

THEY FOUND A LOST CITY

MOTOR MAIDS OF AMERICA

FIRST
ISSUE

True Woman's ADVENTURES

MAY 25th

I ESCAPED FROM ROUTINE

MY MAN AND I
PAGE 28 BECAME
BEACHCOMBERS



SISTER CECELIA'S
DRAMATIC ESCAPE FROM
BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN

FUGITIVE NUN

GUERE

EXCITING PICTURE STORY

PATRICIA McCORMICK
LADY BULLFIGHTER

GAIN WEIGHT



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 **quick-acting MORE-WATE tablets** . . . a 30 day supply for only \$2.98, 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 wallflower, because you have a figure like a broomstick! **Gain more weight!**

IN JUST 24 HOURS START GAINING WEIGHT
The fast acting **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, fast acting 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 a **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!

stop
being

SKINNY!

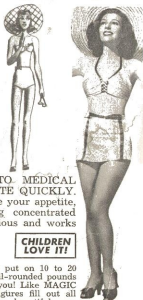
Now at last—**QUICKLY—EASILY** put firm, attractive pounds and inches on your body, chest, arms and legs.

**DON'T STAY SKINNY!
GO FROM THIS TO THIS!**

or your money back!

MORE-WATE is the newest discovery of medical science—entirely safe! Not a drug—not a medicine . . . Instead, a delicious weight-adding tablet that helps your body build new pounds of **HEALTHY, ATTRACTIVE** body weight! You gain **SOLID** good-looking flesh **AUTOMATICALLY** wherever you need it—on face, neck, bust, arms, legs, ankles, etc. (all over!)

START GAINING WEIGHT in 24 HOURS! Amazing new **MORE-WATE** puts on weight **FASTER** THAN ANYTHING KNOWN TO MEDICAL SCIENCE! If you **LOSE APPETITE QUICKLY** . . . If you fill up at meals and lose your appetite, take **MORE-WATE**, the amazing concentrated **fast acting** tablet that tastes delicious and works **weight-gaining** wonders.



**CHILDREN
LOVE IT!**

We don't want
SKINNY
on our team!



WHY BE SKINNY?

Now you can quickly put on 10 to 20 pounds or more of well-rounded pounds so fast it will amaze you! Like **MAGIC** skinny, broom-stick figures fill out all over the body into a beautiful new "LOOK" that wins popularity! **MORE-WATE** promotes appetite, new pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality. **DON'T BE SKINNY! SEND FOR MORE-WATE** delicious tasting, fast acting tablets **TODAY!**

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Mail the coupon below for your generous supply of **MORE-WATE!** Only \$2.98 for full generous supply or \$6 for the triple generous large economy size on the guarantee if the first package doesn't increase your weight to your satisfaction, return the empty package for full money-back refund. **MAIL THE COUPON NOW! CHILDREN—get mom or dad to order for you!**

MAIL THIS NO-RISK COUPON TODAY!

MORE-WATE CO., Dept. M-232
318 Market St., Newark, New Jersey

- SEND ONE large generous supply of **MORE-WATE**. I enclose \$2.98 cash, check or M.O. on **GUARANTEE** I must be delighted with first package or money-back when I return empty package. (I save up to 90c. by sending payment with order.)
- CHECK HERE IF YOU WANT 3 for \$6. (Save \$3.)

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Zone..... State.....

SENT ON APPROVAL — MAKE AMAZING 10-DAY TEST

"I never dreamed Frank could be such a success..."



"People said he was such a quiet, average-looking man. But I don't think so. And one time we were even afraid he was going to lose his job.

"That was the night I showed him the I.C.S. advertisement. 'Double your income, earn promotions,' the ad said. Frank wasn't interested, but I made him fill out a coupon anyway.

"A few days later, I.C.S. sent him three free books. He started reading 'How to Succeed' and couldn't put it down. It opened his eyes to the many little—but important—mistakes he'd been making. And it showed him how to discover unused talents in himself.

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Take the actual case of Thomas Dyke. He was a coal miner without a high school education who studied with I.C.S. and worked his way up to become a licensed engineer. Today his income is above the average for college-trained engineers.

Send for 3 FREE BOOKS today: Book No. 1, "How to Succeed"—a gold mine of helpful job tips. Book No. 2, an outline of the job opportunities in the field that interests your husband most. Book No. 3, a sample I.C.S. lesson text in basic math, showing the I.C.S. method of teaching.

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ICS

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(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):

- | | | | | |
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Blueprints</p> <p>ART</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Cartooning</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Art</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Fashion Illustrating</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Magazine Illustrating</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Show Card and Sign Lettering</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Sketching and Painting</p> <p>AUTOMOTIVE</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Auto Body Rebuilding</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Auto Elec. 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|---|--|--|--|---|

Name _____ Age _____ Home Address _____

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

KILL THESE HAIR-DESTROYING GERMS

WITH WARD'S FORMULA

STAPHYLOCOCCUS
ALBUS

MOROCOCCUS

PITYROSPORUM
OVALE

MICROBACILLUS

NOTHING, Absolutely nothing
known to Science can do more to

SAVE YOUR HAIR

Beware of your itchy scalp, hair loss, dandruff, head scales, unpleasant head odors! Nature may be warning you of approaching baldness. Heed Nature's warning! Treat your scalp to scientifically prepared Ward's Formula.

Millions of trouble-breeding bacteria, living on your sick scalp (see above) are killed on contact. Ward's Formula kills not one, but all four types of these destructive scalp germs now recognized by many medical authorities as a significant cause of baldness. Kill these germs—don't risk letting them kill your hair growth.

ENJOY THESE 5 BENEFITS IMMEDIATELY

1. Kills these 4 types of germs that retard normal hair growth—on contact
2. Removes ugly infectious dandruff—fast
3. Brings hair-nourishing blood to scalp—quickly
4. Stops annoying scalp itch and burn—instantly
5. Starts wonderful self-massaging action—within 3 seconds

Once you're bald, that's it, friends! There's nothing you can do. Your hair is gone forever. So are your chances of getting it back. But Ward's Formula, used as directed, keeps your sick scalp free of itchy dandruff, seborrhea, and stops the hair loss they cause. Almost at once your hair looks thicker, more attractive and alive.

We don't ask you to believe us. Thousands of men and women—first skeptical just as you are—have proved what we say. Read their grateful letters. Study the guarantee—it's better than a free trial! Then try Ward's Formula at our risk. Use it for only 10 short days. You must enjoy all the benefits we claim—or we return not only the price you pay—but DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK. You be the judge! © Ward Laboratories Inc., 19 West 44th St., N. Y.

TO SAVE YOUR HAIR ACT NOW

Send coupon today for 10-day offer. Send No Money

ACT TODAY or YOU MAY BE TOO LATE!

Ward Laboratories, Inc., Dept. 2609-B
19 W. 44th St., New York 36, N. Y.

Rush Ward's Formula to me at once. I will pay postman two dollars plus postage. I must be completely satisfied within 10 days, or you GUARANTEE refund of DOUBLE MY MONEY BACK upon return of bottle and unused portion.

Name
Address
City Zone State
 Check here if you enclose \$2.00 with order, and we will pay postage. Some refund offer holds, of course. AFO, FPO, Canada & Foreign add 50c, no CODs.

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

SCALP ITCH
FALLING
HAIR

DANDRUFF

HEAD
ODORS

Proof!
We get letters like these every day from grateful women all over the world!

I must admit I didn't have much faith in it, but I hadn't been using Ward's one week before I could see it was helping me. I could feel my hair getting thicker.

E. K., Cleveland, Ohio

Out of all the Hair Experts I went to, I've gotten the most help from one bottle of Ward's Formula.

C. La M., Philadelphia, Pa.

After using Ward's for only 12 days, my hair has stopped falling out.

R. W. C., Cicero, Ill.

I am tickled to death with the results. In just two weeks' time—no dandruff! W. T. W., Fortola, Cal.

I feel encouraged to say that the infuriating scalp itch which has bothered me for 3 years is now gone.

J. M. K., Columbus, Ohio

Guarantee

This written guarantee entitles you not only to return of price paid for Ward's Formula, but Double Your Money Back unless you actually SEE, FEEL and ENJOY all benefits herein claimed in only ten days. The test is at our risk. All you do is return unused portion or the empty bottle unless completely satisfied.



Ward Laboratories, Inc.

Can You Solve These 3 Puzzles?



No. 1
Solution Is One
of Last Names
Below:
John E. BODE
Henry FORD
Alice GARY
Alexander G. BELL
Julius S. BACH
William PACA



No. 2
Solution Is One
of Last Names
Below:
Robert BURNS
John BROWN
Allen ELKAN
Alfred E. SMITH
N. G. WELLS
Samuel FREED



No. 3
Solution Is One
of Last Names
Below:
John GAY
Wm. H. LOW
Walter MAP
Edgar W. NYE
Robert E. LEE
Samuel J. WAY

SEND IN YOUR ANSWERS ON COUPON BELOW AND RECEIVE FREE DETAILS ON HOW YOU MAY SHARE IN

\$100,000.00

IN CASH PRIZES



THIS MAY BE YOUR TIME TO WIN!

You've read of others winning big prizes. You've seen their pictures in the papers, reading broadly and bearing in their good fortune. Well, maybe this is YOUR time to win!

Think what it could mean to you! The home of your own? Or your very own? A college education for your child? Perhaps at last going into business for yourself!

Whenever you desire, act today on this great opportunity — presented under auspices of the publishers of The Standard International Encyclopedia — and designed to publicize their great reference work and further its distribution.

Believing that people like puzzles, and that puzzles in themselves are inherently educational, the sponsors have combined the challenge of puzzles with the opportunity to get rich — with the result being this \$100,000.00 Opportunity Puzzle Contest, in which YOU MAY WIN A FORTUNE IN CASH!

AS YOU READ this page, you have before you a truly remarkable opportunity — an opportunity to win thousands and thousands of dollars in an exciting, fascinating contest with new and stimulating puzzles. Today! — right now! — ACT on this opportunity! See the three puzzles printed above. And, following the procedure explained with the Sample Puzzle in the lower part of this page, see if you can find the name each puzzle represents.

When you have done that, fill in your answers to the three puzzles, along with your own name and address, on the coupon in

the lower left corner of the page. Mail the coupon promptly — to the address shown — and we will send you, FREE and entirely without obligation, full rules, details and the official set of basic puzzles of the Opportunity Puzzle Contest, in which \$100,000.00 in Cash Prizes will be awarded.

Yes — any one of 400 cash prizes may become yours in this contest — a 1st Prize of \$50,000.00! — a 2nd Prize of \$10,000.00! — a 3rd Prize of \$7,500.00! — a 4th Prize of \$5,000.00! — or any one of the other prizes shown in the official prize list printed at the right.



Someone Must Win!
Why Not You!

400 CASH PRIZES

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

1st PRIZE
\$50,000.00

2nd Prize \$10,000.00
3rd Prize \$7,500.00
4th Prize \$5,000.00
5th Prize \$2,500.00
6th Prize \$1,500.00
7th Prize \$1,500.00
8th Prize \$1,000.00
9th Prize \$1,000.00
10th Prize \$1,000.00

11th thru 15th, ea. \$300.00 ... \$1,000.00
16th thru 20th, ea. \$300.00 ... \$1,500.00
21st thru 26th, ea. \$75.00 ... \$2,250.00
27th thru 35th, ea. \$250.00 ... \$2,750.00
36th thru 400, ea. \$250.00 ... \$4,750.00

TOTAL ... \$100,000.00

\$50,000.00 1st Prize May Become Yours! — Fun and Fortune Await You in This Fascinating Contest

The Sample Puzzle below will give you an idea of how to solve the increasing name-puzzles featured in this \$100,000.00 Opportunity Puzzle Contest. And the puzzles you see above are actually the first three official puzzles of the contest.

First, of course, study the Sample Puzzle, and read carefully the explanation printed along with it. Then try solving Puzzles No. 1, No. 2 and No. 3 above, and see if you can find the famous name represented by each puzzle, in the list of names printed under it.

In this way you will get a taste of the enjoyment and challenge presented in the puzzles of this contest. And as to the thrill of winning, can't you yourself imagine what it would be like to win \$50,000.00, \$10,000.00, \$7,500.00 or any other of the cash prizes shown at the right?

This may indeed be the opportunity you've been waiting for! — in free you from money cares and bring you the security and the luxury you have always craved!

Act today to get in on this great opportunity! Right now! — fill in your answers to Puzzles 1, 2 and 3 on the coupon at the lower left. Also fill in plainly your own name and address, and mail the coupon promptly to the address shown. We will then rush you additional puzzles, rules and details explaining just how you go about making yourself eligible to win \$50,000.00, \$10,000.00, \$7,500.00, \$5,000.00 or any other of the cash prizes to be awarded.

Don't put it off! Act here and now, while this opportunity is before you! Solve the three puzzles above, and mail the coupon TODAY!

This SAMPLE PUZZLE Will Give You the Idea!

Before trying to solve Puzzles 1, 2 and 3 above, let's solve this Sample Puzzle.

Note the various letters and objects, and the plus and minus signs. C plus QWJ plus EYE plus TANK ... gives us CQWJEY-TANK. Next, minus TOWEL minus CAN means that from CQWJEY-TANK we take away the letters TOWEL-CAN, leaving EYK.

Now, in the list of names under the puzzle, we see the last name of French poet KEY, and by re-arranging the letters Y E K to K E Y, we have KEY as the correct solution to this puzzle.



SOLUTION IS ONE OF LAST NAMES BELOW:
Robert W. BOD
Robert E. LEE
Philip VAN
Francis EAST
Edgar W. NYE
Francis ABE

OPPORTUNITY PUZZLE CONTEST
DEPT. 770, P. O. BOX 89, FREEPORT, N. Y.

Listed on right as to how to see my answers on Puzzles 1, 2, and 3. I am interested to receive \$100,000.00 Cash Prize Contest and would like now to send me without charge an obligation — the set of basic puzzles together with full rules and details — so how I may win \$50,000.00 1st Prize or any other of the 400 prizes.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY & STATE _____

PUZZLE NO. 1 _____
PUZZLE NO. 2 _____
PUZZLE NO. 3 _____

Act TODAY — This May Be YOUR OPPORTUNITY OF A LIFETIME!

Standard International Library, N. Y.

True Woman's ADVENTURES

Volume I, Number I

May 1956



The cover painting of Pat McCormick was executed by veteran illustrator George Gigars. If his technique is familiar, it's because his paintings have graced the nation's magazines and newspapers for the past 30 years. When not wielding brush and palette, George enjoys hunting, fishing—or just loafing around the Connecticut home he designed and built himself.

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Art Director
TONY COOPER

Story Editor
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Picture Editor
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Here is a magazine for and about women who live — and love living! On these exciting pages you will thrill to the true accounts of intrepid women who have flirted with raw adventure. Some were unwittingly tangled in the web of intrigue; others acquired their taste for danger and hurled a challenge to the fates. Romance and glamour, which inevitably accompany heroic lives, is theirs — and now, yours! Their stories will erase the humdrum routine of the workaday world and let you live adventure in faraway places. The trite adage — that truth is stranger than fiction — gains new meaning for the readers of TRUE WOMAN'S ADVENTURES. For it is not only stranger — it is charged with colossal real-life courage, the kind that can't be concocted by the best writers!

TRUE WOMAN'S ADVENTURES May 1956 Vol. 1, No. 1, published bimonthly by 148 Publishing Corp. at 147 East 50th St., New York 22, N. Y. Copyright 1956. Second class entry pending at Post Office at New York, N. Y. Subscription rate \$1.50 for 6 issues. All submissions must be accompanied by return postage and self-addressed envelope. Publisher is not responsible for loss or injury of manuscripts and photographs. Printed in U.S.A.



Peggy Conover slid down the icy, steep-sloped Matterhorn, her eyes blazing with excitement. But joy turned to horror when a two-day storm of her side loosed an avalanche that buried her 25 feet deep under snow! Story on page 28

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Jean Mayfield and her husband put into action the plan that others only dream about. They actually left the comforts of home in order to live alone on a deserted island in the Gulf of Mexico. Read this exciting and inspiring story on page 23



Sister Cecilia aided hundreds to escape the Red Tyranny in Czechoslovakia. But when the secret police found her out, it was her turn to flee. Her story is a true document of danger and devotion to God and humanity. Story on page 8

A MOMENT'S BETRAYAL FORCED THIS DEVOUT WOMAN TO BE A...

Fugitive Nun

By CAROLE LEWIS

with death at her heels, the incredible Sister Cecilia took

the only course left open to a courageous woman



Sister Cecilia now enjoys the peace which freedom from fear can bring. Able now to smile, she thanks God for deliverance.

"SISTER CECILIA! Oh, Sister!" It was only a whisper in the dark but it was so urgent, so filled with terror that it instantly woke the sleeping nun. Sister Cecilia sat up on her cot. "What is it?" she asked, even though her danger-trained instinct had already given her the answer before she heard it from the other nun.

"They are after you! Four agents of the secret police have come to take you away. They are downstairs."

