

FURY

EXCITING ADVENTURES FOR MEN

SIN-SEX-VICE

ON NEW HAVEN'S
BARBARY COAST

HE RAPED — HE KILLED
HE PILLAGED — HE WAS

**AMERICA'S
BLOODIEST BANDIT**

**PERRY
COMO**

SAINT OR SINNER?

DEC.

**TERROR ON
THE PLAINS:**

How six men fought off a tribe
of screaming savages



Are You Giving Your Wife The Companionship She Craves?



YOU may be giving your wife all the love and care you are able to. You may have given her a good home, security, many of the conveniences all women yearn for. But is she completely satisfied? Are you giving her what she most expected on the day that you married her? Are you giving her the full companionship of the man she loves?

Or are you always "too tired" at the end of a day's work? Do you come home from work with only the "left-overs" of your vitality for your wife and family? Is time catching up with you too fast . . . at work, at play?

If so, your condition may simply be due to a common vitamin and mineral deficiency in your diet. Yes, you may be well-fed, but poorly nourished. The food you eat may just not contain the necessary amounts of vitamins and minerals to keep you healthy and vigorous. You owe it to yourself to find out whether a food supplement such as VITASAFE capsules can restore the youthful feeling you'd like to have. And you can find out at absolutely no cost by taking advantage of this sensational free offer!

FREE 30 DAYS SUPPLY HIGH POTENCY CAPSULES

LIPOTROPIC FACTORS, MINERALS and VITAMINS

You pay only 25¢ to help cover postage and shipping expense to anywhere in the U. S. A.

Safe Nutritional Formula Containing 25 Proven Ingredients: Choline, Inositol, Methionine, 11 Vitamins (Including Blood-Building B-12 and Folic Acid) Plus 11 Minerals.

EACH DAILY C. F. CAPSULE CONTAINS:			
Choline			
Bicarbonate	31.4 mg.	Vitamin B ₁	2.5 mg.
Inositol	15 mg.	Vitamin B ₂	0.5 mg.
Methionine	10 mg.	Niacin	1 mck.
Vitamin A	2,500 USP Units	Niacin Amide	40 mg.
Vitamin D	1,000 USP Units	Calcium	4 mg.
Vitamin C	75 mg.	Pantothenate	4 mg.
Vitamin B ₁₂	5 mcg.	Vitamin E	2 I.U.
		Folic Acid	0.5 mg.
		Calcium	75 mg.
		Phosphorus	58 mg.
		Iron	30 mg.
		Cobalt	0.04 mg.
		Copper	0.45 mg.
		Manganese	0.5 mg.
		Molybdenum	0.1 mg.
		Iodine	0.075 mg.
		Potassium	2 mg.
		Zinc	0.5 mg.
		Magnesium	3 mg.

COMPARE THIS FORMULA WITH ANY OTHER!

Help yourself or someone you love to new health and happiness!

Mail Coupon Now

Retail Value \$5.00



you may feel after a few days' trial! Just one of these capsules each day supplies your body with over twice the minimum adult daily requirements of Vitamins A, C and D . . . five times the minimum adult daily requirement of Vitamin B-1 and the full concentration recommended by the National Research Council for the other four important vitamins! Each capsule contains the amazing Vitamin B-12 — one of the most remarkably potent nutrients science has yet discovered — a vitamin that actually helps strengthen your blood and nourish your body organs.

POTENCY AND PURITY GUARANTEED

There is no mystery to vitamin potency. As you probably know, the U.S. Government strictly controls each vitamin manufacturer and requires the exact quantity of each vitamin and mineral to be clearly stated on the label. This means that the purity of each ingredient, and the sanitary conditions of manufacture are carefully controlled for your protection! And it means that when you use VITASAFE C.F. CAPSULES you can be sure you're getting exactly what the label states . . . and that you're getting pure ingredients whose beneficial effects have been proven time and time again!

WHY WE WANT YOU TO TRY A 30-DAY SUPPLY — FREE!

We offer you this 30-day free trial of valuable VITASAFE C.F. CAPSULES for just

AMAZING PLAN CUTS VITAMIN PRICES ALMOST IN HALF!

With your free vitamins you will also receive a handy postcard. If after taking your free Vitasafe capsules for three weeks you are not satisfied in any way, simply return the postcard and that will end the matter. Otherwise, it's up to us — you don't have to do a thing — and we will see that you get your monthly supplies of vitamins on time for as long as you wish, at the low, money-saving price of only \$2.78 per month.

one reason. So many persons have already tried them with such astounding results . . . so many people have written in telling us how much better they felt after only a short trial . . . that we are absolutely convinced that you, too, may experience the same feeling of health and well-being after a similar trial. In fact, we're so convinced that we're willing to back up our convictions with our own money. You don't spend a penny for the vitamins! All the cost and all the risk are ours. A month's supply of similar vitamin capsules would ordinarily cost \$5.00 retail.

When you receive your free 30-day supply of vitamins, you are under no obligation to buy anything. With your vitamins you will also receive a handy postcard. If after taking your free Vitasafe capsules for three weeks you are not satisfied in any way, simply return the postcard and that will end the matter. Otherwise, it's up to us — you don't have to do a thing — and we will see that you get your monthly supplies of vitamins on time for as long as you wish, at the low, money-saving price of only \$2.78 per month.

HOW THE VITASAFE PLAN OPERATES TO SAVE YOU MONEY

When you receive your free 30-day supply of vitamins, you are under no obligation to buy anything. With your vitamins you will also receive a handy postcard. If after taking your free Vitasafe capsules for three weeks you are not satisfied in any way, simply return the postcard and that will end the matter. Otherwise, it's up to us — you don't have to do a thing — and we will see that you get your monthly supplies of vitamins on time for as long as you wish, at the low, money-saving price of only \$2.78 per month.



VITASAFE CORP. 383-2

43 West 61st St., New York 23, N. Y.

Please send me free a 30-day supply of the proven VITASAFE CF (Comprehensive Formula) Capsules, under your money-saving plan. I am not under any obligation to buy additional vitamins, and after trying my free sample supply, I may accept the monthly benefits and substantial savings offered by the VITASAFE Plan, or if not fully satisfied will reject them simply by returning the postcard provided with my free supply. In any case, the trial month's supply of 30 VITASAFE Capsules is mine to use free.

ENCLOSE 25¢ for packing and postage.

Name.....

Address.....

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

Offer limited to those who have never taken advantage of it. Only one trial supply per family.

IN CANADA: 223 Church St., Toronto 2, Ont.

Canadian Formula adjusted to local conditions.

© 1957 VITASAFE CORP., 43 West 61st St., New York 23, N.Y.

MARK
THIS SPOT!
WE'RE NEAR
OUR GOAL!

ON TO THE
POLE!



**SAMPLE
PUZZLE**

The Correct Answer is ONE Of These Names of Fame!
 Marco Polo Betsy Ross Genghis Khan Frank Buck

P O L O

THIS SAMPLE PUZZLE IS ALL WORKED OUT FOR YOU

SEE HOW MUCH FUN IT IS TO SOLVE!

This sample puzzle, as all our puzzles, has clues to help you reach the answer. First, study the cartoon. Here it shows one man saying **MARK**, and the other mentions the word **POLE**. The letter "O" is shown twice. What else can the answer be but **MARCO POLO**?

LOOK AT
THE **BILL**
ON THAT
DUCK!

WHAT A **DAY** FOR
BIRD WATCHING!



**PUZZLE
NO. ONE**

The Correct Answer is ONE Of These Names of Fame!
 Billy Sunday Robert Fulton Cotton Mather Ira Remsen

HERE IS YOUR FIRST PUZZLE!

Write Your Answer In Coupon Below • Mail It NOW!

JUST FOR SOLVING NAME OF FAME GAME PUZZLES

You may win your share of

\$40,000 IN CASH PRIZES

"NAME OF FAME" GAME!



1st PRIZE
AS MUCH AS
\$25,000.00

PLUS 200 BIG CASH
AWARDS, SUCH AS:

2nd Prize \$5,000.00
 3rd Prize 2,500.00
 4th Prize 1,500.00
 5th Prize 1,000.00
 6th thru 10th ea. 200.00

Plus 190 additional
Cash Prizes

— Grand Total \$40,000.00 —

Take a careful look at the two puzzles on this page. Can you solve them? You probably can . . . because there are no tricks or gimmicks to trip you up. Nothing but a challenge to your skill and common sense. And that's what you need to solve the puzzles in the wonderful **NAME OF FAME GAME** Contest . . . offering you loads of exciting action, hours of fun and pleasure . . . and a chance at any one of 200

great cash awards totalling \$40,000.00 that must be paid!

All prizes paid promptly in full. All cash prizes are on deposit in a New York City Bank. Enter now! And make yourself eligible to win a fabulous \$2,500.00 promptness bonus award along with the First Prize of \$22,500.00 . . . a grand first prize total of \$25,000.00!

**FREE
GIFT**



To All Puzzle Entrants

The Puzzle Encyclopedia

Everyone who enters the National Contest Book Club Puzzle Contest receives this fascinating Puzzle Encyclopedia. Contains hundreds of quizzes, riddles, puzzles. Will give you many, many enjoyable hours.

PRIZES PAID PROMPTLY

In 2 years \$133,000.00 awarded from National Puzzle Contests

National Puzzle Contests have offered \$133,000.00 in prizes within the short space of 2 years! That's a whale of a lot of money! But now the National Contest Book Club . . . with prizes of an additional \$40,000 . . . will raise that grand total to \$173,000.00! If you are 18 years of age or older and live in the U. S., Canada or a U. S. Possession, you are eligible to enter this fabulous contest. It is sponsored by the National Contest Book Club, Inc. All judging will be conducted in an impartial, impersonal manner to assure absolute equality of opportunity to all. All contestants will receive exact information on the outcome of the contest . . . including names of all winners, plus correct puzzle solutions. All prizes will be paid promptly, in full. All cash prizes are on deposit in a New York City Bank.

