

SPECIAL CRIME
BOOK BONUS:

A FLESH PEDDLER IS DEAD



stag

The 10,000
PARTY GIRLS of MUNICH

FEB.

25c



He Had to
Use the Knife
(A Savage Arctic Adventure)

Knicker

GAIN MORE WEIGHT IN 10 DAYS OR YOUR MONEY BACK!



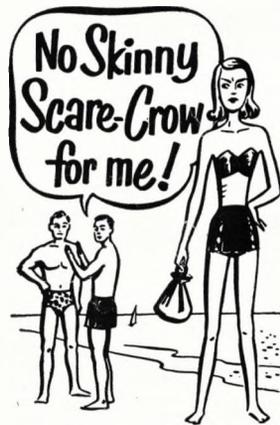
SKINNY

MEN ARE OFTEN ASHAMED TO STRIP FOR SPORTS OR FOR A SWIM!

GIRLS ARE NOT ALLURING AND DON'T HAVE EYE-CATCHING CURVES!

CHILDREN WHO WON'T EAT AND ARE UNDER-WEIGHT, OFTEN CALLED SKINNY!

Now at last More-Wate plan that puts firm, attractive pounds and inches on your body, chest, arms and legs.



Amazing New Way developed by modern medical science to put on weight on lean bodies. Guaranteed to give you up to an extra pound a day! Or your money back! Why should you dread going to parties and socials, simply because you look scrawny and spindly? Why ever feel self-conscious about your body again? If you're underweight* . . . or just a little on the thin side, due to faulty appetite, or bad dietary habits, you can put on up to a pound a day of attractive weight without exercise . . . dangerous drugs . . . or special diet . . . and more quickly, more easily than you ever dreamed possible . . . with MORE-WATE. MORE-WATE contains no

dangerous drugs . . . you eat it like candy! Yet . . . if you were to have this same prescription compounded to your order, it would cost you many times more. However, through this introductory offer, you can obtain 4-way MORE-WATE tablets . . . a full 10 days' supply . . . for just \$1.00 or a 30 day supply for only \$2.98, plus a 10 day supply free, with an absolute money-back guarantee! Yes, try MORE-WATE for TEN DAYS . . . and if not entirely delighted with weight gained, return the unused supply for full refund! You've nothing to lose . . . and weight to gain! Act now! Stop being the guy or the gal that everyone calls "skinny." Stop being the guy or the gal who dreads

summer and going to parties and socials because it means everyone will enjoy themselves and you won't. Don't be a wall-flower, because you have a figure like a broomstick! Gain more weight!

10-DAY SUPPLY ONLY \$1.

The 4-way MORE-WATE tablets are unconditionally guaranteed to put on weight . . . or it doesn't cost you a penny! MORE-WATE is a delicious, full strength, 4-way tablet . . . that combines not just one . . . or two . . . but 4 of the most amazing aids for gaining weight known to medical science. MORE-WATE is not a liquid . . . not a powder. It's delicious, pleasant-tasting tablet! It contains vitamin B-12 . . . the amazing red vitamin doctors give many underweight patients in hospitals . . . It contains Iron that helps correct iron deficiency, anemia and builds rich, red blood. It contains appetite-building vitamin B-1 . . . and it contains nutritious easily assimilated malt, the amazing ingredient that helps your body turn much of the food you eat into well rounded flesh instead of being wasted. That's the secret of putting on weight. Now you can help your food to add new pounds to your arms, chest, hips, thighs, and legs. Now you don't have to be skinny . . . or afraid to be seen socially and be ashamed of your figure! You must achieve the figure you want . . . or don't pay anything. Act now!



Not one child yet has failed to go for and ask for more MORE-WATE tablets! Stop worrying about children not eating enough, give them MORE-WATE tablets—it stimulates their appetite . . . they eat it like candy!

SENSATIONAL 10-DAY TEST!

Mail the coupon now! Test the amazing MORE-WATE tablet plan for 10 days at our expense. If after 10 days your friends, your mirror and your scale do not tell you that you have gained weight and look better you pay nothing!

MAIL THIS NO RISK TRIAL COUPON NOW!

MORE-WATE CO., Dept. M-192
318 Market Street, Newark, N. J.
Just mail us your name and address, and \$1.00 cash, check or money order. You will receive a 10 day supply of MORE-WATE tablets and plan, postage prepaid.

Send me 30 day supply plus an extra 10 day supply (that's a 40 day supply) for \$2.98. I understand that if I am not delighted with MORE-WATE tablets and plan, I can return the 30 day supply in 10 days for full purchase price refund, and keep the 10 day supply without charge.

NAME..... ADDRESS.....
CITY..... STATE.....

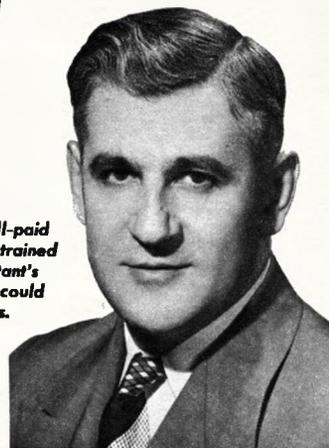
SENT ON APPROVAL—MAKE AMAZING 10-DAY TEST

This **FREE SAMPLE LESSON**

will prove that you can become an expert

ACCOUNTANT...AUDITOR

OR C.P.A.



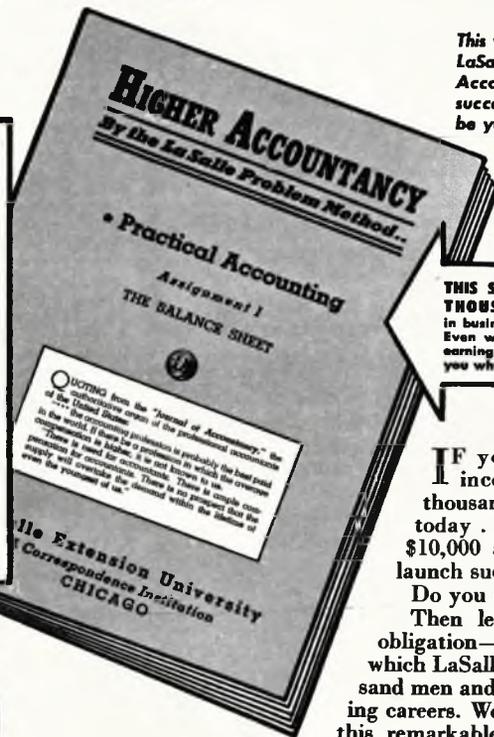
This well-paid LaSalle-trained Accountant's success could be yours.

THIS SAME LESSON HAS STARTED HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS toward well-paid accounting careers—in business, government, and public practice as C.P.A.'s. Even without previous knowledge, progress is rapid—earning power climbs fast. This sample lesson will show you why.

FREE SAMPLE LESSON

We offer you this free sample lesson so that you can prove to yourself that you CAN master Accountancy—quickly, thoroughly—in spare time at home.

You will see exactly how LaSalle's famous "Problem Method" works... how you are led step-by-step through actual accounting work—learning by doing and not by study of theory alone. First you tackle easy problems, then more difficult ones—until soon you master them all. And at every step you have the close personal guidance of LaSalle's large staff of C.P.A. instructors.



QUOTING from the "Journal of Accountancy," the leading authority on the profession in the United States... "The accountancy profession is probably the best paid in the world... It is one of the few professions in which the average man can make a fortune... There is no prospect that the average man will ever be able to do this... even if he has the talent of an Einstein."

If you have been envying the high incomes and good jobs enjoyed by thousands of men and women Accountants today... incomes ranging from \$4,000 to \$10,000 and more per year... why not launch such a career for yourself? Do you doubt that you can?

Then let us send you—without cost or obligation—the same Lesson Number One with which LaSalle has started several hundred thousand men and women toward successful accounting careers. We want you to see for yourself how this remarkable method, originated by LaSalle, makes Accountancy simple, interesting, practical, and certain... how it leads you step-by-step to a complete mastery of Accounting—and on up to the Certified Public Accountant Certificate if you so aspire.

It doesn't matter whether you've had previous bookkeeping experience, or whether you don't know a debit from a credit. Whether you wish to qualify as an expert accountant, advanced accountant, cost accountant, auditor, government accountant, income tax specialist, or public accountant... you'll find in LaSalle's Problem Method the exact plan to prepare you rapidly and inexpensively—in spare hours at home—without losing a day from your present job.

So right now, today... if you are an adult, employed, and earnestly ambitious for rapid advancement in one of the highest paying professions... send your name and address on the coupon below. We'll send the free sample lesson—plus your 48-page book outlining today's career opportunities and how you can qualify for them. A coupon like this has started many thousands toward greater success. It can do the same for you. Mail it today!

Member, National Home Study Council

Clip Coupon... Mail TODAY!

LaSalle Extension University... A Correspondence Institution

Dept. 2378H, 417 S. Dearborn Street, Chicago 5, Illinois

YES, I want to see how LaSalle's "Problem Method" works... now I can qualify for high-pay Accountancy positions. Send free sample lesson—also your 48-page book, "Accountancy, the Profession That Pays"... all without cost or obligation.

Name Age

Street Address

City, Zone & State

Present Position



One out of every 13 of all C.P.A.'s in the U.S. has been trained by the LaSalle Problem Method

GOOD-PAY JOBS IN 3 BIG FIELDS

If you were an expert accountant right now, chances are you would find yourself among the highest-paid of all professional men and women. Accountants earn more than many men in other major professions.

There are three big fields of opportunity open to Accountancy-trained men and women... opportunities that are wide open and highly inviting, offering maximum income and job security in good times or bad. And under LaSalle's "Problem Method" you can start earning while still learning—either in spare-time or full-time employment... or in business for yourself with no capital required.

Get the latest information by sending for our 48-page book, "Accountancy, the Profession That Pays"... plus free sample lesson. The coupon at right will bring both to you without cost or obligation. LaSalle Extension, 417 S. Dearborn St., Chicago 5, Ill.

stag

February, 1956

Vol. 7, No. 2

TRUE ADVENTURE

I'M THE MAN FROM NOWHERE.....Michael Patrick O'Brien 16
I couldn't prove who I was.

"SAVE HIM—OR SHARE HIS GRAVE!".....Dr. Ruland Sykerly 26
If I failed, it would mean two lives—his and mine.

TRAIN DELAYED . . . MAYBE FOREVER.....Ronald M. Cleary 28
We were sealed in the Donner Pass.

THEY WATCHED ME SWIM AWAY.....Capt. Calvia H. Burns 32
I was the only one with a chance to make it.

I HAD TO SCUTTLE MYSELF.....Ed Fisher 36
In 10 minutes I'd suffocate, in 15 I would freeze.

HE HAD TO USE THE KNIFE.....Eddie Toolu 42
His arm kept plunging into the white bear's neck.

CRIME and EXPOSÉ

THE 10,000 PARTY GIRLS OF MUNICH.....Philip Nelson 11
An exclusive STAG report.

"MY WIFE IS MISSING!".....Lyle J. Campbell 18
What happened to the lieutenant's bride?

OFF-TRAIL

THE GIRL WHO PLAYED INDIAN.....A STAG Picture Feature 20

FRENCH LOVE.....A STAG Cartoon Feature 39

HOW I MADE A MILLION.....Earl Muntz 40
The story of a "madman."

FICTION

KEEP AWAY FROM THE BLONDE.....Charles Vindex 24
Two men on the run—and a girl.

BOOK BONUS

A FLESH PEDDLER IS DEAD.....Robert J. Levin 82
Max the Shark's murder busted an international sin racket apart.

DEPARTMENTS

ON THE STAG LINE..... 6

STAG'S MEDICAL MEMO.....Roger Stirling 8

STAG CONFIDENTIAL..... 34

OUT OF THE STAG BAG..... 80

STAG is published MONTHLY by OFFICIAL MAGAZINE CORP. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION, 655 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 21, N. Y. SECOND-CLASS MAIL PRIVILEGES AUTHORIZED AT NEW YORK, N. Y. Additional entry at CHICAGO, ILLINOIS. Copyright 1955 by OFFICIAL MAGAZINE CORP., 655 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y. Vol. 7, No. 2, FEBRUARY 1956 issue. Price 25c per copy. Subscription rate \$3.25 for 12 issues including postage. Not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, and all manuscripts must be accompanied by stamped self-addressed envelopes. Printed in the U.S.A.

NOAH SARLAT
Editorial Director

MONROE FROENLICH, Jr.
Business Manager

MEL BLUM
Art Director

MARV KARP
Executive Editor

K. T. MEYER
Managing Editor

Associate Editors: P. H. NORWORTH, V. A. JIRSA, R. F. GALLAGHER

Art Editor: MEL MARK, Associates: LEN KABATSKY, LEW HOLLOWAY

Book Editor: PAT UNTERMEYER

Picture Editor: DAN MERRIN

ARTHUR MARCHAND
Circulation Director

Advertising Director
SID KALISH
655 Madison Avenue,
New York 21, N. Y.

Midwest
WILLIAM W. STEWART
9 South Clinton Street,
Chicago 4, Ill.

West Coast
LOYD B. CHAPPELL
878 So. Robertson
Los Angeles 35, Calif.

Don't Be Half A Man!

ARE YOU:

- Skinny and Run Down?
- Always Tired?
- Nervous?
- Shy and Lacking in Confidence?
- Overweight and Short of Breath?
- Constipated or Irregular?
- Suffering from Bad Breath?
- Troubled by Pimples and a Poor Complexion?
- Slow at Sports?
- Do You Want to Gain Weight?
- Are You Ashamed of Your Half-Man Build?

NOBODY ever called an Atlas Champion "Half A Man." They wouldn't dare. And nobody has to settle for "Second Best" . . . be "pushed around" by huskier fellows . . . or go through life feeling HALF - ALIVE. CHARLES ATLAS, himself, tells you what you can do about it—and FAST—right on this page!

Let Me PROVE I Can Make You A REAL HE-MAN
from Head to Toe—in Just 15 Minutes A Day!

Take a good honest look at yourself! Are you proud of your body or are you satisfied to go through life being just "half the man" you could be?

NO MATTER how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be—how old or young you are—you have the DORMANT muscle power in your God-given body to be a real HE-MAN. Believe me, I know because I was once a 97-pound HALF-ALIVE weakling. People laughed at my build . . . I was ashamed to strip for sports . . . shy of girls . . . afraid of competition.

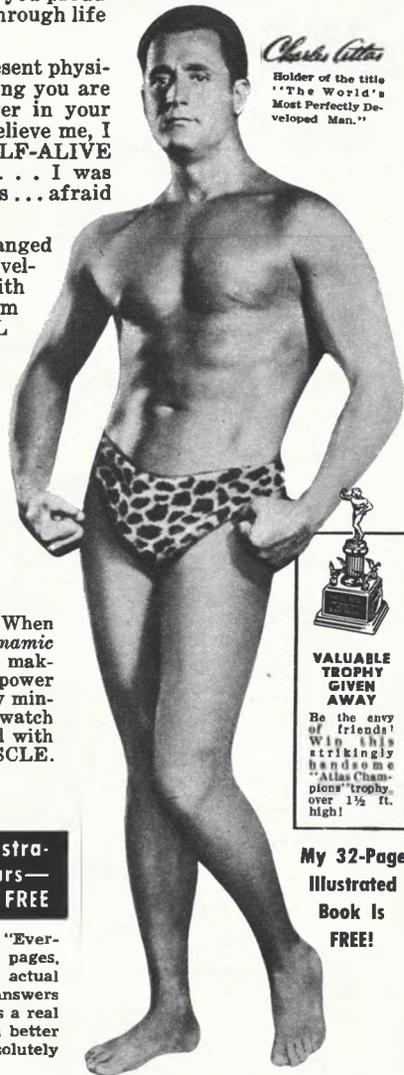
THEN I discovered the secret that changed me into "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." The secret I have shared with thousands of fellows like you to turn them into marvelous physical specimens—REAL HE-MAN from head to toe!

My Secret Builds Muscles FAST!

My secret—"Dynamic Tension"—will turn the trick for you FAST! It's the NATURAL easy method you can practice right in the privacy of your own room—JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY—while your scrawny chest and shoulder muscles swell so big they almost split your coat seams . . . you get sledge hammer fists, a battering ram punch . . . ridges of solid stomach muscle . . . mighty legs that never tire!

NO theory. No gadgets or contraptions. When you develop your strength through "Dynamic Tension," you can laugh at artificial muscle makers. You simply use the SLEEPING muscle-power in your own body almost unconsciously every minute of the day—walking, bending over, etc.—watch it increase, and multiply until you're covered with a brand-new suit of beautiful SOLID MUSCLE. You're a REAL HE-MAN!

Charles Atlas
Holder of the title
"The World's
Most Perfectly De-
veloped Man."



**VALUABLE
TROPHY
GIVEN
AWAY**

Be the envy of friends! Win this strikingly handsome "Atlas Champions" trophy, over 1½ ft. high!

**My 32-Page
Illustrated
Book Is
FREE!**

Here Are Just a Few of the Men I've Turned into Atlas Champions!

Five Inches of New Muscle
"That is what you have done for me—and in almost no time."
—C. W., W. Va.



Proud of His Build Now
Gained 20 pounds. "My whole upper trunk is now in proportion to the rest of my body. I'm really proud of my body, thanks to you."
—P. V., Va.



"New Health and Strength"
"I feel like a lion. I can easily lift 150 pounds. You gave me new health, strength, and a perfect build."
—W. D., N. Y.



Makes Wonderful Progress
"I am sending you this snapshot showing my wonderful progress."
—W. G., New Jersey

FREE My 32-Page Illustrated Book is Yours—
Not for \$1.00 or 10¢—But FREE

Send NOW for my famous book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." 32 pages, packed from cover to cover with actual photographs, valuable advice, answers many vital questions. This book is a real prize for any fellow who wants a better build. Yet I'll send you a copy absolutely FREE. Just glancing through it may mean the turning point in your life! Rush the coupon to me personally. CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 1402, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.



CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 1402

115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

Send me—absolutely FREE—a copy of your famous book, "Everlasting Health and Strength"—32 pages, crammed with actual photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice to every man who wants a better build. I understand this book is mine to keep, and sending for it does not obligate me in any way.

NAME..... (Please print or write plainly) AGE.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... Zone No..... STATE.....
(if any)



ON THE stag LINE



For over a century, Donner Pass has been killing people. The snow-swept gateway to California keeps defying the world's best engineers, who have been breaking their backs to reduce the death toll. A couple of years ago it held the crack streamliner City of San Francisco in its icy grasp for three days. On page 28 one of the passengers on this ill-fated trip tells his story, "... Train Delayed . . . May-be Forever . . ."

But the grasp *was* broken, though all the passengers didn't realize it. It was broken by a combination of old-fashioned newspaper ingenuity and the blizzard-defying courage of two expert skiers.

The skiers were holed up comfortably in Nyack Lodge, a resort in Emigrant Gap, when the lodge proprietor, Hersten Jones, got a long distance call from Long Island, New York. It was 10 P.M. on the third night of the passengers' ordeal. The phone call was from the managing editor of *Newsday*, Alan Hathaway, who had learned that Nassau County Executive J. Russel Sprague was aboard the stranded train.

Hathaway asked Jones whether it would be possible to get expert skiers to make the hazardous night trip to the train with a list of questions to be asked of Sprague.

"I don't know," said Jones. "It's still snowing here and it would be a rough trip to make at night. But I'll see if I can find someone."

This call had been made on the last telephone line remaining open into the snow-covered Sierra Nevadas. It was another hour before communications between the East Coast and the lodge were re-established. The list of questions was then relayed to two skiing daredevils, Alex MacKenzie and Melvin Slave, and by 12 midnight, local time, they had started out on their trip. Rough, indeed, but the paper

had promised pretty good pay.

Jones told Hathaway, when the skiers left, that the 11-mile round trip would probably take four hours, but, as it developed later, it took four hours just to reach the train.

At 6:30 A.M. Jones called *Newsday* to report that the skiers had not yet returned, but he had found a man who had just returned from the first mercy mission to reach the train. Luigi Barbieri was one of the veteran mountain men who volunteered to carry food to the ice-bound streamliner. Barbieri told a rewrite man over the phone what things were like for the stranded passengers, and while he was talking, MacKenzie and Slave turned up at the lodge.

Both MacKenzie and Slave live in the rugged mountains the year round, and they said they had never seen such heavy snows. There was so much snow around the train, MacKenzie said, that he didn't see how they would ever get it clear. But the snowplow was chugging along steadily, and had only been a mile and a half from its goal

when the skiers started their trek back from the train.

THE rest of the story is one of dictation over long distance phones, typewriters rattling and copy boys running from editorial offices to composing room as each page of the interview was finished, so that the paper could get on the streets with a national beat.

As a matter of fact, this was not only a beat, but a scoop, which is much rarer, being exclusive news that the opposition papers have to pick up from the victor. A beat merely means that a paper has managed to get on the street with the news ahead of its opponents.

Who says that the days of adventure in the newspaper business are over? It looks pretty lively to us when a local county paper can scoop the great *New York Times* and all the press services.

FOR the last year, we've been polling readers to find out what we can do to improve STAG. Even before all the tallies were counted, one thing came through: MORE CARTOONS! You'll find our answer to your request scattered liberally throughout the pages of this issue. ♦♦♦



"You'll be happy to know, dear, that this is one time your worst suspicions were true."

ARE YOU TOO OLD TO LEARN?

not at all, scientists say

New tests show that: your ability to think increases with age; your powers of deduction are greater; your judgment is better.

In the I. C. S. files are thousands of cases of men and women of every age. Their successes, their promotions, their raises prove that men and women past school age can learn!

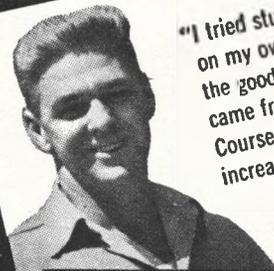
I. C. S. GIVES YOU EXPERT GUIDANCE FREE! Do you have the feeling you're "stuck" in your job? Your trained I. C. S. counselor will appraise your abilities, help you plan for the future.

IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO GET STARTED! You study with I. C. S. at home, in your spare time. There's no interference with business or social activity. Famous I. C. S. texts make learning easy. Don't delay. Pick your field from the coupon below. And mail it today!



3 FREE BOOKS

36-page, pocket-size guide to advancement, a gold mine of tips on "How to Succeed." Big catalog outlining opportunities in your field of interest. Also sample lesson (Mathematics).



"I tried studying my work on my own, but I never got the good out of it that came from my I. C. S. Course. My salary has been increased 73.3%!"
E.L.B.
Ohio

"I am president of a small corporation. A year ago I enrolled with I. C. S. as the most practical means available to me to learn what I needed."

W.J.A.
Michigan



"It's been so long since I went to school, I've forgotten much. But now that I'm taking an I. C. S. Course, I have confidence in my ability again."

H.A.R.
New Jersey



Actual statements.
Posed by models.

For Real Job Security—Get an I. C. S. Diploma!

I. C. S., Scranton 9, Penna.

Member, National Home Study Council

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS



BOX 99038M, SCRANTON 9, PENNA.

(Partial list of 277 courses)

Without cost or obligation, send me "HOW TO SUCCEED" and the opportunity booklet about the field BEFORE which I have marked X (plus sample lesson):

- | | | | | |
|--|---|--|---|---|
| <p>ARCHITECTURE and BUILDING CONSTRUCTION</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> Air Conditioning—Refrig. <input type="checkbox"/> Architecture <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Interior <input type="checkbox"/> Building Contractor <input type="checkbox"/> Building Maintenance <input type="checkbox"/> Carpenter and Mill Work <input type="checkbox"/> Estimating <input type="checkbox"/> Heating <input type="checkbox"/> Painting Contractor <input type="checkbox"/> Plumbing <input type="checkbox"/> Reading Arch. Blueprints <p>ART</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> Cartooning <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Art <input type="checkbox"/> Fashion Illustrating <input type="checkbox"/> Magazine Illustrating <input type="checkbox"/> Show Card and Sign Lettering <input type="checkbox"/> Sketching and Painting <p>AUTOMOTIVE</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> Auto Body Rebuilding <input type="checkbox"/> Auto Elec. Technician <input type="checkbox"/> Auto-Engine Tune Up <input type="checkbox"/> Automobile | <p>AVIATION</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> Aeronautical Engineering Jr. <input type="checkbox"/> Aircraft & Engine Mechanic <p>BUSINESS</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> Advertising <input type="checkbox"/> Bookkeeping and Accounting <input type="checkbox"/> Business Administration <input type="checkbox"/> Business Correspondence <input type="checkbox"/> Public Accounting <input type="checkbox"/> Creative Salesmanship <input type="checkbox"/> Federal Tax <input type="checkbox"/> Letter-writing Improvement <input type="checkbox"/> Office Management <input type="checkbox"/> Professional Secretary <input type="checkbox"/> Retail Business Management <input type="checkbox"/> Sales Management <input type="checkbox"/> Stenographic-Secretarial <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management <p>CHEMISTRY</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> Analytical Chemistry <input type="checkbox"/> Chemical Engineering <input type="checkbox"/> Chem. Lab. Technician <input type="checkbox"/> General Chemistry <input type="checkbox"/> Natural Gas Prod. & Trans. <input type="checkbox"/> Petroleum Engineering <input type="checkbox"/> Plastics <input type="checkbox"/> Pulp and Paper Making | <p>CIVIL, STRUCTURAL ENGINEERING</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Engineering <input type="checkbox"/> Construction Engineering <input type="checkbox"/> Highway Engineering <input type="checkbox"/> Reading Struct. Blueprints <input type="checkbox"/> Sanitary Engineering <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineering <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping <p>DRAFTING</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> Aircraft Drafting <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Drafting <input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Drafting <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Drafting <input type="checkbox"/> Mine Surveying and Mapping <input type="checkbox"/> Plumbing Drawing and Estimating <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Drafting <p>ELECTRICAL</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Engineering <input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Maintenance <input type="checkbox"/> Electrician <input type="checkbox"/> Contracting <input type="checkbox"/> Lineman <p>HIGH SCHOOL</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial <input type="checkbox"/> Good English <input type="checkbox"/> High School Subjects <input type="checkbox"/> Mathematics | <p>LEADERSHIP</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> Foremanship <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Supervision <input type="checkbox"/> Leadership and Organization <input type="checkbox"/> Personnel-Labor Relations <p>MECHANICAL AND SHOP</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> Gas—Electric Welding <input type="checkbox"/> Heat Treatment <input type="checkbox"/> Metallurgy <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Engineering <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Instrumentation <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Supervision <input type="checkbox"/> Internal Combustion Engines <input type="checkbox"/> Machine Design-Drafting <input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop Inspection <input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop Practice <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Engineering <input type="checkbox"/> Quality Control <input type="checkbox"/> Reading Shop Blueprints <input type="checkbox"/> Refrigeration <input type="checkbox"/> Sheet Metal Worker <input type="checkbox"/> Tool Design <input type="checkbox"/> Toolmaking <p>RADIO, TELEVISION</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Electronics <input type="checkbox"/> Practical Radio TV Eng'ng <input type="checkbox"/> Radio and TV Servicing <input type="checkbox"/> Radio Operating | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> Television Technician <p>RAIL ROAD</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> Air Brakes <input type="checkbox"/> Car Inspector <input type="checkbox"/> Diesel Locomotive <input type="checkbox"/> Locomotive Engineer <input type="checkbox"/> Section Foreman <p>STEAM AND DIESEL POWER</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> Combustion Engineering <input type="checkbox"/> Diesel—Elec. <input type="checkbox"/> Diesel Eng's <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Light and Power <input type="checkbox"/> Stationary Fireman <input type="checkbox"/> Stationary Steam Engineering <p>TEXTILE</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> Carding and Spinning <input type="checkbox"/> Cotton, Rayon, Woolen Mfg. <input type="checkbox"/> Finishing and Dyeing <input type="checkbox"/> Loom Fix'g <input type="checkbox"/> Textile Des'ing <input type="checkbox"/> Textile Eng'g <input type="checkbox"/> Throwing <input type="checkbox"/> Warping and Weaving <p>MISCELLANEOUS</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> Domestic Refrigeration <input type="checkbox"/> Marine Engineering <input type="checkbox"/> Ocean Navigation <input type="checkbox"/> Professional Engineering <input type="checkbox"/> Short Story Writing <input type="checkbox"/> Telephony |
|--|---|--|---|---|

Name _____ Age _____ Home Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____ Working Hours _____ A.M. to P.M. _____

Occupation _____

Canadian residents send coupon to International Correspondence Schools, Canadian, Ltd., Montreal, Canada. . . . Special tuition rates to members of the U. S. Armed Forces.



Medical Memo

by Roger Stirling

GI ULCERS—Join the Army and develop ulcers. Latest communiqué from military medics shows that more peacetime GIs acquire ulcers than did soldiers during the 1942-45 war years. So it's not combat that brings on the tensions leading to ulcers. Just as important, says a Philadelphia specialist, are feelings of frustration, separation from family and "lack of purpose." Aggravating peacetime factors are the elusive lure of easy life and the hope of being evacuated Stateside.

ITCHY FEET—It's not true, as most men believe, that acute fungus infections such as athlete's foot and ringworm of the feet are picked up from other infected persons or from contaminated shower rooms, carpets, slippers and towels. Four New York dermatologists came to this conclusion after exposing 45 fungus-free men to foot baths loaded with fungi. Active fungus disease, the doctors found, was really due principally to the lowered resistance of a man's skin to fungi that had previously been latent. It's useless to sterilize suspected objects with fungicides or use stagnant foot baths in public swimming pools. In fact, some chemicals used for the purpose may cause allergic irritation. Best way to avoid fungus infections is to raise your skin's resistance. Wool or



cotton moisture-absorbing socks, instead of nylon or rayon, cut down the tendency of your feet to accumulate excess moisture. Regular use of foot powder, inserting lamb's wool between

toes and washing feet with non-alkaline soapless detergents are all good protective measures.

DEPRESSING DIET—Feeling lazy and disagreeable? Maybe it's because you're not getting enough to eat. A



well-known Spanish authority on nutrition tested a batch of healthy young men, serving them only 1,000 calories a day—2,500 below normal. Then the men were subjected to such light activity as walking a treadmill. After three weeks, the men were depressed and not at all interested in work or food.

WHAT CAUSES A DRIP—These winter months, you—and many thousands of other men—may be suffering from that annoying, uncomfortable condition known as postnasal drip. This is an accumulation of thick, viscous mucus just above your soft palate which you swallow unconsciously. It results from something that's gone haywire with your nasal physiology. Among the various factors causing your drip, says a Massachusetts nose-and-throat specialist, are overheated and under-humidified offices and homes, usually during mid-winter. Dryness in the air increases the mucus content of your nasal secretions. Emotional upsets, endocrine, metabolic and dietary factors also may stimulate postnasal drip. Since the origins are so varied, treatment is difficult and no one remedy is effective for all patients.

IS TB DOOMED?—With uncanny accuracy, a shot of a small amount of tuberculin will show up TB in an infected man even before chest X-rays disclose any signs. This test has become the master key to the tuberculosis problem, Minnesota researchers claim, after a 28-year study. If you're infected with TB, you'll become a "reactor" to the test within a few weeks after infection. At this early stage, the new anti-microbial drugs may destroy the bacilli. In later stages, the curative drugs may not be so potent. The idea is to catch the germs through the tuberculin test before they can invade your body. Doctors predict that mass testing may mean "tracking down and destroying the last tubercle bacilli."

IN BRIEF—High frequency waves are now being used to cure sinusitis. A New Zealand doctor reports that the ultrasound treatment, successful in nine out of 10 cases, shrinks congested nasal mucosa, allowing drainage to take place spontaneously. . . . No matter what treatment a patient gets today, if a man has lung cancer his chance of survival is slim. Even 1,000,000 supervoltage X-ray therapy does not have an appreciable influence on advanced cases, New York radiologists say. . . . Near-freezing temperatures evidently don't damage your heart, it's that tough. Studies by Cali-



fornia doctors indicate that deaths from exposure to cold are caused by failure of the circulatory and breathing apparatus in your body, rather than by freezing of the heart tissues. ♦♦♦



**GEE! IT MUST HAVE
TAKEN YEARS TO
LEARN TO PLAY
LIKE THAT!**



**NOT AT ALL! I DIDN'T KNOW
A NOTE. YET I STARTED
PLAYING WHOLE PIECES
RIGHT AWAY!**

Wonderful, Easy Way to Learn Enables You To PLAY REAL MUSIC Almost Overnight!

**ANY INSTRUMENT
EVEN IF YOU DON'T KNOW
A SINGLE NOTE OF MUSIC NOW!**

Yes, it's TRUE! In just a few weeks, you can be playing REAL MUSIC on your favorite instrument. Not by just a "trick" method that merely seems to teach you music. But really reading and playing actual sheet music—so easily and confidently that your friends will suspect that you've actually "known how" for years!



SEND FOR **Free Book**

Let us SHOW you why our way to learn music is so EASY—and so much fun! See for yourself why our method has been so successful for 58 years. Mail the coupon below for our valuable 36-page FREE BOOK. No obligation; no salesman will call on you. It can mean so much to you for the rest of your entire life—if you will mail the coupon TODAY! U. S. School of Music, Studio 92, Port Washington, N. Y. (Special Reduced Prices on instruments.)

**THOUSANDS NOW PLAY
Who Never Thought
They Could!**

**Mother Fulfills
Desire**
"After I had been married 13 years I saw my chance to fulfill my desire to play piano. In a few weeks I could play pieces a friend couldn't who took lessons for 3 years from a teacher."—Mrs. J. L. Newton, Louisville, Ky.



**How Famous
Orchestra Leader
Got His Start**
"I got my start in music with your Course. How easy it is to learn to read notes and play this 'teach-yourself' way! You did so much for me, I've enrolled my two daughters."—Lawrence Welk.



**Amazes
Friends**
"In a few weeks I could play several pieces. Everyone was amazed, especially friends who had had lessons for years and whom it took 6 months to a year to play simple pieces."—Mrs. J. F. Perry, Princeton, W. Va.



**NO TEDIOUS PRACTICING OF BORING
SCALES AND EXERCISES REQUIRED**
Even if you don't know a single note now, you'll "start right in on pieces." This builds up your skill and confidence so rapidly that soon you'll be able to play ALL your favorite songs and compositions by note. It's all so clearly explained—so EASY to understand—that even children "catch on" at once.

No Special "Talent" Needed

No wonder OVER 900,000 PEOPLE all over the world have turned to the U. S. School of Music method to make their dreams of playing music come true! No special "talent" is needed. And you learn right at home, in the spare time of YOUR OWN CHOOSING—free from the rigid schedule imposed by a teacher. Costs only a few cents per lesson, including sheet music.

Stop Cheating Yourself of These Joys!

Why not let this famous home-study method bring the many pleasures of music into YOUR life? Popularity! New friends. Gay parties. Good times. Career. Extra money . . . Understand, appreciate, converse about music. Learn lives and compositions of modern and great masters. . . . Relax! Banish worries and frustrations. Satisfy self-expression, creative urge. Gain self-confidence.

U. S. School of Music

Studio 92, Port Washington, N. Y.

I am interested in learning to play, particularly the instrument checked below. Please send me your free illustrated booklet, "How to Learn Music at Home." NO SALESMAN IS TO CALL UPON ME.

- | | | |
|--|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Piano | <input type="checkbox"/> Pipe, Hammond. | <input type="checkbox"/> Piccolo |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Guitar | <input type="checkbox"/> Reed Organ | <input type="checkbox"/> Modern |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Hawaiian Guitar | <input type="checkbox"/> Tenor Banjo | <input type="checkbox"/> Elementary |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Violin | <input type="checkbox"/> Ukulele | <input type="checkbox"/> Harmony |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Piano Accordion | <input type="checkbox"/> Clarinet | <input type="checkbox"/> Mandolin |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Saxophone | <input type="checkbox"/> Trombone | <input type="checkbox"/> Practical Finger Control |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Trumpet, Cornet | <input type="checkbox"/> Flute | |

Do you have the instrument?

Mr. {
Mrs. {
Miss {
.....
(Please Print Carefully)

Address:

City: State:
(Insert Zone Number, If Any)

NOTE: If you are under 18 years of age parent must sign coupon.

Come on, Buddy, Quit being a BAG-of-BONES Weakling like I was

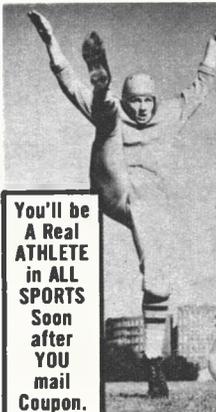
IN 10 MINUTES OF FUN A DAY YOU Can do ALL I did!

I gained 25 Terrific LBS. of **HANDSOME POWER-PACKED MUSCLES** all over!
 I improved my **HE-MAN LOOKS 1000%**
 I won **NEW STRENGTH** for money-making work!
 I won **NEW POPULARITY** for WINNING at all SPORTS!
 Won NEW FRIENDS, BOYS & GIRLS
 NEW CHANCES for BUSINESS SUCCESS



"I'm PROUD to be seen with Jim NOW! Every-body admires his build," says Nellie.

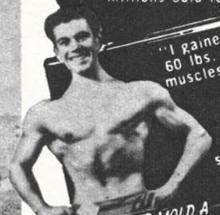
"Jim can lift the front of a 2700 lb. car. He amazes his friends!"



You'll be A Real ATHLETE in ALL SPORTS Soon after YOU mail Coupon.

Jim is a WINNER in ALL SPORTS NOW. YOU will be, too, soon.

How did I do ALL This? I mailed the Coupon and got These 5 PICTURE-PACKED HE-MAN COURSES Which YOU can NOW get FREE REFFORE \$1 PRICE GOES BACK Millions Sold for \$1



"I gained 60 lbs. of muscles," says John Sill.

GET ALL 5 FREE

- 1 HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY CHEST By GEORGE F. JOWETT
- 2 "I added 7 inches to my CHEST 3 inches to each ARM," says Jobie Jackson
- 3 HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY ARM By GEORGE F. JOWETT
- 4 HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY BACK By GEORGE F. JOWETT
- 5 HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY GRIP By GEORGE F. JOWETT
- 6 HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY LEGS By GEORGE F. JOWETT



COME ON, PAL, NOW YOU give me 10 PLEASANT MINUTES A DAY IN YOUR OWN HOME like Jim did and I'll give YOU A NEW HE-MAN BODY for your OLD SKELETON FRAME

"Congratulations, John! At last you mailed the coupon as EVERY MAN should. Soon you'll be as big and strong as I am," says Jim Norman to John Luckus

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are I'll turn you OVER by the SAME method I turned myself from a wreck to the strongest of the strong. Why can't I do for you what I did for MANY THOUSANDS of skinny fellows like You?

Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES Gain Pounds, INCHES FAST!

YES! You'll see INCHES of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to your ARMS and CHEST. Your BACK and SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels you'll gain SIZE, POWER, SPEED. You'll be A WINNER in EVERYTHING you tackle.



LAST CHANCE - ALL FREE COUPON

1. FIVE COURSES
2. MUSCLE METER
3. Photo Book of STRONG MEN

Dept. MS-62

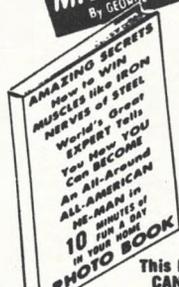
Tell Me How To WIN \$100, etc.

"Jowett Courses available in World for Building All-Round WE MEN!" R F Kelley Physical Director

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING 220 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y. Dear George: Please mail to me FREE Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 HE-MAN Building Courses: 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest. 2. How to Build a Mighty Arm. 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip. 4. How to Build a Mighty Back. 5. How to Build Mighty Legs. Now all in One Volume "How to Become a Mighty HE-MAN." ENCLOSED FIND 10c FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (no C.O.D.'s).

NAME.....AGE.....
 ADDRESS.....
 CITY.....ZONE...STATE.....

SAVES you YEARS and DOLLARS!!!



Mail the "ALL FREE" coupon get this "AMAZING SECRETS" Photo Book

You'll LOOK, FEEL, ACT, like A Real HE-MAN! Win Women and Men Friends. Win in Sports! Win Promotion, Praise, Popularity.

This BOOK will also show You HOW YOU CAN WIN \$100.00 and a BIG 15" tall SILVER TROPHY (Your Name On It)

Hi Pal! Win \$100 as I just did!



YOU CAN WIN a BIG 15" SILVER CUP as I just did! with YOUR NAME engraved on it!



JIM NORMAN AFTER

He Mailed Coupon Below is CLEVELAND BEFORE

He Mailed Coupon

90 lb. Skeleton He says, I gained 70 lbs. of mighty muscle



Mail Coupon in Time for FREE offer and PRIZES!



the
10,000
Party Girls
of Munich

STORY STARTS ON NEXT PAGE ►



From "coffee-break" morning clients to the last late strollers, Munich's streetwalkers don't miss a bet in their 24-hour trade.

Tight-sweatered, hip-swinging queens of the streets are clogging up the sidewalks and bars in a frantic fight to earn enough to live on.

by PHILIP NELSON



The sleek white rat crawled along the prostitute's arm in the Munich café-bar, nipping the girl playfully. With a practiced movement, she jerked her hand, flipping Hansi down to her elbow. The prostitute's pet began to climb her arm again in a repetition of the scene.

The girl, a licensed seller of her own flesh, is one of an estimated total of 10,000 professional and amateur prostitutes that prey on U.S. servicemen in Munich, keeping American MPs and the German vice squad busy around the clock.

She and her Teutonic sisters have changed this ordinarily placid, beer-loving home of storied *Gemütlichkeit* into a new sin city of the Western world.

Shockingly, there is also one American girl—victim of a broken love affair with a U.S. soldier—who has turned to prostitution in Munich.

This café and several dozen similar bars flash their neons every night, beckoning the GI inside for 25-cent bottle beer and women whose prices range from arrogant Carmen's \$12.50 an hour to tired Honnelore's \$2.50 a night—less if she has no other prospect in view.

Like a growth of fever blisters clustered around a fester-

ing sore, Munich's "GI bars" trail out from the city's main railway station in three directions.

Eye-catching and garish, with English-language signs proclaiming "Dancing Tonight" and "Hostesses Inside," the bars lure the all-GI clientele through their doors into a smoke-jammed atmosphere rocking with the tumult of shrill voices and blaring juke-box music. Most notorious are the dens of Goethe Street, named—or misnamed—for the great German poet.

Sweatered, hip-swinging queens of the streets, hundreds of them on this one street alone, openly stalk potential customers, shrilling the accumulated vulgarity of two languages. The "inside" girls jerk provocatively from table to table shouting for some one to "buy me a drink" and "take me home, honey, I'm tired." Here, the bare facts of life are discussed in the barest manner possible.

The street is fast becoming as legendary as Hamburg's Herbert Street, the Marseilles waterfront and the Via Roma in Naples.

Recently this district near Munich's railroad station so shocked a visiting English clergyman that he denounced the area as reminiscent of the notorious fleshpots of Port Said, London's Piccadilly Circus and the Place Pigalle in Paris.

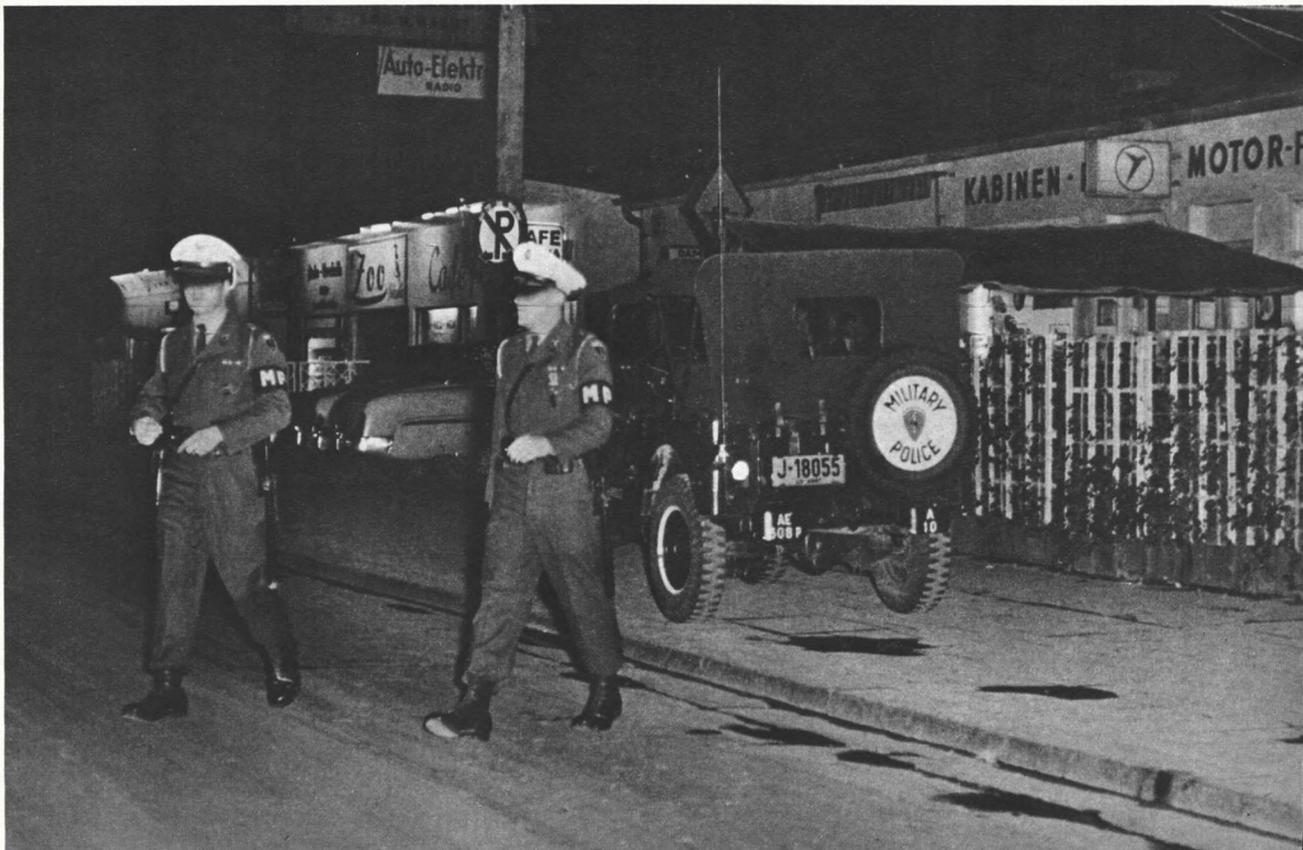
The clergyman, the Reverend Bernard Croft, writing in the weekly Church of England newspaper, declared he had seen in the Munich railway station district "dozens of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 14



One of the town's most notorious sidewalk cafe and bar vice-traps offers blaring music and "better-class" girls.

The area of concentrated sin-peddling around the railroad station keeps MPs and the local vice squad alertly on their toes.





The Coca Cola signs look homey and American, but the gin mill's real attraction for young soldiers is not so sweet.



Inside the bars, the girls plunk themselves on GI laps, chiseling drinks and shrilly drumming up after-hours trade.

The 10,000 PARTY GIRLS OF MUNICH continued

hard-drinking spots full of GIs and the women of the streets." He said that "on any evening drunks of both sexes abound."

The Reverend Croft went on to say: "Two things are especially noticeable about these GIs. One, their extreme youth: I asked what was the minimum age for this overseas tour of theirs and was told 17—and they looked it, and acted like it.

"The other thing is," the Church of England vicar continued, "to what a fine art their military police have brought the practise of turning a blind eye."

He said one group of drunken young American soldiers bawling the song "God Bless America" on the sidewalk "drew no more than a friendly greeting from a passing patrol of MPs.

"Apparently," the Rev. thundered in conclusion, "a GI over there today has to be actually engaged in an affray with knives or be committing rape on the sidewalks to draw any corrective attention."

Not so, roared an indignant answer back from U.S. Chaplain (Capt.) Francis A. Knight, of the 5th Infantry Division.

"I have never seen an instance when it might be said American soldiers are running wild," Chaplain Knight declared.

The chaplain said there was no basis for comparison between the Munich railroad station district and the fleshpots of Egypt, Britain and France. "I have been in the Munich station area many, many times at night and I have never found anything that would, in any way, prevent my being a gentleman."

Chaplain Knight added that the picture was drastically exaggerated by the English vicar.

If, as Chaplain Knight suggests, the picture is exaggerated, the fact remains that prostitutes openly solicit Americans in the railroad station and clutter both entrances to the U.S. waiting room. And, 100 yards from the station, a U.S. serviceman can purchase pornographic literature and marijuana cigarettes from most of the professional prostitutes and the washroom attendants in the Goethe Street bars.

In Munich, a man bent on sin can fulfill his desires on as grand and diverse a scale as in any city in the world.

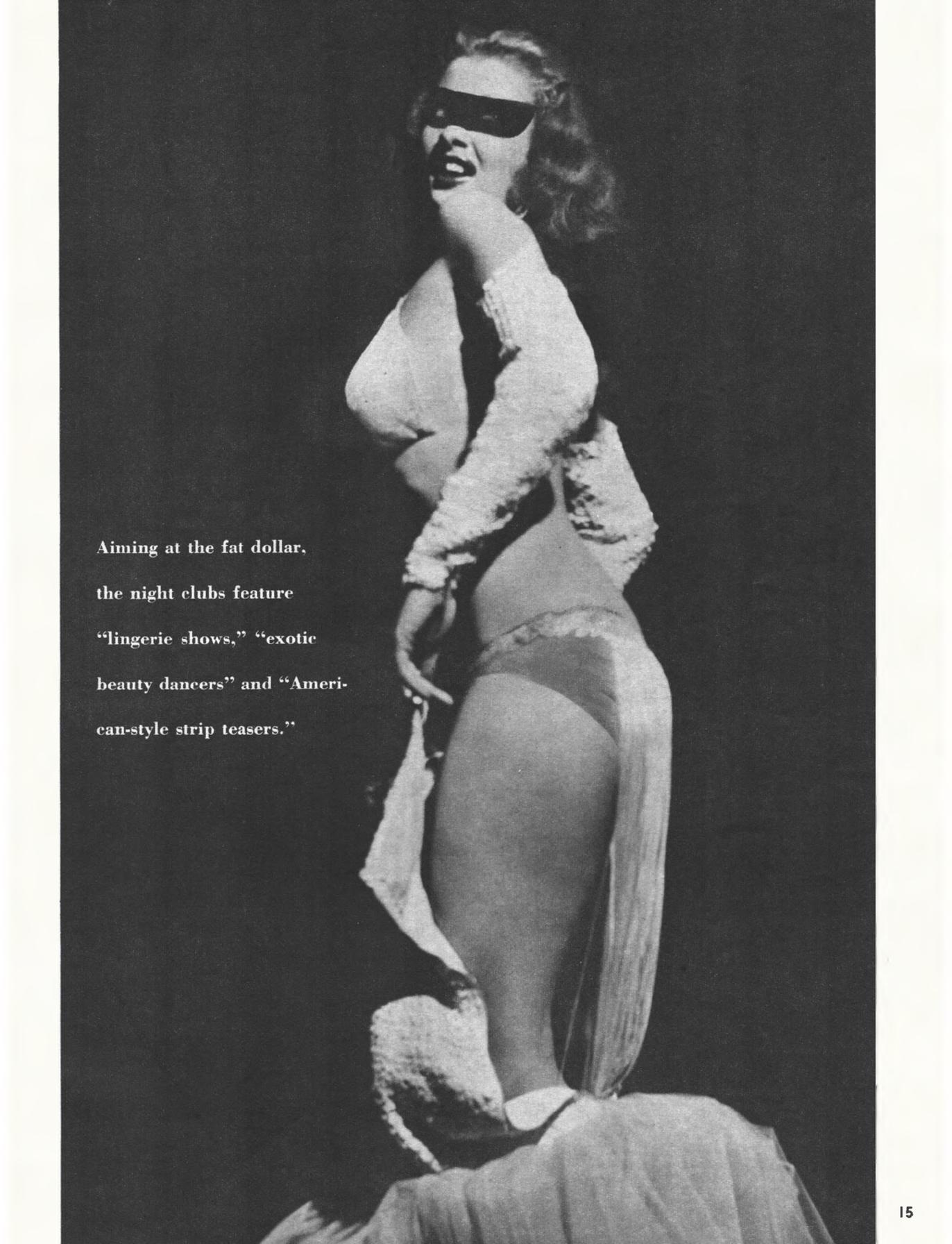
On the front page of the local tabloid a few months ago, blaring red-type headlines announced the suicide of the chief of the Munich vice squad. Jokers around town said the job was enough to drive any man to his death.

This same newspaper, incidentally, was fined \$750, by a German court for exposing the city's sin-ridden night life in a series of sensational articles. While the court did not question the accurate appraisal of the sordid picture of Munich after dark, it nevertheless levied the fine against the paper for printing articles "dangerous to the morals of youth."

The paper paid the fine and ran a cartoon of a blindfolded Lady Justice holding a scale balanced in favor of sin over truth. The caption said: "To do wrong is not evil—only to write about it!"

The spectacle of sin chasing the GI is not a new one for American military officials in Germany. Since the triumphant sweep of Allied armies across the European continent 10 years ago, sin has been the first and most persistent camp follower of occupation.

Army officials in Munich are not complacent. MPs do patrol the city constantly, functioning smoothly when it is a matter of breaking up a fight (*Continued on page 78*)



Aiming at the fat dollar,
the night clubs feature
“lingerie shows,” “exotic
beauty dancers” and “Ameri-
can-style strip teasers.”

“Get out of my way!” I screamed, “I’m coming through!” And as I headed for the British guards, I could hear the Chinese bullets whining around my feet.

I’m the Man from Nowhere



by MICHAEL PATRICK O'BRIEN

as told to Stephen Masterson



The bridge to Hong Kong and freedom was just 100 feet away from my hiding place. I crouched under the boxcar on the railroad siding and watched the prisoners about to be released. In another moment they would walk with Red Cross aides across the railroad bridge, and the rain that was pouring down in the driving typhoon would mean nothing to them because they were on their way to freedom—while I crouched, hunted and harried like an animal.