Sister Cecilia slipped off her cot and began groping in the unlighted room for the blue polka-dot dress she had smuggled into the hospital for just such an emergency. She had known it must come. She said, "Go down and tell them I'll be there as soon as I have put some clothes on."

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ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT M. CLURE



HERBERT M. CLURE

Holding their breaths
they prayed that the
guards and dog had not
heard the child cry!

With trembling hands she pulled on the dress and tied a kerchief over her shaved head. Then she tiptoed to the back entrance of the hospital and into the street. Two policemen were standing on the corner. She had to walk past them, but they barely glanced at what they took to be a servant girl out on some night errand.

Many weeks later, on a cold evening in the winter of 1952, she sat in a gloomy farmhouse somewhere near the Austrian border of Czechoslovakia, ready to start out on the last and most perilous lap of her escape from the communists. Short-haired, outlandishly dressed in ski pants and a zebra-striped sweater, her round face much thinner, the cheeks less rosy, there were no traces left of Sister Cecilia from the Convent of the Daughters of the Most Holy Savior except the gentle smile, the expression of serenity in her eyes and the attitude of humble patience with which she sat waiting to make a final dash for freedom.

There were six of them huddled round a wood-stove in the kitchen of the lonely farmhouse: Father Jano, a worn looking man with deep lines of pain on his face, who had escaped from a concentration camp the year before and been travelling about the country ever since with false papers, helping to organize the underground movement; four young student-priests; and Sister Cecilia. Each had a price on his head, each was the object of a relentless search on the part of the police of the Red regime that had seized power in

*They were tense, nerving themselves
for the next move! The worst
dangers still lay ahead.*

A thrill of fear ran over them.

their homeland. All were wearied by the long delay before their unknown guide could come to lead them to sanctuary in the American zone of Austria.

They had been brought separately, under cover of darkness, to this last stop on the Slovakian underground "railway." Barely able to see one another in the dim firelight cast by the stove, with no exact knowledge of where they were, and uncertain how long they must remain, they waited for the guide.

They were tense, nerving themselves for the next move. The worst dangers still lay ahead, for their journey would take them over the strongly guarded dike forming the Slovakian bank of the wide Morava River, then across the river itself, and through a forest in the Soviet Zone of Austria. The chance of completing the journey, of avoiding detection and cap-



ture, was slight. Nevertheless, it was a risk that had to be taken, even with the certainty that failure meant death. Sister Cecilia knew this — experience had taught her that it was unwise to blink facts — but she would have liked to forget it for a moment, to rest before the coming ordeal. The others made that impossible by talking. Although they spoke in hushed tones, their voices were loud enough to disturb her.

One of the young students said, "We must be near the river. I hope the water won't be as rough as it was last time."

"This is your second attempt at crossing the border?" Father Jano asked.

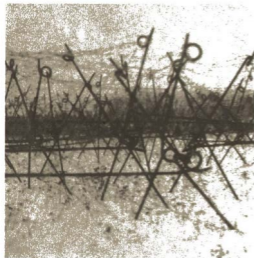
"Yes. Everything went wrong that time. We had life belts but the water was so rough that they weren't of any use and we had to turn back. Most of the others were caught when we had to go into an open field."

Another student wanted to know how that had happened. "Were you betrayed?"

"No. Some peasants saw us and, thinking we were parachutists, they called the police. We were going along a road, single file, when the police stopped us. I happened to be in the rear, so I got away and hid all night in a cemetery. I won't tell you everything I went through that night — it might make you afraid to try this time."

Silence fell in the shadowed room. It was broken

Today a solitary guard maintains his lonesome vigil at the Czech-Austrian border in the picture at left. It was at this point in 1952 that Sister Cecilia crossed at the risk of her life. The picture below shows to what extent this same border once was heavily guarded against just such possible fugitives from the Reds. Tangled barbed wire was effective!



by Sister Cecilia. "I don't believe that God will let us be taken," she murmured reassuringly. "He would not be so cruel as to let us go through all we've endured just to fall into the hands of the comrades."

Father Jano nodded. "In His wisdom, He has given us the chance to decide between captivity and freedom and we have chosen freedom. **CONTINUED ON PAGE 46**



They Found A Lost City

By GORDEN ALLYN

DAN! Look out! The whole mountain's coming down!"

The words were a scream to her. But they were wrenched into silence by the roar that shot out of the cliff wall as tons of boulders plummeted at them, obliterating her husband's frantically stumbling form.

Ginger Lamb clutched a root desperately, shielding her face from a stinging shower of pebbles. It was noon, but the sky was solid stone, close and horrible. A boulder the size of an automobile hurtled at her, then careened in another direction.

And then, suddenly, it was over. Silence rang in her ears. The sun gradually labored through the thick, choking dust clouds that were slowly rising from the mountainside like steam from a lava bed. She listened hard, hopefully.

"Ginger..." Was it Dan's voice or merely a trick of the tropic wind. It was impossible to be sure. Fear overwhelmed her caution as she climbed down the steep

bank, slipping dangerously in the loose earth, unmindful, thinking only of Dan, who had been swept hundreds of feet below by the avalanche. Possibly he was dead, buried under the rocks that had seemed excellent footing only moments ago.

"Dan? Where are you?" She called, and then let her

The depths of the Southern Mexican jungle yielded the ruins of the Lost City of the ancient Mayans





Dana and Ginger Lamb finally stand at the doorway of one of the fabulous Mayan temples

*the thrill of conquest
made them pause as they
entered the threshold
of the Golden City—
lost centuries back!*

breath rush out as she saw him sprawled with one foot twisted grotesquely under himself, half buried.

Every bit of woman in her told her to scream, but her years in the wilderness had taught her to meet every situation on its own terms. Still, she could not suppress a whimper as she dragged Dan from the rubble. He was still breathing, but he had not called her. Dan was unconscious.

Ginger bound his ankle in a crude but efficient splint and applied compresses to the gashes he had accumulated in his fall. They spent ten days at the bottom of the mountain as Dan recouped his strength. Ten days that allowed them time to think, and sometimes regret, and then to renew their search with the vigor that springs from temporary defeat.

Fever raged in Dan's bruised body the first night, yet he slept soundly. As Ginger watched her husband across the firelight, her thoughts stretched back two years. They were in a friend's

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Rugged cliffs and impenetrable passes sometimes had to be risked by crossing with their bare hands and knees



Dana Lamb examines the first mystic Mayan sign which gave them their clue to the proximity of the Lost City

living room in Santa Ana, California, discussing their plans to find the Lost City of the Mayas which nestled somewhere in the uncharted Mexican-Guatemalan jungle.

Depression gripped Dan when he recovered. "Do you think we've wasted two years?" he asked Ginger.

"Sometimes I think so—"

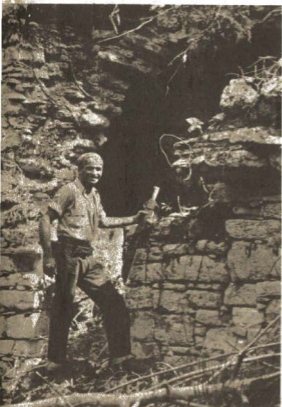
Ginger answered automatically, but she knew, even then, that neither of them meant it. By foot and burro, by Model T Ford and jeep and an airplane which flew on a prayer, they had trekked down the west coast of Mexico, had met the famous bandit El Gitano, and had been moved by the Crying Virgin of Mexcaltitan.

There were plagues of insects — an invasion of army ants, a forest of spiders. Hurricanes, floods and droughts had put their powers of endurance to severe test.

Nothing had dented the determination of Dan and Ginger Lamb. Even before their marriage in 1933, she had joined Dan in his training for a life of adventure. Together they studied archaeology, photography, navigation, engineering, geology and woodcraft. Dan taught her to be a crack shot. All these skills were vital in order to survive the future they had planned.

Shortly after their honeymoon, they put their training to the test. The footloose Lambs set out on a 16,000-mile voyage in a canoe they had designed and built themselves. From San Diego to Panama they paddled — and first heard the legend of a lost civilization set in a forbidden land. Isolated for three centuries, a Mayan city lay somewhere in the treacherous green vastness that spreads from Chiapas, Mexico, to the Guatemalan border.

There are many lost cities in Mexico, but this one was different because it marked the end of the great



Dana found the city more amazing than any Hollywood setting. Here he examines ancient Mayan farm implements.

Mayan nation. In 1697, gold-hungry Spaniards launched a 90-foot galleon on Lake Petén Itzá and invaded the Indian city of Tayasal. A small group of natives escaped into the jungle. Legend claimed the descendants of these survivors still lived in the rain forest.

The Lambs decided the rumor was worth investigating when they heard of an American flyer who had been forced down between the Bay of Campeche and Salvador. Lost in the jungle, the aviator climbed a mound to get his bearings. The earth gave way and he fell into an underground vault. He saw that he had not climbed a hillock as he had thought. It was a pyramid, constructed hundreds of years ago by the hands of man and now overgrown with brush.

As he explored the dank cavern, he saw a silver idol and a long stone trough containing 11 golden plaques hung upon 11 golden staples. After making his way out of the jungle he was never able to find that place again.

Determined to take over where the airman had left off, Dana and Ginger began their quest in 1939. They

had \$10.16 in their jeans plus a small fund tucked in their camerabag just in case anything went wrong.

Their equipment, which weighed a hundred pounds, was divided into two packs. They were carrying a tent, a mess kit, sleeping bag, cameras, knives, first aid kit, needles and thread, fishing gear and small packages of trading trinkets which could be bartered with the natives for beans, salt, sugar and coffee. Each of them also carried a .22 automatic pistol and a machete.

Dana managed to squeeze in a lecture tour before they left, the proceeds of which financed an ancient Model T Ford and a few cans of fuel. "Croupy"—as they called the Ford—coughed and sputtered valiantly along Mexico's western shore, almost to Mazatlan. Then it had to be towed by two burros. Finally an axle snapped and Croupy had to be abandoned altogether.

The Lambs covered the next **CONTINUED ON PAGE 49**

Dana sets up movie camera after convincing two belles of the Lost Tribe that they needn't fear posing for pictures



The edge of a jungle lake is the setting for Ginger as she gives Dana a haircut. She complained customer never tipped!





Lady Bullfighter

a college coed from Big Springs, Texas, gets a rousing "Ole!" from Latin American fandom

EL TORO is raised from calfhood for one purpose — the fight! And only the bravest of bulls ever paw ground in the area. Yet, despite his splendid savagery, El Toro has met his match in an intrepid young lass from Big Springs, Texas, in North America, where bullfighting is considered cruel and even dull.

The courageous *matadora* is 24-year-old Patricia

McCormick, a pretty blond who deserted the relatively drab routine of a college coed to take up the sword and cape. Latin lovers of the fight have nothing but praise for the courage displayed by the fair-haired outlander who has invaded their bullring, although many experts agree that her passes need a bit of sharpening.

Patricia has a few complaints too, about low pay and sore muscles. She has been thrown three times — once seriously — by canny but unchivalrous bulls who weren't fooled by the red silk. After her 1953 premier performance in Tiajuana, Mexico, the cheering fans were already comparing her to the immortal Conchita Cintron, the first and greatest lady bullfighter.

It was the first fight of her sophomore season in the *corridos*. Patricia was tossed twice. The glistening horn caught her the second time, ripping an eight-inch gash in her leg. Despite urgent pleas from the sidelines, she stood her ground. The bull charged again, hurtling at her like a locomotive. With the fourth thrust of her blade, the magnificent *matadora* dispatched the beast.

Wherever bullfighting *aficionados* congregate in Tiajuana, they still talk about the *valiente torera* from north of the border. It was not Patricia's most elegant fight. Good technique rules that the first thrust of the sword should kill the bull. It was not her best fight — but it was her proudest performance. PLEASE TURN PAGE

THIS MONTH'S COVER GIRL



College seemed too dull for this former student at Texas Western, so she chose the toughest and most dangerous vocation for any gal. Now 24, she has faced death in every important bullring that lies south of the wide Rio Grande border

PATRICIA M c CORMICK



Pat gives a flashing display of fancy cape work and cool courage as she fights her first bull in her professional debut at Juarez



Pat pauses a long moment to size up her adversary as he hurtles from the gate — a ton of infuriated dynamite!

Who fears the mighty El Toro?

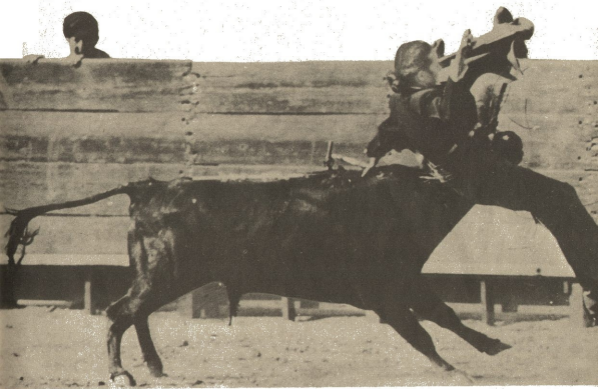


"Ho, Toro! Over here!" Pat taunts as she further enrages the bloody animal with her cape. But her eyes never stray from the pointed, hooked horns



Firmly planted feet show that Pat has not cheated by stepping back as she executes this natural pass in the Juarez ring. Like all good matadors, Pat rarely retreats

*Certainly not this courageous girl who dances a classic ballet of blood
with the thundering hulk of an enraged bull — and coolly ends
the primitive struggle when the blade of her sword finds its mark!*



Caught on the horns of the charging bull, Pat is gored, sustaining an eight-inch leg wound. She continued the fight

A job well done brings a smile of contentment to Pat as she is borne away in triumph after dispatching two bulls in the afternoon




END

the Gestapo still lives...

and they'll never forget how I stole their secrets...

By ADRIENNE



MARIA and I sat, listening to our hearts pound furiously. Minutes were long hours. I could see the fine Italian profile of my maid silhouetted against the window. Nervously, she peeked through the shutters now and again. When she parted the curtains I could see the night outside—cold and still, as Milan has always been in January.

"Maybe they will not come, Contessa." Maria was a daughter of the people. She spoke with a simple elegance.

"They will come, Maria. They will come."

Screaming automobile tires punctuated my words. I rushed to the window. Three German staff cars were rumbling up the driveway, bold swastikas emblazoned on the doors. Twelve car doors slammed ominously. Maria sobbed as hobnail boots resounded on the sidewalk.

A mercurial fist pounded against the villa door. "Let them in," I said to Maria. The young lieutenant swaggered into the room, followed by a dozen soldiers. My eye caught the stilleto dancing at his side. He was not an ordinary lieutenant. He was an officer in Hitler's Elite Corps. The Gestapo!

Fraulein!" he thundered. "I arrest you in the name of the Fuehrer!" Arrogantly he barked guttural orders to his troops. They swarmed over the house, slamming doors and probing the fine upholstered chairs with their bayonets.

As the lieutenant cuffed my hands, my mind sifted out the amazing events of the past two years. My thoughts raced back to another winter night, in 1943. The Wehrmacht was drunk with the wine of victory when I joined the Italian Committee for Liberation—the Italian underground.

Allied planes droned overhead on every clear night, raining bombs on Milan. Entire streets disappeared beneath the rubble. Maria and I slept through the raids in the shelter under my villa. On this night, the

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ILLUSTRATOR :

that's why I'm

MARKED FOR DEATH!

EDITOR'S NOTE: When you have finished reading this true story of intrigue during World War II, you will know why the writer wishes to remain anonymous. She is now living in free Europe under an assumed name. Although most Americans believe the Nazi Party is defunct, there is still a nucleus of rabid die-hards functioning in West Germany. Since end of war, "Adrienne's" life has twice been threatened.

MICHAEL HERBERT



bombs showered death on my side of the city. The shelter quaked as the two-ton missiles found their mark.

I could never get used to the air raids. Panic gripped me when a cement chunk of the shelter ceiling fell to the floor. Too frightened to be cautious, I prayed aloud in Polish. When I regained my composure, Maria was staring at me sharply. It was the first time she had heard me speak my native tongue.

"Are you not German, Contessa?" she asked. I had betrayed myself. Fearfully, I studied Maria's face in the candlelight. My pent-up loathing for the Bosch could not be restrained.

"The Germans!" I spat. "I hate the murdering swine!" It was too late to stop now. If Maria was an informer, my fate was certain. But a flash of sympathy



Above: Two husky girl partisans who fought with Vittorio's band of guerrillas in 1942. Both of the girls were only 20 years old—average age



Left: Wine cellar in Milan was used as meeting place for local underground. Captured Nazi arms were often stored in ancient wine casks

in her eyes gave me the courage to speak out.

"The Nazis killed my mother and father. They set up their headquarters in my family's estate near Warsaw. I was their prisoner for six months—a prisoner in my own home." I did not tell Maria about the bestial liberties the Germans had taken with me in those black nights of terror.

The raid ended as suddenly as it had begun. When the all-clear wailed, we went upstairs. Maria brought me a cup of coffee, or what passed for coffee during the German occupation. She saw the cup shake in my hand.