Paste Your Answer-Coupon On Postcard or Mail In Envelope

MAIL COUPON TODAY

Give Yourself A Chance To Win
\$2,500.00 PROMPTNESS AWARD

National Contest Book Club, Inc.
509 Fifth Ave., Dept. 289 - N. Y. C. 17, N. Y.

My Answer to Puzzle No. 1 is:

(PLEASE PRINT)

I want full particulars about The National Contest Book Club's \$40,000 "Name of Fame" Contest. Please mail me FREE the Official Entry Forms, Rules and First Series of Puzzles.

Name

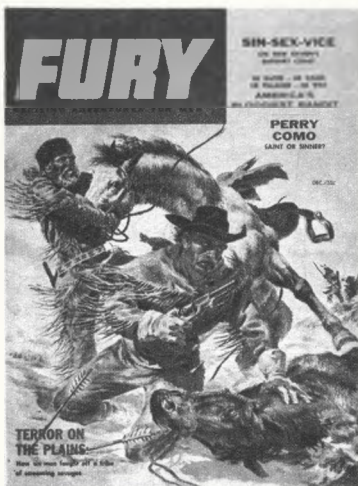
Address

City Zone State

NATIONAL CONTEST BOOK CLUB, INC.

509 Fifth Avenue, Dept. 289,

New York City 17, N. Y.



Our Cover

In the story Six Men Fought Off A Tribe Of Screaming Savages the white men beat the Red Men, but on this month's cover, the artist Tom Beecham, depicts what can happen when the Injuns win.

**VOL. 22 NO. 9
DECEMBER 1957**

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FURY

EXCITING TRUE ADVENTURES FOR MEN

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Get Yourself "Off the Hook"

LATCH YOURSELF ONTO A TOP-PAY JOB IN AUTO MECHANICS



How much pay do you have left after you meet your bills? The best way to beat the high cost of living is to **MAKE MORE MONEY**. And you **CAN** earn more in a **BETTER** job. We suggest **YOU BECOME A MECHANIC** in the greatest industry of them all—the automotive! *Get the facts—mail coupon today.*

OVER 100,000 NEWLY-TRAINED MEN ARE NEEDED

A distinguished automotive engineer recently said "the auto industry is now short 100,000 mechanics." He added that a reliable home study school, such as CTI, can be "of enormous help" to the ambitious man in getting started. The demand for skilled men is great because there are over 60 million cars and trucks on the road, with one-third in the heavy-repair class. Also, about 7 million new vehicles are produced each year. No wonder that repair shops are jammed with cars that need work! No wonder that auto mechanics are so well paid!

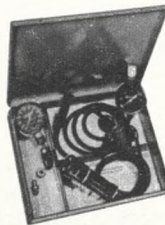


DIESEL OR BODY-FENDER REBUILDING INCLUDED

CTI trains you in every phase of auto mechanics: Tune-Up and Overhaul; Electric, Cooling and Lubricating Systems; Power Steering and Brakes; many other subjects. In addition, CTI will send you instruction on either Diesel Mechanics or Body-Fender Rebuilding. *Only CTI offers this extra choice.*

START EARNING MONEY SOON AFTER YOU BEGIN TRAINING

You may want to earn cash fixing cars soon after you start training. Many CTI students do. They fix cars "on their own," or get part-time jobs in local shops, work evenings and week-ends. Many add to their incomes this way, pay for their training, and have enough left to buy shop equipment. Students have gone into business by building up a customer list working spare time.

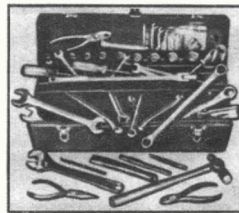


Engine Tune-Up Kit Is a CTI "First"

Here are instruments that skilled mechanics use to locate engine troubles. Kit includes Compression Tester; Vacuum Gauge and Fuel Pump Tester; Ignition Timing Light; portable steel case.

Learn Faster, Get Valuable Experience by Practicing with Tune-Up Kit, Tools

Let CTI train you at home. No need to quit your job to attend a resident school. CTI training was developed in the shop—it's practical, easy to understand. You even get tune-up instruments and tools so you can practice. *Mail coupon for facts.*



* All CTI kits are included with your training and sent to you without extra charge.



These mechanic's tools, including socket set, are professional in quality. They keep your interest high, help you get useful practice and experience.

**MAIL TODAY—
2 FREE BOOKS**

• Don't decide now if you want to be a highly-paid mechanic. *First fill out and mail coupon.* We'll send valuable facts. *Then you can make up your mind.*

HERE'S THAT BIG OPPORTUNITY YOU'VE WANTED TO OPEN A SHOP OF YOUR OWN—TO BE THE BOSS



Tens of thousands of repair shops dot the nation. The majority were started by ambitious mechanics who wanted to be independent. With pluck and determination, and a modest investment, you could well make your dream come true! *Mail coupon today.*

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CHICAGO 26, ILLINOIS**

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DEPT. A-590

Mail me your two opportunity booklets: *Big Money in Auto Mechanics*; and *Sample Lesson*. Both are **FREE**.

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____





Adventures on a Shoestring

DID YOU EVER DREAM of settling down on some remote South sea Isle, and just spend your life being waited on by beautiful native girls? Well, who hasn't? We suppose all of us have had this dream at one time or another in our lives, and it gradually fades away as just that — a golden dream.

However, we can make part of that dream come true. No, not in the South Seas, and there'll be no balmy breezes and guitars — but there will be an island. Interested in Islands? You'd be amazed at the vast number of people who've made Islands their hobbies, their pastimes and their possessions.

Just recently Bert and Harry Piel had a contest and the first prize was sole title to a remote paradise island. We never found out who won it. But whoever did, found him or herself the owner of an uninhabited island somewhere far out on the ocean lanes.

We have a friend who had and still has so called island fever, and we'd like to tell you what he did. Seems

he is a commercial photographer and was commissioned to make aerial photographs of a housing development in Portland, Maine. While in pursuit of his undertaking, this friend of ours was amazed to see more lakes with more islands than he ever thought existed. He later learned that Maine has something like 2500 lakes and ponds with the proper number of islands to go with them.

He got his pictures on schedule and decided to go a little island prospecting with a pontoon plane. Within an hour he found a gem. It was an unoccupied, beautifully wadded isle somewhere in Lake Sebago. There were several tiny peninsulas, two of them sheltering a pleasant cove. Our friend dipped down and landed on the lake, then avidly, like a fiend in quest of gold, waded ashore.

The cove faced the mainland, half mile away. On the far side was a gorgeous ten-mile sweep of sparkling lake water with a view of snow-capped Mt. Washington in the background. He listened to the water lapping along the shoreline, and heard the wind sighing through the branches of pine, beech, hemlock (Continue on page 81)

RECORD RIOT!

18 TOP HIT TUNES



The Top Tunes
On Radio & Juke
Boxes This Week!
Save Up To \$11.00

only
17c
ea.

Why pay up to 98¢ each at list for the latest smash hit tunes? Save up to 81¢ each. You get the tunes at the top of the hit tune survey at the very moment you read these words. No old, unwanted songs. We can't list the titles because at the time this magazine was printed, the tunes included in this package were not yet hits. We guarantee you will get 18 of the top hit tunes in the country this week by our top orchestras and vocalists. All 18 come on three 78 or 45 RPM records or one 33-1/3 RPM record, for only \$2.98.

18 HITS BY THE INKSPOTS



Most of these Ink Spots hits sold up to a million records at 89¢ each. You save about \$13.00! Brand new, high fidelity recordings.

only
17c
ea.

1. If I Didn't Care
2. Shanty In Old Shanty Town
3. For Sentimental Reasons
4. Don't Get Around Much Anymore
5. Do I Worry
6. Paper Doll
7. Maybe
8. We Three
9. Someone's Reckin' My Dreamboat
10. Talk of The Town
11. Until The Real Thing Comes Along
12. Whispering Grass
13. I Don't Want To Set The World On Fire
14. It's A Sin To Tell A Lie
15. Rock 'N' Roll Rag
16. Rock Right Up The Lazy River
17. Java Jive

Save Up To \$15.00 Per Package!



Special photo shows how for the first time an exclusive new close-grooving process puts 6 to 8 tunes on one 78 RPM or 45 RPM record and 18 to 26 tunes on one 33 1/3 RPM record. The record packages described on this page

come on 3 Hi-Fidelity 78 RPM or 45 RPM records or 1 Hi-Fidelity 33 1/3 RPM record... saving you up to \$15.00 on each package!

Special Offers

18 RAGTIME PIANO HITS. Genuine mile-a-minute kick beat ragtime piano music. One of the greatest ragtime piano players in the world and his orchestra. Darktown Strutters Ball, Tiger Rag, 12th Street Rag, Honeysuckle Rose, Maple Leaf Rag, Margie, New Orleans Rag, plus 11 others.

All 18 only 17¢ ea.

21 ROCK 'N ROLL HITS Set No. 2. Another sensational Rock 'n Roll Album. Hound Dog, Heartbreak Hotel, Rip It Up, Don't Be Cruel, Blue Suede Shoes, Long Tall Sally, plus 15 others.

All 21 only 14¢ ea.

SONGS OF THE SOUTH SEAS. Genuine "Music Of The Islands" with singing guitars, drums, Hawaiian singing stars and full orchestras. Hawaiian War Chant, Hawaiian Paradise, Blue Hawaii, Sweet Leilani, My Little Grass Shack, Sweetheart Aloha, Moon of Manakoa, Kuu Lei, plus 10 others.

All 18 only 17¢ ea.

LUSH INSTRUMENTALS. 20 of the most beautiful golden melodies of many of America's greatest orchestras. Songs include Autumn Leaves, April In Portugal, La Vie En Rose, Canadian Sunset, High and The Mighty, Ruby, plus 14 others.

All 20 only 15¢ ea.

DIXIELAND JAZZ. A galaxy of great jazz stars thrill you with almost one hour of jazz classics in the world's finest high fidelity. That's Aplenty. When The Saints Go Marching In, Way Down Yonder In New Orleans, Royal Garden Blues, Surrender Blues, Muskrat Ramble, plus 12 others.

