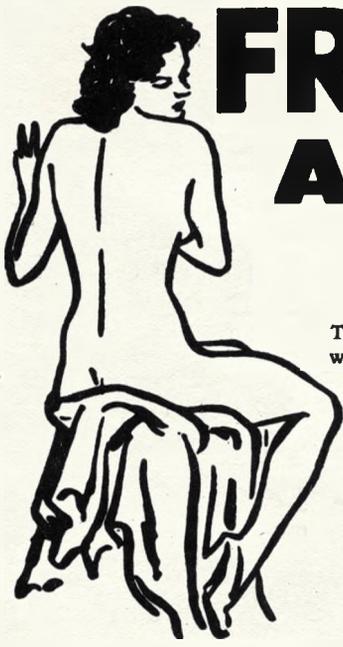
As we progressed deeper, the jungle became a bedlam of weird, savage cries that made me break out into a cold sweat. Close by, to my left, I heard the low, mournful mating call of the jaguar. The eerie screeching of night birds added to the bedlam around us. Red rufus howler monkeys set up a terrific din as if warning us of the dangers that lay ahead. Sleeping along river banks, with a roaring fire as an added precaution against marauding animals, was decidedly different from walking along a narrow trail in the darkness. Here we were a part of the living jungle and subject to its many dangers and terrors.

Coming to a narrow river Kamalkeiri stopped and cast the beam of my flashlight along the water's edge. I saw the luminous red eyes of dozens of crocodiles, many of which rapidly disappeared into the water while others faced us belligerently, their massive jaws agape.

About 9 o'clock the light from a full moon filtered down through the tangled network of trees, making it possible to see the dim outline of the trail ahead. We stopped to rest for a few minutes, then kept on along the river bank until we came to a cedar tree which had fallen across the opposite side. Locking hands, we inched our way over the slippery log. In the water below we saw the red eyes of half-submerged crocodiles, waiting for us to make one misstep.

Kamalkeiri found a new trail and once more we plunged into the jungle. For the next two hours we proceeded cautiously.

(Continued on page 60)



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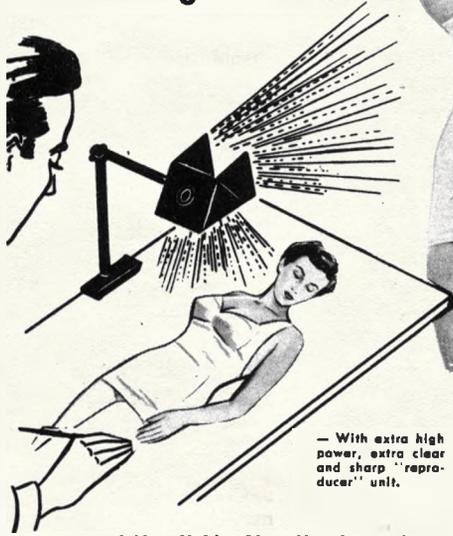
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The moon disappeared behind a billowy mass of clouds, shutting off our meager supply of light. Kamalkeiri had to use the flashlight, much to my chagrin, since the batteries were already run down and we had no replacement.

Turning a sharp bend, Kamalkeiri stopped suddenly and raised his hand. I looked ahead. Lying across the trail in the beam of his light was a huge silver and black mottled snake about nine feet long. It suddenly came to life and reared up until its head was in a direct line with mine. Its beady black eyes glistened menacingly while its red-forked tongue flicked in and out.

Kamalkeiri motioned for me to take the flashlight. I stood transfixed, my hand shaking violently, trying to keep the snake within the beam of my light. In one quick movement Kamalkeiri let loose an arrow from his bow and caught the snake just under its thick, triangular-shaped head. As it writhed and thrashed in its death throes Kamalkeiri whispered: "Chu Chupi."

I knew the meaning of the word and its impact upon me was tremendous. *Chu Chupi* is the Indian name for the South American bushmaster, and the bushmaster and the king cobra of India are considered the most poisonous snakes in the world. It's one of the few members of the reptile family which will attack a human without provocation. During the day this deadly serpent generally sleeps in the tall grass or under fallen trees, but at night it comes to life and roams the jungle in search of food. There's no known serum to counteract its poison, which proves fatal within four minutes.

Seven hours later we spotted a campfire just ahead. We left the trail and branched off into the jungle, approaching against the wind so that our presence couldn't be detected by the Amahuacas' keen sense of smell.

Sunrise was minutes away. On our hands and knees we approached the village stealthily. Suddenly Kamalkeiri tensed and quickly jumped behind a large bush; I followed. Parting the branches with my hands I saw a sight that sent shivers racing down my spine.

In a small clearing alongside a creek were about twenty nude men, women and children. One look convinced me these were the nomadic primitives I had been seeking. They had receding foreheads, long arms, short bowed legs, and closely resembled early Neanderthal man. Their teepee-shaped huts were made from palm fronds which were still green, evidence that these people were nomadic and had only recently arrived at this location. One corner of the village bordered the creek; they had built a stone dam which enabled them to catch fish, which they ravenously stuffed into their mouths. I saw a group of women tearing apart a live *canari*, or jungle turkey, and eating the raw flesh. Blood from the bird streamed down over their chins and onto their protruding stomachs.

I wanted to go into the village but Kamalkeiri restrained me. I had to be satisfied with taking pictures and had gotten one or two shots when Kamalkeiri tensed. A long-haired savage with a crude wooden spear was advancing in our direction. He

stopped, sniffed the air like an animal, then began crossing the stream directly in front of us. Snake-like, we slipped into the deep jungle.

We reached the Shipibo village, and later Padre Alegre's mission, without further complications. And now I have the satisfaction of knowing I am the first person ever to photograph the fantastic apemen of the Amazon. THE END

DILLINGER'S LOST LOOT

(Continued from page 27)

trek to the north woods of Wisconsin. Patricia reached Minneapolis and contacted the fence. After a day of negotiating, the million-dollar loot was sold for \$200,000 in cash. The money, all in small bills, was packed in a suitcase and Patricia left on the return trip. She planned to meet the gang at the Wisconsin hideout.

She arrived safely on Sunday morning, just as the G-men were arriving by plane. She gave the suitcase of money to Dillinger, then received instructions to proceed to Chicago and find a new hideout on the west side of town. She left an hour later.

After Dillinger's escape from the Little Bohemia he drove to Chicago and through connections learned where the new hideout was located. He told Pat that the men had all escaped out the window and then, after agreeing to meet at a little tavern about a mile from the Little Bohemia, had scattered into the woods. Dillinger ran exactly five hundred yard straight north. Stopping at three trees, two pines and an oak in a semicircle, he got to his knees and dug a trench in the soft earth, burying the suitcase. He quickly covered up the hole and placed dead leaves and twigs over the spot. Then he turned south and ran the mile to the tavern, where Hamilton and Van Meter were waiting.

Dillinger expected to return to Wisconsin as soon as plastic surgery could change his face. After recovering his ill-gotten money he planned to go to South America and retire. Fortunately this never happened. A short time later he was captured and killed near the Biograph Theater in Chicago.

Pat Charrington was subsequently arrested and served time in prison. After her release she returned to Chicago, working as a hat-check girl. She never returned to Wisconsin in search of Dillinger's buried loot, probably having learned a bitter lesson.

On the face of it, this may sound like an easy fortune to recover. But in the excitement of a pitched gun battle, such as engaged Dillinger, directions and details are bound to become confused. The desperate killer might have been running west, not north, after he rolled out the window of the Little Bohemia. Also, in cases such as this the tendency is often to run in a curve. He might have run five hundred yards or eight hundred or two hundred feet. Yet it's probably around there somewhere, under a few inches of soil and debris. You could be the lucky finder! THE END

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SEX CULT OF BOX CANYON

(Continued from page 161)

warm. Why his second wife, "Mother Ruth," fell short in this respect was not made clear.

As investigators dug further into Venta's background, they found the Master, 46 years old when he died or otherwise disappeared, had had a truly strange career. His brushes with the law and his screwball touches were balanced by real good works, such as the forest fire fighting which he organized.

Nearly ten years before the blast that may have removed him from the earth, he led his followers on a highly-publicized errand of mercy to a mountainside near Box Canyon. An airliner had crashed there, and the first sight seen by the badly battered survivors was straight from the Scriptures. Through the desert brush came the mystical figure of Venta, leading his barefoot followers to the rescue. They carried the burning bodies out of the crumpled plane and helped the survivors down the mountainside, where they were gently cared for in the monastery. So, in the aftermath of the explosion, Venta emerged, if anything, an even more controversial character than he had been before. In the face of published attacks on his morals, Mother Ruth, who had given him six children, sprang to his defense. She claimed that sixty cult members were ready to swear with her that he was a "misunderstood man of high moral value."

The mystery surrounding Venta's fate became all the cloudier when his 11-year-old son insisted he had seen the Master in the near-by hills, badly injured, after the blast. The boy was quickly shushed by Mother Ruth before he could give any of the details of this encounter, or vision, as the case may be.

Some ten years ago Venta proclaimed that by 1960 the human race would be destroyed, with the exception of 144,000 lucky converts whom he would take with him to a secret hideout in a desert valley between Colorado and California.

Many observers of this strange man's uncanny career believe that's where he is right now, calmly planning the resurrection that will establish his divine leadership once and for all.