"Poor Contessa," she said. "It must be very sad for you to be here alone." The tone of her voice changed. "How did you happen to come to Milan?"

It was a relief to tell someone. "A German colonel fell in love with me. He made me his personal mistress. He was careless and soon I was able to blackmail him. He helped me escape to Milan."



Below: Adrienne snapped picture of Gestapo officers drinking a toast to her health during one of the gatherings in her luxurious Italian villa

Maria giggled. "Did he talk in his sleep, Contessa?"

It was not funny. I continued with my story. "My father owned an interest in a factory here, which made it possible for me to live."

"Through the factory you must come in contact with many Germans," said Maria.

"They are in control. We must do business with them."

Looking at me sideways, she said hesitatingly, "A person in your position can be very useful to certain people."

Without another word, the maid picked up my empty cup and hurried from the room. On the next morning, I met Vittorio, whom Maria introduced as her fiancé. As we shook hands he said, "Maria tells me you are ready to work with us."

Startled, I glanced from Vittorio to Maria. Both of them stood breathless, waiting for my reply. I nodded dully. My brain was ringing with fear. I had seen the corpses of underground agents that the Nazis hung in the square to discourage other would-be patriots.

"You are a beautiful and intelligent woman," said Vittorio, with a gallant bow. "You have much to do with officers at the factory. Make friends with them. Invite them to parties..."

Vittorio continued talking. I saw his lips moving but I didn't hear his words. Invite them to parties! I had been to the Nazi debaucheries in Poland. Against my will. Now I must politely ask them to come to parties in my villa? I mentally retched.

"... try to get any information you can about German troop movements." Vittorio was still talking. "Or the dates when Italian prisoners are being shipped to Germany. Anything you think will help us."

We arranged to meet at my farm in ten days. This would be my contact point with the partisans who hid in the nearby mountains.

Two evenings later, I invited a Nazi major and captain to an intimate supper party for four. A flashing Italian girl was provided for the captain by the underground. She was an old hand at handling Nazi officers. Shrewd, calculating

CONTINUED ON PAGE 54

FEATURETTE

"Taxi, Mister?"

Gertrude DeWitt, one of about 70 women taxi drivers in New York City, is used to brushing off optimistic men passengers who try to date her. Although Gertrude is a grandmother, she doesn't look it, and at 52, she is an extremely attractive reddish-blonde.

Her first marriage, at 19, to an industrial engineer ended in divorce. Gertrude was left with a son to support, so she found work in the chorus line of several Broadway musicals. She soon realized, however, that in order to give her son the kind of education she wanted him to have, she would have to find a type of work not based on fleeting youth and beauty.

"I thought driving a cab would be amusing," she says, "And it was. I couldn't bear the monotony of an

*Gertrude DeWitt
loves her work after
years at the wheel.*



office job." Gertrude also found that it was steady work, and sometimes more remunerative than show business.

Her aunt, who had formerly frowned on her excursion into the theatre, now definitely disapproved of her new occupation. Once, she invited Gertrude to a party, but warned her not to mention her work in front of the other guests. Her uncle, however, did not share his wife's prejudice. When Gertrude arrived, he greeted her loudly with: "How's the taxi business? Good tips these days?"

After seven years of hacking, Gertrude married an Englishman, Frank McKeegan, who was in hotel work in America. When World War II broke out, they both went to London, leaving her son at Phillips Academy in Andover, Massachusetts, where he was a student.

McKeegan served in the British Red Cross and was killed during one of the London blitzes. Gertrude enlisted in the British Army and served in the Auxiliary Transport Service. It was while she was teaching at Queen's Camp in Surrey that Princess Elizabeth was one of her students.

"One day," Gertrude recalls, "I was told she would visit my class which met in a . . . CONTINUED ON PAGE 56

Motor Maids



*comes the weekend and these intrepid
gals leave workaday worries behind
in a cloud of motorcycle exhaust!*



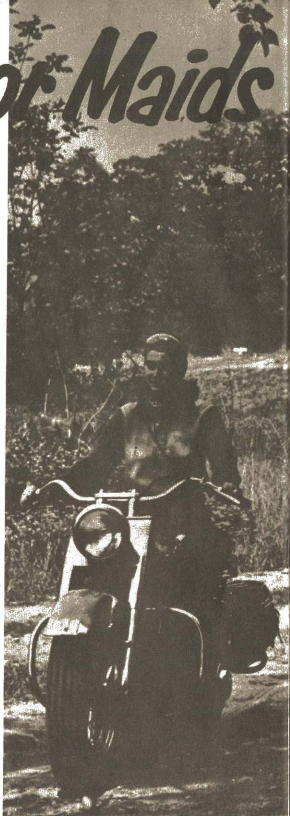
Each Motormaid acts as her own mechanic

TEN YEARS ago, the boy who owned a motorcycle was next in prestige to the town idiot. The ear-shattering roar of his two-wheeled thunderbolt ripped the tranquility of the community, and brought forth many a muttered vow from the porch-lined roadside.

Today, however, many townsfolk have been forced to change their attitude toward the motorcycle jockey. Their daughters, wives—even their mothers—have been straddling the driver's saddle in ever-increasing numbers since postwar Europe introduced its lighter, easier-to-handle bikes to U.S. enthusiasts.

Jeweled sparkplug covers and dainty waist straps

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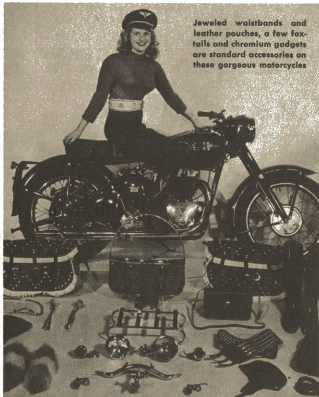


Of America



*tall in the saddle, these gals on wheels
have found the perfect escape from dirty
dishes, irate bosses and golfing husbands*

Jeweled waistbands and leather pouches, a few fox-tails and chromium gadgets are standard accessories on these gorgeous motorcycles



Above: Damsel, not in distress, prepares to install a new sparkplug in her motorcycle. Below: Quartet of Motormaid sets out on crosscountry jaunt dressed in full regalia. Bike at right is heavier model than those usually piloted by her sister cyclists



are common sights along the nation's highways as the \$40,000,000 industry caters more and more to the whims of the growing army of gal cyclists. One organization alone, the Motor Maids of America, boasts a membership of 600 women from coast to coast.

One of the most active chapters of the Motor Maids is located in the sleepy suburban town of Bellrose, Long Island, in New York. Every Sunday, these intrepid housewives,



Rocky obstacle course is hazardous fun, but this Motormaid takes the challenge

secretaries and schoolgirls don their official uniforms — gray slacks, blue shirts, white neckerchiefs — and climb aboard their one-and-two-cylinder steeds for a bit of weekend derring-do.

Most often this means a cross-country jaunt to far-off places in New England, New Jersey or upstate New York. But when the high-spirited lasses get the urge they let go with a wild-and-woolley motorcycle rodeo which includes skin-tingling road races, bumpy and dangerous hill climbs and out-and-out daredevilry.

Monday through Saturday you'll find them back in the kitchen, the office, the classroom. But come Sunday they leave the workaday world behind in a cloud of dust. **END**

The Weaker Sex?

When a man brandishing a knife approached Dorothea James of Colorado Springs, she grabbed his arm, twisted it, seized the knife, and told her attacker that if he wanted the knife back, he could call for it at police headquarters.

A New York performer, Rose La Rose, who is using a bear-skin in her burlesque routine, shot the animal while she was on a mountain vacation.

An Amarillo, Texas woman, Mrs. Gertrude Camile, set to prevent her husband from having his final bottle of beer, drove her car through the saloon's doorway, tore off 12 feet of wall in a run that caused \$1000 worth of damage to the bar, stepped out of the wreckage, and hit her spouse over the head with a two-by-four.

City fathers of Monroe, La. had to renovate the local jail after a 90-pound woman prisoner tore the bars out of a window and made her escape.

In Rangoon, Burma, Mrs. Ma Hia Kyi, a 24-year-old widow, pleaded with a young soldier to marry her, and when he refused, whipped a dagger from her sarong and escorted the reluctant chap to a waiting junk while his commanding officer looked on in utter helplessness.

In Ogden, Utah, 34-year-old Mrs. Vivian London fell eight stories through a skylight, started to walk away, saying: "I guess I'm all right." Later, she was taken to a hospital where X-rays showed a fractured skull.

Marguerite Johnson, Police and Fire Commissioner of Dearborn, Mich., asked about her morning schedule, replied: "The first thing I do in the morning is pull on my girdle. Then I switch on my police radio. Beauty before duty!"

Miss. Odette Rousseau, of France, set a new parachute jump record by dropping 28,225 feet.

When Mrs. Marion Gardner, a Washington D. C. housewife, saw a man coming out of a neighbor's window carrying a radio, she chased him for two blocks, knocked him down with a single blow, then sat on him until police arrived.

After a 45 minute battle, Mrs. Clara Thomas, a 74-year-old grandmother of Brownsville, Texas, landed a 162-pound tarpon, five feet five inches tall, heaviest ever registered in the state. An hour later she landed another 118 pounder.

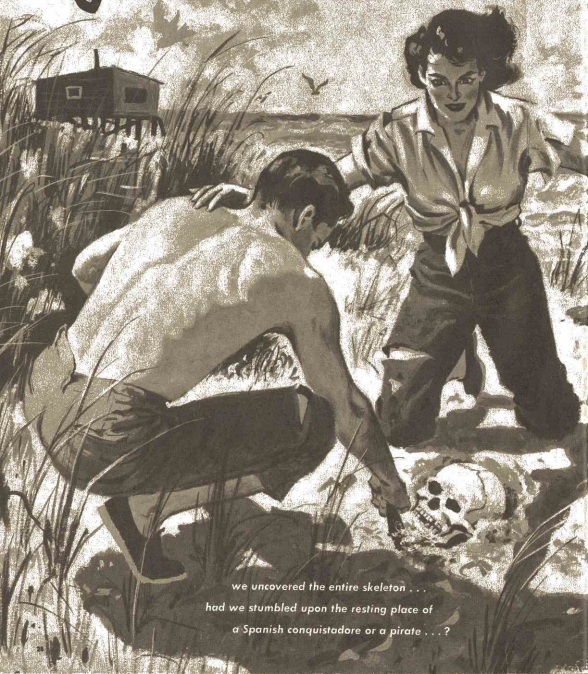
Hunting with her husband near Fort William, Ont., Mrs. A. J. Pipp, 22, bagged a 300-pound bear the second day out, with Mr. Pipp still scouring the countryside to equal his wife's score before returning to their Milwaukee home.

In Victoria Beach, Canada, Mrs. Robert Knott, mother of five, killed a giant black bear with a single shot fired from her kitchen window. The seven-foot beast had invaded farmyards and killed local farmers' livestock.

Paul Steiner

*we sold our home and left the comforts of civilized life . . .
there, on bleak Padre Island, we found a timeless world . . .*

my man and I became



*we uncovered the entire skeleton . . .
had we stumbled upon the resting place of
a Spanish conquistadore or a pirate . . . ?*

Beachcombers



By JEAN MAYFIELD

FOR three years I lived a Robinson Crusoe adventure that was at times terrifying, at times gratifying and rewarding. I chose to accompany my husband to a strange, lonely island to throw in my lot with the sea and the sand, and live off what we could find on the beach.

A number of things caused us to seek the seclusion of an uninhabited shore. My husband had returned from the war in poor health. He needed to be near the sea, to lie in the sun. The dull routine of a workaday job, a life of conformity, did not appeal to him after his hectic overseas duty.

I had my own reasons for welcoming the adventure. All my life I had wanted to write, but the humdrum regularity of civilized living stifled the creative fires within me. The 20th Century leaves little time for meditating over a poem.

I felt no qualms about giving up civilized comforts. It meant giving up time-clock punching, traffic jams, jangling phones. It meant a **PLEASE TURN PAGE**

ILLUSTRATOR: H. M. CLURE



Jean Mayfield autographs "Sprindrift," her book which was inspired by the scenes and moods of Padre Island

world where I could find beauty in a piece of driftwood, or a seashell, and spend the whole day stretched out in the sun while I daydreamed for a word that would capture the mood of the sea.

We were going to Padre Island to live!

Gerry and I made our first visit to the island in a rowboat. A glance at the map shows that Padre Island is a narrow strip of sand, four miles at its widest point, stretching from the lower tip of Texas for 131 miles to the north. The Laguna Madre, a shallow body of water, separates the island from the mainland.

At that time the entire length of the island was barren of people except for an occasional lonely fisherman or beachcomber. You could spend weeks there without seeing another human being. When we crossed the Laguna and stepped out on the white sand beach of Padre, it was like arriving at a remote planet.

I recall clearly my emotions that first day. The loneliness pressed down on me like an invisible hand. As far as my eye could see there stretched rolling dunes, blinding in the sunlight. The breeze that sweeps the island from the Gulf of Mexico whispered in the waving tops of sea oats that fringed the dunes. Pelicans flew overhead in perfect unison. A sand crab

How many times have you secretly wished you could escape the high-pressure rush of 20th Century living? Well, Jean Mayfield Corkin and her husband, Gerry, stopped wishing and went to a desolate sand strip which lies at the southeastern tip of Texas. There, they hurled a challenge at the wind and sea, and lived a Robinson Crusoe adventure that was at the same time frightening and rewarding. They would do it all over again.

poked his pop-eyes out of a hole, then ducked in again.

Never had I felt such isolation, such proximity to the infinite. We hiked eagerly across the island. We stood high on a dune, facing the Gulf. We two might have been the only human beings on earth. Then we ran down the tumbling sand slope and walked along the hard-packed beach. A curious thing emerged from the mist that perpetually hangs over the surf.

Was it a box on stilts? No, it was a shack—a rough, gray shack built of driftwood boards on a foundation of heavy piling that hoisted it six feet above the beach. "That's it!" Gerry cried. "That's where we're going to live. It's the abandoned fishing shack I heard about..."

We started running. My heart took an icy plunge. This was where we were going to live? It was barren and ugly. The windows were shattered, and the water less than a hundred yards away! Suppose a hurri-

First glance revealed a ridiculous home on stilts



sea, sun, sky and sand . . . limitless and wonderful, we found

*a paradise isle without traffic jams,
ringing telephones and crowds of
people . . . just the two of us who
wanted to be alone and keep our
lovely isle exactly as we found it . . .*



cane . . . ?

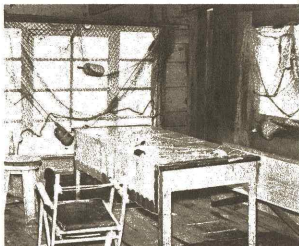
Padre is well known for the violent storms that churn great passes across the entire width of the island. I shivered.

Gerry was looking over our new home with the practical eye of a professional carpenter, testing the piling, the beams, the floor boards. He dug his pocketknife into the wood and grinned. "It's mahogany. We're going to live in a mahogany house!"

Much of the wood that washes up on Padre's beaches is hardwood—walnut, teak, mahogany—from South America. Pat Dunn, a rancher who once lived on the island, probably owned the only mahogany pig-pen in the world!

The incongruity of it amused me. I'd dared think of this place as a shack—this palace built of mahogany. How many women could boast that they lived in a house constructed entirely of rich, fine hardwood!

Later I realized first impressions are so deceiving!



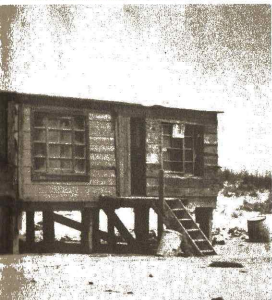
Cork, nets and polished wood came from the ocean

The misgivings I had felt were being replaced with bubbling excitement. We were starting our big adventure!

Before leaving the mainland, I had saturated myself with all the Padre Island lore I could dig out of books and old-timers in the area. Once, it had been the winter home of roving bands of cannibalistic Tanchahua and Cranacahua Indians, who had named it "The Great White Island."

Then came the marching feet of the Spanish *conquistadores*. An early priest, Padre Bali, was the first civilized owner of the island. "The Padre's Island"—later shortened to Padre Island. Its annals are filled with the alluring jangle of lost treasure.

In the days of Cortez, a **CONTINUED ON PAGE 58**



I Was 20 Seconds From

A holiday in the Swiss Alps nearly ends in tragedy as a daring girl skier is snatched from a tumbling snow tomb by an alert rescue patrol...



AWA

By PEGGY CONVERSE
As told to Daniel Vega

Some people may call me brave and others foolhardy. Both are probably right. All I know is that I had skied down every stateside slope from Vermont to Sun Valley and wanted to try my luck on the most spine-tingling course in the world—the awesome Matterhorn, highest and most dangerous peak for skiers in the Swiss Alps.

Because I accepted a challenge most girls would be too terrified to touch with a ten-foot ski pole, I guess I could be called brave. But because I didn't wait to learn that March, the month of my near fatal holiday, was the worst time of the year for avalanches—a month not to be tempted by newcomers, I was—I see now—foolish.

A friend's photos show how I nearly died.