All 18 only 17¢ ea.



26 HONKY TONK PIANO HITS

Starring
"KEYBOARD" KINGSTON

only
12c
each

The most exciting Honky Tonk Piano records ever made. Hear "Keyboard" at his open-front piano and his orchestra bring back to life the exciting hits of the gay nineties. Terrific party records. 26 hits in all. I Wander Who's Kissing Her Now • Shine On Harvest Moon • Ta-Ra-Ra Boom De Ay • In My Merry Oldsmobile • Hot Time In The Old Town Tonight • Harrigan • Pony Boy • Crazy Otto Rag • Paper Doll • Peg O' My Heart • In The Good Old Summertime • Plus 15 More.

21 Rock 'n Roll Hits 15¢

INCLUDING



I'm Walking • Party Doll
Love Is Strange • Jim Dandy
Lucky Lips • Since I Met You Baby

Right off the hit tune surveys come the greatest Rock 'n Roll hit tunes of the year. Full orchestras and top vocalists. Believed to be the greatest Rock 'n Roll record bargain ever put together. 21 in all.

SET NO. 1

I'm Walking • Party Doll • Love Is Strange • Jim Dandy • Lucky Lips • Since I Met You Baby Without Love • Bad Boy • Blue Monday • Ain't Got No Home • Slow Walk • Too Much • Blueberry Hill • Ka Ding Dang • Love Me Tender • Monkey Funk Confidential • Knee Deep In The Blues • Don't Knock The Rock • Green Door • Love Me

CALYPSO 20 CALYPSO

Only 15¢ Each!

CALYPSO! The great new musical craze. Tropical rhythms and intriguing lyrics from romantic West Indies. The top 20 Calypso hit tunes by top bands and vocalists. All 20 complete on three 78 or 45 RPM records or one 33-1/3 RPM record for \$2.98.

Jamaica Farewell • Marianna • Banana Boat Song • Mama Looka Baboo • Calypso Melody • Bahama Mama • Stone Cold Dead In De Market • Hold 'Em Joe Matilda • Rum & Coca Cola • Cindy Oh Cindy • Come Back Liza • Love Me Tender • Woman Smarlet • Geombay • Elaine From Port-O-Spain • Ugly Woman • Run Joe • Mona Mona Mona (Calypso Baby) • Never Mind The Noise In The Market • Treat 'Em Rough



18 POLKAS

only 17¢ each
Free Dance Lessons

A triumph! Nothing else like it. Famous Charles Magnante, world's greatest accordionist, and his orchestra play the most terrific collection of polka music ever put together. Free dance instructions tell how to do the polka steps.

Bear Barrel Polka • Helena Polka • Too Fat Polka • Clarinet Polka • La Bella Teresa Polka • Jolly Peter Polka • Pretty Polly Polka • Tic Tac Polka • Baruska Polka • Krabowiak Polka • Pennsylvania Polka • Plus 7 more.



23 BARBER SHOP HARMONIES 13¢

Sweet Adeline • A Bird In A Gilded Cage • The Curse Of An Aching Heart • And Many Other Smash Hits Of The Gay Nineties!

How the gang loves to join in when you play these records. Here is the authentic four part harmony of a true Barber Shop quartet. Never before available. All the old favorites just the way they were sung during the Gay Nineties.

Meet Me In St. Louis • Down By The Old Mill Stream • Tell Me Pretty Maiden • Shine On Harvest Moon • In The Shade Of The Old Apple Tree • A Bird In A Gilded Cage • Little Brown Jug • Sweet Adeline • Plus 15 more all time favorites.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

This is your chance to save up to \$15.00 on each of the exclusive close-grooved record packages described above. Each package comes on 3 High Fidelity 78 RPM or 45 RPM records or 1 High Fidelity 33 1/3 RPM record. If each tune were on separate records you would pay up to \$15.00 more! Order now from one of the country's largest record distributors. Millions of records sold. All records are High Fidelity. Play the records. If not delighted in every way, money back without question. Supplies of some packages limited. So mail coupon today!

White House Co., Record Div. 12Wm
Harrison, New Jersey

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White House Co., Record Division 12Wm
8 Kingsland Avenue, Harrison, New Jersey

Please send the records I have checked below at \$2.98 each set. Enclosed is cash, check or money order. Ship postpaid. Money Back Guarantee.

Send C.O.D. I'll pay postman only \$2.98 plus C.O.D. postage and handling charge on arrival. Money Back Guarantee.

Please Print

Name _____
Check Record 3 78 RPM 3 45 RPM 33 1/3 RPM
Speed Desired _____ Records _____ Records _____ Record (12")

Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____
A 18 Top Hits (With Latest Titles)
W 18 Ink Spots Hits
S 26 Honky Tonk Hits
BM 21 Rock 'n Roll Hits (Set No. 1)
F 18 Polka Hits
BT 20 Calypso Hits
BF 23 Barber Shop Harmonies
V 18 Ragtime Piano Hits
T 21 Rock 'n Roll Hits (Set No. 2)
BP 18 Songs of The South Seas
BK 20 Lush Instrumentals
R 18 Dixieland Jazz Hits

EACH SET \$2.98. 3 SETS \$8.50. 4 SETS \$11. ADD \$2.50 for each additional Set Over 4. SPECIAL PRICE 10 SETS \$25. (Sorry, no COD's over 3 sets).



He was the most infamous desperado America ever knew. He pillaged, killed and raped in a reign of terror. Virgulino Ferreira da Silva was

AMERICA'S BLOODIEST BANDIT!

By WILLIAM DONN

This is the story of Virgulino Ferreira da Silva, who was better known as "Lampeao", the Bandit of Brazil. It is possible that you have never heard of this man, the most infamous, detestable desperado that ever lived in this hemisphere, but within the Republic, just twenty years ago, the mention of his name struck terror in the souls of the people of northeastern Brazil. His nickname, "Lampeao", means in Portuguese "The Lantern", and he was truly an evil flame that shed a blood red gleam on the pages of Brazilian history. Compared to Lampeao the bandits of Central and North America fall far behind the exploits of

death, destruction and violence accredited to him.

Lampeao is officially charged by the Brazilian Army, the Federal Government and local municipalities with killing more than one thousand persons, burning or destroying over five hundred villages, farms and ranches, needlessly slaughtering nearly five thousand head of livestock, the rape of some two hundred women, and with attacking the people of six Brazilian states. He fought seventy-six battles and skirmishes with the Army and State Volunteer Forces in which infantry, artillery, cavalry and aircraft were employed against him and (Continued on page 10)





Lampeao even attacked the local villagers — He raided their homes, pillaged

his group. He lived to the age of thirty-six when, in 1937, he fell before the hand of God and the wrath of the Brazilian people.

This is the true story of the life of a man of death.

In the summer of 1900, on a ranch known as Fazenda Ingrazeira which was located near the mountains of the Serra Vermelha in the Brazilian state of Bahia, there was born to Jose Ferreira de Silva and his wife, Maria Jose Lopes, a son. This son was christened Virgulino Ferreira de Silva by the village priest of Vila Belo. Life in this remote sector of the frontier was hard, primitive, and dangerous. The ranches and farms of the area were isolated from each other by many miles of wasteland, the *caatinga*. The people of the land, the Bahianos, were a tough, grave, and for the most part uneducated, and they managed to survive by scratching a living from the soil, by raising cattle, and protecting their humble homes with arms.

At the age of about five, Virgulino was sent to live with his aged grandmother, Dona Jacosa, and his uncle, Manuel Lopes, in the neighboring village of Poco do Negro. Here his education was begun under the direction of two, and the only two, teachers in the entire region. Schooling did not come easily for the youth. Reading and writing did not fit into his scheme of things, which is summed up in one statement he made when he was seven years old.

"I can read one letter and write another. That is enough. I will be a

vaqueiro when I am a man. For that I do not need to read or write."

During Virgulino's youth there roamed in the backlands many bands of lawless men called *Cangaceiros*, the bandits, the blood spillers. These men formed into groups of from sixty to one hundred, ranged throughout an area of approximately two hundred miles square, raiding small villages, stealing cattle, burning the homes of ranchers and farmers, driving all civilization from the region. They took what they wanted of food, of drink, of horses, of women — of anything that took their fancy. And they took the lives of all those who opposed them, especially the local police and the small army squads stationed in the villages. They called the police officers and soldiers *macacos*, monkeys. The name was derived from the antics the captured policeman or soldier performed on the end of a rope while being hung beneath the branches of a tree in the village square.

The army, answering the pleas of the harried people of Bahia, sent troops in company and battalion strength to hunt down the *Cangaceiros* but without much success. After an attack it seemed as though the bandits simply disappeared into the wastes of the *caatinga*, that vast hostile land of mountains, bad lands, and brush covered hills. The *Cangaceiros* would not stand and fight against a superior force, but they would, and often did, ambush small detachments of the Brazilian army or the Forces Volantes, the local volunteers. In these skirmishes the

forces of justice were nearly always overwhelmed and completely destroyed to the last man. The weapons of the defeated were gathered to supply arms for the growing hordes of bandits. The captured ammunition was placed in a ready stock. The horses were taken to replace mounts injured in battle. And the dead were left where they fell to bloat in the hot sun, to burst and fertilize the soil. The giant, Brazil, had a thorn in its side which was beginning to fester. The people demanded entrance into their rightly owned lands, but the *Cangaceiros* blocked the pathway with violence.

Leaders of known bandit group were the Captains Casemiro Honorio, Antonio Quele, and Ne Pereira, all of whom became legends in the regions, the heroes of every small boy. Stories of the exploits of these men were told and retold in the firelight of the cattle camps, in the way stations of the ox cart drivers, and even became a child's game called "*Os Cangaceiro contra os Soldados*", the bandits against the soldiers.