If I made a running break for it, I knew I would be shot down, and if the bridge guards gave any explanation at all to the British at the other end, it would simply be that a criminal had escaped jail. But if I could mix in with the

men being released, perhaps the guards would not count noses too carefully, and maybe that way I could escape. And if they did make an accurate count and found one man too many, then I could chance the break for freedom. There was no other way out. And I *had* to get out.

That break for freedom only climaxed the series of messes that I had been in since early in the war. But it was not to be the last.

It all goes back to—where? To my birth, I guess. You see, I had the bad luck to be born in a little backwater community in an Alabama swamp. Well, 45 years ago folks didn’t pay much attention to things like birth records, and so my birth was never recorded officially. When



I was 15 I ran away to sea, and after a time I sort of made Melbourne, Australia, my home port, and I just naturally became more or less of an Australian. I belonged to an Australian seagoing union, and I generally shipped out on Australian or English ships.

When the war broke out, I was an able-bodied seaman on a freighter, a ship called the *Maimonides* that flew a Greek flag and was running between Yokohama and Genoa, by way of all ports between. We had left Yokohama and were running down the China coast when the radio broke the news about Pearl Harbor. The crew was mixed up, mostly Greeks and Malays; I was the only Aussie aboard—or Alabama-Australian, you might say. A hurri-

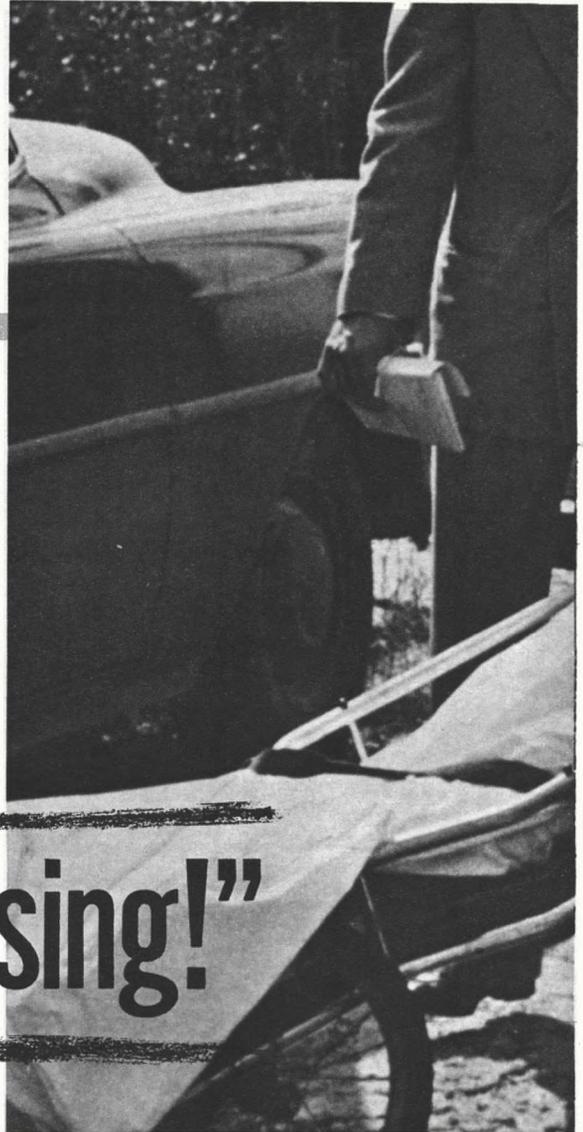
cane began to shape up that night, and we were all worried because this tub had a tall deck load, and she wasn't very seaworthy anyhow, being about 30 years old.

The captain changed course so we would run close to land, which was bad judgment. In deep water we might have ridden out the hurricane; inshore we stood a fine chance of running aground. Which we did. I was standing graveyard watch when she struck rocks with an ear-splitting roar. It was as if the old ship screamed in agony when she felt the rocks rip her guts out.

The shock threw me into the sea. I was wearing my life-jacket, because the seas had been breaking over her for several hours. I knew there was (*Continued on page 68*)



She was 26 years old, five-foot-two, less than 100 pounds, reddish-blond hair, blue eyes—and probably dead.



“My Wife Is Missing!”

by **LYLE J. CAMPBELL**, Chief of Police, Columbia, S.C., as told to Ken Jones



The hands of the clock behind the heavy wire mesh around the desk sergeant's compartment in the Columbia Police Department stood almost straight up for 12 o'clock of a raw, cold night at the bitter end of January.

“Pretty near time for change of watch, Bob,” observed easygoing Sergeant Fred Kelsey to his watch mate, Department Clerk Bob Cothran. “And I bet the boys outside are happy about it, too!”

Cothran was about to reply when both men were impelled to silence by the banging of a distant door and the rapid approach of firm footsteps—marching footsteps, they

seemed—along the wooden-floored corridor leading from the entrance.

“Is this where I report a missing person?”

The visitor who strode through the door was as striking an individual as either ever had encountered. He was tall—better than six feet—and the meticulously tailored uniform of a U.S. Army lieutenant which he wore left no doubt that he was magnificently built. He was compellingly handsome, he carried his well shaped head with just a touch of arrogance, his voice was deep and resonant and even in one short sentence his clipped inflection revealed the habit of command.



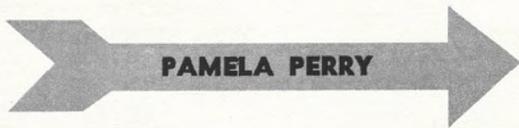
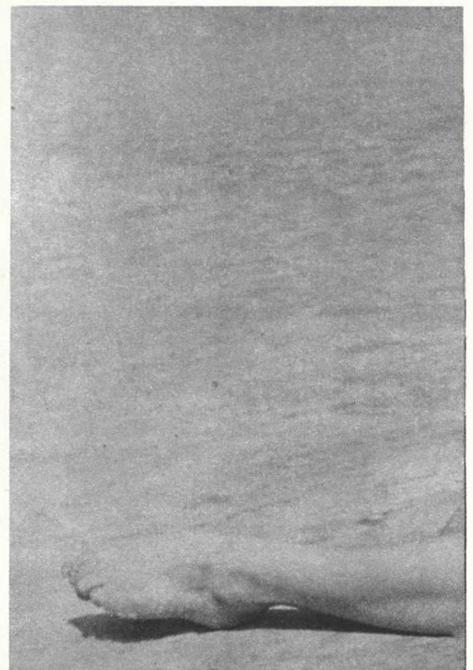
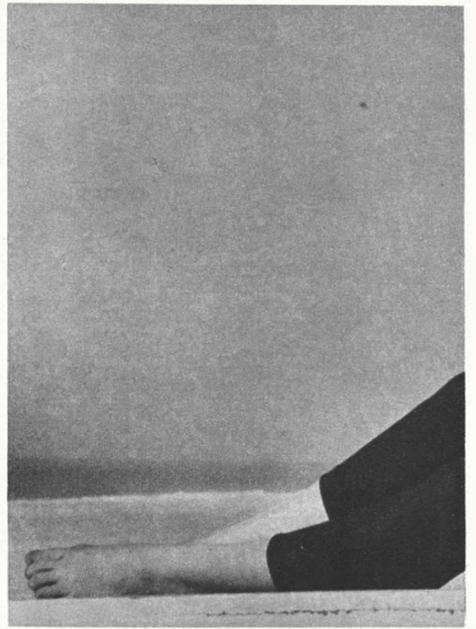
On a cold, raw, February day, we lifted Mary Lee's body from its grave and took it to the coroner's office for the autopsy.

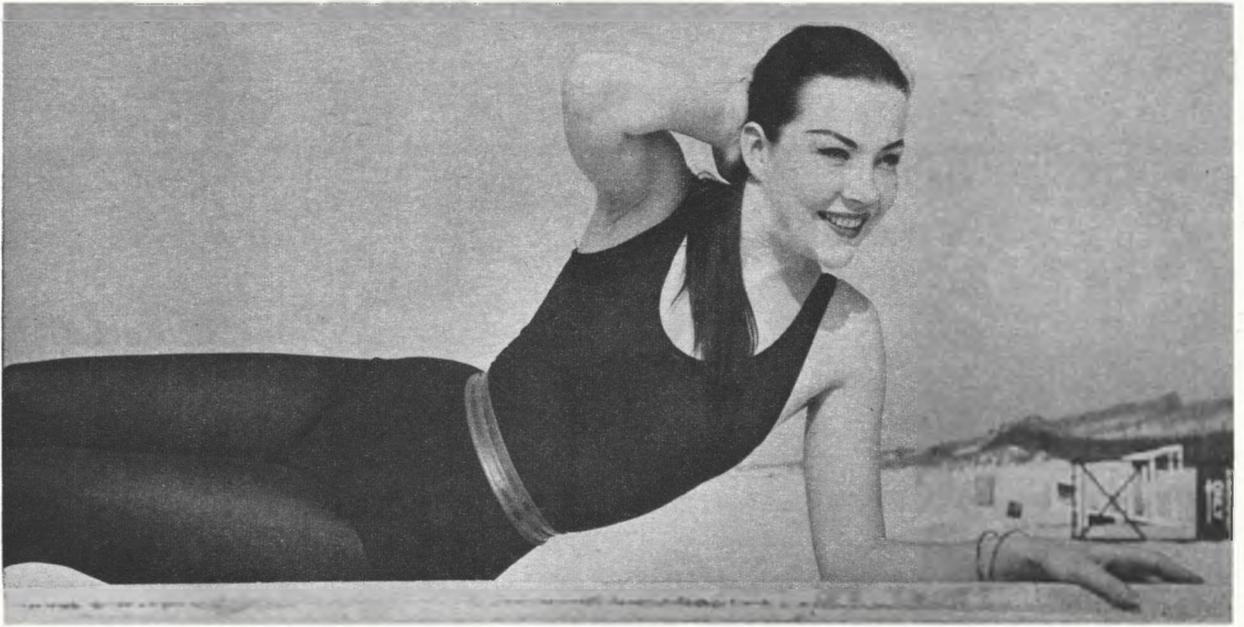
"My wife is missing. I want to make a report!" elaborated the officer impatiently, disregarding the obvious fact that his striking personality, bearing, and manner had momentarily nonplused even so seasoned a policeman as Sergeant Kelsey. For Lieutenant Sam Epes (pronounced "Epps") was accustomed to that sort of thing. Females—middle-aged ones and bobby soxers, for the most part—had been known to be seized with momentary dizziness when he passed in the street, and it was not unusual for men to cast grudging glances of admiration in his wake. Sam Epes had *everything*—or so it seemed. He was an officer, and quite palpably no act of Congress was required

to make him a gentleman. He had ample means; his family was socially prominent in the Old Dominion; and his wife, petite Mary Lee Epes (nee Williams) came from an Atlanta family fully matching Sam's in property, probity and social advantages.

"Well . . .?" The lieutenant's lip began to curl and his eyes to snap at the momentary inaction of the police. Lieutenant Samuel C. Epes did not like to be kept waiting by policemen. Indeed, Lieutenant Epes did not like to be kept waiting—*period*.

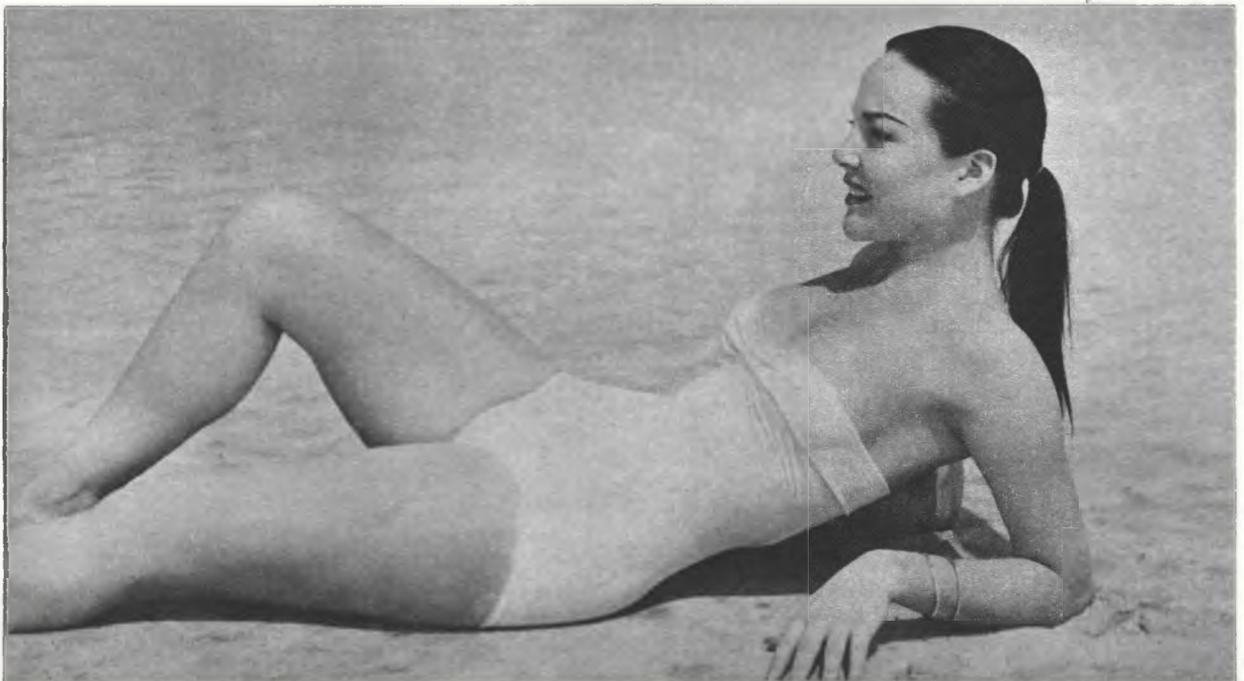
"I'll be glad to take your report, sir," Kelsey assured him, moving toward the small (*Continued on page 46*)

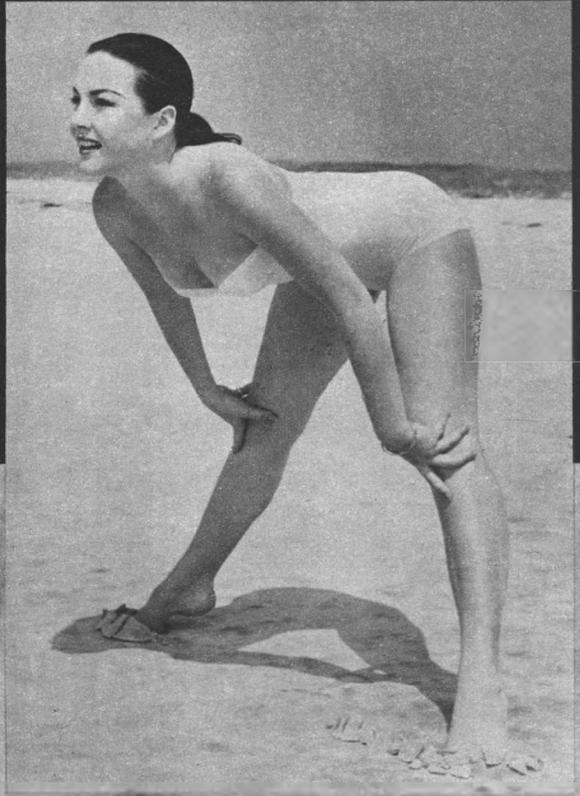




Girl Who Played Indian

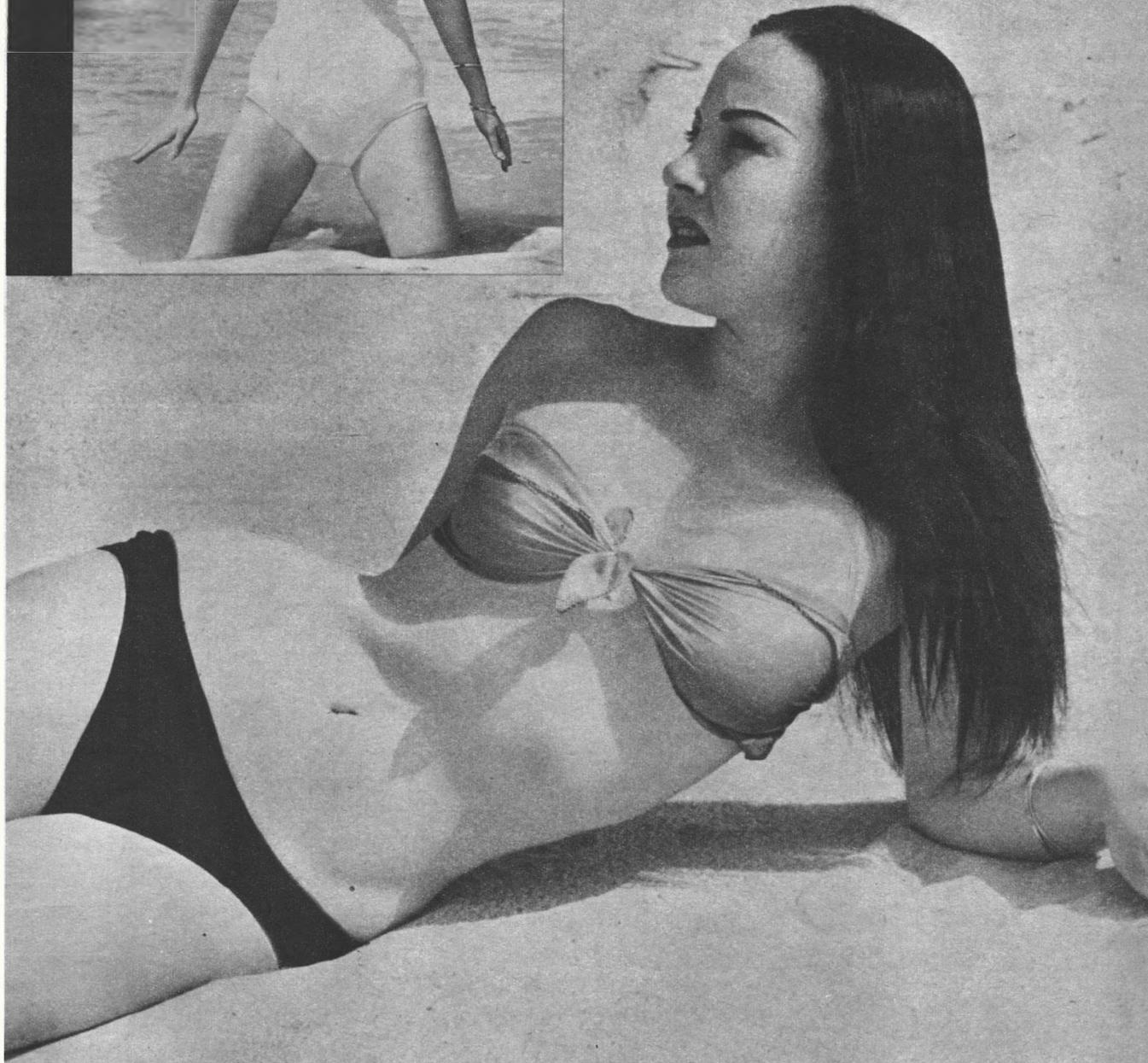
CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE →

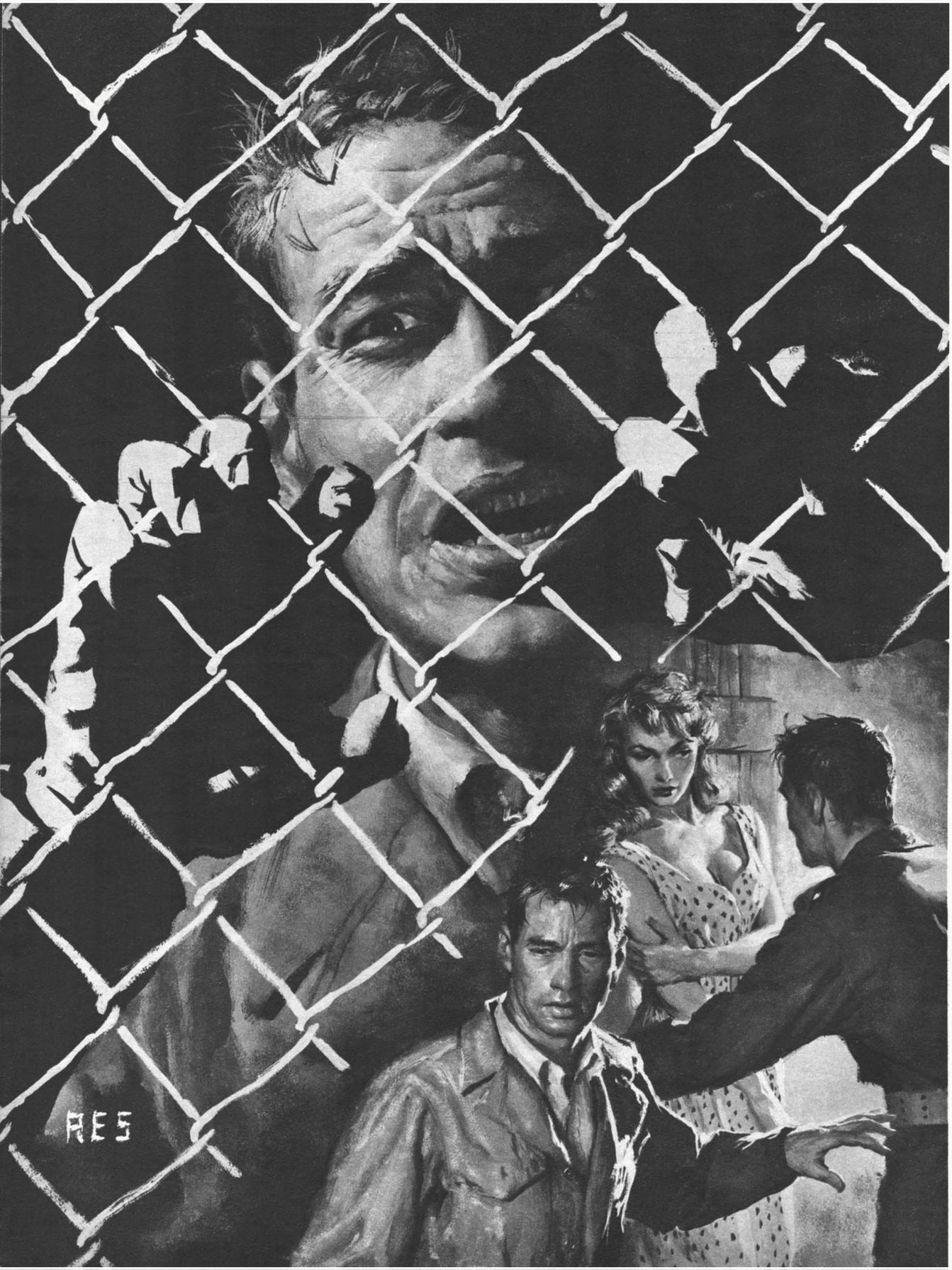




**In fringed buckskins, Pamela played a Seminole maiden
for the movies. But as far as we know, no
Indian ever posed in costumes like these.**







RES

KEEP AWAY

from the BLONDE

Fooling with the girl would only get us in deeper than ever, but Tom hadn't seen a woman in three months.

by CHARLES VINDEK WNDK



I don't know exactly where I am now. It's flat farm country—Iowa, maybe, or Nebraska. Nobody on this freight has spotted me yet, and in the little towns we've gone through I haven't seen any cops. But it's getting awfully cold. I don't know if I can stand the cold much longer. If Tom were here, he might know what to do. But Tom is dead.

It's kind of lonesome without him. I guess I liked Tom Maples from the first time I met him. Maybe it was because he was a big guy and I'm a little guy. But that's not the only reason; somehow there seemed to be more to Tom than to the other guys behind the fence.

Maybe you don't know what it's *(Continued on page 50)*

ILLUSTRATED BY BOB SCHULZ



“SAVE HIM...or

If my patient died, I was going with him—a rifle in my side told me that. And all I had to operate with was a small penknife, some steel straps from a packing case, needles and thread supplied by a native woman and a bunch of old rags.

by Dr. Ruland Sykerly

as told to Hubert Pritchard



I looked down at the wounded man and knew that I was as good as dead. If he died I would die too—and he looked more like a bundle of chopped meat than a man. He was unconscious from shock and loss of blood; his eyes were partly open with only the whites showing. His clothes were ripped away to reveal a great dirty tear in his belly. It was impossible; I could do nothing for the man. I turned angrily to Tulu who stood behind me, the muzzle of his rifle still pressed into my side.

“I can’t do a thing for him. He might stand a chance if you got him to the hospital in Donghoa, but I wouldn’t make any promises even then. I am a doctor, but I would need an operating room, instruments, drugs—you have nothing here, I don’t even have my bag.”

Tulu smiled at me, but only with his mouth. His eyes were still cold and deadly; they never left my face for an



SHARE HIS GRAVE!"

instant. With a sudden motion he pressed the rifle barrel hard into my side.

"Doctor, this wounded man is Gai Uan, a great hero of the people. Your friends of the Viet Nam would kill him on sight. He must stay here in the jungle and he must live. That is your job. If he should die now he will be buried here with great honor. You will be buried in the grave with him."

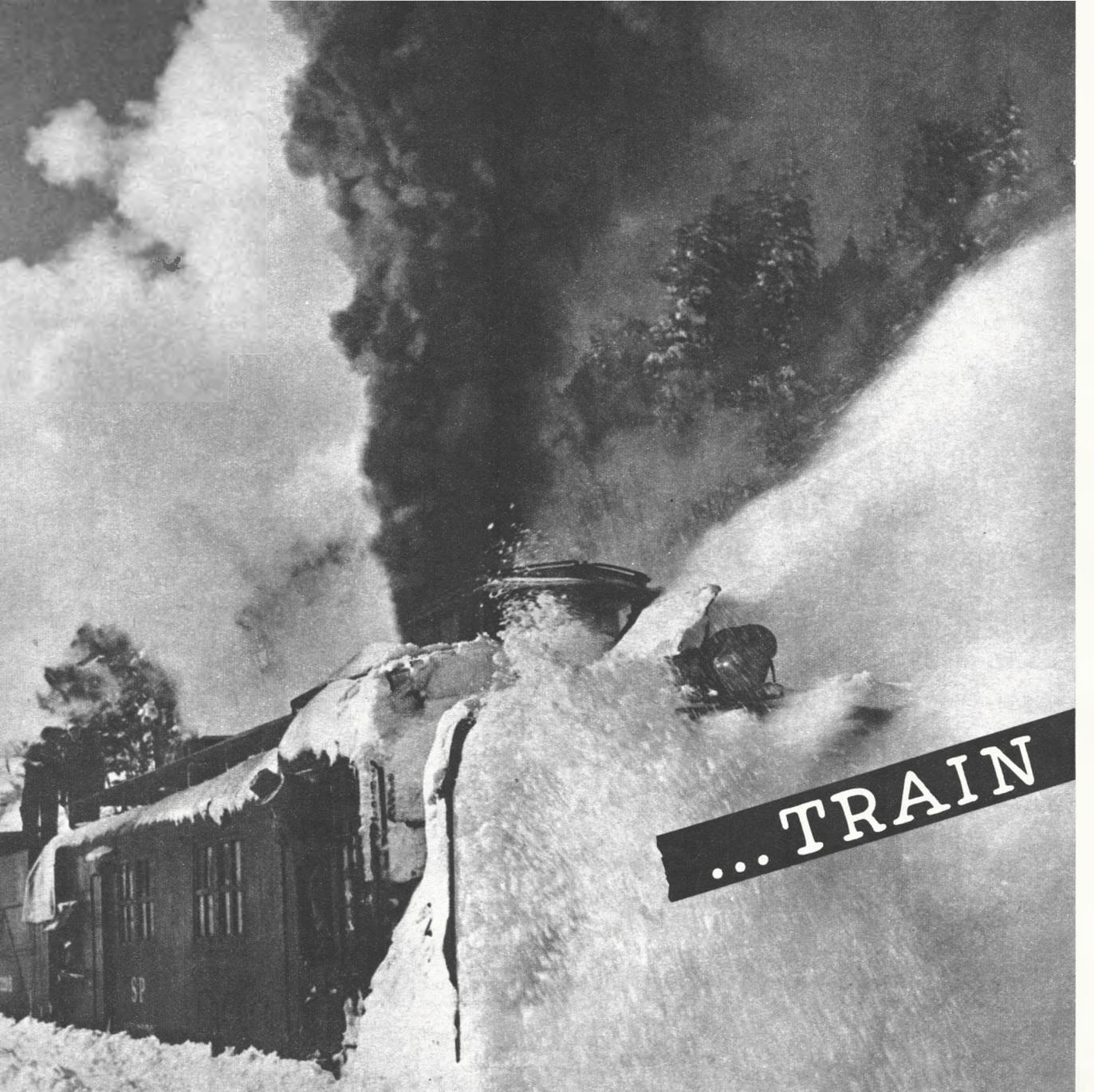
I had driven into town earlier in the day for the celebration of Têt, the Indochinese New Year, and my return had been delayed because of an alert; there had been a guerrilla raid on one of the warehouses. The Viet Minh were getting more active every day, there seemed to be no way of stopping them. This was the first daylight raid they had tried and, while their losses were heavy, they destroyed most of the stores. I had waited until the confusion had died down, then started back. By that time it was dark.

Many cars had been ambushed and burned along the stretch of road, so I wasn't very happy about driving at night. It looked as if my worries were groundless. I was almost to my house when disaster struck. There is a bridge

across a stream there with a sharp turn at each end. I bumped across the bridge and hit the turn doing about 45 miles an hour. The car was around the turn before I saw the log in the road. I had just stamped hard on the brake when the front wheels hit. Both front tires blew and the rear whipped around, I barely had time to throw my arms over my face as the car went off the road.

There was a crash like a boiler factory collapsing as the old Citroën hit the ditch and turned over. I managed to hold onto the wheel until the car stopped. I had to get out before the spilled gasoline caught fire. The door was jammed shut, I hammered at it with no results. I crawled over to try the other door just as it was pulled open from the outside. The words of thanks died on my lips when I saw who my rescuer was.

A Viet Minh guerrilla! There was no mistaking the crossed cartridge belts and long knife. There were others with him. I started to draw back but rough hands grabbed me and pulled me through the door. When I opened my mouth to shout, a piece of filthy rag was stuffed into it. A guerrilla lit a match and threw it (*Continued on page 72*)



I never asked her name, and I've never seen her since. But for two nights we slept pressed together—trying to warm each other enough so that we wouldn't die in the blizzard that blocked Donner Pass.



DELAYED... ...MAYBE FOREVER...

by **RONALD M. CLEARY**
as told to **LAWRENCE ELLIOTT**



Ever hear of the Donner Pass? It's a slit in the Sierra Nevada Mountains leading out to the California plain. One hundred and more years ago it was as much a landmark as the Oregon Trail. Many a covered wagon has rusted and rotted by its side; many a man, battered by the howling winds of winter, paused to rest in the lee of a snowdrift—and was still there when the summer sun came to bleach his bones. The man they named the pass for died there, and so did 36 of the 81 members of his wagon train. The rest survived only by eating the corpses of their loved ones, and the memory they took out of the pass marked their lives forever after.

I didn't know any of this until a couple of years ago. Then I went to a library and read everything I could find about the Donner Pass. I had a very special interest in it by then—along with 231 men, women and children, I was trapped there for 72 hours.

It began in pure routine: I kissed my wife good-bye in Chicago's Union Station, boarded the Southern Pacific streamliner City of San Francisco and settled myself in my compartment for the three-day trip to the West Coast. I'd ridden this train a dozen times in the past five years

for business reasons and never regarded the trip as anything but a chore. Until January, 1952, the most exciting thing I'd seen happen aboard the City of San Francisco was the time a club-car athlete made a pass at a well-shaped buyer from New York who, it turned out, wasn't buying *that*, and 12 or 15 people saw our hero get his face smartly slapped.

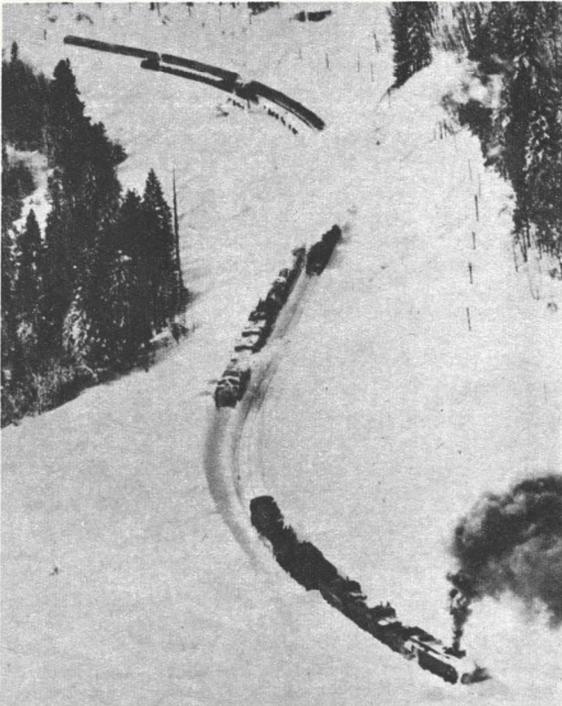
But this was January, 1952, and, looking back, I can read the signs that might have told me this trip would be different. For days, the newspapers had been full of stories about storms sweeping the Coast, drenching rains and floods in Los Angeles, blinding snows in the mountains. Just before we rolled into the foothills of the Sierra Nevadas, I strolled along a station stop and heard a man read a news item to his wife about the huge snowdrifts that blocked main roads and isolated towns and villages.

None of this registered with me. After all, this was the 20th century; we were riding a giant streamliner, one of the most modern on the rails. What could possibly go wrong?

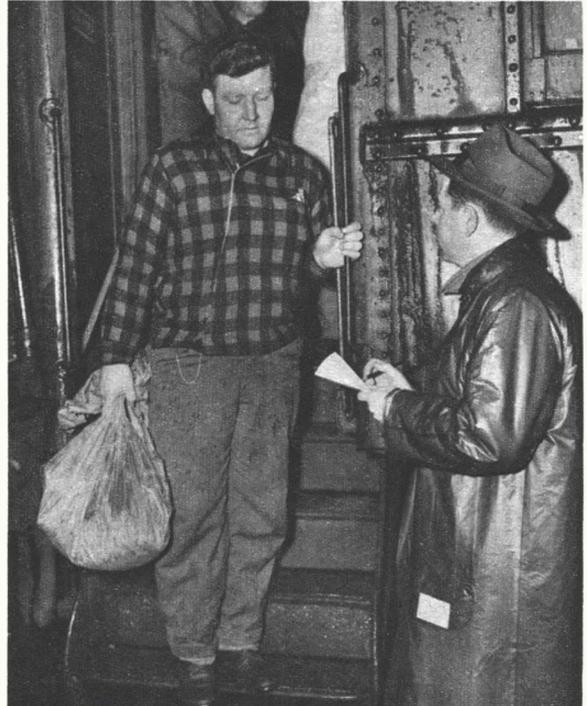
The first ominous sign came on Sunday night, the 13th. I'd just returned to my compartment from the diner when

As the diesel snowplows forged through the 20-foot drifts, we froze in our ice-encased train (above).

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



On the deadly slopes of infamous Donner Pass, we waited for rescue from the blizzard for a terrifying 72 hours.



Pressmen were waiting as we got off the icebound train, but there were aspects of our ordeal we couldn't discuss.

... TRAIN DELAYED ... MAYBE FOREVER ...

continued

suddenly, and for no apparent reason, the train stopped. I looked out the window; maybe we were picking up a passenger at a way station. But there was no station outside in that dark, snow-swirling night. There were only huge drifts, piled higher than the train on either side of the track, and the falling snow which had begun coming down that afternoon as we reached the Sierras.

I opened a report I'd been meaning to read en route and tried not to think about the stop. Any one of 17 reasons might cause a train to stop, I told myself, but deep down the gnawing suspicion that something was wrong began to take root.

The train had been standing motionless for about 10 minutes when I slammed the report shut and got up. I don't know exactly why; I don't know what I was going to do. All I know is that a kind of nervous restlessness had gotten hold of me and I knew it was useless to try to read.

At that instant there was a loud knock on my door. Then it was flung open. A man I'd never seen before stood outside, his hair wild, tie loosened and the collar of his shirt flopping outside his suit jacket.

"Why are we stopped?"

The question stunned me almost as much as the wildness of his sudden appearance, and for a moment I hung between slamming the door in his face and trying to calm him.

"Is there anything the matter with the train? Please tell me!"

For all his frantic look and tone, it was clear from the man's voice and the cut of his suit that he was more than

just a guy named Joe. I took a step toward him and said, "Take it easy, mister. I don't know why we're stopped, but I doubt if it's anything to get excited about."

For a second he just stared at me as though I'd just dropped into my compartment from the moon. Then he wheeled, rushed down the passageway as suddenly as he had appeared, and slammed the door to the next compartment behind him.

I started to close my door when I saw the conductor moving toward me down the passageway. I stepped outside, blocking his path:

"What's the score here? Are we going to be moving soon?"

"Can't say, sir," he said, still trying to edge around me. "Snowslides have blocked the track and we're trying to dig out."

"Trying to dig out?" I echoed. "In this storm? Why, you . . ."

This time he did slip by me and I realized I was talking to myself.

I walked slowly back into my compartment, closed the door, lit a cigarette and sat down to think this thing through. There was, of course, plenty that I didn't know—how big the slide was, how far away help was—but I did know that in a storm like this, men without heavy equipment would have no more chance of digging this train clear of a snowslide than my five-year-old has of digging through the beach at Lake Michigan to China. We were stuck!

I was still sitting there when the conductor came through an hour later. He knocked on each (*Continued on page 60*)

Our relief came none too soon. More than a dozen of the passengers were hospital-bound from exposure and shock.



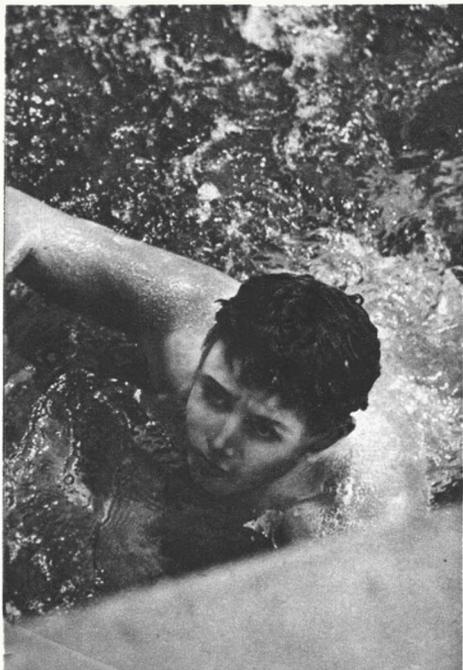
It beat me down—a ton of boiling
water—and that's when I got
it good. Like a knife across my groin,
the reef ripped my belly.



Swept off the box by the comber, the Mexicans churned like



They Watched



crazy to get back. Don hefted them up.

by **CAPT. CALVIN H. BURNS**

as told to James Joseph

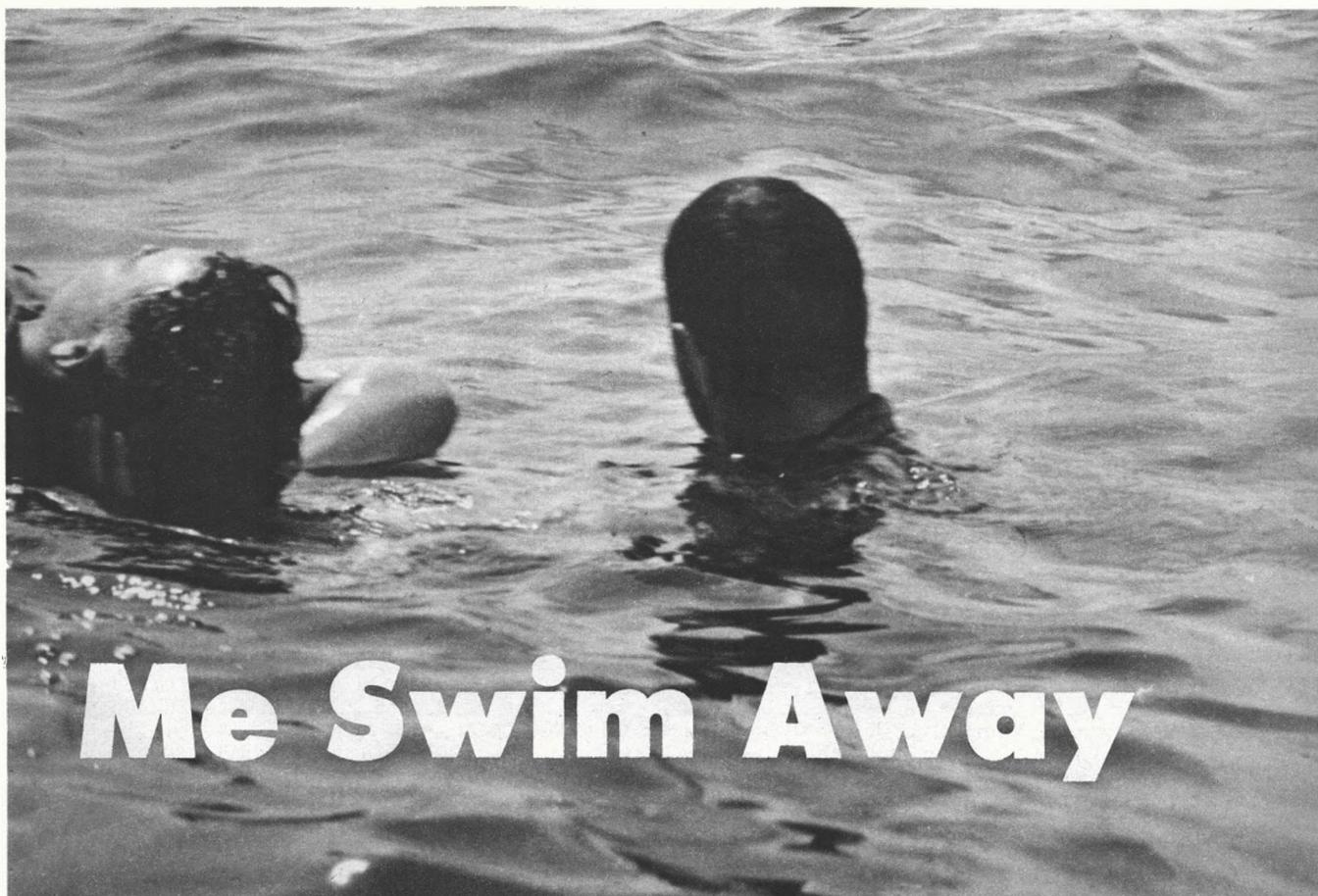


It began in the black, boiling waters of the Pacific, four, perhaps five, miles off Cape San Lazaro light, 500 miles south of San Diego off the Baja California coast. The time: a few minutes past 7:30 P.M. The date: November 12, 1954.

The *Betsy Anne* was over on her port side, her beams awash, her keel shuddering as heavy seas crashed over her. I crouched on her starboard gunwale, clawing to stand erect against wind and sea. Dimly, there in the black water below, bobbed the others—Don Deaton, making his first run as a bottom fisherman, and the two Mexican Nationals, Francisco Burquez and Antonio Zamoro. They clung to a hatch cover, a makeshift preserver. It was all we had, for a 10-foot comber had carried the life jackets overboard.

For a lingering moment I teetered there. I felt *Betsy Anne* settling, quivering as green seas pounded the life out of her. Then I jumped.

I remember kicking off my rubber fish boots and working out of my denims. Clad only in (Continued on page 64)



Me Swim Away

MEN OUTDOORS



A MAN'S WALLET



MEN IN CRIME

Poor Lew

STAG

MEN IN CRIME

ITALY IS WARRING ON SEX CRIME by using a corps of 1,500 well-stacked plain-clothes women to act as decoys. But first the girls will be trained in self-defense. . . .

San Francisco has finally unloaded its fabled Chinatown police squad which got started in the day of the tong wars and tribute murders. The squad, headed by Inspector Jack Manion, was formed at a time when the gangster tongs dominated gambling houses, opium dens and brothels, when fan-tan, pie-gow and Chinese lotteries were running full blast. But the last murder attributed to a tong occurred in 1926, and, since the Chinese have been complaining they're being picked on, the squad's been broken up. . . .

THERE'S A HOT BUNCH OF HOUSE-TRAILER THIEVES operating out of New York and Florida. . . .

In Corsica, there's still an ancient HOT-BLOODED LAW on the books that says if your honor is despoiled, you're entitled to become an avenger, straighten things out, then surrender. The law figured recently in the case of a beautiful, dark-eyed Corsican "Bandit of Honor" who slew a peddler who had dishonored her. . . .

Snake-handling is against the law in Virginia, BUT THE COPS AREN'T DOING ANYTHING about a weird snake-handling religious sect that fondles rattlers and

intends to keep on doing so even though five members have died of poisoning. . . .

Connecticut cons got a raise from 15 cents a day to two bits (to meet inflationary cost of butts, shaving cream.) . . .

MEN IN UNIFORM

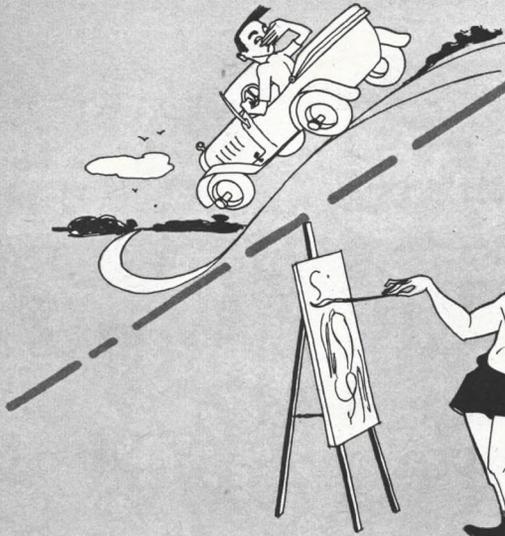
LATEST WAY TO KILL EVERYBODY is to drop an H-Bomb somewhere in the Arctic. If the trillions of tons of Arctic ice were ever thawed, everyone in the cities of New York, Los Angeles, London, Paris would be drowned. (Omaha is pretty high above sea level and might be saved.) . . .

UGLIEST AND RUGGEDEST part of going through the Air Force's new "Brainwash" school is when interrogators start insulting your religion, racial background, physical peculiarities (big ears, big nose, etc.), saying dirty things about your wife, mother, girl friend. THAT'S WHEN MOST MEN CRACK if they're going to crack at all. . . .

Any American GI private stationed in Japan hauls in as much dough as a full Japanese general. The Japanese general gets \$205.53 a month which is \$157 after taxes. GI GETS \$155 PLUS ALLOWANCES AND HE'S NOT TAXED. . . .

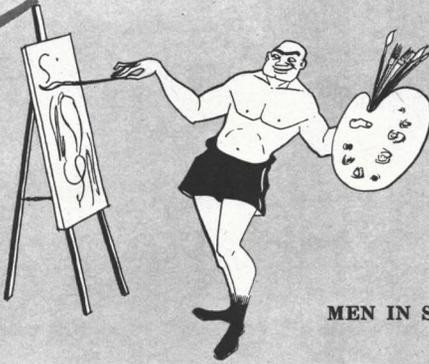
More than 100 ex-Luftwaffe pilots have started jet training refresher courses at U.S. bases in Germany. . . . Americans captured during Korean War agree worst prison camp of all was "Pak's Palace" near

A MAN'S CAR



INSIDE FOR MEN

MEN IN SPORTS



CONFIDENTIAL

Pyongyang; worst captor was sadistic North Korean Colonel Pak and second worst was his henchman "Dirty Pictures" Wong. . . .

BIGGEST BONEHEAD PROJECT of all is Navy's effort to recover \$133,000 of back pay from discharged GIs who were overpaid when they were on WW II duty in Great Lakes. If Navy ever catches up with overpaid gobs it'll cost each one up to \$200. . . .

Pilots of high-powered noisy airplanes will be talking through ear mikes in the future. When mouth and nose are covered by baffle box, speech sounds can be heard clearly coming from the ear, with 129 per cent more intelligibility. . . .

MEN IN SPORTS

WINNING THE DAVIS CUP is one thing. Lifting it is another. It weighs 124 pounds, holds 28 quarts of champagne (and did once.) . . . Floydie Patterson should get a heavyweight title bout in the next two years . . . List of fighters who've gone in for painting is impressive; Mickey Walker, the "Toy Bulldog" started it; some modern painting pugs are Willie Pastrano and George Araujo. . . .

Pat McCormick, the curvy American dish who made good in the Mexican bull rings, actually never made that good. She's still a novillero, which means she can only kill bulls weighing less than 850 pounds. . . .

In the old days, close fights were

usually **CONTINUED IN THE STREET** after the crowd went home. That's what Mickey Walker and Harry Greb did after their fight for the middleweight title: met outside behind a bar and resumed festivities. . . .

A MAN'S CAR

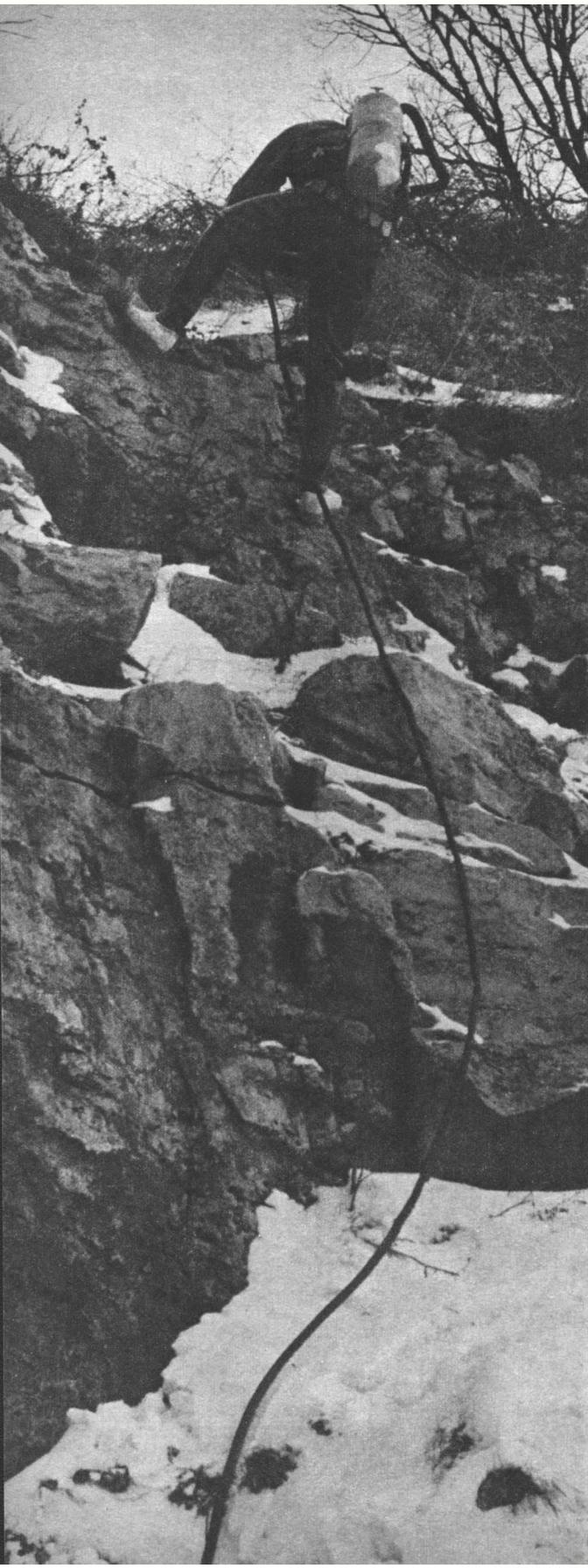
YOU WON'T HAVE TO DO ANY BRAKING to bring the car of the future to a stop. Just let up on the accelerator, which'll be used as a valve to control power braking . . . **AIR CONDITIONING WILL SOON BE STANDARD EQUIPMENT** in higher-priced cars, but not this year. . . .

There's never been a time in history when autos were so alike in design and construction. Basic body shells are practically all alike, with fenders and trim making the difference . . . Volkswagen chasing every other make of car right off the map in Europe, **GETTING A BIG TOEHOLD** here, too . . . If you can learn to **HUNCH YOUR SHOULDERS** when tires screech behind you, it may save your neck. You can do more damage to your neck from a rear-end collision at 10 mph than at 20 mph where the greater impact flexes your front seat backward to take up some of the shock. . . .

Drive 25,000 miles with the same shock absorbers, and the chances are you need new ones. . . .

You can expect smaller diameter wheels

Continued on page 48



Suddenly my head bumped sharply against the ceiling of ice.

I had

In 10 more minutes, I would suffocate;
in 15 minutes, I would freeze. That's
all the time I had left to bust my
way out from under 8 inches of ice.

Hanging awkwardly to the cable in our heavy gear, we scraped down the ice-covered rocks.



My two weight belts had dropped off my shoulders. I was floating, and couldn't have gotten to the bottom even with fins.

to scuttle myself

by ED FISHER



I'm supposed to be an underwater expert. That's a laugh, really, because after what's happened I don't honestly believe there is such an animal. No man can be expert on diving in any and all situations. The oceans, rivers and lakes of the world are too vast and full of complications for any man to claim that distinction.

I've been diving for about eight years—off the coast of California, on the Florida reefs at night, deep in underground caves and in a hundred other crazy places, and in each new situation there was a little trick hiding—maybe one that could be fatal. When death comes openly, like a shark that gives you something to fight, it's not so bad, but usually it's not that easy. The little things trip you up, the simple mistakes that pile up one on top of the other so that when you finally realize you're in danger it seems all you can do is lie down and die.

This is the kind of trouble I got into when I made what should have been a simple business trip to Chicago in the middle of the winter.

I was up in the windy city doing promotional work for a

big manufacturer of sports diving equipment during the Annual Sport Dealers' show. Around the last day of the brawl a couple of rugged guys walked up and introduced themselves to me.

"My name's Charlie LaVerne, and this is Harold Bell," the tall one said, nodding to his partner, and offering me a huge paw. I took it, mumbled my name, which he seemed to have anyhow, and let them get down to business.