THE END

PIRANHAS ALMOST ATE ME ALIVE

(Continued from page 72)

Tying a jungle vine around the neck of the dead animal, the Indian tossed it about ten yards out into the lake. My eyes popped as I saw a miniature geyser form around the spot where the sloth had disappeared. The Indian motioned for me to take the end of the vine. It felt as if a whale were tugging on the other end.

After about fifteen seconds the Indian told me to pull it in. As the sloth left the water I saw that only its head and hind legs were still recognizable. The rest of the animal had been reduced to a skeleton.

Five piranhas were still clinging to the carcass, unwilling to let go as long as one bit remained uneaten. Finally, one by one, the fish dropped off into the grass, but their eating instinct was as strong as ever. They flopped about on the ground, still snapping at twigs, leaves, anything that came in contact with their mouths.

I carefully picked one up for a closer inspection. It was about twelve inches long and had an orange underbelly with black sides and head. It looked quite similar to a large sunfish, except that the mouth was much larger and its bottom row of teeth were at least an inch long and needle-sharp.

There are three kinds of piranhas: red, black, and orange and black. They can be found in most of the smaller rivers and lakes of the greater Amazon Basin, which include those in Brazil, Peru, Ecuador and Colombia. These deadly fish prefer the still black waters of narrow tributaries, the breeding grounds of crocodiles, countless insects and birds, all of which make up a part of their daily diet.

Professional fishermen in and around the jungle city of Iquitos, Peru are plagued by the presence of these little monsters. When casting their nets for paichi and gamitana, large species of fresh-water river fish, if they are unfortunate enough to trap just one piranha within their nets, disaster strikes rapidly. With its razor-sharp teeth the piranha immediately bites its way out of the net, leaving holes large enough for the other fish to squeeze through.

There have been several cases in which humans were reduced to skeletons by these flesh-eating fish.

A few months ago a handsome French explorer and a beautiful Peruvian girl acting as his secretary-companion journeyed to the head waters of the Amazon. Several weeks later Pierre, the Frenchman, returned to Lima with a gunny sack filled with the bones of his companion. According to his story, the two of them were fording a narrow river when suddenly the girl was attacked by a school of piranhas. In just a few minutes the flesh was eaten from her body. Pierre had brought her bones back to Lima in order that they might be identified and given proper burial.

The police were skeptical. While they didn't doubt that she was a victim of piranhas, they threw the Frenchman in prison, charging that he had first killed the girl, then threw her body into the river to the waiting piranhas. There were rumors around Lima that the girl had become pregnant before leaving on the expedition, and the police accused Pierre of disposing of her in this morbid way rather than marry her. However, there was no actual proof and no witnesses to the alleged crime. After several days in prison Pierre was expelled from the country and returned to France.

Even jungle-hardened Indians aren't immune to attack by the deadliest of all fresh-water fish. While with the Cashibos I heard the story of how a jungle veteran,

(Continued on page 64)

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while wading along the banks of a nearby river searching for crocodile eggs, was attacked by a small school of piranhas. In less than fifteen seconds, the time it took him to reach the bank, the entire calf of his right leg had been torn off.

He lived to get his revenge six months later. Returning to the river, he threw ten pounds of barbascos, a poisonous root, into the water in an inlet between a sand bar and the bank. Not many minutes later, as the milky white juice of the root mixed with the water, hundreds of fish began rising to the surface, swimming sluggishly. The Indian and his friends speared over 200 of the man-eaters. The fish fry that followed lasted for several weeks.

The smell of blood drives piranhas crazy. When anything is wounded and enters the water, whether it be a crocodile, jaguar, tapir or human being, the scent of blood attracts them immediately and the hungry fish rush to the victim, gouging out huge chunks of flesh with their saber-like teeth.

Curators of aquariums have found the cannibalistic habits of the piranha a problem in keeping them under glass. Chicago's Shedd Aquarium acquired four of the species some years ago and one day one of the fish suddenly took a bite out of another. The wounded one was immediately removed from the tank before the others could follow up in the attack. For two weeks the wounded piranha was kept in another tank until completely healed, then it was put back into the tank with the other three. The four fish seemed to be getting along and the curator went home to sleep peacefully that night.

In the morning he went to see how his four scaly charges were doing. Peering into the piranha tank, he was astounded to see only three fish and a bony skeleton of the fourth. The three had finally devoured their fishy friend.

Little wonder that the deadly piranha is more feared and respected than any of the other denizens of the jungle. THE END

SHE SHRANK HER LOVERS' HEADS

(Continued from page 33)

the streets unless accompanied by well-armed servants, and an urgent petition was sent to the King.

La Reynie was finally summoned to the King to receive a royal tongue-lashing for his failure to bring the ones responsible to justice. La Reynie returned to Paris with the threat of punishment by torture hanging over him, and at once conferred with his chief agent, Lecoq. A long and heated argument followed, with Lecoq declaring his men constantly patrolled every street and no murder was committed that he didn't know about. He said the missing young men had probably fallen victims to some amorous adventure. His theory was closer to the truth than he knew at the time. This became obvious when he recruited his own son, 21-year-old L'Eveille, to act as a decoy.

L'Eveille was tall, dark and handsome

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enough to lure all the questionable ladies of Paris into his presence, but it was evident, if the assassin was a woman, that she was as cunning as a fox. No one had ever seen her, nor had the missing men been seen talking to any woman. Therefore, if L'Eveille intended to play his full part as a decoy he would have to take certain risks.

Lecoq gave his son detailed instructions and armed him with a pair of pistols and a rapier under his coat. The rapier was a weapon which was then the mark of a nobleman. Richly dressed with jewels and gold chains, L'Eveille went searching for loose women.

For several days he strutted about the Palais Royal, the Luxembourg Gardens and other fashionable districts, picking up handsome courtesans and putting each to the test by allowing her to lure him to her room. In six weeks he accounted for over one hundred of the most expensive call girls in Paris, noted their technique and inspected their living quarters.

He discovered nothing suspicious until a mysterious servant woman, leading him through a maze of back streets, introduced him to a ravishing brunette named Princess Jabirouska. L'Eveille, as usual, immediately got down to the business of demonstrating his virility but was surprised when the Princess kept him at arm's length and ordered her servant to conduct him to the door.

"If you are still interested," the woman told him, "meet me tonight at 10 o'clock at the Church of St. Germain L'Auxerrois. My mistress is much impressed by your noble appearance. She is lonely and sent me today to discover who you were. But you must not carry a rapier. Her father, a Polish prince, died by the sword, and the sight of such a weapon is hateful to the Princess."

The woman left him and L'Eveille hurried back to his father's headquarters. Lecoq agreed that they might be getting somewhere. He summoned a dozen of his most trusted men and organized a trap which could be sprung at the convenient moment. L'Eveille was given a silver whistle with which to summon help if he needed it.

A few minutes before the appointed hour, as became an eager suitor, L'Eveille was strutting up and down before the gloomy portals of the church. The night was darker than usual and sharp gusts of wind caused the lanterns of hurrying pedestrians to flicker eerily. Lecoq and his men were well hidden.

L'Eveille had just about decided the woman had been scared off when a figure muffled in cloak and hood brushed past him and muttered: "Follow quickly."

It was the servant. L'Eveille grabbed her arm but she twisted herself from his grasp. "This place is too dangerous," she hissed. "Remember, the honor of the Princess must not suffer. Either come, if you wish to make love to her, or stay behind. I cannot wait."

"I'll follow you," said L'Eveille.

At the corner of the Rue de L'Arbre Sec the woman halted. "Under the circumstances," she said, "you must realize that my mistress cannot receive you in

(Continued on page 66)



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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her own palace. It is too public and a host of admirers are always on watch. She told me to bind this scarf over your eyes."

L'Eveille grinned. "There will be no need for that," he said. "I would give much to possess the Princess, but you must trust to my honor. Besides, I am a stranger in this city and could never find my way to where you are taking me in this gloom. Already I am lost."

The old woman shuffled on. Street after street was crossed and L'Eveille actually had a hard time recognizing the infamous quarter they at last entered. The woman stopped before an ancient building, unlocked the door and pushed him inside. In the pitch blackness L'Eveille reached for his pistols. The woman plucked at his sleeve, urging him up some creaking stairs. At any moment he expected to feel a blow on his head or the scarf of a strangler around his neck.

Then a light gleamed at his feet and he was thrust by a vigorous and muscular hand, undoubtedly not the woman's, into a sumptuously furnished room.

Dazzled at first by the abrupt change from the black stairs into the brilliantly lit room, he backed against the wall and looked around. The room was adorned with fabulous Oriental carpets and tapestries. The tables and chairs were inlaid with ebony, and the large divan against the wall was covered with lustrous embroidered Chinese silk. A vague, sensuous perfume went to his head like rich old wine.

For a moment he thought he was alone but as he turned to find out what had become of his guide, the silken cover of the divan was thrown aside, and the girl he had met that morning, nude except for a piece of shimmering gauze at her waist, stood before him.

L'Eveille, with all his recent and not unpleasant experiences, had never seen such perfection in a woman. Her eyes were half closed, her lips full and sensuous. For a moment he stood entranced, his mission forgotten, practically defenseless under her beauty. As she swayed toward him he thought it was crazy to imagine she could be a callous assassin. The perfume from her long black hair completed his defeat, and when her two white arms encircled his neck he surrendered at once.

At first her supple fingers were concerned only with caresses, but as he lay beside her, drowsy and spellbound, he suddenly realized that his watch was missing. His hand reached for his purse. That was gone too.

He tried to grab the girl's arm as she slipped away from him. He heard her laughing as she disappeared through a masked door in the wall.