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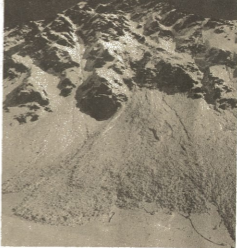
A WHITE DEATH!

ANCHE!

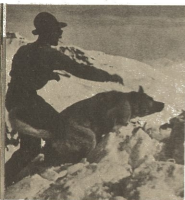


1

Skiing under a hot March sun, a too sharp turn loosed tons of snow and buried me deep in an icy tomb (right).



2



3

Recognizing the thundering snowfall as the dreaded Grand Lawienne avalanche, a Parsenn Dienst (ski patrol) started digging with four-yard-long sondas after a rescue dog discovered my scent.



4



5

6
CONTINUED
AVALANCHE!

*I Was 20 Seconds From
A WHITE DEATH!*





7 Finding me entombed 85 feet in snow, the patrol carried me to a rescue sleigh, fed me oxygen. Later, I learned I'd have suffocated in another 20 seconds!

8



10

In a sled called a funicular (below), I was ferried to a warm lodge. But icy fear still grips me when I think of the avalanche that was nearly my grave. END

9



*Hysterically, as I pushed aside a
huge vine to rejoin my companions—
my innards almost froze*



CHRISTINE HERMAN

A telephone call dispatched this petite photographer on a jungle adventure rivaling any fiction thriller. These photos, some taken only ten feet from death, attest to her bravery and camera skill

there, before me were the blazing eyes of the

JAGUAR!

By CHRISTINE HERMAN

WHEN the call came from my agent I was on a holiday in Acapulco. The news was good — a possible assignment. "It's a picture coverage of a jaguar hunt," he explained.

A chill ricocheted down my spine. "What kind of hunt?" I asked.

"Jaguar. You know, a wildcat. It may be more risky than you want to fool with," he said. "Talk to the guy and decide for yourself. He's right there in Acapulco."

As I jotted down the name and address of my prospective employer, the word wildcat chimed in my ear — clawed death. My camera has paid my way around the world for more than 12 years. Danger is no stranger to me; more than once I've run into more excitement than I'd bargained for. A premonition told me this was one of those times.

The hunter was big, broad-shouldered, in his early fifties. A retired manufacturer from the States, he had money enough to indulge in his favorite pastime, big game hunting. As we sat on the veranda of his plush summer estate, he looked at me doubt-

PLEASE TURN PAGE

... we pushed through jungle foliage twenty feet tall ... hoping to find the

fully. "Your agent didn't tell me you are a woman," he said. "This trip is no picnic. The going will be rough."

Until then, I wasn't sure that I even wanted the assignment. His attitude made me angry. "Let me worry about that angle," I snapped. "You're ready to pay for pictures and I'm a professional photographer."

It wasn't necessary to tell me I was hired. He spread a map on the table and began outlining the safari route. It was not to be one of those deluxe hunts where the program is carefully arranged beforehand, even to trapping an animal if the client can't get a trophy any other way.

My employer was a different breed of hunter. He was going after a killer jaguar that was menacing a native village deep in the jungles of southern Mexico, attacking cattle and even entering the settlement in broad daylight and carrying off a child.



Above: Occasional streams were welcomed by men and dogs after the relentless jungle humidity
Right: Authoress looks over the area where she narrowly escaped the hurtling wildcat's claws

"*Un gato salvaje,*" the hunter's Mexican companion remarked. "*Cuando ha provado sangre humana...*" He broke off and shrugged meaningfully.

I clenched my teeth involuntarily at the picture his words conjured up. A savage killer cat that had tasted human blood and would never again be satisfied with less. And I was going into the jungle with only a camera, to stalk this beast, in order that a hunter's photograph album would be a better conversation piece.

A small plane was chartered to fly our party to Tepic, Nayarit, the nearest landing strip to our destination. From the air, it looked like a narrow knife-edge in the jungle. After a tight landing, a jeep-truck bounced us over impossible roads to San Blas, the



trail of the mysterious killer cat!

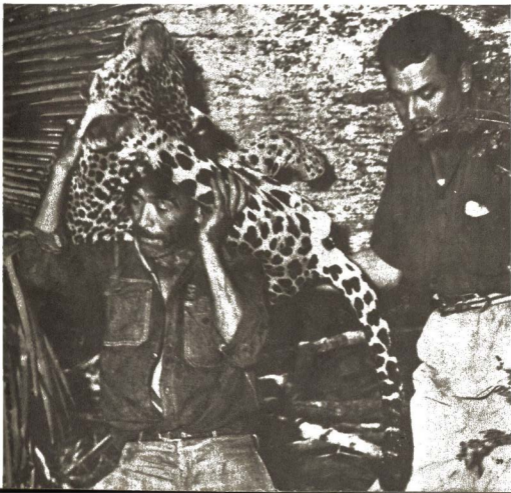
closest civilized outpost to the village where the tragedy had occurred.

We spent two nights sweltering in the oppressive heat that blanketed San Blas, while the hunter scouted for an experienced outfitter to organize the hunt. The promise of American dollars finally flushed a candidate, a plantation owner. An Indian tracker was also put on the payroll. Six sad-eyed, flea-bitten dogs completed our expedition. Although bone-thin, the hounds were indispensable for finding the trail of *el tigre*, as the natives called our prey.

The outfitter briefed us on what lay ahead. He told us to wear light, cool shirts and pants, made of a fabric hardy enough to protect us from razor-sharp jungle foliage. Our trousers were to be stuffed into our jackboots, and all the openings in our clothing had to be zippered against crawling pests. **CONTINUED ON PAGE 61**



Above: Chuy serenades the cat with his *pujadera*
Below: The honor of carrying the trophy back to the village was demanded by the oldest tracker



The Life of Maryse Bastie



The late Maryse Bastie earned a niche in aviation's hall of fame for her amazing feats in the air, such as

flying the South Atlantic solo in record time for an aviatrix. She flew a Candron monoplane (above)

THE steady roar of the engine pounded in her ear, slashed into her sensibility, made her want to shout it, escape from it. How long ago had she left the airfield, the good firm earth of Paris—30 hours, 30 days, 30 months? Why was she seated alone in the open plane, circling, endlessly circling Paris, only to break another endurance record?

Why? Because she was Maryse Bastie, and after this flight she would be the finest woman aviator in France, perhaps in the world. It was as simple as that.

The motor had droned in her ear for 30 hours. Perhaps she could fly another 30, but her mind was wandering. Aimlessly, she looked into the night, gathering the wind with her parched tongue. The sun had turned her lips to leather. Her right arm was nothing more than an aching extension of the control stick it held.

Her eyelids screamed to be closed. Maryse groped in her pocket and brought out a grease-stained bottle of cologne. She pointed the nozzle at her eyes and squeezed the atomizer. Fire raced through her body as the cologne bathed her throbbing eyes. Her nerves were ignited and her vision was blurred with brilliant color-flashes as she cried loud sobs of pain.

But she was awake.

Dawn flecked the sky. She had been aloft for a day and two nights. Her mind reflected on that day in June

By LEE DAVIS

when she had stood in Monsieur Candron's office and smiled—was she too smug?—when he told her that he was outfitting a Candron 109 for her endurance flight.

It was 1930, three years after Lindbergh's historic flight, when women were still greenhorns in the world of aviation.

"I may be crazy," Candron had said. "I may live to regret it, but the plane is yours." His gesture was the result of the 24-hour record she had set in a borrowed plane a few weeks earlier. A punctured fuel tank had prevented her from staying in the air even longer.

With her new plane she took off on July 29. Her wheels did not touch the runway again until 29 hours, 48 minutes later. Candron's faith in her was justified, but the record did not hold long.

A few days later, Lena Bernstein, a rival aviatrix, climbed into a Farman 190 and topped Maryse's mark. Thus it became a matter of honor to establish such an

"... still, nothing dies

that wears wings . . ."



between her and the earth below. An imaginary wall, she knew, yet she could not nose her plane toward it. Her power of concentration had crumbled. Maryse was frozen at the controls!

It had happened to better pilots than she. Maryse had read about it, heard about it, talked about it. But now it was *she* whose reflexes were paralyzed. Battling to regain her senses, she counted, softly, slowly. "One, two, three, four — if I can only make it to a hundred — five, six, seven . . ."

Gradually the ice in her brain melted. Once more around the field. Once more, she decided, and then in. With this promise clear in her mind, Maryse cut the throttle and glided toward the turf runway. After the plane rolled to a halt, the crowd on the airfield stamped to the cockpit and carried her on its shoulders.

Without food, without sleep, she had stayed in the air for 37 hours, 55 minutes — cramped into a space scarcely larger than her petite body.

On that September morning, the exhausted and almost delirious Maryse Bastie became famous. She had proved to her native France and the rest of the world that women, as well as men, had a place in the

PLEASE TURN PAGE

1947: French Air Minister Andre' Maroselli pins the Legion of Honor on Maryse's tunic during a ceremony at a Paris airfield. She received several decorations during her lifetime — among them the Croix de Guerre



outstanding record that no one could approach it. Maryse Bastie was determined to outfly any woman of her time.

And so, two days ago, on September 2, 1930, Maryse lifted her plane into the air on this flight of flights.

She looked at her watch — 36 hours. She had beaten Lena Bernstein! She could land. But there was a wall

sky. A new frontier had been established. But it was only the first part of her dream. She was still to accomplish many more feats.

Maryse Bastie was born in Limoges in 1898. Poverty dimmed her childhood, and she was put to work in a shoe factory before she finished grammar school. When John Batiste, a painter, entered her life, she saw a chance to escape her dreary existence. She was 16 years old when she married the artist. At 17, she gave him a son.

The marriage was a desperate affair, founded on little more than Maryse's desperate desire to flee the horrors of poverty. Divorce was inevitable; it finally came in 1920.

Two genuine loves overwhelmed the young girl two years later — flying and Louis Bastie, an ex-war pilot. Ironically, although Louis was a military flight instructor, he could not teach his wife to fly, since regulations forbade him to include civilians among his students. A traveling troupe of aerial daredevils gave Maryse her first ride in an airplane.

The Basties were living in Bordeaux when the carnival arrived that Sunday afternoon. The feature attraction in the show was a group of acrobats who walked the wings and dangled from the undercarriage of a crotchety old biplane which had survived the war.

Although their death-defying talents were spectacular, the crowd was holding on to its francs and centimes.

It was up to the head of the troupe to devise an effective crowd-catcher or else go back to slicing meat in his hometown butcher shop. His distaste for the meat cleaver transported him into a fit of divine inspiration, and he finally conjured up a stunt that would have turned P. T. Barnum red with envy.

The next day he strutted in front of the sparse crowd, hooked two fingers in his doublet, cleared his throat theatrically and announced: "*Messieurs et Mesdames!* For the first time on this or any other continent, we are going to make you, the audience, part of an aerial act! One lucky member of the audience — whoever is the most alert and speaks up first — will fly with me in the clouds . . ."

Maryse was the most alert. His words still rang in the air when she rushed forward, more than ready to volunteer. Her part in the act was tossing handfuls of advertising pamphlets from the cockpit while the aerobats swung from the struts. But it was enough. As the prop-wash whistled through her hair, Maryse murmured a vow that flying would be her life.

She enrolled in a flight school and within a month was ready for her first solo hop. She graduated with honors, but no airplane.

Maryse (third from left, front) was prominent at gatherings of notables in French aviation





Jean Mermoz, French air ace who plummeted into the ocean while mapping Maryse's route

Neither she nor her husband could afford one — even an old one — on his meagre service salary. And the only way an enterprising flyer could convince a manufacturer to supply a plane was by attracting some spectacular publicity.

Late one October afternoon in 1925, Maryse took a deep breath, hanked her aviation-school plane sharply, and headed for the 25-foot space that separates the Garonne River and the Transbordeur Bridge in Bordeaux. Passersby stopped in their tracks to cheer the mad pilot who swooped under the bridge at 125 mph.

But her derring-do received little attention in the press and was forgotten by the spectators before the next sun rose. Maryse was still without her own aircraft when her husband crashed to his death with a student who froze at the controls. The tragedy unnerved Maryse. Her devotion to Louis Bastie had been bottomless. His violent death nearly made her give up flying.

But the sky was waiting for Maryse Bastie, and time healed the hurt. In her autobiography, published many years later, she eloquently wrote, "I trembled for my pilot-husband [still] nothing dies that wears wings."

Leaving her memories in Bordeaux, she moved to Paris and met the industrialist Candron. While

working at his flying school, she became fascinated with the small plane he was turning out in his factory. She hoped that someday she would be able to buy one. An absurd notion for a woman who couldn't have even financed one tankful of fuel for such an airship.

Her dreams did not seem so foolish however, when the famous aviator, Drouhin, asked her to be his copilot in the Rallye de Reims — one of France's greatest air races. Maryse accepted thankfully. It was a race; she was flying with the great Drouhin, and if they won . . .

They finished tenth. Disappointment brought tears to Maryse. But her gloom was shortlived when she was handed her share of the 25,000-franc prize money they had won. She had enough to buy her long-coveted Candron 109!

She used the plane to set her first endurance record. She topped her own mark soon after, this time in a German plane, a Trottinette. Feeling against Germany had always run high, and the press heaped



Returning from her triumphant flight to Brazil, Maryse hugs her mother for the cheering crowd

scorn on Maryse for establishing a world's record in an aircraft manufactured by the former enemy nation.

Maryse ignored the editorial rebuke and piloted another German plane, a Klemm, for a new woman's

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After fatal air crash, Maryse is laid to rest near Napoleon's tomb



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distance record. Flying with a ruptured fuel line that had to be ignored because of favorable weather conditions, she winged her way from Paris to Moscow in six days—a fast flight in 1931. That same year she was decorated twice, receiving the Legion of Honor and the Trophy of the League of International Aviatrices.

Her triumphant years of 1930-34 were marred by a secret that Maryse kept well hidden. Her health had steadily declined since the torturous 38-hour endurance flight that had earned her the reverence of aviation enthusiasts throughout the world.

The sudden death of her son was the fuse that exploded her lingering illness into a complete breakdown. The inspecting flight surgeon at the Salon d'Aviation ordered her license suspended for two weeks. It was the low ebb in her life.

If Marie Bastie could not fly, her usefulness to the world was at an end. This fearful thought, compounded by the loss of her son, overwhelmed the aviatrix with sorrow. Depression choked her during those long, gray November evenings of 1934.

Solitary walks along the Seine were her only escape from a world that would soon forget her. But one night she bought a newspaper at a gaily bedecked kiosk near the Pont d'Iena. In an effort to forget her thoughts, she leafed through the pages disconsolately. Buried inside, near the real estate announcements, was a small news item that buoyed hope once more in Maryse's breast.

Her heart sang as she read: "The Australian, Jean Batten, today crossed the Atlantic in 13 hours, 30 minutes..."

Sleep was out of the question that night. The next day she called on Jean Mermoz, France's foremost pilot. Mermoz was tall, handsome, the very picture of an air hero. Maryse, short and unimposing, but with the same fire in her brown eyes, bared her soul to him.

"I want to do it—cross the Atlantic," she declared, almost expecting him to laugh in her face. "I've been planning it for years."

But Mermoz did not laugh. He paced the room, his arms folded. "And what do you want me to say?" His voice was not unkind.

"I want you to tell me one thing honestly."

"Yes?"

"Do you think I can do it?"

"Alone?"

"Alone."

Mermoz walked to the window. He wheeled. "Maryse, I not only think you can do it, I am going further than that. I'll give you my support and Air France's too."

For the first time in weeks, Maryse smiled. On the following day she met the Minister of Air, who was as enthusiastic as Mermoz, though more cautious. "Before you go on this flight by yourself," he said, "I want you to cross the Atlantic as a passenger on a regular Air France plane. You must know everything about the route. We want record-breakers, not dead pilots."

On December 23, 1935, Maryse, Mermoz and four Air France pilots left Dakar, West Africa, in a four-engine transport, bound for Natal, Brazil.

Maryse spent most of the trip studying her navigation charts. She was so engrossed that she did not notice Mermoz reach into his equipment locker and withdraw a tinselled bottle of champagne. "And now for our little record-maker's initiation," he laughed.

While the others pinned her limbs, Mermoz poured the wine over Maryse's head and proceeded to give her a bubbly shampoo. The merriment suddenly ceased, however, when the radio man suddenly held up his hand for silence. The words cracked like thunder in Maryse's heart as he announced that another cabinet had fallen in Paris. Would the new Air Minister grant permission for her to fly solo across the South Atlantic?

Upon her return to France, she anxiously awaited the minister's verdict. A week of prayer was rewarded with more than Maryse had dared hope for. Her aerial pilgrimage was not only okayed; she was even promised the first Simoun F-ANXO that came off the assembly line. Maryse would make her trans-Atlantic attempt in France's finest single-engine plane!

During the months that followed, she haunted the Candron-Renault plant, where the sleek new plane was being built. Mechanics grew accustomed to the small aviatrix who managed to look supremely femi-

...in spite of the trousers she wore. They were patient about answering her endless supply of questions. And finally the plane was finished.