"We heard you were up here and wondered if you wanted to do a little diving with our club," Charlie said. "We've got all the special gear you'll need except for a regulator. Got a trip planned day after the show ends."

Dive! In this frozen hell? I thought it was a joke. I'd already contracted the worst cold I'd had since I moved down to Miami seven years ago, and it was on the verge of developing into pneumonia. But I saw that these guys were serious.

Charlie explained that members of their club dived all winter. Sure, there was ice covering all the lakes in the area—at least half a foot of it, so that they had to hack

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

I had to scuttle myself continued

an entrance with a fire ax, but this was the only time when the water was clear and settled. In the spring the streams and rivers dump tons of mud into the lakes and in the summer the algae cut visibility to a few feet. If I wanted to get any pictures this was my only chance.

If they were nuts, I was crazier. I decided to go. I wanted to try it because it sounded so damned absurd and besides maybe I could use some pictures taken under the ice.

After the show I made arrangements to borrow a new type regulator along with an underwater camera case from the company display, and found a shop in town that would rent me a Leica camera for \$25. When the boys picked me up at my hotel early the next morning I was raring to go. My cold wasn't any better, actually, but thinking about my pending venture seemed to have knocked any sense out of me.

We drove through the city while the sun was just rising and by the time we hit the outskirts a bitter cold wind was whipping snow into little drifts across the highway. Another member of the club was along besides Charlie and Harold. He was introduced to me simply as "the kid." He did look like one next to the rest of us—all in our late 20s—but he seemed not only enthusiastic as hell but also well versed in the art of diving under the ice. The car swung into the driveway at the kid's house where we were to dress in our gear. Harold explained that the abandoned quarry we were to dive in was 10 miles farther up the road, just across the state border in Wisconsin.

When I said we could dress in our gear, I meant we would get loaded down. We put on enough gear to survive in an arctic camp indefinitely. This was going to be a lot different than diving on the Keys so that, with all my div-

ing experience, I still had to let the kid show me what to do.

First I stripped completely and put on a suit of long cotton underwear. Over this went a heavy suit of wool long-johns. Next layer was a full-length foam rubber suit. By this time I was beginning to sweat and found it difficult to move my arms, but we hadn't finished. All the stuff so far was just to keep me warm. Now I had to cover it all with a waterproof covering. The water temperature would be just slightly above freezing and if you spring a leak in that temperature, according to the Navy manual, you die in about 15 minutes, maximum.

The watertight outer suit was a two-piece job that sealed over a rubber ring around my waist. We finally got the last covering secured, then the finishing touches were added. I wore a regular Navy watch cap under the hood of my rubber suit and had two wool gloves on each hand. To waterproof these, the boys pulled big, heavy-duty rubber electricians' gloves over the wool ones—then slipped a big tin can with both ends cut out over my wrist. Over the can they slid the cuff of my glove and the sleeve of my rubber shirt, and locked them in place with big rubber bands. It made a really ingenious pressure-proof seal.

Getting dressed in this stuff required at least two other guys to help you, and by the time you get the gloves in place you're about helpless for doing precision work. We checked each other's outfits and then piled into the car, loaded down with the rest of our diving equipment.

During the short ride to the lake I felt like I was going to suffocate, but when we got there, unloaded the stuff and hauled it to the lake's edge, the wind howling across the surface woke me up.

The huge mass of snow-covered ice lay at the bottom of a steep cliff that surrounded it on all sides. I was looking for the steps that we'd use to negotiate the precipice when I noticed the cable. It was a rusted length of half-inch steel rope that hung down over the side of the cliff, secured at the top by a pipe driven into the frozen ground. I guessed that this was the way we would descend. I was right.

Charlie went first and gingerly slipped over the side, clinging to the icy strand. Small avalanches of snow were dislodged as he worked his way down and finally he reached the surface of the lake, about 60 feet below us. I was next, and went down with my tank and camera strapped to my back, thinking each step would send me bouncing down the sheer wall of rock and snow below. I made it without mishap though, and Harold and the kid followed.

If I ever remember a strange sight it'll be of that nutty crew of guys (*Continued on page 44*)



My whole body was cramping from the cold, and my air was exhausted, as I crawled out through the opening.



French LOVE

Selection from cartoon book "Love from France" edited by Brant House with Edna Bennett, published and copyright 1955 by A. A. Wyn, Inc., N. Y.

"O.K., go on home to your mother!"



"Mother, it's for you."



How I Made

Maybe you can remember back to this one: "I wanna give



If you think this car-top act is crazy, you should have seen the time Muntz played Lady Godiva—in red underwear.

a Million

'em away—but Mrs. Muntz won't let me. SHE'S CRAZY!"

by EARL "MADMAN" MUNTZ

as told to Irving Wallace



It wasn't until everybody thought I was crazy that I began making money. The "Madman Muntz" type of advertising I started in Southern California not only made me the world's largest used car dealer but put color into the used car business all over the country. Today my methods of creating sales are being imitated not only in the United States but in foreign countries as well.

I may be in the chips now but don't ever think I didn't have a rough time figuring out a formula on how to make money. I'll tell about it here. Maybe it will help someone else make a million. It may not be necessary to wear red flannel underwear and act crazy to succeed in the business world, but I must admit it surely helped to bring me success.

If Madman Muntz told you he didn't like to make money you'd surely think he was *really* crazy. I get a big thrill out of making money, and a bigger one when I can spend it. But maybe I would be far better off financially if I'd been following the teachings of Grandpa Muntz.

Grandpa Henry Muntz was a conservative German storekeeper and believed in hard work and saving everything. Nothing went to waste. I remember Grandpa's house. He always kept it well painted. One time it had seven different colors of paint on it at once—remnants he couldn't sell.

I was born at Elgin, Illinois, in 1914. When 15 years old, and still in high school, I quit school to help my dad in his radio shop. I specialized in installing car radios. In those days it took about three days to install one. My early training in repairing radios eventually got me interested in building and selling television sets.

I have always liked to handle tools. Tinker-

ing with obstinate radio sets wasn't enough excitement for a teen-age boy. By then I had read about the racing adventures of such men as Barney Oldfield and Eddie Rickenbacker. I had a yen to become an auto race driver. So to learn about engines I took whatever jobs I could find around garages, starting out as a greasemonkey.

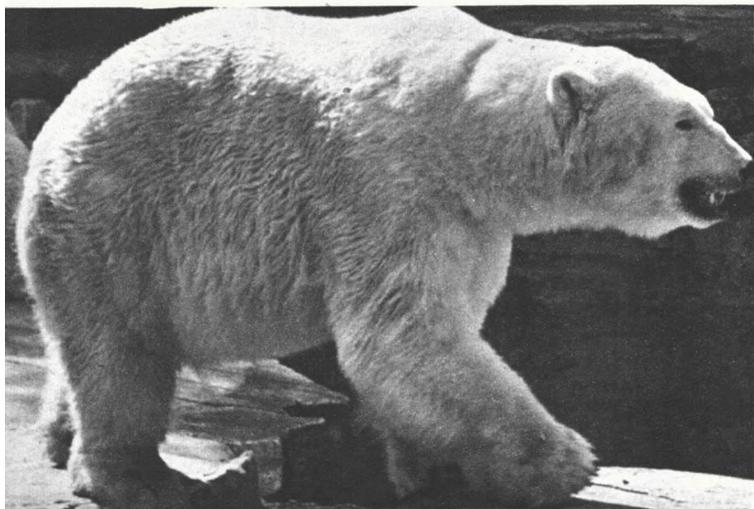
Before I was of age I was buying and selling used cars and mother would sign the papers with me. I'd buy old clunks for around \$25, fix them up and sell them for a hundred or so, probably clearing \$25.

After lots of hard work I had \$1,000 saved up. That was a small fortune in the early Thirties. I was to get my first experience in dealing with a gyp artist at this time. I lost my thousand bucks fast, but it taught me a valuable lesson. A stranger gave me a hard luck story, said he needed \$1,000 immediately and offered me two large diamonds, said they'd been in the family for generations, even suggesting that I take the stones to any jewelry store for an appraisal. I did and our local jeweler told me they were worth \$3,000 but due to their size would be hard to sell. I couldn't get back fast enough to close the deal. I peeled out all my savings and took the diamonds. I was so proud of my deal I couldn't resist going back to see the jeweler again to talk about the diamonds. He took one look at the stones and said, "These aren't the diamonds! These are glass!"

Somehow in the deal the crook exchanged glass ones for the real diamonds and I was out my thousand dollars.

By 1937, when I was 23 years old, I had my own automobile agency in Elgin and had used car lots at nearby Joliet and Woodstock. Business was good.

Midget car racing (Continued on page 56)



The explosion startled the bear, but he got over it quick, and came at me in a four-footed rush.

He Had to Use the Knife



by **EDDIE TOOLU**

as told to Emile C. Schurmacher



Jess Munikak and I were sledding three miles out on the Chuckchee Sea ice off Port Hope when I pulled about the dumbest trick in the whole damned gun book.

I'm not the only fellow who sticks a piece of flannel in his rifle end on the Chuckchee or elsewhere on the Alaska north coast. Otherwise, with all the moisture and the temperature at 25 and more below, ice starts forming right in the gun barrel.

But like Jess pointed out: "Any guy who puts a strip of rag in his rifle muzzle ought to have sense enough to pull it out before he fires his gun."

No argument about that. My only excuse is that I hadn't expected to use the rifle.

We started out that November morning with the idea of harpooning bearded seal, what we call *oogruk*. My gun was in the *komiak* along with the harpoons and other gear.

The temperature was down around 30 below and the wind was blowing from the west, which wasn't hopeful. It fanned hard into our faces, pushing against the already tumbled-up pressure ice so that there were no open leads to search for *oogruk*.

After a couple of miles of rough sledding I saw the score and was ready to call quits.

"No use," I told Jess. "The ice bridge goes out for miles and finding *oogruk* is more than a one-day hunt. We better call it off until the wind changes."

"Let's try it for another mile or so," Jess said. "Maybe we'll hit the beginning of a lead on the other side of that piled-up ice out there."

We kept going for about half a mile and then we came across some bear tracks in the new powder. From the looks of them a hungry bear had been hunting for a meal of *oogruk* earlier in the morning. (Continued on page 74)

With the gun out of action and the harpoon hanging from the bear, Jess

had only one way left. He was going to take on the giant, hand-to-hand.





I HAD TO SCUTTLE MYSELF

Continued from page 38

dressed up in bulbous diving costumes, lugging Aqua-Lungs, snow shovels and ice picks through six inches of snow across the reservoir. On the other side Charlie got the shovel out and cleared an area of snow so that Harold could go to work with the fire ax. It took over half an hour to cut a complete circle through the surface, because halfway through the ax handle broke on the hard ice and we had to use a big crowbar like an ice pick to finish the job.

Harold and the kid pushed down hard on the eight-inch thick slab of ice, while Charlie and I shoved it out under the frozen surface of the lake. We cleared a hole about six feet in diameter and in it the water looked clear—clear enough to see bottom—but we were at the edge of the lake where the water was only about five feet deep. From what the others told me, the bottom dropped off sharply and in some places got over 60 feet deep.

I managed to get my lung on, slung my camera around my neck, and loaded myself down with two weight belts because I knew I'd be terrifically buoyant with all my clothing. Next, I needed my fins but I searched the gear bag Charlie had given me and couldn't find any. When I told them my trouble, the boys dug through the rest of the equipment, with no luck. They had forgotten to bring a pair for me. This was great! It'd be impossible for me to flounder around in the water without fins.

CHARLIE, who had the only pair that would fit me, wanted to lend me his, but I wanted to take pictures of him in full rig; besides, I had a better idea. I'd weight myself so heavily that I could walk on the bottom just as if I were wearing my old Dunn helmet again. It would work in most situations. The only trouble here was that it took over 50 pounds of lead to sink me. I had three lead belts around my waist and there wasn't room for the other two that I needed, so I just draped the extra ones over each shoulder. They took me down fine. I lowered myself through the hole, and when I hit the freezing water I felt a shock on the only part of my skin exposed; my cheeks and lips.

I remembered what Harold had told me about checking my mouthpiece every few minutes. You have to do this because your face gets numb in the 34-degree water and you can't tell if the mouthpiece is slipping out of place or not. I moved out from the hole into about eight feet of water and waited for the others to come down.

Charlie came next, clumsily swimming along the surface, just under the white, smooth bottom of the ice. He had a safety line tied to his waist, and, as it

reeled out from over the hole, I thought how much our lives depended on that thin piece of manila. The other end of the coil was secured to a long board that lay crosswise over the hole, and, as long as we kept the line in sight underwater, we could always find our way back to the air.

They were all in the water now, and I started to take hurried pictures of them swimming out beyond me in the deeper water. I knew they wanted to head for the other side of the quarry, below the highway that ran along the top of the cliff, to look for some of the junk that had fallen into the water during the past 50 years.

Before we had left the day before, Harold had told me that a few weeks previously they'd found a couple of old cars, a half-dozen bicycles, and all sorts of junk, including a steel safe, a rusted automatic and a sawed-off rifle. These last items were probably relics from the days of Chicago's big crime wave, and the boys figured maybe they'd find something worthwhile like some hot loot that had been ditched years ago.

I was stumbling along the bottom in shallow water, trying to keep up with the others, when suddenly I saw Charlie signal to his buddies and cut out for the center of the quarry. Harold and the kid followed, and in a few seconds they were out of sight. The safety line sped out after them and I struggled down the bank after it, trying to keep it in sight.

I stumbled and fell on the rocky bottom and in turning, noticed for the first time the terrific clouds of sediment I was kicking up off the bottom. It rose in huge, ominous clouds that stretched from the bottom all the way to the ceiling of ice above me. With six inches of snow lying on the ice, the light down here was bad to begin with. Now, with the clouds of silt boiling over me, it became actually dark.

I spun around, hoping that the line would still be in sight beyond the clouds in the clear water out toward the center of the lake, and went hurtling farther down the slope. Suddenly I had to stop. A sharp pain building up in my right ear told me I wasn't equalizing. My lousy cold had packed mucus in my ear tubes so that air couldn't pass through.

I gagged and tried to blow my nose out through my mask but still couldn't clear. Frantically I took a deep breath and pulled the mouthpiece from my mouth and tried to cough the cartarrh from my throat. It was no good. To go any deeper without being able to equalize was suicide. I would rupture my eardrum and would get so dizzy I'd be completely disoriented. It's happened before and I know how bad it can be.

I replaced my mouthpiece and blew my

lines and tried to relax. Although I didn't have the safety line to guide me, there was a good chance that if I went back up the slope and bore to the left into the shallow water I'd be able to find the hole again. Before I started, I just stood there trying to calm down and catch my breath after all the exertion. All the weight and clumsy gear I was wearing made just moving an effort. I tried to take deep, slow breaths but discovered that my air was getting hard to breathe.

I remembered that back in the hotel I had set my safety reserve to cut in 15 minutes before my air ran out completely. I checked my watch. I'd been down less than half an hour but, with so much heavy work, I'd used up my main air supply already. I reached back to flip my air reserve lever and then froze—horried. I couldn't feel anything! Couldn't tell if my hand was on my regulator, my head, or just waving around in the water. Two pairs of wool gloves plus the heavy rubber ones reduced my sense of touch to nothing.

The safety lever was a little metal arm that stuck out from the back of my regulator about an inch and a half. Even in normal conditions it's difficult to find the lever, but now it was absolutely impossible. I had to do something. With each breath I took, I could feel the air getting harder and harder to pull as the pressure in my cylinder dropped.

AS usual, I couldn't think well underwater. At first I wanted to make a mad rush up the slope and try to find the hole. After a couple of stumbling steps I realized how futile this would be. There was less than a couple of minutes' air in my main supply. I got hold of myself and slowly thought of an idea. It's one you'd think of immediately if your brain was working normally, but down there it came hard. I pulled the safety hitches on the straps of my tank and squirmed out of the harness. Then I swung my lung around in front of me, keeping the mouthpiece in place. It was as simple as that. Now I could reach out and flip the lever without any trouble and when I did, the air rushed into my chest, like it was filling a vacuum.

I could get air now . . . at least for a while. I had a 15-minute supply of life in my tank, and turned the timing ring on my watch to keep track of the time. Suddenly I felt a sharp bump on my head and, looking up, saw that I had hit the ceiling of ice. It took a few minutes to figure out what had happened and to realize the situation I was in.

The two weight belts that had been dropped over my shoulders were gone. In my struggle to get out of the harness they must've dropped off, and now I had

floated up against the ceiling of ice, buoyant by a force of over 25 pounds—enough so that even if I had fins I'd never be able to get down near the bottom. It lay at least 40 feet below and the silt clouding the water made visibility less than four feet.

In a panic, I tried to think which way the hole was. The ceiling was an endless expanse of smooth white ice, offering no clue to show me the way. Hell, even if I knew the way, the slippery ice gave me no grip to pull myself along with and without fins I could only flounder around like a fish out of water.

The sweep-second hand on my watch raced around the luminescent dial. There were 10 minutes left for me to do something. I thought of air pockets trapped under ice. Here there was nothing except tiny flattened bubbles of my exhausted air. Maybe the others will find me, or maybe the safety line will pass by . . . wild hopes flashed through my mind for just an instant. Then I sobered up.

I've had enough tough assignments to know that you can't survive on maybes. You've got to make your breaks. You've got to think of something. Finally, I did. There was a good chance that it would kill me faster than I'd go this way, but at least there was hope. If the bottom was my only guide to the hole then I had to hit bottom. There was only one way to do it: scuttle myself—flood my suit with water so I could sink. The water was at freezing temperature. According to all the books it would kill me in less than 15 minutes, but with 10 minutes of air left, what could I lose?

I wrapped one arm around my air cylinder and tried to rip the gloves off my right hand. I couldn't get a grip with my clumsy fingers so I took a breath and spat out my mouthpiece and bit at the tough rubber. I gnawed furiously at the leathery stuff and finally tore a hole big enough to reach in with a finger and rip off the gloves on one hand. Ignoring the stinging pain of the ice water on my bare hand I lifted my arm and shoved myself down under the ice. Bubbles poured out of my sleeve through the section of tin can and I could feel myself getting heavier. The icy water pouring into my suit against my skin felt boiling hot instead of cold, but after the first shock, I started to numb. I squirmed around making sure that there were no air traps in the suit and finally felt myself sinking.

Pressure built up in my ears again, but I had decided to rupture my ears if necessary to get down. When the pain became unbearable, I snorted out my nose and stretched my jaw muscles as hard as I could and, just when it felt as if my eardrums were going to burst, heard air squeal past the ear tubes and felt the pain disappear immediately. At last I could equalize.

When I hit bottom and felt the solid rocks under my feet, it was like a shot in the arm. I had five minutes to find the hole and took slow, deliberate steps up the slope, clutching my air cylinder against my chest with one hand and clawing at the ground with the other.

About halfway up, my right leg cramped in the calf, a big hard knot that

hurt bad at first, but I just dragged it behind me trying not to notice the pain. I can take cramps in my legs and even my arms but I had a stomach cramp once and knew that if I got one here it would double me up and finish me.

The silt seemed to be worse up in shallower water but now I had reached a point where I could see the ceiling of ice. I worked my way up to where the water was about five feet deep and turned to the left in the direction I figured the hole was. There was a 50-50 chance of finding it.

The minute hand on my watch had knocked off 14 minutes from the time I'd set the safety reserve. Still the air flowed into my lungs each time I demanded it. The silt was clearing now—a bad sign. It meant that I was losing the path over which I had come originally. There were no currents to move the cloud, I thought, and cursed myself for getting in this mess.

According to my watch, my air should have run out by now, but I'd been moving slowly, using it sparingly, so that maybe I had a few minutes more left. I'd need it. I was lost, but good.

The water was clear again in this spot and I could look back and see the boundary of the cloud that obliterated the whole half of the lake—somewhere in there, was a hole just big enough for me to climb through, out of this tomb.

A feeling of panic swept over me and I was going to rush back blindly into the murky water when I heard a noise—a sound like an outboard motor far away through the rumble of my bubbles against the ice. I held my breath. Now I could tell it was a scraping noise like someone trying to dig through the ice.

I backed off down the slope so that I could get a broader view of the ceiling of ice in the clear section of water. Then I saw an incredible sight. Through the dull, white, continuous awning above me, a band of light appeared. It lengthened as if someone was painting a line with a huge brush on the surface of the ice. At the moving end two little black blotches followed the line, and then I realized what it was. One of the boys was shovel-

ing a path in the snow to show me the way to the hole.

I raced toward the streak of light where the path led into the cloud of silt. My eyes were glued to the band and even in the dirty water it showed the way clearly on the surface. Both my legs were cramped badly but I clawed over the bottom with one hand, clinging to my air tank. My whole body felt on the verge of cramping from the numbing cold and my air became hard to pull once again.

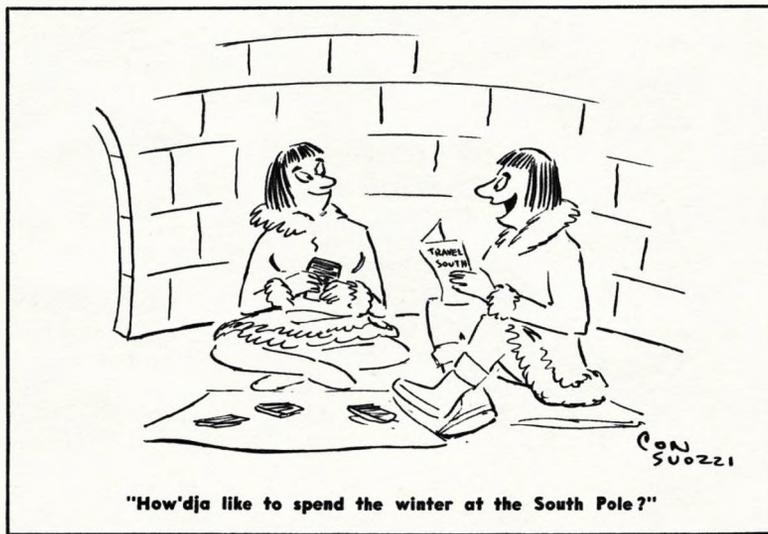
The next minute was one I'll never forget. First, just a faint area of illumination in the dark water . . . then a brilliant patch of light where the sun poured through the hole. I took a last hard, deep breath from my exhausted tank, crawled under the opening, and emerged into the air.

When I was hauled out, the boys stood me on my head and dumped the water out of my suit and insisted that I stand up and keep jumping. Charlie made me run across the lake to the bottom of the cliff, helped me fight my way up the cable and then drove to the nearest farmhouse where I stripped and borrowed Charlie's long-johns.

I remember the people in the house kept telling me to get near the stove but I refused, because I'd read where you get gangrene if you rapidly heat up parts of your body that've been almost frozen. I think I did the right thing because I felt O.K., except for my chills, in a few hours.

I found out later that it was the kid's idea to mark a path on the top of the ice. The boys had figured I'd gone out of the water ahead of them and when they surfaced with the safety line it was too late to go back. They had used up all their air and were running around frantically, trying to think of some way to reach me when the kid grabbed the shovel and started making a path in the snow leading to the hole.

Frankly, I think that kid's too smart to get into trouble under the ice. But down on the Keys—well that's another story. Maybe he'll find the ocean is full of tricks he hadn't counted on, then maybe I can return the favor. ♦♦♦



"How'dja like to spend the winter at the South Pole?"



"MY WIFE IS MISSING!"

Continued from page 19

window in the wire lattice and picking up a pencil. "What is your wife's full name?"

Can a woman—*any* woman—simply vanish into thin air without trace? That was the nub of the problem presented to Sergeant Kelsey by Sam Epes as the clock struck midnight. And the answer to that question is an emphatic "No!" When you dig into the background of a missing person and the circumstances surrounding his or her disappearance, you invariably find something to shed light on the mystery. In 15 years as chief of the Columbia Police Department I have found that to be true. But in *no* case during my 15 years as chief has my department walked into such a complex mess of murder, passion, poison, icy cunning and plain old-fashioned heartbreak as it did the night Sam Epes first made his appearance among us.

WHAT Sam Epes gave us to go on was so typical as to be almost the epitome of the average missing person report: He and Mary Lee had been married four and a half years, and they had been consistently happy. There was no other man. He had been transferred to Fort Jackson, Columbia, some six weeks before, and he and his young wife had found a small second-floor apartment on Sims Avenue. Lieutenant Epes was transportation and administrative officer with a medical unit. His unit's responsibility was removing the dead and wounded from scenes of action; he was not a doctor, although, on occasion, he administered minor medication to enlisted men.

As a consequence of interrupted electric service during the preceding night, his electric alarm clock had been slow that morning and he had overslept. Waking, he had decided not to delay for breakfast but to pick it up at the fort. As Mary Lee wanted to do some shopping, he had driven her downtown and dropped her in front of a popular cafeteria where she might breakfast while waiting for the stores to open. He had driven directly to Fort Jackson where he'd had a busy day. When he returned that evening, however, the morning milk still sat outside the apartment door, and there was no sign of Mary Lee. Neighbors had not seen her all day.

What did she look like? Well, 26 years old, five feet two; less than 100 pounds; reddish-blond hair, blue eyes, very fair complexion. What was she wearing? Gray, pin-striped coat and suit, no hat, carrying a large gray broadcloth handbag. "Got it?" The lieutenant's tone was crisp and imperious. His manner was ice-calm; if he had any nerves they certainly were not

in evidence. "Let me know the minute you get anything on this!" he snapped. And with that he turned on his heel and marched out of police headquarters.

"A cool number, that one!" ejaculated Bob Cothran, who had remained beyond his customary departure time, fascinated by the handsome lieutenant.

"You can say that again, bub!" Sergeant Kelsey agreed. "What do you suppose the Army does to these guys? If my old lady was missin' I'd be blowin' 18 fuses! Well, let's get out a report for the detective division. Chief Shorter better get hot on this in the morning, or Lieutenant Epes (*Sir!*) will come back and freeze him into a solid cake of ice!"

Chief of Detectives S. S. Shorter *did* get hot on it in the morning. We *all* got hot on it—and with not precisely the results we might have anticipated. It didn't take us long, of course, to discover that we had hold of a "cut-glass" case. The missing girl's parents showed up in Columbia from Jacksonville, Florida, almost immediately, and they and Lieutenant Epes practically fell into each other's arms.

"The lieutenant is like a son to us," the old gentleman told me. "Such a splendid young man; a gentleman of the highest type! He made our little daughter very happy!"

I DIDN'T say anything to this because, at that moment, the lieutenant was in our hair—but plenty! And, I was beginning to confess to myself, his attitude had me puzzled. Of course he was obviously hell-bent to help us find his wife. He was with my men constantly, dashing here, there, and the other place. And suggestions! What he didn't think of just wasn't in the book. Could his wife be an amnesia victim? He had his father-in-law make radio transcriptions which were broadcast all over the South so that she might hear his voice and regain her memory—if she had lost it. Could she have been kidnaped? Between the families they could raise almost any reasonable sum, and they'd be glad to pay, he assured us. Could she have gotten in a car with strangers as a prelude to foul play? After all, she was a tiny, delicate thing! How about the State Highway Patrol? Couldn't they help? And so it went. The lieutenant was busy "helping." He was also getting downright vulgar in his language and his imperious demands that we "show some results, by God! You fellows have simply got to find the people who are at the bottom of this thing!"

Well, we were trying, in our own blun-

dering way, and we were keeping our eyes open as we went along, too. Of course the lieutenant wasn't a policeman, so he probably didn't quite realize all the things we were doing. The State Highway Patrol was already working on the case, for instance, and their ace investigator, John W. Richardson, was deep in it. So was Richland County Sheriff T. Alex Heise, a seasoned officer of 25 years' experience. The FBI had been alerted and consulted, and we had the vigorous co-operation of Major Larry Gaines, provost marshal at Fort Jackson, and his astute assistant, Lieutenant McKenna. Between us, in the first few days after the disappearance of Mary Lee Epes, we accomplished a heap of work and achieved results, too, in a negative sort of way. For instance:

WE established that the missing girl had made no withdrawals from her bank immediately prior to her disappearance. We established that she had been admitted to no nearby hospital, nor was she registered in any nearby hotel under her own name or another. We questioned taxi and bus drivers, made a meticulous check of railroad stations, and were satisfied in our own minds that she had not left the city via any mode of public transportation. Meanwhile, however, with the lieutenant so handy, naturally we asked him a few questions:

When he dropped his wife off downtown that morning, had he just let her out in the middle of the street? Oh, so he had pulled in parallel with the curb, and parked briefly! Well, that certainly was the considerate thing to do. And by the way, that restaurant, a cafeteria, was it? And the name? Harvey's? Lots of people have breakfast there regularly, don't they? Strange time and place for a young woman to disappear. But then, Mary Lee *must* have disappeared at Harvey's, because she never arrived at the military supply store where the lieutenant thought she intended to shop. And, come to think of it, Lieutenant, nobody saw her at Harvey's, either; not any of the regular patrons, or those who wait there for the bus every morning. By the way, about that parking business, while we think of it! We've checked that location for five mornings now, and at *no* time has it been possible for anyone to park parallel with the curb. You must have been right lucky to find a spot.

In a very few days the hunt for Mary Lee Epes snowballed into monstrous proportions. Of course we sent out the customary circulars containing her description, and her father offered \$1,000 reward

for helpful information. The newspapers were full of the mystery, and very soon we were flooded with telephone calls from would-be helpful citizens all over the South. She had been "seen" in Millen, Georgia; in Alexandria, Virginia; in a deserted house near Columbia (which we searched) and at Hardeeville, South Carolina, a little town down Savannah way. The Hardeeville lead looked so promising that John Richardson and Detective Sergeant G. L. Lackey drove down there to investigate. The lieutenant went with them but, unfortunately, he fell asleep en route!

So far as the Columbia Police Department was concerned, our search for Mary Lee Epes was not more than three or four days old when I put two and two together, drew my own conclusions, and won at least the temporary loathing of her father. "I am convinced," I had to tell the old gentleman, "that when we get to the bottom of this business we will find that Lieutenant Epes killed your daughter!" Mr. Williams gave me a look of pure hatred, turned on his heel, and strode out of my office. He didn't enter it again until the case was closed.

Meanwhile, however, our investigation dragged on for the better part of two weeks before the representatives of all co-operating agencies agreed that the time had come to give Lieutenant Samuel C. Epes an intensive grilling. At the time, we hadn't a scintilla of real evidence that he had done away with his wife; we didn't even know that she was dead. But experience supplies a sixth sense in such things, and we all had it. The brutal fact of the matter was that Sam Epes was *too cool, too calm and too collected* to be innocent! He was overplaying the part of the crisp Army type.

On February 12th we invited the lieutenant to the Grand Jury room at 1:45 P.M., and we questioned him until nine o'clock that night. For hours he was by far the coolest man in the room, and he treated the rest of us with the sort of tolerant forbearance you might show a group of eager school boys. But along about eight o'clock we found the key which unlocked—not the *innermost* secrets of Sam Epes' heart, but the first level below the basement, you might say.

"**L**IEUTENANT," someone asked, "you were once stationed in Camp Polk, Louisiana?"

The lieutenant's eyes suddenly clouded, but his voice was icily polite: "That fact is to be found in my Army record."

"And you met a young lady while you were in Louisiana?"

Sam Epes' body tautened like a compressed spring. It was the first time any of us had seen him display emotion. "I met *several* young ladies!" he snapped.

"You wrote quite a few letters to this one."

"I don't know what you mean! I . . . I . . ."

"We know all about it, Sam," another of the inquisitors interjected. "But we'd rather have it in your own words. Maybe there's nothing to it after all."

By this time the lieutenant was swallowing convulsively. I have rarely seen a man go so completely to pieces so fast. "I

wonder if we're thinking of the same person," he whispered hoarsely. "Could you give me a couple of initials?"

"The initials are N. K."

"No! No! Don't bring *her* into it! Don't even mention her name! *Please!* I'll be ruined!"

Sam Epes was ruined and he must have known it, although, if there was any doubt about the matter at all, he took good care of it the next morning. Not that he confessed in a formal sense. Instead he tried to commit suicide by slashing his throat and his wrists with a razor. Before doing so he wrote four farewell letters, including one to his inamorata N.K. *But Sam Epes didn't write a single line of farewell to his missing wife!* And when this damning oversight was pointed out to him as he sat, bandaged, on the edge of his bed in the hospital at Fort Jackson two days later, the lieutenant decided the time had come for a last desperate bluff. "All right," he said, "Mary Lee is dead. I didn't kill her, but I buried her body in the maneuver area at Fort Jackson. I'm ready to make a statement."

Sam Epes' statement was as clever and cagey a bit of business as had been his highhanded "assistance" of the authorities in their hunt for his missing wife. In essence his story was this: Mary Lee Epes had been experiencing stomach pains the Saturday night preceding her disappearance. For relief she had taken a number of sodium secenal capsules, he thought as many as 10, in doses of two capsules each, spaced out from 10:30 P.M. until shortly after midnight. Meanwhile the couple had drunk several highballs which he mixed, but they had not become intoxicated.

Sometime early Sunday morning the lieutenant had awakened to find his wife lying dead beside him. He had grown unaccountably terrified, and in his terror had disposed of the body by bundling it in a blanket, driving to Fort Jackson, and burying Mary Lee in a shallow foxhole in a practice area.

On a cold and raw Valentine's Day Sam Epes, in an ambulance, headed a cavalcade of some six or seven cars which drove to the filled-in foxhole he pointed out. I helped lift Mary Lee Epes' body from its grave, and subsequently read with interest the pharmacological report which tore Sam's final story to shreds. Examination indicated that Mary Lee had been given between 20 and 30 grains of sodium secenal. And expert medical testimony indicated that she had been *given* the drug because, had she taken it of her own volition, before she could possibly have taken 20 grains at the rate of two capsules every half-hour, she would have achieved a condition of unconsciousness deep enough to permit surgery!

The trial of Sam Epes before Judge A. L. Gaston was a social and emotional sensation, to say the least. Both men and women fainted, and while the jury was considering its verdict (and the accused had been removed to an anteroom) bobby-soxers kept dropping notes for the handsome lieutenant at his vacant chair in the courtroom. One of these was a quotation from St. John, 14:31: "Arise, let us go hence!"

That's precisely what Sam did! He went from the courtroom to the South Carolina State Penitentiary, convicted of murder in the first degree, and sentenced to life imprisonment. ♦♦♦



STAG CONFIDENTIAL

Continued from page 35

on your car by 1957 (they'll give you more wear per mile) . . .

QUICKEST WAY TO LOUSE UP a new brake relining is to go heavy on them right from the start. . . .

One accident it doesn't seem possible TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT is when brakes fail on a steep downgrade. Instructions are: shift to second or first, apply handbrake and say your prayers. . . .

MEN OUTDOORS

YOU CAN SLAP 30 NOTCHES ON YOUR RIFLE STOCK, but unless one of them represents a dead bear, no young son of yours will ever believe you're a hunter. Funny part is, it's more dangerous to hunt caribou. Bears run the other way, and even when they're wounded, they'll take off rather than fight. A black bear is dangerous when you corner him, but only a special kind of maniac tries to corner a bear. . . .

African pilots would rather do anything than take off and land on a jungle landing strip. Kite hawks, rhino bulls and groups of lions have been known to race right into whirling props of taxiing airplanes. One pilot had to pick up a district commissioner's wife who was expecting a baby. He took off down the runway and his props ran right into and killed—a stork. . . .

You can buy a small battery-light that clips on to your fishing rod and tells you when you've got a nibble by BLINKING ON AND OFF. . . .

A MAN'S WALLET

THEY'LL STICK YOU TWO BUCKS for a haircut in Chicago on Saturday . . . Don't kid yourself. It takes guts to be a millionaire. Taxes are so murderous that a guy who raps out a million bucks has got to earn \$3.75 to buy a 75-cent golfball, \$25,000 to pay for a \$5,000 Caddie . . . Don't feel bad if you're in debt. You're an average Joe if you're in hock \$625. . . .

Price of underwear is catapulting . . . A good toupee will stand you \$300 but one of those little hair pieces is only \$35 . . . You can't gamble in California, but there's a loophole that says draw poker for stakes is O.K. So expect to see DRAW-POKER PARLORS shooting up all over the desert around Palm Springs, rivaling Las Vegas. . . .

DON'T GO AWAY MAD when you get dirty, mutilated dollars from your bank. The Treasury Department asked banks to keep dollars in circulation as long as possible. It costs almost a penny to pound out a new dollar bill. . . .

There'll be a new drive to "class up" uranium stocks, make them seem more legit. Unless you've got MONEY TO BURN, they're still risky . . . It's getting tougher every day for a vet to buy a house. On a \$10,000 house, he's got to slap down \$200 cash and pay back his mortgage in 25 years. It used to be he didn't put down anything, could take 30 years to pay the mortgage. . . .

Indian officials don't know how to handle the Nizam of Hyderabad, once the richest man in the world. He still LEAVES GOLD BARS AROUND THE PALACE YARD and recently let rats eat their way through \$8.4 million in Indian bank notes in the palace vault . . . George Westinghouse patented a new invention on the average of every six weeks for 48 years during his life. . . .

INSIDE FOR MEN

YOUNG NUDISTS are having their own activities, conventions, AWAY FROM THE FOLKS. . . .

DuPont is pouring mucho dough into a machine or device that'll actually read people's minds. It can ask people questions, tell what they're going to say even though they don't say it. . . .

Norwegian girls, it turns out, are stricter than American girls WITH THEIR FIRST KISSES, but once the engagement is on, they pull all stops out while American girls generally hold back. . . .

Barbershops around town will give you a fast "graying-at-the-temples" for around \$1.50 or a blackening of gray locks for around \$25. . . .

Chinese leaders are insisting that gowns for women must not be too close-fitting—a little bit bigger than the body of the person wearing them. . . .

MEN AT HOME

There's talk about a rotating filter that'll adapt your black and white TV set to color, ONLY STAND YOU \$150 . . . Canadians are batting out sturdy, pre-fabricated four-room model houses MADE OF ALUMINUM that sell for \$1,000 . . . The fashion men say it's O.K. to wear only tops or bottoms to sleep at night. . . .

YOU'RE A CHUMP if you sand by hand, and you're a double chump if you don't bother to sand at all (after a woodworking job.) You can pick up a good reciprocating sander for \$12-\$30 that'll save you hours of horse work. . . .

SHOP TIP: A hammer with a one-piece forged head and shank is odds on to make you dead tired. . . .

How to **CRACK** the education barrier



Is there an "education barrier" between you and promotion? Are young college graduates being brought in to fill positions above you?

You can break down that barrier . . . gain real security, responsibility, prestige . . . *surprise fellow employees and win their respect.* You can match yourself against the smartest of the college boys and come out a **WINNER.** Here's how!

AN HOUR A DAY THE I. C. S. WAY!

If you can spare an hour a day, if you have the determination to make good, if you're willing to invest pennies now for dollars later on—then I.C.S. can help you. You can be a man or woman, young or old, skilled or unskilled. So long as you

can understand simple language and illustrated training manuals, you need have no doubts. The I.C.S. hour-a-day plan is **SUCCESS-PROVED.** You learn while you earn—anywhere, any time. And the cost?—*less than a quarter a day!*

Just pick the subject you want!

Only I. C. S. offers you such a wide range of subjects to choose from. Drafting. Engineering. Television. Aeronautics. Business. High School. 391 courses in all. *I. C. S. is the oldest, largest home-study school. It is also the best known in business and industry.*

Free catalog plus free books!

When you mail the coupon below, you get a complete catalog on the subject you check with information about employment opportunities, training requirements, etc. And you get "How to Succeed"—36 pages of valuable tips on winning recognition, pay raises, success. Also, a free sample lesson in basic mathematics.

For Real Job Security—Get an I. C. S. Diploma!

I. C. S., Scranton 9, Penna. Member, National Home Study Council

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS



BOX 62038M, SCRANTON 9, PENNA.

(Partial list of 277 courses)

Without cost or obligation, send me "HOW TO SUCCEED" and the opportunity booklet about the field BEFORE which I have marked X (plus sample lesson):

- | | | | | |
|--|---|--|--|---|
| <p>ARCHITECTURE and BUILDING CONSTRUCTION</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> Air Conditioning—Refrig. <input type="checkbox"/> Architecture <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Interior <input type="checkbox"/> Building Contractor <input type="checkbox"/> Building Maintenance <input type="checkbox"/> Carpenter and Mill Work <input type="checkbox"/> Estimating <input type="checkbox"/> Heating <input type="checkbox"/> Painting Contractor <input type="checkbox"/> Plumbing <input type="checkbox"/> Reading Arch. Blueprints <p>ART</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> Cartooning <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Art <input type="checkbox"/> Fashion Illustrating <input type="checkbox"/> Magazine Illustrating <input type="checkbox"/> Show Card and Sign Lettering <input type="checkbox"/> Sketching and Painting <p>AUTOMOTIVE</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> Auto Body Rebuilding <input type="checkbox"/> Auto Elec. Technician <input type="checkbox"/> Auto-Engine Tune Up <input type="checkbox"/> Automobile | <p>AVIATION</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> Aeronautical Engineering Jr. <input type="checkbox"/> Aircraft & Engine Mechanic <p>BUSINESS</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> Advertising <input type="checkbox"/> Bookkeeping and Accounting <input type="checkbox"/> Business Administration <input type="checkbox"/> Business Correspondence <input type="checkbox"/> Public Accounting <input type="checkbox"/> Creative Salesmanship <input type="checkbox"/> Federal Tax <input type="checkbox"/> Letter-writing Improvement <input type="checkbox"/> Office Management <input type="checkbox"/> Professional Secretary <input type="checkbox"/> Retail Business Management <input type="checkbox"/> Sales Management <input type="checkbox"/> Stenographic-Secretarial <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management <p>CHEMISTRY</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> Analytical Chemistry <input type="checkbox"/> Chemical Engineering <input type="checkbox"/> Chem. Lab. Technician <input type="checkbox"/> General Chemistry <input type="checkbox"/> Natural Gas Prod. & Trans. <input type="checkbox"/> Petroleum Engineering <input type="checkbox"/> Plastics <input type="checkbox"/> Pulp and Paper Making | <p>CIVIL, STRUCTURAL ENGINEERING</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Engineering <input type="checkbox"/> Construction Engineering <input type="checkbox"/> Highway Engineering <input type="checkbox"/> Reading Struct. Blueprints <input type="checkbox"/> Sanitary Engineering <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineering <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping <p>DRAFTING</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> Aircraft Drafting <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Drafting <input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Drafting <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Drafting <input type="checkbox"/> Mine Surveying and Mapping <input type="checkbox"/> Plumbing Drawing and Estimating <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Drafting <p>ELECTRICAL</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Engineering <input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Maintenance <input type="checkbox"/> Electrician <input type="checkbox"/> Contracting <input type="checkbox"/> Lineman <p>HIGH SCHOOL</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial <input type="checkbox"/> Good English <input type="checkbox"/> High School Subjects <input type="checkbox"/> Mathematics | <p>LEADERSHIP</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> Foremanship <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Supervision <input type="checkbox"/> Leadership and Organization <input type="checkbox"/> Personnel-Labor Relations <p>MECHANICAL AND SHOP</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> Gas—Electric Welding <input type="checkbox"/> Heat Treatment <input type="checkbox"/> Metallurgy <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Engineering <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Instrumentation <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Supervision <input type="checkbox"/> Internal Combustion Engines <input type="checkbox"/> Machine Design-Drafting <input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop Inspection <input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop Practice <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Engineering <input type="checkbox"/> Quality Control <input type="checkbox"/> Reading Shop Blueprints <input type="checkbox"/> Refrigeration <input type="checkbox"/> Sheet Metal Worker <input type="checkbox"/> Tool Design <input type="checkbox"/> Toolmaking <p>RADIO, TELEVISION</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Electronics <input type="checkbox"/> Practical Radio TV Eng'ing <input type="checkbox"/> Radio and TV Servicing <input type="checkbox"/> Radio Operating | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> Television Technician <p>RAILROAD</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> Air Brakes <input type="checkbox"/> Car Inspector <input type="checkbox"/> Diesel Locomotive <input type="checkbox"/> Locomotive Engineer <input type="checkbox"/> Section Foreman <p>STEAM AND DIESEL POWER</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> Combustion Engineering <input type="checkbox"/> Diesel—Elec. <input type="checkbox"/> Diesel Eng's <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Light and Power <input type="checkbox"/> Stationary Foreman <input type="checkbox"/> Stationary Steam Engineering <p>TEXTILE</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> Carding and Spinning <input type="checkbox"/> Cotton, Rayon, Woolen Mfg. <input type="checkbox"/> Finishing and Dyeing <input type="checkbox"/> Loom Fixi'g <input type="checkbox"/> Textile Drawing <input type="checkbox"/> Textile Eng'g <input type="checkbox"/> Throwing <input type="checkbox"/> Warping and Weaving <p>MISCELLANEOUS</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> Domestic Refrigeration <input type="checkbox"/> Marine Engineering <input type="checkbox"/> Ocean Navigation <input type="checkbox"/> Professional Engineering <input type="checkbox"/> Short Story Writing <input type="checkbox"/> Telephony |
|--|---|--|--|---|

Name _____ Age _____ Home Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____ Working Hours _____ A.M. to P.M. _____

Occupation _____

Canadian residents send coupon to International Correspondence Schools, Canadian, Ltd., Montreal, Canada. . . . Special tuition rates to members of the U. S. Armed Forces.



KEEP AWAY FROM THE BLONDE

Continued from page 25

like in the Stockade. Well, it's no different from anyplace else—anyplace, that is, with only men in it. Of course, these are all guys who've gotten into some kind of trouble. But they're not killers or thieves. They're men who couldn't hold their liquor, or talked back to their sergeants, or stayed away on leave too long.

You should hear them talk. None of them made less than \$100 a week before they got in the Army and they all had Cadillacs. All of them were terrors with women, and there was no man they couldn't lick in a fair fight. Tom liked to brag that way, too, but there was something in the way he talked, in his manner and in his very appearance that carried conviction. He really was tough, and I'll bet he was handy with women, too, because he was a handsome man.

Most of the inmates were serving a few months before going back to duty. It was different with Tom and me. I was supposed to be transferred to Leavenworth to serve a three-year sentence. When Tom finished his six months in the Stockade, the FBI would be waiting for him with a charge of driving a stolen car across a state line. So we had at least one interest in common: escape.

We had it all figured out. Once off the military reservation, we would steal a car and set out for Canada. Our main problem was to get on a work detail together. The Stockade administration tried to keep prisoners who were known to be friends separated during working hours.

Meanwhile, the day set for my transfer to Leavenworth came nearer.

Our chance came when the detail sergeant began calling out volunteer details in the evening. A ditch was being dug outside the compound, circling the fence. Only general prisoners—those awaiting punitive discharges—were allowed to work on it. For this, we were exempted from physical training and drill. The guards—one for every three prisoners—were all goof-offs who had been given this extra duty for fouling up on the daytime details. They were usually not very alert.

It was already dark when we began working at six o'clock. We were digging on the south side of the Stockade. It was very dark there. A solitary street light shone on the road about 100 yards away. Beyond this narrow road was a brush-covered slope leading down to the river, the boundary of the military reservation. Two searchlights played over us continuously from the guard towers at the corners of the fence.

After we had been working for half an hour, Tom whispered to me, "Well, what do you think?"

I glanced around. The guard, obviously bored, was staring off into space.

"Let's go," I said.

Instantly, with a quick motion, Tom threw his shovel, blade first, at the guard. The guard, startled out of his reverie, dropped his shotgun and threw up his arms to protect his face.

We ran, fast, with our bodies sloped forward, as close to the ground as we could get. We heard confused yells. We plunged over the bank on the other side of the road. Now we were in darkness, and safe. As we slid and ran down the slope, an ineffectual shotgun blast showered twigs on us from a tree overhead.

The usual escape route was across the river, which at this season was shallow and full of sandbars. Instead of taking this route, we cut to our left as we reached the bottom of the slope, so that we were now going east. We stayed close to the river for about 500 yards. Then we turned to the north and reclaimed the bluff above the river.

This brought us right into the busiest section of the fort, the shopping and recreational center for the families of the post's personnel.

It was as quiet there as we had hoped. We could hear the sirens of MP patrol cars in the distance. They faded away to the south and west, following the bank of the river downstream. It seemed that we had figured everything out just right.

From here on it was easy. Beside the post commissary, we found a parked car with the keys in the ignition.

Tom had studied maps of the post and he knew what roads to take. In five minutes, we were driving off through the boondocks on a gravel road.

Tom was feeling good. As he drove, he told me what he would do, if he ever caught them, to the detail sergeant, the compound sergeant, the confinement officer, the assistant confinement officer, and a couple of the guards. He was driving fast, a little too fast for a gravel road.

We drove on for over an hour. I don't know just when we left the military reservation, for I saw no sign announcing the boundary. Soon we began passing occasional farmhouses. All the time I kept looking back nervously, but we were lucky, no headlights appeared on the road behind us.

AFTER 60 or 70 miles we ran out of gas. The motor sputtered and died. "Damn!" said Tom. "That would have to happen." He looked around. We couldn't see a light anywhere. But the sky was clear and we could see well enough to follow the road.

Tom got out and looked up and down the road.

"Willie," he said, "look in the glove compartment. There might be a flashlight."

I opened the glove compartment and

felt around inside it. There was a flashlight, all right, and something else, too.

"Tom," I said, "we're in luck. I found a gun."

"That saves us a lot of trouble. What kind?"

"A revolver; .38, I think."

"Anything else?"

"Flashlight, a few rags, some papers."

"Well, take the gun and the flashlight and let's go. We're gonna have to do some walking."

It was nice, walking along the road in the dark. It was the quietest country I was ever in. The birds had all gone south, and the crickets and frogs had knocked off for the winter. It was pretty chilly, but we were dressed warm.

We hadn't been walking more than a quarter of an hour when we spotted the house. It was set back from the road, and if there had been trees in front of it we never would have seen it. But this wasn't the country for trees. We could see the house plainly against the pale starlight. There were no lights.

THIS was just what we wanted. In a house there would be food, civilian clothes, maybe money.

"This is it, cookie," Tom said. "Let's see what we can find."

"Suppose somebody's home," I said. "These farmers go to bed pretty early."

"It isn't even nine o'clock yet. Nobody goes to bed *that* early."

We walked up to the front door. Our combat boots were loud on the wooden step. We groped for the door handle.

Suddenly the large window to the right of the door was illuminated. Somebody had turned on the lights in the front room.

I wanted to run. Even Tom looked unsure of himself as light footsteps approached the door. Then the door opened and it was too late to do anything. We would have to go through with it.

It was a girl who had opened the door, a short, rather plump blonde. Her hair was mussed and she was busily smoothing down her dress. Her face was very red.

A young man was sitting stiffly on the living-room sofa, a gawky, freckle-faced farm kid of maybe 17. His face was red, too. Obviously a boy-friend, not a husband.

"Yes?" said the girl sharply. "What is it?" Tom was staring at her, not at all indifferently. It seemed to make her nervous.

"Are the folks at home?" Tom asked her in his most polite tone.

"No, they've gone down to the Johnsons'."

"And when do you expect them back?" "Not for a couple hours. Did you want to see them?"

"Not especially," said Tom. He brushed her aside and walked into the room. I followed him in and closed the door behind me.

"What do you want?" the girl said shrilly. She was scared and a little mad.

"Just relax, beautiful," Tom said. "We're not going to bite you."

She looked around helplessly. "Ed—" she said. The boy on the sofa stood up.

(Continued on page 52)

STARTING TO GET BALD?

take hope

for new hair with the Brandenfels Home System!

Like you... and you... and you, these men were losing their hair, or were actually bald. Look at them now! They used the Brandenfels Home System of Applications and Massage. Their heart-warming experience offers you a wonderful incentive for action.

Even where you now have no hair, the roots — or follicles — may still be alive—in many cases lacking only proper stimulation to bring them back into production.

You see, medical research has shown that hair grows in cycles. The follicle produces a hair, then "rests" before normal hair growth starts again. And the crucial time, it is believed, is this "resting" period.

If, because of a poor scalp condition this "resting" time is lengthened, the follicle may deteriorate so far it can never recover. So the important point is to do something NOW — before it is too late.



MICROSCOPE SHOWS MIRACLE OF HAIR REGROWTH

1. Cross section from one scalp in a test group, made before the use of the Brandenfels System. Doctors said: The follicle is small [and "resting"]; the opening is plugged with sebaceous gum (dandruff scale) and scaly skin layers; no hair evident.
2. Typical cross-section made from scalp of a successful Brandenfels user, a few weeks after following instructions. Now the doctors' comments were: the follicle has increased in size, the opening is no longer plugged and a tiny hair is in evidence.
3. Now, with hair regrown, this microscopic enlargement of a cross-section was made. The doctors said: the follicle has increased in size, the plug in the opening has disappeared and the hair shaft in the follicle is proof of new production.

PLEASANT TO USE AT HOME... 1 TO 4 BENEFITS

If you have (1) excessively falling hair, (2) ugly dandruff, (3) a rapidly receding hair line, or (4) any unhealthy scalp condition, DON'T WAIT! It may be possible for you to arrest these conditions right at home, without expensive office calls.

Carl Brandenfels does not guarantee to promote new hair growth because not every user has grown new hair. But he emphatically believes that his formulas and unique pressure massage will bring about a more healthy condition of the scalp that in many cases helps nature grow hair. You owe it to yourself, your business acquaintances, and to your family to give the Brandenfels System a thorough trial.

Brandenfels wonderful formulas are non-sticky, non-odorous, and they will not rub off on bed linens or hat bands. The formulas and massage are pleasant and easy to use.

From more than 20,000 letters (CPA audit) attesting to the benefits from the Brandenfels System you can take heart and confidence for your own case. If you, or anyone in your family are losing hair rapidly, or have already become bald, SEND TODAY for a five-week supply of Brandenfels Scalp and Hair Applications with full directions and complete easy-to-follow instructions on how to use and how to follow the special massage method.

ORDER BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE

Enclose \$18 (includes Federal tax, postage, mailing). For U. S. or APO or FPO air shipments add \$2 (total \$20). Order from Carl Brandenfels, St. Helens, Oregon, U.S.A.