L'Eveille staggered to his feet and frantically searched his clothing for his pistols. They had vanished, too, along with his rapier and whistle.

Hastily he searched for the door through which he had entered the room, but couldn't find any trace of it. There was a glass handle projecting from the wall but he was certain it was not the door he was seeking.

Fiercely he tugged at the handle, pulling with all his strength. With a creak and a sudden snap the lock gave way.

But it was only a recess, into which he stared with dilated, unbelieving eyes. He reeled back against the table, unable to wrench his gaze from the cupboard within the recess.

There, before him, were twenty-five pallid, lifeless faces; twenty-five heads embalmed by some subtle method, each on a silver dish. They were all that remained of the young men who had so mysteriously disappeared.

He whirled as he heard a heavy curtain on the wall move to one side. Swiftly he grabbed a chair and hurled it at the window to warn his father. He could now see the girl again, and flanking her were three massive bruisers, each carrying a sword. He flung himself to the floor, rolling over and over as they rushed him. One of them kicked his head, and then the next few minutes seemed to be a chaos of heavy stamping feet, the red glow of torches, the bellowing shouts of his father and the groans of wounded men.

It was the most sensational capture in the annals of Parisian crime. The criminals were taken to the Grand Chatelet prison and a week later all Paris thronged the square before the grim castle to see the men beheaded. The Princess Jabirouska, when questioned by the judges, stated that her real name was Lady Guilfort and that she was an Englishwoman.

She was taken to the Bastille and the torture chamber, where she underwent the "simple question"—six quarts of water forced down her throat. The third time this ordeal was inflicted on her she confessed that she had been the leader of the murderers; they had merely obeyed her orders. She had lured the young men into the sinister house, had seduced them and afterward robbed them of all they possessed. Her men had killed them, and it had been her depraved whim to retain their heads, which an African servant shrunk.

Having made this confession, she was sentenced to death. Yet fate had decided that Lady Guilfort was not to die under the executioner's ax.

Her story was discussed one evening in all its loathsome details in the presence of the King and his retinue of dissipated noblemen and mistresses. The King's brother, Charles, seemed to find La Reynie's vivid description of the woman fascinating. When the King retired Charles suggested to two of his cronies that they should obtain the release of Lady Guilfort and sample her charms. They could take her to the house of a close friend of Charles' at Versailles, and there indulge in an orgy. After all, the jaded Charles pointed out, it wasn't every day that a nobleman got the chance to romance a beautiful woman who had murdered twenty-five of her lovers.

Charles happened to possess several blank "lettres de cachet" signed by the King. One of these was transformed into an order commanding the Governor of the Bastille to entrust the glamorous murderers to the bearers of the order, for transfer to the terrible Pignerols fortress.

The Governor, deceived by the ruse, delivered Lady Guilfort, bound and gagged, into the hands of the conspirators, who immediately drove away. During the long

drive to Versailles the men greedily feasted their eyes on their voluptuous captive, who imagined she was being taken to some fresh torture before execution. When Charles told her blandly that she was to serve as a diversion for himself and other blase nobles of the king's court, she immediately began to figure out how this unexpected good fortune could enable her to escape.

When the carriage halted before a large house standing in spacious grounds, she had already formed a plan. The three noblemen—Charles, the Chevalier de Lorraine, and the son of the Marquis d'Effiat—led her in silence through several dark passages and at last ushered her into a beautiful room where wine and food were already set out on a table.

The events that followed, set down without reserve by La Reynie in his police report, which is still on file in the Paris archives, are so characteristic of the depraved, licentious manners of that time that they cannot be printed here. Charles, bored at last with the debauchery and sadism, left after making his friends promise "they would kill this female monster, whom Satan had endowed with such fatal beauty."

As soon as Charles had gone she plied the two remaining hot-blooded noblemen with more wine, and to each she succeeded in hinting that if it were not for his companion, she would abandon herself to his arms alone. With seductive cunning she fanned the leaping flame of hatred and passion until the Chevalier de Lorraine, drunk and crazed with desire, attempted to drag her from the room. Instantly his equally drunken friend barred his way with a drawn sword.

"Kill him," she whispered into the Chevalier's ear. "Then you will have me to yourself." Then, slipping behind his swaying opponent, she repeated the same words.

The blades crossed, held, slipped, and a moment later the two former friends were slashing and thrusting the life out of each other. Finally de Lorraine's blade spitted his friend against the wall. At the sight of the lifeless body his sanity returned and he dropped to his knees groaning.

A door slammed, a key grated, and the Chevalier was imprisoned with the corpse of d'Effiat.

The Chevalier was later released by the man whose house they had used. The death of d'Effiat could not be kept a secret and the Chevalier was forced to flee to Brussels.

Although the police searched Versailles and Paris, the woman escaped and a fictitious entry was made in the books of the Bastille, describing the sudden death of Lady Guilfort in her cell. Yet she had not left France, for within a few weeks first Lecog and then his son L'Eveille found a letter under their door. The text of the note sent to the son is quoted in the Paris archives:

Spy and treacherous decoy. You trapped me once with your lecherous face, and now it shall be my turn. Day and night remember that a blade will find your heart, and your head will rest on a platter.

Jabirouska

At first L'Eveille was nervous, the vision of the severed heads on their platters still haunting him. An armed bodyguard accompanied him whenever he went outside. Then as the months passed he figured that the increasing vigilance of his father's men had caused the woman to abandon her plan of vengeance.

He was mistaken.

For some time L'Eveille, whose vanity had been considerably stimulated by his first resounding success as a police agent, had been looking for another opportunity to enhance his reputation. The activities of a daring band of smugglers, who appeared to be gifted with the uncanny power of vanishing at will, attracted his attention. He showed great interest when a mysterious visitor called at his house and offered to lead him to the building where the contraband was stored.

It would be an easy matter, said the stranger, for the police to set a trap. But he advised L'Eveille first to come alone or accompanied only by a friend, to visit the building and remove the cases crammed with priceless silks and lace. These he would have to promise to share with the informer. Then, since the smugglers never came to the house before dawn, he would have time to post his men.

(Continued on page 69)

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L'Eveille decided to risk following this advice, but his natural caution caused him to discuss it with his father first. The detective said nothing, but when his son left, accompanied by a trusted friend, a detachment of police spies followed unseen.

The building was near the river. Their guide quickly opened the door with a key, pointed to a row of wooden cases, and without a word slipped away, leaving the two young men alone. They crept silently across the floor and examined the cases one by one.

Abruptly L'Eveille gripped his friend's arm and pulled him back. "Did you notice," he whispered, "that the three largest boxes are pierced with small holes? I'm pretty certain there are men inside. I'm going to say loudly that we are leaving, to return later with a cart. After I've said it, blow out the light and slam the door, then we shall wait and watch."

This they did, and the two friends settled down in the dark with loaded shot-guns. Ten minutes passed, then they heard a muffled voice say:

"Something scared them away. If they don't return the chief's plan will miscarry, and we're likely to lose our heads."

L'Eveille nudged his friend and whispered: "Creep across to that back door and drop the bar. When I light the lantern, fire into the boxes."

A minute later the young detective heard the rasping of the bar in its socket. Immediately he struck a spark from his flint and lit the lamp. Both men emptied their shotguns into the three suspected boxes. The lid of one was flung back. A man staggered out and fell in a bloody heap. When they opened the other two cases they found the men hidden inside were dead.

At that instant a thunder of blows shook the outer door. It gave way under the pressure of many shoulders and Lecoq burst into the room, followed by his men. They all crowded forward to examine the dead and dying handits, leaving L'Eveille standing alone by the yawning entrance.

That moment was his last. A blade flashed out of the gloom and sank to the hilt in the back of his neck, severing his spine.

The following day Lecoq received another letter.

I would give more than you know for your son's head so that I can add it to my collection. Name your price, policeman.

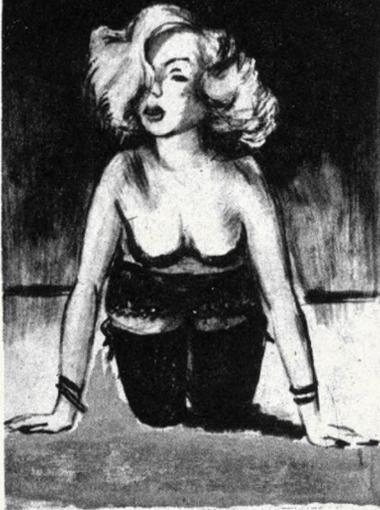
Jabirouska

A bare statement that this woman Bluebeard was never caught ends the report preserved in the Paris archives. No trace of her was ever found until a year ago when wreckers tore down the walls of the house in Lyons, where a female skeleton sat glowering over a heap of shrunken heads. A footnote to the archives report was added by the French historian Peuchet:

"Who this female Bluebeard was and where she went was never discovered. Nor were the Parisians ever informed of the true facts. Only the King and La Reynie knew that she had not died in a dungeon of the Bastille."

THE END

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LUST FOR GOLD— AND DEATH

(Continued from page 24)

situation. To begin at the beginning . . .

Before we got the treasure bug Joe and I were working for a guy named Tom Ellis. He owns the Sanin open-pit emerald mine north of Bogota, Columbia's capital.

Our job was to discourage the native miners from heisting souvenirs. We accomplished this by making each home-bound employee strip off his clothes before he went through the gate. Then we'd examine his body to make sure he didn't have an emerald stashed between his legs, under his armpits, or in his mouth. It was interesting work, especially since two-thirds of the miners were nicely stacked native dolls.