Maryse picked up a paper on the way to the factory that final day—and read a startling headline. Again, the government had toppled. And tonight, an interview had to be arranged with a new Air Minister. France was being plagued in 1936 with a rash of air accidents. The minister was reluctant to jeopardize his position by making a decision that might end in another crash. Only a determined argument by Mermoz and Maryse finally squeezed out his troubled blessing.

At 6:15 a.m., December 30, 1936, Maryse strapped herself into the cockpit. The silver Simoun had no radio. She would navigate solely by compass. She revved the engine and wished that Jean Mermoz was there to see her take off. He had planned to be. But the week before, traveling the same route Maryse was about to take, Mermoz, his plane, and his crew had plunged into the sea. No one survived.

Maryse flew in the warm sun, enjoying the gentle motion of the plane as it cut the clear air. She was in mid-Atlantic when she saw the grey-blue mountains in the sky, huge storm clouds blotting out the western horizon.

If she skirted them, she would have no chance to beat the Australian. For Maryse, there was no choice. She plunged into the turbulent darkness. Lightning snapped past her wing, illuminating the terror that surrounded her. Rain beat down mercilessly. Her compass danced dizzily as the plane bounced like a leaf in the wind. One picture stuck in her mind, Mermoz plummeting to his death. She bit her lip and did not feel the blood trickle down her chin.

Then it was over. The clouds stretched behind her like a soiled quilt. She aimed her plane at the western sun which blistered her eyes. She saw white water below as

South America slid into view. Natal was just ahead.

The blinding sun caused her to overshoot the field on her first landing, adding more minutes to her flying time. It didn't matter, she had crossed from Dakar to Natal in 12 hours, five minutes. Faster than anyone—man or woman—had ever done before.

France reacclaimed her as a heroine. She toured Brazil, thrilled by the cheering throngs that lined her path. Her return to Paris was the high-point in her career. A grateful nation rewarded her with the rosette of the Legion of Honor and the Croix du Sud, a medal accorded to only three other Frenchmen.

By the time World War II flared in full fury, Maryse Bastie had become part of a passing tradition. Hobnail boots and belching cannon drowned out the glory she had won. She was only one heroine among thousands during the evacuation of Paris in 1939. But the extraordinary heroism she displayed under fire, while driving a Red Cross truck, earned Maryse her last medal, the Croix de Guerre.

The rigors of the Nazi occupation left deep scars on her health. After the war she retired to Lyons, no longer the devil-may-care Maryse of other times. In July, 1952, she climbed into the pilot's seat for the last time.

Enroute to the airport, she stopped to visit her beloved godchild. Her farewell words were: "Kiss Maryse goodbye, *mon enfant*. You will never see her again."

Her take-off was so erratic that the control tower radioed a reprimand to her. These were the last words she ever heard. Her plane reared on its tail and sat motionless for a split second. Then, it wheeled one wing and spiraled to the ground.

Maryse Bastie was interred in Napoleon's burial place, Les Invalides. It is not important how she died, but how she lived. For, as it says on her grave, "... nothing dies that wears wings." *



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FUGITIVE NUN

Even if the worst happens, and we fail, actual death will be preferable to the living death we have had to endure under the communists."

The others said nothing, remembering their beloved country as it had been before the communists took power. Sister Cecilia thought of the happy years when she had taught little children at the convent school in Bratislava, where she had gone from a small farming village when she was 16 to pass the six years of her novitiate before she took the final vows. Quiet years, spent in the service of God.

Then had come the brutal interruption of the war and the country was invaded by the Germans. The invasion was borne with fortitude — the hope of liberation existed, a hope blasted by the Russian armies that poured over the frontiers in 1945 to crush the Nazi power. As the fighting drew nearer to Bratislava, the convent pupils had to be evacuated and Sister Cecilia was transferred to the convent's clinic.

After the war, Russian troops occupied Bratislava for a few months. When they departed, they left their agents behind to establish a communist regime. By 1948 the Reds had taken over. The convent was closed, the sisters sent to work in a state hospital.

One day, while Sister Cecilia was attending to her duties in the wards, another nun brought a message that a man was outside who wanted to see her most urgently. Sister Cecilia went out into the small waiting room where she found a poorly dressed workman. She looked at him, puzzled by something familiar about the shabby figure, and then she gave a cry of recognition. It was Father Natej, a priest whom she had known in the old days at the convent. Father Natej told her that he had been sent to a prison from which he escaped. He was trying to get across the border to Austria. He needed some place to hide for a few days while the necessary preparations were

made and he must have 5000 crowns to pay the guide who would show him the way. Without any hesitation, Sister Cecilia promised to help him.

She persuaded friends to give the fugitive priest sanctuary in their house, and within a few days she collected the money he had to have for his flight. He left, and shortly afterwards she received word through underground sources that he had been successful in his attempt to leave the country. From then on, Sister Cecilia became an active worker in the resistance movement, helping many hunted men and women to get away from the communists.

No one could do that kind of work for long without becoming suspect, and Sister Cecilia was sure it would be only a question of time until something — the capture of a group of runaways, a careless word spoken in the wrong place, even betrayal — would spring a trap to catch her. Just as she expected, the moment came and she, too, had to run for her life. She heard later that, after she had eluded the police who went to the hospital to pick her up, a general alarm was sent out and for days luckless nuns were stopped on the streets and made to produce their identification papers.

Sister Cecilia's associates in the underground provided her with false documents before she left Bratislava to hide in the country where she kept on the move, going from village to village, taking shelter with peasant families who sympathized with her plight. But the game of hide-and-seek couldn't go on indefinitely. She was not only in great danger herself, but also imperiling the lives of the people who helped her. She made the bitter decision to leave her country forever.

Now, here she sat in the gloomy farmhouse, grotesquely dressed, waiting for it all to end in one way or another. Her thoughts were broken by Father Jano. "I hear footsteps," he murmured.

Six pairs of eyes turned towards the door. A key grated in the lock and the door swung inward to admit a burly man with a round head. He walked into the room, a threatening figure in his weatherbeaten jacket. A revolver bulged in one pocket.

"My name is Josef," he announced. "I am to be your guide

tonight."

Father Jano rose to greet him. Peering past the big man, the Father exclaimed, "But you haven't come alone!"

"It's all right," the guide answered. "I have brought along some recruits to our little party." A young man in his twenties and a slightly older woman with two small children—a boy of seven and a girl of four—came forward timidly. "This is the Kruschnic family," Josef announced. "They have come a long distance—from eastern Slovakia—and they too are trying to escape. Mrs. Kruschnic has relatives in the United States and they hope to go there." Pointing at the children, he added, "The little fellow is called Misko, and that is his sister, Katka."

Father Jano could not conceal his alarm. "You can't mean that these small children are going with us!" he cried. "Have you thought of the risk? They are sure to be frightened and we won't be able to keep them still."

Josef quietly replied, "They have already learned a lot and they are brave. They won't cry." Turning to the rest of the group, he went on, "Come, it's time to get started. We must be across the river and well into the forest by daybreak." He hurried out, with his charges close on his heels. In the farmyard, Joseph pulled the gun from his pocket, and checked it. The click as he took the safety catch off sounded with startling loudness in the silence of the night. Putting the gun back into his jacket, he stooped over a bundle on the ground and lifted up two large coils of very thin rope and a heavy canvas sack.

"What is that?" Sister Cecilia inquired, trying to make out the sack's exact shape in the bad light. "Our boat. It's really a rubber raft. We blow it up from the bottle of carbon dioxide attached to the side. It only takes a moment."

Sister Cecilia's heart sank. She had been prepared for a long and difficult walk, she had even expected that she might have to crawl on all fours, but it had not occurred to her that it would be necessary to cross what the young student had described as a very rough river, balanced on a flimsy piece of rubber.

They started off. Josef went ahead with the rest following,

single file. For hours they trudged across lumpy ground, tore their way through brush, splashed across marshes where the muddy water reached to their knees. This was far worse than anything Sister Cecilia had had to undergo during her earlier cross-country travels.

She ached in every muscle, each breath was agony. Several times she slipped and fell, scraping her hands. She could hear the harsh panting of the people in front and behind and she wondered how the children could keep going. But even the gentle nun could spare no energy for the troubles of others. She needed every ounce of her strength just to make the effort of putting one foot in front of the other.

Only Josef seemed made of iron—he plodded continually from one end of the staggering line to the other, pointing out the best path ahead, encouraging the laggards and, Sister Cecilia was glad to see, sometimes carrying the children for a mile or two.

A light haze gradually thickened into a milky fog. Josef walked down the line to warn them that they were approaching the river, and shortly before midnight Sister Cecilia saw the long black shape of the dike looming ahead of them.

Josef gave the order to spread out and stand side by side. "From now on," he warned, "we shall be in very great danger. You must be careful to make no noise. We are going to have to crawl up the slope of the dike on our bellies. Keep your eyes on me and when I start over the dike, come after me as though the devil were behind you."

Lying flat, Sister Cecilia wriggled and squirmed her way with the others toward the great river barrier. Suddenly, she saw Josef stop and go rigid. With his mouth almost touching the ground, he whispered to those next to him, who passed along the word, "Stop! Keep your heads down!"

All movement ceased. Noting from the turn of Josef's head that he was looking towards the right, she also glanced in that direction and thought she could see some figures moving. Just then, the moon shone through a slight rift in the overcast, and in its light, two helmeted men with rifles slung over

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47

their shoulders were clearly outlined. Between them stalked a huge police dog, its white fangs gleaming.

Except for the rhythmic sound of the soldiers' footsteps, there was utter stillness. As the guards drew abreast of the party of runaways, Sister Cecilia realized that she was holding her breath. But it seemed to her that the throbbing in her temples must be audible to the men above. Then, one of the children let out a cry, "Oh, look at the big doggie!"

A thrill of fear ran down the line like an electric shock. This was just the accident they had all feared when they saw the children. By some miracle, the child's shrill voice didn't reach the guards. The dog halted, ears cocked, but the guard holding the leash gave it a savage jerk and the dog went on with its master. Slowly, the footsteps of the patrol died away.

Josef rose to his feet and scrambled up the steep slope of the embankment. The rest followed as best they could and Sister Cecilia tore her fingers to bleeding strips in her effort to keep a purchase on the slippery earth. Once the six-foot mound had been scaled, she crawled and rolled across the top to pitch headfirst down the other side. Then, with the rest, she lay panting on the ground. Josef gave them no respite.

"The worst is now behind us," he told them. "But we still have to cross the river." They struggled to their feet once more and staggered after him to the river bank where he unslung the bulky bag from his shoulder, tripped the trigger on the carbon dioxide bottle. The rubber raft immediately expanded and took shape.

He dropped the boat on the muddy bank, then fastened a coil of rope at each end. After that, it was pushed into the stream and Josef ordered the Kruschnic family to get aboard. Jumping in after them, he pulled away from the shore while Father Jano stood on the bank, paying out the rope attached to the raft's stern. In a few minutes, raft and passengers had disappeared into the fog.

When Father Jano felt the tug on the line that was the signal to pull the raft back, he asked the

others to help him and Sister Cecilia took her place in the line. Hand over hand, the rope was drawn in, until presently the craft, with Josef standing in the center, emerged from the fog.

The four students were the next to go, ferried over by the second line which stretched across the river. Finally, Sister Cecilia and Father Jano stepped onto the frail raft, with Josef, who untied the shore line, coiled it up and threw it into the bottom of the boat. They were drawn swiftly toward the Austrian shore. After deflating the boat, Josef hid it among some bushes and the party started walking again.

Somewhat refreshed by the resting spell, Sister Cecilia kept step with the others as they hurried through the woods that lay in Russian-occupied territory. Just at dawn, when the sky began to grow light, they reached a small monastery close to the border of the American Zone. Josef had brought them through on schedule. From here, members of the Austrian underground would take over.

They spent the day at the monastery and that night their new guides arrived to conduct them in small parties to their various destinations in the American Zone. Sister Cecilia's guide was a thin peasant boy called Rudolf who walked silently by her side all night, and early in the morning led her to a door in a high wall. Above it could be seen the towers of a big building.

"This is a convent which houses nuns of your own order," Rudolf informed the nun. Sister Cecilia sank to her knees, thanking God for such safe deliverance. "Wait," Rudolf said with a smile. "There is still another obstacle."

He pointed to a flight of ninety-two stone steps that had to be climbed before the entrance could be reached. "When one is free, everything is easy," Sister Cecilia told him and found the strength to climb the steps with light feet.

At the top, they came to a halt before a nail-studded door set in the wall. Rudolf tugged at the bell in the stonework beside it. Its jangle could be clearly heard. But for a long time there were no steps. Finally, they came, and a small peephole in the door was cautiously opened. A light within the building

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shone upon a starched white coif.

A voice demanded, "What is it?"

"I have brought someone to you."

Rudolf answered. "Someone who belongs here."

Dark eyes looked them both over.

"This is a convent," said the voice.

"Men are not admitted."

Sister Cecilia stepped forward.

"I am a nun belonging to your

order," she said in her soft voice.

The custodian nun took in the ski

pants, the zebra-striped sweater,

the short cropped bare head. "Wait,"

she ordered, closing the peephole.

Sister Cecilia and Rudolf waited.

It was cold and they moved about,

stamping their feet and slapping

their arms to keep warm in the

chilly morning air. "Oh, Holy

Saviour," Sister Cecilia was think-

ing. "They won't let me in even

here."

Then, at last the door opened and

the custodian nun appeared fol-

lowed by the Mother Superior. The

custodian pointed a finger at Sister

Cecilia, "She claims to be a Sister

of our order. But look, she is wear-

ing trousers!"

The Mother Superior approached

Sister Cecilia, who recognized her

immediately, for she had once

visited the convent at Bratislava.

She said, "I am Sister Cecilia, from

Bratislava. Don't you remember?"

The Mother Superior let out a

cry. "It is true! It really is you!"

and drew her into the convent. *

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THEY FOUND LOST CITY

2000 miles on foot, which they had intended to do in any event in order to harden themselves for the trek into virgin jungle. Their bodies had to be inured to tropical heat, thirst and insects before they attempted to enter the region of the Lost City.

They pushed south passed Manzanillo, skirting tourist-laden Acapulco, to Tenhuantepec, where the soaring Andes jutted against the sea. Crossing the mountains was even more perilous than it had looked. They were on their way to Chiapas, their jumping-off point, when the landslide tore Dan's ankle ligaments to shreds. PLEASE TURN PAGE

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49

For ten days they rubbed their wounds in the valley, gathering strength and courage to go on. Ginger had nursed Dan back to health and then she cut her leg to the bone with a machete.

Dan carried her for miles to a native hut, only to collapse with Malaria. Ginger's leg was still swathed in bandages when an infected wisdom tooth throbbed in her mouth. The Lambs lay side by side in the humble Indian hovel, babbling in their delirium.

The basic medicines in their first aid kit, combined with some dubious native cure-alls, slowly resurrected their strength. But their eagerness was not as easily restored. Ginger's nerve was shaken. There was even a moment when she alarmed Dan by begging to return home.

As they convalesced, they discussed the legend of the Lost City with their Indian host. Yes, he told them, he had heard the story many times before. Did he believe it? The native nodded his head. "I believe it is true," he said.

The Indian's optimism fired the Lambs' desire again. Well healed and well rested, they set out on their search once more.

The trip took two years. They reached Chiapas and studied the museum archives. Unfolding their maps, they looked at the large sectors that Dan had circled with a red pencil. The word "unexplored" covered a wide territory along the Chiapas - Guatemalan frontier. It would take them a hundred lifetimes to explore on foot the 5000-miles of rugged mountain and jungle.

"We need a plane," Dan announced.

Although short of funds, he persisted in his idea until he managed to track down a plan for charter at a price they could afford. It was a pitiful craft, a mongrel Curtis Robin fuselage fused with Stinson wings and a Wright engine. Ginger dubbed it "Wheezebritches" because the motor sounded like a cement mixer and the body was patched like an old pair of pants.

Wheezebritches edged out on the taxiing strip. Dan gave the controls one last check. "Ready?" he asked with a twinkle in his eye.

"Ready!" Ginger winked back.

But both of them knew they were being jovial out of desperation. Ginger's hands, clutching the movie camera, were soaked with nervous sweat. They both held their breath as the plane shimmied off the ground. Flying by the seat of his pants, Dan somehow kept Wheezebritches in the air.

Each day as they circled the area, they found new landmarks to ink on their maps. They spotted a string of 12 lakes, shining like blue jewels in the lush green jungle. They tracked a line of barrier cliffs which stretched from horizon to horizon, as insurmountable to foot travelers as the Great Wall of China.

Crossing the barrier cliffs, they flew over deep jungle which has not been penetrated by a white man since the days of Cortez. It was late — time to turn back — when Ginger bolted upright in her seat and nudged Dan.

"Look over there, below us!" she shouted. A sun-drenched plateau above the treetops. As they swooped low, dusting the mesa with their landing gear, they saw a pyramid — symmetrical, carved, unmistakably Mayan. A bit higher, a bit faster, and they would have missed seeing a row of thatched huts clustered in a clearing nearby.