Send the coupon RIGHT NOW before you misplace this important message. Remember, every day you wait you may make your problem more difficult. Act Now!



Address of any of these successful Brandenfels users sent on request.

1 Al Leifson, grocer, was one of the group participating in the medical research from which came the microscopic enlargements of follicles "before" and "after" shown at the left.

2 Would you believe a man 63 years old, and bald for more than 20 years, could ever regrow hair? Here's proof that he did—with the Brandenfels Home System.

3 The wonderful improvement in his own hair growth has made this man a sincere booster for the Brandenfels Home System among his relatives and acquaintances.

4 This young man was completely bald but these two pictures show what he accomplished in 8 weeks with the Brandenfels System, and the full head of hair he finally achieved.

5 Where follicles (roots) were still alive this man was able to achieve a very considerable hair regrowth with the Brandenfels Home System—as these pictures show.

6 First, a light fuzz; then this became real hair. Another case showing that the Brandenfels System offers new hope for those who have lost much of their hair.

Mail this coupon before you misplace it

CARL BRANDEFELS, St. Helens, Oregon
 Please send me—in plain wrapper—a 5-week supply of Brandenfels Scalp & Hair Applications & Massage with directions for use in my own home.
 I enclose \$18 (includes Federal tax, postage and mailing). Ship prepaid.
 I enclose \$20 for RUSH air shipment (APO, FPO, or U.S.A.).
 C.O.D.—I agree to pay postman the \$18.00 plus postal charges.

Name: _____
 Address: _____
 Town _____ Zone _____ State _____
 Cash orders are pharmaceutically compounded and shipped immediately, postage prepaid.
 C.O.D. orders are compounded after prepaid orders are filled. No C.O.D. orders to APO or FPO addresses or to foreign countries (postage regulations).

IMPORTANT
 When filling out this order please check X the following on which you want specific information:
 Excessively Falling Hair
 Tight, Itchy Scalp
 Ugly Dandruff Scale
 Alopecia

WORLD-FAMOUS

SCALP AND HAIR APPLICATIONS AND MASSAGE

Easily applied without waste from new plastic squeezable and non-breakable bottles. Convenient for traveling.



(Continued from page 50)

He looked at us nervously, as though he thought he ought to throw us out. But it was plain he was no match for either of us, although he was a little taller than me.

I began to reach in my field jacket pocket for the revolver, but Tom grabbed my arm to prevent me. He knew he wouldn't need it yet.

The boy screwed up a little courage. "Listen, mister," he protested, "I don't know what you want, but you'd better say what it is or get out."

"Make me," said Tom quietly. He was enjoying himself.

I guess the presence of the girl made the boy want to put on a hero act, for now he did something very foolish. He tried to swing at Tom. He was an awkward kid, and he telegraphed that punch all the way to Mexico. Before he could get well started, Tom landed one on his jaw. The kid gave a faint grunt, and toppled all over the floor.

Tom walked to where the kid's head was resting on the floor. He drew back his foot, aiming for the temple.

"Don't kill him, Tom," I said.

Tom laughed. He lowered his foot to the floor again. Then he grabbed the kid's collar to raise his head, and landed another one on his jaw. That boy would stay out for a long time.

I LOOKED at the girl. She had been edging away from us. Now she stood in the doorway which apparently led to the kitchen.

"Come here, sister," Tom said to her.

She just shook her head. Her eyes were wide and scared. I was beginning to feel like a heel.

"All we want," Tom said patiently, is some information. Like where does your dad keep his clothes? And where's some food?"

The girl began to speak, her voice almost inaudible. But we could hear "...

hall closet . . . upstairs . . ." and that was enough for us.

"I'll go get the clothes, Willie," Tom said. "You go and see if you can rustle up some food."

HE loped upstairs, two steps at a time. I walked into the kitchen. The girl was standing in the doorway. She shrank against the wall when I walked past her.

I rummaged through some cupboards until I found some cans. I took out two cans of pork and beans and opened them on the can opener attached to the wall.

"Where are the spoons?" I asked. The girl pointed to a cupboard drawer. I drew two spoons from it.

I sat down at the table and began eating right out of the can. After a few mouthfuls, I looked up at the girl. She was still standing to one side in the doorway. I guess she was afraid someone would wallop her if she made a motion or a sound.

"I wish you'd relax," I said. "There's nothing to be scared of. We'll be leaving in a little while now. So why not try to enjoy it while it lasts?"

We could hear Tom stamping around upstairs. She glanced up at the ceiling fearfully.

"Don't mind my friend," I went on. "He gets a little rough sometimes. But he wouldn't hurt you."

With my foot, I pushed out a chair on the opposite side of the table. "Have a seat," I told her.

She hesitated a while, but she finally came over and sat down. She looked at me as though I were some fantastic animal in the zoo.

"That's better," I said. "And don't look at me that way. I'm really a quiet, friendly guy." I knew I was talking too much. I don't think she even heard half of what I was saying. It was just that I hadn't talked to a woman in a long time.

Tom came clumping down the stairs

and entered the kitchen. His arms were full of clothes.

"We're all set," he said, grinning. "They don't have quite my size, but these'll do for the road."

He tossed the clothes on top of the pantry and sat down at the table. He took a mouthful of beans. "I could use something hot," he said. "Say, sweetie, could you fix us up a cup of coffee?"

The girl rose silently and walked toward the stove. As she passed Tom's chair, he patted her bottom in a friendly way. She merely quickened her steps. She didn't even look around.

TOM, I said, "save that till we get to Canada."

"Anything you say, Captain." He grinned again. There was an odd look in his eyes, one I'd never seen there before. It was as though he were slightly drunk. It made me feel uncomfortable. Tom was always an unpredictable guy.

He cocked an eye at me. "You two seem to be getting along pretty well. What's her name?"

"I don't know," I said. "She's not much of a talker."

"That's the kind of woman I like. Well, whatever your name is"—he turned his chair to face her—"how did your boy friend get over here?"

She raised her head. "How do you mean?" she asked sullenly.

"I mean, did he have a car?"

"Yes."

"What did he do with it?"

"He parked it out in the back." She pointed toward the kitchen's back door.

"Thanks, sugar. That's all I wanted to know."

He walked into the living room. When he came back, he was carrying a ring of keys.

"Got what you wanted, I take it," I said.

"Yep. Of course," he added to the girl, who was still standing by the stove, "what I really want is what you were giving your boy friend when we came up."

She flushed to the roots of her hair.

"We were talkin'," she said in a muffled voice.

SURE, that's what I mean." He laughed. "I ain't had any conversation in three months."

"Tom," I said, "why don't you lay off?"

He looked at me and he wasn't smiling. "Look, little man, you leave me be and I'll leave you be. The trouble with you," he added more jocularly, "is that you don't know how to enjoy yourself." With that, he walked out the door.

As soon as he had gone, the girl sank back into her chair. For a few moments, she was silent. Out in back, we heard a car door slamming.

Then I heard her murmuring. Her voice was so faint I could hardly understand what she said. It sounded like, "What's it all about?"

"You'll hear about it tomorrow," I said. "We pulled out of the Stockade at Fort Clark a couple of hours ago. We're heading for—home," I finished lamely.

(Continued on page 54)

Prepare Now... in spare time at Home ... for a New,

PROFITABLE, INTERESTING FUTURE

in

**TELEVISION
RADIO - ELECTRONICS**

**RADIO CHIEF OF ILE DE FRANCE
FRENCH LUXURY LINER PRAISES D. T. I.**

Radio Chief—Jean Desmas Says:

"Your Training Organization in Chicago is known not only throughout Europe, but also in many parts of the world as one of America's finest Television, Radio and Electronics training centers."



JACK DEMPSEY

Former World's Heavyweight Champion

TELLS WHY HE'S PROUD

TO BE WITH **D. T. I.**

- I have been greatly impressed with D.T.I.'s wonderful spirit of friendliness and sincere determination to help its students make good in Television-Radio-Electronics.
- I admire its remarkable 24 year record of helping men build brighter futures..
- I also admire the business policy of its management and the thoroughness of its large faculty of instructors.
- Never have I heard young men praise a school as enthusiastically as do the students and graduates of D.T.I. They are its best boosters.



Prepare At Home Or In Our Chicago Laboratory!

See for yourself how readily you may prepare at home, or in our modern Chicago laboratories, for a good job or business of your own in one of America's most promising, fast-growing fields—TELEVISION-RADIO-ELECTRONICS.

If you train at home you get (1) the use of a 16-mm. movie projector and 16 reels of animated movies to help you learn important points faster . . . easier, (2) modern, well illustrated lessons and (3) sixteen shipments of electronic parts enabling you to get valuable practical experience from over 300 projects—including building and keeping the electronic equipment shown below. And upon completing training, you have the optional privilege of building and keeping a big 21 INCH TV Set. (D.T.I. offers another home training in Television-Radio-Electronics, but without the TV set.) Get the full story. Mail coupon today!

LAUD D.T.I.'s HOME MOVIES IN CONGRESS

D. T. I.'s remarkable home training benefit of visual training MOVIES has been praised from the floor of the House of Representatives in Washington, D.C. and recorded in the Congressional Record.



If subject to military service, the information we have for you should prove very helpful. Mail coupon today.

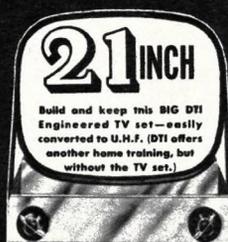
"One of America's Foremost Television Training Centers"



VACUUM TUBE VOLTMETER



OSCILLOSCOPE



21 INCH

Build and keep this BIG DTI Engineered TV set—easily converted to U.H.F. (DTI offers another home training, but without the TV set.)

89 WAYS TO EARN MONEY IN TELEVISION RADIO ELECTRONICS

MEMBER OF NATIONAL HOME STUDY COUNCIL

MAIL COUPON TODAY!

DEVRY TECHNICAL INSTITUTE
4141 BELMONT AVE., CHICAGO 41, ILL.
Dept. CMG-2-M

I would like your valuable information-packed publication showing how I may get started toward a good job or my own business in Television-Radio-Electronics.

Name _____ Age _____
(PLEASE PRINT)
Street _____ Apt. _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

D. T. I.'s Training Is Available in Canada

DEVRY TECHNICAL INSTITUTE

CHICAGO 41, ILLINOIS

FORMERLY

DEFOREST'S TRAINING, INC.

Wonder Slim

OUR BEST MEN'S BELT



ONLY
4.98

FEATURES
Takes inches off waist
Raises abdomen and keeps it in support
Gives vital back support
Straightens sagging stomach muscles
Gives your clothes that custom-made look

WORKS WONDERS FOR YOUR BACK

LOOK SLIM — FEEL TRIM

Wonder Slim is a new kind of men's supporter belt. Its ingenious contour design follows nature's own lines—permits remarkable freedom of movement. Its patented sliding back panel makes it the easiest belt to put on . . . provides "quick as a flash" adjustment for constant perfect fit. No uncomfortable crutch. Scientific "no pressure" boning flattens the bulge gently but firmly. Sliding back provides support just where you need it for youthful posture . . . fights the feeling of fatigue. Made of super-soft herringbone twill. Waist sizes 26-44—Only \$4.98. Try it at our risk.

S. J. Wegman Co. Dept. 842
Lynbrook, N. Y.
Rush my Wonder-Slim back supporter at once. If I am not 100% satisfied I may return it for prompt refund of the full purchase price.
Waist Size _____ inches
 Send C.O.D. I'll pay postman \$4.98 plus a few cents postage.
 I enclose \$4.98 payment and save postage. Same Guarantee.
Name _____
Address _____

(Continued from page 52)

Suddenly I realized I had almost said too much.

"How do you expect to get away with it?" Her voice was more confident.

"It shouldn't be hard. The MPs and the FBI will be looking for us, but I think we can keep ahead of 'em." I liked talking to her. She was—well, in the first place she was a woman, and besides that, her silence made her seem a sympathetic listener.

So I explained a little more. "That's why we don't want to hurt anybody. That would just attract attention from the civilian law. Your boy friend will be all right. He just got knocked out. It happens to all of us once in a while."

The corner of her mouth widened a bit. She almost smiled.

"That's it," I said. "Do that a little more."

She couldn't quite achieve a smile, but her voice was a shade friendlier.

"I don't care about *that*," she said looking scornfully at the living room. "You seem—all right. But your friend—" she shuddered. "I think he's crazy."

I wished she hadn't said that. I knew what she meant. Tom was beginning to worry me, too.

"He's been cooped up for three months," I said. "You can't expect—"

The back door opened. Tom came in.

"That's quite a hotrod your boy friend's got," he said. "We'll be lucky if it holds together till we reach the state line."

"How much food do you want to bring along, Tom?" I asked him.

"Better bring plenty," he said. "We're going to have a passenger."

I stared at him: "Huh?"

"We're bringing Sweetie-pie with us." The girl gasped and gaped at us, open-mouthed.

"Tom," I protested, "you're crazy. We don't want the local law on our tails. Besides—"

"Besides what, Galahad?" He was still grinning faintly, but there was anger in his voice. "You two have been getting along so nicely while I wasn't around. I want to give her a chance to get ac-

quainted with a real man for a change."

"Tom," I said, "you can't do it."

"Who's gonna stop me?"

"By God, I am!"

He rested his hands on his hips and looked at me. It was as if he couldn't believe his eyes. "You! You little—! Don't kid yourself, Willie, my boy. Do you think you can stand up to me? I could break you in half."

He was right, of course, "Tom," I said desperately, "you're bigger and tougher than me, but you need me. You don't need her."

"That's what you think. I haven't been with a woman for three months and I'm not going to wait for three more." He began to walk around the table toward me. "Willie, am I gonna have to twist your arm? I can make you do anything I want you to do."

He was a few feet away from me, coming slow. I put my hand in my field jacket pocket. I didn't have time to take the revolver out. I just gripped the handle, and, before I knew what had happened, I pulled the trigger.

It didn't make much noise, just a brief, sharp crack like a hammer hitting hard wood. I felt no kick. For a second, I couldn't believe I had actually fired it.

Then I saw that Tom had been hit. He stumbled against the table and slumped slowly to the floor. His eyes were open and blood was pouring from his mouth. I think he was dead when he hit the floor.

For a moment, I just stood there, wondering what had happened. Then the girl started screaming. It sounded as though her voice was coming from a long way off. I could smell my field jacket where the gun's blast had scorched it.

Then I turned and ran from the room. I went out into the darkness, running and stumbling. For a long time, I could hear the girl's scream, growing fainter until it sounded like a baby's wail.

Sometime before dawn I stumbled onto the railroad tracks and caught a freight lumbering by.

I don't think I'll make it. Canada is still a long way from me. And, somehow, freedom doesn't seem to mean as much as it did. ♦♦♦





An Historic Announcement to Music-Lovers
from the Directors of the World-Famous

Concert Hall Society

TO INTRODUCE YOU TO AN EXCITING MUSICAL EXPERIENCE, YOU'RE INVITED TO ACCEPT

10 ALL-TIME GREAT JAZZ CLASSICS

NO STRINGS
ATTACHED!
NO OBLIGATION!

Even if you never buy another record from us — now or later — you can obtain all the advantages of a Trial Membership in The Jazztone Society

FEATURING THIS

"WHO'S WHO" IN JAZZ:

COLEMAN HAWKINS

KING OF THE TENOR SAX

Art Tatum

GENIUS OF THE KEYBOARD

EDDIE CONDON

"THE SPIRIT OF DIXIELAND" AND HIS GUITAR

SIDNEY BECHT

NEW ORLEANS' GREATEST SOPRANO SAX

Erroll Garner

WORLD'S MOST POPULAR JAZZ PIANIST

DIZZY GILLESPIE

DAZZLING "BOP" TRUMPET

TEDDY WILSON

DEAN OF "SWING" PIANISTS

PEE WEE RUSSELL

THE CLARINET IN CHICAGO STYLE

JACK TEAGARDEN

MAN WHO PLAYS THE BLUE TROMBONE

Charlie Parker

THE FAMOUS "BIRD" ON ALTO SAX

AND INCLUDING: Rex Stewart, *trumpet*; Albert Nicholas, *clarinet*; Red Norvo, *drums*; Flip Phillips, *tenor sax*; Billy Taylor, *piano*; Milt Hinton, *bass*; Sonny Herman, *trumpet*; Bill Harris, *trumpet*; Scotty Clarkoff, *baritone sax*; Ralph Burns, *piano*; Chuck Wayne, *guitar*; Arnie Bernasconi, *bass*; Don Lamond, *drums*; Fernando Arbulo, *trombone*; Buck Clayton, *trumpet*; Sid Catlett, *drums*; Stan Sorensen, *bass*; Wardell Gray, *tenor sax*; Howard McGhee, *trumpet*; Dodo Mazarinoski, *piano*; Barney Kessel, *guitar*; Jo Jones, *drums*; Bobby Hackett, *trumpet*; Bud Freeman, *tenor sax*; Jess Stacy, *piano*; George Weating, *drums*; Wild Bill Davison, *trumpet*; Tony Grimes, *guitar*.

THE CRITICS ACCLAIM

"For the novice as well as the experienced jazz listener... combines the best in hot and cool jazz..." —LEONARD FEATHER, author of *The Encyclopedia of Jazz* • "A fascinatingly varied assortment..." —*High Fidelity* • "Easily the best value that jazz collectors ever had..." —NAT HENTOFF, *Downbeat* and *London Musical Express* • "I can't imagine a better... introduction to jazz than is included here..." —BILL COSS, *Metronome* • "Digitized and sober presentation of our proudest and most vital expression..." —RALPH GLEASON, *San Francisco Chronicle*.

YOURS FREE

Fascinating, comprehensive, strikingly illustrated treatise on jazz by noted jazz expert. It traces the history of Jazz from its humble beginning to its world-wide acclaim today!



Long
Playing



CLASSICS

\$100

NOT \$1 each, but
\$1 FOR ALL TEN!
**SEND NO
MONEY!**
Try them first!

**A Treasury of Jazz Performances,
Encompassing Every Jazz Era —**

Featuring such jazz classics as *Jelly Roll Blues*, *Honeysuckle Rose*, *Relaxin' at Camarillo*, *Basin Street Blues*, etc.

SPECIAL NOTE: The famous Concert Hall Society gold-sputtered master process, employed in these recordings, assures you of the finest high-fidelity reproduction.

Now you can begin to build that library of the "all-time greats" of Jazz — without risking a penny! Simply audition these 10 superb jazz classics for 5 days in your own home. Then, if you decide to keep them, pay NOT \$1 each — but only \$1 for all ten classics.

These recordings feature all the fine jazz musicians listed at the left—a veritable "Who's Who" of Jazzdom from Dixieland's fabulous Sidney Bechet to the dazzling "Bop" trumpet of Dizzy Gillespie. Every style and era; virtually the entire history of jazz can be traced in these selections.

Why We Make This Amazing Offer

The best way we can prove the quality of these Jazztone Society recordings is to have you listen to them in your own home. Only by hearing them can you appreciate their technical and artistic excellence, their amazing high fidelity. JAZZTONE SOCIETY recordings are meticulously processed to the high standards of the world-famous Concert Hall Society gold-sputtered master process—and are custom pressed on quiet surface vinylite to assure you of the finest reproduction.

The Finest in Jazz Recordings—Yours at More Than 40% Off the Usual Cost!

With your 10 Jazz Classics you also obtain a valuable Trial Membership in the Society—but with **no obligation** to buy any other JAZZTONE SOCIETY recordings—**now or ever!** You have the right, however, to try any of the Society's monthly selections, **AFTER** you receive an advance description. You are not obligated to keep those you select—even after you've listened to them! Pay only for

those you want to keep — at the special Member's low price of just \$2.75, plus a few cents for shipping, per 12" long-playing disc! Each one containing about an hour of the best jazz obtainable. A saving of over 40% off their usual retail price!

Rush Coupon—Without Money—NOW! Here's your chance to be first to own these 10 gems of jazz—FOR JUST \$1—even if you never buy another record from the Jazztone Society. If not delighted return your Jazz Classics and pay nothing, owe nothing. This offer may soon be withdrawn, so mail the coupon **WITHOUT MONEY—now!** THE JAZZTONE SOCIETY, Dept. CMG-3 43 West 61st Street, New York 23, N. Y.

MAIL COUPON — NO MONEY — NOW!

The Jazztone Society, Dept. CMG-3
43 West 61st Street, New York 23, N. Y.
Send me the 10 high-fidelity long-playing Jazz Classics listed above, PLUS a free copy of "This Music Called Jazz". Also reserve a Trial Membership in my name. After 5 days I will either return these recordings or send only \$1 (plus a few cents shipping) as payment in full.
I am not obligated to buy any other records from the Society. I will receive an advance description of future monthly releases. I may try any of these—free of charge. I may reject any recording, before or after I receive it. And I may cancel my Trial Membership at any time. For future selections I decide to keep I will pay the special Member's low price of just \$2.75 plus a few cents for shipping per 12" disc. Saving of over 40% off their usual retail price.
LIMIT: One sample package per customer.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... Zone..... State.....
Canada: 106 Bond Street, Toronto 2, Ont.

INSTANT COMFORT and RELIEF FOR YOU WITH THIS
RELIEVER FOR YOUR RUPTURE

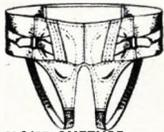
NO FITTING REQUIRED
EASILY ADJUSTED
FOR MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN



RIGHT OR LEFT SIDE \$4.98

DOUBLE \$4.98

THE WRIGHT-BRACER FOR YOUR RUPTURE
INVISIBLE UNDER CLOTHING



THE WRIGHT-BRACER FOR YOUR RUPTURE must be the BEST BRACER FOR YOUR RUPTURE YOU EVER WORE, IT MUST GIVE YOU MORE COMFORT AND BETTER RELIEF OR YOU GET EVERY CENT BACK AT ONCE!

No matter how many braces you have tried for your rupture, we believe: **NO OTHER BRACER FOR YOUR RUPTURE CAN DO FOR YOU MORE THAN WRIGHT-BRACER!** . . . The WRIGHT-BRACER IS A WASHABLE SUPPORT. IT'S STRONG, FORM FITTING AND SCIENTIFICALLY DESIGNED TO GIVE YOU RELIEF AND COMFORT! No laces to bother with . . . Simply step into it . . . adjust the leg strap and side straps . . . that's all! Soft-flat groin pad—**NO STEEL, NO LEATHER BANDS!** Many use it an after operation support . . . **FITS SO WELL!** . . . it does **NOT SHOW THROUGH CLOTHING**—washes like a drier . . . **NO ONE BUT YOUR DANCING PARTNER, CAN TELL YOU ARE WEARING IT.** Easily adjusted to your **OWN** comfort!

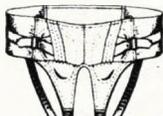
● **NO FITTING REQUIRED** . . . simply send us your measurement in inches around the **lowest** part of abdomen . . . specify right or left side or double.

● **NEW—AMAZING HERNIA SUPPORT.** Thousands of people have switched to and stuck to the WRIGHT-BRACER FOR YOUR RUPTURE for new comfort—after trying old-fashioned expensive devices!

● **MODERN—SANITARY** . . . Fits comfortably—washes and dries quickly, you never offend with it. **WRIGHT-BRACER FOR YOUR RUPTURE.**

IT MUST GIVE MORE COMFORT AND RELIEF OR MONEY BACK!

Read What Users Say: Wright Bracer Co., Dept. 162
 318 Market St., Newark, New Jersey



BE SURE TO GIVE YOUR SIZE AND SIDE WHEN ORDERING!

H. B., New York City, writes: "Send another WRIGHT-BRACER. It enables me to work on my printing press 7 hours a day."
 Mr. K. L., of Chicago, writes: "Rush me another so I'll have one to change off with. It's the most comfortable and gives me more relief than any I ever had."
 Mr. M. B., of Paterson, N. J., says: "It's made my life worth living—rush me another one. It's the most important thing I own."

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY! NOW! SENT ON APPROVAL!

WRIGHT BRACER CO., Dept. 162
318 Market St., Newark, New Jersey

YES! PLEASE RUSH MY "WRIGHT-BRACER" on approval. If not delighted I may return within ten days:
 I enclose \$4.98 for one side type. I enclose \$4.98 for double type. (I save up to 75¢ postage by sending payment with order.)

Right side \$4.98 Measure around lowest part
 Left side \$4.98 of my abdomen in inches in
 Double \$4.98

Name.....
 Address.....
 City & State.....

SOLD ON 10 DAY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!



HOW I MADE A MILLION

Continued from page 41

was sweeping the country. I decided to build racing cars. It was exciting. Before I realized it, I was spending so much time building and racing "Muntz Specials" my agency went on the rocks. I was broke.

I got into the pin ball and slot machine business. I worked hard to build up a route. When I had it worked up and it was starting to pay off, Chicago racketeers moved in on me and squeezed me out.

I was 26 years old and flat broke. I decided to hitch-hike to a warm climate. I flipped a coin to see if it would be California or Florida. California it was. When I arrived, there was no Chamber of Commerce or band out to meet me. I landed there strictly C.O.D.

I washed dishes, picked fruit, dug ditches, milked cows, any kind of work to keep alive. By the following spring I'd saved up enough to buy six old cars. I rented a vacant lot in Glendale, near Los Angeles. I polished the cars daily and kept them parked at the front of the lot where I had erected a huge sign **MUNTZ USED CARS.**

I was confident of making a success for I had read that the Los Angeles area had more automobiles per capita than any place in the world. But when I didn't sell any cars—everybody seemed to rush past without stopping—I decided maybe I was wrong, maybe Californians already had too many cars. The landlord stopped in and took an old Packard I had in lieu of rent. That left me five cars.

After the bombing of Pearl Harbor everybody was talking war and no one was buying cars. I decided I'd have to close my business. It was then that General Chiang Kai-shek came into my life.

A fellow stopped in my lot and rented space to park 13 cars. They were right-hand-drive cars en route to the Orient, one a long, black, powerful, bullet-proof Lincoln limousine for the generalissimo. The cars had been stopped en route on account of military supplies having a priority.

After newspapers printed pictures and stories on Chiang Kai-shek's car people flocked to my lot to see it. Occasionally one would buy a used car. Now I was able to eat three square meals a day.

When I saw what happened after the publicity was given the general's car I came to realize the value of advertising. But somehow I just couldn't lay up a reserve to buy some.

I decided to do something about it anyway. I had heard of a young man from New York named Mike Shore who was doing a whiz of a job getting publicity for night club entertainers in Hollywood. This chap even wrote songs as a hobby.

I had lunch with Mike one day to see if he'd get some publicity for my used car

lot. He's a genius when it comes to ideas and immediately mapped out a terrific program. We shook hands to close the deal. Mike didn't say anything about money nor did I want to show my ignorance by asking questions. I merely told him to shoot the works. After all I was just a small-town boy.

Mike didn't know that all the capital I had was what I had in my pocket to pay the luncheon check and a few old cars on my Glendale lot. This was an era when everybody was expected to have money, but I was an exception.

HE started a wacky advertising campaign of self-ridicule, calling me Madman Muntz. The publicity and advertising campaign turned out to be the biggest thing that ever hit Southern California. It brought so many customers that we had to start a campaign to buy cars to take care of the demand.

From that time on I became the Napoleon of screwballs—the automotive madman. In addition to radio and newspapers we used 176 large billboards in the Los Angeles area. On each advertisement I was shown as a Napoleon character, wearing a three-cornered hat, spurred boots and long, red underwear. Skywriters were hired to spell out my name in the sky with trails of smoke.

The first billboard ad announced, "I wanna give 'em away—but Mrs. Muntz won't let me. SHE'S CRAZY!" At the bottom of the sign it said, "Outselling every other automobile dealer in America."

You're probably asking how I got all this advertising without starting out with money. The zany sales campaign was so successful that I sold so many cars in the first month I was able to discount all the bills. At the end of two months I was able to crash the famous Automobile Row in downtown Los Angeles. I bought a corner building from Charles S. Howard, pioneer Buick dealer, worth about \$300,000. Mr. Howard is probably best remembered as owner of Seabiscuit, the horse that earned \$437,730 for its owner. When I heard of all the money made by this horse I came to the conclusion I should have bought myself a horse rather than those midget racing cars back at Elgin!

When I moved down on Automobile Row the other dealers didn't welcome me. To them I was just a young chap who had been lucky and won fame and fortune by using zany advertising methods. Boy, did these sedate rivals give me a cold shoulder when I erected a sign in front of my business re-naming Los Angeles' historic Figueroa Street "Muntz Boulevard," even using it on my letterheads.

(Continued on page 58)

Now! Turn Your Waste Gas into SUPER POWER!

IT'S TRUE! Now you can get the breath-taking acceleration... jack-rabbit starts... blazing new power that you've dreamed about for years—simply by harnessing the raw, unburnt gasoline that your engine is wasting today!

You can get performance from your present car that will make your friends gasp with astonishment—and you can save \$25, \$50, even \$75 a year on gas bills alone doing it!

Yes! You, yourself can fit this amazing GASOLINE ATOMIZER on to your car in as little as 20 easy minutes! And it is guaranteed to pay you back your full purchase price, in gas savings alone, in the first 3 to 4 short months that you use it. Here's why!

By RICHARD JOHNS

Mr. Car Owner! How would you like to have the driving thrill of your life next weekend?

Picture this yourself! Next weekend you go down to your car—the same tired car that you've been driving for years. You've made only one simple change to that car, so easy that your 16-year-old son could do it! But now, when you turn on the ignition, a modern miracle of engineering science comes to life under your hood!

From the very first moment, you'll see and feel the difference in that engine. That engine will hum with new, throbbing power. When you release the emergency brake, your car will glide out of its parking space... roll down the street with your foot hardly touching the pedal. Every 30 or 40 seconds, you'll give that car an extra shot of gas... feeling it sputt ahead... testing the new power that's singing underneath your foot!

We ask you to pull up to another car at the stop light, of approximately the same year and make as your own! Wait until the light changes from red to green. Let the other car start first! Wait till the other car starts half way across the street. And then slam your foot down on the gas pedal!

Before that other car has even crossed the street, you will have caught up with him. For one brief second, you and the other car will race fender to fender. And then you will flash away from him... you will leave him a full block behind... you will look in your rear view mirror and see the startled look of amazement in the other driver's eyes!

TEST THIS NEW POWER A HUNDRED DIFFERENT WAYS!

But this is just the beginning! Test this equipment for one full month—entirely at our risk! Test

WE GUARANTEE YOUR GAS SAVINGS!

Clip this guarantee section out of this page. It authorizes you to try this amazing new MINI-SUPERCHARGER for a full four months ENTIRELY AT OUR RISK! At the end of that time, this device must save you—on gas alone EVERY SINGLE CENT OF THE MONEY THAT YOU PAID FOR IT—OR YOU WILL BE REFUNDED! This offer is good for a full four months! It is probably the most amazing offer in car history! You have nothing to lose! ACT TODAY!

Eugene Stevens, Inc.
Eugene Stevens
Eugene Stevens, Pres.

it on the highway! Use it to flash away from other cars... sputt up the steepest hills... actually pass other cars in 2, 3, 4 or even 8 seconds LESS than you could have done formerly!

Test this equipment in long-range driving! See the enormous gas savings it gives you at high speeds! Prove to yourself that at 50, 60, even 70 miles an hour, your foot is still half-way up on the pedal—you still have all the reserve power you need to get out of any emergency on the highway!

Yes, and test this equipment in stop-and-go city driving! Prove to yourself that it gives you the instant acceleration you need to get out in front of the crowd... with far less gas than you're using today! Prove to yourself that it can actually save you \$25 to \$50 to \$75 on your gas bills every single year... that it actually pays back its full cost, in gas savings alone, during the first three or four months—or your full money back!

HOW DOES THIS PRODUCT GIVE YOU SUCH TREMENDOUS NEW POWER?

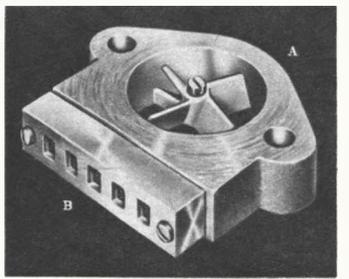
And you get all this performance—and more—from a small, polished machine of bronze and aluminum that you can hold in your hand! Here's why:

Gasoline in its liquid form is not explosive. If you accidentally



YES! THIS AMAZING "MINI-SUPERCHARGER" BOOSTS THE POWER OF YOUR ENGINE AS MUCH AS 25%! Given you the gas economy you've dreamed about for years! Here's why: This Power Booster works on exactly the same principle as superchargers selling for as high as \$600. Its whirlwind propeller (A) breaks up the raw, unburnt gas that your engine is wasting today... gives you up to 25% more engine-driving power from every drop! Its emergency breather valve (B) forces huge quantities of fresh air into your engine... forces that engine to breathe deeper... push harder... pile up more mileage from every gallon you buy! It gives you A TREMENDOUS NEW BURST OF MONEY-SAVING POWER, just when you need it most—when you flash away from traffic... shoot up steep hills... pick up speed on the open highway!

No wonder dozens of leading car magazines call this the "money-saving discovery of the year." Test this amazing gas-saver yourself—without giving a penny! THE THRILLING FACTS ARE ON THIS PAGE!



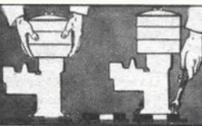
drop a lighted match into a bucket full of gasoline, the chances are 10 to 1 that that gasoline will actually put out that match. But simply mix that same bucket full of gas with the proper amount of air, and you will have enough explosive power to drive a ten ton truck!

The main purpose of this machine is to SUPER-MIX... SUPER-VAPORIZE... your gas in exactly that way! To squeeze the hidden power out of that gas! To mix that gas with much greater volumes of air! To make that gas more explosive in the engine of your car!

No wonder men have paid up to \$600 for Superchargers! What we are offering you on this page is a MINI-SUPERCHARGER—easier to install—less expensive! But still the only power product you can buy with all these tremendous advantages:

1. You can install it yourself, in just 30 minutes, even if you never picked up a tool before in your life! No \$10, \$15 or \$20 mechanic's bill! No drilling, or grinding of any kind! You never even touch the inside of your engine!
2. It never needs further adjustments, for the full lifetime of your car! Nothing to go out of order or break down on the highway. Completely guaranteed for 20 years.
3. It takes up no room in your car... makes no "soused-up" noise! No shifting around of engine parts. No "ratt" "ratt" noises to cause embarrassment!

SO EASY TO INSTALL THAT EVEN YOUR 16-YEAR-OLD SON CAN DO IT!



HERE'S ALL YOU DO!

- Step 1. Open your hood. Locate Air Cleaner and Carburetor Unit that sits smack on top of your engine. Simply take an ordinary wrench and loosen the two or three bolts that hold carburetor to the engine!
- Step 2. Lift up the carburetor. Put MINI-SUPERCHARGER unit in place. What could be easier?
- Step 3. Replace carburetor. Now turn on your engine! And then get in and take the most thrilling drive of your life!

TRY IT ENTIRELY AT OUR RISK

This MINI-SUPERCHARGER (U.S. Patent No. 2,408,937) sells for only \$9.95 for most six-cylinder cars and only \$11.95 for most eight-cylinder cars. This is your total cost—there is no installation fee! And, most important of all, we guarantee that you will save this full purchase in gas bills alone—in the first 3 to 4 months that you own this device.

You have nothing to lose! Try this equipment, entirely at our risk. It must give you a whole new world of driving pleasure and economy or your full money back! Act today!

EUGENE STEVENS, INC.
114 EAST 32 STREET, DEPT. S1202
NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

—MAIL NO-RISK COUPON TODAY!—

IMPORTANT!
FOR FAST SERVICE, BE SURE COUPON IS COMPLETELY FILLED IN.

EUGENE STEVENS, INC.
114 EAST 32 STREET, DEPT. S1202
NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

Yes, I want to try your amazing MINI-SUPERCHARGER entirely at your risk! I will pay (return only) less price list, plus low COD charges. I understand that it must save everything you say or my full money back! Also send me your Extra Gift Premium: the Free Air Bleed Needle Set. I may keep the guarantee, of course!

MAKE OF CAR _____ **YEAR** _____ **Please Print**

MODEL _____ **4 DOOR OR 2 DOOR** _____

6 CYLINDERS _____ **STRIGHT 6** _____ **V-8** _____

STANDARD TRANSMISSION _____ **AUTOMATIC** _____

If you have a 1964 or 1965 car, please give horsepower _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ **ZONE** _____ **STATE** _____

CHECK HERE TO SAVE MORE! Enclose check or money order, and we pay all postage and handling charges! You save as much as \$1.00. Same money-back guarantee, of course!

©Copyright By Eugene Stevens, Inc. 1955

DEALERS DISTRIBUTORS CASH IN ON PROFITS! MAIL THIS COUPON TO THE PUBLISHER AND TELEVISION CAMPAIGN WRITE FOR FREE DETAILS

FREE!

UP TO \$3 RETAIL VALUE! UP TO 2 TO 4 MILES MORE PER GALLON INSTANTLY, SAY THANKS TO OURS.

THIS is probably the most widely sold item of automotive equipment in the world. OVER HALF A MILLION DRIVERS have paid up to \$3 a set to put these amazing Air Bleed Needles on their cars. But we bought out an entire factory at a sacrifice price! For this one advertisement only, we can offer you these exact same needles at a FREE gift. Send us a return to the MINI-SUPERCHARGER!



2. The purpose of these Air Bleed Needles is to STOP YOUR CAR FROM WASTING GAS IN STOP-AND-GO DRIVING. And to save you up to 2 to 4 miles a gallon. If you use your car to go shopping... if you have to fight traffic as much as once a week, then you believe you'll bless the day you first put this equipment in your car! And of course, at the time you put it on your car, you'll notice quicker performance and pick-up... smoother, more economical riding!

REMEMBER! THIS IS PROBABLY YOUR ONLY CHANCE TO GET YOUR OWN FREE AIR BLEED NEEDLES AS A FREE GIFT—a gift that is worth as much as \$3 to you—send a gift that is yours to keep even if you return the MINI-SUPERCHARGER!

But you must act today! Our supply is limited! We can make this offer only this one time in this newspaper! Simply fill out and mail your card and your check and this gift is yours! **BUT ACT TODAY!**

MINI-SUPERCHARGER PRICE LIST

Buick	All Models	\$19.95
Cadillac	All Models	11.95
Chevrollet	All Models to 1964	9.95
Chevrollet	All Models after 1964	11.95
Chrysler	All Models	11.95
Dodge	All Models	9.95
DeSoto	All Models	11.95
Dodge	All Models	9.95
Dodge	All Models	11.95
Ford	All Models	9.95
Gen	All Models	11.95
Hudson	Wagon, Sedan, Coupe	11.95
Hudson	All Models	11.95
Kaiser	All Models	9.95
Kaiser	Henry J	9.95
Lincoln	All Models	11.95
Lincoln	All Models	11.95
Mercury	All Models to 1963	11.95
Mercury	All Models after 1963	14.95
Packard	All Models	11.95
Plymouth	All Models to 1964	11.95
Plymouth	1965 Models	11.95
Pontiac	All Models	9.95
Pontiac	All Models after 1962	11.95
Studebaker	All Models	9.95
Studebaker	All Models	11.95
Willis	All Models	9.95

(NOTE: Owners of high-priced cars, if your car has a special four barrel carburetor, the price is \$14.00.)

MEN PAST 40

Afflicted With Getting Up Nights, Pains in Back, Hips, Legs, Nervousness, Tiredness.

If you are a victim of the above symptoms, the trouble may be due to Glandular Inflammation. A constitutional Disease for which it is futile for sufferers to try to treat themselves at home. Medicines that give temporary relief will not remove the cause of your trouble

To men of middle age or past this type of inflammation occurs frequently. It is accompanied by loss of physical vigor, graying of hair, forgetfulness and often increase in weight. Neglect of such inflammation causes men to grow old before their time — premature senility and possibly incurable conditions

Most men, if treatment is taken before malignancy has developed, can be successfully NON-SURGICALLY treated for Glandular Inflammation. If the condition is aggravated by lack of treatment, surgery may be the only chance.

NON-SURGICAL TREATMENTS

The NON-SURGICAL treatments afforded at the Excelsior Institute are the result of 20 years research by scientific Technologists and Competent Doctors

The War brought many new techniques and drugs. These added to the research already accomplished has produced a new type of treatment that is proving of great benefit to man as he advances in years.

The Excelsior Institute is devoted exclusively to the treatment of diseases of men of advancing years. Men from all walks of life and from over 1,000 cities and towns have been successfully treated. They found soothing and comforting relief and a new zest in life.

LOW COST EXAMINATION

On your arrival here our Doctors make a complete examination. You then decide if you will take the treatments needed. They are so mild they do not require hospitalization. A considerable saving in expense.

Write Today for Our

The Excelsior Institute has published a New FREE Book that deals only with diseases peculiar to men. Gives factual knowledge that could prove of utmost importance to you. There is no obligation. Address

RECTAL COLON

Are often associated with Glandular inflammation. We can treat these for you at the same time.

FREE
ILLUSTRATED
BOOK



EXCELSIOR INSTITUTE
Dept. 9077
Excelsior Springs, Mo.
Gentlemen. Kindly send at once your New
FREE BOOK. I am _____ years old

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

TOWN _____

STATE _____

(Continued from page 56)

But the public loved it and it got so I was expected to attend Hollywood parties, night clubs and civic affairs dressed in my Napoleon outfit.

The title of the largest automobile dealer in America had long been claimed by an old auto firm in Los Angeles and when I used it on my billboards the Better Business Bureau sent a reprimand for my bragging. To vindicate myself I referred them to the Motor Vehicle Department showing where I had sold \$867,000 worth of used cars in a single month.

Next they dressed me down for my type of billboard advertising, especially where I said, "I buy 'em retail, sell 'em wholesale—more fun that way."

I had the letter reprinted and gave it wide circulation. My advertising was so fantastic that the public could not take it seriously. They loved it, and they seemed to take the zany Napoleon character we originated to their hearts. They'd watch eagerly to see what changes would be made on the billboards.

My name was a local household word. My advertising campaign had swept over Southern California like an epidemic. Radio comedians like Bob Hope started using my name for laughs on their radio programs. Columnists like Hedda Hopper, Louella Parsons, Walter Winchell, Leonard Lyons, Earl Wilson, Florabel Muir and Jimmie Fidler mentioned my name. Because of my popularity at Hollywood parties they'd call me the celebrities' celebrity.

Older auto dealers along Auto Row predicted I'd soon fold up, that I was a flash in the pan. But I fooled them—I expanded, taking on the Kaiser-Frazer distribution for Southern California and New York City. I installed 60 dealers in California and 71 in New York and was selling 17 percent of the factory's output.

Each comment, praise or criticism, was publicity for the car business. The *Griffith Park News* took this dig at me:

"MUNTZ!—He's swept the country like the Fuller Brush Man. According to the latest statistics, he's done more to return people to work, following the flu epidemic, than sulfa drugs. They get tired of listening to the same old thing. Radio repair men have reported a greater volume in fixing up sets hurled at defenseless walls than in many years. Frankly, for muntz and muntz we've been wanting to meet Muntz, so we could puntz Muntz, and make muntzmeat out of Muntz.

"And so this squawk amuntz to this. He's muntz behind in changing his radio program. Recommendation: that he change his slogan to, 'Sell your car to Muntz, you duntz!'"

Operators of sightseeing tours routed their buses to give tourists a peek at my home and used car lots. I had parking space for 150 cars at my Beverly Hills home. I was always expected to furnish a bit of lunacy at a party. I tried not to disappoint them. My parties were called "The Party Of The Muntz." I gave a party one night for a large group of movie people. While their cars were parked I had large signs painted on them. When the owners came out to get into their limousine, station wagon or sport car

they found it painted out telling how much "Madman" Muntz would pay them for it. Several took me up.

When I lost an election bet to Jerry Colonna he made me don a horse collar and pull him down Hollywood Boulevard in a fringed buggy. He invited Jane Farrar and Jane Wyman along for the ride to make it more difficult. I'd gladly have pulled these girls all over the town, bet or no bet.

In school I had read the story about Lady Godiva. I decided if she could get so much publicity riding a horse I could, too. Godiva was a lady in every sense of the word, her modesty matched only by her courage. She was her own press agent, while I had Mike Shore. She released the story of her jaunt to insure privacy, urging the citizens to close their shutters and play dead until she was safely back in her boudoir. Mike advertised to bring out a crowd.

Riding a white steed, the lady was clad only in her birthday suit, her long, thick tresses, and a modest blush. I was mounted on a sway-backed, mangy nag, dressed in my Napoleon outfit with my red underwear decorated with the phrase, *E pluribus Muntz*. I rode down busy Sunset Boulevard, waving acknowledgments to the laughing thousands who filled the sidewalks. Godiva the Beautiful rode down the deserted streets of Coventry.

I SOLD my auto business in 1947 and threw my lot into a completely new field—television. Many said I'd lose my shirt, but I had confidence in myself and the new industry. I started to manufacture Muntz TV sets in California, later moving to the Chicago area to be nearer supplies. It wasn't long before I was turning out over \$50,000,000 worth of sets a year. It was my aim to give the public the largest screens for the least amount of money.

And I intend doing that with color sets, too. We're all geared and ready to swing into color production whenever the broadcasters turn it loose. Color sets will be rolling off our assembly line like doughnuts out of a doughnut machine.

After introducing my 27-inch TV set, I was in a New York night club. One of the entertainers, a sad-eyed magician, recognized me and came down to my table. "You're ruining my act, Muntz. You're putting me out of business," he said. "The image is so big now on your sets the public is catching onto my tricks."

I've worked hard all my life and had my share of setbacks. I'll admit I have appreciated it when various recognitions for my business ability came my way, including the Horatio Alger Award and the Business Oscar. The latter I received, along with men like Paul G. Hoffman and President Eisenhower, for "achieving success despite adversity."

I've spent a small fortune in trying to make people believe I'm crazy. I have had a lot of fun playing the Napoleonic character and I believe the public has gotten a lot of fun out of it, too.

Sometimes I wonder if my campaign to make people believe I'm crazy has been a success or not, for quite often I'll overhear someone laugh and say, "Sure, Earl Muntz is crazy—crazy like a fox!" ♦♦♦

Saves Businessman Money

"I am a business man. On several vacations I have been to Cuba and Mexico. I didn't know what anybody was saying. Had to depend on a guide, pay him twenty dollars per day. Now I will be able to take care of myself. I'll know what people are saying and save money." — R. Bankstrom, Thomaston, Ga.



Italian Course Helps Career

"As a singer, I wished only to insure my accurate pronunciation of Italian and learn enough grammar to make translations of operatic roles. However, I became so interested in the beautiful Italian language that I have continued my study. It has been invaluable in my singing career." — Paula Brown, New York.



Opens Up New World

"A 'new world' has been opened for me. It has helped me win new friends and increased my self-confidence. I now have fun talking to different kinds of people. I am recommending Cortina to all my friends." — M. Malagisi, Liverpool, N. Y.



Records Make It Possible To Learn Without a Tutor

"The Course is interesting and records make it possible to learn that which would be most difficult without attending school or hiring a tutor." — Sally Streigleder, Pomona, N. J.



Learns Perfect Accent

"I'll always remember the day I sent for my Cortina Spanish course as one of the smart things I did. Now when Latin Americans come to the club to hear me and my orchestra, they comment on my correct accent and native pronunciation." — F. Harter, Chicago, Ill.



Learns Italian Easily

"The way Cortina Academy outlines it—a baby can learn Italian without any trouble. The course has helped me in a business way and socially. Now my Italian friends seem to be closer to me." — F. Davis, Phila.



JUST LISTENING TO THIS

Free Record



Started Thousands Speaking FRENCH OR SPANISH

RIGHT AWAY!

Head of School Praises French Course

"It is a pleasure to comment on the excellent French course. I had forgotten almost all my French and was delighted to see my progress. Your course is a remarkably easy and comprehensive one." — Blanche Moon, Director — Moon Secretarial School.



Makes New Friends Speaking German

"My knowledge of German through the Cortina Course has made me an immediate friend of most German people I meet. In my position it means a great deal. You would be surprised at the different fields it opens." — Donald G. Dugan, Dayton, Ohio



"Wonderful Investment"

"I have improved my Spanish a lot. It will help me on a trip to South America in stores, busses, restaurants, etc. If at age 64 I learned thru the Cortina Method it should be easy for younger students. It's a wonderful investment." — C. Sweeney, New Orleans, La.



THOUSANDS of folks have found out how easy it is to learn a second language at home. Now YOU can, too—thanks to that amazing FREE offer. Simply mail the coupon below. A two-sided, non-breakable sample record PLUS a complete Sample Cortina Lesson will be rushed to you—BOTH FREE!

Sit back in a comfortable chair and just listen as your native instructor speaks to you on the record. Let your eyes follow the words in the Sample Lesson. At first the words are simple. Then your cultured-voiced instructor groups them into interesting phrases and sentences. Almost immediately—you start "chatting away" in a new language—and with a perfect accent!

You learn by listening—just as a child learns. You speak with a perfect accent—because that's all you hear. You can't go wrong.

Makes More Money — Win New Friends — Get More Fun Out of Traveling

No wonder thousands of folks like you—some of them teachers, some who had already tried several other ways to learn a language—have learned a foreign language *this easy way*. Just a few ex-

cerpts from actual letters are shown on this page telling how quickly and easily they learned the language of their choice. And how much the knowledge of a new language has helped them in making more money—new friends—social and cultural contacts—and increased travel fun!

A Wonderful Time to Start

Now is the perfect time to learn a new language. American business abroad is booming; travel is running into billions. Well-paying, interesting jobs are open both here and overseas, for two-language Americans. And a second language makes your trip abroad twice as enjoyable, saves expenses, and makes interesting foreign friendships for you.

Mail Coupon for Free Record

There are no "strings" to Cortina's offer. But the offer may end soon. So you are advised to hurry. Simply mail coupon with 25¢ (coin or stamps) to help cover cost of special packaging, shipping. You will also get free information about the famous Cortina "Short-Cut" Method. No obligation.

Teaches in South America

"Just a few lines to let you know how important Cortina course is to me. Using your method, I learned the Spanish language so well that I was able to teach engineering in Colombia, South America for several years. It has been very valuable in my career." — D. McRae, Miami, Fla.



Amazes Spanish-Speaking Friends After Just 6 Weeks

"I have benefited from your course even after just 6 weeks of study. My Spanish speaking friends are amazed and compliment me on my accent. I wish I had started your course years ago." — D. Elam, Ferguson, Mo.



Gets Better Job

"Cortina Academy helped me very much. I have had a great opportunity to find new and more interesting employment." — M. Limoo, Winkelman, Ariz.



- Also:
- RUSSIAN
 - GERMAN
 - ITALIAN
 - JAPANESE
 - BRAZILIAN-PORTUGUESE

CORTINA ACADEMY Dept. 702 136 W. 52 Street New York 19, N. Y.

Learns Spanish in No Time at All

"I am a member of the Royal Canadian Navy. We often go to Latin countries. I feel that knowing their language will help me. I am French and it took me close to 3 years to learn English. But it took me hardly any time to learn Spanish, thanks to Cortina. J. Dubois, Esquimaux, Can.



Tries Other Courses — Decides on Cortina

"I tried other courses before I decided upon Cortina. Your records are clearer than those of any other language course that I have tried. The course is one of the best investments I have or will make." — Charlie Kellerman, Eliz., N.J.



French Course Increases Travel Pleasure

"Your French Course recently came in good stead during a recent stay in Cuba. When my English served to no avail, my French came to the rescue. My French was of immense help in Canada also last month. Made my trip so much more enjoyable." — Jean Verdecchia, Erie, Pa.



MAIL COUPON FOR Free RECORD

CORTINA ACADEMY, Dept. 702
 136 W. 52nd Street, New York 19, N. Y.

Please send me a FREE sample record Plus a FREE lesson in: (check Language wanted)

SPANISH FRENCH RUSSIAN GERMAN
 ITALIAN JAPANESE Brazilian-Portuguese

and complete information about the famous Cortina "Short-Cut" Method. Enclosed is 25¢ (coin or stamps) to help cover the cost of special packaging, shipping. No obligation.

Name

Address

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

Fix Cars

THIS "EASY EXPERT" WAY!

FIX CARS EASIER AND BETTER than you may have thought possible—even if you've never so much as tried to tune up an engine before. These famous Chilton manuals guide you every step of the way . . . tell you what to do and exactly how to do it . . . show what mistakes to avoid . . . even what tools to use. Hundreds of pictures, diagrams, charts make things doubly clear. Use coupon. Check manual you want.



JUST LOOK UP THE JOB YOU WANT TO DO!



Fix FORDS!

Handle any Ford repair, tune-up or adjustment like an expert! This new 144-page Chilton Manual gives step-by-step service instructions on EVERY model since 1940. Complete service data covers practically EVERY part including standard and Fordomatic transmissions, power steering, axles, brakes, fuel pumps, carburetors, starters, generators, regulators and all the rest! Special data and charts help you locate troubles in a jiffy. Price only \$2.95.



Fix CHEVROLETS!

This special Chilton 160-page 9" x 17"-size manual makes it easy, even for beginners to repair ANY Chevrolet made from 1940 to the present. Complete repair instructions in-wiring diagram and full details on power steering. Powerglide and all other working parts. Covers all models and parts. Price only \$2.95.



Fix PLYMOUTH!

Here is your fast, easy service guide to practically every part of EVERY Plymouth model since 1940. Includes complete, how-to-fix-it data on wiring - axles - brakes - carburetors - cooling - ignition - engines - transmissions - suspensions - pumps - generators . . . in short, any part you might ever want to repair, tune-up or adjust. Price only \$2.95.

PRACTICE 10 DAYS . . . FREE!

THE CHILTON COMPANY, Dept. SGF-26
5605 Chestnut St., Philadelphia 33, Pa.
Send me the Chilton "FORD"; or "CHEVROLET"; or "PLYMOUTH" auto service manual for 10-day free examination. (Check the one you want). I will then either send you \$2.95 plus 45c postage and handling or return manual and owe nothing.
SAVE! Send \$2.95 with order and Chilton pays postage and handling. Same 10-day return privilege with money refunded.