We'd latched onto this job late in September, 1958 after Ellis—he'd been our squad sergeant in Korea—wrote that he needed a couple of guys he could trust.

So little happens in our Ohio town that even a change in the wind can provide a day's conversation. So naturally Joe and I jumped at the chance for jobs with both excitement and good pay.

Three months passed. In the evenings we often went into Velez, the nearest town. One night the first week in January we were in a little cafe. A leather-faced, beady-eyed character of about 40, who looked like he was a stranger to a bath, sidled up to our table. He took off his hat and bowed.

"I am Juan Mantaros," he said. "Senors, you are *Norte Americanos*, yes? And *Norte Americanos* have what is called the guts, yes?"

"Get lost," I said, figuring the guy was about to put the bite on us for a few pesos.

Mantaros ignored this comment. "Senors," he whispered, leaning over the table, "you would like to acquire great riches? I will tell you how it can be done."

This kind of talk raises the temperature of any normal guy. So Joe and I followed Mantaros to a table in a dimly lit corner of the room. "Senor *Norte Americanos*," he said, "I am a trader who does business with various tribes of the backward ones." He put a hand inside his tattered jacket and pulled out an 8-inch idol. "It is solid gold, senors," he confided. "It came from the land of the Chogas, who make even their cooking pots of gold. In that region fabulous treasure awaits men of courage."

We asked where the Choga tribe was located. "In the Sierra Cristobals in northern Columbia," Mantaros replied, adding: "It would be foolhardy to attempt to obtain the gold directly from those barbarians. They are devils!"

But a Choga girl friend, he said, who had given him the idol, had told of a cave in which, centuries ago, her ancestors had imprisoned Spanish soldiers who were escorting a mule train of coins and other gold objects manufactured in a refinery manned by Indian slaves. The train's loot was enclosed in the cave, too. If this cave

could be located without the Chogas learning of it, we'd be millionaires.

Mantaros' conversation was certainly intriguing, but he wasn't the kind of guy who inspires confidence. I had the feeling he was building us up for some kind of con game.

I said: "Let's take the idol to Bogota next week end, *amigo*, and if it turns out to be gold, and if your story checks out, maybe we can make a deal."

Mantaros was a suspicious character. He wouldn't let us have the idol. But he would go to Bogota with us, he said. He'd even pay his own way.

We flew to Bogota the following Saturday and took the idol to the assay office. A few minutes later we learned it was solid gold.

Joe and I began to consider our dirty little companion with new interest; maybe he had been telling us the truth. There was a way to verify the rest of his story.

We went to the University of Columbia. The historian, Dr. Felix Galizana, said there was much gold in the region occupied by the Choga tribes. The lust for this gold, he explained, started with the Spaniards in 1521. Francisco Pizarro, commandant of the Spanish invaders, immediately subdued the fabulously rich Quiches, enslaving the survivors and forcing them to mine gold and work in smelters and refineries. Coins, religious medals, dishes and other objects were made of gold and transported to the coast, where they were shipped to Spain.

After a few years the Quiches, ancestors of the Chogas, revolted. During this bloody rebellion they ambushed a mule train laden with the products of a refinery. Perhaps, Dr. Galizana said, this was the incident of which the Chogas girl had told Mantaros. If so, possibly the gold could be recovered—if we wanted to risk our lives in the attempt.

"The Chogas," he warned, "are among the most savage aborigines on the face of the earth. There are many tragic accounts of those who tried to take gold from them. They are brutes who delight in butchering poachers."

The interview with Dr. Galizana made Joe and me eager to search for the cave where the loot had been stashed. But there was another point to be determined—the local treasure trove law. It would be stupid to risk our lives if we had to forfeit the loot.

We went to the office of the Attorney General. A deputy informed us that Columbia law follows the old Spanish Common Law. Treasure found on public lands belongs to whoever finds it, less 25 per cent for the government. We asked if a permit to search in the Choga region was required.

"Whoever heard of a permit to commit suicide?" the deputy said, shrugging his shoulders.

Four days later Joe, Mantaros and I flew to Dibulla, a little town on the Caribbean. Here we bought everything we'd need, from insect repellents to shells for our shotguns and mules to carry our gear. Then, recalling how eager the Indians of our own old West used to be for whisky, I bought ten pint bottles. The way events

(Continued on page 72)

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transpired, this was the brightest thing I've ever done.

Two days later we were in the Sierra Cristobals. Right away we learned that only the lust for gold would compel a man to endure these gloomy jungles. They're a haven for snakes and insects and the heat is oppressive.

The third morning Mantaros said: "I leave now, amigos, to find the Choga girl who knows the location of the cave."

He returned shortly after noon, a bare-breasted Indian girl with him. She was certainly no Miss Columbia and she smelled even worse than Mantaros.

"We go now," Mantaros said. "Bami, in exchange for a few strings of beads and a pack of cigarettes, will show us the cave."

About 10 a.m. the next day we came to a small foliage-covered cliff. Bami spoke excitedly to Mantaros. "Back of those rocks," he translated, "is the cave where her ancestors barricaded the Spanish soldiers."

We began to remove rocks. Three sweat-soaked hours later we were able to crawl into the cave. On its dusty floor were the remains of about thirty iron-bound wooden chests and two patina-covered copper chests. Also the skeletons of eleven men. Around the disintegrated chests were hundreds of small ingots—their former contents.

In about fifteen minutes we pried the lid off one of the copper chests. The first object we saw was a huge gold crucifix. It was lying on hundreds of old Spanish gold coins. Mixed among them were small crucifixes and religious medals.

If these objects were of solid gold, and we had no reason to doubt it, they were worth a fortune. We were more than excited. But we had to get this loot, and ourselves, out of this ominous land before the Chogas discovered us!

An hour later we had the bags on our mules loaded with ingots and coins. Then Mantaros picked up his shotgun, swiftly he swung its barrel toward Bami and pulled the trigger. Bami, almost disembowled by the charge at that short range, died instantly.

"Amigos," Mantaros said with a grin, "now that we know the location of the cave we do not need the girl. And if she lived she might have told her people."

Shocked by this callous, brutal murder, we trudged down the trail in silence. By nightfall we were about five miles on the trail which led to the coast and civilization.

The next morning Mantaros and the gold were gone.

Joe and I plodded along, dejected and scared. Then, about noon, the jungles erupted with howling, spear-waving Indians. While half a dozen of these savages held their spears on us, the others ransacked our gear. Then they prodded us, and our mule, into the jungle. An hour later we came to a dirty little thatched-hut village.

Mantaros was there, tied to a stake. He had stopped to watch four native girls as they bathed in a pond, he said, and he had been so engrossed in this activity that he hadn't noticed the Choga warriors who had crept up on him. As for abandoning us, he had the guts to say: "It was merely

a prank, amigos. One must jest now and then, yes?"

What Joe and I called that double-crossing, murdering liar is unprintable.

A few moments later a young warrior came out of a hut. He was wearing a filthy red ribbon in his hair and his cheeks were streaked with daubs of white clay. He was the local chief, he said in understandable Spanish, and what were we doing in his territory?

"Studying the birds and leaves," I said quickly.

The chief yapped at the characters who had ambushed us. Then he said: "You speak the truth. You did not come to steal our gold." His face hardened again and he nodded toward Mantaros. "This one, he came to steal. He will die. You will watch and you will tell other white men of his death."

Mantaros begged for Joe and me to help him. There was nothing we could do, even if we had wanted to help that rat. But watching him die wasn't pleasant. First the Chogas blinded him with thorns. Then they cut off his ears and the tip of his nose, sliced off his tongue, and emasculated him. Finally they ended this sport, and Mantaros' life, by disemboweling him.

"You may go now," the chief said to Joe and me.

During Mantaros' torture I'd been studying the chief. He would have to have been around civilization to have learned

Spanish. That meant he'd been exposed to alcoholic beverages. I told him I'd like to present him with a bottle of whisky.

He didn't catch on for a moment. Then his face lit up like a neon sign. "Water that burns?" he asked unbelievably.

I went to the mule and pulled a pint from the pack bag and tossed it to the chief. He jerked out the cork with his teeth and held the bottle to his mouth until it was empty.

Liquor apparently hits a Choga like a Kansas cyclone. In a few minutes that guy had a jag that was a real load. So I told him I'd trade nine more bottles of the water that burns for some of the gold the dead man had stolen.

The chief went for that deal like a hungry kid goes for candy. When the gold was in the mule's pack bag he said eagerly: "You bring more water that burns?"

"In six suns we'll be back," I lied. Then I said to Joe: "Let's get underway while he still thinks we're his best friends."

Three days later we were in Dibulla. The next day we flew to Bogota, the happiest guys in South America. We'd done the improbable. We'd recovered a fortune in gold from the Chogas—and lived to tell of it!

But we're not going back for more. Maybe the chief would trade gold for whisky, like he said. Then again, maybe he'd give us the Mantaros torture. Believe me, even gold isn't worth the risk of finding out.

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THE BOUNTY MUTINEERS

(Continued from page 111)

after-part of the quarterdeck, into which we were all put in close confinement, with both legs and both hands in irons, and were treated with great rigor, not being allowed ever to get out of this den; and, being obliged to eat, drink, sleep and obey the calls of nature here, you may form some idea of the disagreeable situation I must have been in, unable as I was to help myself, being deprived of the use of both my legs and hands."