It is known that Virgulino, when he was about twelve years old, played this game by forming his own band of make-believe *Cangaceiros* and directed them in tactics, strategy, and fighting against other young boys who formed the forces of the army. Although Virgulino was thin bodied and shorter than most of his playmates he was always the leader of the group. He outdid even the bigger boys in nearly everything, from riding a wild horse to shooting with an ancient rifle to fist



their towns, carried off their women and murdered all those who resisted!

fighting. If he was beaten in anything, and it was very seldom, he held a grudge against his victor until he could do some mischief that injured the other painfully. He and his small friends ran wild. They refused to attend school or to visit the church. They left their homes for days at a time, roaming the wastelands, hunting down their food in the wilderness. It is assumed their parents threw up their hands and let the boys lead their uncivilized lives.

In 1916, Virgulino became a cowboy, a *vaqueiro*, and went to work on a great ranch near the town of Arraias in the state of Goias. After a year of this rough life he returned to his home, thoroughly finished with the cowboy's trade, which he stated was fit only for the very stupid. There were other ways for a man to earn a living, he said, many ways, easier ways. And he did for some time earn a living, or at least he existed in a way, keeping his methods of earning money to himself.

It was when he reached the age of eighteen that he really began his career as a bandit. He managed to scrape together enough money to buy a pistol and cartridges during a visit to the town of Sao Francisco, a pistol which he liked to show his young friends and to carry in the waist band of his trousers. During this period he would disappear into the *caatinga*, sometimes for weeks, followed by a comrade who was Ezequiel. Soon it was being said in the village that Virgulino and his friend had been visiting the camps of the *Cangaciros* in the backlands, were learning their (Continued on page 48)



One of the few existing pictures of "Lampego" and his brother Antonio.





*In mad flight to escape the deadly crocodiles,
we encountered an even greater peril in*

Our Struggle with the MAN-KILLING BAMBOO

By LILIAN BROWN

THE RIVER'S mood changed every hour, it seemed. I couldn't decide whether I liked it better when mists rose with the first rays of the sun, and I could see it coming to life before my eyes, or later in the full golden light, when I could dream and drink in the constant song of the river and cry of the birds.

It was hot, and the glare hard on our eyes as the men poled our *cayuco* slowly upstream, the *Rita* following. In spite of a high wind in the trees, the water was calm. Large darning-needles dipped low over the surface and occasionally a jungle kingfisher flew past. Plants that looked like elderberries grew along the shore. Against a shadowy background of lianas, a lovely vine formed a solid wall of leaves with drooping blossoms, like wisteria.

On rounding a curve a new vista of river opened. Thorny bamboo lined the banks with purple (*Continued on page 56*)

From the book, *Bring 'em Back Petrified*, published by Dodd, Mead & Co.,
Copyright 1956 by Lilian Brown.

"My scalp felt as if it were being torn off by the bamboo spikes!"



Charlie leaped upon the show bench, 'Me!' he shouted, 'I am Jesus Christ!'



By PHILIP H. GODSELL

Savage superstition and modern Christianity do not blend smoothly. When they're mixed, they produce awesome, results, such as . . .

THE MURDERING MAD MESSIAH OF BELCHER ISLANDS



The author, Philip Godsell.

What happened when Eskimo superstition ran riot — and a man

POLAR bear gut drums throbbed in the igloos of the Iglulik Eskimos. In the flickering red light of smoky stone blubber-lamps, fur-clad figures leaped and contorted, guttural grunts falling from their thick lips as they brandished ivory-shod harpoons and went through the mummery of stalking seal and polar bears. His black hair reeking with rancid bear fat, Charlie Ouyerack squatted amidst a huddle of slant-eyed women and children, turning over the grease-stained pages of the Bible given him by some transient missionary.

Outside the igloos, the Arctic world, bathed in the ghostly light of the flickering Aurora, crackled beneath the biting cold that surged down from the Pole. Around them the Belcher Islands, near the eastern shore of Hudson Bay, lay in utter desolation—cut off completely from the ancient fur fort of the Hudson's Bay Company at Moose Factory at the Ontario railhead, 300 miles to the southward, where a handful of white traders braved the winter to barter polar bear and fox skins from nomad bands of Indian hunters.

A slat-ribbed huskie dog raised its pointed nose to the heavens and wailed. Picking up a harpoon handle, Charlie Ouyerack went outside to beat the animal into silence. Then Charlie added a blood-curdling yell to the wailing of the dog. The other fur-clad savages came spilling from the snow tunnels to learn the cause of the commotion.

Streaking across the sky in a shower of glittering pyrotecnics, a meteor flashed with a breath-taking display.

Charlie Ouyerack sought his greasy Bible for enlightenment. "It's the Star of Bethlehem!" came his announcement. "Christ is coming again. He sent that sign to warn us. Put up seal and blubber sot that when our Saviour comes there will be lots of food for a blubber banquet."

Hospitable by nature and anxious to do the honours to the visiting Messiah, the simple people of the Polar spaces scoured the icefields for seal and polar bear, cached stores of frozen meat and blubber they would have preferred to have eaten—and awaited Christ's Second Coming.

But as the days passed and knife-

edged blizzards screamed down from the Pole and hunger gnawed at the tribesmen, faith in Charlie Ouyerack's prophecy dwindled and opposing factions formed among his converts.

While Aqualik's devout family agreed that "Jesus might come to earth next day—next week . . . any time," another hungry family thought differently. As they dug up the food caches reserved for the entertainment of the Saviour they insisted they'd thought things over and changed their minds.

"Jesus is getting very close!" Charlie told his broad-faced audience as they hooked chunks of blubbery seal-meat from stone cooking-pots. "Jesus is getting closer!" he rolled his slanting Mongol eyes. Polar bear-gut drums boomed a rolling accompaniment to the declaration. As the throbbing of the drums reached a crescendo, Charlie leapt with a shout upon the snow-bench. "Me!" he pounded his shaggy chest. "I am Jesus Christ! My spirit has come back from the Land of Ghosts . . . I've come down to earth to save you!"

Aghast at this sudden transformation



Inspector Martin of the Royal Mounted Police.



Mounted Police burying bodies of Eskimo victims of Charlie Ouyerack's harpoon-wielding apostles.



Mina, one of Ouyerack's angels awaits decision of Kablunat's court.

claimed to be the "Second Messiah!"

of one of their own into divine stature, the Eskimos surveyed their leader open-mouthed. Nothing seemed impossible to these primitive people who believed that the spirit of the departed remained near the corpse, waiting to re-enter the body of the first newly-born infant. For a few long, spellbound moments, they met the challenging gaze of the medicine-man.

"I believe," Joe Ablaykok raised his sealskin-clad arms. "that Charlie Ouyerack has seen a vision—that he is holy."

"And I believe," Peter Quarack leapt to his mukluk-shod feet, his Mongol face transformed with frenzy.

"And I, too, believe!" howled the greasy matron, Mina.


Sleep and rest were forgotten as the dwellers in the lonely huddle of igloos came under the spell of the crazed Eskimo and his hallucinations.

All but Alex Kaytowiak, who'd mingled with white traders. Hunched in his wolverine-trimmed ahtegi, he watched the imposter with eyes that burned with disbelief. Beside him squatted little (Continued on page 70)



Peter Sala and Ablaykok, the messiah's executioners. (Left) The Mad Messiah.



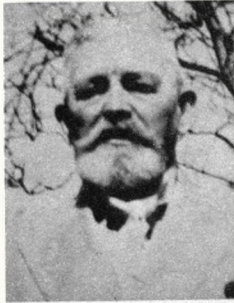


*A vast fortune is there for the taking —
by anyone brave and resourceful enough to defeat
almost sure death in . . .*

THE HORRIBLE CAVE OF GOLD

By HANS SVERDRUP KOCH

"We watched in horror as the two men fell back
and were buried in the black, shiny mass of reptiles.



Hans Sverdrup Koch

ALL MY LIFE I have carried the secret of a big cache of gold. Gold by the hundreds and hundreds of ounces. More gold than two strong men could carry. Rare virgin gold.

And it is lying right there, to this very day, ready to be picked up, belonging to the first man that finds it, and has the courage and resourcefulness to get it out. Now I know I shall never be able to go after it myself, and there is no one I can trust to get it for me, for gold destroys honor. Gold makes men kill and makes thieves of them. That is why I might as well tell my story and let someone who has youth, strength and lack of fear go after it, someone who does not mind travelling to the other side of the world for a fortune in raw gold—red Australian gold, gold in nuggets, some of them no bigger than grains of sand, some of them as big as a man's fist.

And why did I leave it there? It is a long story that has been locked in my heart these many years—a story that no one, not even my wife has heard—but now,—well, let us start at the beginning!