Name.....
Address.....
City, Zone, State.....
Chilton Books are sold by leading book stores

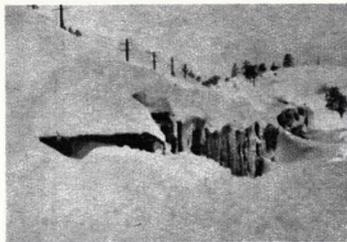


PLAY GUITAR IN 7 DAYS OR GET MONEY BACK

Surprise Friends, Relatives, have Popularity and Fun Galore!

In this introductory offer you get TOP RADIO GUITARIST ED SALES' famous 66 page secret system words \$2.75 which positively teaches you to play a beautiful song the first day and any song by ear or note in seven days! Contains 52 photos, 87 finger placing charts, etc. Share, keep this box in your car, build chords, bass runs, dance chords, swing, etc. plus 110 popular and wester songs, words and music: a \$1.00 Chord Finder of all the chords used in popular music; a \$2.00 Guitarrist Book of Knowledge—TOTAL VALUE \$3.75—ALL THESE for only \$2.95. SEND NO MONEY! Just name and address, pay postman \$2.95 plus 45c postage and handling. I pay postage. Same Guarantee. (Sorry, no C.O.D. to AP). PPO or outside U.S.A. Canada and Foreign \$3.00 with order.)

ED SALE - STUDIO 3705-A - BRADLEY BEACH, N. J.



TRAIN DELAYED—MAYBE FOREVER

Continued from page 30

compartment door and told pretty much the same story:

"I'm afraid we've been hemmed in by a snowslide and we may be here for a while. There's nothing to be alarmed about; there's plenty of food aboard and the heating system will be kept going."

I looked from his boots, still covered with snow, to his eyes as he talked to me. And I said, "When do you think we'll get out?"

He didn't answer for quite a while. Then he said, "I don't know, Mr. Cleary. We'll never get out by ourselves, I can tell you that, and as long as this storm keeps blowing they'll never be able to get any kind of equipment up here."

AFTER he left, I walked up to the club car. I needed a drink—badly—and I needed to see some other faces so I wouldn't feel so damned alone. On the way, I stopped to look out, but there was nothing to see but snow, tons and tons of snow.

I left my order at the bar and wedged into a seat between a well-dressed woman of 35 or so and a fat man who kept trying to light his cigar, and never did manage it in all the time I was there. It was plain that they had all gotten the word in the club car—there must have been 40 or 50 people there—and each one was digesting it in his own peculiar way. There were plenty of frightened faces, but there was also some loud laughter, greased by a free flow of liquor.

"Have you heard anything more?" asked my rich-looking lady friend, fingering her fur piece.

"Nothing except that we're blocked by snow," I said. "I don't even know where we are."

"Railroad'll hear plenty from me about this," snarled the fat man. "Hell of a nerve."

I couldn't help smiling; at this point even a touch of comic relief was mighty welcome. Then the conductor came in and instantly a babble of voices, all punctuated with question marks, rose to meet him. He held up both hands:

"Please, folks. Please." The sound died down. "There is practically nothing more I can tell you besides what I've already said. We're stuck all right, but there's nothing to worry about."

"Where the hell are we?" someone shouted from the back of the car.

"We're in the Donner Pass, about 20 miles from the nearest town, Emigrant Gap. But word has already gone out and all we can do now is wait. As far as meals are concerned, they'll be served at the regular time, but we'll all have to share and share alike until we get some definite word on how long we'll be here. Please bear with us. Please be patient."

Fat Boy waddled to his feet and charged for the conductor and I could see that forefinger of his poised for a few good shakings, but all he got for his pains was a firm, "Sorry, sir, that's all I have to say." The conductor turned and walked out and, for a minute or two, the silence in that club car was charged with raw tension. When the babble broke out again, I downed my drink and went back to my car.

My berth was made up—add Pullman porters to mailmen when you talk about neither rain nor snow interfering with a job to be done—and I climbed in, although sleep wasn't very likely. I found myself thinking about my wife and the kids and insurance policies and wills. Later, when I began to doze, it was worse: I was at the bottom of an icy mountain, straining to get to the top, almost reaching it, then slipping and sliding all the way to the bottom. I'd awake shivering with cold and pull the blankets up around my ears, but it didn't help much.

A dark and dismal day was just breaking when I awoke for good—still shivering. It couldn't have been more than 50 degrees in that compartment and, shaking like a dish of jello, I dressed all the way to my overcoat and muffler. I went to brush my teeth, but no water ran from the tap. I started for the diner.

There was a long line of people waiting. As I walked up, the man in front of me turned and asked, "Heard anything?"

"What?" I said, and then I realized what he meant. "No," I told him, "I haven't heard anything."

The line moved quickly. Once I got inside, I found out why: breakfast consisted of canned peaches and milk, period. Under normal circumstances, the City of San Francisco would have completed its journey the day before, and I couldn't help wondering how much more food—for any kind—was still aboard.

The day passed in a blur of white, anxious faces, blankets and overcoats and the penetrating, never-ending cold. There was no news, no answer to the same question asked a thousand times and nothing strong enough to hang a hope on except that they were working on the heating system and thought they'd have it working again soon. They were whistling in the dark, though, and it would get a lot colder before it got warm.

That night, in the club car, the conductor made an announcement:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I hope you'll understand this; I hope you'll co-operate. We're closing the bar permanently—or at least until we get some definite word. The doctor advises me that alcohol will only lower your resistance to the cold, so I think this is a logical step. It's for your own good."

That started a mild panic. It wasn't the loss of the liquor—although the strength that comes in a bottle was bracing a good many of us—but the sudden realization that we were in bad trouble. Up to now, there was a good deal of pretending going on, both private and public, but there wasn't anything to pretend about now. I saw men pale and I heard women cry. Deep in my own stomach, a knot suddenly grew tighter and my heart began to pound.

When the hell was it going to end? Were we ever going to get out of here?

But outside the window the answer was the same: sweeping winds drove the ever-falling snow; drifts grew higher—they now stood taller than the train—and the sky was not even visible.

I started back toward my compartment and smelled the gas in the first car I came to. In not more than a few seconds of inhaling it I felt dizzy. And as I leaned against a wall and tried to collect my senses, a scream of pure terror tore down the passageway. I ran toward it blindly, afraid and yet goaded by a force that didn't seem to come from my body.

"Help! Help!"

A woman stood by the open door of the last compartment.

"What's the matter?" I shouted.

"My husband . . . gas . . . I'm fainting."

She staggered back and fell to the floor, half covering the man who already lay there. The smell of gas was overpowering and, with my last resources, I picked up a chair and smashed the car window.

Snow swirled in and, in an instant, the

compartment was bitterly cold. But I didn't care. I sucked the clean air into my lungs, trying desperately not to throw up.

The woman came to first. Together, we got the man up on the Pullman seat and I slapped his wrists until his eyes opened. That's when I realized that the entire car was alive with screaming and shouting. I heard glass smashing and groans and one voice, crying over and over, "Help me! For God's sake, help me!"

IN 15 minutes, it was all over. The gas, seeping out of the damaged heating system, had leaked into two cars. Everyone in both cars had been accounted for and moved into other sleepers. The conductor made another little speech about doubling up and sharing and co-operation in "these trying circumstances."

But the really important thing was that with windows in two cars smashed open to the zero cold of the night, the entire train leveled off to a temperature of about 30 degrees. That might be all right for a quick walk around the block; for any sustained period of time it was deadly.

When I got back to my compartment, the lady with the fur piece was sitting on the edge of my berth wrapped in two blankets.

"Look—" she began.

"I know," I said. "It's all right. I'll have the porter make up the upper."

But there was an unspoken plea in her eyes. She didn't have to say anything—I don't suppose she could have—and I didn't have to answer.

"All right," was all I said and, both of us still wearing all our clothes and swathed in four blankets, we got into the lower, put our arms around each other and, still trembling, still cold somewhere deep inside of us, we tried to sleep.

I had never seen this woman before I boarded the City of San Francisco. She never told me her name and I didn't ask for it. I have never seen her since. Yet for two nights, we slept together and clung together in a desperate attempt to retain a little warmth against the bitterness of the cold that was everywhere on that doomed train. Nor were we the only ones.

By Tuesday, the second full day of our imprisonment by snow, a general feeling of tension had given way to one of helplessness. In the club car, men talked reasonably and logically about the seeming impossibility of help reaching us.

"Look," said a man whose name you would recognize in an instant if I told it. "not even a man on skis could get into this pass as long as the storm lasts. Then how are they going to get heavy equipment in? How are they going to get us out?"

"Maybe they could fly helicopters in," said another man, not at all as though he really thought they could.

"Through this blizzard? And suppose they could. How many of us have the strength left to hoist ourselves up a helicopter ladder? Have you? Could any of the women do it? Forget about helicopters, my friend."

The lady with the fur piece reached



**N.I.A. GETS YOUNG
WRITER STARTED
EARNING MONEY**

"I sold two short stories which paid for my N.I.A. course and a typewriter. Nothing can pay for the help N.I.A. training has given me. Those regular assignments have produced results."—Mr. Samuel K. Ward, 364 West 26th Street, New York 1, N. Y.



**Housewife-Mother
Earns \$1000
Writing At Home**

"Within one year after enrolling in the N.I.A., I increased my yearly income to \$1000. I am sure many housewives with an aptitude for writing could benefit from the N.I.A. Course as I have, supplementing the family income without having to be away from home."—Mrs. Nolen C. Miller, Box 762, Iota, La.

Why Can't You Write?

It's much simpler than you think!

SO many people with the "germ" of writing in them simply can't get started. They suffer from inertia. Or they set up imaginary barriers to taking the first step.

Many are convinced the field is confined to persons gifted with a genius for writing.

Few realize that the great bulk of commercial writing is done by so-called "unknowns." Not only do these thousands of men and women produce most of the fiction published, but countless articles on business, current events, hobbies, sports, travel, local, club and church activities, etc., as well.

Such material is in constant demand. Every week thousands of checks for \$25, \$50 and \$100 go out to writers whose latent ability was perhaps no greater than yours.

The Practical Method

Newspaper work demonstrates that the way to learn to write is by writing! Newspaper copy desk editors waste no time on theories or ancient classics. The *story* is the thing. Every copy "cub" goes through the course of practical criticism—a training that turns out more successful authors than any other experience.

That is why Newspaper Institute of America bases its writing instruction on the Copy Desk Method. It starts and keeps you writing in your own home on your own time. And upon the very same kind of *actual assignments* given daily to metropolitan reporters. Thus you learn by *doing*,

not by studying the *individual* styles of model authors.

Each week your work is analyzed constructively by practical writers. Gradually they help to clarify your own *distinctive style*. Writing soon becomes easy, absorbing. Profitable, too, as you gain the "professional" touch that gets your material accepted by editors. Above all, you can see constant progress week by week as your faults are corrected and your writing ability grows.

Have You Natural Ability?

Our **FREE** Writing Aptitude Test will reveal whether or not you have natural talent for writing. It will analyze your powers of observation, your imagination and dramatic instinct. You'll enjoy taking this test. There is no cost or obligation. Simply mail the coupon below, today. Newspaper Institute of America, One Park Ave., New York 16, N. Y. (Founded 1925.) (Licensed by State of N. Y.) (Approved Member National Home Study Council).

Newspaper Institute of America
One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Send me, without cost or obligation, your Writing Aptitude Test and further information about writing for profit.

Free
Miss }
Mrs. }

Address

City Zone State

(All correspondence confidential. No salesman will call on you.) Check here if Veteran. 164-B-598

PROFIT
from the
WISDOM
of the
YOGIS!



POWER

is the secret of success!

Banish anxiety, worry, fear and frustration! Take vitality from the air . . . cleanse mind and body of defeatist poison . . . improve voice, posture, self-confidence. Strengthen your spine and nervous system, control your emotions. With these and many more secrets mold your life into a successful pattern with new, DYNAMIC physical and psychological powers!

STUDENTS SAY: "I'm self-confident now . . . not self-conscious at all," "no longer neurotic," "calmer, happier, more energetic," "no more tension," "no more headaches or nerves," "wish I'd found this course years ago!"

YOU can start on the road to sure success at our expense. Send coupon and the first lesson, a 26-page booklet covering Deep Relaxation and Dynamic Breathing will be yours to keep and use!

**Start Your
All-Around
Improvement
TODAY!**

INSIGHT SCHOOL OF YOGA

Dept. MS-6, 806 Dampster Street, Evanston, Ill.
Please send me Yoga Trial Lesson 1. (No obligation) I enclose 25c.

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

WIN with MAGIC CARDS



This special deck of playing cards with secret code on back of each card tells YOU what each card is when lying face down. Easy directions explain code and how to do many kinds of "Magic" tricks. Use same deck for usual card games, such as poker, bridge, etc. Only \$2.98. Get a deck today. **SEND NO MONEY.** Send Name and Address. Pay postman on arrival only \$2.98 plus postage. Address **HOLLISTE R-WHITE CO., Dept. 784-M, 2016 W. Van Buren St., Chicago 12, Illinois**

ADJUSTING

Men needed in exciting, fast growing field of Claims Adjusting. Many Earning Up to \$125 Week in this fascinating work. Excellent positions with airlines, railroads, steamship lines, insurance companies and government offices. Also big opportunities for your own spare time business. Easy to learn. We train you at home. Send **TODAY** for **FREE** book.

UNIVERSAL SCHOOLS

Box 8202, Dept. S-2, University Park, Dallas 5, Texas

Amazing Medical Tablet!



**Dry-Tabs STOPS
"BED WETTING"**

**No Electrical Devices • No Diets
No Rubber Sheets • No Alarms**

SHAME, DISCOMFORT ALMOST MIRACULOUSLY RELIEVED
At last medical science has found a simple, effective method to stop functional **BED WETTING** without mechanical devices. Amazing **DRY-TABS** Tablets help stop functional **BED WETTING** . . . relieve emotional tension and strain, often the underlying cause in most cases. Scientific tests actually prove **DRY-TABS** to be amazingly effective in stopping functional **BED WETTING** . . . even after years of torment. The same, medical treatment that is prescribed and recommended for both children and adults by many doctors. Easy-To-Take Tablets can be dissolved in water if necessary. **NON-HABIT FORMING. NO HARMFUL DRUG.** Just Follow Simple Directions.
SEND NO MONEY Just name and address for generous 3 weeks supply sent in plain wrapper. On arrival pay postman only \$3.00 plus C.O.D. postage on the guarantee of complete satisfaction or money back. Enclose cash, we pay postage. Tell your friends about this.
GARY PHARMACAL CO., 7488 Exchange Ave., Dept. 054-M, Chicago 40, Ill.
In Canada: 221 James St., Toronto

for my hand. It was so numb with cold that I could barely feel her touch.

That night, we ate the last of the food. Back in my compartment, I was just beginning to arrange the blankets when I heard a sudden, violent thrashing from the compartment next door. For an instant my roommate and I just looked at each other, then the sounds mounted. Furniture crashed and the harsh, half-strangled curses of a man in agony beat against the wall.

I ran next door: it was my visitor of that first evening and he was in the grip of a violent frenzy. The compartment had been totally wrecked and now he stood in the center of the room, half-naked in the freezing cold, saliva running from his mouth, tearing the hair from his head.

I grabbed him from behind and pinned his arms. Then I wrestled him to the floor and, half-sitting on him, I panted out an order to my lady: "Get the doctor. Tell him to bring morphine."

She ran. All the time she was gone, the addict—for that's what I had recognized him for—thrashed and moaned and, intermittently, spat out the single word: "Shot!"

In another minute, the doctor was there. Deftly he inserted his hypodermic needle and, only instants later, the man was calm and quiet. I left the doctor alone with him and went back to my compartment. The woman was crying softly.

"I've never seen anything like that," she whispered.

"The world's full of them. He looks pretty prosperous but he got a tough break, being trapped here without a supply."

"We all got a tough break, didn't we?" she said.

Shouts in the passageway awakened us the next morning. I ran to the door and grabbed someone rushing by.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "Helicopter," he cried. "Storm's over."

I ran back and told her. Her face trembled between tears and laughter and together we raced for the club car. Virtually everyone aboard was jammed around the conductor as he worked to open a canvas sack: it was full of canned food. At the bottom was a note:

"Snowplows less than a mile from you now. Should have all off train by afternoon. Courage."

Men slapped each other's backs. They laughed and embraced one another. It was ending. The nightmare was over.

And none too soon. By the time the tractors reached the train at 3:30 Wednesday afternoon, more than a dozen of the passengers were in pretty bad shape from exposure, hunger and shock. The tractors carried us down to the highway where a fleet of 10 cars and two trucks had followed the plows and, as each car was loaded and sped off toward warmth and safety, another small cheer went up.

MY lady friend and I didn't travel in the same car and, as I said, I've never seen her again. But just before she left, she came to kiss me.

"We've never even done that, have we?" she said.

"No, we haven't."

"But we shared something that even your wife or my husband wouldn't—couldn't—understand. Thanks for being there."

Then she was gone and I began thinking out an answer to give my wife when I returned to Chicago and she asked, "What's new?"



Do You Make These Mistakes in English?

Sherwin Cody's remarkable invention has enabled more than 150,000 people to correct their mistakes in English. Only 15 minutes a day required to improve your speech and writing.

MANY persons use such expressions as "Leave them lay there" and "Mary was invited as well as myself." Still others say "between you and I" instead of "between you and me." It is astonishing how often "who" is used for "whom" and how frequently we hear such glaring mispronunciations as "for MID able," "ave NOO," and "incom PARE able." Few know whether to spell certain words with one or two "c's" or "m's" or "r's" or with "ie" or "ei," and when to use commas in order to make their meaning absolutely clear. Most persons use only common words—colorless, flat, ordinary. Their speech and their letters are lifeless, monotonous, humdrum.

Why Most People Make Mistakes

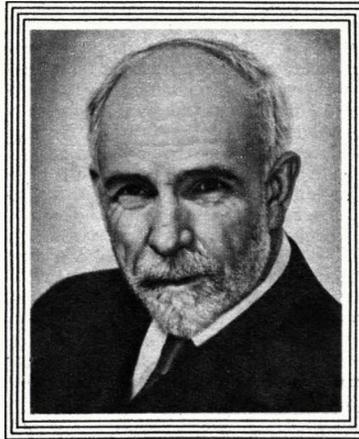
What is the reason so many of us are deficient in the use of English and find our careers stunted in consequence? Why is it some cannot spell correctly and others cannot punctuate? Why do so many find themselves at a loss for words to express their meaning adequately? The reason for the deficiency is clear. Sherwin Cody discovered it in scientific tests, which he gave thousands of times. *Most persons do not write and speak good English simply because they never formed the habit of doing so.*

What Cody Did at Gary

The formation of any habit comes only from constant practice. Shakespeare, you may be sure, never studied rules. No one who writes and speaks correctly thinks of *rules* when he is doing so.

Here is our mother-tongue, a language that has built up our civilization, and without which we should all still be muttering savages! Yet some schools, by wrong methods, have made it a study to be avoided—the hardest of tasks instead of the most fascinating of games! For years it has been a crying disgrace.

In that point lies the real difference between Sherwin Cody and these schools! Here is an illustration: Some time ago Mr. Cody was invited by the author of the famous Gary System of Education to teach English to all upper-grade pupils in Gary, Indiana, by means of unique practice exercises.



SHERWIN CODY

Mr. Cody secured more improvement in these pupils in five weeks than previously had been obtained by similar pupils in two years under old methods. There was no guesswork about these results. They were proved by scientific comparisons. Amazing as this improvement was, more interesting still was the fact that the children were "wild" about the study. It was like playing a game!

The basic principle of Mr. Cody's method is habit-forming. Anyone can learn to write and speak correctly by constantly using the correct forms. But how is one to know in each case what is correct? Mr. Cody solves this problem in a simple, unique, sensible way.

100% Self-Correcting Device

Suppose he himself were standing over at your elbow. Every time you mispronounced or misspelled a word, every time you violated correct grammatical usage, every time you used the wrong word to express what you meant, suppose you could hear him whisper: "That is wrong, it should be thus and so." In a short time you would habitually use the correct form and the right words in speaking and writing.

If you continued to make the same mistakes over and over again, each time patiently he would tell you what was right. He would, as it were, be an everlasting mentor beside you—a mentor who would not laugh at you, but who would, on the contrary, support and help you. The 100% Self-

Correcting Device does exactly this. It is Mr. Cody's silent voice behind you, ready to speak out whenever you commit an error. It finds your mistakes and concentrates on them. You do not need to study anything you already know. There are no rules to memorize.

Only 15 Minutes a Day

Not is there very much to learn. In Mr. Cody's years of experimenting he brought to light some highly astonishing facts about English.

For instance, statistics show that a list of sixty-nine words (with their repetitions) make up more than half of all our speech and letter writing.

Obviously, if one could learn to spell, use, and pronounce these words correctly, one would go far toward eliminating incorrect spelling and pronunciation.

Similarly, Mr. Cody proved that there were no more than one dozen fundamental principles of punctuation. If we mastered these principles there would be no bughar of punctuation to handicap us in our writing.

Finally, he discovered that twenty-five typical errors in grammar constitute nine-tenths of our everyday mistakes. When one has learned to avoid these twenty-five pitfalls, how readily one can obtain that facility of speech denoting a person of breeding and education!

When the study of English is made so simple it becomes clear that progress can be made in a very short time. *No more than fifteen minutes a day is required.* Fifteen minutes, not of study, but of fascinating practice! Students of Mr. Cody's method do their work in any spare moment they can snatch. They do it riding to work, or at home. They take fifteen minutes from time usually spent in profitless reading or amusement. The results really are phenomenal.

Free—Book on English

It is impossible in this brief review to give more than a suggestion of the range of subjects covered by Mr. Cody's method and of what his practice exercises consist. But those who are interested can find a detailed description in a fascinating little book called "How You Can Master Good English in 15 Minutes a Day." It can be had by anyone, free, upon request. There is no obligation involved in writing for it. The book is more than a prospectus. Unquestionably it tells one of the most interesting stories about education in English ever written.

If you are interested in learning more in detail of what Sherwin Cody's method can do for you, send for the book, "How You Can Master Good English in 15 Minutes a Day."

Merely mail the coupon, a letter or postal card for it now. (No agent will call.) SHERWIN CODY, COURSE IN ENGLISH, 732 Central Drive, Port Washington, N. Y.

SHERWIN CODY COURSE IN ENGLISH
732 Central Drive, Port Washington, N. Y.

Please send me, without any obligation on my part, your free book, "How You Can Master Good English in 15 Minutes a Day." No agent will call.

Name

Address

If 18 years or under, check here for Booklet A.

MARRIAGE MISCHIEF

ONLY
98¢



SINGLE OR MARRIED, you'll go for this saucy "undress" view of bride and groom. **MARRIAGE MISCHIEF** is brand new, devilishly indiscreet, with original full page cartoons. Featuring: What Every Bride Should Know... Counsel for the Bewildered Groom... The Wedding Daze... The Bachelor Dinner... Hazards of the First Night... Honeymoons, Conventional and Otherwise... From Smoker to Bedroom... The Truth About Trousseau... And many more provoking topics to keep you gagging. An ideal wedding or anniversary gift. **TRY MARRIAGE MISCHIEF 10 DAYS AT OUR EXPENSE.** Money back if not satisfied. C.O.D. pay postman 98¢ plus postage. If you send 98¢, we pay postage.

PLAZA BOOK CO. DEPT. A202
109 Broad St., New York 4, N. Y.

FREE FOR ASTHMA

If you suffer with attacks of Asthma and choke and gasp for breath, if restful sleep is difficult because of the struggle to breathe, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Company for a **FREE** trial of the **FRONTIER ASTHMA MEDICINE**, a preparation for temporary symptomatic relief of paroxysms of Bronchial Asthma. No matter where you live or whether you have faith in any medicine under the sun, send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. **FRONTIER ASTHMA CO. 315-A FRONTIER BLDG. 462 NIAGARA ST. BUFFALO, 1, N. Y.**

SAVE 75%

ON

WORK CLOTHES!



SURPLUS STOCK FROM MID-WEST SUPPLY FIRM! Terrific values you've got to see to believe!

SHIRTS 79¢

Made to sell for 2.99! New Only 4 for \$2.99

What a buy! 4 for the price of one! These shirts, though used, are washed, sterilized and ready for long, tough wear. In blue or tan. Send name, address, neck size.

PANTS to match 99¢

Sold for 3.95 new only 4 for \$3.75

Unbelievable Bargains! Send waist measure and inside leg length.

COVERALLS . . . wear 'em used and save plenty! Originally 5.95. Now only \$1.95

New only 3 for \$5.75

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED! Your money back if you can't beat these bargains anywhere! You can't lose an order **TODAY** for immediate delivery! Pay postman or send money with your order and save postage. \$1.00 deposit on C.O.D. orders.

GALCO SALES CO. Dept. 862
7120 Harvard Ave. • Cleveland 3, Ohio



THEY WATCHED ME SWIM AWAY

Continued from page 33

undershorts and shirt, I churned toward that hatch cover, vised wet fingers around one corner and hung on desperately.

From the darkness Don gasped, "Bait tank!"

Off the starboard something hulked blacker than the night itself. It was the empty bait tank, torn loose but still afloat, its top bobbing a few inches above water. Tied to the box, I knew, were our jew-fish lines. I let go the hatch, stroked toward the bait box, felt a line against my half-naked body and grasped it. Somehow the others worked the hatch cover toward me. We made fast. One by one, drenched and shivering, they got up top.

"Come on!" Don bellowed.

I shook my head. "Weigh too much. Three's all that box'll hold. I'll stick with the hatch."

I doubt whether any of us saw *Betsy Anne* slip into her watery grave. We were too busy trying to stay alive. Last time I glimpsed her, she was reared up vertically, her stern thrust a few feet above water. But we heard her die—heard the eerie shrill of her two bilge alarms, the one monitoring water level, the other engine pressure.

After that we just hung on, jabbering to keep up our spirits. Don spoke some Spanish. He managed to calm the Mexicans, whom we'd taken aboard six days before at Ensenada. They were old-hand fishermen and, like Don and me, figured to share in the catch. Now the ton and a half we had aboard were inside the *Betsy Anne*, 100 fathoms below.

For an hour and a half we waited for the help which never came. We shouted ourselves hoarse. Somehow it made us feel warmer, the cold less biting, the sea less fearsome. Mostly we talked of survival—how long we could hold out—how we could reach Cape San Lazaro's light which, sweeping seaward, perched 1,400 feet above the reefs.

"How far?" Don yelled.

"Took bearings just before we floundered," I bellowed back, "Four and a half miles, five at most."

Don shouted that he'd try it. He'd swim ashore, get help. Right off I was pretty sure he wouldn't make it. Pretty sure, too, that he knew he wouldn't. Maybe he figured drowning was better than slow death by exposure, better than slipping silently into the sea.

"Didja ever swim that far?" I shouted. "No!"

A couple of big ones reached up suddenly and swept the Mexicans off the box. They went under but surfaced. Churning like mad, they beat back to where Don crouched. He hefted them up top. Another 100 feet and they'd have followed the *Betsy Anne*. Neither of the Mexicans were up to a five-miler—that for sure. But

somebody had to . . . "I'll try it," I belated.

Don knew I'd lifeguarded some, but that was back 20 years before. He also knew I was nearly 60, years from my prime.

He cursed, bawled that I shouldn't. I wasn't a kid any more, he shouted. But I put it to him straight.

"Look, if you don't think you can make it, you'll be no good to yourself nor to us." That sobered him.

"Yeah," he agreed, shivering, "but can you?"

"Don't know . . . don't know 'less I try!"

That's how it began. As a kid I'd been a strong swimmer. I'd put in a stint as San Diego lifeguard. But guards seldom stroked more than 500-600 yards offshore. With a long swim ahead, we called for a surf boat. Well, there was a long swim ahead—and the closest boat was 600 feet straight down.

There wasn't any sense waiting longer. It was about nine P.M. and though the moon was showing, the wind hadn't slackened. The sea was building, the swells cresting higher with every hour. I told them to hang on, to stick together. The tank would float for days. I expected to bring help—if I made it—within 10, maybe 12, hours.

"God bless you!" I croaked and shoved off.

I never saw them again. Days later the empty bait box floated in below Santa Maria bay, down coast a way. It was empty, its top seaswept. No bodies were ever found.

Arms numb, I stroked shoreward, trying to keep to the troughs, trying to pace myself. There'd be no stopping, I knew, and little chance to float in that sea.

Even if I managed the five miles, chances of beaching were slim. For from the sea rose a perpendicular, breaker-gouged cliff. And before it lay a jagged reef, blockading the quarter-mile sandy strand that flanked the cliffs to the north.

BUT first—those five black miles.

Doggedly I stroked toward the light. Often I lost its taunting beam, as black brine slammed over me. I fought free, sucked a lungful of air, kept going. I gulped seawater by the gallon. Ugly combers tore at me, broke my stride, spoiled my pace. The endless terror of the thing would have been enough. But I'd lost my specs and I'm nearsighted. Everything blurred, everything but the combers. They were close around me and savagely in focus.

In my mind throbbed an endless chant. "Make it. Got to make it. Got to." That chant kept me going, kept my arms mov-

I'll Give You Bulldog Courage in 48 hours

OR NO COST!

Are you timid? Bashful? Self-conscious? Are you afraid of people—afraid of strangers? Give me 48 hours and I'll give you **BULLDOG COURAGE**. I'll make you brave with fighting determination, or refund your money.



David V. Bush

Thousands of men and women are being held back—made miserable—made unhappy. Why? Simply because of bashfulness—self-consciousness—fear of criticism—business worries—and dozens of other fears.

Yet fear is **ABSOLUTELY UNNECESSARY**. An amazing method has been discovered which banishes fear. No trouble! No inconvenience. No long waiting for results. This method is perfectly simple—perfectly natural—perfectly logical. It works almost instantly. Try it. You will be astonished! In just a few hours you may find yourself brimming over with splendid new courage—new daring—new self-confidence.

Only \$1

David V. Bush gives you his secrets of real he-man courage in his famous book called "Spank." It is one of the most startling books ever written. You can't read it without a quickening of your pulse—without a surge of red-blooded courage.

This book is declared to be the masterpiece of David V. Bush who has astounded through in America's greatest cities and shown thousands the way to health, prosperity and self-confidence. Write for this amazing book today. Send only \$1 in full payment. If you are not delighted, if your fears are not gone by the time you read this book, return the book within 5 days and your money will be instantly refunded.

INSPIRATIONAL PUBLISHING HOUSE
Dept. NT2-56 Mehoopany, Pa.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... Zone..... State.....

POEMS WANTED

To Be Set To Music

Send one or more of your best poems today for **FREE EXAMINATION**. Any Subject. Immediate Consideration.

Photograph Records Made

CROWN MUSIC CO., 1472-C Broadway, New York 36, N.Y.

GOVERNMENT 40 ACRE

OIL LEASE \$100

Act of Congress gives citizens equal rights with Oil Co.'s. to obtain Govt. leases. You do no drilling yet may share in fortunes made from oil on public lands. (Payments if desired) Licensed & Bonded Oil Brokers. Free Information & Maps of booming areas. Write:

NORTH AMERICAN OIL SURVEYS

8272-W Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles 46, Calif.

MONUMENTS Shipped Direct To You
Time Payments. Freight Paid By Us.

Genius Rock of Ages Urnsets. Full Price From \$29.75 Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded

Write for FREE CATALOG As Low As \$10.00 Down

BARWOOD MONUMENT CO. Dept. 778, 807 8th Ave., New York, N. Y.

Is Needless Fear Driving You Into Dangerous Neglect of PILES?

Yes—neglect that arises from fear of learning the truth is, usually, the one reason why piles and other rectal disorders can become really dangerous! So give yourself new peace of mind and safety from these rectal ailments. Get your **FREE** copy of the important new bulletin on rectal troubles and the latest treatment methods. It is prepared under the auspices of the medical staff of famous McCleary Clinic and Hospital, C223 Elms Blvd., Excelsior Springs, Mo. Write for your copy today; this book is valuable to you!

stage. Hours before, the feeling had ebbed out of me.

I stroked endlessly. My breath was coming hard now, the strain telling. As a kid I'd have breezed those five miles, waves or not. At 58—and 20 years since I'd worked water—it was different. Inside I was sick from salt water. Outside, my hide seemed afloat, the flesh waterlogged. Salt water's toxic, if you stay brined long enough.

Then, before me, stretched the breaker line, and behind it, the black cliffs of Cape Lazaro. The breakers churned white and savage, the water eddying over jagged rocks.

Now I was 500 yards . . . now 400 yards from shore. But without specs, things rolled and tossed out of focus. I swam harder, worked atop a big roller, churned desperately to stay crest-borne long enough for a look. I saw white death, the endless reefs. Then, to the north a way. I noticed how the sea fingered ashore through a narrow, frothy passage. I swung north, crawling, pacing myself for the herculean rush—for the danger that lay ahead.

A breaker caught me, slammed me end over end. It left me stranded atop a stone-cold, slippery reef, yet still waist-deep in brine. Frantically I struggled to free myself, to gird for the next breaker. I moved too slowly. The next knocked me off, ground me into the knife-sharp daggers that staked that shallow passage. Comber after comber pounded in, grating me along the reef. I fought upright. A breaker pounded me down. I floated, resting, as the swell ebbed. Seaward reared a towering reefer. It slammed down, a ton of boiling water. I went down, down, hammered into solid rock.

That's when I got it. Got it good. Like a knife drawn across my groin, the reef ripped my belly. I knew I'd been hurt—hurt badly. But worse was yet ahead: that submerged concourse of rocks. Pain stabbed in my groin. My legs were raked, my back ribboned, the rent in my belly gushing blood.

An instant later I stepped into a pot-hole. I went down and under. I bobbed

surfacewards, pain working my leg. "Broken!" It was a death sentence throbbing in my mind. But when I tried swimming, the leg responded. It was wrenched, maybe sprained, but it worked. And now it had to work a little longer.

With a swirl, a comber ground me up the shallow strand—and I was beached.

It must have been about four A.M.—seven watery hours since the *Betsy Anne's* death—that crawling, half-dragging myself, I worked up the beach. Blood poured from my belly. I tried stuffing wet seaweed into the rent, but the stuff popped out, red-soaked. I poured in fistfuls of sand, anything to stop the bleeding. I tried standing, but my legs were rubber. I sat down—and that's all I remember.

It was dawn when I awoke. There, towering a quarter-mile above me, stood the lighthouse. It blurred and reeled, a nebulous something. "You made the beach . . . now . . . make that light!"

Had I known how it was to be, I think I'd never have tried that climb. If I hadn't my heart wouldn't be the sick thing it is today. That's how the docs figured it. The climb, they said, finished me.

A rock wall reared 25 feet above me. Beyond spiraled a seasweep path chipped from solid stone. That narrow trail wound endlessly, up and up, to the lighthouse.

I worked hand-over-hand, grasping for handholds, managing somehow to reach the path. Then I began crawling, barefoot and barekneed. Every inch of the way was mined with stickers and inch-long burrs. Everywhere outcropped jagged knives of volcanic rock. But I kept crawling. And now, with day's dawning, came the unrelenting Baja California sun—and with it, prostrating heat.

I pulled my aching body along that blistering trail, sank down to rest, dragged myself up again, crawled some more. Crawling became as mechanical as swimming—and as unending. Hand out, leg forward, other hand, other knee, rest, hand, leg, other hand . . .

It was 8:30 A.M.—almost 12 hours since I'd left the others atop the bait tank—when I belied within 150 yards of the



light. I was resting, slumped in a rock's shadow, when close by a woman jabbered in Spanish. Moments later the lighthouse keeper lifted me, carried me to his house. I'd been three hours crawling that pinnacle—and I'd made it!

Then, in dumb disbelief, I heard the lightkeeper's apologies.

"Señor, no telefono, no radio!"

No telephone, no radio! I'd come so near—yet was so far! There were no communications between the light and Santa Maria Bay. No way to alert the American fishing boats hove to somewhere to the south, just beyond the cape.

I sat there, mumbling, scarcely believing. Here I was as far from help as if still clinging to the sea-sopped hatch cover.

"Eat," the keeper said softly in Spanish, "then we walk!"

More torturous than sea or reef was that Hades-hot trail. It was the hardest 10 miles of my life. The trail cut through sizzling dunes. Barefoot, I reeled behind the keeper, my face flushed from the sun.

WE walked silently, for I spoke but little Spanish, too little to make myself understood. Had I been fluent in the language I'd have entrusted the alert to him. He knew only that I'd beaten the sea and had crawled toward his light.

Everywhere lay scrub sage, sand burrs and thorns. They worked deep into my bleeding, blistered feet. They clawed at my ankles. Worse was the sun. My mind reeled, my vision blurred, for brine had infected my eyes. Now they were horribly swollen, the left eye nearly shut.

It was noon as we neared the bay, as we approached within a few miles of the lobster camps huddling on its shore.

"No mas," I panted. "No mas."

The keeper grunted, left me sprawled there and ran for help.

Two hours later I lay in a skiff. Another 15 minutes and brawny hands hauled me aboard the fishing boat *New England*. I knew its skipper, a fisherman from San Pedro, Calif.

"Betsy sank last night," I croaked. "Radio the Coast Guard . . . three men floatin'."

They carried me below while the *New England* revved engines and churned out of Santa Maria Bay, headed for the spot where we'd sunk.

They searched all day and into the night. But they didn't sight the bait tank. I lay abunk, my left eye swollen shut. A ship's medic did the best he could with my wounds.

Next day a Coast Guard PBM roared down the bay, took me aboard. For several hours we flew low over the ocean, searching, crisscrossing that barren, now quiescent sea. But there was no sign of the others. Finally, short of fuel, the PBM gave up, flew me back to port and to a hospital.

What of the others? Probably they figured the "old man" hadn't made it. Perhaps they drifted close to the light and struck off for shore, only to be beaten against the reef. Perhaps, exhausted, they slipped one by one into the swell.

For me it ended a lifetime spent following the sea. There's a limit to what a heart can stand when a man's nearly 60, years from his prime. ♦♦♦

OPPORTUNITIES FOR EVERYBODY

Publisher's Classified Department (Trademark)

For classified advertising rates, write to William R. Stewart, 9 South Clinton Street, Chicago 6 (Dec.-Nov) 5

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

HOW AND WHERE to obtain money. Many ways to use your time to make big money. How I started with \$20 and built assets over half million dollars. Complete information post-paid \$2.00. Money-back guarantee. Particulars free. Business Consultants, 685 N. E. 1st St., Ft. Lauderdale, Fla. 33304.

Bronze Baby Shoes. Unlimited income. Instructions, Equipment and Mounting for genuine electroplating process. Free Catalog. Hollywood Bronze Supply, Dept. B-19, 1624 East First Street, Los Angeles 33, California.

"HOW TO MAKE MONEY From Uranium". Free Booklet. Please enclose 10¢ for handling, postage. Geiger Company, 195-C12 Sackett, Brooklyn 31, New York.

PLATE BABY SHOES, jewelry, gifts. Bronze and colored pearl. Free Catalog. Fraters, Box 73125, Los Angeles 34, Calif.

\$70 WEEKLY—HOME, use time simplified mail book-keeping. Immediate income—easy! Auditax, 34757ALZ, Los Angeles 34.

OPERATE PROFITABLE MAIL order business. Write Walter Service, 4155-W East 1st, Cleveland 5, Ohio.

TELEVISION MAIL ORDER sells your product faster, cheaper. Write Telestat 241, New York City 19.

\$200 WEEKLY CLEANING Venetian Blinds. Free book. Burt, 2434S, Wichita 13, Kansas.

BUY WHOLESALE, 25,000 items. Catalog 25c. Matthews, 1474-P3 Broadway, New York 19, N.Y.

MONEY-MAKING OPPORTUNITIES

MAKE \$25-\$50 WEEK, clipping newspaper items for publishers. Some clippings worth \$5.00 each. Particulars free. National Plans, Box 81-A, Knickerbocker Station, New York.

EARN AT HOME with assignment we send. \$20-\$50 weekly possible. Offer sent employment offers listed. Free details. Maxwell, Dept. 39-11, Cleveland 14, Ohio.

MAKE SPARE TIME money preparing and mailing sales literature. Adams Surveys, 3513-A Van Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles 26, California.

HOMEWORKERS NEEDED GUARANTEED PAY. No Selling. Everything Furnished. Wallace, Box 3-P, Boston 22, Mass.

SELL TITANIA GEMS, far more brilliant than diamonds. Catalog free. Diamond Sales, 2427-72th, New York 26, N.Y.

\$25 WEEKLY POSSIBLE, spare time, preparing mail for advertisers. Temple Co., Muncie 1, Indiana.

60 MONEY-MAKING IDEAS. Catalogue Free. Universal, Box 1076-S, Peoria, Ill.

LOANS BY MAIL

BORROW \$50 TO \$500. Employed men and women, over 25 eligible. Confidential. No agents. No inquiries of employers or friends. Repay in monthly payments to fit your income. Supervised by State of Nebraska. Loan applications sent free in plain envelope. Complete information. American Loan Plan, City National Bldg., Dept. CD-12, Omaha, Nebraska.

BORROW UP TO \$600 By Mail. Employed men and women can borrow \$50 to \$600 from privacy of home. Speedy, easy and entirely confidential. No signers. No fees. No deductions. Money request form sent in plain envelope. State age, occupation and amount wanted. Postal Finance Co., 200 Keeline Bldg., Dept. B2, Omaha, Nebraska.

FOREIGN & U.S. JOB LISTINGS

"FOREIGN, ALASKAN, USA, JAPAN". Millions of Americans employed Overseas. Write for Catalog or Highest Paying Jobs. To \$1500.00 Monthly! Laborers—Trades—Truck Drivers—Clerical—Engineers—Others. 52 Countries—St. Lawrence Project, Spain, Latin America, Northern Projects, Etc. Year Exclusive Agency Service. Application Form. Unconditional Money-Back Guarantee of Satisfaction. \$2.00. (COD's Accepted). International Reporter, Central Station, St. Louis 1-MW, Missouri.

EARN TO \$100 Monthly. Many Jobs Available. Work in Fabulous South America, The Islands, Africa, USA, etc. All Trades. Labor, Clerical, Truck Drivers, Mechanics, Engineers, etc. Tax Free Earnings. Chance to Travel. Fare paid if hired. Make and Save a Fortune. Application Form. Free information. Write Dept. 75A. National Employment Information, 1020 Broad, Newark, N.J.

\$1300 MONTHLY FOR truck drivers, \$1400.00 monthly for clerks, elevator operators, janitors, etc. \$1200.00 for clerks and laborers. Full information and complete foreign listings, with current information on Spain, Korea, Australia, Alaska & Canada, \$1.00. Current information on statewide projects, \$1.00. Free selection of opportunities Unlimited, 1110 Commerce Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

PERSONAL

BIZARRE BOOK SERVICE. Secures hard-to-find, out-of-print curios. Give titles, authors, subjects. Send stamped self-addressed envelope. 40 P East 23rd, New York 10.

PSORIASIS VICTIMS: HOPELESS? New Discovery! Free Trial Offer. Write Pizacol, Box 3583-CM, Cleveland, Ohio.

BOOKS & PERIODICALS

EXTREMELY INTERESTING BOOKS 12-31, 25-42. Bargain List, Samples 30 cts. Perall, 436 New York Avenue, Brooklyn 26, New York.

FREE ILLUSTRATED HYPNOTISM Catalogue. Write Hypnotist, 1324 Wilshire, Los Angeles 17W, California.

MALE & FEMALE HELP WANTED

EARN EXTRA MONEY selling Advertising Book Matches. Free sample kit furnished. Matchcorp, Dept. PC-38, Chicago 32, Illinois.

WORK LIVE IN beautiful Arizona. Self addressed, stamped envelope for details. Arizona Information Service, Box 148, Phoenix, Arizona.

ARTIFICIAL EYES

ARTIFICIAL HUMAN EYES. Free booklet mailed you from world's largest, finest selection of imported glass and all-plastic unbreakable eyes. Write for free booklet and color chart. Established 1906. Denver Optic Company, 1157 University Bldg., Denver 2, Colorado.

THEIR CRAFT

FREE "DO-IT-Yourself" Leathercraft Catalog. Tandy Leather Company, Box 791-Q11, Fort Worth, Texas.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

SEW! FULL, PART time projects. Write: Adco, 561, Bastrop, Louisiana.

OF INTEREST TO MEN

"INTERESTING MAIL"—25c keeps you mail box full three months. Bentley, Dept. M, Cleveland, Missisappi.

WANTED TO BUY

QUICKSILVER, STERLING, SCRAP Precious Metals. Immediate Payment. Write Mercury Refiners, Norwood, Mass.

OLD COINS & MONEY WANTED

WE PURCHASE INDIANHEAD pennies. Complete allcoin catalogue 25c. Magnacoins, Box 61-EJ, Whitestone 57, N.Y.

EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES

HOTELS CALL FOR Trained Men. Record-breaking travel money nationwide opportunity. Free booklet, substantial future for trained men in hotels, motels, clubs. Fascinating field; fine living; quick advancement. Quality at home or through resident classes in Washington. Previous experience unnecessary. Placement Service Free. Write for Free Book Course Approved for Veteran Training, 40th Year, Lewis Hotel Training School, Room AX-9112, Washington 7, D.C.

PLASTICS HOME-CRAFT course for Men and Women. Tells and shows how to make hundreds of fast selling plastic products. All plastics and materials for 23 projects included in course. No special tools needed. Course pay for itself. Write for free booklet. Interstate Training Service, Dept. D-73-N, Portland 13, Ore.

COMPLETE HIGH SCHOOL at home in spare time with 16-year-old school; texts furnished; diploma; no classes; no fees. Write American School, Dept. X964, Drexel at 58th, Chicago 37, Illinois.

HIGH SCHOOL DIPLOMA at Home. Licensed teachers. Approved materials. Southern States Academy, Box 144-M, Columbia 6, Atlanta, Ga.

PHYSICAL THERAPY AND Massage Pays big profits. Learn at home. Free Catalog. National Institute, Desk 5, 159 East Ontario, Chicago 11.

SOLVE MENTAL WORRIES. Become Doctor of psychology. Correspondence only. Free Book. Universal Truth, 6036-S Broadway, Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED

"FOG-STOP" WINDSHIELD Cloth. Instantly removes blurry mist, frost, sleet, snow. Stops windshield fogging. Samples sent on trial. Krietele 122, Akron, Ohio.

BUY WHOLESALE "THOUSANDS" nationally advertised brand name big discount. Free "Wholesale Plan". American Buyers, Hotel Station, Buffalo 16-AG, N.Y.

EARN UP TO \$250.00 per week soliciting delinquent accounts. Metro, Box 5887, Kansas City 11, Missouri.

PERFUME BEADS, SENSATIONAL Sells. Particulars free. Perfume, 5228 West Pico, Los Angeles 44.

BEAUTIFUL FEATHER PICTURES 200% Profit! Free sample. Apartado 9036, Mexico 1, D.F.

WHOLESALE CATALOG—25c. Pictures \$75.000 Merchandise. Worldwide, Box 12-V12, New York City 60.

SALESMEN WANTED

SELL ADVERTISING BOOK matches. Big daily commission in advance. Union Label plus Glamour Girls, Science, Hill-Billy, all standard styles and sizes. Big Free Master Catalog. Fast selling steady repeat business. Superior Match Co., Dept. Z-1255, 7528 So. Greenwood, Chicago 19.

CALENDARS, ADVERTISING NOVELTIES, Matches Good Side Line for All Time. Now is the Time to Sell—All Types of Calendars. Hundreds of Advertising Novelties, Book Matches, etc. Fleming Calendar Co., 6533 Cottage Grove, Chicago 37, Ill.

UNIFORMS-MAKING opportunity. Exclusive line work uniforms, jackets, pants, shirts, coveralls. Advertising embroidered. Every business prospect. Outfit Free. Master Div., 641 Water, Ligonier, Ind.

WILL YOU WEAR new suits and topsuits without one penny extra? Buy direct from manufacturer. You make up to \$300 in a day even in spare time without canvassing. Stone-Field, 532 South Throop St., Dept. K-759, Chicago 7, Illinois.

STAMP COLLECTING

CANADA-NEWFOUNDLAND COLLECTION including early issues, commemorative, pictorials and high values. Plus set of fascinating triangle stamps. Free information. British Colonies. Plus large stamp book. All four offers free. Send 10c to cover postage. Empire Stamp Corp., Dept. MB, Toronto, Canada.

FREE U.N. SET. Among World's Prettiest. Only 10c. Approvals. Welles, Box 1246-PM, New York City 8.

THOUSANDS COLORFUL PICTORIAL Stamps 1c, 2c each. Free Examination. Cole, 43-P Rinevalt, Buffalo 21, N.Y.

100 DIFFERENT U. S.—50c. Approvals. Leonard, 1143K North Keeler, Chicago 9.

INSTRUCTION

BE A REAL Estate Broker. Study at home. Write for Free Book. 31 Approved. Walter Mawer School of Real Estate, 2018S Grand, Kansas City, Missouri.

MASTER WATCHMAKING at home. Free sample lesson. Chicago School, Dept. PC-125, 2330 Milwaukee, Chicago 47.

"JIU-JITSU SELF-DEFENSE"—Science beats strength. Complete book \$1.00. Greenview, Box 61-HN, Whitestone 57, N.Y.

PATENT ATTORNEYS

INVENTORS WRITE PATRICK D. Bowers, Registered Patent Attorney, 1092 Columbian Bldg., Washington, D.C.

INVENTIONS WANTED IMMEDIATELY for promoting. Special booklet free. Kessler Corporation, 1212, Fremont, Ohio.

LAND BARGAINS

TEXAS HOMESITE \$5.00 Down! Full price \$89.50 on easy terms. 100,000 square foot homesite at Bandera, Texas. Heart of Dude Ranch Country. Electricity, telephone, 130' feet above sea level. Warm days and cool summer nights make vacation paradise. Hunting, fishing, golfing, swimming, horseback riding. Write for Free photographs and details: Bandera Pass Ranch, Dept. 200B, Bandera, Texas.

MUSIC & MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

ACCORDIONS—DIRECT FROM Importer—save 50% and more! Free trial. Lifetime guarantee. Trades accepted. Free Catalog. Write Accordion Outlet, Dept. 125PLU, 2003 Chicago, Chicago 22, Illinois.

HEALTH & MEDICAL SERVICE

FREE BOOK—PILES, Fistula, Colon-Stomach, associated conditions. Newest scientific progress. Thornton & Minor Hospital, Suite C-1214, Kansas City 9, Mo.

MISCELLANEOUS

FREE BOOK ON Arthritis, Rheumatism explains specialized system on non-surgical, non-medical treatment. Write Ball Clinic, Dept. 751, Excelsior Springs, Missouri.

DETECTIVES

LEARN CIVIL AND Criminal Investigation at home. Earn Steady good pay. Inst. Applied Science, 1920 Sunnyside, Dept. 145, Chicago 40, Ill.

MOVIE FILMS & EQUIPMENT

FREE! BLACKHAWK'S BIG sale catalog new and used 16mm, 8mm, films; 2"x2" color slides; used 16mm, sound projectors. Biggest stock in USA. Blackhawk Films, 1205 Eastin, Davenport, Iowa.

MAKE \$18.00 AN HOUR WITH New PLASTIC SANDWICH MACHINE



This new, remarkable PLASTIC SANDWICH MACHINE does a permanent, beautiful, professional, protective plastic lamination job in exactly three minutes time! Amazing earnings possible in your own home or shop permanently sandwiching PHOTOS, SOCIAL SECURITY CARDS, IDENTIFICATION CARDS, CLIPPINGS, DIPLOMAS, etc. between sheets of clear plastic.



FREE SAMPLE and illustration. No obligation.

Make PLASTIC SANDWICHES that cost you only 8¢ each, take 2-3 minutes time—yet sell for 50¢ to \$1.00 each! Laminating machines range from \$35.00 up.

PLASTIC SANDWICH MACHINE CO.
6612 N. Clark St. Dept. LM-115 Chicago 26

LEARN TO MOUNT BIRDS

TAN SKINS, MAKE UP FURS
Be a Taxidermist. We teach you at Home. Mount Birds, Animals, Pets, common specimens; Save your hunting trophies, decorate home and den. Make genuine **MOOSE LEATHER**, tan and make up furs for sporting profit. **INVESTIGATE TODAY** FREE BOOK. 50 pages—tells all about it. Hunters, get your copy. It's New Free. Send post card. State your address. **H. W. SCHOOL OF TAXIDERMISTRY, DEPT. 3402 Omaha, Neb.**



Investigator Training

Experience unnecessary. Many opportunities. Send for Free particulars. Free credentials.

Exchange Secret Service System
4554 Broadway Chicago 40, Ill.

BECOME AN EXPERT SALESMAN

Key salesman earn \$5,000 to \$10,000 a year and up. Thousands of firms seeking well-trained men. LaSalle trains you rapidly, thoroughly, in spare time at home. Low cost, easy terms. Nearly 50 years' experience—over 300,000 salesmen trained. **FREE 32-PAGE BOOK, "Salesmanship, the Power that Wins Success,"** tells today's new opportunities, and how you can prepare for huge earnings in this profitable profession. Write TODAY.

LA SALLE Extension University, 417 So. Dearborn St.
A Correspondence Institution • Dept. 23788 Chicago 5, Ill.

HANDS TIED?
—because you lack a **HIGH SCHOOL DIPLOMA**

• You can qualify for an American School Diploma in spare time at home! If you have left school, write or mail coupon for FREE booklet that tells how. No obligation of any kind.

OUR 59TH YEAR

AMERICAN SCHOOL, Dept. H-229
Drexel at 58th, Chicago 37, Illinois

Please send FREE High School booklet.

Name.....
Address.....
City & State.....

Canadian Residents: Complete Canadian Course Available. Write American School, 1610 Sherbrooke St. West, Montreal.



I'M THE MAN FROM NOWHERE

Continued from page 17

no hope in shouting, for no one could hear me in that storm, but I shouted anyway, and every time I opened my mouth to yell I got a lungful of salt water. I couldn't even see the ship in the darkness. I wondered if they got the boats away. I learned much later that some of the crew got ashore behind the lines in Free China territory.