In his defense, Capt. Edwards says he was warned by the brother of the King of Otaheite that a conspiracy had been formed among the natives to cut the ship's cables the first strong wind that should blow on the shore. This was considered probable, as most of the prisoners were married to the most respectable chiefs' daughters.

The wives, however, were allowed to visit the ship daily and brought their children, who were permitted to be carried to their unhappy fathers. "To see the poor captives in irons," says Surgeon Hamilton, "weeping over their offspring, was too moving a scene for any feeling heart. Their wives brought them ample supplies of food and behaved with the greatest affection."

Peggy, the wife of Midshipman Stewart, was so grief-stricken when allowed to see her husband that he himself begged she should not be admitted on board again. She was separated from him by violence and went on shore in a terrible state of grief and despair. Two months later she died, literally of a broken heart.

With all the mutineers on board the *Pandora* proceeded in search of those who had gone away in the *Bounty*. Capt. Edwards had no clue to guide him as to the route taken by the *Bounty*, but he learned from different people, and from journals found in the chests of the mutineers at Otaheite, the proceedings of Fletcher Christian and his comrades after Capt. Bligh and his men were turned adrift in the launch.

From these it appeared that pirates at first proceeded to the island of Toobouai, where they anchored on May 25, 1789. They threw overboard the greater part of the breadfruit plants and divided among themselves the property of the officers and men who had been so inhumanly turned adrift. At this island they intended to form a settlement. But the opposition of the natives, the lack of many necessary materials, and quarrels among themselves, determined them to go to Otaheite to procure whatever they might need. At Otaheite, the king and other natives wanted to know what had happened to their good friend Capt. Bligh. Christian told them the *Bounty* had unexpectedly met up with Capt. Cook (who was also a good friend of the natives); Capt. Bligh had decided to join forces with Capt. Cook in settling an island Capt. Cook had discovered, and

had appointed Mr. Christian the new commander of the *Bounty*. The simple natives were overjoyed by this story and brought the supplies the mutineers wanted.

Once more they set off for Toobouai. However, the quarrels continued; also continual disputes and skirmishes with the natives, generally brought on by violent conduct of the mutineers. Christian soon realized his authority was on the wane and that no peaceful establishment was likely to be made on Toobouai. After much angry discussion it was decided to take off once more for Otaheite and those who wanted to remain there should be permitted to do so, while the others would proceed in the ship to whatever place they should agree upon among themselves.

As a result, sixteen men put off at Otaheite and the remaining nine agreed to continue in the *Bounty*. They also took with them seven Otaheitan men and twelve women. No one knew where they were going, but Christian had been heard to say his object was to find some unknown or uninhabited island in which there was no harbor for shipping, that he would run the *Bounty* on shore and make use of her materials to form a settlement.

The *Pandora* called at many islands without success. After a fruitless search of three months, the *Pandora* arrived on the coast of New Holland and close to that extraordinary reef of coral rocks called Barrier Reef.

One boat had been sent out to look for an opening, which was soon discovered. But in the course of the night the ship drifted past it. "On getting soundings," says Capt. Edwards, in his narrative laid before the court-martial, "the topsails were filled; but before the tacks were hauled on board and other sail made and trimmed, the ship struck upon a reef . . . Boats were hoisted out with a view to carry out an anchor, but before that could be effected the ship struck so violently on the reef that the carpenter reported she made eighteen inches of water in five minutes; and in five minutes after this there were four feet of water in her hold. Finding the leak increasing so fast, it was thought necessary to turn the hands to the pumps, but she still continued to gain upon us fast.

" . . . About ten we perceived that the ship had beaten over the reef and was in ten fathoms water. We therefore let go the small bower anchor, cleared away a cable and let go the best bower anchor in fifteen and a half fathoms water under foot to steady the ship. Some of her guns were thrown overboard and the water gained upon us only in a small degree, and we flattered ourselves that we might be able to lessen the leak and to free her of water. But as she settled in the water the leak increased again, and in so great a degree there was reason to believe she would sink before daylight.

" . . . During the night we continued bailing and pumping and every effort that was thought of was made to keep afloat and preserve the ship. Daylight appeared. . . . The officers whom I had consulted on the subject of our situation gave it as their opinion that nothing more could be done for the preservation of the ship. It then became necessary to endeavor to pro-

vide and to find means for the preservation of the people . . . About half-past six in the morning of the 29th the hold was full, and the water was between decks, and it also washed in at the upper deck ports. There were strong indications that the ship was on the very point of sinking, and we began to leap overboard and take to the boats, and before everybody could get out of her she actually sank.

" . . . Two of the boats were laden with men and sent to a small sandy key about four miles from the wreck. I remained near the ship for some time with the other two boats and picked up all the people that could be seen, and then followed the first two boats to the key. Having landed the men and cleared the boats, they were immediately sent again to look about the wreck and the adjoining reef for any that might be missing, but they returned without having found a single person. On mustering the people that were saved, it appeared that eighty-nine of the ship's company and ten of the mutineers that had been prisoners aboard answered to their names. But thirty-one of the ship's company and four mutineers were lost with the ship."

It is remarkable that so little notice is taken of the mutineers in this narrative of the captain's. A statement of Lieut. Corner, second lieutenant of the *Pandora*, would seem to bear out the fact that Capt. Edwards was lacking in the common feelings of humanity:

"Three of the *Bounty's* people, Coleman, Norman and McIntosh, were now let out of irons and sent to work at the pumps. The others offered their assistance and begged to be allowed a chance of saving their lives; instead of which, two additional sentinels were placed over them, with orders to shoot any who would attempt to get rid of their fetters. Seeing no prospect of escape, they betook themselves to prayer and prepared to meet their fate, everyone expecting that the ship would soon go to pieces, her rudder and part of the stern post being already beat away."

When the ship was actually sinking, and every effort was being made for the preservation of the crew, it is asserted that "no notice was taken of the prisoners, although Capt. Edwards was entreated by Mr. Heyward to have mercy on them when he passed over their prison to make his own escape. The ship was then lying on her broadside with larboard bow completely under water. Fortunately, the master-at-arms, either by accident or design, when slipping from the roof of "Pandora's Box" into the sea, let the keys of the irons fall through the scuttle, which he had just before opened, and thus enabled the prisoners to begin their own liberation. In this they were generously assisted, at the risk of his own life, by William Moulter, a boatswain's mate, who clung to the coamings and pulled the long bars through the shackles, saying he would set them free or go to the bottom with them.

Scarcely was this effected when the ship went down, leaving nothing visible but the topmast cross-trees. The master-at-arms and all the sentinels sunk, to rise no more. The cries of them and the other

(Continued on page 76)

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drowning men were terrible to hear, and more than half an hour elapsed before the survivors could be taken up by the boats.

It is an awful moment when a ship takes her last heel, just before going down. When the *Pandora* sank, the surgeon says: "The crew had just time to leap overboard, accompanying it with a most dreadful yell. The cries of the men drowning in the water were at first awful in the extreme, but as they sank and became faint, they died away by degrees."

In Peter Heyward's letter to his mother he gives a vivid account of the way the prisoners were treated during the ordeal:

"... the ship was so much damaged while on the reef that imagining she would go to pieces any moment, we had contrived to wrench ourselves out of our irons and applied to the captain to have mercy on us and let us take our chance to preserve our lives. But it was all in vain. He was even so inhuman as to order us all to be put in irons again, though the ship was expected to go down any moment, being scarcely able to keep her afloat with all the pumps at work.

"In this miserable situation, with an expected death before our eyes, without the least hope of relief, and in the most trying state of suspense, we spent the night; the ship being by the hand of Providence kept up till the morning. The boats by this time had all been prepared, and as the captain and officers were coming upon the poop, or roof of our prison, to abandon the ship, the water being then up to the combings of the hatchways, we again implored his mercy. He then sent the corporal and an armourer down to let some of us out of irons. But only three were allowed to go up, and the scuttle then being clapped on, and the master-at-arms upon it, the armourer had only time to let two persons out of irons. The rest, except three, letting themselves out. Two of these three went down in the ship with the irons still on their hands, and the third was picked up.

"The ship now began to keel over to port so very much that the master-at-arms, sliding overboard, and leaving the scuttle open, we all tried to get up, and I was the last but three. The water was then pouring in at the bulkhead scuttles, yet I succeeded in getting out, and was scarcely in the sea when I could see nothing around me but a scene of the greatest distress. I took a plank (being stark naked) and swam toward an island about three miles off, but was picked up by one of the boats from the *Pandora*. When we got ashore to the small sandy key, we found there were thirty-four men drowned, four of whom were prisoners, and among them my unfortunate messmate, Mr. Stewart."

On the sandy key which fortunately presented itself, the shipwrecked seamen hauled up the boats, to repair those that were damaged and to stretch canvass round the gunwales, the better to keep out the sea from breaking into them. The heat of the sun and the reflection from the sand were excruciating, and the thirst of the men was intolerable, their stomachs being filled with salt water from the time

they had to swim before being picked up.

Mr. Hamilton says they were greatly disturbed in the night by the peculiar behavior of a seaman named Connell, which made them suspect he had gotten drunk on some wine that had been saved. But it turned out that the torture he had suffered from thirst had made him drink some salt water. He went mad and soon died.

A small keg of water and some biscuits had been thrown into one of the boats, and they calculated this would be sufficient to last sixteen days, on an allowance of two wineglasses of water per day to each man, and a very small quantity of bread.