I left the Barque Tellus when we arrived in Australia. She was hungry, poor pay and a killer in bad weather, so most of us just walked ashore that Sunday morning after we were through

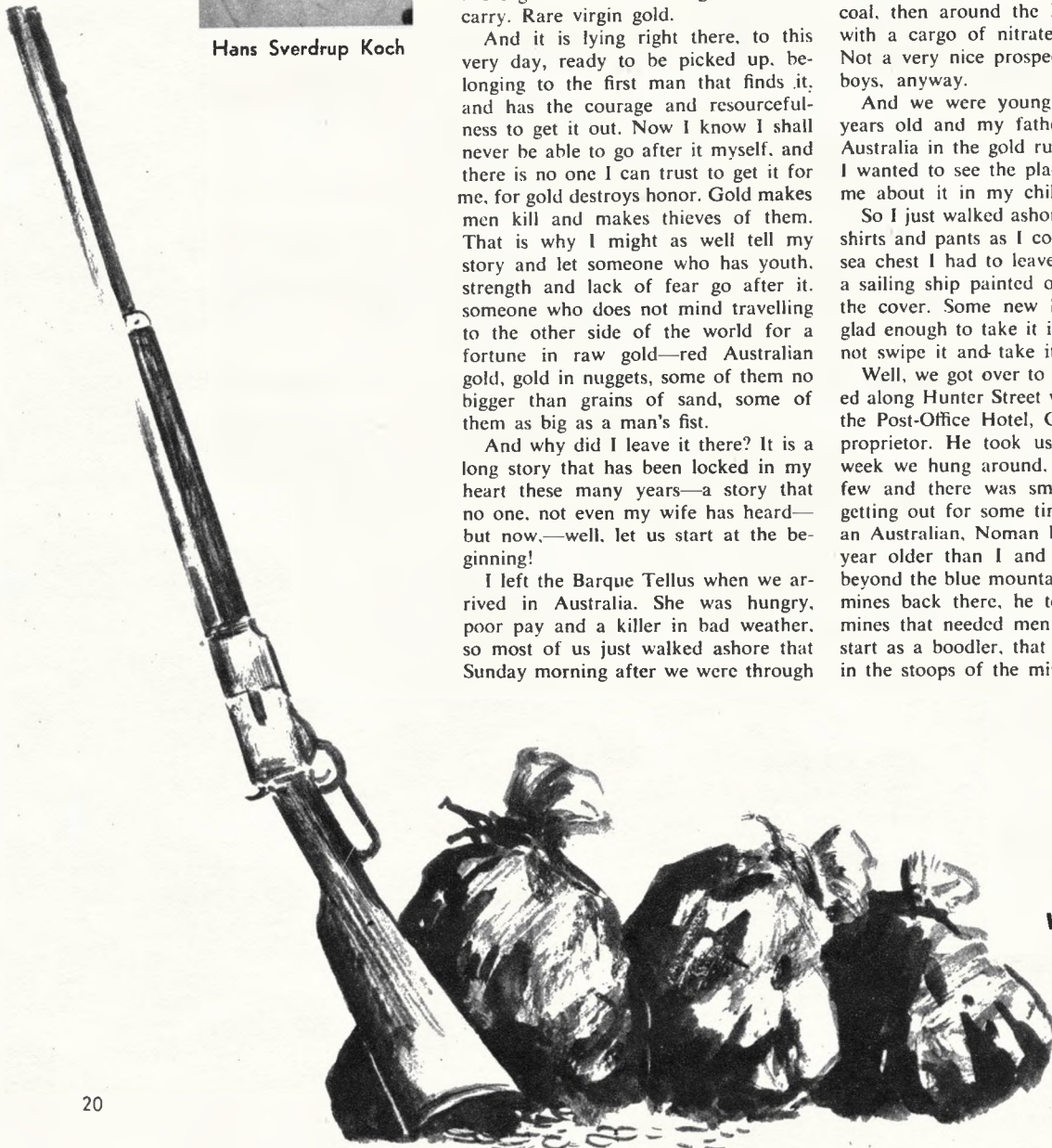
tying her up, over on the Stockton side to wait for her turn under the coal chutes.

She was bound for Valparaiso with coal, then around the Horn in winter with a cargo of nitrate for Hamburg. Not a very nice prospect. Not for us boys, anyway.

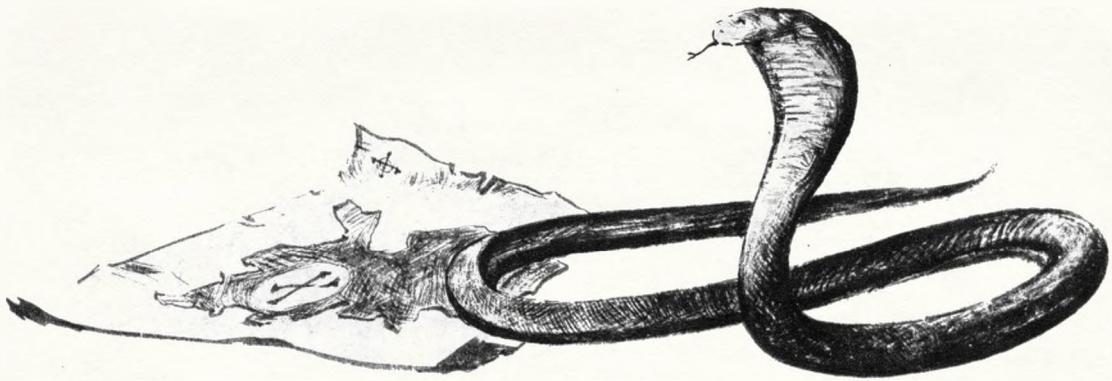
And we were young. I was sixteen years old and my father had been in Australia in the gold rush of 1852 and I wanted to see the places he had told me about it in my childhood.

So I just walked ashore with as many shirts and pants as I could put on. My sea chest I had to leave—the one with a sailing ship painted on the inside of the cover. Some new hand would be glad enough to take it if the Mates did not swipe it and take it aft first.

Well, we got over to town and walked along Hunter Street where we found the Post-Office Hotel, George Hudson, proprietor. He took us in, and for a week we hung around, but ships were few and there was small prospect of getting out for some time. Then I met an Australian, Noman Ford. He was a year older than I and from Bathurst, beyond the blue mountains. There were mines back there, he told me, copper mines that needed men. Anyone could start as a boodler, that is, shovel work in the stoops of the mines, filling little



Wealth beyond



ore trucks that run on rails out to the main shaft. So I went along with him and we took a train to Bathurst, then walked the forty-five miles to Burrago. Twenty-four levels to the mine, three thousand feet deep, and two thousand men working there.

But this work was not for a sailor. Being used to the fresh air, the work in the stoops and shafts, some of them only five feet high, was too confining. I stayed on two weeks to get a stake, then quit.

I went back to Bathurst, stayed at the Victoria Hotel overnight. The next morning I bought myself a 6 x 8 tent, a fly to cover it, a bill can, a blanket and a mouth bag to carry my tucker in, and a .22 rifle.

I made a few other smaller purchases, and the next morning struck out for Blainey, a little town further back in the country where there used to be diggings in the old gold rush days. I was all alone now, and that is the way I wanted it to be. When you are alone, footloose and fancy-free you can travel as you like, take it easy if you want to, or make good time.

There is nothing to fear in the Australian bush except poison snakes. And if you take precautions they seldom bother you.

It was a beautiful sunny morning when I struck out from Bathurst. There was some traffic for a while out of town, but after a couple of hours I had the road mostly to myself. To a sailor, used to being limited to the two sides of the ship and constantly subject to orders, the thought of being my own boss with not a human being within miles, was wonderful. I decided never to leave Australia, but always to wander the roads of this sparsely populated country, seeking over new horizons and enjoyed a freedom such as I dreamed never existed.

About noon it began to get hot, so I spread out my fly, between some trees just off the road, and took a nap.

I did not awaken until the sun was low, so I decided to camp here for the night. About sunset, I walked over to a little waterhole and picked off a rabbit with my new .22. Back at the tent I roasted it over the fire. It was my first meal in the bush and tasted fine. I sat by the fire and smoked for a while, leaning back looking up at the stars. The Southern Cross blazed in the sky, like miniature suns. I will never forget that first evening in the sky country all alone. Before going to sleep I strewed some wood ashes from my fire around the tent to keep snakes out.

A snake's skin is oily and it abhors the touch of ashes which cling to its sensitive skin. I then carried my canvas water bag a little ways off and hung it on a tree branch. Norman had advised me to do this, saying that snakes can smell water for miles off, and are attracted to it. Then I rolled myself in my blanket and slept like a log.

Early the next morning I was up, lit a fire and put my billycan on with water for tea. While it came to a boil I rolled up my tent and blanket and went to the little waterhole to wash up. It was just about sunrise and rabbits by the hundreds were already there for their morning drink.

They were not in the least shy or afraid of me, and I had to shoo some of them away to get to the water's edge.

This day I covered a good distance, walking steadily to the westward, by the sun. I had a small pocket compass, but it was too much trouble to keep checking on it all the time. At noon I rested for two hours, then started out again.

My feet were sore, as I was not used to so much walking, but I bathed them and decided after another day's march to lay up for a day or two and rest. After all, I (Continued on page 77)

man's wildest dreams — and all you need to get it is GUTS.

PERRY





COMO



SAINT OR SINNER?



*The "Mr. Nice Guy" of TV has his weaknesses
and his faults, even as you and I,*

says . . . BLAKE MARIAN

PICK up a fan magazine or a newspaper or almost any kind of publication and you're almost sure to see a story about Perry Como with this kind of headline:

PERRY COMO, TV'S CALMEST STAR

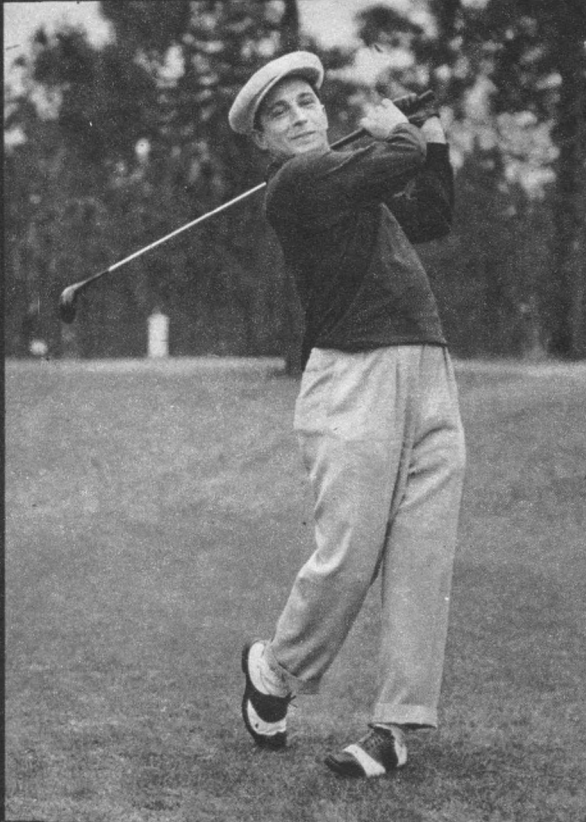
Or maybe this one:

NOBODY CAN GET PERRY COMO RUFFLED

If you keep reading this stuff, you'll gradually come to the conclusion that Perry Como isn't only calm and unruffled, he's dead. From the stories, you'd get the impression that the guy isn't human, that he's just one big, perfect individual, who loves his family and plays golf and sings and hasn't got a flaw in his beautiful personality.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 24

A man of many moods and talents



COMO — THE ATHLETE



COMO — THE COMEDIAN

**SAINT
OR
SINNER?**

Please be informed that Perry Como is a perfectly normal human being. He's got his problems even as you and I. (Well, you, anyhow.) He's a wonderful guy, a nice guy, an easy-going guy — sure, that's true. But, even so, he has some features that haven't been written about. And these aren't faults or flaws, they're just the other side of the coin. Far from detracting from the one-dimensional picture of the Perry Como you read about in fan magazines, these normal traits simply point up the fact that Como is a red-blooded, three-dimensional human being.