I happened to be washed ashore behind Jap lines. Some fishermen sheltered me for a few days, explaining the lay of the land: which way the Japs were, which was Free China, how to reach Free China. But I decided to stay on with them. They were something more than mere fishermen; they operated a weather station, broadcasting reports from a mobile radio in one of their fishing sampans. I was with these people a long time and learned to speak Chinese pretty well.

BUT after a time the war in China changed character, and it was no longer the Chinese versus the Japs, because now the Japs had been pretty well kicked up toward Manchuria and Korea. Down in Central and South China the war was shaping up between the Nationalists under Chiang Kai-shek and the Communists under Mao Tse-tung. And it just so happened that in the reforming of the battle lines I found myself in Communist territory.

This seemed O. K. at the time, because we were all fighting the same war. But I began to have doubts about the comrades because about half of their prisoners were Chinese. It seems that anyone who wasn't with Mao was against him and thereby a traitor and a pro-Japanese fascist. I was in a particularly hot spot myself because of my papers. I didn't have any. When the typhoon knocked me off the *Maimonides* into the sea, I just didn't have time to go below and get my seaman's papers. I had no birth certificate and no passport, of course. Mao's people being the suspicious type, they didn't believe a damn word I said; so they wouldn't let me work at anything useful, or grab a rifle and do a little fighting, or cross over to Hong Kong and report in to the British as a displaced Australian seaman.

They kept me up the river in Canton, where there was a small colony of whites. Most of those whites were Russians, either Red Army boys on advisory detail to Mao's lash-up or pre-Revolution White Russians who fled Shanghai long before and came south in the forlorn hope of getting across to Hong Kong and the British. But the British wouldn't have them because of that old problem of papers. Like me, those White Russians didn't have any. There were also some

British and Americans, official and unofficial.

I managed to find work for myself in Canton as a bartender. It's a trade you pick up pretty fast if you have a taste for strong refreshment. And I have. This saloon was one of the better sort, catering mostly to the international settlement, and I hung on there because I can get by in several languages—a trick you pick up if you go to sea long enough. And I learned Chinese while working with the weather station people.

Time passed quickly, what with working 12 hours a day. My Red Chinese boss never heard of union hours. This was quite a dive—not just a saloon but an opium den, too. Mao's people were forcing addicts to take the cure in those days, and shooting those who couldn't be cured; but my boss was a big shot and had protection, so he could run any kind of operation he liked. There was also a little palace of pleasure upstairs—girls that came in all colors: the short South Chinese, the tall and willowy North Chinese, two geishas that got there I don't know how, the usual complement of White Russian dames, and several Eurasians. That was against the Red law, too, but China will always be China, where anything goes if you've got influence in the right places.

I guess I'd been jerking scotch-and-sodas about a year when one night things changed one hell of a lot. Now, you have to understand that I'd been talking to every Englishman and every American I could get to hold still long enough. The idea was to get word across the frontier that there was a displaced seaman over here in Canton and would somebody please get him out. But nobody would believe anything except that I was a white man and a merchant seaman—the tattoos proved that. I had no papers saying I was born in Alabama, no papers saying I was a resident of Australia, no papers at all in a world where you're a foreigner to everyone if you don't have papers. So about the time I had begun to figure the Americans and the English would never believe me, and the Reds would keep me in Canton forever or until it became fashionable to start shooting whites, along comes this White Russian dame from upstairs one evening with a proposition.

No, not that kind. I knew Marushka too well for that. She said one of her customers—either an Englishman or an American, but she couldn't tell which—wanted me to work for him. Espionage. The war was just about over, Mao controlled most of China, and Chiang was backing into a corner. Somebody wanted some well placed ears. My job would be to keep on doing what I was doing at

this scotch-and-soda pagoda and listen with both ears whenever big Reds—Chinese or Russian—were holding up the bar. In my off hours I could fraternize with whoever was in the know, stroll around Canton with my eyes peeled, and in general get up whatever information I could.

What was in it for me? That's what I asked little Marushka. She didn't know. I wanted out of Canton and into Hong Kong. Could she find out if that could happen? The answer came a night later, and it was no. No promises. How did I know I wouldn't be working for the Japs? Because no info on the American or British was required. It looked like a square deal, all right. But who was behind it? What if I got caught spying or passing information? I had to ask that question. The answer came fast. If I got caught, tough schnitzel, as the saying goes. Without papers I was a stateless man, and therefore no government could help me. Besides, I couldn't expect the British or the Yanks to bear a hand with a guy who was poking his nose into their "ally's" affairs, could I? If I went along with this deal, it was on the slim hope that someone might get grateful and help me out of Red China after a while. I agreed to do it. All information was to be passed to Marushka.

That's the way it was for the next few years. I listened in on conversations, and reported them. Off duty, I poked around the railroad yards, munitions depots, military camps, the waterfront, and reported everything, no matter what it

was. There wasn't any money in it; I still made my living at the gin pagoda. This was supposed to be done for patriotic reasons, pure and simple, only it wasn't so pure, because I wanted out of Red China and I figured this might be my ticket. It might not, too. Probably not. But it was the only chance I could see at that time.

Naturally the question came up about hightailing it across the frontier on my own. And that was quite a question. You see, Canton is situated at the upper end of the Bay of Tyshan, at the mouth of a dirty yellow stream poetically called the Pe River. Hong Kong is about 90 miles down the bay. Go by boat? The Bay of Tyshan is constantly patrolled by fast torpedo boats. Go overland? Sure, by railroad, and every car has its armed guards.

After the end of the war, the war went on anyhow. Germany had been beaten and pretty well walked over, and the Nips were still wondering what happened to a couple of their cities, and the war was officially declared over and done with. But in China nobody paid the slightest attention. Ragged remnants of Nationalist Chinese were holding out here and there against the Russian-backed armies of Mao's Red regime. And therefore my job went on and on and on. In fact it went on until 1952, which is when I called off the whole deal. I had been, as far as I knew, a successful espionage agent for either the British or the Americans about eight years now. I had been living on borrowed time too long.

I funneled info to this White Russian doll, Marushka, until she was replaced by one of her sisters under the skin, a Korean cutie. I should have got the pitch right then. Marushka disappeared. Just plain disappeared. And the Korean showed up, announcing that she was the replacement. What happened to Marushka? was my first question. Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no lies was the general idea behind the answer I got. The war outside China had been declared over for some six years and a piece, while the war inside China was still progressing very nicely.

A BIG underground resistance had grown up and was kicking up a storm. About the time Marushka disappeared, there were almost nightly dynamitings of railroad switches and munitions dumps. It was at this point, when the Korean girl came along, that I got orders—from her, in fact—to contact this underground resistance movement and work up detailed information and report it, through the Korean.

This is where I wised up. I wasn't about to report on the underground to anyone I didn't know for damn sure. But I went ahead and made contacts with the underground anyhow. The local leader in Canton was an old revolutionist who had been in the Sun Yat-sen uprising back in the 1920's in Shanghai. When I finally reached him, I told him my whole story from the shipwreck through the period with the weather station behind Jap lines and on to my recent job

MEAT CUTTING OFFERS YOU SUCCESS And SECURITY

In The Best Established Business In The World • PEOPLE MUST EAT!

TRAIN QUICKLY in 8 short weeks for a job with a bright and secure future in the vital meat business. Trained meat men needed. Good pay, full-time jobs, year-round income, no lay-offs—HAVE A PROFITABLE MARKET OF YOUR OWN!

LEARN BY DOING

Get your training under actual meat market conditions in our big modern cutting and processing rooms and retail meat market. Expert instructors show you how—then you do each job yourself. Nearly a million dollars' worth of meat is cut, processed, displayed and merchandised by National students yearly!

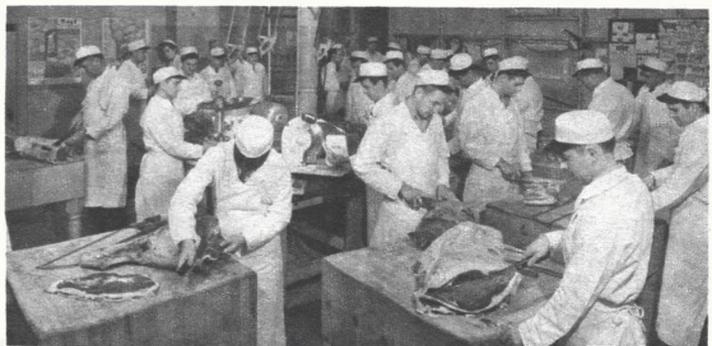
PAY AFTER GRADUATION

Come to National for complete 8-weeks course and pay your tuition in easy installments after you graduate. Diploma awarded. Free employment help. Thousands of successful graduates. OUR 33rd YEAR!

FREE CATALOG—MAIL COUPON

Send now for big illustrated National School catalog. See students in training. Read what graduates are doing and earning. See meat you cut and equipment you work with. No obligation. No salesman will call. Send coupon in envelope or paste on postal card. Get all the facts NOW! G. I. APPROVED.

National School Of Meat Cutting, Inc.
Dept. K-40 Toledo 4, Ohio



NATIONAL SCHOOL OF MEAT CUTTING, INC., Dept. K-40, Toledo 4, Ohio
Send me FREE 52-page school catalog on LEARN-BY-DOING training in PROFITABLE MEAT CUTTING, SUCCESSFUL MEAT MERCHANDISING and SELF-SERVICE MEATS at Toledo. No obligation. No salesman will call.
(Approved for Training Korean Veterans)

Name..... Age.....
Address.....
City..... Zone..... State.....

NEW HOPE in the battle against CANCER

THE FIGHT against man's cruellest enemy is far from won. If present rates continue, 23 million living Americans will die of cancer—230,000 *this year*. And thousands of these will die needlessly—through cancer that could have been cured if treated in time.

ALL THE SAME, there have been victories. Thousands who once would have died are being saved—thanks, in part, to your donations to the American Cancer Society.

AND, LAST YEAR, the Society was able to allocate \$5,000,000 of your donations to research aimed at finding the ultimate cure for all cancer. That's more money than ever before.

MUCH MORE, of course, remains to be done. So please make *this year's* gift a really generous one!

40 ACRE GOVERNMENT OIL LEASES—\$100

You do not drilling, pay no taxes, may realize a king-size profit without ever leaving home. Free map and booklet. Write to

AMERICAN OIL SCOUTS, Dept. M-S
7321 Beverly Blvd. Los Angeles 36, Calif.

TREMENDOUS Profits with Hagen's Exclusive



TEAR GAS
PENCIL!

This Tear-Gas Pencil discharges ammonia clouds of tear gas to instantly stop, stun and incapacitate the most vicious man or beast, an effective substitute for dangerous firearms; leaves no permanent injury. No selling experience needed. Handle as a profitable sideline... soon you'll sell it full time. Start now! Send \$4.25 for complete demonstrating kit of Automatic Tear Gas Pencil, 10 demonstrators & 3 Powerful Tear Gas Cartridges. Not sold to minors.
HAGEN SUPPLY CORP., Dept. E-025, St. Paul 4, Minn.

Sells Easy To Service Stations Small Stores Loan Offices Banks, Homes

HEARING BAD?

If so, you will be happy to know how we have improved the hearing and relieved those miserable head noises, caused by catarrh of the head, for thousands of people (many past 70) who have used our simple Elmo Palliative Home Treatment in the past 16 years. This may be the answer to your prayer. **NOTHING TO WEAR.** Here are **SOME** of the symptoms that may likely be causing your catarrhal deafness and head noises: Head feels stopped up from mucus. Dropping of mucus in throat. Hawking and spitting. Mucus in nose or throat every day. Hearing worse with a cold. Hear — but don't understand words. Hear better on clear days. Worse on rainy days. Head noises like crickets, bells, whistles, clicking, escaping steam or many other sounds. If your condition is caused by catarrh of the head, you, too, may likely enjoy such wonderful relief as many others have reported. **WRITE TODAY FOR PROOF AND 30 DAY TRIAL OFFER.**



THE ELMO COMPANY
DEPT. 46M2 DAVENPORT, IOWA

of getting information on Red Chinese activities for some mysterious power. I told the old man, whom I shall call Li Soo, about Marushka and the recent replacement, this Korean bimbo.

LI SOO listened patiently, then instructed me to return to my work and await word from him. Word came a few nights later, when I was mixing a Whirling Dervish (they make you spin), that Li Soo wanted me. I dropped everything and went. The old man was waiting in the back room of a shirt shop; with him were six or seven armed men.

"The Russian girl is dead," he opened without ceremony. "The Korean is one of Mao's people. I have checked your story, and it appears to be true. You and the Russian girl did very good work. But unfortunately she was apprehended passing your information to her contact. She must have revealed your identity, O'Brien." Li Soo raised an admonishing finger. "Ah, you must not be angry. She would not betray you except under great pressure, the kind of pressure we have developed to a fine art here in China. But now the Korean girl has been instructed to use you for their purposes. Your orders to get information on the underground came straight from Peiping. If you fail, they will arrest you as a spy and shoot you. And of course you must fail in this. It was wise of you to confess everything to us; otherwise, if Mao's people did not kill you, we should be forced to. As it stands now, however, we can help you get out of China into free territory."

"Hong Kong?"

"If that is where you wish to go, yes. I can get you to the bridge. The rest will be up to your courage and ingenuity, O'Brien. You will leave tonight."

"And the Korean girl?" I asked.

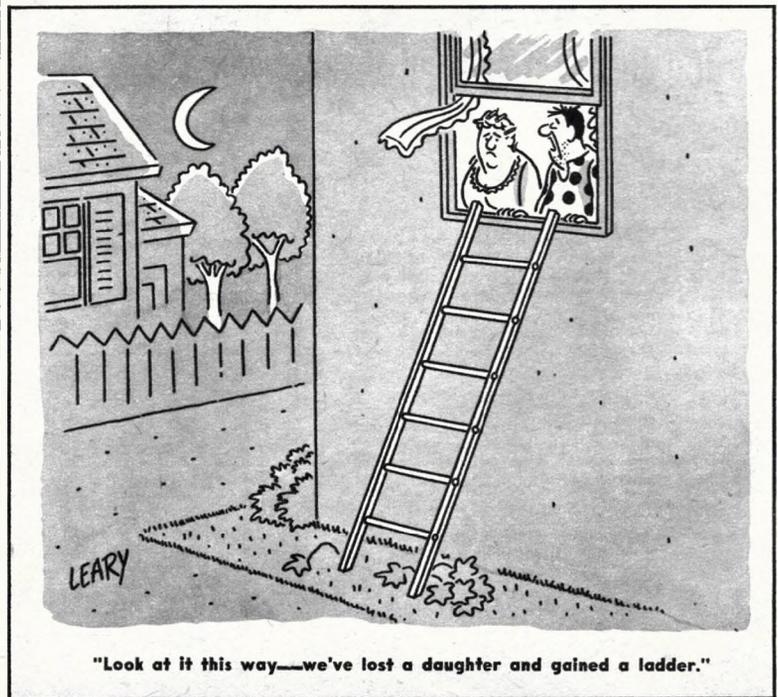
"We shall use her." Li Soo smiled through his stringy gray beard. "We shall feed her what the military calls *dis-information*." He shook my hand, and I left with three of his men.

They had a stolen lorry in a back alley, and we rode this all the way to Howloon. There I holed up with a Chinese family, also members of the underground, for two weeks, waiting for the right moment. It came when a group of people were about to be sent across the bridge into Hong Kong. They were the usual collection of people who had somehow strayed out of bounds: a fishing party picked up on the Bay of Tyshan by a patrol boat (the Reds control all of the waters around there), a couple of newshawks who had wandered away from Macao, some priests who had stayed in China since before the Japs. Altogether there were 15. I was to try and mix in with them and make it across the bridge.

I knew we'd be counted. That couldn't be helped. A typhoon was kicking up a fuss, and I thought: well, I came here in a typhoon, so I'll check out in one. The rain was pouring down, and a hell of a wind was blowing, and altogether this might work to my advantage. I was crouched under a boxcar on a railroad siding not more than 100 feet from the little knot of prisoners about to be sent across the bridge. The Red Cross aides were checking off some papers with the Red Chinese guards. There were numbers of civilians standing around.

I eased out from under the boxcar and just walked slowly and casually toward the prisoners, unnoticed among the people standing around in the driving rain. And then I stood next to the group of prisoners, safe for the moment—until the march across the bridge.

Maybe the guards wouldn't count noses. If they did, I'd have to run for



"Look at it this way—we've lost a daughter and gained a ladder."

it. If I ran, they'd shoot. And if they shot . . .

The order to march came then. The prisoners started out single file. I stepped into line as number seven. So far, so good. It felt great to be walking toward freedom. I wanted to sing and jump up and down. But then as we approached the middle of the bridge, I saw two more guards start counting the prisoners as the line filed past. I was still number seven. They wouldn't know there was one too many until they got to number 16 and found one more than they should have.

As we slowly walked past the two guards who were counting, I started timing the count. I knew that when they reached 16 I would have to run like hell without touching ground too often. One, two, three, four, five, six—then me—now, count! Eight, nine, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14—brace yourself! Now, run! Run!

I flew past the first six prisoners before the guards started shouting at me in Chinese. I ran shouting at the British guards, "Get out of my way! I'm coming through!"

They were shouting, too, "Go back! Go back!"

I heard the cracking sound of rifle fire behind me, and bullets ricocheted whining off the bridge at my feet. I thought one of them had to hit me at that short range: the one I wouldn't hear, the next bullet . . .

And then I crashed through the British guards, knocking several of them over. We all picked ourselves up together and looked back across the bridge. The rest of the prisoners were coming along O. K., and the Chinese were screaming with frustrated rage.

Well, I had a hell of a lot of explaining to do, as you might imagine. But without papers of any kind, no one believed a word I had to say.

You and the whole world know the rest—how I took the bay ferry to Macao and the Portuguese there wouldn't let me land, and when I got back to Hong Kong the British wouldn't let me land either. I stayed on the G.D. ferryboat 10 months before a lawyer got the Brazilian consul to give me a visa. Then at last I got off the ferry and on to the French liner *Bretagne*, bound for Rio de Janeiro.

The only trouble was, as you may recall, the Brazilian government regretted its consul's hastiness and decided not to let me land in Rio, either. So I rode that very nice ship for 14 more months!

Newspapers all over the world were calling me The Man Without A Country. Very funny! But it all came out in the wash. Finally, the government of the Dominican Republic gave me a visa—and honored it, too.

So here I am in Ciudad Trujillo, the capital of the Dominican Republic, which is a mighty nice place to be. I've got a little saloon of my own down here, and I do a good business—slow and easy, but profitable.

People are real friendly. Living's cheap. The town is full of pretty women. Fishing's good, too. Drop in to see me anytime. I'll show you how to mix a Whirling Dervish. ♦♦♦



They seek you out, they come tearing down your doors, they won't let you go! They are yours, YOURS ALONE. In these confidential books you'll find ancient love magic and modern techniques . . . Don Juan and the Man-About-Town . . . And ways to make the male personality more potent and irresistible!

It's a double secret—Intimate romance and social strategy. That's why YOURS ALONE offers in 2 complete books: *How to Get Along with Girls* and *The Book of Etiquette*. Single, engaged or married, you'll be thrilled with your new power. It's so easy when you know how! Only \$2. Money-back guarantee.

PLAZA BOOK CO., Dept. DT-712
109 Broad St., New York 4, N. Y.
Send YOURS ALONE in plain wrapper. If not delighted, I may return it in 10 days for refund.
 I enclose \$2. You pay all postage.
 Send C.O.D. I'll pay postman \$2 plus postal charges.

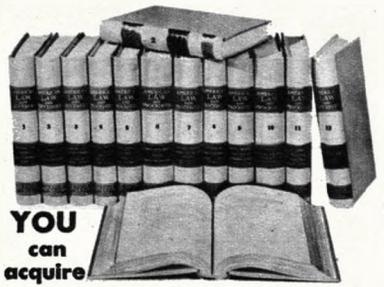
Name.....
Address.....
City..... Zone..... State.....
Canada & Foreign—\$2.50 with order

SONG POEMS WANTED TO BE SET TO MUSIC

★ by America's largest songwriters' organization. Send poems for immediate consideration. No obligation. Write today.
★ Phonograph Records Made
★ FIVE STAR MUSIC MASTERS, 42 BEACON BLVD., BOSTON, MASS.

Learn BAKING at home

Baking is one of America's high industries in wages. Not seasonal, but year 'round good field for trained and experienced men. Thorough basic spare time home study course lays solid foundation. If you have the aptitude for this type of work, send for FREE Booklet, "Opportunities in Commercial Baking."
NATIONAL BAKING SCHOOL
638 Diversey Pkwy., Dept. 6032, Chicago 14, Ill.



YOU can acquire LAW NIGHTS AT HOME! L. B. DEGREE

LaSalle's famous Law Library—used as reference in many Law libraries and Law offices—has enabled thousands to master Law surprisingly fast, in spare hours at home, for business and professional advancement.

These 14 remarkable volumes, compiled by leading professors and lawyers, cover the whole basic field of Law in condensed, orderly, simplified manner.

You advance rapidly with this great library, plus special lectures furnished. We guide you step-by-step with personalized Problem Method of instruction . . . you learn by doing—handling legal problems—not by memorizing rules.

Send for two FREE 48-page booklets, "Law Training for Leadership," and "Evidence," answering questions about Law and its value to you, and telling how LaSalle Law graduates are winning rapid advancement in business and public life. Mail coupon below. No obligation.

LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY
A Correspondence Institution
417 S. Dearborn St. Dept. 2378L Chicago 5, ILL.
Send me your two FREE booklets described above, without obligation.
Name..... Age.....
Street.....
City, Zone & State.....

New Catalog of 3000 Novelties

Send 10c for amazing catalog of novelties, bakery, gifts, live animals, hobbies, fun makers, plates & bowls, magic tricks, joke articles, unusual seeds, gadget time-savers, compass, optical goods, projectors, movies, jewelry, disguises, stamps, coins, puzzles, radios, auto & bike accessories, banks, smokers' gadgets, artists' supplies, printing sets, motors, knives, billfolds, guns, sports, books, games, music, scientific supplies, plants, fireworks, office & household items, etc., from all over world. Rush name, address & 10c now!
Johnston Smith Co., Dep. 125, Detroit 7, Mich.

BECOME AN EXPERT IN TRAFFIC

Traffic men earn \$4,000 to \$10,000 and up. Thousands of firms need experts on rules, habits, regulations. We train you thoroughly in spare time at home for executive traffic jobs. Personal training under traffic officials. Placement coupon and help. Write for free 48-page booklet "Traffic Management"—the Fast Growing Profession!
LA SALLE Extension University, 417 S. Dearborn St. A Correspondence Institution Dept. 2378T Chicago 5, Ill.

KRUGER Pistol Bargain \$3.00 post paid



Blue-black finish

SINGLE SHOT
Delivered free

.12 CALIBER
FULL PRICE!
FIRED BY .14 MG. POWDER CHARGE

Crafted after famous German Luger design. Not an air or CO₂ gun. This is a small bore gun that shoots small .12 caliber lead bullets fired by light 14 mg. powder charge. Beautiful gun, swell for target shooting. 4" steel barrel in knurled styrene stock. Overall length 8 3/4". Amazing low price due to ball and cap design, direct factory-to-you sales. Comes with 50 bullets. Send for extra bullets or available at stores. Money back if not satisfied.

KRUGER CORPORATION
KRUGER BUILDING, BOX 709 Z, ALHAMBRA, CALIF.
Please send . . . Kruger pistols, \$3 each
Payment of \$. . . enclosed (No C.O.D.'s)
NAME..... CITY.....
ADDRESS..... STATE.....

not everyone does as well, but E. O. Lockin, who started a business of his own, reports...

for 12 months I've averaged
\$800 PER MONTH
INCOME -
 most of it clear profit for me!

Many men have discovered how to be independent, to be free of bosses and layoffs. L. A. Eagles grossed more than \$200 his first week. Others report gross up to \$12,000 per year. How much you make depends largely on you. You need no special skill, no large investment.

No shop necessary. Our ELECTRIC rug WASHER cleans rugs, carpets right on floor... helps to show their natural color and beauty. So efficient and safe, used by largest hotels and railroads.

You take no risk. Machines fully guaranteed.

Write for full information including how to make big profits in your OWN BUSINESS.



WRITE: CAROLINE FLOREY, 805 FRED STANAN

VON SCHRADER MFG. CO., 228 "H" PL., RACINE, WIS.

Without obligation, send your FREE booklet containing information about your ELECTRIC RUG WASHER and how I can start my own permanent, profitable business.

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____

EARN EXTRA MONEY GROWING **MIDGET TREES!**
 AT HOME - SPARE TIME - FOR FUN AND PROFITS!
 It's New! Amazing! FULL GROWN living small trees—only 12 INCHES HIGH! Elm, orange, oak, cypress—any kind! ALL BLOOM and even BEAR FRUIT! Perfect, healthy specimens, but miniature! Make easily home decorations and beautiful expensive centerpieces (sold for over \$1,500 each). It's FUN! A new fascinating hobby - a new \$5555 HOME BUSINESS! Real seed and sensational new growing plan details. BOTH ABSOLUTELY FREE!
 NATIONAL NURSERY GARDENS, Dept. 1382
 8443 SOUTH VAN NESS, INGLEWOOD 4, CALIFORNIA

ARTHRITIS?

I have been wonderfully blessed in being restored to active life after being crippled in nearly every joint in my body and with muscular soreness from head to foot. I had Rheumatoid Arthritis and other forms of Rheumatism, hands deformed and my ankles were set.

Limited space prohibits telling you more here but if you will write me I will reply at once and tell you how I received this wonderful relief.

Mrs. Lela S. Wier

2805 Arbor Hills Drive—245
 P. O. Box 2695
 Jackson 7, Mississippi

MAGIC CARDS
 ONLY YOU CAN READ
 CAN YOU TELL THIS CARD IS AN ACE?
 ONLY This special DeLuxe deck of playing cards seems ordinary. BUT it is secretly coded on the back so that YOU alone know what each card is, even when lying face down. No one else will know it is not just a regular deck used for poker, gin, etc. Simple directions with each deck explain the code and show you how to do many amazing and seemingly impossible tricks. Astound your friends before you let them in on your secret. Looks the same as any ordinary deck, except to you. Only \$1.98. Don't delay. Order now! Simply send Name and Address. Pay postman on arrival only \$1.98 plus postage. To save postage fees, send cash, check or money order.

INDEX PRODUCTS CO., DEPT. A-235
 959 Park Place, Brooklyn 13, N. Y.



"SAVE HIM . . ."

Continued from page 27

into the spilled gasoline. The car caught fire as I was half carried, half pushed into the jungle.

I have no idea how they found their way, since it was as black as the bottom of a well under the trees. There seemed to be some kind of path underfoot. We continued this way for about two hours when I spotted a light ahead. A few minutes later I was dragged out into a clearing—the guerrilla headquarters.

There were a few ramshackle native huts, and some lean-tos, the only light was from a big cooking fire in the center of the clearing. A number of native women were working at the fires and about 40 or 50 men were sprawled around watching us. One of them came toward me. From his dress and manner I guessed he must be one of the leaders. He spoke no French, but I can handle the language well enough.

"You are a doctor, yes. I am Tulu. Come with me." He didn't give me a chance to answer but turned away and started toward the biggest hut. One of the guerrillas put his rifle butt in my back and pushed. I stumbled forward.

A BURNING branch was brought over and I saw the man on the table for the first time. He was unconscious and in shock, it was easy to see why. From chest to knees he was soaked in blood. His clothing was torn and mangled, the flesh underneath wasn't much better. I turned to Tulu.

"What happened?"

"He was hit by a mortar shell during the raid. It blew up right under his belly. You will make him well."

The idea was so preposterous I almost laughed at him, but I quickly thought better of it. From the look of the wound the man should have been dead already—it would take a miracle or a hospital and a skilled surgeon to save him. I was just a plain G.P.

I told this to Tulu and watched the anger flame across his face. He pulled a rifle away from one of the men and jabbed it fiercely into my side. When I tried to draw away he only pushed it that much harder. He was overcome with anger and I didn't dare move.

"His life is your life. If he dies you die!"

I looked at the fierce light in his eyes and at the finger, half curled over the trigger and quivering with tension, and I knew I was licked. I knew I couldn't fix that man up but I also knew that I had better try. A small chance, but the only chance I had of leaving the jungle alive.

"All right I'll do it—but I'll need help. First, what kind of medical equipment is there here? I'll need a scalpel, retractors, hemostats, sponges, scissors, sutures—how much of that do you have?"

He waved one of his men forward. "I know all doctors must have the tools with which they work, so I had this man remove yours from your car before it burned."

The guerrilla was proud of his work. He thrust forward my "tools"—my stethoscope! The one thing I could have no possible use for. I almost lost hope at that point, but the thought of that shared grave pushed me on. I dug out the contents of my pockets and dropped them on the ground in front of me. Keys, wallet—the usual mess. Out of it all there were only two things I could possibly use; a small gold-handled pen knife and an ancient needle from a hypodermic that I could work with.

A half-hour later I knew I was licked. I had found some steel straps on a packing case that could be bent into retractors. The women had supplied some needles, thread and rags; a stolen truck toolbox had furnished me with needle-nose pliers. These were my operating instruments.

I almost gave up hope at this point. I don't know whether it was the sight of those guns, or a memory that made me go on. In the back of the lecture hall at college there was a painting of Jeremias Trautman of Wittenberg. Old Jeremias was performing a Caesarean section in the year 1610—and he had managed to save both mother and child. No anesthetics, no knowledge of sterilization, yet he had done it.

When we look at modern hospitals we tend to forget that men have been around for about 50,000 years and modern medicine for about 150. There have been a lot of crude operations done since the world began, some of them recently, like that U. S. Navy corpsman who took out an appendix in a sub using spoons and kitchen knives. The least I could do was try. I shouted at Tulu:

"Boil up all this junk and get another man. You two are going to help me."

He was resentful of my demanding tone, but he fought down his anger. "What are you going to do?"

I looked him straight in the eye and rolled all of my anger into one sentence. "I'm going to slice open his damned belly and take that junk out."

It worked. I had the upper hand, at least for the present. I would need it if this operation were to have one chance in 10,000 of succeeding.

The three of us scrubbed until our skin was raw—right up the shoulders. I used pieces of laundry soap and lye, strong but effective. They hated it, but they cleaned their nails and washed until I was satisfied. We went into the hut and I looked down at my patient. "Light—lots of light!

Get every candle and lantern you have and bring them in here!" While they were getting the lights I had to do something about the loss of blood. Gai Uan had lost a lot and he was going to lose more. A transfusion was out of the question, I had no way of matching blood types. As I couldn't use whole blood I needed something like a plasma expander, a liquid to be added to the blood so the heart would have enough liquid to pump. Salt water would have to do. Every medical student knows that the concentration of salt in the blood is 327 mg to every 100 cc of water. I estimated the amount as closely as I could and mixed the two in one of their water gourds. It looked as if the stethoscope would come in handy after all. I took one of the rubber tubes off and pushed it through a hole in the bottom of the gourd. The hypodermic needle went on the other end.

One of the guerrillas was drafted as an assistant. I showed him how to squeeze the tube so only a drop came through at a time, then shoved the needle into the patient's ante-cubital vein. I picked up my knife and the operation began.

The first thing to do in an injury like this is to enlarge the wound. The neat cut of the knife gives a better anchor for the needle when you are sewing up the opening. I pared away a chunk of ragged flesh and dropped it on the ground. The edge of the wound was bleeding in about six different places. If I had had surgical clamps I could have pinched each of them off first, then returned later to tie them shut with thread. All I had was the pliers. I pinched off one blood vessel and handed the pliers to Tulu to hold. While he stopped the flow I took the thread and sutured it. A quick loop, a triple knot and it was tight. I moved on to the next one.

With the wound enlarged and the bleeders tied off I was ready to enter the abdominal cavity. I hooked the retractors over the edge of the wound and hauled it open. My other assistant grabbed onto them to hold the wound open while I worked inside. The peritoneum was exposed now, that great, tough sac that encloses the guts. I cut through it and hooked the retractors over the edges to pull everything back. An hour had passed and I was finally entering the abdominal cavity.

I HAD to determine the extent of the injury. I probed with my hand; Gai Uan gave a groan from the depths of his stupor. When you haul on their guts they do that.

He was all chopped up inside. His spleen was remarkably uninjured, but his stomach had more holes in it than a Swiss cheese. To complete the operation I would have to take his stomach out and sew the end of his esophagus to the top of his small intestine. I think my thoughts were showing on my face, because I found Tulu staring at me intently. I couldn't do it! In a hospital it takes a specialist and two operating room assistants three hours for this operation. The look on Tulu's face told me that I was going to do it here and now with my crude equipment.

One thing on my side was the rapid

clotting time Gai Uan seemed to have. I took another chance. First tying off the gastric arteries, I just hacked out the debris, staying the venous bleeding by packing the hole with sterile rags. I flushed out the whole thing with water and got ready to rip and sew. In the gut are dangerous bacteria but the metal fragments had already spread them around, there was no point in trying to avoid entry of the gut tube to prevent infection. I had hauled out the mortar pieces and was glad that only four or five large ones were there. If he had been splattered by a hundred tiny pieces it would have been impossible.

I began hooking flesh together as fast as I could. With my finger I ripped apart the connective tissue that held down the organs I needed—the pyloric sphincter, duodenum and lower esophagus. This was a rough and ready trick that I had learned from a combat surgeon. Ripped tissue heals faster and this way I saved some vital time.

I was ready now for the final step. The last pieces of the stomach came out. Before they hit the ground I had the two open ends of the tubes against each other and I was sewing. It was a fast and crude job. Two hours from start to finish; it looked like I would make it. Gai Uan was as pale as a sheet of paper but his heartbeat was strong and regular. I closed the peritoneum and sewed it together. Closing the opening in the muscle and flesh would take longer, but the dangerous part was over.

My arms were shaking with exhaustion when I finished. I slumped down on the ground, too tired to go out of that filthy hut. I had done what I could. Gai Uan was still alive; if no infection developed he had a good chance of pulling through.

A WEEK later he was still alive. I had him on a liquid diet and what guts he had left were beginning to take over the work of the stomach. He may still be alive, I don't know, my chance came that night.

I woke up to the sound of firing in the jungle. It came nearer and I realized that it must be Viet Nam soldiers. This was my break and I took it. I had loosened some of the mats that formed the back wall of the hut. I dove through the wall and into the jungle. Some shots were fired in my direction, but they didn't come close. Everyone was too busy to look for me, all I had to worry about was snake bite or getting lost.

The firing died down and I heard men moving by me in the brush. I hoped it was the guerrillas moving out, but I waited to make sure.

A nervous sentry almost put a hole through me when I returned, but I couldn't get angry at him for it. The Viet Minh were gone and a company of tough looking Viet Nam soldiers were occupying the camp. They were amazed to see me. Everyone was sure I was dead; Viet Minh guerrillas do not take prisoners.

It was a crude and sloppy operation that I had performed, probably one of the crudest ever done. But it was a damn good operation.

It saved two lives. ♦♦♦



**Millions
SPEAK
ANOTHER
LANGUAGE
SO CAN YOU WITH
LINGUAPHONE**
World's Standard Conversational Method
The Quick, Natural EASY Way



SPANISH (New World or European)
FRENCH • GERMAN
JAPANESE • ITALIAN
PORTUGUESE • RUSSIAN
MODERN GREEK

any of 34 languages available for

10 DAY FREE TRIAL

With LINGUAPHONE—The World's Standard Conversational Method—You Start to SPEAK another language TOMORROW—or IT COSTS YOU NOTHING!

For just 20 Minutes a Day you listen to Linguaphone's Life-like Recordings. It is easy—AND FUN—to learn another language AT HOME with LINGUAPHONE—the same natural way you learned to speak before you went to school.

Only LINGUAPHONE brings the world's outstanding native language teachers into your home. You hear both men and women speak about everyday matters in their native tongue. YOU understand—You SPEAK correctly as they do. It's like living in another country.

That's why Linguaphone is used round the world by educators, governments and business firms. More than a million home-study students of all ages.

10 DAY FREE TRIAL

Send today for Free booklet that tells about Linguaphone and how you may obtain a COMPLETE Course-unit in the language you choose on 10 day FREE TRIAL.



SEND FOR FREE BOOK
"PASSPORT TO A NEW WORLD OF OPPORTUNITY"



LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE CI 7-0830
1-41-026 Rock Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.
Please send me your FREE Book about Linguaphone plus details of 10 DAY FREE TRIAL. No obligation, of course.

Language interest.....
Name.....
Address.....
City.....Zone.....State.....
Leaders for Over Half a Century in Up-To-Date Modern Language Courses

MEN OVER 40! ENERGY! VITALITY!

or your money back in 30 days!

Do you feel run-down on the job or at home? Muscle tone gone? Nervous? Don't let it get you down! Whether it is due to a sub-clinical deficiency or the lack of rich red blood, science has the answer for BOTH! Fortify your diet! Dr. Burkard M.D. gives you miraculous VITERONE capsules (crystalline B12, plus vital nutritive elements) used by thousands of satisfied men all over the WORLD. Yours to try for less than they ever cost before!

Rushed in confidential wrapper.
SPECIAL OFFER!

To purchasers of 50 Caps
VITERONE
(Vital elements)
REG. \$5

FREE!
100 Caps
VITAMIN B12
Combined with B Complex
Stimulates production
of Red Blood Cells
REG. \$6.95

BOTH FOR \$5

MONEY BACK IF NOT DELIGHTED

Send \$5 for the combination NOW!

Cash M.O. Check C.O.D.
I prefer 100 VITERONE capsules at \$9

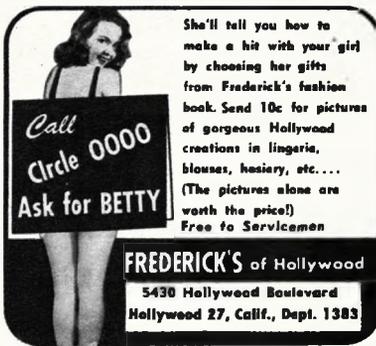
DR. BURKARD LABORATORIES - Lab. GM-24
3006 Olympic Station, Beverly Hills, Calif.

PILES

If you suffer from the miseries of itching, bleeding or protruding piles, you may have a generous supply of Page's Palliative Pile Preparations absolutely free for the asking. They have relieved pile suffering in hundreds and thousands of cases for more than 50 years.

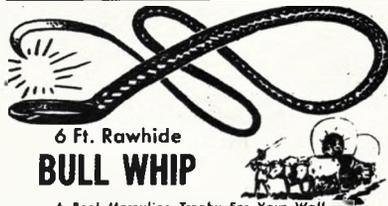
FREE Trial supply to quickly prove all this will be sent absolutely free and with no obligation to buy now or later. Send name and address for free trial TODAY!

E. R. Page Co., Dept. 42C1, Marshall, Mich.



She'll tell you how to make a hit with your girl by choosing her gifts from Frederick's fashion book. Send 10c for pictures of gorgeous Hollywood creations in lingerie, blouses, hosiery, etc.... (The pictures alone are worth the price!) Free to Servicemen

FREDERICK'S of Hollywood
5430 Hollywood Boulevard
Hollywood 27, Calif., Dept. 1383



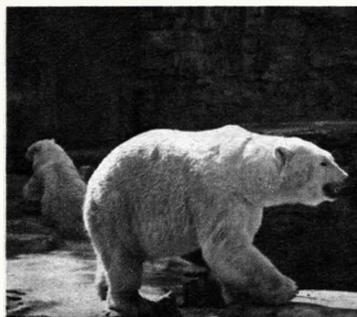
6 Ft. Rawhide BULL WHIP

A Real Masculine Trophy For Your Wall —
Cracks Like a Pistol Shot — Accurate

South African type rawhide Bull Whip similar to ones used by pioneers to train animals, for self defense, for skill and accuracy. A powerful balanced whip that flicks ashes off a cigarette at 6 feet. Rugged loop fits snugly on wrist — lets whip rest comfortably. Leather thong tail snaps in LOUD PISTOL SHOT CRACK

as you draw back over head and release with a flick of the wrist. Beautifully made of powerful, fast-action rawhide leather with 4 ply handle, tapered rawhide snapping thong and thick braided rawhide body. Makes an impressive collector's item hanging on your wall. Use it for costume parties, amateur theatricals, etc. Sold direct, only \$2.98.

INDEX PRODUCTS CO., DEPT. A-234
959 Park Place, Brooklyn 13, N. Y.



Like us, he had headed farther out on the ice bridge looking for an open water lead. "Might as well," I suggested to Jess as we eyed the tracks.

We began to follow them and before long the dogs caught the scent and got plenty excited. They broke into a run, yammering and whining eagerly. The komiak shot ahead and we had our hands full as we went banging and rocking over the rough ice.

Jess jumped up and down on the steel brake until I thought it would snap off, but after a little it bit deep into the ice and dragged the komiak to a stop.

We tried to quiet the dogs down. From all the racket it looked like we had already scared the hell out of any polar bear around. But pretty soon Jess pointed to a long, jagged pile of ice about shoulder-high and maybe 250 yards away.

We could see the nanook's small head moving around behind it. We had caught up with him from downwind. As long as he hadn't yet got our scent, the noise, whatever he had heard of it in the stiff breeze, didn't seem to bother him any.

"Go ahead and shoot him," Jess said. "I'll stay here and take care of the dogs."

I NODDED, reaching for my rifle. It was his team: a dozen big sleds, mostly Eskimos and a few Siberians and Malemites thrown in, all spoiling for a fight at the smell of bear. Jess could control 'em better than I could.

I went ahead slowly, covering several yards before the bear spotted me. Then his head disappeared quietly behind the ice pile. Like all nanooks who watch a man in a parka approach them from downwind, this one figured I was a seal out on the ice and got himself set to stalk me.

I kept on moving toward him, angling a little to the right and away from the ice pile. I had to come up on a line with the pile and maybe a little beyond before I'd be able to get a clear shot at him.

I was abreast of the pile and about 40 yards away from it when I saw the bear again. He was at the near end and I came to a stop.

The wind shifted a bit and he caught my scent. He gave a fierce growl of disappointment at being cheated out of a meal of blubber. I could see his red-rimmed, angry little eyes as he reared up, ready to fight.

He looked as wide as an igloo and better than 10 feet tall. He was a big one, all right; what we call a nanook-suah.

He growled again, this time in loud challenge. His growls turned into snarls

HE HAD TO USE THE KNIFE

Continued from page 43

of rage and his lips drew back, showing his long fangs. He started rocking on his hind legs and bringing his front paws up, fanning air as he batted them out from his chest and whipped himself into fury.

He was a perfect target and I aimed for the heart, carefully lining up the sights of my .30 Krag against the yellow-white fur. I had enough time and yardage before he started to rush me, for a 220-grain bullet will stop even a nanook-suah cold.

Right before I began to squeeze the trigger, I had one of those sudden, uneasy feelings that a guy sometimes gets about something being wrong. I should have paid attention to that warning hunch.

"The rag!" I heard Jess yell faintly behind me.

My gun went off. Instantly, as the bullet hit the little flannel rag I had forgotten to take out of the rifle muzzle, I felt a wallop like I had been struck in the shoulder by a sledge hammer.

There was a loud explosion. As the kick of the butt slammed me over on my backside, the rifle barrel peeled into crazy twisting strips of steel. One small piece broke off and whizzed backward like a chunk of shrapnel. It caught me in the forehead, tearing through the hood of my parka.

Half-groggy and with blood streaming into my eyes, I looked up in a hurry. I knew I had to scramble out of there fast or the nanook would be on me.

He was still several yards away, for the sound of the explosion had scared him for a second or two. But he got over it quickly and started for me, madder than hell.

I scrambled to my feet, yelling for Jess. The blood in my eyes blinded me. I had a hunting knife sheathed on the belt around my parka. But even as I grabbed for it I knew it was no use. My whole arm, from shoulder down, felt numb.

I started to run back toward Jess. I took maybe three or four steps, wiping my eyes with my left sleeve. I tripped over a piece of pressure ice and went down again, this time on my face.

I won't get away. I thought in terror as the dark ice came up at me. The snarls of the nanook sounded close behind me as I got to a knee and managed to snatch out my knife with my left hand. I heard the thumping of my heart as I tried to get up to face him.

I heard Jess shout something. Almost immediately our lead dog, Agak, shot out from behind me. With a low growl, 85 pounds of black and white Eskimo hurled himself upward, fangs bared, aiming for the bear's throat.

Jess had slashed him loose from his harness and Agak had wasted no time in rushing the bear. He was all reckless courage, that dog. No jockeying around, no feinting, just a straight, head-on charge.

At that Agak almost caught the *nanook* by surprise. But, big as he was, the bear shifted as quickly as a welterweight. I saw his long neck stretch to the right, out of the way, and his left paw lash out with a swift and savage blow.

There was no dodging that awful wallop. Agak's ribs caved in like dried-out twigs. His spine snapped and his back curved up as he came flying through the air. He was dead before he landed.

For the moment the bear seemed to have forgotten about me. Before he remembered and maybe decided to take after me again, I started running like hell in the direction of the *komiak*.

I felt a lot better when I saw Jess coming toward me fast with a heavy *oogruk* harpoon in his hand. He was a guy who knew how to use one on a polar bear as well as a seal or walrus. Like some Eskimos, he even favored it over a gun.

O.K., I thought as I slowed up and began to breathe regularly again, now it's your turn, you *nanook-suah* bastard.

The bear was still reared up back at the spot where he had killed Agak, still madder than hell. But a polar bear isn't at all stupid. He was staring at Jess and sizing up the harpoon and maybe thinking about beating a retreat.

Pretty soon the sled dogs helped him make up his mind. They were becoming more and more excited after Jess left them, yelping wildly, tearing and straining at their harnesses, trying to drag the *komiak* free.

Suddenly the ice under the brake gouged out and the dogs started off. They came charging along behind Jess, heading straight toward the bear, yipping like they meant to tear him apart.

That decided the *nanook*. He let out a couple of more loud growls, whirled around and started making tracks for the piled up ice. Jess didn't get close enough to throw his harpoon before the bear ducked behind the ice pile. He kept right on traveling. The next time I saw his head it was over a low point in the ice heap more than 100 yards farther on.

The dogs came right on after him with the *komiak* banging along behind them. "The *komiak*!" Jess shouted.

He dropped the harpoon like it was red hot and grabbed for the sled handles as the *komiak* shot by. He managed to hang on and as they came up to me I dodged out of the way of the dogs and grabbed too.

Then the two of us were dragged along behind yelling and swearing at the team while Jess bobbed up and down trying to find the brake and jump on it. There was no holding those dogs. They were out for blood.

Jess was still feeling for the brake when the team came abreast of the ice pile and started to round it. Instead of making a swing, the dogs on the left leads cut in sharp to save time and the *komiak* crashed right into the heaped up ice. It spilled over, taking Jess and me along with it.

Some of the dogs went over too with the force of the sudden check, and those that didn't still had bear on their minds and tried to keep going and in no time at all there was one godawful foul-up.

I GOT to my feet and thought that any guy driving a tandem team instead of a fan-shaped hitch like we were doing would laugh himself sick to see the fix we were in.

You can get into an argument anywhere in Alaska about the best way to hitch up a team of dogs. All Eskimos and some of the old-timers favor the fan-shaped hitch with the dogs fanning out on separate leads from the tow line. Most of the freighters and the dog team racers like the tandem hitch.

Jess and I have always preferred the fan-shaped hitch, especially when we're hunting. That way if we wanted to cut out a dog from the team in a hurry to take after game we could pick any one we wished. With a tandem hitch you have to cut out the lead dog first.

We worked like the devil trying to straighten out the damned tangle those dogs had gotten themselves into. Agak, the big Eskimo, had been a help in keeping the other 11 dogs in line and we missed him badly. The two Malemutes, Natash and Michi, had gotten themselves so snarled up in their leads that we had to cut the lines to free them and Ukuk, one of the Siberian huskies, was brawling with Sela, a heavy Eskimo, and not making things any easier.

"I can't find the goddamned whip," Jess swore, "and these bastards are so

Get Rid of UGLY PIMPLES this new easy way!

Amazing new medicated lotion developed by a doctor works wonders by clearing up complexion in one week or less!

DON'T let a bad complexion ruin romance, spoil your fun, cause you to be embarrassed, shy or ashamed. If you suffer from acne, the common external cause of pimples among young people, try this wonderfully effective medicated lotion that was developed by a practicing physician to clear up his own daughter's complexion after other methods had failed. It has produced astonishing results for many thousands of others. It is **GUARANTEED** to help you or it won't cost you a single cent!

Doesn't Show On Your Face

Keraplex is a skin-colored lotion (NOT a greasy salve or ointment!) that is quickly absorbed by the skin and gets right down in the pores where its healing and antiseptic ingredients can go to work. After you have applied it, there is no trace left on the surface. In fact, it makes a perfect powder base... actually improves the tone of the skin! It is pleasant and easy to use—leaving your skin soft, clean and fragrant.



BEFORE

Note more than a dozen blemishes on just one side of this girl's face before KERAPLEX was applied.



AFTER

Same girl had used KERAPLEX twice a day for only 5 days when above photo was taken. Note the amazing improvement.

NO COST Unless It ACTUALLY DOES Clear Up Your Skin!

An analysis of results, taken from the "case history" records, indicates that Keraplex is successful in clearing up six out of seven cases of externally caused pimples.

What Users Say:

"I was suffering from a severe case of acne and with only 4 days' treatment with Keraplex... was completely relieved."—P. S.

"I have been completely satisfied with your lot and to help clear up the pimples on my face."—K. W.

"I have used Keraplex and for the first time in my life my pimples are clearing up in good shape."—E. S.

Boys often suffer from acne, too. So if you have a brother or friend who needs help, show him this advertisement. He'll be grateful to you later for the kindness you have shown.

Mail the convenient coupon below now, for a bottle of Keraplex. Then use it as directed for a full week. If you don't see results that delight you within that time, simply return empty bottle and your money will be refunded at once. Don't delay a single minute. Clip and mail the coupon NOW. Underwood Laboratories, Inc., Stratford, Conn.

PHOTO CREDITS

The black and white photographs used in this issue of STAG are from the following sources: pages 12-13-14, Author; pages 16-17, U.P.; pages 18-19, Penguin, Woolley—Black Star; pages 20-23, Stan Young; pages 26-27, Internationale; pages 28-29-30, U.P.; pages 32-33, Penguin from 20th Century-Fox's "An American Guerrilla in the Philippines," Wide World; pages 36-37-38, Author; pages 40-41, Roy McClean; pages 42-43, U.P., Lawrence Thornton—Frederic Lewis. STAG'S cover this month was painted by Mort Kunstler.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

UNDERWOOD LABORATORIES, Inc., Dept. 57 STRATFORD, CONN.

Yes! I want to try Keraplex ON APPROVAL. Send size checked below in plain wrapper marked "personal." When it is delivered I will deposit with postman amount indicated below, plus postage. If not delighted with the RESULTS, I will return empty bottle within seven days for a full refund of the purchase price.

- Regular Size, \$1.98
- Double Quantity (Two Bottles), \$3.50

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

SAVE POSTAGE. Check here if you ENCLOSE payment, in which case we pay postage. Same money-back Guarantee applies!

Payment must be sent with all orders to be shipped to A.P.O.'s, Canada and foreign countries.

WHAT ALL AUTO MECHANICS WANT TO KNOW

1664 PAGES



This Big Practical Book gives full information with working diagrams covering the principles, construction, ignition, service and repair of modern cars, trucks and buses.

Includes: Engines, Hydraulics & Field Drives Fully Explained.

A complete Guide of 1664 pages, with over 1500 illustrations showing inside views of working parts, with instructions for service jobs.

IT PAYS TO KNOW

How to fit pistons—How to locate engine knocks, How to fit connecting rod bearings—How to service main bearings—How to recondition valves—How to time valves—How to adjust fan belts—How to adjust carburetors and chokes, How to rebuild a clutch—How to service automatic transmissions—How to service brakes—How to adjust steering gear—How to cope with ignition troubles—How to service distributors—Best to time ignition—How to "tune up" an engine.



\$4 COMPLETE • PAY \$1 A MO.
TO GET THIS ASSISTANCE FOR YOURSELF SIMPLY FILL IN AND MAIL COUPON TODAY.

AUDEL, Publishers, 49 West 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.
Mail AUDEL'S AUTO MECHANICS GUIDE (free examination, if O. K., I will send you \$1 in 7 days) than remit \$1 monthly until \$4 is paid. Otherwise, I will return book promptly.

Name _____
Address _____
Occupation _____
Employed by _____

REAL ESTATE BROKERAGE

PAYS BIG! SEND FOR FREE, BIG, ILLUSTRATED CATALOG NOW! Graduates report making substantial incomes. Start and run your own business quickly. No experience necessary. Learn easily. Course covers Sales, Property Management, Appraising, Loans, Mortgages, and related subjects. **STUDY AT HOME** or in classrooms in leading cities. Diploma awarded. Write TODAY for free book! Obligation.



WEAVER SCHOOL OF REAL ESTATE (Est. 1936)
2020C Grand Avenue Kansas City, Mo.

LEARN PLASTICS



Complete LOW COST Shop Method HOME TRAINING NOW AVAILABLE
Get in on Big Money opportunities in Plastic molding, casting, forming, coloring, etc. Earn as you learn with Interstate's professionally prepared course. All plastic materials furnished.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET
INTERSTATE TRAINING SERVICE
DEPT. C-66 PORTLAND 13, OREGON

LUGER AUTOMATIC



6.50 MM.
10 SHOT MAGAZINE

Designed by Master Craftsman from the famous German Fast-Shooting Automatic Type!!
Be the proud owner of the Exciting Automatic and the envy of your friends! Finished in sleek blue-black of high impact #475 Styron with fancy polished-chromium-type steel trigger!

Sharp looking—Imitated knurled Ivory Grips!!
Not an air or Cigar gun. Fires 10 slugs in rapid succession!! **FREE—Surprise Package!** Plus 100 slugs with order of 2 Lugers at \$5.95. No C. O. D.
Order Now—while they last. Be a two-gun man!
Krieger Labs, 1701 N. McCadden PL. Hollywood 28, MS. CALIF.

Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery

Science Finds Healing Substance That Relieves Pain—Shrinks Hemorrhoids
For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain—without surgery.