As the plane climbed away from the plateau, Ginger glanced back over the tail. "People!" she cried.

Dan banked precariously, bringing the village back into full view. A group of natives darted from the jungle into one of the primitive huts, frightened by the strange bird in the sky. "They must be descendants of the Mayas!" Dan exclaimed. "That settles it!"

They knew the location of the Lost City. Now they could begin the last leg of their journey.

It was early morning when they set out through the uncharted country north of Chiapas. As Dan hacked a trail with his machete, he envied the monkeys which swung effortlessly in the green overhead. The chatter of brilliantly plumed birds was incessant.

Game was plentiful and the fishing excellent. They stocked their larder with dried and salted deer meat, and supplemented this with fresh fruit and berries.

They came to one of the 12 lakes they had observed from the air. The water was crystal blue. Stripping to

the buff, Dan and Ginger refreshed themselves, splashing about like a couple of kids in a swimming hole. The soft, bleached sand was a delight for sunbathing. It was a temptation hard to resist to settle down forever in this newfound Garden of Eden.

Yet, they could not forget their dream. The Lost City lay just across the barrier cliff which arched gracefully along the opposite shore. They kept on the march, surviving a terrible hurricane that Dan said must have been brewed in hell.

A balsam raft was built from trees felled by the storm. Dana and Ginger crossed the silvery lake and landed a few hundred feet from the base of the cliff, a sheer limestone wall with no foot-holds. For days they searched for a break in the smooth palisade. It could not be climbed; they could go no further.

Dan reasoned that since the Mayas had crossed the barrier, there must be a pass somewhere along its featureless face. They edged along the bottom of the cliff, away from the lakes, into a parched desert.

A week passed before the scenery changed from an arid brown to the bright green that betrays the nearness of water. A stream bubbled merrily in the shadow of the grim wall. As they filled their canteens, Dan's gaze caught Ginger.

"There's something funny about this stream," he said. "It's running uphill!"

Following his eyes, Ginger saw that the narrow stream was actually flowing toward the cliff. "It must be funneling through a break in the wall," she murmured to herself. "A break in the wall!" she jubilantly exclaimed.

The stream led to a cavern. "I guess it's our only chance," said Dan, peering into the menacing darkness. "I don't see any other way."

They fashioned torches from pine branches heavy with pitch, and groped their way along a chain of caves. Footsteps had worn a patch in the wet limestone centuries before. They plodded along for days, unable to tell night from day. Using their torches sparingly, they waded through waist-high pools of water.

As they lit their last torch, convinced they were traveling in a sweeping circle, they heard the high-pitched squeak of bats. They

were near an exit, although they did not know on which side of the cliff it opened.

Exhausted, they stumbled to the mouth of the cave and stood erect for the first time in hours. They gratefully inhaled the fresh air and shaded their eyes from the searing white sun.

Four day's journey brought them to the top of a hill from which they caught sight of the table-topped mountain they had buzzed in Wheelzlebritches. Eagerly they trekked toward the plateau which supported the lost Mayan tribe.

Dan warned Ginger that they must think out every step in advance. The tribe had probably never seen a white man before. "It is more important," he explained, "that the tribe find us. Let's set up a permanent camp in an open site and wait. Nothing secret, nothing hidden. Everything in the open."

They had to live on dry rations in order to appear peaceable. They dared shoot no game. The Lambs tried to relax, but they knew that eyes were watching their every move. Eyes well-hidden in the jungle.

Supplies were running low. They could not last much longer without hunting. They were discussing their next move when Dan whispered, "Okay, we're onstage."

"Where are they?" Ginger asked.

"Not they. It's one man."

"How do we behave?"

"Fiddle with your mess kit. Make it flash in the sun. That should arouse his curiosity enough to make him come closer."

Ginger turned the aluminum pan back and forth, spearing spots of sunlight into the jungle. A tall bronze man emerged into the clearing. His black hair fell loosely to his shoulders, covering his forehead and ears. He wore a sack-like loin-cloth sewed up each side.

In his hand he carried a stout bow. Without warning he started shooting arrows in every direction but the Lambs'. Dan rose to his feet and advanced toward the Indian, his hands outstretched to show he was unarmed. As Dan approached the Indian's hand tightened on the bowstring. An arrow was aimed directly at the white man's heart.

Dan didn't falter. Despite the arrow, he noticed a friendly expres-



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sion on the Bowman's face. The two of them stood there for a moment, smiling. Then Dan turned his back and walked back to Ginger, who sat petrified with fear. When he reached the tent, he looked around. The Indian had vanished.

On the next day, however, the native appeared again. There was no arrow in his bow this time. Dan invited him with a wave of the hand to join them at their meal. The Indian accepted the mute invitation, squatting by the fire.

Dan tried to talk with the man. Pointing at himself he said, "Dan." Then he pointed at Ginger and repeated her name several times. The native understood the introduction and gave his name. Tapping himself on the chest he said, "Kintun."

Kintun was an ambassador from the Lost Tribe, dispatched by his people to look over the strange white-skins who had stumbled into their forest. When he returned on the third day, Kintun was surrounded by a delegation headed by Chan, the chief.

A week later, Chan invited the Lambs to visit his village. A hut was built for them, so they could live in the community and take part in the daily life of its inhabitants. Dan and Ginger soon learned the language and the Mayan moral code which is based on the Golden Rule.

They had indeed discovered a lost Mayan tribe, but this was not the legendary city they had set out to find. Dan queried Chan about the legend. He described the silver idol that the American flyer had stumbled upon in the subterranean cavern. Chan understood. He explained that the aviator had found the "Golden Library" of the ancient Mayas. The plaques which hung over the stone trough were the Sacred Books of the Sun God.

Chan told Dan that he knew the location of the pyramid he described, but he never offered to guide the strangers there. "Now is not the time," the chief repeated whenever Dan suggested that he should see the Lost City.

The Lambs convinced themselves that Chan's cryptic answer was a promise that sometime they would be permitted to see the Golden Library. But they were running out of film and had to return to civilization to buy more. Chan and Kintun

showed them a shorter route to the outside world and they arrived in the Mexican village of Comitán sooner than they had expected.

It was December 7, 1941.

The United States was at war. As soon as they reprovisioned themselves, the Lambs trekked out of Comitán. They were not returning to the Lost Tribe as originally planned, however. They hiked north, toward home. Throughout the war, Dana and Ginger were employed in top-secret intelligence work for which their exploring adventures had fitted them.

Peace brought family and inheritance headaches. It was not until 1949, ten years after they first set forth on their quest for the Lost City, that they were able to return to the jungle to continue their search.

When they arrived at the site of their meeting with the Lost Tribe, they found that something had driven their friends deeper into the jungle. Sick at heart, Dan and Ginger decided to make one last-chance exploration of the surrounding forest. It would be their final bid at finding the Lost City.

They set up a semi-permanent camp in the deserted village of Chan's people. Methodically, they set out each morning with machete and rifle to scout the area. They knew the Lost City could not be far from the Indians' former settlement. Chan was too well acquainted with the pyramid that the flyer had chanced upon so many years ago.

On the third day, Ginger stumbled over a small pile of hewn stone. It was growing dark, but their excitement whipped them on. A quarter-mile deeper in the jungle a ruined building loomed through the tree-veils. The joy of conquest welled in their hearts. All about them were the immense relics of a great civilization.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

MARKED FOR DEATH!

and charming. Tactfully she led the conversation around to how dull life can be during wartime. The soiree ended with plans to give a larger party for the officers and all their friends.

The Germans soon accepted my villa as a meeting place where they could relax and enjoy themselves. They began to lose their cautious attitude. Many of the girls that caroused with them were just what they seemed - women out for a good time. But scattered among them were three or four underground agents.

Time passed and the partisans came to depend more and more upon me. Specific jobs were often assigned to me. Their knowledge of Nazi plans often astounded me. Many times they would inform me that a certain officer was coming to one of my parties who had information that we needed. How they found out beforehand who was to be at my villa I never discovered. But they were usually right.

One evening I was instructed to keep a Colonel Haupt in my home after the others had left. He was carrying some papers which I was to copy. There would not be another chance. Colonel Haupt was leaving early the next morning for Berlin.

He was a short, punctilious man in his late forties. Extremely correct and careful about his drinking, he could not be counted on to pass out from liquor. Marie and I reverted to Hollywood spy methods. "Melodramatic but effective," I whispered to my maid as she surreptitiously sprinkled a sleeping powder into the Colonel's glass of Cinzano.

We held our breath as he sipped the drink slowly, conversing amiably. Nothing happened. He talked on for another half hour. His stomach was as hard as his head. I was already admitting failure to my self when he yawned and slumped on the sofa. He snored contentedly.

Maria and I frantically searched for the papers. The drug would knock him out for only a short time.

He had no briefcase. We decided that an inside pocket of his tunic would be the most logical place to look. We rolled him over and I dug my hand into his jacket. I felt his chest heaving with each breath. We were lucky, my hand closed on an envelope.

The document was covered with numbers an chemical symbols which were meaningless to me. I copied everything accurately, as ordered, and returned to the sitting room where Maria kept watch on our unconscious guest. When the papers were replaced, Maria and I looked at each other in triumph. "Thank God it's done with," I sighed. But our troubles were just beginning with Colonel Haupt.

"He will awaken soon," said Maria.

But he didn't!

When he suddenly stopped snoring the silence was deafening. "Two hours!" I exclaimed. "He should have come out of it in 20 minutes!"

"Contessa!" Maria was standing over the Colonel. "Look!"

His ruddy face was cast with a yellow pallor. Terrified, the two of us stood there looking at the Colonel's inert form. If the sleeping powder was too strong - if it killed him...

We trembled at the prospect. Even if we managed to dispose of the body, the disappearance of a colonel in the Wehrmacht would raise a hue and cry that would lead directly to me. A dozen officers had seen him in my villa that night.

A doctor was out of the question. We were on our own. "Get smelling salts," I said to Maria. "Maybe we can still revive him."

I massaged his clammy hands while Maria held the salts under his nose. I remembered reading that coffee was good under these circumstances; that the patient should be kept moving. Maria quickly made a pot of coffee and we poured the hot liquid between his lips. We pulled him to his feet and forced him to walk, supporting his bulk on our shoulders. We dragged him around the room until his legs began to move.

It was shortly before dawn when the Colonel regained full consciousness. He was shocked and surprised when I explained that he had fainted, but he didn't seem suspicious. Ironically, he repeated apologies for

having caused me so much bother. Still bowing and apologizing at the door, Colonel Haupt made a hasty departure.

A week later, I received a box of bon-bons from Berlin. It was from the Colonel. He enclosed a note: "With humble apologies to a charming hostess who showed such patience with my most unfortunate behaviour."

As the American Fifth Army and the British Eighth pushed their way up from the south, the morale of German occupation troops began to slip. Although they were out of reach of Allied cannon, and boasted that their position was impregnable, the Nazi staff officers were uneasy. Some were young, dashing, still wet behind the ears. They were pathetic in their fanaticism. Others were older, gross in their cynicism, interested only in the pleasures of the moment. They knew they had no future.

At my parties they drank heavily and grew more careless in their talk. A handsome Prussian-bred officer was the first of the officers in whom I noted signs of impending defeat. Formerly, he was always close-mouthed. Now he apparently felt the need for caution had died.

One night he let slip the information that 140 Italian prisoners would be moved northward to German labor camps within a week. A bit of prompting squeezed the details from him. But I must have been too eager, or he wasn't as drunk as I had supposed, for he asked me if I ever came in contact with members of the underground.

I answered that all of us probably did at some time. He continued. "If you ever hear anything about the activities of these idealistic fools, I suggest you pass it on to me." I smiled amiably and took an oath that I would.

At my next meeting with Vittorio, I reported this conversation. His eyes burned. "Let's play a little joke on your captain," he said. Vittorio outlined his fantastic plan. All that I had to do was tell the German officer that two important partisan leaders would be concealed on a troop train that was scheduled to arrive on the same night the Italian prisoners were to be transferred.

The captain thanked me for my information. When the fateful night

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arrived, I was unable to sleep. What would happen when the Nazis discovered that I gave them false data? Early the next morning, I went to the Piazza Cavour. It was filled with people talking excitedly. When I asked what had happened, I learned that a group of partisans had raided a train and liberated more than a hundred Italian prisoners.

But that was not all. At the same time, a Nazi troop train had been blown up a few miles to the north. It was flagged down by a squad of Gestapo soldiers from Milan. As soon as the boarding party was on the train, it exploded. I wondered if the handsome captain was killed.

My next job for the underground proved to be my last. While one of the partisan girls entertained a German lieutenant in the bedroom, Maria and I were busily snapping microfilm pictures of some documents she had slipped out of his briefcase. We found a list of names in the papers. There was no time to lose. The Germans had the name of every important underground operative in Milan!

I decided to drive immediately to the farm. There was no time to lose. Before Milan was five miles behind me, however, I saw the headlights in my rear view mirror. My swift Lancia lunged forward as I bore down on the gas pedal almost hysterically.

The headlights grew larger. I had to get off the highway. At the first turn-off, I skidded into a narrow, rut-pocked cart track. Escape was impossible. My sole objective was to lose my pursuer just for a moment, just long enough to toss the microfilm into the roadside ditch.

I twisted perilously around a hairpin curve and glanced at the mirror. It was black. Quickly I opened the window and hurled the film into the darkness.

The highway suddenly loomed into my headlight beams again. I had traveled a huge horseshoe route. I could not go on to the farm since the Bosch might follow me there. There was nothing to do but drive back to the villa, defeated. Although I was safe for the time being, I knew I had lost the race. They had certainly recognized my car.

Maria greeted me at the door. The

house was dark when I arrived. All my German guests had departed for the night. My face told her that I had failed. But she did not share my grief.

"When the German lieutenant rushed out of here after you, I feared I would never see you again, Contessa," she told me. So, it was the lieutenant who was following me. Fortunately, Maria had taken the necessary steps to alert the local underground that the enemy had discovered their identities. Already they would be setting out for the mountains.

Maria and I sat, listening to our hearts pound furiously. The Gestapo arrived in less than an hour. The lieutenant handcuffed me. When his troops had ended their search, I was led to the last staff car in the driveway. "You will accompany me to headquarters for questioning," he said.

The interrogation began as soon as we were underway. There was an alarming reference to the death of the handsome captain a few days earlier. They knew a great deal more, and they know how to make a prisoner talk. I learned that in Poland, before they murdered my father.

With the instinctive gesture of a trapped animal, I looked around for some hope of escape. I caught sight of another automobile close behind us. A few minutes later, I glanced through the rear window again. The car was still there. It was following us. Certain that it was another group of Nazis, I slumped back and tried to steel myself for the ordeal that lay ahead.

Then the second car flashed by us and swerved to block the road. Our driver slammed the brakes. The lieutenant jumped to the street, tugging at his revolver. Above the shots I heard Vittorio's voice. "Lie flat Contessa!" he urgently warned.

I rolled to the floor and lay there trembling until the shooting was done. "Who has won?" I asked myself, almost afraid to seek an answer.

Vittorio helped me out of the car. The night still resounded with the sounds of gunfire further down the road. "That is only my men playing with the rest of the Bosch," he said. The lieutenant was lying in the street, staring at the sky with sightless eyes.

"When Maria saw the lieutenant rush after you," Vittorio explained, "she alerted our men in Milan. We were waiting for the Gestapo too."

I returned to Milan three months later, on April 28, one day after the Allied forces entered the city. My work with the underground was at an end. I cannot say that I was sorry. My nights are still plagued with the sounds of heavy fists pounding at my door—for the Gestapo still lives. And they are still looking for me. *

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53

"TAXI MISTER?"

garage on an old estate. She took her place with the other students — there were about 25 — and didn't pull any rank. I was explaining the parts of an engine and she was one of the most attentive, with a natural poise and dignity."

As a Brigadier's Driver, Gertrude had to observe strict army protocol, never addressing her superior directly, but only through his Brigade Major, as though the Brigadier was not in the room. She also was expected to open the car door for the officers, getting out and running around to the side. She carried luggage, changed flats — while the officers waited at their leisure. But Gertrude's only complaint about the British Army was the food. There seemed to be a preponderance of fried bread and drippings — nicknamed "bubble and squeak."

"I cried only twice," says Gertrude. "Once when I saw the first American planes, and again when I transferred to the WACs and sat down to a real meal."

"Every Saturday just at dusk," Gertrude recalls, "German planes flew over the Channel, and strafed people on the streets of Dover. Once when I was cleaning the car, the planes dropped down so low, I could see the Iron Crosses on the wings. They opened up with their guns and shot my car to pieces. I wasn't even scratched, but I was plenty scared."

After her transfer to the WACs, Gertrude was assigned to the Visiting Staff Service in London and later to SHAPE headquarters at

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(Continued on page 59)

Versailles. She chauffeured generals, entertainers and political bigshots.