He's normal, that's all.

--Also a very likeable guy!



COMO — THE PERFECTIONIST



COMO — THE BUSINESSMAN



COMO — A WINNER!

For one thing, he has a temper. It isn't the kind of temper that blows up — at least, it isn't any more. When he was younger, he had his moments of explosive anger, but with maturity came the knowledge that temper must be controlled.

And so now, when anything or anybody get under his skin, he doesn't blow up in a violent outburst like some of the other stars — Jackie Gleason, for example. Como smoulders, rather than erupts.

And he's learned to swallow his anger, often using the "soft answer turneth away wrath" formula.

At one recent rehearsal, he was set to sing one of his

songs. There was a long delay, while the orchestra checked something in the arrangement. Como stood it patiently, but it got to be too long for him to stand.

Finally, he turned to the orchestra leader and said, "I'll be out of style if you guys don't hurry up."

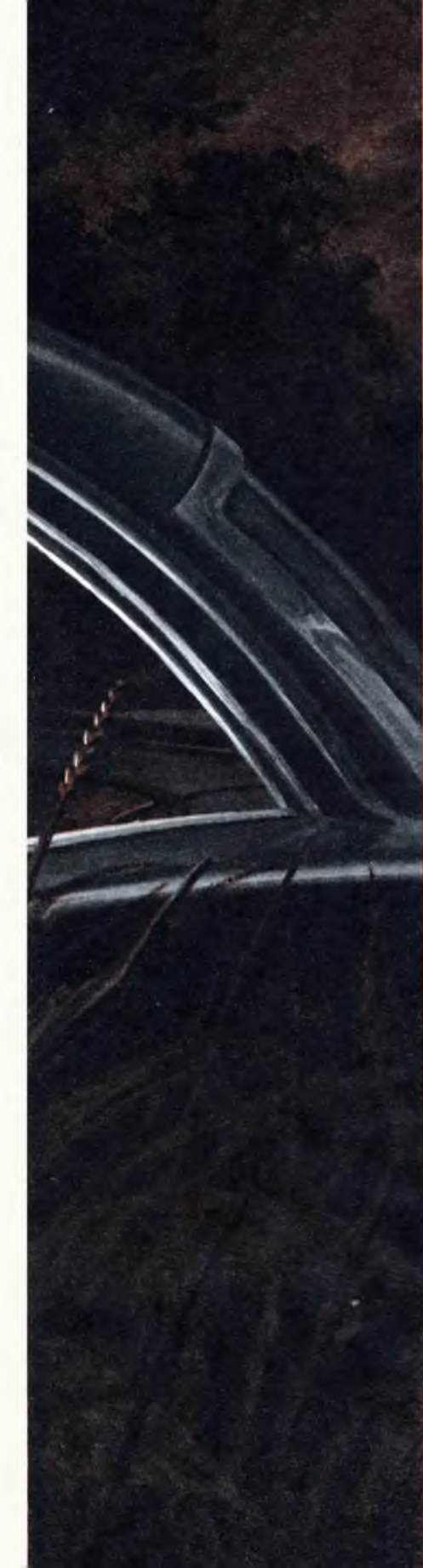
They hurried up.

They know that when Como says something like that, with a smile on his lips but a hard look in his eye, he means it.

If things aren't going the way he wants them to, he'll stalk off the set, tight-lipped and hard-eyed, and go to his dressing room. He may stay (*Continued on page 59*)



Because of the lack of cheap hotels and rooming houses New Haven chippies carry on business as usual from the back seat of automobiles!



**You can find just about any
sort of vice that suits your
fancy on New Haven's Barbary
Coast. Here is the amazing
story of . . .**

Sin—Sex—Vice on New Haven's Barbary Coast

By HOWARD BLAISE

THERE ARE three rules to be followed in New Haven, Conn. if you are a man with time on your hands, a little cash in your pocket and looking for trouble: a drink, a wink and a cheap hotel — that is, if the hotels are not full up. If they are, there is a mess of rooming houses and if these, too, as often happens, are full up, there are the dark alleys where boys take their partners when they are desperate to discuss philosophy.

New Haven is the seat of Yale University where thousands of students from the world over are taught things that can be found in books. The other things they have to learn for themselves, but the lists of those arrested (*Continued on page 64*)

“*I*
T’S
ALL WATER
OVER
THE DAME”

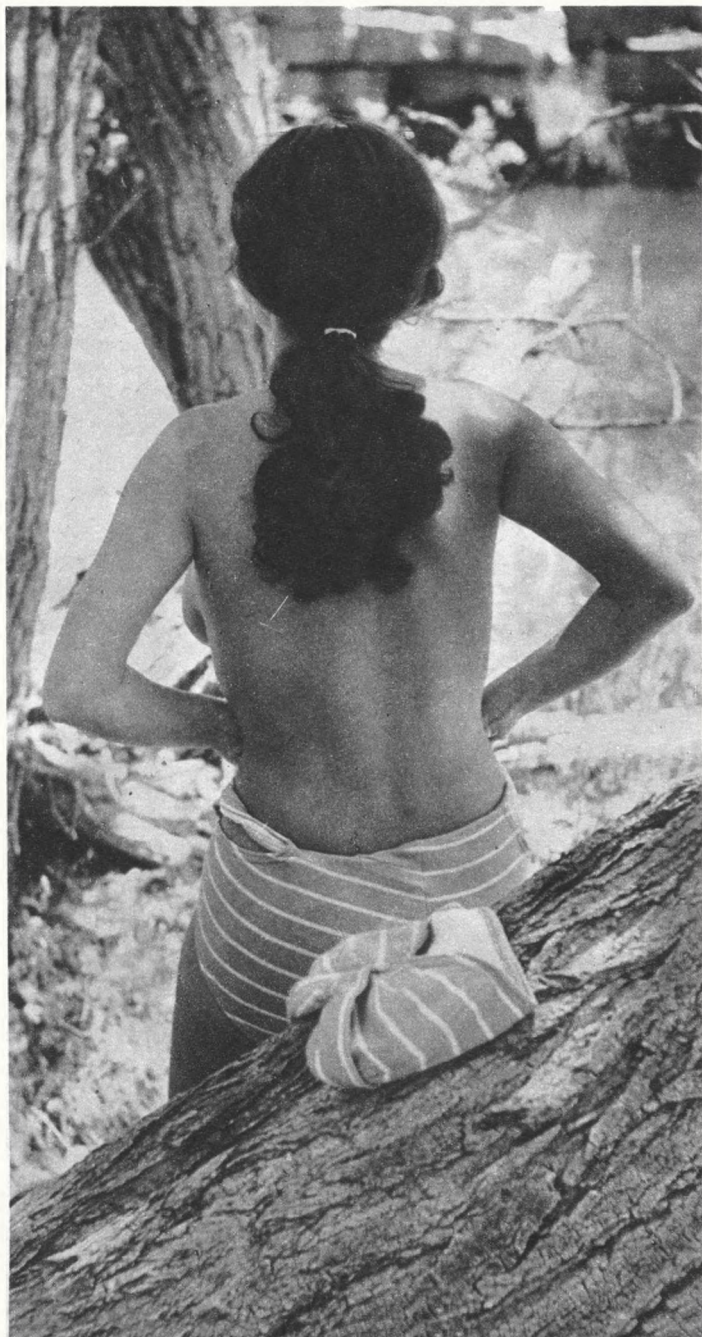


Chortling with girlish glee, Diane divests herself of jacket



★ Nothing is more pleasing to the masculine eye than the sight of a young lady, adequately endowed by nature, taking a bath in some, bosky dell. If she is also unobserved (it isn't fair to count photographers, who are case-hardened to female epidermis) the sight takes on even more pleasant overtones. In the sequence filmed here, Diane has made careful tests of wind direction and water temperature and then made the great decision: Voila! She will bathe in privacy and also in the nude. Her mind made up, she takes instant action. Shedding a bathing suit may not be world shaking, but *someone's* got to do it.