In case after case, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

Most amazing of all—results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne*)—discovery of a world-famous research institute.

This substance is now available in suppository or ointment form under the name Preparation H.* Ask for it at all drug counters—money back guarantee. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

stirred up over bear they don't even feel a fist."

We were both panting and wet with sweat before we got the dogs back into some sort of order and we lost a lot of time over it.

Jess was still bawling some of the dogs out when I walked back and picked up the harpoon that he had dropped. I also picked up my busted rifle again for no good reason at all. No gunsmith was going to be able to put that Krag together again. I threw it into the komiak with the harpoon.

Jess stared at me then like he hadn't seen me before.

"Christ," he said startled, "you look like you ought to be dead. How are you feeling?"

I MUST have looked pretty bad at that with the blood dried and frozen all over my face. But when I felt my forehead I knew it was only a bad cut. The stiffness in my shoulder and arm were working out and I wasn't worrying about it. Like Jess and the dogs, I was still thinking about the nanook and hating the idea of going back without his hide.

"I'm O.K.," I told Jess. "You got something on your mind?"

"That Agak was a damn good dog," he said regretfully.

"Yeah," I agreed. "Also he probably saved my life."

I knew that was all he had been waiting to hear.

"Let's go," he said and started the dogs off.

They pulled away eagerly, following bear scent along the line of piled up ice for about a quarter of a mile. From his tracks we could see that the nanook had been traveling right along. A short distance beyond and then the team angled off sharply across the ice bridge straight on out over the frozen Chuckchee Sea.

It was a pretty thing to watch the way the whole team wheeled like one dog. Any Alaskan sled dog worth his keep can also be used for hunting, although there's always a difference of opinion as to which breed has the best nose, an Eskimo, Siberian husky or Malemute. All of the three breeds making up Jess' team seemed to catch the change in scent direction at about the same time.

"He's slowing down," I said, pointing to the bear tracks. "Forgetting about us and thinking about his belly again."

We sledged along for almost another mile and cracks began to appear here and there in the pressure ice. One of the cracks ahead looked like it was going to open into a lead. Farther on it became a widening split and we could see dark water beneath.

The dogs took the left side of the lead and acted even more excited as they broke into a run.

"Nothing doing," Jess muttered angrily, "one foul-up is plenty."

The komiak slowed down as he jumped on the brake. He kept riding it while the dogs strained on their leads, dragging the sled along.

This time we knew the nanook wasn't going to fall for any fake seal act. He was probably hunting along the open lead and if he saw 11 dogs come charging at him

more than likely he'd hit the water and start swimming. That would be the last we'd see of him. I've known polar bears to stay in the water for three or four days and to swim many miles out into the open sea.

I kept watching the ice ahead along the lead and after a while I saw the nanook outlined yellow-white against the darkness of the water.

"There he is," I said, pointing. "Hunting for oogruk just like nothing's happened."

Jess grunted as he brought the komiak to a dead stop. He told me to handle the sled while we were still about 300 yards from the bear. Here the ice bridge was almost flat and we were in plain sight.

"We better start keeping him busy," Jess said, "or this time we'll lose him for sure."

He stepped forward into the team and the dogs knew what was coming and whined in excitement. Jess picked out Natash, one of the two Malemutes. The dog trembled with eagerness as Jess freed him from his line and harness.

"Hai!" Jess growled at him, "Nanook!"

The Malemute knew his business. He was a four-year-old, wolfish gray who had hunted bear on the ice before and he was plenty smart. He went streaking out along the lead, maneuvering between the bear and the open water.

When Natash had covered about half the distance to the bear, Jess cut out a second dog, Grond, an 85-pound blue-gray Eskimo. Grond let out one yelp and started after the Malemute.

"O.K., Eddie," Jess called back to me. "Bring up the sled. Slow!"

I eased up a little on the brake and the team tugged forward, hoping to get in on the scrap. I had a hell of a time keeping them under control as Jess grabbed up a harpoon and trotted out ahead of them.

The nanook paid no attention to us. By this time Natash and Grond had caught up with him and were keeping him plenty occupied. They didn't launch any head-on attack like Agak, which is probably what the bear had expected. He acted sort of surprised when Natash shot right by him, and then suddenly dashed in and nipped his rump.

THE bear let out one awful roar as he whirled around to get at Natash. Grond saw the opening and dashed in. He took a fierce hit-and-run bite out of the same hindquarter and flashed out of reach.

The bear roared again. He rocked from side to side and then he reared up. By now he understood that he was facing real trouble and he was out to end the fight as fast as he could.

He batted the air with deadly swipes to the left and right as the two dogs feinted and nipped at him, keeping him off balance and just dodging beyond reach of his paws.

I brought the komiak to a stop about 50 yards away and I heard Grond's jaws snap shut as he came in fast from the side, missed the bear's flank and bit air.

The bear batted out again as Natash sprang in. This time the Malemute's timing was a little off. He ducked, but the other paw came up with a deadly raking blow. Quick as the devil, the bear's claws

ripped into Natash's belly. The Malemute went sailing through the air with his guts trailing out of him.

I heard Jess yell then and saw him go straight at the bear with his harpoon. At the same instant Grond came charging in again from the right.

The *nanook* tried to handle them both, acting with terrific speed. I don't know which of his fast moving paws was meant for the harpoon and which for the dog. He fanned 'em across and up.

He caught Grond in the side with a frightful wallop as Jess drove the harpoon at him. The point sank deep into his fur and as he straightened the shaft of the harpoon came up with him. I groaned when I saw that Jess hadn't put it into his heart, but high in the shoulder.

"Get back!" I screamed, but Jess was too goddamned mad to pay any attention.

I watched him pull out his knife. It was like watching a guy with a rope around his neck just before the trap opens.

The damned fool, I thought as I stood there sweating it out, the crazy damned fool, he hasn't got a chance.

For maybe a second or two he stood there like he was studying the bear. The *nanook* kept snarling at him, showing his long fangs and waiting.

Suddenly Jess took a short, quick step to the right and pivoted around to the

left. His knife flashed out. It came down swiftly, slicing deep into the bear's heart.

Jess kept on pivoting to the left, trying to duck out of reach. The bear roared loudly as the knife struck home and I waited for him to swipe Jess with his deadly left paw.

He didn't try to use it. Instead, as Jess tried to dodge away, the bear lashed out with his right paw. It came ripping down the back of Jess' parka, tearing it open. A little closer and it would have broken Jess' back for sure.

He started to run back toward me, yelling for the other harpoon. I was still reaching for it when the *nanook* began rocking on his hind legs like he was drunk. I saw the blood spurting out of his chest. His heart was sliced open and in another second he toppled over dead.

Jess looked sort of green around the gills as he came panting back to the *komiak*. He turned and glanced back at the heap of yellow-white fur that was the dead *nanook*.

"The *oogruk* harpoon sure tore the hell out of his shoulder," he said. "I figured I had taken most of the fight out of him before I used the knife."

"No fooling," I growled, still shaking at his narrow escape.

He didn't answer. Just stared at my busted Krag in the *komiak*.

That shut me up. ◆◆◆



"Just a minute and I'll tell you if it's warm enough to go out without a coat!"

Learn UPHOLSTERY

in your spare time
RUN YOUR OWN BUSINESS
AT HOME!

BE YOUR OWN BOSS
FREE TOOLS WITH COURSE!

Earn more from the start! Set up your own profitable business, in your own home, enjoy steady income, independence for life—in the booming field of Custom Upholstery.

Right off you start learning with tools, complete frames, fabrics and materials, included **FREE** with your UTS course. You learn skilled professional custom upholstery, reupholstery, furniture finishing, repairs, how to make beautiful slipcovers, window cornices, cushions and draperies. Now the practical UTS New York State approved course is available to you right at home. You learn to be a skilled craftsman under the personal supervision of top notch upholsterers, the same fine professionals who teach in our N.Y. School.

Best Of All You EARN WHILE YOU LEARN, in your spare time . . . the UTS easy way You start making furniture almost **AT ONCE!** Many Upholstery Trades School graduates earn enough doing spare time upholstery to end their money worries. What they have done—**YOU CAN DO!**

Free Illustrated Book With Sample Lesson Shows You How!

Accept this **FREE SAMPLE LESSON**—with this lesson which you get **FREE**, you'll be able to repair the bottoms of chairs, couches, webbed benches, stools, dozens of things! Accept this **DELUXE 36 page PICTURE BOOK (106 illustrations!)** "UPHOLSTERY—Your New Way to a Successful Career." Tells you all about this expanding, big opportunity field . . . 17 ways to **MAKE MONEY** in upholstery! Get ready for a well-paid job, big profits, from steady work, as your own boss, running your own business. Mail coupon **NOW!**



Send for **FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOK** **FREE SAMPLE LESSON**

UPHOLSTERY TRADES SCHOOL

Dept. EB-1310
721 B'way, N.Y. 3, N.Y.
Training in N.Y.
School also available.



Upholstery Trades School
Dept. EB-1310, 721 B'way, N.Y. 3, N.Y.

Please send me free book with free Sample Lesson. No obligation—no salesman will call.

School Training Home Study

Name

Address

City Zone State

Check if Korean Veteran

APPROVED FOR VETERANS

Need \$50-\$600 Fast?

BORROW by MAIL

Completely Confidential

If you need money right now and are regularly employed in an acceptable occupation, rush the coupon TODAY. We are State licensed and make loans from \$50-\$600 anywhere in the U.S. ENTIRELY BY MAIL. No agents will call. Small monthly payments to fit your income. No endorsers. So private your employer, relatives, tradespeople, friends never know you are applying for a loan. RUSH COUPON today for information and Money Request sent free in plain envelope. No obligation. Postal Finance Co., 200 Keokuk Bldg., Dept. 1 231 E. Omaha, Neb., - Serving America since 1935.



Send Coupon NOW!

POSTAL FINANCE CO. Dept. 1285
 200 Keokuk Bldg., Omaha, Nebraska
 Please rush FREE information and Money Request Form.

NAME.....
 ADDRESS.....
 TOWN.....STATE.....
 OCCUPATION.....
 AGE.....AMOUNT YOU WANT TO BORROW.....

Learn PHOTOGRAPHY at Home

Splendid Hobby or Vocation Prepare in spare time. Practical basic training. Long-established school. Send for free booklet, "Opportunities in Modern Photography" and particulars. Sent postage prepaid. No obligation. AMERICAN SCHOOL OF PHOTOGRAPHY 835 Diversy Plwy., Dept. 6832 Chicago 14, Ill.

WE GIVE YOU \$100.00 & UP
Just for your idea.

Send full description of article or gadget you have thought about but couldn't afford manufactured. Also drawing if possible. We will do the rest. Send name & address. ELM CITY ENTERPRISES 304 E. State St., Jacksonville, Illinois

GETTING UP NIGHTS

If worried by "Bladder Weakness" (Getting Up Nights (too frequent or irritating Kidney excretions)) due to common Kidney and Bladder Irritations, try CYSTEX for quick, gratifying, comforting help. A billion CYSTEX tablets used in past 25 years prove safety and success. Ask your druggist for CYSTEX today under money-back guarantee. See how much better you feel.

RUPTURED

BE FREE FROM TRUSS SLAVERY NOW there is a new modern Non-Surgical treatment that permanently cures rupture. These Non-Surgical treatments are so certain, that a Lifetime Certificate of Assurance is given. Write today for our New FREE Book that gives facts that may save you painful and expensive surgery, and tells how non-surgically you may again work, live, play and love and enjoy life in the manner you desire. There is no obligation. Escobar Heras Clinic Dept. 4185, Excelsior Springs, Mo.

ITALIAN ACCORDIONS AT LOWEST WHOLESALE PRICES

"PAY AS YOU PLAY" Small Down Payment As Little As \$10 per month. DIRECT from Importer to You! SATISFACTION GUARANTEED, or your money back! NOW you can save up to 50% by direct purchase from America's leading distributor of famous genuine ITALIAN ACCORDIONS TRADE-INS ACCEPTED. MAIL COUPON TODAY - World's Largest Selection

PLEASE RUSH FREE COLOR CATALOG

Name.....
 Address.....
 City.....Zone.....State.....

ACCORDION MANUFACTURERS & WHOLESALE OUTLET
 2003 West Chicago Ave. Dept. L-26, Chicago 22, Ill.



PARTY GIRLS OF MUNICH

Continued from page 14

or getting a soldier out of the clutches of a monetarily unsatisfied tart.

But the MPs cannot function effectively unless there is a public disturbance or an obvious violation of the law. They can check passes, but cannot compel a GI to leave a bar, though it may be in the soldier's own interest to do so.

And while the Bavarian Parliament roared over the "outrage" of pictures of pretty girls appearing on street-car tickets advertising Munich's swimming pools, it has done nothing to curb the city's traffic in sin.

AN added problem has been tossed into the lap of officials since the signing of the Austrian Peace Treaty and the evacuation of Allied troops from the republic south of Germany.

German authorities now have their hands full warding off the thousands of prostitutes that infested the American communities in Austria. With the vice market drying up because of the U. S. withdrawal, virtually every prostitute in Austria has applied for admission into West Germany. Many, when visas are refused, slip across the border illegally, creating a lively resentment on the part of German prostitutes who consider their Austrian sisters unwanted competition.

Despite West Germany's postwar boom, bustle and recovery, the ravages of war are still reflected by the thousands of young women who turned to prostitution in the early years of the occupation as a desperate attempt at survival. The American Zone of Occupied Germany spawned thousands of prostitutes and part of a female generation that has lost all traditional ties with its own history and culture.

Most of the girls speak fluent English. They ape what they consider the fashions and manners of American women. Many have married, and more hope to wind up marrying, U. S. soldiers. By now, they have spent their entire adult lives in the company of Americans. A reintegration into German society is impossible for most of them.

And, though West Germany's recovery is real enough, thousands of girls are each year recruited into the ranks of prostitution, girls who cannot justify this choice of profession because of war-induced necessity.

But their reason is not hard to find. In a country where salaries for secretaries, waitresses and salesgirls are good if they reach \$100 monthly, young women are sorely tempted to seek easy money in the business of selling themselves. The loss of self-respect and morality is written off against the chance to meet large numbers of generous, wealthy, popular Americans and the opportunity to live

what they consider exciting, lucrative lives.

The picture is further complicated by the appearance of all kinds of semi-pros who have turned to prostitution to supplement salaries of low-paying jobs.

Meantime, into the swelling ranks of the "amateur" prostitutes have moved wives, mothers and refugees from the Soviet Zone of Germany, all of whom find it necessary to pick up extra cash by selling themselves.

The one known American girl who has drifted into prostitution in Munich operates out of Goethe Street. Her present low estate is the result of a falling-out with her GI fiancé. Too proud to return unmarried to her California home, she looks from doped, bloodshot eyes into the face of every soldier at the bar, selling herself in a mechanical, dispassionate way to anyone who will buy her a drink and pay a couple of dollars.

In Munich, aside from the cheap sin of the depot area, professional prostitutes station themselves on practically every busy corner and intersection in the city. The trade begins at 10:30 a.m. on Sendlinger Street to handle the early morning market and business crowd. Such after-breakfast indulgence is termed "the coffee-break."

Earnings vary with the girls themselves. They rise, of course, around the first and fifteenth of each month—U. S. payday.

Some of the girls admit earning up to \$500-600 each month. Others, usually older and unattractive, net as little as \$25-75 monthly. West German taxes take about 35 percent of the salaries of regularly employed persons. Taxes for professional prostitutes are levied under the novel system of an assessor sizing the girl up and deciding on the basis of her looks and clothes how much she probably earns. The girls attempt to beat down their tax payment by appearing before the assessor at their frowziest and least attractive.

ONE girl, an elegant young woman of 25, confided she earned \$600 monthly working as a prostitute five days a week. She said she supplemented her income by selling nude and obscene pictures of herself to customers.

She is, she said, the owner of a 1955 green Mercedes and drives the 50 miles to her parents' village outside Munich to visit them twice a month.

"I tried being a waitress, then a secretary," she said. "But it was always the same, the boss expected you to be accommodating—but he wanted you for nothing."

"I decided," she added, with a shrug of herself, "to stop giving myself away, and I haven't been sorry."

She shares an expensive, well-furnished

\$100-a-month apartment with a girl-friend and plans to buy a restaurant in a few years after she retires.

Not all the girls will have the same luck. The great majority of them have written finish to any possibility of a decent future by entering prostitution. Most will wind up diseased and ugly, scratching out some kind of living in small-time crime.

Even now many exist at a near-starvation level, crawling from their cheap neighborhoods to the lighted streets and warm bars where they can at least hear the sound of their own laughter, however feeble and forced.

Some of the hopeless cases, particularly around the Goethe Street area, feed Soviet agents bits and dribbles of military information gleaned from unsuspecting GIs. While the girls are unlikely to run across such intelligence items as the firing power of U. S. atomic cannon, now stationed on West German soil as part of the West's anti-communist defense system, they can and do pick up enough to embarrass, compromise and weaken the U. S. mission overseas.

West Germany has tough laws for dealing with the publication of pornographic literature. But from the ranks of the hundreds of pretty girls who each year attempt to crash the movie industry at Munich's huge Geiselgasteig film studios, models are easily recruited to pose for lewd photographs.

Cast-off directors and actors find readily accessible equipment for shooting filthy movies, a big local and export business. Photographers, operating quietly in some of the city's best residential sections and in Schwabing, Munich's artists' quarter, have flooded world markets with immoral pictures.

Munich after dark is a heady mixture of sophisticated, elegant bars, floor shows featuring nudes, dance halls, gambling ca-

sinos and lonely-hearts' meeting-places.

Most of Munich's night clubs direct their pitch at the fat American dollar. The clubs feature such attractions as a Parisian lingerie show with the frilly garments modeled by two shapely young ladies, "exotic beauty dancers" and "American-style strip-teasers." Two clubs feature lady wrestling, hostesses and telephones on the tables to speed intimacy.

In Schwabing, Munich's Greenwich Village, jazz-crazy kids meet at dozens of cigar-box-size clubs, jitterbugging until the early morning hours to the music of marijuana-smoking musicians.

Munich is a city of almost 1,000,000 people, famous for more than 200 years as an art center, a university city and as the home of the world's biggest and friendliest beer gardens.

THE docile, good-humored Bavarians who carefully guard their pfennigs for the down payment on a motorcycle or Volkswagen ignore the slime of their city. A good Bavarian works hard, stays sober (except on Saturday nights and festival days), eats his wurst and wienerschnitzel, complains about taxes and the North Germans.

He would show the greatest surprise were you to point out to him that a few hundred feet from his city's famous *Rathaus* (town hall), the naked bodies of men and women are exposed almost every night to the camera of a specialist in pornography.

He would dismiss as "natural" the fact that five dollars will buy a woman for an hour in front of the *Michaelskirche*, one of his city's oldest churches and the one he probably attends on Sundays.

His explanation is that an army and a war—any army and any war—bring the same evils. It has always been that way and probably will be that way for a long time to come. ◆◆◆

Immediate Comfort and Relief for You

with Patented

RUPTURE-EASER

T.M. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. (A Piper Brace Truss)

For MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN



Pat. No. 2606551



A strong, form fitting washable support designed to give you relief and comfort. Adjustable. Snaps up in

front. Soft flat groin pad—back-lacing and adjustable leg strap. No steel or leather bands. Unexcelled for comfort, invisible under light clothing. Washable. Also used as after operation support.

- **THE MOST EFFECTIVE HERNIA SUPPORT.** Thousands of people who have tried old-fashioned, expensive devices turn to Rupture-Easer for new comfort.
- **RUPTURE-EASER IS SANITARY.** Can be washed without harm to fabric— you never offend when you wear Rupture-Easer.
- **NO FITTING REQUIRED.**

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

Over 1,000,000 Grateful Users

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

M. S. of Anderson, Ind., thanks us and says: "It is one of the finest things I have ever worn and has made my life worth living. It has given me untold ease and comfort."
L. C. H., Blackburn, Me., writes: "The Rupture-Easer I bought from you has done so much good I couldn't forget you this Christmas season."



THERE'S NO SUBSTITUTE FOR PROVEN PERFORMANCE
PIPER BRACE CO.

Dept. CC-26
811 Wyandotte, Kansas City 5, Mo.

IN CANADA PIPER BRACE CO.

1242 MCGILL COLLEGE AVE.
MONTREAL, CANADA

USE THIS HANDY ORDER FORM

Piper Brace Company, Dept. CC-26
811 Wyandotte, Kansas City 5, Mo.

We Prepay Postage Except on C.O.D.'s
Please send my RUPTURE-EASER by return mail.
Right Side \$3.95 Measure around lowest part
Left Side \$3.95 of my abdomen is
Double \$4.95 _____ INCHES.

Enclosed is: Money Order Check for \$ _____
 Send COD. Be sure to give size and side

Name _____

Address _____

City and State _____

RUSH THIS COUPON NOW!



"I'M MAKING MORE THAN



\$1000 a Month

Haven't Touched Bottom Yet!"



—reports Charles Kama, Texas, one of many who are "cleaning up" with orders for PRESTO, Science's New Midsize Miracle Fire Extinguisher. So can YOU! Amazing new kind of fire extinguisher. Tiny "Presto" does job of bulky extinguishers that cost 4 times as much, are 8 times as heavy. Ends fires fast as 2 seconds. Never corrodes. Guaranteed for 20 years! Over 2 million sold! Sells for only \$3.98. Show it to civil defense workers, owners of homes, cars, boats, farms, etc. and to stores for re-sale—make good income. H. J. Kerr reports \$20 a day. Wm. Wyndall, \$15.20 an hour. Write for FREE Sales Kit. No obligation. (If you want a regular Presto to use as a demonstrator, send \$2.50. Money back if you wish.) MERLITE INDUSTRIES, Presto Division, Dept. ST-C, 114 East 32nd St., New York 16, N. Y. IN CANADA: Mopa Co., Ltd., 371 Dowd St., Montreal 1, P. Q.

Be a Detective

Make Secret Investigations

Earn Big Money. Work home or travel. Fascinating work. Experience Unnecessary. DETECTIVE PARTICULARS F.R.E.E. Write to GEO. M. N. WAGNER, 125 W. 86th St., N. Y.



Here's a special pair of fun dice that certainly can do wonders. It's amazingly easy to predict numbers, perform amusing tricks. No one can guess the hidden "secret" unless you tell them! Display amazing "control" yet the real reason is cleverly concealed from everyone. Fun and easy in a nation! Easy directions explained in details. Perform many "magic" tricks! Price only \$2.98. Get a pair today. Send no money. Just name and address. On arrival, pay postman only \$2.98 plus postage. Address: Hurlstar-White Co., Dept. 780-D, 3816 W. Van Buren St., Chicago 12, Illinois

MEN

GETTING UP NIGHTS
LOSS OF VITALITY
PAIN IN HIPS, LEGS
OR BACK, NERVOUSNESS

These symptoms may be caused by Glandular Inflammation, a condition common to men over 40. The Kansas City Clinic, which has treated patients from every part of the country, has published a booklet which tells about a NON-SURGICAL treatment proved successful in thousands of cases. Write for your FREE BOOKLET today. It may save you years of suffering. Address Desk P-35.

The Kansas City Clinic
920 Oak St., Kansas City 6, Mo.



BORROW BY MAIL
PRIVATE \$50 to \$500
You can get the cash you need immediately... entirely by mail. No co-signers or endorsers required. No inquiries of employers, relatives, or friends. Convenient monthly payments to fit your income. Men and women with steady income eligible, anywhere in U.S. If you need \$50 to \$500 extra cash for any purpose, mail the coupon today, we'll rush free application blank to you.

AMERICAN LOAN PLAN
City National Bank Bldg.
Omaha 2, Nebraska... Dept. ST-2

FREE Application Blank

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____
OCCUPATION _____ AGE _____
Wife's OCCUPATION _____



OUTDOOR G-MEN

To the Editor:
—In a recent issue of STAG, you mentioned fresh air jobs with the Immigration and Naturalization Service. I am very much interested in obtaining an appointment with the Border Patrol, which I am sure you were speaking about, but I am at a loss as to whom I should contact.

Colvin C. Moore
T/Sgt. USMC

We've received perhaps 50 inquiries on the same matter. Write to the Commissioner, Immigration and Naturalization Service, 119 "D" Street, Washington, 25, D.C.

POW! WOW!

Mr. Stephen Hull:
Quite by accident I noticed your article "Nighttime Girls of Terre Haute." I've never read anything so ridiculous and distasteful in all my life. Why is it, if you know so much about our town, you failed to mention all the decent people who never see this so-called "bad" side of our town? The way you wrote that article, you gave the impression that everyone is either a drunkard or a dope fiend, and going to stags and drunken parties every night. I realize Terre Haute isn't all it should be, that gambling and such go on, but that doesn't mean that everyone in the city is a part of it. Having lived in this town all my life, I do feel quite proud of it. Let the low type of people have their gambling and vice, but the decent citizens of Terre Haute have nothing to be ashamed of in their town. Why make the innocent suffer along with the guilty? Anyone reading that article would probably go out of their way to keep from hitting Terre Haute.

Mary R. Doyle
Terre Haute, Indiana

Dear Mr. Hull:
Wow! Congratulations! The article you wrote in the November issue of STAG (see above) makes one from the town of Terre Haute afraid to admit it. I must congratulate you, though, on your nerve and thorough and accurate description of the wide-open town. There was only one thing wrong: Mayor Tucker or one of his associates got rid of every copy of STAG they could lay their hands on, but a few got into the hands of the public. I think you should send another stack of them to the town. If what you said was the truth, then no one has the right to prevent the public from knowing just what kind of a town they live in. I was born and raised there and knew that it was a wide-open town, but as an individual, I could do nothing about it.

The only thing I am sorry about is that more people didn't get to read about their prize town. There is only one thing wrong with Terre Haute: the people have the nerve to drag down innocent people with their gossip, yet they never stop to think what kind of rotten place they live in and they continue to let such things go on without even lifting their little finger to put a stop to it.

A former resident

SOUTHPAW SPECIAL

To the Editor:
In the November issue of STAG, the Stag Confidential column mentions a special pen for lefties.

Who manufactures such a pen?

Directors, Mt. Pleasant Drug Co.
Mt. Pleasant, Mich.

Most of the gadgets (the above included) mentioned in Stag Confidential are so fresh off the drawing board that they haven't yet found a manufacturer. STAG generally grabs up the new gadgets as soon as they're patented.

DO PROFESSIONAL METAL REPLATING AT HOME

**SAVE MONEY
MAKE MONEY**

NEW METAL BRILLIANCE

Electroplate SILVER · COPPER · GOLD · CHROME
with Miracle Plating Solutions including

HARDEST METAL KNOWN

RHODIUM

GUARANTEED
Electroplating
Kits **EVEN A CHILD**
CAN USE IT



AUTO CHROME—
FOR SPARKLING NEW
PERMANENT FINISH,
use MET-L-COTE



MET-L-COTE REPLATES



MET-L-COTE RESTORES

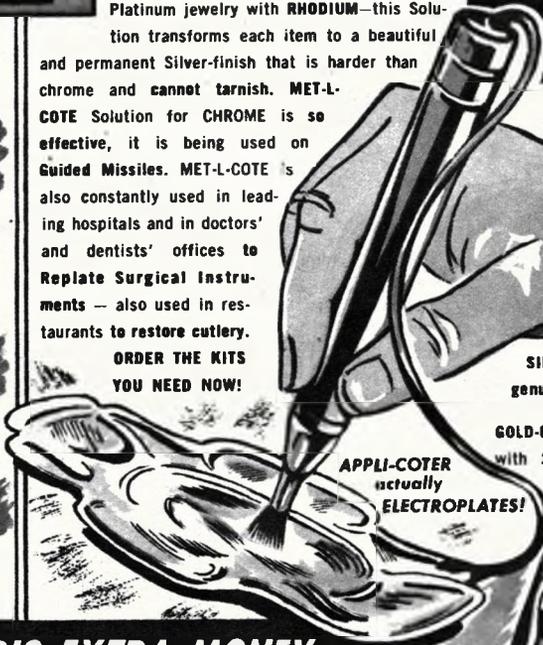


MET-L-COTE BRIGHTENS
and **PROTECTS**

NEW INVENTION

REPLATE Worn, Tarnished even "Blistered" Metals
RIGHT NOW—Using the same easy plating process that
earns Professional Metal Platers up to \$20 per hour. You can permanently replate hundreds
of items with a new invention called APPLI-COTER. All you do is dip APPLI-COTER into solution
and start brushing on. Yes, it's as easy as that . . . and the plating you apply becomes an
INDESTRUCTIBLE part of the Metal itself! RENEW in a Jiffy—CAR CHROME, SILVER, NICKEL,
STEEL, GOLD, BRASS with miracle Solutions. You can even plate Silver, Gold, Copper and
Platinum jewelry with **RHODIUM**—this Solu-
tion transforms each item to a beautiful

and permanent Silver-finish that is harder than
chrome and cannot tarnish. MET-L-
COTE Solution for CHROME is so
effective, it is being used on
Guided Missiles. MET-L-COTE is
also constantly used in lead-
ing hospitals and in doctors'
and dentists' offices to
Replate Surgical Instru-
ments — also used in res-
taurants to restore cutlery.
ORDER THE KITS
YOU NEED NOW!



APPLI-COTER
actually
ELECTROPLATES!



GOLD-COTE—Replates solid gold items and jewelry
with 24 Karat **GOLD PLATE** Solution. Restores
original luster to worn
or tarnished jewelry.

SILV-R-COTE — Replates **SILVER** Pieces with
genuine Sterling Silver Solution.

MET-L-COTE — Replates, Restores
CHROME, NICKEL, BRASS, COPPER,
STEEL, IRON and BRONZE. PERFECT
FOR CAR CHROME: Builds up a
lasting layer of coating that tre-
mendously lengthens the life of
original trim.

RHODIUM — Newest
jewelers metal, said
to be hardest metal
known. Plates Sil-
ver, Gold, Copper
and Platinum Jew-
elry to a beautiful
Silver-Finish.

ORDER THE KITS
YOU NEED NOW!

MAKE BIG EXTRA MONEY
AT HOME — WE GIVE YOU
EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO START!

Add to your income during spare-time hours or begin a successful
business of your own right at home! You can charge up to \$10 an
hour to start, and later double your fee with this valuable work.
Almost everyone has metal treasures, appliances, metal trim, cutlery
and car chrome they want RENEWED. You can do it simply, easily
and QUICKLY!

PRICE LIST OF ALL KITS

(Each kit contains Appli-coter)

<input type="checkbox"/> MET-L-COTE	\$3.95	<input type="checkbox"/> SILV-R-COTE & GOLD-COTE	\$7.95
<input type="checkbox"/> SILV-R-COTE	3.95	<input type="checkbox"/> MET-L-COTE & SILV-R-COTE	5.95
<input type="checkbox"/> GOLD-COTE	5.95	<input type="checkbox"/> COMPLETE KIT TO PLATE	
<input type="checkbox"/> RHODIUM-COTE	7.95	<input type="checkbox"/> EVERY METAL	19.95
<input type="checkbox"/> COPR-LECTRO-COTE	3.95		

EMPIRE MERCHANDISING CO., Dept. MG-2
28 E. First St., Mt. Vernon, New York

Please rush the Complete Plating Kits I have checked
—including Solutions, Electroplating APPLI-COTER and
full simple instructions. I enclose full price—send
postpaid; or send C.O.D. plus postage.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY..... STATE.....

CASH REFUND IF NOT
COMPLETELY SATISFIED



a flesh peddler is DEAD

by ROBERT J. LEVIN

HE HURRIED down Great Newport Street, a small, stoop-shouldered man whose face was hidden by the shadows of the night. From a distance came the muffled tones of Big Ben striking four A.M. The little man moved even faster, his breath frosting in the cold January air, his footfalls echoing hollowly in the deserted street.

A policeman loomed ahead. When the two passed one another, the London bobby eyed him sharply. The little man acknowledged the stare with an abrupt nod, but his pace didn't slacken. Minutes later, swallowed up by the moonless night, he came to a grimy building and, after a quick glance back in the direction of the bobby, he entered and went up two flights of stairs.

Stopping before a door that bore neither name nor number, he inserted a key in the lock and turned it with deliberate caution. Then he silently slipped inside and stood with his back against the closed door, probing the dark apartment.

As his eyes became accustomed to the blackness, he saw nothing that moved; but, as his ears became attuned to the silence, he picked up the sound of labored breathing. He sniffed like an animal in search of a scent.

And among the apartment's blend of offensive smells—including cabbage, musty furniture, stale beer and littered ash trays—there was also the scent of a woman: cheap lilac perfume.

Cautiously he made his way across the room to a bed in the corner. When he was certain the woman lay there alone, he grunted and switched on a small bed lamp. The sickly light fell full on her face, but her eyelids didn't flicker. She slept with her mouth partly open, and as she sucked in air, she snored slightly. Apparently she had fallen asleep while undressing. She wore a slip but no other undergarments, and though one leg was bare, the other was still clad in a stocking, rolled down to the knee.

FOR a long moment the man stood there, staring at her. No expression crossed his thin pale face, but with an habitual gesture he ran one hand through his thick black hair and shook his head, and then he swore softly. An empty whisky bottle lay on the floor. He kicked it, and it crashed against the metal stand of a wash basin, shattering. Still the woman slept undisturbed.

He pulled her up to a sitting posi-

tion, looped one of her arms around his neck and seized her by the waist. With a heave, he got her to her feet. She didn't open her eyes but mumbled a protest. He dragged her into the bathroom and dumped her into a tub. Then he turned on the cold water.

Her eyes flew open and she was about to scream at him, but he clamped a hand across her mouth and shoved her head under the stream of water, holding it there while her body thrashed furiously. Then he growled a warning: "Keep your mouth shut—hear me?" And he let her go.

She stood up in the tub, the wet slip plastered to her sturdy body, outlining strong breasts and full, firm hips, a woman who would have been a sculptor's delight. And in her anger, her face became vital and alive again, beautiful in a savage way, with deep-set eyes and flaring nostrils and a mouth shaped to bite as well as kiss. From between her lips came a torrent of curses as she swore at the man in French.

He waited out her fury with patience, and when the chilly air in the apartment made her shiver, he held out a towel. Quickly she stripped off the slip and the remaining stock-



ing; and after she wrapped the towel around as much of her as it would cover, she stepped out of the tub. The small, stoop-shouldered man reached for another towel and helped her dry herself.

"Why'd you have to go and get drunk?" he complained. "Ain't I got my hands full without you being loaded?"

She didn't answer him. Instead she asked: "What happened?"

He ignored her question, too. "Don't waste time talking," he said. "Just shake a leg and get your clothes on!"

Her lips twitched. "Usually it's the

other way around, *n'est-ce pas?*" she commented sardonically as she let the towel fall and walked back into the bedroom, none too steady on her feet.

For a moment he eyed her appreciatively. "They just don't manufacture them the same way in this country," he said. "That's why we import them."

Then, as though he remembered something else, his face clouded over; and he strode to a closet where he got a suitcase and started packing.

It was almost two hours before the pair were finally on their way; and as they stepped out onto Great Newport Street, daylight was seeping

through sullen gray clouds. It was January 24, 1936.

Not much later that same morning, in the cathedral town of St. Albans, 20 miles north of London, a carpenter named Henry Sparger was bicycling to work. It was, as usual, drizzling. Although he was peddling vigorously and kept his head tucked in to avoid the rain, out of the corner of his eye he spotted a man sprawled out in a ditch alongside the road. As he got off his bike and approached the still figure, Sparger thought the man might be drunk. But one look at that face, upturned to the sky, eyes open and



pooling with rain, and the carpenter knew the truth.

Swiftly he biked the rest of the way to work and called the police from there. They dispatched an ambulance to pick up the corpse and take it to the local funeral parlor, figuring that the dead man had probably been hit by a car during the night. But the ambulance driver and the policeman left the corpse where it was; and in a short while raincoated officials were clustered at the spot, staring with grim concentration at the remains of a man who had had six bullets fired point-blank into his belly.

Assigned to the case was Inspector Eric Sharpe of Scotland Yard, a calm, polite, distinguished-looking man who would have been perfectly at ease in the diplomatic service. As he stood among the others at the scene of the crime, having driven there promptly from London, he was a man to be marked. Taller than most of the St. Albans officials, he remained by the corpse in thoughtful silence, surveying the flat countryside made dismal by the chill drizzle, the clump of desolate trees and shrubs to the south and the meadow to the north.

Then he turned his attention to the murder victim. The man appeared to have been in his 40s, average height, heavy-set. His skin was swarthy and slightly pitted, and the bridge of his nose was pinched. He wore no overcoat; but his well-tailored suit and shoes indicated expensive tastes. On his left hand he wore a valuable star-sapphire ring. Sharpe stooped over and tried to remove the ring. It slipped right off, and the inspector pursed his lips thoughtfully.

On that same hand, Sharpe observed that the knuckles were skinned, and a more careful observation of the murdered man's face revealed a number of bruises. His pockets were empty; and the labels had been removed from his jacket. Unless the man's fingerprints were on record, identification might prove difficult.

As soon as the corpse was lifted onto a stretcher, to be taken to Scotland Yard for an autopsy, Sharpe scrutinized the ground for bloodstains. He found none; nor were there any marks to indicate that the dead man had been dragged over the ground before being dumped in the ditch.

The inspector talked briefly with Constable Gerald Sykes of St. Albans, who confirmed the fact that the murder victim wasn't familiar in the locality. Sykes added that there had been no reports during the night of any strange sounds or activities, but he pointed out that the road didn't carry much traffic and that the nearest

house was quite a distance away, so that even the firing of a gun might pass unheard.

"I don't think the murder was committed here," said Sharpe. "It's my guess that the man was killed some distance away—perhaps in London, perhaps somewhere outside the city where shooting the man might be easier."

The constable glanced at him quizzically.

"I base that on a couple of things," Sharpe explained. "The blood had congealed before the corpse was deposited here. That took time, half an hour or better, I should imagine. A drive from London would account for that time rather neatly. Then, too, the body was on the left side of the road, where it would be if the murderer were coming up from the direction of London. If he'd just passed through St. Albans, it would have been on the other side."

"Dumped the dead man like a sack of wheat, he did," commented the constable. "He must be a cold-blooded bloke."

SHARPE chose his words tactfully. "It does seem that way at first," he said, "but a few things make me doubtful. For instance, he stripped the body to prevent identification—but he overlooked a ring. Next, he brought the body out here, apparently planning on disposing of it so that it wouldn't be found for a while—but he didn't know where he was going and, in the end, he hadn't the faintest idea of where to leave the corpse. My guess is he drove around futilely looking for a spot, with nothing to guide him except what his headlamps revealed. Finally he grew alarmed because daylight was approaching, and he deposited the body in the ditch."

"Still," countered the constable, "he did put six bullets into the man."

"A calloused killer might do just that," Sharpe agreed. "Yet a man in a panic might do the same thing. He would keep pulling the trigger until the revolver was empty." Then, with a rueful smile, he added: "But whether he has strong nerves or weak ones, he can still lead us a jolly good chase."

Inspector Eric Sharpe had never been more right in his life. England's Scotland Yard would start the case and the French Sûreté would finish it, with Argentina's State Police becoming involved along the way. It began with a corpse and would end with a killer; and flushed into the open by the hunt were all manner of vermin that run on two legs.

From the very outset of the case, Scotland Yard had trouble. The dead man's fingerprints weren't on record,

and there were no immediate reports of such a person being missed. The autopsy revealed little that seemed important, at first, beyond the fact that death had occurred shortly before midnight of January 23rd. A ballistics expert identified the slugs as having been fired from a Mauser .311.

With its customary thoroughness, Scotland Yard sent out cirulars bearing a photograph of the dead man and a detailed physical description, down to the wart on the palm of his right hand. In addition, the records of missing persons were scoured; and small paragraphs were carefully planted in London newspapers, calculated to catch the eye of anyone who might have known the murdered man.

When 48 hours went by without so much as a telephone call concerning the case, Inspector Sharpe grew convinced that the victim must have been involved in some kind of criminal activity. No other explanation made sense. If the dead man had been poorly dressed, he might have been one of those uprooted souls who wander in the twilight of human society, who count for little when they are alive—and for nothing when they are dead. They lie nameless and unmourned in potter's fields all over the world.

But this bullet-riddled corpse had been wearing fine clothes and expensive shoes. He must have known people; he must have been engaged in business; he must have lived somewhere and been familiar in the neighborhood. Yet apparently no one had missed him.

TO Inspector Sharpe, the opposite had to be true. The dead man was very much missed; but those who missed him had no wish to have the police probing his affairs. So they kept silent in the hope that the corpse would be disposed of without any fuss. It was up to the inspector to disappoint them.

He studied the autopsy report carefully, particularly the section—usually considered routine—that gave a physical description of the corpse. One line was reserved for: "Scars, Blemishes." The dead man had had several scars on his face, all quite small and dating back a number of years. But what most interested Sharpe was a notation concerning the scar of an appendix operation: "Less than six months old."

At this point, with nothing else to go on anyway, the inspector made two quick assumptions and then took a chance. He assumed that the murdered man had lived in London and that he had been there at the time his appendix was removed. On this basis, Sharpe thought it was worthwhile to

try to track down the man through the city's hospitals.

He conferred with Dr. Felix Ginsburgh, who had performed the post mortem, and together they went to the morgue to view the body again. After scrutinizing the scar, the doctor was convinced that the operation could not have occurred more than six months earlier, nor less than three months.

"That narrows it down considerably," said Sharpe.

Dr. Ginsburgh eyed him dubiously. "You don't really expect to learn the identity of this cadaver by tracing his appendix operation, do you, Inspector? For one thing, you would have to get in touch with every doctor who performed an appendectomy during those three months. For another, you would be asking them to check their memory of a patient's face against the photograph you might send them. This is extremely difficult. A general practitioner may know most of his patients, but a surgeon? Hardly."

"That would be a sticky job, all right," admitted Sharpe. "But to tell the truth, I had a different plan."

"Good," said the doctor with a shake of his head, as though he had just taken a temperature reading and found his patient recovering.

"Yes," Sharpe went on, "my plan is to have the hospitals give me names, addresses and phone numbers of anyone who had an appendix operation during those three months and who

was of the male sex between the ages of 35 and 50. That should give me a limited list, I should think."

"And then?"

"Then put a telephone squad to work, pretending to be investigating for purposes of medical statistics. 'Mr. So-and-So was operated on for appendicitis on such-and-such a date. Is his recovery satisfactory?' Or some such rot. For those without telephones, we will do the same thing on foot. Within 48 hours, doctor, I should know whether my gamble will pay off."

"Let's hope so—it certainly seems clever enough."

"One other matter," said Sharpe. "After a person is dead, would it be easier or harder to remove a ring that he wore habitually?"

"Harder, Inspector."

Sharpe shook his head. "It bothers the devil out of me, that ring. A star sapphire, easily worth 75 pounds, and yet it was still on his finger. What's more, it slipped off so easily, it must have been at least one size too large. And the inscription on it was in French: '*Plus que hier.*' It's a strange phrase—means 'More than yesterday.' I must confess it's got me puzzled."

The puzzle of the ring was to remain long after the puzzle of the murdered man's identity was solved. When Inspector Sharpe and his aides finished sifting through the list of male appendicitis patients who had been questioned either by phone or in person, there were only two individuals who could not be accounted for. One was a traveling salesman named Henry Nott. The other was a jeweler named Melvin Allard.

Nott was a married man whose wife seemed quite unconcerned about the fact that she hadn't heard from her husband in almost three weeks. She said this was "just his way" when he was off on business.

"He never has nothing to say when he's here at home," she explained placidly, "so you wouldn't hardly be expecting him to write me postcards when he's away, now would you?"

FROM Mrs. Nott's description of her husband—"bald, fat and dumpy, but kind of cute"—he didn't seem to be the refrigerated corpse in the morgue; nor did the photographs that she showed to Yard detectives resemble the murdered man. But orders went out to have Henry Nott traced.

The other man, Melvin Allard, was a bachelor. He had a flat in Pembridge Square, a respectable middle-class neighborhood. The people who lived on the same floor as he did could only describe him hazily as being "nice," "quiet," and "polite." His landlady did

better. She said he was "a big man with a bad skin, who wore glasses and talked with an accent." When she was shown a photograph of the dead man, the landlady said she was "middling sure" that he was her tenant.

She was asked whether she would go to the morgue to identify him, if possible.

"Is he in one piece?" she asked.

"He is."

"Then," she said, crossing herself, "I'll go."

So it was that the corpse got a name—Melvin Allard. And though, as it soon developed, this wasn't the dead man's real name, it was enough to make it possible to bury the cadaver, and to take the first steps along the trail of the murdered.

A TEAM of Yard detectives, operating under Inspector Sharpe's supervision, pieced together the background of the man called Melvin Allard. It wasn't an easy task. Everywhere they went, they had to dredge for information; no one had facts to volunteer. Allard owned a small jewelry shop on Drury Street, a drab, dimly lit place that specialized in cheap merchandise and tourist junk. The clerk who worked for Allard was a thin, sickly-looking young man named Cyril Snead. He said he wasn't surprised at not having seen Mr. Allard for five days—occasionally the man was gone for longer periods than that.

None of the wholesale representatives in the jewelry trade who supplied Allard with merchandise could say much about him, beyond the fact that he paid his bills by the tenth of each month. The owners of neighboring stores knew even less. And when the man's business ledger was examined by an accountant, it became clear that the store's margin of profit was too slender to have enabled Allard to live modestly, let alone wear the expensive clothes that he did.

Hospital records, supplied by St. Luke's, where Allard had had his operation, revealed that he was 49 years old and of French Canadian descent. He had named no one to be notified in case of emergency. He had paid his medical and surgical bill in cash, before leaving the hospital. Perhaps the most striking fact of all was that during his stay at St. Luke's, he had had just one visitor: Cyril Snead. And Snead had gone there for business reasons only.

Melvin Allard seemed to be a man who lived in a world of his own.

"But I don't believe it," Inspector Sharpe insisted. "No hermit decks himself out as this man did, with clothes the King could hardly afford.



And no hermit keeps his nails manicured and his hair trimmed as Allard did, unless he wants to impress someone—probably a woman. Furthermore, he didn't earn his living by legitimate commerce, but he might have done very well handling stolen goods."

"And no wind of his activities reaching us at the Yard?" asked one of the inspector's aides. "He must have been deucedly clever."

"Not clever enough to side-step six bullets," said Sharpe drily. "But all that isn't important right now. What matters is for us to find out everything we can about this man Allard. If we don't, we're not likely to find out much about his murderer."

"Where do we search next?" asked the aide.

"I don't think we'll be the one doing the searching," replied Sharpe as he picked up the telephone. Then, to the operator, he said: "Please ring up Inspector Jean Belin, Sûreté Nationale."

Sharpe, who had previously cooperated with Belin on criminal cases, spoke to the French detective for a while, sketching the outlines of the Allard murder. When he finished presenting the facts, as far as they were known, he went on to give a few of his opinions.

"I believe this man was a professional criminal," Sharpe told Belin, "but he has no police record in England. This leads me to think that he has a record somewhere else and that perhaps he came here because of that record. He claimed to have been French Canadian, and accordingly we're asking for a report from Montreal.

"But," Sharpe went on, "there's a greater possibility that he was French and covered up for his accent by claiming to be Canadian. I'd like to send you the little we have—facts, photographs and fingerprints—to see whether or not you have a dossier on the man."

"Don't hesitate," said Belin. "I'll look into the matter myself."

This kind of cross-Channel teamwork in criminal affairs has always been fairly common, and English and French detectives have respect for one another's methods—although they both emphatically prefer their own. The English approach crime as a kind of chess game or problem in logic, complete with rules and to be engaged in only by those who observe the rules. Clues and motives are crucially important for any detective, no matter what his nationality, but if an English sleuth had to choose between the two, he would choose the clues.

The French would choose motives. They believe that crime, like love, has

little to do with reason and everything to do with passion. They believe that there are no rules for crime, just as—*bien entendu*—there are no rules for love. Each man makes his own.

These sharply divergent attitudes that characterize the English and the French naturally lead to one fundamental difference in their methods of combatting crime. A Scotland Yard detective is reluctant to seek out an informer and will do so only at the end of a case when he cannot make progress in any other way. A Sûreté detective begins a case by conferring with his stable of informers, and only after exhausting their supply of tips will he turn to routine police procedures.

Inspector Belin of the Sûreté wasted no time in starting *l'affaire Kassel*, as it soon became known throughout France. The very morning that he received the documents from London, including the dead man's fingerprints, he was able to call Scotland Yard and report that Melvin Allard was very well known to the French police under his real name, Max Kassel, as well as his underworld alias, Max le Requin. (Max the Shark).

Police records painted a graphic portrait of the man. He had been born in Riga in 1887, the youngest of 18 children. When he was 10 years old, he had been sent to Paris, where he was apprenticed to learn the fur trade. His first arrest occurred six years later, for theft. At the time he boasted that he deliberately allowed himself to be caught so that he would be sent to jail, where he intended to learn a better trade.

HE did. Max the Shark emerged from prison to become a professional criminal. From the ranks of his fellow prisoners he recruited those who would soon be released and welded them into an underworld gang. In a grim way, young Kassel was ahead of his time—he belonged in the modern era of the specialist. For he insisted that every member of his gang should be skilled in one branch of crime or another: pickpocket, safecracker, confidence man, jewel thief—any specialty would do.

Max the Shark went further. He succeeded in persuading several of his men to learn foreign languages, and they concentrated afterward on fleecing those tourists whose language they spoke. One man, Etienne Suet, admitted when he was finally captured that he had studied with a private tutor, a young American artist, so that he could speak "American, not English." He had then specialized in cultivating the friendship of lone American women in Paris and, both

figuratively and literally, stripping them of everything he could.

Understandably enough, there was a part of the Kassel record that Inspector Belin did not forward to London. This concerned one of Max the Shark's most audacious stunts, a coup that was the talk of Paris for several years after it was ultimately revealed and that still stirs up conversation in bars along the streets of the Bastille section.

Kassel recruited a young fellow named Vito Caroli, whose father was French but whose mother was an unmarried Italian girl living in Paris, and, since Caroli had no record of arrests, Max the Shark pulled certain strings and had him admitted to the Paris police force. Caroli served as an *agent de police* for the Paris prefecture, which differs from the Sûreté Nationale in the same way the New York police differ from the F.B.I., and for four years he had a spotless record.

Then on a night in April, 1919, two men held up a swank night club on the Boulevard de Clichy and, while escaping in a Citroen, they crashed into another car. One of the two died instantly; the other, Vito Caroli, lived long enough to want to clear his conscience. He had simultaneously engaged in a police and a criminal career—but his chief utility to Max the Shark was as an informer!

He quoted Kassel as saying, "They have theirs; why shouldn't we have ours?"

For three years the Paris police stewed over this insult, much to the amusement of the men at the Sûreté. To make matters worse, when Kassel was arrested in 1922 on a charge of trafficking in drugs, the arrest was made by the Sûreté.

In 1931, Max the Shark, paroled as a result of political pressure, slipped back into the underworld. He was seen in his old haunts near Place de la Bastille; but he was a solitary figure. Convinced that he had been betrayed into the hands of the Sûreté by someone who knew him, he determined to be as independent as possible. And for a number of years, the only activity of Kassel's that the police had on record was his traveling. Every six months he made a trip to Buenos Aires and back, for reasons that could not—for a while—be determined.

On August 9, 1932, the body of a lovely young girl was fished out of the Seine. Her name Maria Madriaga; she was 19 years old; and she had committed suicide. Police inquiries revealed that she had been working as a prostitute, and that her *maquerceau* was a man called Biguet. He vanished before he could be questioned, but there were



enough threads of information to link him with Max the Shark. Though there could be no proof, there now seemed little doubt that Kassel's trips to Buenos Aires were for the purpose of rounding up young girls to be brought to Paris as prostitutes.

Lacking the evidence they would need to bring him to trial, French authorities took the only other step they could. Since he was not a French citizen, they withdrew his *carte de résidence* and he was forced to leave the country.

It seemed clear that Kassel had crossed the Channel and lived for the last four years in England under the name of Melvin Allard. On the strength of the Sûreté report, Scotland Yard was prepared to launch a full-scale investigation of the man's activities during this period; but the English felt that a simultaneous two-pronged probe would be most effective. Would the Sûreté join forces with them?

Inspector Belin pledged his full cooperation. He promptly assigned the task to one of his most brilliant associates, Robert Martin, a blunt outspoken man who looked younger than his 35

years. Martin was considered a little strange by some of his colleagues because his entire life seemed to be absorbed by his profession. He was as fascinated by criminals of all nationalities as other men are by athletes, and he could reel off their names, records and idiosyncrasies without effort. At home he had an unparalleled crime library, and he would haunt the book stalls along the Seine in search of a new leaflet or book for his collection.

Martin started on Kassel's trail by consulting, as usual, with his informers. This time, unfortunately, he could tell them more than they could tell him. Kassel's murder took them by surprise. In return, the only point they could establish for Martin was that during the past few years, Max the Shark had been seen cruising around Paris but keeping well out of sight. As far as anyone knew, he was still trafficking in women. But none of the informers could explain how he had been operating.

Later that day, Martin went into the Latin Quarter and stopped off at the Spanish Mission on Rue Thouin. In a small, simply-furnished office decorated only with several religious paintings and a statue of the Virgin

Mary, Martin talked with a Spaniard who was old and yet ageless. Dark eyes, expressionless, set deep in the weathered dark skin of his face, the old Spaniard listened while Martin explained why he had come.

He identified himself as a Sûreté detective and said that he was seeking a murderer. "But the man who was killed," Martin went on, "was also evil, so that to find out who killed him, we must make our way through a maze of filth. Perhaps, if we're lucky, we'll be able to punish the murderer and clean up the filth as well."

The old Spaniard's nod was the gesture of one who speaks another language, signifying only that he had understood what had been said.

"The dead man had profited from prostitution," Martin continued. "We know that he recruited young girls for this purpose—many of them from Argentina."

The dark, inscrutable eyes remained fixed on Martin's face.

"I want to speak to any Argentinian girl," the detective said with greater urgency, "who might have known this man, Max Kassel. He was also known as Max the Shark, and as Melvin Allard. I swear that I will not betray her trust."