One day, in London, she was assigned to drive a tall, white-haired man who told her he hailed from Indiana. As she drove him around for a day's shopping, a heavy fog enveloped the city. The Belisha beacons glowed red through the mist and warning flares were lit in Trafalgar Square. Gertrude drove her passenger to the Savoy, where he was staying, and prepared to drive away. She was surprised to hear him ask to be picked up again in an hour.

"I will not!" she replied curtly. "Nobody should drive in this fog. I'm the only car on the street now."

When he signed her trip ticket, she saw that he was Paul V. McNutt, then the War Manpower Commission Chairman. Instead of being angry, however, he requested that she be his chauffeur throughout his London stay.

In June, 1944, she drove a group of newsmen to Portsmouth where they saw every possible kind of seagoing craft jammed stem to stern in the harbor.

"Everything was top secret stuff," she says, "We were restricted, and at night I was even kept in a hotel room under guard I soon found out why. In the small hours I heard the engines of the ships leaving the harbor and the roar of planes taking off. I knew then that D-Day had arrived. The invasion was on. Before I left to go back to London, I saw the first Allied casualties and Axis prisoners."

After Paris fell to the Allied forces, Gertrude worked out of SHAPE headquarters there. One of her proudest possessions is an autographed photo of President Eisenhower, then her Commanding General, bearing the inscription: "For Gertrude McKeegan - With best wishes to a veteran of the E.T.O."

In 1945 Gertrude was discharged from the WACs with a citation from General Thrasher. She flew back to New York and resumed what has turned out to be her profession - hacking. She's been at it ever since.

Gertrude knows there will always be a male fare who exclaims, "Hey look—a woman driver! Will we ever get where we're going?" But in all her 17 years behind the wheel, in-

cluding her hazardous wartime duty, she has been in only two minor accidents.

So, like the sign says—"Sit back and Relax." Gertrude will get you there. *

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

BEACH COMBERS

Spanish fleet laden with Aztec silver set sail across the Gulf of Mexico, bound for Spain. A Turkish drove most of the ships aground on these beaches. The hapless survivors were picked off by Indian arrows. But somewhere in the dunes of Padre that silver hoard still lies buried.

After the Spaniards came the buccaneers. The pirate Jean LaFitte used Padre for a hideout. It is likely that he buried more than one plundered treasure chest in the white sands that we were treading upon.

Then there is the documented story of John Singer, brother of the famous sewing machine manufacturer. He and his family were shipwrecked on the southern end of the island in 1840. In true Swiss Family Robinson tradition, they built a home and established a flourishing ranch, stocked with the descendants of Padre Bali's cattle.

When the Singers fled the island, during the Civil War, they left a family treasure of \$50,000 buried in the dunes. Hurricanes demolished their landmarks and the wealth was never recovered. Would the Great White Island divulge its secrets to us? Would we uncover a treasure cache hidden by centuries of shifting sand? It gave us delightful food for thought.

For the first few weeks on the island we were faced with the task of making our one-room castle snug and liveable. We had brought very little with us—clothes, books, a kerosene lantern, bacon, coffee, salt. We were determined to live off whatever the sea and the beach would provide.

Utilities were no problem. The lantern supplied light. A shallow well in the back of the shack furnished us with fresh spring water. When heat was necessary, we

burned driftwood.

Our first major find was an antiquated shrimpboat, abandoned to the waves. But, before we had finished salvaging our needs, our adventure nearly ended in early disaster.

The boat was wrecked about a hundred feet out in the surf. We could wade out to it at ebb tide. Hatch covers, rope, fishing nets, a rusty saw and hammer—there were valuable items for us. Best of all was the big window in the wheelhouse. Now our shack would have a picture window facing the sea.

We managed to get all these things ashore before I started swimming around the prow in deeper water. I was diving to feel for any chains we might be able to use. Suddenly, the current swept me through a gaping hole in the hull, below the waterline. Everything was black. I was trapped in the water-filled hold of the ship!

I knew several endless moments of horror while I groped to find my way out. My lungs felt like shredded ribbons of pain when I saw a patch of sun-filtered water. Frantically, I swam for the hole. Gerry was pulling my limp body into the rowboat when I opened my eyes and inhaled thankfully.

By that evening we had our treasures stacked proudly in the lee of our shack. Gerry went fishing for tomorrow's breakfast. Beachcombing was in my blood. I could hardly wait to see what the next day's tide would bring to our doorstep.

It's difficult to believe what can be found along the shoreline at Padre Island. The Gulf currents sweep in a gigantic semi-circle toward the island, and anything adrift in the Gulf will eventually wash onto the beach. The richest beachcombing was at "The Devil's Elbow," about 60 miles south of our homesite.

A good deal of what we found proved very practical. On a typical morning, I found three cans of paint, two hatch covers and—best of all—a five pound can of Maxwell House coffee, rusty but still tightly sealed. Another time we found the beach littered with coconuts and pineapples, probably jettisoned by some freighter in the Gulf.

Within a fortnight our shack took on a new appearance. Steps from a wrecked ship's companionway led

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up to our front door. If you had peeked through our picture window, you would have seen furniture made from discarded crates and empty cable reels. The walls had been calked and painted. The color scheme was not taken from *Better Homes and Gardens*, but we couldn't be choosy when we shopped at our beach supermarket.

Fishing nets curtained the windows. Beautiful green Portuguese glass fishing floats were hung on the nets. All kinds of seashells—Scotch Bonnets, Moonshells, tiny Coquinas—graced the shelves Gerry had built. Bits of driftwood, carved and sandblasted by the wind, served asland decorations. More utilitarian shells served as ashtrays and dishes.

I was proud and content. But my feeling of security was founded on nothing more stable than sand. I hadn't been on the island long enough to learn the violent fickleness of its changing moods. We were about to experience our first hurricane.

All the next day the sky was sullen, the humidity depressive. The Gulf, usually a sparkling amethyst, rolled in greasy gray swells. Then the big rain drops began exploding against our picture window.

"There's a hurricane messing around in the Gulf," Gerrysaid, too casually.

I put a hand over an empty hole in my middle. "Shouldn't we leave?" I swallowed.

He shrugged. "Not much use in that. It would be after midnight before we could walk to the Laguna side and row to the mainland. We'd be caught in the middle of the storm. Anyway, this shack will weather any big blow."

Reassurance was not mine. I had read too many stories about the island being flooded by raging seas and howling tropical typhoons.

By ten o'clock the tide had completely surrounded us, and breakers were smashing the piling under our floor. Then wind struck in great, shaking gusts. I was certain that the front window would collapse beneath the merciless onslaught of the elements. But, amid all the creaking and groaning, the shack held stubbornly together. And I felt a fierce pride in our ugly misshapen old cabin.

Gerry didn't get worried until the surf heaved a huge log against our foundation. That was our worst moment—when we felt that awful thud that shook the entire shack.

Again it came, worse than before. And again and again. The log had become entangled in the piling. Each wave was battering it back and forth, tearing our foundation loose! We struggled to the door. The gale almost bowled us over. We could see the log, a black monster dipping its wet back out of the water like a half-submerged whale.

We had to get the log free of the piling. Fearfully, we inched down into the churning black water. The undertow was tremendous. One slip and we would have been swept to a watery death.

I hung on to wet and slippery boards with everything but my teeth. My arms screamed with pain. Miserable, frightening hours seemed to pass, but it wasn't more than 15 minutes before we finally dragged the log free and watched it swing away into the blackness. Like a half-drowned puppy I crawled back into the doubtful safety of the shack.

Shortly before dawn the wind died. The worst of it was over; our cabin had survived. I fell into an exhausted sleep.

What a change had come over the island when I awoke!

Was this peaceful azure sea, sparkling under the sun glare, the same raging monster that had tried to destroy us just a few hours earlier? Were these shimmering white sand dunes the same lumps of blackness that had scowled at us out of the spray-driven night? Again I was acutely aware of the island as a living being with violent and capricious tempers. Last night, I'd feared and hated it. Now the benign, peaceful warmth of the beach crept over me and I was in love with the island again.

I took a long walk that morning and saw Padre's beauty refreshed. Behind the sand mounds I discovered my first sun glow bottles, old glass jugs that had lain here for perhaps a quarter of a century while the sun dyed them radiant shades of lavender.

I marveled at the simple beauty of the Morning Glory that trailed over the dunes and saluted me

with glistening purple blossoms. I walked down to the water's edge where the spindrift curled around my toes. Words suddenly sang in my heart...

"The foam

That flecks the shore...

How far it may have blown

Across the storm-swept sea...

How soon it goes!"

I hurried to the shack with my treasures, the lovely sun glow bottles, drunk with the morning. I began to write, as if I would burst if I couldn't give vent to the magic touch on my pen. The poem that came to me that day on the beach was one day to be the first in my published book of verse.

Gerry and I spent the next few days in preparation for a hazardous trip down the island to the Devil's Elbow. We went in our first beach buggy, a rust-caked old army jeep that we'd ferried across the Laguna. This buggy was our only concession to civilization.

The first few miles along the beach were as smooth and broad as a modern superhighway. But some 40 miles from our starting point we hit "Big Shell," a strip of deep shell banks that threatened to bog us down every foot of the way. We struggled through to Devil's Elbow, beachcombers' paradise.

We seemed to be on the rim of the universe. This part of the island was even more wild and remote than anything we had seen before. But what finds we made!

Bales of raw rubber worth up to \$100 each after we declared them at customs and paid duty on them. Drums of oil and gasoline. A battered-but-useful cook stove.

The sun-bleached ribs of wrecked ships poked through the sand like grotesque skeletons. We were in a vast graveyard of the sea. I could feel the ghosts of the past lurking about the wreckage, whispering with the wind.

That night we camped on the sand. Coyotes climbed nearby dunes and howled at the moon. Friendly little kangaroo rats hopped up to our campfire and watched us with amused disdain. Sand crabs rustled at a timid distance.

Upon awakening the next morning I began poking in the dunes when I noticed something white and gleaming. I pushed the sand away, then screamed. A human skull

grinned up at me!

We uncovered the entire skeleton. Had we stumbled upon an old Indian burial ground or was this the resting place of a Spanish seaman, a pirate, a Confederate soldier? If he could talk, what secrets would he divulge—secrets of buried treasure, perhaps murder? We would never know.

As we unloaded our plunder at our shack the next evening, I heard an angry buzz at my feet. A giant rattlesnake was coiled to strike! I scrambled to safety. I had taken no more than a half dozen steps, however, when I stumbled over a piece of driftwood. I glanced over my shoulder. The viper was gliding over the sand after me, thrusting its forked tongue in and out menacingly. I ran again, this time to the beach where I almost had a nervous collapse.

The episode taught me a valuable lesson. No matter how serene the island appears, you could never trust it. Danger, as well as beauty and intrigue, lurked behind every blade of sand grass.

We lived our Robinson Crusoe adventure for three years before the march of civilization forever wiped out the island's isolation. Nueces County in Texas built a causeway across the Laguna Madre, opening the Virgin swimming beaches of Padre Island to the public, hoping to make it a new Mecca for tourists.

Utter solitude belonged to Padre no longer. Weekend crowds swarmed over our front yard. Beer cans took the place of shells on the beach. Civilization had put its ugly mark on the Great White Island.

At this time we met Cash Asher, publicity director of the causeway. His was an ironic job. While he worked hard to bring more traffic to the island, he still loved its unspoiled, untamed wilderness as much as we did. We all became fast friends and often made pilgrimages down below Big Shell, where the treacherous beach protected some measure of the island's former isolation.

On one of these trips I told Cash about the poems I had penned about Padre. Himself a writer, the publicity director asked to see them. After he finished reading them, he urged me to assemble a volume and have them published. A year later,

my poems were put between book covers. It is entitled "Spindrift."

The book is all I have left of my Padre Island adventure. Today I am living the complicated life of a civilized woman. But sometimes at night I still hear the wash of the waves close by my window, the howl of a coyote in the dunes, the rustle of the wind in the sea oats, coming to me across the miles and the years. And I long to relive my Robinson Crusoe existence on Padre Island. *

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39

JAGUAR!

Horses and mules could not penetrate the dense rain forest. When we left the little village, we would move on foot, using a machete to hack a pitiful path through the vine-laced greenery. The outfitter assured us we would find some capable machete-men in the village.

Piling into the jeep once more, we jounced our way over roads even more incredibly rough than the one from the landing field, past coffee, papaya and banana plantations that flourished in the jungle under the direction of men like our enterprising outfitter. Small centers of population dotted the green hillsides, where the inhabitants eked out an existence by harvesting oil coconuts from the soaring palms that abound in the forest.

Tired, hot, bruised, we finally arrived at the village. The atmosphere of the place did nothing to lighten our spirits. A pall of horror still hung over the mud hovels which housed the villagers. Their eyes reflected the memory of a slaughtered child. Their glance strayed fearfully toward the thick wall of trees, behind which the murderer lurked. But they were grateful that the crazy foreigners had come to hunt *el tigre*.

We camped just beyond the natives' crude huts. A local cook was pressed into service and he went to work immediately preparing our supper. As I watched him working over the open fire, I absentmindedly reached for a stick to feed to the

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flame. A warning cry from Benito, the tracker, arrested me in mid-motion.

"Senorita Dayton! No!" he cried. More out of bewilderment than alarm, I jerked my hand back. Benito ran over to give me my first-leson in jungle caution. "Always kick the stick before you touch," he sternly advised. With the toe of his boot he turned over the wood I had reached for. Out scurried two ugly scorpions. My flesh crawled.

"The scorpion," he said, "is often as deadly as the wildcat."

We watched the sun rise on the next morning. The cook already had a pot of *frijoles* simmering on the fire. A pile of *tortillas* was warming on a glowing hot rock. An air of expectancy mingled with the smell of good coffee. In less than an hour my adventure was to begin.

We ate a hearty breakfast. To the native dishes we added the tinned foods we had brought along—lunchmeats, peaches, milk and butter. This had been our supper the night before, and it was to be our menu from then on. Although there was an abundance of wild game in the jungle around us, the ever-present threat of the killer cat tempered our appetite for fresh meat.

Our original party from Acapulco had increased to include the outfitter, two men to lead the six dogs, two machete men, the tracker, the cook and a pixie-like fellow named Chuy, who manipulated the *pujadera*. This is a peculiar device that produces a grunting sound similar to that made by a jaguar.

We set forth while the sun was still low in the east and it was still comparatively cool. The outfitter issued a final warning to fasten and tuck in our clothing as tightly as possible. I soon found that our most useful piece of equipment was a squirt-gun full of DDT. We kept spraying each other to discourage the billions of gnats, ticks and mosquitoes that plagued us.

For hours we trekked through the swamp country. Benito seemed to get devilish pleasure out of pointing to the alligators that lazed in the murky waters. Fortunately, they were too lethargic to return our interest.

Rivers of sweat poured down our bodies, irritating the scratches we received from saw-toothed grass

ends that whipped at us as we plodded along. I was ready to call it quits by the time we cut into the thick jungle wall. We had gone less than six miles, yet the weariness I felt made me realize I wasn't in condition for such violent physical effort.

I deluded myself with a desperate hope that the jaguar was only a phantom. Benito shattered my reverie when he uncovered the remains of a dead turtle. The huge cat tracks left little doubt about the hapless reptile's fate.

Benito stood with arms outstretched. "Much big!" he announced. The back of my neck prickled. I felt cold even in the steaming jungle humidity. The tracker seemed confident that the turtle remains were at least a week old. I fought a terrifying thought—Benito could be wrong.

After stumbling onward for another endless hour, however, Benito gave the signal to return to the village. He had a plan to outwit the clawed killer. Tomorrow would be the day, he promised. We turned back, thankful that we would soon be able to rid ourselves of the ticks that had withstood the DDT.

Benito shouted excitedly when we finally stumbled into the clearing. There, all through the camp, were the jaguar's tracks. The fetid smell of the killer was strong in the warm air.

A big fire was built to keep the marauder at a safe distance. After refreshing ourselves the best we could, we tried to force some food into our rebellious stomachs. Only Benito ate with gusto, gesticulating excitedly about the prospects for a kill during the next day.

He explained the jaguar's presence in our camp, pointing out that wild animals are curious about people. When a group leaves a camp deserted to go out and hunt them, the beasts often invade the site to investigate the strange, two-legged intruders.

Two sentries spelled each other throughout the night. After checking my camera equipment, my fatigue overcame my foreboding and I fell into a fitful sleep. Morning came too soon.

No time was wasted. I choked down breakfast and found myself trodding through the sweltering jungle marshes again within an



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hour after waking. The swift, supple wildcat moved much faster than awkward human beings who had to fight their way through the forest. The dogs lost the trail twice. We halted for a hasty lunch—cold tortillas—and Benito told us he saw a pattern in the cat's movements. "It will not be long, *Senorita*," he promised.

Benito was right. The taste of stale tortillas still lingered in my mouth when we stumbled across a freshly killed calf that had strayed—or was dragged—from the village. The half-eaten carcass lay at the edge of a water hole. "We will camp here," declared Benito. The hunter argued that we should press our luck and go on, but the outfitter vetoed him. "*El Tigre* will return to finish his meal," he said.