In a pensive mood, Diane considers possible loss of support



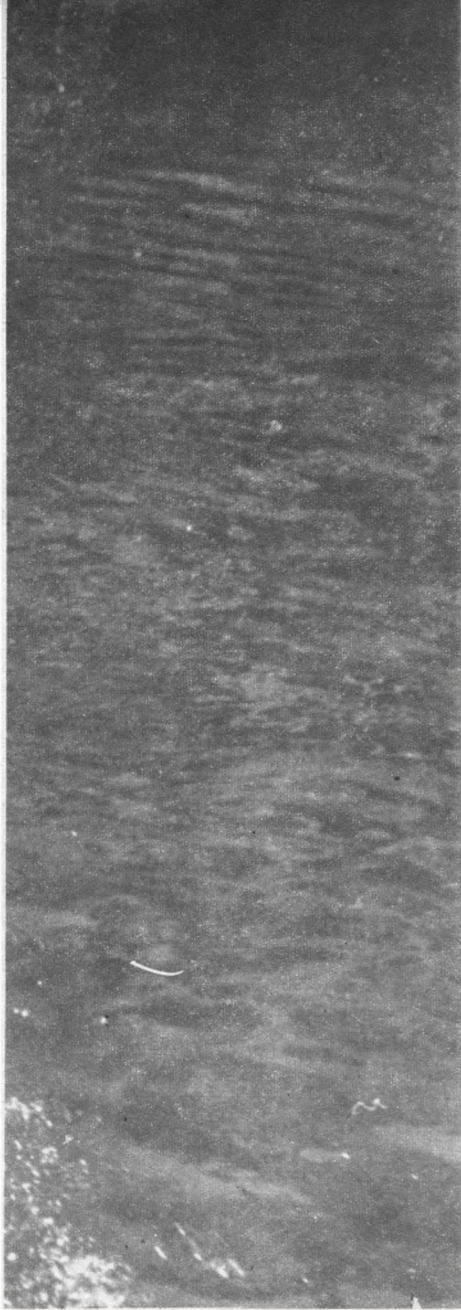
She studies her trunks closely. Fact is, she's all packed

continued



In a final gesture of renunciation,

Diane tosses away civilized confinements



**IT'S
ALL WATER
OVER
THE DAME**

and breasts the current



remember:

Your life is in danger; Unless

so bad for you. Don't get the bull
Put 1,000 in a small tin b
00 50 dollar bill; 2,100 dollar
bills must not be numbered. Place
over the door in the entrance to
side of the main entrance. A la
exactly this way. If these
go from the office. If it
will remain near. If not it
being watched where you go.
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BLACK

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PERSON MOB

The oldest and most despicable of all crimes still flourishes. Here's how the slimy operators intimidate their hapless victims.

By IRV. LEIBERMAN

RECENTLY a prominent Montreal attorney was indiscreet with a woman employee. What happened? He paid — and paid plenty — when she and her husband decided that the old-fashioned badger game — *blackmail* — could still work.

And not long ago a Toronto businessman allowed himself to be enticed into a liaison with a sad creature who was neither young nor pretty — but who managed to get him drunk one night,

and who knew that a gal can make a good living at blackmail.

Blackmail is a going business in Canada because, after all, who among us is not a sinner? Who has a completely untroubled conscience?

Last spring an enterprising Quebec woman read and took to heart the notion that every man has a secret in his past that would not stand the light of day. She selected at random one hundred names and addresses (Continued on page 67)



IN recent years, no man has escaped from the bleak fog-bound rock that is called Alcatraz. But contrary to general opinion, in the past century, 25 prisoners have made their way to freedom from the island prison!

Alcatraz Island lies in San Francisco Bay, the toughest maximum security prison in the world. The steel bars are the toughest; the guards are hand-picked, and the one-and-a-half miles of water to the mainland are the most dangerous to swim!

Alcatraz also holds the toughest and most dangerous criminals. These are the men for whom society holds no hope. The Department of Justice has finally found a place that can hold them — the most formidable rock-bound fortress the world has ever known, far more securely difficult of escape than even the celebrated French


Devil's Island!

The cells and bars are tool-steel, a metal that no file or saw can scratch. The locks can only be opened electrically and mechanically by guards stationed at widely separated posts.

The guards are brought in from other Federal prisons and know intimately the make-up and characteristics of the men they guard. Those not within reach of the prisoners are always armed with automatic pistols, rifles, machine guns and tear gas.

Surrounding the prison building are barbed-wire entanglements and on the docks below are patrol boats.

Probably the most formidable obstacle to escape is the one and a half miles of water, with its treacherous currents, surrounding Alcatraz (*Continued on next page*)

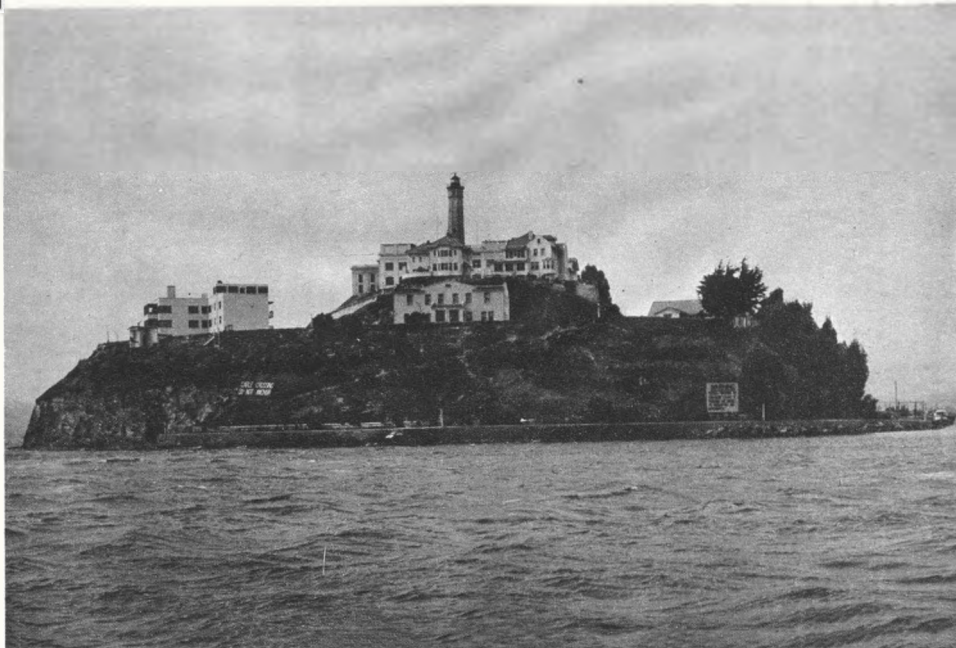


*It is the most formidable prison
ever devised by man, a top security
penitentiary, yet . . .*

THEY HAVE ESCAPED FROM ALCATRAZ

By **BEN B. BERKEY**

"The Rock" — it's supposed
to be escape proof but cons
have prove it can be cracked.





Alcatraz Guard Tower overlooks the entire prison yard.

continued from page 34

Island on all sides.

It takes two guards to open a door. One, a gate-keeper, and the other an armorer. The gatekeeper works the lever, and the armorer operates a button. They work together as a team to open and close the huge steel doors by the use of electric circuits.

The two guards can see each other through the bullet proof glass window, and talk to each other by means of a microphone, but it is next to impossible to attack either of the guards and escape from the cell-block.

The only weapons allowed in Alcatraz belong to the guards, and these are counted and double-checked daily. Visitors, of which there are few, are startled to find that they must undergo a thorough search by means of a hidden electrical detector before they are allowed inside.

The detector is so powerful that it can disclose an object as small as a nail. When the detector finds metal a buzzer sounds and a light flashes a warning to the guards that one of the visitors is carrying a weapon and that offender is thoroughly searched.

Prisons riots are liable to start in the dining room, where prisoners are massed together. At Alcatraz conceal-

THEY HAVE ESCAPED FROM ALCATRAZ



These two men proved that "The Rock" can be cracked. Ralph Roe, (right) and Theodore Cole (left) smashed thru two panes of glass in the prison machine shop and, under cover of heavy fog, disappeared into the night.



ed around the ceiling of the dining room are metal disks which, upon warning, can spew forth an effective tear gas barrage.

No boat, regardless of size, is permitted within 200 yards of the rock-bound citadel.

In the early 20's visiting day presented a problem, with gangster's molls attempting to smuggle coded messages to prisoners. But today visitors have no physical contact with the inmates, but must sit in separate rooms and talk through a perforated, bullet-proof glass set inside a thick wall.

Letters are not delivered directly to prisoners, but are copied to avoid the possibility of hidden messages, or code letters. The prison wall is 20 feet high and the gates through which inmates must pass, are controlled from a tower over forty feet above them.

Prison officials deem it necessary to maintain daily contact with the Coast Guard station six miles away.

During the Civil war, Alcatraz Island was used as an army prison, and it is estimated that nearly a dozen desperate men bolted their jailors, disguised themselves as guards in stolen uniforms and in broad daylight row-

ed ashore in small boats.

The first recorded escape was in 1862, when three California army deserters lowered themselves from the north wall by a rope, made their precarious way down the steep cliff, where they had hidden a raft made of logs and actually paddled their way to freedom.

Another stir-crazy convict, in 1900, boasted to his cellmate,

"I'll get out, but not by swimming that damned bay! I've got my own idea how I'm going to do it! I've got a friend in the printshop. He's gonna print a fake pardon for me, and then I'm gettin' in touch with Carter—he's doin' time here on a forgin' rap. I'll get him to sign th' governor's name to it. That's how I'm gonna get out!"

And he did get out, just as he planned. The spurious pardon was received in the warden's office. Suspicion was not aroused, and the prisoner, who was doing a life sentence, walked out of Alcatraz a free man.

Through the years, others tried the same ruse, and succeeded, but not long after, tighter security regulations were imposed. From 1908 until 1910, six men walked out by mingling with visitors, followed them to a waiting

launch, and were carried to the mainland. Eventually, however, four of the inmates were caught and returned to the prison.

In 1912, four men sawed their way through the brittle steel bars of that period, and escaped to the bottom of the cliff, but a sudden squall came up, and they almost drowned. They were glad to be rescued and brought back to the safety of their cells.

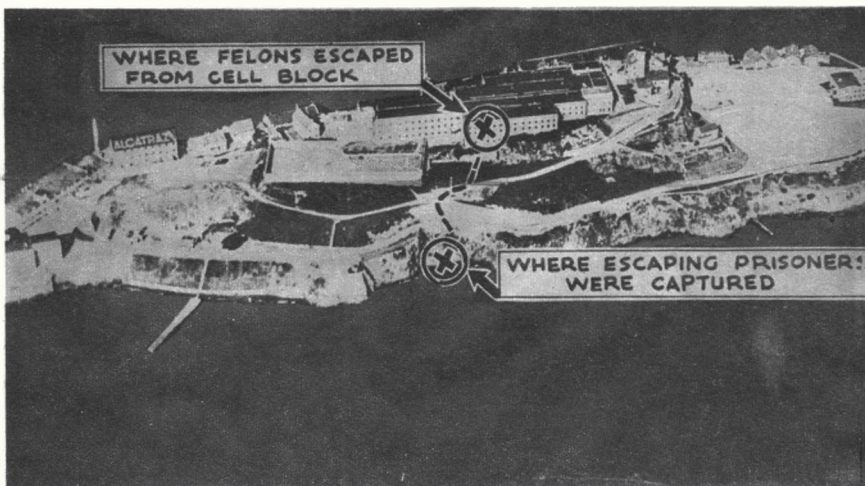
Others who tried the same method of escape were left stranded beneath the cliffs without a means of crossing the broad expanse of water, and almost starved to death before they were found underneath a prison building.