In a letter to his sister Peter Heyward describes the plight of the prisoners:

"Captain Edwards had tents erected for himself and his people, and we prisoners petitioned him for an old sail which was lying useless, part of the wreck, but he refused it. The only shelter we had was to bury ourselves up to the neck in the burning sand, which scorched the skin entirely off our bodies, for we were quite naked. We appeared as if dipped in large tubs of boiling water. We were nineteen days in the same miserable condition before we landed at Coupang."

The crew and prisoners were now distributed among the four boats. At Bligh's "Mountainous Island" they entered a bay where swarms of natives came down and made signs for them to land. This they declined to do, at which point an arrow was discharged and struck one of the boats. As the savages were seen to be collecting their bows and arrows, a volley of muskets, which happened to be in the boats, was discharged, which put the natives to flight.

While sailing among the islands and near the shore, now and then they stopped to pick up a few oysters and get a little fresh water. On Sept. 2 they passed the northwest point of New Holland and launched into the great Indian Ocean, having a voyage of about a thousand miles still to go.

Mr. Hamilton, the doctor, remarks that the mouths of the little group became so parched that few attempted to eat the small allowance of bread. He also says that as the sufferings of the men continued, their tempers became cross and savage.

On the 13th day they saw the island of Timor and on the night of the 15th anchored opposite the fort of Coupang. Nothing could exceed the kindness and hospitality of the governor and other Dutch officers of this settlement. The crew of the *Pandora* and the prisoners were put aboard Dutch ships, then transferred to an English ship at the Cape. The prisoners continued to endure great hardships on their passage to England, sleeping on hard boards on wet canvass, without any bed, and subsisting on the most meager allowance of food.

They arrived in England on June 19, 1792. The court assembled to try the prisoners on board His Majesty's ship *Duke* on Sept. 12, 1792, and continued until the 18th of that month. Of the ten men present to be tried, Peter Heyward, James Morrison and William Muspratt were sentenced to death but pardoned;

three seamen, Thomas Burkitt, John Millward and Thomas Ellison were executed; and four men, Joseph Coleman, armourer, Charles Norman, carpenter's mate, Thomas McIntosh, carpenter's crew, and Michael Byrne, seaman, were tried and acquitted.

It is interesting to note that in a later letter of Peter Heyward (who actually took no part in the mutiny and was forced to remain on the *Bounty*) he states that on paying off the *Montagu* in July, 1816, he came on shore, after having been actively employed at sea for twenty-seven years, six months, one week and five days. Having nearly reached the top of the list of captains, he died in 1831, leaving behind him a high and unblemished record in the naval service.

NOW twenty years passed from the day of the court-martial, and the *Bounty* and Fletcher Christian and the piratical crew he had carried off with him had long ceased to occupy a thought in the public mind. If the subject of the *Bounty* was accidentally mentioned, it was merely to express an opinion that the vessel and those within her had gone down to the bottom of the sea, or that some savage islanders had inflicted on the mutineers that measure of retribution so justly due their crime.

Then in 1809 Capt. Folger of the American ship *Topaz* related that upon landing on Pitcairn Island, one of the islands in the Society and Friendly group, he found an Englishman by the name of Alexander Smith, the only person remaining of the nine mutineers who had come to this island.

Interesting as this discovery was considered to be, it does not appear that any steps were taken, the government being at that time probably too much engaged in the events of war.

Nothing further was heard of Pitcairn Island until 1814, when two frigates cruising in the Pacific, the *Briton*, commanded by Sir Thomas Staines, and the *Tagus*, commanded by Capt. Pison, stumbled upon Pitcairn Island. Presently they observed a few natives coming down a steep descent, with their canoes on their shoulders, and in a few minutes saw one of those little vessels darting through a heavy surf and paddling off toward the ships. Their astonishment grew when, on coming alongside, they were hailed in the English language with: "Won't you heave us a rope now?"

The first young man that sprung up on deck said his name was Thursday October Christian, son of the late Fletcher Christian by an Otaheitan mother; that he was the first born on the island and he was so called because he was born on a Thursday in October. Young Christian, who knew the whole story of the *Bounty*, was at this time about 24 years of age, a fine youth, 6 feet tall, with dark hair and an open and extremely interesting face. As he wore no clothes except a piece of cloth around his loins, and a straw hat ornamented with black cock's feathers, his fine figure and well-shaped muscular limbs were displayed to great advantage and attracted general admiration. His body was much tanned and his face had a brownish cast, un-mixed, however, with that tinge of red

so common among the natives of the Pacific islands.

"Added to a great share of good humor, we were glad to trace," says Capt. Pison, "in his face all the features of an honest English face."

Young Christian told the captains he was married to a woman much older than himself, one of those who had accompanied his father from Otaheite. Christian's manner of speaking English was very pleasing and correct in both grammar and pronunciation. His companion was a fine, handsome youth of 17 or 18 by the name of George Young, son of Midshipman Edward Young.

If the astonishment of the captains was great on making this extraordinary discovery of a people who had been so long forgotten, their surprise and interest were still more highly excited when, on Sir Staines taking the two youths below and setting before them something to eat, both rose up and one of them, placing his hands together in a posture of devotion, pronounced: "For what we are going to receive, the Lord make us truly thankful."

The youths themselves were greatly surprised at the sight of so many new things. Observing a cow, they were at first somewhat alarmed and expressed a doubt whether it was a huge goat or a horned hog, these being the only two four-legged animals they had ever seen. A little dog amused them very much.

The young men told the captains they should come on shore and question old Alexander Smith, now known as John Adams, for any further particulars. The captains found the landing to be difficult and not wholly free from danger, but with the assistance of the two youths, they passed the surf among the rocks and reached the shore.

Old Adams, having ascertained that the two officers had landed alone, and without arms, concluded they had no intention of taking him prisoner. He came down to the beach and took them back to his house. He was accompanied by his wife, a very old woman and nearly blind. It was at first they were both greatly alarmed; the sight of the King's uniform, after so many years, having no doubt brought back to Adams memories of the mutiny.

Sir Staines, however, set his mind at ease, and assured him that instead of coming to the island with any intention of taking him away, they had not even been aware of his existence.

Capt. Pison observes, that although in the eyes of the law they could only consider Adams in the light of a criminal of the deepest dye, yet it would have been an act of the greatest cruelty and inhumanity to have taken him away from his little family, who in such a case would have been left to experience the greatest misery and distress, and in all probability would have eventually perished of want.

Adams, however, pretended he had no great share in the mutiny. He said he was sick in bed when it broke out and was afterward compelled to take a musket in his hand. This was certainly not true, for he was the third on deck armed and stood sentry over Capt. Bligh with a loaded musket and a fixed bayonet.

(Continued on page 78)

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But now Adams expressed the readiness to go in one of the ships to England, and seemed rather desirous to do so.

His daughter, a fine young woman, threw her arms about his neck, entreating him not to think of leaving them. All the women burst into tears, and the young men stood motionless and absorbed in grief. On being assured he should on no account be molested: "It is impossible," says Capt. Pipon, "to describe the universal joy these poor people showed, and the gratitude they expressed for the kindness and consideration shown them."

THE captains learned that Fletcher Christian, on finding no good anchorage close to the island, and the *Bounty* being too weakly manned to entrust themselves in her at sea, determined to run her into a small creek against the cliff, in order to get out of her such articles as might be of use for building an establishment on the island, and to land the hogs, goats and poultry they had brought from Otaheite. Having accomplished this, he ordered her to be set on fire, probably to prevent any escape from the island, and also to remove an object which, if seen, might excite the curiosity of some passing vessel.

His plan succeeded and, according to Adams, everything went smoothly for a short time. But it was clear that this misguided and ill-fated young man was never happy after the rash and criminal step he had taken. He was always sullen and morose and committed so many acts of wanton oppression that he very soon incurred the hatred of his companions in crime, over whom he practiced the same overbearing conduct of which he accused his commander, Capt. Blight.

When the mutineers first arrived on Pitcairn they divided the island into nine equal portions, to the exclusion of the natives whom they had seduced to accompany them, and some of whom are said to have been carried off against their wishes. At first the natives were considered as the friends of the white men, but very soon became their slaves. They helped in the cultivation of the soil, in building houses and in fetching wood and water, without complaints.

Things went on peaceably and prosperously for about two years. Then John Williams, a seaman, lost his wife and insisted on having another wife or threatened to leave the island in one of the *Bounty's* boats. Being useful as an armorer, the mutineers were unwilling to part with him and therefore backed him up in his unreasonable demand to take the wife of one of the Otaheitans.

In revenge the Otaheitans laid a plan for the extermination of the Europeans, but the women gave a hint of what was going on. The plot being discovered, the husband who had had his wife taken from him, and another whom Christian had shot at, fled into the woods, where they were murdered by their countrymen on the promise of pardon for the others.

Tranquility thus being restored, matters went on fairly well for a year or two longer. But the oppression and ill treatment the Otaheitans received, especially from seamen Matthew Quintal and William McKoy,

the most active and determined of the mutineers, drove them to form another plot.

A day was fixed for attacking and killing all the Englishmen as they worked on their respective plantations. John Williams was the first man to be shot. The Otaheitans next proceeded to Christian, who was working in his yam plot, and shot him. John Mills, Isaac Martin and William Brown were killed next. Adams was wounded in the neck but succeeded in making terms with the Otaheitans. Edward Young, who was a great favorite of the women, was hidden by them during the attack. Matthew Quintal and William McKoy, the worst of the gang, escaped to the mountains.

The natives then began to quarrel about choosing the women whose European husbands had been murdered. The result was that one of the natives was killed by Young and all the others were killed by the women. Adams then went into the mountains to tell Quintal and McKoy what had happened and ask them to return.