But, night came before the big cat returned. Chuy took his *pufadora* to the fringe of the jungle and made jaguar noises as an added lure for the beast to remain in the vicinity. I was jerked to a sitting position in my cot when an answering grunt floated from the depths of the forest blackness. Chuy happily reported that our prey was less than a half mile away.

What I had heard was a jaguar love call, but I had little interest in the wildcat's sex habits. Half a mile—only 2600 feet—was too close for comfort. The dogs were restless, whining, straining at the leash. Their noses told them of the cat's proximity. My mind pictured the killer edging closer and closer to our camp as I tossed on my cot.

I traveled on an empty stomach when we set out before daybreak on the third day. Much worse than hunger, however, was the lack of DDT spray which we forgot in our rush to break camp.

Following Benito's example, I was making a brush of twigs to ward off insects, when a yell from one of the machete men froze me on one foot. We ran to the spot where we had seen the dead calf. *El Tigre* was just finishing his breakfast when the first man of our party had reached the clearing.

The Mexican and the jaguar were both startled at the sudden meeting. For fully a minute, they had stood stock still, sizing each other up. Then, with a swift twist of his lithe

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Ovid's ART OF LOVE is now available to those not afraid to try the unusual. Based when first published and still hard to get in the full-blooded version, the book tells all in clear, unshamed language. Everything is detailed from the first approach to the final conquest. If it is old as the oldest love ritual, newer than the newest sex book. Completely illustrated with original full page drawings by one of America's famous artists. Beautifully bound for permanent possession.

EXAMINE 10 DAYS... SEND NO MONEY

Send for THE ART OF LOVE today. Examine it 10 days in the privacy of your home. Look at the illustrations, yes read the whole book and then decide. Be thrilled or pay nothing!

BOND BOOK CO., 43 W. 61st St., New York 23, N.Y.



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10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

ONLY \$1.98

BOND BOOK CO., Dept. A-299
43 W. 61st St., New York 23, N.Y.

Please send Ovid's THE ART OF LOVE for 10 day trial in plain wrapper. If not pleased, I get my purchase price refunded or none.

- Send C.O.D. I'll pay postman \$1.98 plus postage.
 I enclose \$1.98 Send Postpaid.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

MODEL BEAUTY

DEVELOPER MAY INCREASE YOUR BUSTLINE MEASUREMENTS

Without changing THE CONTOUR OR SIZE OF THE BUST! The Model Beauty Developer tends to develop the chest muscles and other muscles. Your bustline measurements tend to be increased after all the new model beauty developer. Helps develop tone and firm the underlying muscles supporting the breasts which are important to keep the beauty. With a larger bust line measurement you too may enjoy more attractive, youthful, beautiful, glamorous and happily be admired. This new model beauty developer if used each 10 minutes a day must do everything we promise or you get your money back. Many have achieved a more glamorous, increased bustline measurement. If it doesn't do the same for you—Returns it after 10 days for full refund. This model beauty developer requires only 10 minutes use each day in the privacy of your own home... It is sent to you in plain wrapper with full instructions. (I enclose Art Today! For Model Beauty Developer in Plain wrapper send \$2.98 cash, check or money order or \$3.98 for Deluxe Model to: BEAUTYDAISY COMPANY, Dept. 57 310 MARKET STREET NEWARK, NEW JERSEY



BEAUTYDAISY COMPANY, DEPT. 57
310 MARKET STREET
NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

I enclose \$2.98 and the BEAUTY DEVELOPER in plain wrapper—no money back guarantee. (I save you 10¢ on the postage by sending you direct.)
 I enclose \$3.98. Send Deluxe Model.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

\$300 FOR YOUR Childs Photo

BIG DEMAND for boys and girls photos, ages 6 months to 12 years. \$300 or more PAID if used for advertising purposes. Send ONE small photo for approval. Print CHILD'S and MOTHER'S name and address on back. Returned in 15 days. NO CANCELLATION. ADVERTISERS PHOTOS 6000NQ Sunset, Hollywood 26, Calif.



'I'M 21 PLUS'



Many a woman says it, but how often her face gives her away? Worry, childbirth, illness, change in weight (even reduction) and age, of course, mark the face plainly. The damage shows most under the eyes, around the mouth, and in slack, sagging facial contours. Plastic surgery used to be the only remedy. Now, thanks to cosmetic science, it is possible to "lift" facial contours all day or all evening. New, wonder-working SEVENTH VEIL tightens the skin, banishing lines that would ordinarily show even under skilful make-up. Drooping jawline, under-eye puffiness and wrinkles disappear before your eyes. Tonus returns to skin. When day or night, with or without make-up, gives an invisible, dependable "lift." Keep your face firm and young.

BE SEEING IS BELIEVING. Try SEVENTH VEIL and SEE the amazing change. You must look younger or you pay nothing! Professional size—\$3.00 (three month's supply). Regular tubes, \$2.50 plus tax. Now, in this special limited-time offer, \$2.00 (incl. tax) Results guaranteed.

PLAZA PRODUCTS DEPT. 5-112
109 Broad St., New York 4, N.Y.
Back SEVENTH VEIL for 15-DAY FREE TRIAL. If not satisfied, I get my purchase price refunded.

- Send C.O.D. I'll pay postman \$3.00 (incl. tax) plus postage.
 I enclose \$2.00 (incl. tax). You pay postage.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

PLEASE TURN PAGE



**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!

**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!



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

**Mother Fulfills
Desire**

"After I had been married 12 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 Weik.

**Amazons
Friends**

"In a few weeks I could play several pieces. Every one 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. P. Ferris, 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.

Why Keep on Missing These Joys?

Why not let this famous home-study method bring the many pleasures of music into YOUR life? Good times! New friends. Gay parties. Extra money from playing or teaching. Possibly even a brilliant musical career. Best of all, the deep personal satis-

faction of being able to make your own music—provide your own entertainment.



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 57 years. Mail the coupon below for our valuable 36-page FREE BOOK showing how EASY it is to learn music this modern way. 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 3184 Port Washington, N. Y. (Special Reduced Prices on instruments to our students.)

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Studio 3184
Port Washington, N. Y.
Send me your 36-page illustrated Free Book. No salesman is to call upon me. I'm interested in playing (name instrument)

I do I do not—have instrument now

Name

Address

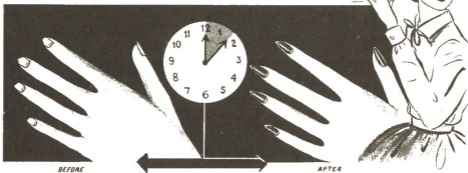
City

Zone

State

If 16 years or under check here for Booklet A.

SCIENTIFIC **NEW** NAIL FORMULA BUILDS OUT SHORT NAILS!
 Not a polish. Not a "falsie", but actually adds
LENGTH TO YOUR NAILS! Repairs torn nails
 ...Smooths jagged edges!



Have Lovelier Nails Than You Ever Dreamed Possible

Upset because your nails just won't grow? Embarrassed to show your hands in public because of short, broken off nails? You need no longer suffer! Now you can be proud to show your lovelier hands on dates, parties, dances and else-where. Amazing new NAIL-GRO gives you the long, beautiful tapering nails you've always wanted and needed to give you confidence and assurance in your appearance.

New Glamour And Beauty With First Application

NAIL-GRO is a liquid plastic material applied directly to fingernails just like nail polish. Discovered by science, it sets to a clear, hard surface—looks and feels like your regular nail actually grows out with your nail. It can be cut, filed, polished—yet it's so strong, it can't break or tear—even when you're cleaning house, washing dishes, doing laundry, playing the piano, or typing. In just minutes, you have longer, lovelier nails—just the kind of hands men love to hold, caress—and place rings on.



1—Broken or short nails leave your hands looking ugly and unattractive. But there's no need for suffering this way any longer.



2—Simply place Nail form under your nail and apply powder with a wet brush. It's just like applying nail polish and doesn't require any more time.



3—When nail hardens, remove nail form and Presto! a longer lovelier nail is yours. Nail is now ready for filing and polishing. Looks and feels completely real.

**New Discovery
 Aids Nail Biters**

New York, N. Y.
 New scientific formula has been discovered that is not only treatment to lengthen and repair torn nails, but also a method of preventing future embarrassment by helping to put an end to the nail biting habit.
 Nails treated with Nail-Gro are so sturdy the nail biter's teeth simply are not hard enough to bite them. It sure beats putting bandages on fingers, pepper on nails, or other outdated witchcraft. It would appear that the mutilating habit of nail biting will soon be extinct.

A FULL YEAR'S SUPPLY only **2.98**

Helps Put An End To The Nail Biting Habit

These nails are so sturdy, nail biters won't chew or mangle them. They'll help put an end to a nail biting habit that is destroying your loveliness and possibly ruining your chances for social success.

Manicure Lasts Days Longer

Colored nail polishes stay on Nail-Gro twice as long as they do on ordinary nails—and nail polish remover takes polish off faster and easier. So don't delay! Order now! See the pride and admiration in his eyes when he holds your hand. Only 2.98 for a full year's supply. Enough for 20 Nails.

10 Day Free Trial

There's no need to continue with short, broken, unpleasant looking nails. See for yourself how Nail-Gro can give you a longer, tapering nail that adds loveliness you never dreamed possible. You Risk Nothing! Try it 10 Days free. If you are not 100% delighted, simply return the unused portion for full refund. Rush coupon now in time for that special event you want to look your best for. Only \$2.98.

Money Back Guarantee

Smoother Co. Dept. 310
 Lynbrook, N. Y.
 Please rush me my Nail-Gro at once for only \$2.98. I understand that if I am not 100% delighted with the results from my purchase after 10 Day Free Trial, I may return for prompt refund of full purchase price.
 I enclose payment. Smoother Co. will pay postage.
 Send C.O.D. I will pay postman on delivery plus a few cents postage.
 Name.....
 Address.....

Special Introductory Offer

**A NEW GIRDLE DISCOVERY
GLAMOROUS CURVE CONTROL
WITH FULL OPENING ZIPPER FOR
"NO PULL—NO TUG" DRESSING**

**Double Zip-Up Gives Double Tummy Control
Plus Flattering Slimming of Waist and Hips**

Regular Value
~~\$10.95~~
NOW
only \$ **4.98**



THIS WAY



Takes the "top-of-wal" out of girdle wearing.

UNHEARD OF FREEDOM AND COMFORT

Never before have so many thrillingly new features been combined in one girdle.

- Flatteree has the remarkable "free-stride" front that walks with you.
- Flatteree has the new and exclusive "con-tear" waistband that adjusts to your every movement and provides undreamed-of comfort when sitting or bending.
- Flatteree has a two-inch elastic top with the patented no-roll construction for waist slimming.
- Flatteree has a sculptured latex back that molds you s-m-o-o-t-h-l-y, gracefully, naturally.
- Flatteree has overlapping front panels of strong, supplest Nylon, enhanced by contrasting sun-ray stitching.
- Flatteree has the marvelous new full zipper opening that makes it the easiest girdle in the world to put on and take off.

Flatteree above all molds your waist, hips, and thighs to an air-ing, youthful, slim-waisted silhouette.

6 Amazing New Features Combine For Zipper Ease and Wrap-Around Comfort. A new fashion design is yours. For body molding into graceful flowing lines nothing compares with Flatteree. New, adjustable features allow you to get the custom fit perfection, comfort and attractiveness of a custom-made garment. Full opening zipper construction assures a wrap-around fit and freedom never before possible with "step in" girdles. It gives you the utmost curve control and comfort of bias tension and concentrated elastic slimming action.

NOT THIS



No longer do you have to wriggle painfully into your girdle.

Try it for 10 Days FREE

Flatteree will enhance your beauty in all your clothes because it molds so effectively while adding to your charm with the poise and grace that comes only with complete comfort and freedom from restraint. So order today. Send the coupon. Wear Flatteree. Test it. Your money back without question if you are not 100% delighted.

Sizes 24-31 **\$4.98**
Sizes 32-44 **\$5.98**

SPECIAL FEATURES

- Free-Stride front
- Self-adjusting contour waist-band
- 2" No-roll top
- Pull zipper front opening
- Nylon overlap front panels
- Adjustable garters



REAR VIEW

You'll Look Taller and Slimmer

Wear "Flatteree" just once. You'll never be satisfied with anything less. The extra flattering pressure of the criss-cross design molds tummy and hips to the smooth, graceful, easy lines the latest fashions demand. Yet you have freedom and solid comfort in any position. Instantly you have better poise, posture and carriage adding to a figure glamour you never thought possible.



Ordinary girdles spoil your figure. They "bump" shape you and cause unightly bulges at waist and thigh. Even give you "bumpy hips."



Here's the modern smooth, trim yet succulent figure "Flatteree" can give you. A really dramatic change to an appeal of figure charm, grace, poise, and desirability.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

The S. J. Wegman Co. Dept. 850-F Lyndbrook, N. Y. RUSH my wrap around "Flatteree" at once. If I am not thoroughly satisfied I may return it after 10 days FREE trial for prompt refund of the full purchase price.

- Send C.O.D. I will pay postman, on delivery, cost of the garment plus few cents postage.
- I enclose payment, The S. J. Wegman Company will pay postman. Same money-back guarantee.

Name _____
Address _____

Reducing Specialist Says:
LOSE WEIGHT Where
It Shows Most

REDUCE

MOST ANY
PART OF
THE
BODY WITH

UL UNDERWRITERS
LABORATORY
APPROVED

Spot Reducer

Relaxing · Soothing
Penetrating Massage

FOR GREATEST BENEFIT IN REDUCING by massage use SPOT REDUCER with or without electricity. Also used as an aid in the relief of pains for which massage is indicated.



ELECTRIC
Spot Reducer



Take pounds off—keep slim and trim with SPOT REDUCER! Remarkable new invention which uses one of the most effective reducing methods employed by masseurs and Turkish baths—**MASSAGE!**

PLUG IN
GRASP
HANDLE
AND
APPLY

TAKE OFF EXCESS WEIGHT!

Don't Stay FAT—You Can Lose POUNDS and INCHES SAFELY Without Risking HEALTH

LIKE a magic wand, the "Spot Reducer" obeys your every wish. Most any part of your body where it is loose and flabby, wherever you have extra weight and inches, the "Spot Reducer" can aid you in acquiring a youthful, slender and graceful figure. The beauty of this scientifically designed Reducer is that the method is so simple and easy, the results quick, sure and harmless. No exercises or strict diets. No steambaths, drugs or laxatives.

With the SPOT REDUCER you can now enjoy the benefits of RELAXING, SOOTHING massage in the privacy of your own home! Simple to use—just plug in, grasp handle and apply over most any part of the body—stomach, hips, chest, neck, thighs, arms, buttocks, etc. The relaxing, soothing massage breaks down FATTY TISSUES, tones muscles and flesh, and the increased awakened blood circulation carries away waste fat—helps you regain and keep a firmer and more GRACEFUL FIGURE!

YOUR OWN PRIVATE MASSEUR AT HOME

When you use the SPOT REDUCER, it's almost like having your own private masseur at home. It's fun reducing this way! It not only helps you reduce and keep slim—but also aids in the relief of those types of aches and pains—and fired nerves that can be helped by massage! The SPOT REDUCER is handlessly made of light weight aluminum and rubber and truly a beautiful invention you will be thankful you own. AC 110 volts. Underwriters Laboratory approved.

TRY THE SPOT REDUCER 10 DAYS FREE IN YOUR OWN HOME!

Mail this coupon with only \$1 for your Spot Reducer an approval. Pay postman \$8.95 plus delivery—or send \$9.95 (full price) and we ship postage prepaid. Use it for ten days in your own home. Then if not delighted return SPOT Reducer for full purchase price refund. Don't delay! You have nothing to lose—except ugly, embarrassing, undesirable pounds of FAT. MAIL COUPON now!

ALSO USE IT FOR ACHEs AND PAINs



CAN'T SLEEP:

Relax with electric Spot Reducer. See how soothing its gentle massage can be. Helps you sleep when massage can be of benefit.



MUSCULAR ACHEs:

A handy helper for transient relief of discomforts that can be aided by gentle, relaxing massage.

LOSE WEIGHT OR NO CHARGE

USED BY EXPERTS

Thousands have lost weight this way—in hips, abdomen, legs, arms, neck, buttocks, etc. The same method used by stage, screen and radio personalities and leading reducing salons. The Spot Reducer can be used in your spare time, in the privacy of your own room.

ORDER IT TODAY!

SENT ON APPROVAL—MAIL COUPON NOW!

BODY MASSAGER CO., Dept. B-200
318 Market St., Newark, New Jersey

Please send me the Spot Reducer for 10 days trial period. I enclose \$1. Upon arrival I will pay postman only \$8.95 plus postage and handling. If not delighted I may return SPOT REDUCER within 30 days for prompt refund of full purchase price.

I enclose \$12.98. Send Amazing DeLux Model.

Name

Address

City

SAVE POSTAGE—check here if you enclose \$9.95 with coupon. We pay all postage and handling charges. Same money back guarantee applies. I enclose \$12.98. Send Amazing DeLux Model.

MAIL THIS 10 DAY FREE TRIAL COUPON NOW