"It is a hard thing you ask," replied the old Spaniard slowly. "Those who come to us are seeking our help—it would be strange for us to turn around and ask them for help. And yet perhaps this is His way of helping many others, who will not come to us. Or who cannot."

IN the days that followed, Martin spent much of his time prowling around the Bastille area, moving from one *bistro* to another in search of scraps of information. He soon realized how tough his task was. It was bad enough that lips were sealed, as they would ordinarily be, no matter what crime he was probing. But in *l'affaire Kassel*, when he did manage to pry a few open, he realized that Max the Shark had become an underworld legend and was the subject of a thousand untrue stories. "Facts" that were fearfully whispered to Martin turned out to be pure fiction.

One peculiar reference, however, was made by a Rue de Lapp pimp and also by a *bistro* owner. They said they had heard that Max the Shark was still "selling the same product," but that he was paying off men. They didn't know what the payoff was for; but they were annoyed because the money was going to Englishmen, and they held it against Kassel for not cutting Frenchmen in on the racket, whatever it was. French criminals are no less

chauvinistic than their fellow citizens—anything an Englishman can do, a Frenchman can do better.

Martin was convinced that there was an element of truth in what had been told him, although he couldn't puzzle it out. Since prostitution was legal in Paris, as long as the girl registered with the police and had periodic examinations to make sure that she wasn't diseased, the city had become one of the world's principal auction blocks for the peddling of females.

Not all of this was on the "retail" level, where the customer is served. A considerable amount of "wholesale" prostitution was carried out in Paris, where groups of young girls, freshly imported into the city, were siphoned off for activity elsewhere. Many of these girls came from poorer countries, like Argentina, and they were grateful for having the chance to earn more money in a year or so than they could hope to see at home in a lifetime.

MAX the Shark had simply capitalized on the situation. But in such cases he was paid off by men who needed new stock for their brothels. For Martin to be told that wily Max Kassel was paying Englishmen for some kind of service rendered, was mystifying.

On February 3rd, 11 days after the body had been found, Sûreté detective Robert Martin got the first solid lead in the case. A scrawled note in the mail reached him at headquarters on the Rue des Saussaies. It contained nothing but an address and a time—"75, rue de Charonne . . . #119 . . . 5:30 P.M." and the phrase, "*Hasta la vista.*" Nothing more was needed.

It was one of those large buildings that formerly provided apartments for the wealthy but that now are used for the most part as offices. Outside the front door, there were plaques identifying the businesses located in the building. Only the *concierge*, however, knew who else lived there.

Martin took the elevator to the fourth floor, which was as far as it went. The corridor stretched left and right; but a flight of wooden steps circled the elevator shaft, leading upward. Martin went up to the next floor, pushed open a scarred wooden door and stepped into the garret corridor. It was dark and not wide enough for a man to stretch out his hands, and a tall man would have had to walk along it with head bowed.

Room numbers started at 110. Martin knocked on the door to 119. The woman inside didn't ask who it was. She simply said, "*Entrez!*" And when he stepped into the room, he saw that she was lying in bed.

She cocked her head to one side as

though gauging him as a man. "So you're the *flic*," she said. "I'm honored."

He ignored the sarcasm, and there seemed no point in explaining that—as foreigners so often do—she had her slang mixed up. A *flic* is a prefect cop and not a Sûreté detective, with only this in common: she probably hated them both.

Martin took off his hat and nodded politely.

"Don't get the wrong idea," she said. "I'm not waiting for customers to knock on my door. I'm not that lazy. But I'm sick."

"I know," replied Martin, taking in the purplish shadows under her eyes and the dull tone of her olive skin. Even her long black hair seemed dull and dry, as though it hadn't been cared for in quite a while.

She smiled ruefully. "They say you French are romantic. You're not. You're very practical. A Spanish gentleman, now, he would never have agreed with me so quickly. He would have told me that I look beautiful, that I didn't look sick at all, and that if I really were sick, I should stay that way forever because it made me so much more beautiful!"

"I'll remember next time," said Martin. "Are you Spanish?"

"My parents were. I was born in Argentina."

"How did you get to Paris?"

"You know as well as I do."

"I'm sorry," he said, "but I take nothing for granted."

She shrugged. "How dull you must be!"

"Maybe so," he replied calmly. "That's my job. Now, why are you willing to talk to me?"

"Oh, come on!" she said with some annoyance. "You've got more finesse than *that!* Does a man ask a woman why she's willing to sleep with him? No, he's just glad that she is—and that's that. I'm willing to talk to you about Monsieur the Shark. Just be glad that I am."

Martin stared at her with astonishment, and when he spoke again, his voice reflected a new respect. "Would you tell me, please, what you know of Max Kassel?"

She was 17, she told the detective, when she met Kassel in Buenos Aires. At the time she was selling flowers; but the Shark convinced her that she had other things to sell, and at a far greater profit. He brought her to Paris and personally saw to it that she was placed with a woman who introduced her into wealthy circles. Kassel himself visited her frequently.

When he was forced to leave France, he planned to have her go with him.

But shortly before that she had to have an abortion, and because of complications, she wasn't strong enough to make the trip. Though he returned to Paris occasionally, always managing to spend time with her, he never again proposed that she accompany him to England.

Four months earlier, when he last visited Paris, Kassel had seemed nervous and had spoken of the possibility of being murdered. He had said that there were several men who owed him money and who might consider killing him as the quickest way to settle their debts. Then, too, he had heard a rumor that a brother of one of the Argentinian girls that he had brought to Paris, and who had recently died after an abortion, was coming over to avenge the family's honor.

"The family name is Sarria," she said. "The brother's name is Jorge. But I do not think he did it."

"Why not?"

She hesitated and then replied, "I just don't. Let it go at that."

"All right. Did Kassel ever mention other names to you?"

"I imagine he did, but I never paid attention to such things, and I can't remember any names right now."

"Except Jorge Sarria."

"Except Jorge Sarria," she echoed unhappily.

"How do you happen to remember that particular name?"

Her eyes blazed. "You ask too many damn questions!"

"I'm sorry. That's my job."

"Then ask me something else."

"*D'accord.* Did Kassel keep returning to Paris just to see you?"

The anger melted. "That was gallant," she said with a fleeting smile.

"But the answer is no. He came on business."

"What business?"

SHE seemed surprised. "You mean you don't know—or you aren't taking it for granted?"

"I don't know."

"He came to Paris to arrange marriages," she said coolly.

"What the devil are you talking about?" Martin burst out.

"It's quite simple," she explained. "A girl can make more money in London than in Paris—especially if she's been around too long over here. She's a new face over there, and besides, the competition isn't so strong. But a girl can't pick herself up and go live in London. She needs a passport—if she wants to work, that is."

"What's that got to do with marriages?"

"Everything. Max would find some hard-up Englishman who would do

anything for a few pounds and who happened to have a passport. Max would bring him to Paris and arrange for the Englishman to marry some girl that the Shark wanted to 'import.' Once the ceremony was over and the girl had a British passport, the Englishman would collect his fee and go his way, while Max and the girl would go theirs—back to London, of course."

For a few minutes Martin silently considered the scheme. It was beautifully, cunningly simple—and almost foolproof. And it must have been a rich racket. A payoff from the girl; and a payoff from an English pimp—or did Kassel keep his own stable in London? Either way he would profit handsomely. Operating expenses couldn't have been much, either. How many pounds would a hungry Englishman require to cross the Channel and "marry" a woman he would never see again?

AFTER further questioning, Martin learned that Max the Shark had dreamed up the scheme, but during the past year or so he had discovered that others were making use of the idea. So far, all such operations had been kept under cover, which wasn't too hard to do because no law was being broken. The marriage law was simply being perverted.

One name did emerge from this discussion. The Argentine girl recalled having heard Kassel speak with bitterness of someone named Carpentier. She didn't know much about this man, but she was quite certain that he was operating in the Bastille section.

Martin's index-card memory didn't have to be told much about Carpentier. Like Kassel, he too recruited prostitutes and peddled them; and ever since Max the Shark had been pushed out of France, it was Carpentier who dominated the dung-heap.

When Martin felt he had nothing more to learn from the girl, he tried again with the question she had sidestepped before. Why was she telling him all this?

When she answered, her voice had a different quality. It was quiet and earnest. "I don't know what difference this should make to you," she said, "or even whether you will understand. But I have done many wrong things in my life; and now, because I want to cleanse my hands and my soul, I am trying to say things that I believe must be said."

Martin was an atheist, but he thought he understood anyway. Not until *l'affaire Kassel* had come to a close, however, did he really understand.

As Martin was leaving, the girl

asked: "Don't you want to find out my name?"

He colored. "I expected to find out afterward. I didn't think—"

"It's Maria Cintron," she said, and her voice was as it had been before. "If you want my fingerprints, *flic*, come back tomorrow with an ink pad—and you can hold my hand!"

Martin returned to Sûreté headquarters in the Ministry of the Interior building and conferred with his chief, Inspector Belin. Together they drew up a report which was immediately sent to Scotland Yard. Belin made clear that his men would continue to work on the case, searching for Carpentier and anyone else who might throw light on the murder. In addition, they intended to crack down on the fake-marriage racket and hoped the British would do the same. He also explained that he had made no effort to communicate with the Argentine police since he thought Inspector Sharpe himself might prefer to initiate the contact and investigate the Sarria angle.

Scotland Yard hadn't been marking time. After having gotten Belin's first report, summarizing Max Kessel's criminal record, Inspector Sharpe and his men had sought for threads that would tie the dead man to London prostitution rings. This proved difficult. Kassel, with his customary cunning, had covered his tracks well.

Once again, however, Sharpe had operated with uncanny intuition. He was convinced that even though Kassel's main source of income might have been as a merchant of sex, he still must have picked up additional money as a jewel fence. Otherwise why would he have set up a shop? So when Sharpe learned, through an inter-departmental notice, that Yard detectives had turned up a substantial amount of stolen gems, he arranged for one of his men to be included in the continuing investigation. This detective was to concentrate exclusively on ferreting out any possible connections between the recovered gems and London prostitutes or procurers.

Luck was with the inspector. Among the stolen jewels there had been a set of matched emeralds, mounted on a ring and a pin, that belonged to the Marquise de St. Sauveur. The theft had occurred the previous November, when the marquise was stopping at the George V Hotel in Paris. From the pawnbroker, whom Yard detectives had nabbed with these jewels, among others, they could learn only that a prostitute named Suzy Preston had left them in his care. The pawnbroker insisted he hadn't reported receiving them to the police, as legally he was

required to, because the girl didn't pawn them. She merely had asked him to keep them in his safe.

It sounded like a ridiculous story; yet Inspector Sharpe was interested in it. He tried to locate the girl named Suzy Preston but failed. He managed to learn, however, that she was French and had only come to London a few months earlier. Preston was her married name, yet no one who knew her had ever met her husband.

Backtracking still further, Sharpe was well on his way to establishing Kassel's part in a fake-marriage racket when he got the second report from the Sûreté, confirming all that he already suspected from the evidence at hand. But Sharpe kept a man probing in this area and also alerted the London bobbies to keep on the watch for Mrs. Preston. She had fled from her flat on Great Newport Street long before any police activity threatened her. Why?

On the basis of the Sûreté's second report, Sharpe launched a new inquiry, aimed at evaluating the Argentine angle in the case. It quickly proved to be important. A telephone call to the Maritime Commission established one significant fact: on January 9th—just 15 days before the corpse of Max Kassel was dumped in the ditch—a seaman named Jorge Queraltto Sarria had been reported missing off the Argentine freighter *Lobo Rojo*. The ship had sailed without him; but the man had not yet turned up in the British Isles.

Sharpe cabled Argentina's Policia Nacional at their headquarters in Buenos Aires, requesting all available information on the missing seaman, particularly in reference to his family. While awaiting the reply, the inspector arranged for Scotland Yard agents to cooperate with the Maritime Commission's alien seamen division in hunting for Sarria. All ships bound for Buenos Aires were to be thoroughly searched.

WHEN the Argentine police report reached Inspector Sharpe several days later, it dovetailed with the information that had been forwarded from France. Jorge Sarria's sister Asunción had left Buenos Aires with "a Frenchman" in 1931, expecting to marry him. Subsequent letters to her family revealed only that she was not married. She never explained how she was living in France.

After her death, which resulted from an abortion, the truth was finally told in a letter written by a grieving girl friend. The Sarria family did not take this letter to the police—as, naturally, the Policia Nacional believed they should have—but brother Jorge set out to have his own vengeance.

It looked as though he had had it.

The search for Jorge Sarria was intensified. But for a while it seemed as though, after Kassel's death, the earth had swallowed up everyone who might possibly know something about it. Neither Sarria nor Suzy Preston nor the Frenchman named Carpentier could be found.

Doggedly Inspector Sharpe kept up his hunt for clues, sifting through evidence two and three times. The dead man's business ledger monopolized his attention for one full morning, as though its accounts might be some kind of hieroglyphic which, if properly interpreted, might then lead to the killer. But all Sharpe learned was that there were five customers who, at the time of Kassel's murder, had owed him substantial sums of money.

THAT afternoon Sharpe went to the Drury Street jewelry shop. It was no longer in business but, under the supervision of the law, clerk Cyril Snead was liquidating the stock and settling outstanding accounts. The inspector questioned him quietly, trying to overcome the young man's obvious nervousness. This considerateness was born of experience—an overwrought person is unlikely to remember things well.

So, for a spell, the inspector and the clerk talked of trivial things. Gradually Sharpe worked around to the subjects he wanted to reach, and his patience paid off. Cyril Snead began recalling details that he had previously overlooked. His bony face knotted in concentration, Snead described a number of "regular" customers, individuals who returned to the shop a number of times to make small purchases, or just to talk to "Mr. Allard."

"It was queer," said Snead, "how many pretty girls come by to see the governor. You'd have thought he was a blooming movie star, you would!"

Sharpe didn't bother clarifying the matter, but he took a slip of paper from his pocket and read a description to Snead. "Honey-blond hair," he said, "blue eyes, high cheekbones, 5'2", 110 lbs., speaks English with a French accent. Do you recall such a girl?"

The clerk's thin face lit up. "Miss Suzy! I remember her, all right!"

"How often did she visit the store?"

"Not often enough," Snead said sorrowfully.

Sharpe remained patient. "How many times? Two? Three? And when was the last time?"

"I'd say four times, sir. The last time? I think it was the last day I saw the governor. She come by in the afternoon and seemed disappointed at him not being here. But when I told her to wait, he'd be right back—it

wasn't true, only I liked the idea of having her around—she said she'd see him later; and she left."

"Does this mean anything to you?" Sharpe held out his hand, and on the palm rested the star sapphire that the murdered man was wearing.

"No, sir."

"You're sure?"

The clerk nodded. "But Mr. Allard was queery in some ways," he added. "He handled orders that I never knew about, and I don't think we kept them on our books."

"I shouldn't be surprised," the inspector commented drily. "Tell me, who did your engraving?"

Snead gave him the name and address of an engraver whose shop was just a short distance away.

"One last question. When I looked over your ledger this morning, I noticed there were five individuals who owed Allard money. Have you collected what was due?"

Snead looked pained. "With the governor dead, you know, they're in no rush. They've all paid something on account, though—all except Mr. Vernon, and I haven't spoken to him yet. He's in France on business."

"Do you know the man?"

"Oh, yes," the clerk replied. "He was a friend of the governor's. I'm sure he'll be reasonable."

As a result of his conversation with Cyril Snead, Inspector Sharpe went right to see the engraver. The man recognized the star-sapphire ring as one that Allard had given him to engrave in a hurry. By consulting his records, he determined that the ring had been handed to him the morning of January 23rd and that Allard himself had picked it up that afternoon. He didn't know the meaning of the inscription; he had simply copied it from the paper on which the words had been printed: "*Plus que hier*"—more than yesterday.



Back at the Yard, Sharpe tried piecing together a few fragments of information. The last day of his life, Max Kassel had been very much concerned with the star-sapphire ring. He might have seen Suzy Preston; at least she expected to see him. Her role in the crime seemed to be growing in importance.

The inspector's curiosity was also aroused by Cyril Snead's remark that "Mr. Vernon" was a friend of the dead man, and that he would be "reasonable" about repaying the money he owed. According to the ledger, Vernon owed 100 pounds. There was no specification of what the sum was for—whether as payment for jewelry or as a personal loan. Whatever it was, however, Vernon had owed Kassel the money for five months. No other debt had been outstanding so long. And Vernon was in France.

Inspector Sharpe wanted to know more about Robert Vernon, and he intended finding out for himself. But, as it turned out, he couldn't. Events began breaking too fast, and he had all he could do to keep up with them. So Yard detective Maury Smith took on the Vernon assignment, while Sharpe

coordinated the efforts of more than 15 investigators—English, French and Argentine—who were devoting full time to the Kassel case.

A major development occurred on February 10, 1936. It occurred, as these things so often do, by accident. A flash fire broke out in a cheap rooming house in Southampton, and several men were trapped by flames and smoke. By the time firemen got their ladders up, a few of the roomers had been overcome by smoke. No one died in the blaze, but those men who were smoke victims had to be given emergency oxygen and were then rushed to the hospital.

Several hours after they were admitted to the hospital, a night nurse, making her usual rounds, discovered one bed to be empty. A thorough search was launched, but the missing man wasn't found. Hospital authorities immediately called in the police, and a wide-scale hunt was soon under way.

Since the man was wearing just pajamas and the night was cold and bleak, and since he must have been weakened by the smoke poisoning, it hardly seemed possible that he could avoid being caught for long. Yet he

led the police a weird chase. During the night he ran into a drunken seaman, and before the sailor knew what was happening, he was minus his pea jacket and his shoes. Not far away, the police later recovered his shoes; they hadn't fitted.

He was able to hide away in the dark; but shortly after dawn reports trickled in from people who had noticed a "queer sort of fellow" walking barefoot through the city. Most of the reports came from the dock area, where stevedores and laborers were going to work. They thought the man must be mad, and they said it would be easy to track him down because now his bleeding feet were blazing the trail.

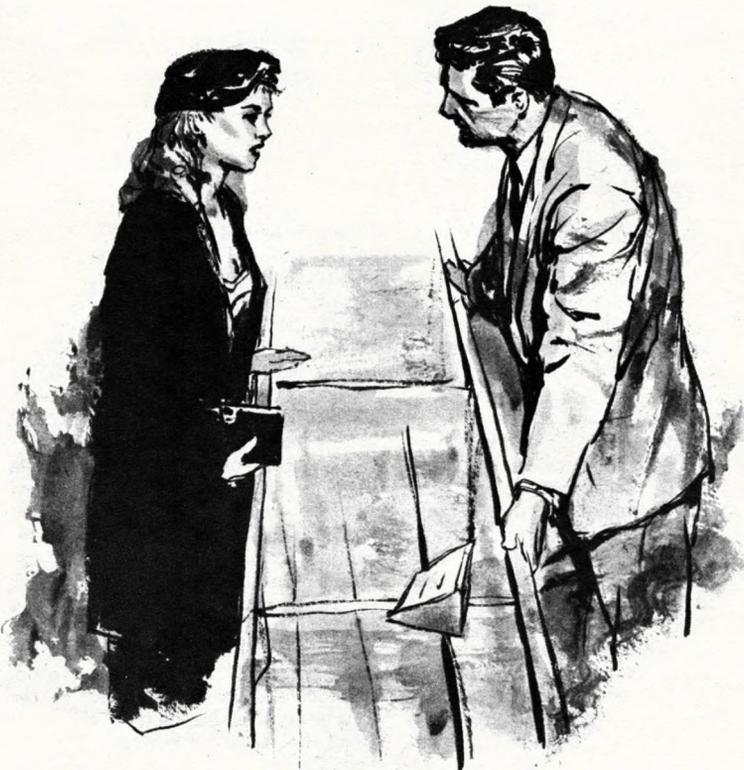
In a way, they were right: the man was a little out of his mind. This became clear when they caught him. He had trudged through the port area until he came to the dock where an Argentine ship was preparing to sail, and there he stood, like some stricken animal, staring at it from the wharf until the police came to get him. He made no protest as they led him away.

BUT Jorge Queraltto Sarria was not insane. Fever had temporarily unbalanced his mind, and, obeying some kind of primitive instinct, he had made his way to the ship that represented freedom to him; yet enough of his senses remained so that he made no attempt to go aboard, aware that this was impossible.

When Southampton officials notified Scotland Yard that they had seized Sarria, Inspector Sharpe said that he would go down to question the man. But this had to be delayed for almost 48 hours, until hospital doctors felt the young Argentine seaman was in possession of all his senses. There was a further complication resulting from the fact that Sarria was a foreign national and had to be accorded special consideration. The Argentine Embassy was requested to have a representative on hand when Sarria was to be interrogated.

This took place in a private room in the hospital. Sharpe was at a disadvantage because it was a small room and there were too many people present: Dr. H. L. Flick, attached to the hospital staff; Mr. Wallace Stackpool, one of the hospital's administrative officers; Señor Carlos Quesada, from the Embassy; Sgt. Frank Owens, a Southampton police officer who was to serve as translator; and a police secretary to record the questioning. Under these circumstances, Sharpe had little hope of achieving any kind of personal relationship with young Sarria.

Sarria was 23 years old, a short, wiry, high-strung fellow with dark



skin and handsome features. He still hadn't regained all his strength, and much of the time he lay back against the pillows, hands limp and eyes closed, answering questions in a voice that seemed to come from a distance; but occasionally his emotions would flare up—he would sit straight, eyes wide open and smoldering, hands clenched, and a torrent of Spanish would burst from his lips.

His story was simple. He had found out, from the girl who had written his family about his sister's death, that Max Kassel was living in London under the name of Allard. Sarria had shipped out on a freighter bound for Southampton, intending to kill Kassel. But he hadn't succeeded. Someone else had done the job first.

"You jumped ship January 9th," Sharpe reminded him, through the interpreter. "You had two weeks to accomplish your goal."

"I didn't have much money," the interpreter echoed Sarria, "and I do not speak English. To find the man was almost impossible. I couldn't just go up to a policeman and ask for directions, you know!"

"But you did eventually find Kassel?"

"Yes. I wrote to the girl in France. She told me where to find a girl in London who would know."

Inspector Sharpe recorded the name and address of the girl for later verification. Further questioning brought from Sarria the admission that he had tracked Kassel to his flat in Pembroke Square, and that he also knew of Kassel's store on Drury Street. The young Spaniard insisted, however, that he learned all this only a few days before Kassel disappeared from sight. At that time, he thought Kassel had somehow gotten wind that he was right on his trail and had hurriedly left London.

"I can't read English," Sarria said to the interpreter, "so I didn't read about the murder in the newspapers. But I thought maybe the man went to France to get away from me, and I wrote to the girl again, asking if she had seen him. That's how I found out he was dead."

SHARPE stopped him at this point, made him repeat what he had said and got him to swear that it was true. Then Sharpe made a note of this girl's name and address, too. If Sarria were telling the truth, and if the girl had saved his letter, his innocence would be quite strongly established. If she had destroyed the letter, much would depend on her credibility as a witness.

Looked at from the other point of view, however, there was little that tied the young Spaniard to the crime.

He could have done it; and he had a motive; but beyond that it was all conjecture. There were no witnesses, nor was there any evidence. Even the murder weapon hadn't been located. Only an outright confession from Sarria could establish his guilt—if he were guilty.

Inspector Sharpe had one other reason for not being convinced that this was the murderer. If Sarria had slain Kassel, he might very well have put six bullets into his victim's body in a surge of rage. But why would he have gone to the trouble of transporting the corpse to St. Albans, and above all else, why would he have bothered to strip it of any identifying marks?

Back in London, Sharpe had a conference with his associate, Maury Smith, who had been intensively digging into the past of the man named Robert Vernon. He was prepared to present quite a number of interesting findings.

#1: Vernon had a criminal record. His last sentence was seven to 10 years for forgery, and he had been out of prison on parole for only nine months.

#2: He had become involved in the prostitution racket. Although the details hadn't been nailed down yet, it seemed clear that he had been cooperating with Kassel, taking the "imported" French girls for business purposes. Since many of them could not speak English, he put them on call instead of making them streetwalkers.

#3: Vernon had disappeared from his usual haunts within a day or so of Kassel's murder. He was supposed to have gone to France on business. Since he had no right to do this without first notifying the Parole Board, which he had not done, Vernon was automatically subject to arrest.

#4: Suzy Preston, the prostitute who was being sought for further questioning on the stolen emeralds, was one of Vernon's women. There was a good possibility that she had become a source of contention between Vernon and Kassel.

It was this murder case that Inspector Sharpe was later to use when he gave a series of lectures at Cambridge University on "Crime, the Criminal and the Criminologist," as an illustration of what he called "the trial-and-error method." Some crimes are solved as a result of making progress step by step. This doesn't happen too often, but such instances of classic deduction are a delight to students of homicide. Then there are cases where the solution results from an investigator's vigilance and a pure stroke of chance. The majority of crimes fall into this category, much to the dismay of detection purists.

And then there are cases like the Kassel murder, where the keywords are patience and perseverance. The detective finds himself wandering in a maze, moving out of one blind alley into another. It is the toughest test of his will power and his ability first to sift through contradictory evidence and then to integrate what remains.

What remained in the Kassel case were two possible suspects, one with an admitted motive, the other with an apparent motive—and not a shred of evidence linking either of them to the murder. And now the investigation was being bounced back to France like a ping-pong ball. A search would have to be organized over there. Three people were wanted for questioning. In his report, Inspector Sharpe listed their names and everything he knew about them. There were Robert Vernon and Suzy Preston, formerly Suzy Delatour, thought to be hiding together somewhere in Paris.

And then there was the Argentine girl who had started Sarria on his voyage of vengeance and who now might be able to clear him of being involved in the actual murder. If she still had the letter that he had written, dated after the slaying but asking if she had seen Kassel in Paris, it would be strong evidence in his favor. It would not, however, be conclusive. There would still be the strange coincidence of the murder occurring precisely when Sarria had succeeded in locating Max the Shark. It seemed too perfectly timed to be an accident.

THE name of the girl that Sarria claimed to have written to had no particular significance for Inspector Sharpe—but when the report arrived at the Sûreté, it startled Detective Robert Martin. It was a name, and an address, that was familiar to him. The address was 75, rue de Charonne; and the name was Maria Cintron.

He remembered her telling him: "I am trying to say things that I think must be said."

Why? What did she know that she hadn't yet explained? What guilt lay so heavily on her soul that she had finally been compelled to seek relief and, in seeking it, to tell a detective as much as she dared?

Martin would have to find out. But seeing her had to come second. The first move would be to get hold of Robert Vernon and the woman, Suzy, if the pair were still in Paris. This meant checking with informers and simultaneously throwing out a dragnet. It proved to be simpler than had been expected. Vernon was an unfamiliar face on Parisian streets; but Suzy was almost as well known as the Eiffel Tow-



er. She had clearly been trying to keep out of sight and had consequently been spotted only at night. These reports came from the 10th *arrondissement*, so every rooming house and cheap hotel in the section was scrutinized.

That did it. They picked up her trail on Rue Mazagran, which, like many Paris streets, is just a block long and stays out of the flow of traffic, making it easy for someone to hide away there. Suzy was kept under close watch for hours, when it was learned that Vernon wasn't with her, in the belief that she would lead detectives to him. But she remained in her room in the run-down hotel, except for a brief trip to buy bread, cheese and wine.

In the end, it was Vernon who came to Suzy. He walked into the place without any apparent concern, as though he imagined himself to be in the clear. Although it was dark, the plain-clothes man loitering near the door recognized him from photographs that Scotland Yard had sent over. At his signal, two other detectives made their way into the hotel and went upstairs to make the arrest.

They found they had a tigress by the tail. Suzy exploded with a brand of fury that only a French female can summon in times of emergency, while Vernon stood by and watched. Despite the fact that Suzy's face was twisted with anger, there was a savage kind of

beauty about her—the dark blue eyes, narrowed, and the lips, sensual and full but now taut as she cursed the detectives, not in the high-pitched voice of the unnerved woman but with the low, vibrating throb of the passionate female.

They waited her out. When finally her emotion was spent, they closed in and told her to put on her coat and come along quietly. They didn't have to tell Vernon. He hadn't had time to take off his coat; and he didn't seem capable of resisting. He seemed certainly incapable of murder, this slender, stoop-shouldered man, who followed the detectives like a dog trained to heel.

With the two behind bars, Inspector Belin and Robert Martin decided to hold off on questioning them until Inspector Sharpe could fly over from England. He told them over the phone that he would leave at six A.M. and would be at *Sûreté* headquarters the first thing in the morning.

Although by then it was getting late, Martin wanted to have all loose ends tied up before the English inspector arrived; and so he went to pay another visit to 75, rue de Charonne.

WHEN he rapped on the door to Room 119, a man in pajamas answered. He growled that he didn't know who had lived in the place before him, and why didn't Martin go ask the *concierge* as he damn well should have in the first place?

The old woman who was the caretaker had been sleeping, too, and she was equally furious until she learned that he was a detective. Then she fawned on him. Since she had taken out her false teeth for the night, her words were garbled and Martin had a hard time understanding much of what she said. But he gathered that Maria Cintron had been sick for several weeks and hadn't been able to pay her rent, nor had she been able to afford a doctor. According to the *concierge*, she had gone up with some soup one day and found the girl unconscious. When this was reported to the prefecture, Maria Cintron was taken to Pean Hospital on Rue de la Santé.

Martin called the hospital and learned that the girl was still there. She had had pneumonia and her condition when admitted was critical; but she was expected to pull through now. If Martin wanted to question her, however, he would have to come there early the next morning.

So it was that *l'affaire Kassel* stood teetering on the brink of a solution as February 16th dawned, bright and sunny and cold, 23 days after the discovery of the murdered man's body.

At eight a.m., Martin sat at the bedside of Maria Cintron. He told her of what had happened in England, with the arrest of Jorge Sarria and his implication in Kassel's murder. The Sûreté detectives made no mention, however, of the young Spaniard's statement about having written letters to her. Instead, he asked the girl if there was anything she had not told him before which she might want to discuss now.

MARIA Cintron's illness seemed to have sucked the juices of life from her body. With her eyes sunk deep in their sockets and the flesh of her face wasted away, the bony structure of her head was painfully apparent. And when she spoke, her sentences occasionally trailed off into silence. But after a few moments, during which she rallied her strength, she would continue again.

"I know Jorge Sarria," she whispered. "You know I know him, so you wouldn't be here unless you knew about the letters, too. That's how I could tell you what I did—Max wasn't aware of anything. Max didn't dream anyone would ever dare try to . . ."

"I wrote to Jorge. I wanted him to learn how his sister had died. I wanted him to hate Max as I hated Max because I thought Jorge might try to kill him. And I wanted him killed, not because he taught me to sell my body without telling me that I was also selling my soul, but because he no longer wanted me, soul or body. He went to England and left me. It's not true what I told you before. Max never came back to see me. He had no more use for me.

"So I wrote to Jorge, and when he told me he was coming over to avenge Asunción's death, I was happy . . ."

"When he was in England, he wrote and said he could not find Max, so I told him of a girl who would help him. It was as though Jorge was my gun, and I was aiming it at Max's filthy heart. And then it happened . . ."

Martin remained silent, waiting. Closed windows softened the noise of honking horns; footsteps and a murmur of voices filtered into the room from the hospital corridor. Maria Cintron's eyes remained closed, but her voice picked up the thread where she had left off and continued to weave her strange tale.

"I do not expect you to believe this," she murmured, "but it is true. One night I prayed that Jorge would succeed in killing Max. I had not prayed for a long, long time—and that night I prayed that a man should be murdered!

"But somehow my prayer changed, somewhere along the way. It was as

though I were suddenly being forced to hear myself and see myself, and I realized that my corrupt flesh had corrupted my soul. I prayed then, earnestly and fervently, for forgiveness . . ."

"When I spoke to you, it was part of purging myself. And I welcomed my illness as punishment; and I hoped I would die. For I knew that Max had been murdered, and I thought that I was doubly guilty. I thought I had made one man a murderer and another man a corpse."

Martin shook his head. "It isn't the one who loads the gun who is guilty of murder," he said quietly. "It's the one who pulls the trigger. That's the law."

"There is a higher law."

"But there are no detectives needed there to try to establish the facts. The truth is known; and judgment is sure. Here, however, I do my best to learn the imperfect truth, so that an uncertain judgment can be made. Will you help me?"

SHE nodded.

"In the last letter you got from Jorge Sarria," Martin began, "didn't he ask whether you had seen Kassel? And wasn't this written after Kassel had been murdered?"

For a moment Maria Cintron seemed puzzled. Then she said unhappily: "If he had written it as you say, and if I had kept the letter, this would have proved him innocent, wouldn't it? But I never keep letters; and I don't believe he asked whether I had 'seen' Max. I think he asked whether I had 'heard anything' about him. And I had. I'd heard he was murdered. So I couldn't be sure if Jorge was using this way to tell me he had killed Max, or simply that he couldn't find him."

"But you told me you didn't believe Sarria had committed the crime."

"I still don't."

"Why not?"

"Because a Spaniard does not avenge his family with a gun. He uses a sword or a knife."

The sûreté detective shrugged. "What difference does the weapon make?"

"Still the practical man, aren't you?" she said with a faint smile. "To us there is a difference. You can hide somewhere and kill a man who doesn't see you, with a gun. But with a knife or sword, he must see you and know why he is going to die."

And that was as much as Martin got from Maria Cintron. He understood what her plight had been—not certain whether she had been partly responsible for Kassel's murder, yet certain that she had to speak the truth and let it lead where it would. If Sarria had committed murder, then so—

in her own mind—had she. She wanted to know this.

A considerable number of people wanted to know, too. Inspectors Sharpe and Belin, closeted together in the latter's office at Sûreté headquarters, listened first to Martin's summary of his interview with the prostitute Maria Cintron. Both officials agreed that this left the case hanging on a confession, and that getting one would be tough.

Since Vernon was English and Suzy Preston was French, the interrogation was to be split up accordingly. At the last minute, Inspector Sharpe took out the star-sapphire ring that had been found on the dead man, and he asked Inspector Belin whether the inscription had any particular significance.

Belin smiled. "It's a French saying," he told the Englishman. "*Je l'aime, plus que hier, moins que demain.*" It means: I love you now more than I did yesterday and less than I will tomorrow. Since all this won't fit on a ring, 'more than yesterday' suggests the rest."

SHARPE explained the circumstances under which he had found the ring, and then he said: "Kassel had a small hand, and the ring was too large for his finger. Besides, the mounting indicates that it's for a woman. I believe it will fit the Preston woman. Will you have her try it?"

"Of course," said Belin, pocketing it.

At that moment, nothing could have seemed less important.

The questioning of Robert Vernon didn't go well. On the surface he seemed to be a timid, docile man, but he proved to have the strength of a strand of steel. He could not be harried into answering questions quickly. His voice never wavered. And he had a maddening habit of talking interminably about things that had nothing to do with the case.

"When did you last see Max Kassel?" he was asked.

"Who remembers dates?" he said with a shrug. "All I remember is going to his shop. Jimmy Alison was around—now there's a helluva nice bloke, plays a good game of cribbage, he does, and it ain't often I gets to beat him. Anyways, that day he and me and Melvin—that's the only name I ever knew he had—well, the three of us was playing cribbage . . ."

On and on it went. The typewritten record of the questioning of Robert Vernon, single-spaced on legal-sized sheets of paper, ran 11 pages and contained not one contradicted fact, nor one bit of information that was new to the investigators.

Even when he was confronted with the testimony of several girls who

worked for him as prostitutes, and who swore they had heard him voicing his hatred of Max Kassel, Vernon just brushed it off and said that if he killed everyone he hated, "London would be up to its neck in stiffs."

Asked why he had left England without notifying his parole officer, which meant automatically that he would be returned to serve the rest of his term, Vernon replied: "You take a chance crossing the street, too. If Al-lard hadn't been murdered, I'd have been back in jolly old England before anyone missed me."

MEANWHILE Inspector Belin was having more luck with hot-tempered Suzy Preston. From the start she admitted things which, while not immediately bearing on the murder, were highly significant and damaging. She made no bones about her "marriage of convenience" but defended it by saying it wasn't a crime. It was Max Kassel who had arranged it; and she had always known this to be his real name. So, she claimed, had Vernon.

"Didn't you belong to Max the Shark?" asked Belin.

"I don't belong to any man!" she snapped.

"Oh, he didn't go for you?"

The barb was deftly placed. Suzy glared at the inspector and burst out, "He'd have given me the moon if I wanted it. You think he arranged my 'marriage' just so I could work? Don't be a damn fool. He wanted me where he could get his hands on me."

"What about Vernon?"

"What about him?" she parried nervously.

"He had his hands on you, too. What did they do, take turns?"

She shook her head.

"Both at the same time? I can't believe that!"

Again she shook her head.

"Speak up, Suzy!" cracked Belin.

"How did you divide your affections?"

"It was mostly Max," she whimpered. "Robby just kept after me until—"

"Until he killed off Max!" Belin broke in. "Isn't that it?"

"Don't put words in my mouth!"

Suzy wailed unhappily.

Belin, noting that she hadn't denied what he had said, shrewdly switched to another approach. He played up her undeniable appeal, sympathized with the fact that she probably always had men fighting over her, and it certainly wasn't her fault if that kind of thing led to trouble.

"Except," he went on smoothly, "if you don't tell us the whole truth and if it turns out that you knew about the murder, you'll be as guilty as the per-

son who committed the crime. If he hangs, so will you."

Belin let his fingers circle the girl's graceful throat, and although he didn't touch her, let alone put pressure on her, she swallowed hard and had trouble breathing. The rouge on her cheeks stood out vividly against the pallor of her skin.

"We know a woman was present," Belin continued, "when Kassel was lured to his death. And we can identify her."

"How?" Suzy Preston barely was able to force the word from her lips.

"Let me tell you the whole story," said the French inspector, smiling pleasantly as he pieced together his imagined reconstruction of the crime. "The Shark was giving a ring to this woman, and he had it specially inscribed. He was in a hurry for the engraving because that night he had an appointment with her, in her room. What he didn't know was that another man was waiting in the room, waiting to kill him.

"And what the man who killed him didn't know was that Max had the ring with him, the ring that will fit the finger of the woman for whom he had it made."

"He didn't!" burst out Suzy Preston. "There was no ring!"

Belin didn't bother pointing out to the girl that she had betrayed herself. He simply held out his left hand, palm up, and said: "Give me your hand."

SHE didn't have the strength to lift it up; so he seized it and, reaching into his pocket with his other hand, he took out the ring. He slid it on her finger. It fitted perfectly.

"But we looked through his pockets!" Suzy moaned. "He didn't have it with him!"

Belin eyed the girl appraisingly. Was she upset because the ring linked her to the murder—or because she wanted it and hadn't gotten her hands on it? There was sharp irony in the fact that she and Vernon had searched for the ring and had failed to find it because it was in such an obvious place: on the dead man's finger. Had he worn it to the girl's apartment so that he could flash it before her as soon as he entered? Or had he slipped it on when the fight started, hoping it might help him cut Vernon up? That much would never be known.

The French inspector's voice was now crisp and impersonal. He told Suzy Preston that she had 60 seconds to make up her mind. Either she would tell everything she knew or be prosecuted with Robert Vernon for murder.

The prostitute talked. She admitted that Kassel had come to her apartment

as he was accustomed to doing whenever he wanted to; but her affections had already been transferred to Vernon, who had been living with her for a short while. Kassel, in his attempt to win back her favors—in this weird struggle between two pimps for a prostitute—had had the star-sapphire ring made for her.

"September is my birth month," Suzy explained, "and the sapphire is my birthstone."

Unmoved by this sentimental gesture, however, Suzy had told Max that she "belonged" to Vernon. The two men then fought over her, with Vernon managing to club Kassel into submission. He dragged the limp body out of Suzy's flat, and that was the last she saw of Max the Shark. She herself "had a few drinks" and went to sleep.

Several hours afterward, Vernon returned and told her only that they were going on a trip "for his health." She had read of the murder in the Paris newspapers.

When Inspector Sharpe got word of the French girl's confession, he immediately broke the news to Vernon and made it clear that his neck was in the noose. The man's only chance for clemency, and a slim one it was, rested in his making a complete confession, too.

Vernon refused to believe that his mistress had talked. He thought it was a clumsy attempt to trick him into confessing.

So Robert Vernon and Suzy Preston were brought face to face, and the encounter between these two—diligently recorded by a police stenographer—makes strange reading. It hardly belonged in criminal annals.

THE pair faced each other in that small room, where the eyes and ears of six police officers were focussed on what they were saying, and for a moment they stood silent and motionless. Then, as though Vernon had learned all he had to know from the anguished expression on Suzy Preston's face, he said aloud with remarkable calm: "It don't really matter. I've been a bloody mess since I was born."

The remark caught the French girl off guard, and in a torrent of remorse she burst out with a passionate declaration of love. In its intensity it embarrassed the police officials in the room, but neither Vernon nor Suzy Preston seemed aware of the others. Not, that is, until they tried to be together and found themselves restrained.

Then Suzy twisted her head and bit the hand that was holding her. With that she was free, and she flung herself upon the small, stoop-shouldered man with half-strangled cries of love and remorse. And Vernon, who could hard-

ly have been cast as a great lover, so poor was his physical appearance, embraced her with his one free hand and somehow managed to comfort her.

Afterward, he too confessed, knowing as he did that he was doomed to die. He seemed almost to desire death. He insisted that he alone was guilty, that he had taken Kassel in a borrowed car to a spot outside London, and that he had cold-bloodedly emptied the Mauser into his victim. His statements were so completely damning that there could be little doubt that he was weaving his own shroud.

He revealed that he had driven off after the shooting, but upon reflection he had decided to return, empty the dead man's pockets and transport the corpse farther away from London in a

desperate attempt to conceal his crime a little longer. On the way from England to France, he had dropped the murder weapon into the Channel.

Vernon's trial at the Old Bailey in London during April of 1936 was not a long one, nor were any sensational new disclosures made. Yet it received enormous publicity in the French and English press because details were made public for the first time on how prostitution rings were operating, particularly where "marriages" were arranged for the purpose.

Vernon was hanged on September 11, 1936. Suzy Preston was paid well for telling her story to European journalists; but when that money ran out, she returned to her old profession. Then she vanished from sight for many

years and was forgotten in the turmoil of World War II.

On March 11, 1955, the body of a middle-aged woman was discovered in the woods near Goderville in France. She had been strangled to death. Suzy Delatour Preston had lived through one murder, only to die in another. To date it has not been solved—there aren't even any suspects. The slaying is considered to be just the end-product of a drinking bout.

Ironically, the slaying of Suzy Preston in itself received little play in the French newspapers. It was just a good excuse for the re-telling of a more interesting murder: that of Max Kassel by Robert Vernon, when Suzy Preston's body was still very, very warm. ◆◆◆



FREE Suit for You!



Take Only 5 Orders for Quality Made-to-Measure Tailoring in 30 Days or Less, Collect and KEEP **BIG ADVANCE CASH COMMISSION!** When Suits are Delivered, We'll Send YOU This Fine Made-to-Measure Suit **ABSOLUTELY FREE!**

Nothing to Buy! You Invest NO CASH—ever!

Why pay money for a suit when you can get one FREE in this easy way! Simply show your friends, neighbors, fellow-workers our great line of made-to-measure suits and top-coats and take their orders. Most men prefer to wear made-to-measure clothing and when they see the more-than-100 high quality fabrics and the full-color illustrations of all the up-to-the-minute styles—and when they learn the low prices for made-to-measure fit and quality—you'll take orders right and left. At the time you take orders you collect and KEEP A BIG, GENEROUS CASH COMMISSION. And by taking only 5 orders in 30 days or less, you not only pocket the big commissions, but we will send you a suit for yourself of your own choice and made to your personal measure—ABSOLUTELY FREE as an EXTRA REWARD—when the suits are delivered to your customers! Here's more good news, too . . . YOU DON'T NEED ANY MONEY to get started right away. We send you everything you need to start earning good money and FREE SUITS—and it's all yours FREE! SEND NO MONEY, now or ever, to get the valuable Tailoring Outfit described below. Just MAIL THE COUPON TODAY!

Make up to \$30.00 in a Day with this Valuable Money-Making SAMPLE CASE WHICH IS YOURS ABSOLUTELY

FREE!



Here's What You Get FREE!

- Sample case and over 100 actual fabric samples
- Big beautiful full-color display of all styles
- Easy measuring instructions and equipment
- Money-making plans and FREE SUIT as extra reward

This handsome professional-looking Sample Case contains everything you need to start earning good money right off the bat. You can start out in spare time hours—during lunchtime, on weekends, and after work—and you can earn up to \$30.00 in a day. All over America men are adding money to their regular

wages in this very pleasant way. You don't need any previous experience or any tailoring knowledge. Our fool-proof system of taking measures is easy to follow. You'll find all measuring equipment and simple instructions right in the Sample Case.

The Case is just jam-packed full of more than 100 actual fabrics for suits and top-coats, a big full-color style display of over 50 of the last-minute styles in made-to-measure clothing. You can start at once after those first cash earnings and your FREE SUIT!

Remember you DON'T SEND A PENNY—now or ever! If you're over 25 years old, this big valuable Tailoring Outfit is yours just for the asking—ABSOLUTELY FREE! Make sure you get yours—fill out the coupon at the right—AND MAIL THE COUPON TODAY!

PROGRESS TAILORING CO., Dept. N-195
500 S. Throop St., Chicago 7, Ill.

Please rush FREE the big valuable Sample Case filled with actual fabrics, style display and everything I need to start after my first profits and a FREE SUIT.

Name Age
Address
City State

Dept. N-195, 500 S. Throop St.,
Chicago 7, Illinois

BE A RADIO-TELEVISION TECHNICIAN

America's Fast Growing Industry Offers You a Bright Future



I Will Train You at Home in Spare Time for Good Paying Jobs in RADIO-TELEVISION



J. E. SMITH, President, National Radio Institute, has trained more men for Radio-Television than any other man. Our 40th Year.

I Trained These Men

Extra Money in Spare Time
 "Four months after enrolling... averaged \$10 to \$15 a week servicing sets in spare time. Now have full-time business."—William Weyde, Brooklyn, New York.

Chief Technician with Large Shop
 "In a year I opened my full-time radio shop. NRI training qualified me as Instructor during war. Now Chief Radio and TV Serviceman."—P. G. Brogan, Louisville, Ky.

Quit Job to Start Own Business
 "I decided to quit my job and do television work full time. I love my work and am doing all right. I'm not just punching a time clock."—Wm F Kline Cincinnati, Ohio

Video Control Engineer
 "My position with WNBC is video control engineer on the RCA color project. I owe a lot of my success to your textbooks."—Warren Deem, Malverne, N. Y.



TELEVISION is Making Good Jobs, Prosperity

Radio, even without Television is bigger than ever. 115 million home and auto radios and 3000 Radio Broadcasting Stations give interesting jobs to service technicians, operators, engineers. NOW ADD TELEVISION. 25 million TV homes and the total growing rapidly. 200 Television stations on the air, hundreds more under construction. Color Television soon to be a reality. All this adds up to good pay now, a bright future for men who qualify.

America's Fast Growing Industry Offers You GOOD PAY - BRIGHT FUTURE - SECURITY

Training PLUS opportunity is the PERFECT COMBINATION for job security, advancement. When times are good, the trained man makes the BETTER PAY, gets PROMOTED. When jobs are scarce, the trained man enjoys GREATER SECURITY NRI training can help assure you and your family more of the better things of life.

Start Soon to Make \$10, \$15 a Week Extra Fixing Sets

An important benefit of my Radio-Television training is that you can start to cash in fast. I start sending you special booklets the day you enroll, that show you how to fix sets. Multitester you build with parts I send helps you discover and correct troubles, helps you make money fixing neighbors' sets in spare time while training. Many NRI students make \$10, \$15 a week extra this way. My training is practical, complete. You benefit by my 40 years' experience training men at home. My well-

illustrated lessons give you basic principles you need, and my skillfully developed kits of parts "bring to life" things you learn from the lessons.

Find Out About This Tested Way to Better Pay — Mail Coupon

Without obligating you in any way, I'll send an Actual Lesson to prove that my training is practical, thorough. My 64-page book, "How to be a Success in Radio-Television," shows what my graduates are doing, earning. It gives important facts about your opportunities in Radio-Television, tells about kits I furnish for practical experience. You don't have to leave home or give up your job to take NRI course. You learn at home in your spare time on terms as low as \$5 a month. Many of my graduates make more than the total cost of my training in just two weeks. Mail coupon below now to J. E. SMITH, President, National Radio Institute, Dept. 6BG1, Washington 9, D. C. Our 40th Year.

You Practice Broadcasting-Servicing with Kits of Parts I Send

Nothing takes the place of practical experience. That's why NRI training is based on learning by DOING. My training includes specially developed kits of parts you use to build equipment and get practical experience on circuits common to both Radio and Television. Shown at left is the low power Broadcasting Transmitter you build as part of my Communications Course. Also shown is modern Radio you build as part of my Servicing Course. My free book tells about other equipment you build. Mail coupon. All equipment is yours to keep.



AVAILABLE TO VETERANS UNDER GI BILLS

Good for Both - FREE

MR. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 6BG1
 National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.
 Mail me Sample Lesson and 64-page Book, FREE.
 (No salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

Name Age

Address

City Zone State

VETS Write in date of discharge



Don't Be "BUFFALO-ED" by Any Car Repair!



USED BY ARMY AND NAVY

2,000,000 COPIES SOLD!

Whether You Are a Beginner or An Expert Mechanic
Motor's Brand New Auto Repair Manual Shows You
HOW TO FIX ANY PART OF ANY CAR

Yes, Brakes, Clutches, Transmissions, Rear Ends, Carburetors, or Any Other Part

FASTER...EASIER...and RIGHT on the very first try!

DON'T be "buffalo-ed" by any car repairs! Now you can tackle even the tough jobs with confidence. Yes, now it's as easy as A-B-C to fix any part of any car—whether it's a simple carburetor adjustment or a complete overhaul. Just look up job in the index of MOTOR'S new **AUTO REPAIR MANUAL**. Turn to pages and pictures referring to the job. Follow the clear, illustrated, step-by-step instructions. It's as easy as that! No guesswork! MOTOR'S Manual tells you where to start. What tools to use. Leads you easily, quickly through entire operation. **COVERS EVERY CAR BUILT FROM 1940 THRU 1955!**

2900 Pictures! So Complete So Simple, You CAN'T Go Wrong!
BRAND-NEW, REVISED edition! ONE THOUSAND giant pages, 2900 "This-Is-How" pictures, 291 "Quick-Check" charts—23,436 essential repair specifications. Over 225,000 service and repair facts. So clear you can't go wrong!

Even a green beginner mechanic can do a good job with this giant guide before him. And if you're a top-notch mechanic, you'll be amazed by the time and labor-saving factory methods!

The editors have put together the "know-how" from over 160 Official Shop Manuals, "boiled it down" into one fully-illustrated easy-to-understand guide.

SEND NO MONEY
Try Book for a Week FREE

Send no money. Pay nothing to postman. Test book in your own garage or shop. It's **GUARANTEED** to pay for itself in 7 days. If it doesn't, just return the book, and owe nothing. **Rush coupon for FREE-Trial copy.** MOTOR Book Dept., Desk 33B, 250 W. 55 St., New York 19, N. Y.

Same FREE 7-DAY Offer on MOTOR'S New TRUCK REPAIR MANUAL

Covers EVERY job on EVERY popular make gasoline truck made from 1946 thru 1955—as well as GM and Cummins Diesels. Over 2,000 illus., 200 charts, over 500 pages. **FREE 7-Day Trial.** Check proper box in coupon.



MOTOR'S AUTO REPAIR MANUAL

2 of Many Letters



Has Paid for Itself Time and Again—"It's easy to see close-up pictures of every part. It has paid for itself time and time again."
P. R. Farmer, Tripoli, Wis.



"I amused myself and my friends too. Now do jobs that stumped me before."
—M. Baliceky, Newark, N. J.

737 MODELS—ALL THESE MAKES

Buick	Kaiser
Cadillac	Lincoln
Chevrolet	Mercury
Chrysler	Nash
De Soto	Oldsmobile
Dodge	Packard
Ford	Plymouth
Fraser	Pontiac
Henry J	Studebaker
Hudson	Willlys

FREE 7 DAY TRIAL

Return and Pay Nothing if Not Satisfied!

MAIL COUPON NOW FOR 7-DAY FREE TRIAL

MOTOR BOOK DEPT., Desk 33B, 250 West 55th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

Rush to me at once: (Check box opposite book you want!)

MOTOR'S New AUTO REPAIR MANUAL. If O.K. I will remit \$2 in 7 days, then \$2 monthly for 2 months, and a final payment of 95c (plus 35c delivery charge) a month later. Otherwise I will return book postpaid in 7 days. (Foreign price, remit \$9 cash with order.)

MOTOR'S New TRUCK REPAIR MANUAL. (Described at left) If O.K. I will remit \$2 in 7 days and \$2 monthly for 3 months, plus 35c delivery charge with final payment. Otherwise I will return book promptly. (Foreign price, remit \$10 cash with order.)

Print Name..... Age.....

Print Address

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

SAVE 35c delivery charges by enclosing WITH COUPON order for full payment of \$6.95 for Auto Manual (or \$8.00 for Truck Manual). Same 7-day return-refund privilege applies.

Sample of Giant Book's Contents:

Tune Up — Tells, step-by-step, how to get smooth engine performance with fuel economy.
Ignition System, Generator, Generator Regulators — Removal, disassembly, installation and timing — functions, inspection, service requirements of all parts of Ignition.
Starting Motors
Dash Gauge Instruments
Carburetors
Fuel Pumps
Engine Service
Cooling System
Clutch
Transmissions
Air Conditioning
Overdrives

Wheel Alignment
Front End Suspensions
Steering Gears
Rear Ends
Brakes
Power Brakes
Power Steering
Power Tops,
Window Lifts and Seat Adjusters
Automatic Chokes
Shock Absorbers
Universals
Specifications on: Pistons and Rings; Valves; Engine Bearings, Brakes, Wheel Alignment, Rear Axle, Lubrication, Capacity, Generator, Distributor, Generator Regulator, Starting Motor, Carburetor. PLUS MUCH MORE