For about six years the remnant of the colonists seem to have gone on quietly, with only some quarrels between the four men who remained, and with the women, ten of whom were still alive. These women lived promiscuously with the men, frequently changing from one to the other.

Then McKoy, who had formerly been employed in a Scotch distillery, began experimenting with the *tee-root* and succeeded in producing an intoxicating liquor. Soon he and Quintal were always drunk. McKoy, in a drunken state, threw himself from a cliff and was killed. The others were so impressed by this occurrence that they resolved never again to touch spirits.

The following year Quintal lost his wife, and although he had already experienced the fatal effects of a similar demand, nothing would satisfy him but the wife of one of his two remaining companions. Of course, neither felt inclined to agree to this unreasonable demand, and he looked for an opportunity to kill them. He was unsuccessful in his first attempt but swore to try again. Adams and Young came to the resolution that, as their own lives were not safe while he was alive, they were justified in killing him, which they did, by felling him, as they would an ox, with a hatchet.

Such was the melancholy fate of seven of the leading mutineers, who escaped justice only to add murder to their former crimes; and such, it may be added, was the polluted source from which the present simple and innocent race of islanders have come. What is most extraordinary, the very man from whom they have received their moral and religious instruction is one who was among the foremost in the mutiny and deeply implicated in all the deplorable consequences that were the results of it.

Adams and Young were now the sole male survivors of the fifteen males who had landed on the island. Young, however, died of an asthmatic attack about a year later.

With regards to Adams, although his subsequent conduct was of the finest sort, and to him alone it might be said is owed the present happy state of the little com-

munity on Pitcairn Island, his crime, like that of Fletcher Christian, can never be considered as wiped away.

Sir Thomas Staines, the first British officer who called at the island, it might be supposed, had to struggle on this trying occasion between duty and feeling. It was his imperative duty to have seized and brought Adams to England as a prisoner, where Adams would have been tried and would no doubt have been convicted of the crime of mutiny for which several of his less active accomplices had suffered the penalty of death. Adams might, from the length of time and circumstances in his favor, have received the King's pardon.

SIR STAINES and Capt. Pipon describe the islanders as having regular and well-formed features, eyes bright and generally hazel, though in a few instances blue; the eyebrows thin and rarely meeting; the nose a little flattened and rather extended at the nostrils in the Otaheitan manner, the lips a trifle broad. Their ears are moderately large and generally pierced when young, so that flowers can be worn like earrings, a very common custom among the South Sea Islands natives. Their hair is black, sometimes curling, sometimes straight. Their teeth are white and regular. On the whole they are a good-looking people.

The personal qualifications of the Pitcairn islanders, attractive as they were, excited less admiration on the part of the captains than the account which Adams gave of their virtuous conduct. He assured his visitors that not one instance of debauchery or immoral conduct had occurred among these young people, nor did he ever hear or believe that any one instance had occurred of a young woman having suffered indecent liberties taken with her.

The young women told Capt. Pipon, with great simplicity, that they were not married and that their father, as they all called Adams, had told them it was right they should wait with patience until they had acquired sufficient property to bring up a family before they thought of marrying. They always followed his advice because they knew it to be good.

It seems from the time Adams was left sole adult male, the greatest harmony had prevailed. Adams assured his visitors they were all strictly honest in their dealings, lending or exchanging livestock and produce with each other; and if any little dispute occurred, he never had any trouble rectifying it to the satisfaction of both parties. They generally spoke the English language, with a pleasing accent.

The little village of Pitcairn is described as forming a pretty square; the house of John Adams, with its outhouses for livestock, occupying the upper corner near a large banyan tree; with Thursday October Christian's house in the lower opposite corner. The center space is a fine open lawn where the poultry wander, and is fenced around to prevent the intrusion of the hogs and goats. It was obvious, from the way in which the plantations were laid out, that the labor and ingenuity of European hands had been employed. In their houses they have good furniture consisting of beds, tables, large chests for their

clothing. Their clothing is made from the bark of a certain tree, and the manufacture of it is the work of the elderly portion of the women.

The younger of the women are obliged to attend, with their brothers, to the cultivation of the land. Capt. Pipon thinks this may be one reason Adams does not like too early marriages. Once the girls become mothers they are less capable of hard labor. Judging from appearance, "one may conclude," says the captain, "they would be prolific;" that "he did not see how it could be otherwise, considering the regularity of their lives, their simple and excellent mode of living, their meals consisting chiefly of a vegetable diet, with now and then good pork and occasionally fish."

The young girls, although they have only the example of their Otaheitan mothers to follow, are modestly dressed, having generally a piece of cloth reaching from the waist to the knees, and a mantle, or something of that nature, thrown loosely over the shoulders and sometimes hanging as low as the ankles. This mantle, however, is frequently thrown aside, being used rather as a shelter for their bodies from the heat of the sun or the severity of the weather, than for the sake of attaching any idea of modesty to the upper part of the person being uncovered. It is not possible, says Capt. Pipon, to behold finer forms than are exhibited by this partial exposure.

Capt. Pipon and Sir Staines, having supplied these poor people with some tools, kettles and other articles such as they were able to carry through the high surf, then took their leave, satisfied that the island is so well fortified by nature as to provide an invincible barrier to an invading enemy; that there is no spot apparently where a boat could land with safety, and perhaps not more than one place where it could land at all. An everlasting swell of the ocean, rolling in on every side, is dashed into foam against its rocky and iron-bound shores.

This interesting account of Sir Thomas Staines and Capt. Pipon in 1814 produced as little effect on the government as the account of Capt. Folger earlier. Nothing more was heard of Adams and his family for twelve years. Then in 1825 Capt. Beechey, in the *Blossom*, bound on a voyage of discovery, paid a visit to Pitcairn Island.

Some whale-fishing ship, however, had touched there in the meantime and left a John Buffet on the island. "In this man," says Capt. Beechey, "they have very fortunately found an able and willing schoolmaster. He had belonged to a ship which visited the island and was so infatuated with the people, himself being of a devout and serious turn of mind, that he resolved to remain among them. In addition to the teaching of the children, he has taken upon himself the duty of a clergyman."

According to Capt. Beechey, Adams, who was now 65 and somewhat heavy, was dressed in a sailor's shirt and trousers and had a low-crowned hat, which he held in his hand until asked to put it on. He still retained his sailor's manners, doffing his hat and smoothing down his bald fore-

(Continued on page 80)

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head whenever he was addressed by the officers of the Blossom.

The young men were tall, robust and healthy, with good-natured faces.

The whole group expressed the wish that Capt. Beechey and his men would stay with them several days. When Capt. Beechey said he would like to get to the village before dark and pitch the observa-tory, the islanders took up the instruments and carried them along a steep path which led to the village, concealed by groups of coconut trees. The women bore their bur-dens over the most difficult parts with-out any inconvenience.

WHILE the men assisted in pitching the tent, the women busied them-selves in preparing the supper. The mode of cooking was just like that of Otaheite, by heated stones in a hole made in the ground. At young Christian's the table was spread with plates, knives and forks. Their rooms and table are lighted up by torches made of *doodoe* nuts, strung upon fibers of a palm leaf, which form a good substitute for candles.

The women, though highly respected, are affected by a custom that is rigidly observed in all the South Sea Islands but which would be thought most degrading in civilized countries. No woman eats in the presence of her husband. Though this distinction between man and wife is not carried quite so far in Pitcairn Island, it is observed to the extent of excluding all women from the table when there are not enough seats. They defended the custom on the ground that man was made before woman and is entitled, therefore, to be served first.

This conclusion, observes Capt. Beechey, "deprived us of the company of the wom-en at table during the whole of our stay on the island. Far, however, from consid-ering themselves neglected, they very good-naturedly chatted with us behind our seats and flapped away the flies and by a gentle tap, accidentally or playfully delivered, re-minded us occasionally of the honor that was done us."

When the men had finished, the women sat down to what was left.

The beds were prepared next. A mat-tress composed of palm leaves was covered with native cloth. The whole arrangement is said to have been comfortable and in-viting to sleep. Only one interruption dis-turbed Capt. Beechey's sleep. This was the melody of the evening hymn, which, after the lights were put out, was chanted by the whole family in the middle of the room. At dawn the captain and his men were also awakened by the morning hymn, after which the islanders all set out to their different occupations.

The innocence and simplicity of the girls are strongly pointed out in this ac-count of Capt. Beechey's: "By our bed-side had already been placed some ripe fruits, and our hats were crowned with chaplets of the fresh blossoms of the flow-er tree, which the women had gathered in the freshness of the morning dew. On looking around the apartment, although it contained several beds, we found no parti-tion, curtain or screens. They had not yet been considered necessary. So far indeed from concealment being thought of, when

we were about to get up, the women, anxious to show their attention, assembled to wish us good morning and to inquire in what way they could best contribute to our comforts, and to present us with some little gift which the produce of the island afforded. Many persons would have felt awkward at rising and dressing before so many pretty black-eyed young women, assembled in the center of a spacious room, but by a little habit we overcame this embarrassment and found the benefit of their services in fetching water as we required it and in substituting clean linen for such as we ptiled off."

In all the houses the lower floor is the eating room; the upper story is for sleep-ing, and there are four beds, one in each angle of the room.

One day Adams told Capt. Beechey that it would add much to his happiness if Capt. Beechey would read the marriage ceremony to him and his wife, as he could not bear the idea of living with her with-out its being done when a proper oppor-tunity offered itself, as was now the case. Though Adams was aged, and his wife had been blind and bedridden for several years, Beechey says he made such a point of it that it would have been cruel to refuse him. The following day they were duly united and the event noted in a register by John Buffet.

The marriages that take place among the young people are performed by Adams, who makes use of a ring which has united every couple on the island since its first settlement. The young men are not allowed to marry until they are 20; the girls 18. The restrictions with regard to relation-ships are the same as our own, and are strictly enforced when couples are about to marry. Adams also officiates at christen-ings.

Capt. Beechey observes that these peo-ple rigidly adhere to their word and prom-ise, even in cases where most Europeans would feel there was no harm in some relaxation of them. As an example, George Adams fell in love with Polly Young, but Polly, for some reason or other, said she would never marry George. George con-tinued to pursue her and Polly's heart softened. But her vow was not to be for-gotten and the lovesick couple languished on from day to day. This case was re-ferred to the British officers, who decided it would be much better to marry than to continue unhappy in this way. But Polly's scruples remained, and when Capt. Beechey left they were still unmarried. However, the captain recently received a letter stat-ing that George and Polly had finally mar-ried and were happy. But the letter also announced the death of John Adams, which took place in 1829.

The death of this old patriarch is the most serious loss that could have befallen this young colony. Yet it is gratifying to know that five years after Capt. Beechey's visit and one year after Adams' death, the islanders continued to enjoy the same un-interrupted state of harmony and content-ment as before.

As a result of a representation by Capt. Beechey of the distressed state of this little society with regard to the want of certain necessary articles, His Majesty's government sent clothes, shovels, spades

and articles of that sort for sixty people, in the *Seringapatam*, commanded by Capt. William Waldegrave, who arrived at Pitcairn Island in March, 1830.

The ship was met by George Young, Thursday October Christian and others. The captain, chaplain and some other officers accompanied the islanders on shore. Reaching the summit of the first level or plain, they found the wives and mothers assembled to receive them.

"I have brought you a clergyman," says the captain.

"God bless you," came from every mouth. "But is he come to stay with us?"

"No."

"You bad man, why not?"

"I cannot spare him, he is the chaplain of my ship. But I have brought you clothes and other articles, which King George has sent you."

"But," says Kitty Quintal, "we want food for our souls."

It is impossible not to feel a deep interest in the welfare of this little community, and at the same time an apprehension that something may happen to disturb the harmony and destroy that simplicity of manners which have characterized it. It is to be feared that the seeds of discord are already sown. It appears from Capt. Waldegrave's statement that no less than three Englishmen have found their way into this happy society. John Buffet, mentioned by Capt. Beechey, is a harmless man and of great use to the islanders in his capacity of clergyman and schoolmaster. He is also a clever and useful mechanic, shipwright and joiner, and much beloved by the community.

Two others have been left on the island. One, John Evans, has married the daughter of John Adams, through whom he possesses and cultivates a certain portion of land. The third is George Hunn Nobbs, who calls himself registrar, schoolmaster etc., thus infringing on the privileges of John Buffet. Being a person of superior talents and of great impudence, Nobbs has deprived Buffet of a great number of his pupils; hence a sufficient cause exists for division and dissension among the people on the island.

Buffet and Evans support themselves by their work; Nobbs not only claims exemption from work by virtue of his office, but also as being entitled to a maintenance at the expense of the community. He is married to a daughter of Charles, and granddaughter of Fletcher Christian, whose descendants might have claimed superiority, which might have been allowed by the others, had they possessed a moderate share of talent. But it is stated that Thursday October and Charles Christian, the sons of the chief mutineer, are ignorant, uneducated men.

It seems that on his deathbed Adams called all the heads of families together and urged them to appoint a chief. This, however, they have not done, which makes it all the more possible that Nobbs, by his superior talent or cunning, will force himself upon them in that situation.

Capt. Waldegrave thinks, however, that Edward Quintal, son of Matthew Quintal, who possesses the best understanding of any on the island, will in time arrive at

that honor. His only book is the Bible, but it is quite astonishing, Capt. Waldegrave observes, what a fund of knowledge he has derived from it. His wife, too, is said to be a woman of excellent understanding, and their eldest boy, William, has been so carefully educated that he greatly excels all the others. The descendants of Edward Young are also said to be persons of promising abilities.

Pitcairn Island is not more than four square miles, or 2560 acres. In as much as a ridge of rocky hills runs from north to south, having two peaks exceeding 1000 feet in height, it is more than probable that not one-half of the island is capable of cultivation. It would seem, indeed, from the discovery of some stone axes or hatchets, four stone images about six feet high placed on a platform not unlike those on Easter Island, that a former population had found it expedient to abandon the island because of its insufficiency to support itself.

It appears from Capt. Beechey that Adams had contemplated the prospect of an increasing population with the limited means of supporting it and had requested that Beechey communicate with the British government upon the subject. Capt. Beechey says he did, and that through the interference of the Admiralty and the Colonial Office means have been taken for removing the islanders to any place they may choose for themselves. It is to be hoped, however, that this situation will never need take place. For half a century at least there is no danger of any want of food. When the island does become too overcrowded there are many islands near by, wholly uninhabited or thinly populated, with people speaking very nearly the same native language. It would be a very simple matter for the Pitcairners to set off for any of these islands in small boats. Also, some of the young people, having read several books of travels, have become filled with the desire to see the world outside and might already have left Pitcairn Island were it not for family ties.

Not one visitor to this happy island has taken leave of it without a feeling of regret. Capt. Beechey says: "When we were about to take our leave, our friends assembled to express their regret at our departure. All brought some little present, which they wished us to keep in remembrance of them; after which they accompanied us to the beach, where we took leave of the women. Adams and the young men pushed off in their own boat to the ship, determined to accompany us to sea as far as they could with safety. They continued on board, unwilling to leave us, until we were a considerable distance from land, when they shook each of us feelingly by the hand. Amid expressions of the deepest concern at our departure, they wished us a prosperous voyage and hoped that we might one day meet again. As soon as they were clear of the ship, they all stood up in their boat and gave us three hearty cheers, which were as heartily returned. As the weather became foggy, the barge towed them toward the shore and we took a final leave of them, unconscious, until the moment of separation, of the warm interest their situation and good conduct had created in us."

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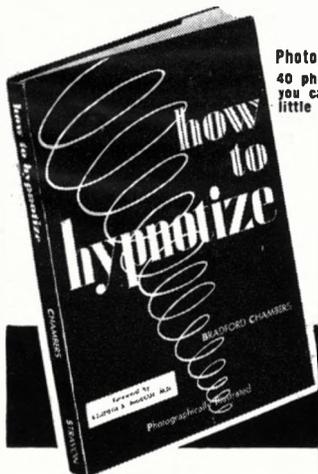
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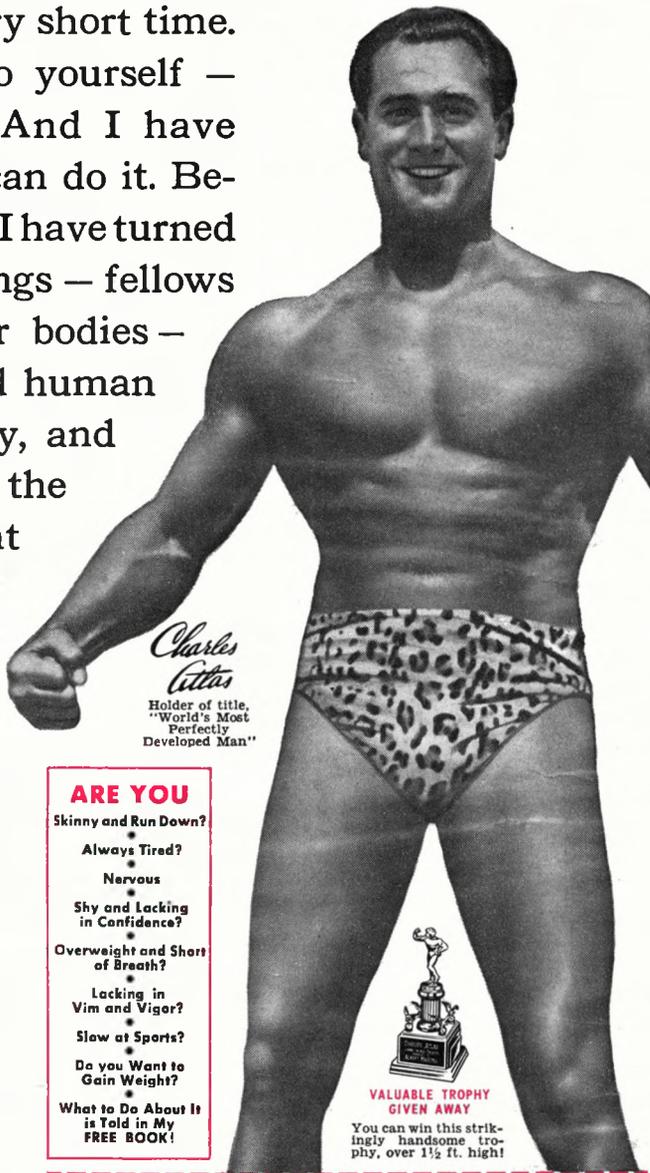
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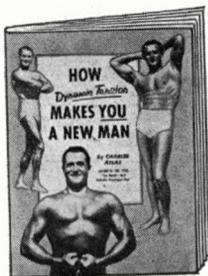
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