Twenty-five men, mostly military prisoners, walked out of the Alcatraz gates, or made their get-way in boats of one kind or another.

Although prison life on Alcatraz is a grim and calculated affair, the prison is run on a more humane and understanding basis than in years gone by. Gone is the barbarious whipping-post, the thumb-racks, the "hole", with its bread and water diet, the lock-step, and hundreds of other hellish methods to break a man's spirit. (Continued on page 51)



Joe Bowers—He was killed in an attempt to crack "Rock."



Aerial view of "The Rock". Dotted line shows route used by five convicts in an unsuccessful attempt at a break.

Throughout the ages man has striven to perfect more fiendish methods of destroying his fellow man. Some of his efforts have resulted in fantastic killing devices. Here's the story of

THE WORLD'S MOST HORRIBLE WEAPONS

By D. MACCLURE

IT IS A very sad reflection on both civilized and uncivilized man that long before the invention of the hydrogen bomb his constant preoccupation with killing resulted in the invention of the most blood-curdling variety of slaughter weapons imaginable. Even the most primitive races can boast of some ingenious contribution, past or present, to the art of maiming and slaying.

Perhaps a too-close acquaintance with the claws of wild beasts led some races

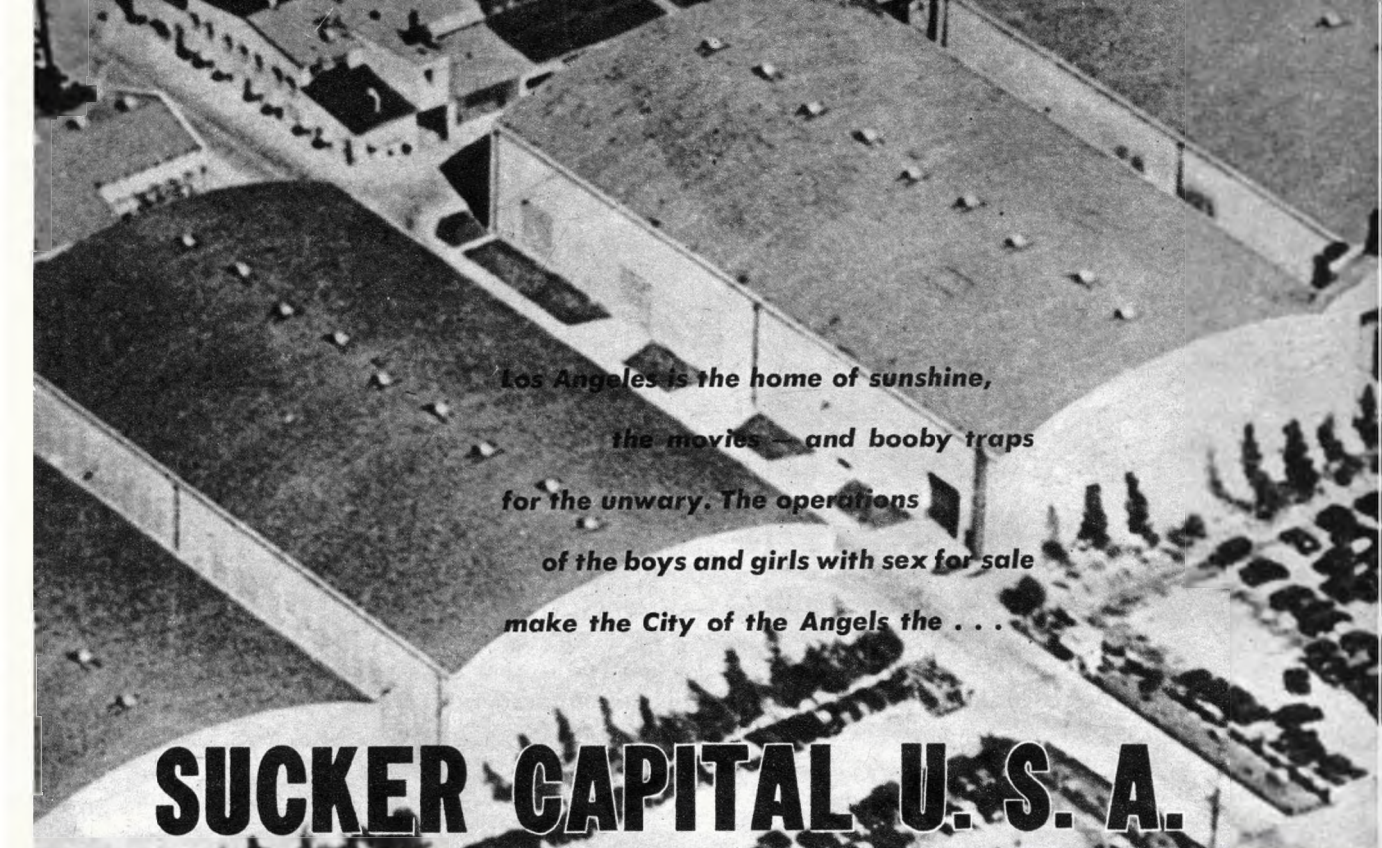
to copy their use. The best example of this is the Indian "bagh 'nakh", or tiger claw, consisting of from three to five steel claws about two inches long, connected together and fitted with rings in which to insert the fingers. This contrivance is carried in the left hand, leaving the right free for a dagger.

Indian history was made with the bagh 'nakh when Sivaji, leader of the Mahrattas, used (Continued on page 52)









*Los Angeles is the home of sunshine,
the movies — and booby traps
for the unwary. The operations
of the boys and girls with sex for sale
make the City of the Angels the . . .*

SUCKER CAPITAL U. S. A.

By HOYT MCAFEE

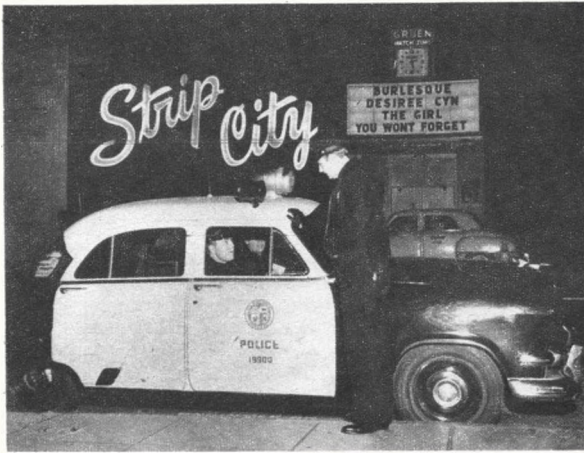
VICE TRAFFICKERS in Los Angeles could have no other theme song than: "Never Give The Sucker An Even Break!" Unwary pleasure seekers soon learn the hard way that Los Angeles, more than any city in the land, abounds in vice booby traps and "slick" sucker-bait come-on. Members of the California Crime Commission, the old Kefauver committee, and present-day State Liquor Control officers have all arrived at the same conclusion.

To wit: That the unholy snares for luring on the sucker trade — and for squeezing it dry — are a disgrace to Los Angeles. Among "sports" and even in underworld circles you hear Los Angeles referred to derisively as: "Sucker Bait Capital of America!"

You don't just take the word of official reports and that of unfortunates who've been rolled and fleeced. You go prowling about the hottest and worst areas in Los Angeles on your own. In the end you discover these to be the most flagrant sucker-bait traps in existence:

1. B-Girl Dives.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 42



SUCKER CAPITAL U. S. A.

Whether you're looking for cuties, cocktails or capers you'll find your pleasure

2. Massage Parlors (Clandestine ones).
3. Flim-Flam Photo Girl Places.
4. Escort Bureaus (lurid and spicy ones).
5. Taxi-Dance Hall Hostesses Who Engage In An After-Hour "Monkey Business."
6. Come-On Damsels In Cruising Cars.
7. Prostitution Activity In Houses Marked "For Sale!"
8. Get Acquainted By Mail Blinds.

Take those come-on Girls in cruising cars. Invariably two of them go on the prowl together. If you're walking along a dimly-lighted street in the downtown Los Angeles area, all the better for their purposes. Sizing you up as a "lively prospect," they pull up to the curb and begin seductively:

"Hi, There—Honey! Like to have some fun?" A glance into their car reveals that both girls have their skirts hoisted, away up. They turn on their sexiest allure and tell you further: "We'll go to our quiet place and have a time, sport. Can you spend ten dollars?"

If you show no interest in their "proposition," they renew their wheedling—and whittle the price down to five, strictly as a "get-acquainted" bargain! These "go-out-and-get-them"

babes never give up easily—not even when a prospective customer starts walking away. Night after night they entice young servicemen and other unwary fun seekers into their cars.

A hooked man climbs into the front seat between the two bold hussies. All three head for their "hideout." It usually turns out to be an apartment house on a back or side street. Once there—and the aged sucker disrobes—the lights go out. He thereupon becomes an easy prey for the inevitable male plant. This slippery crud slips from his hiding place, somewhere in

the room, and cleans out the sport's wallet.

Uncounted numbers of sailors, soldiers, and marines fall into that sex trap—especially on week-ends after their payday. Even plenty of word-of-mouth advertising doesn't put a crimp in the fast-and-loose "buisness" of the cruising harlots. They have an uncanny knack for latching on to a new crop of suckers every time they make a round in their cars.

Equally successful in rounding up easy spenders are the photo girls of Los Angeles. For a while they oper-

One of the many Los Angeles night club entertainers used three chairs as a bed as she takes timeout between drinks and suckers.



the dens that dot L. A.

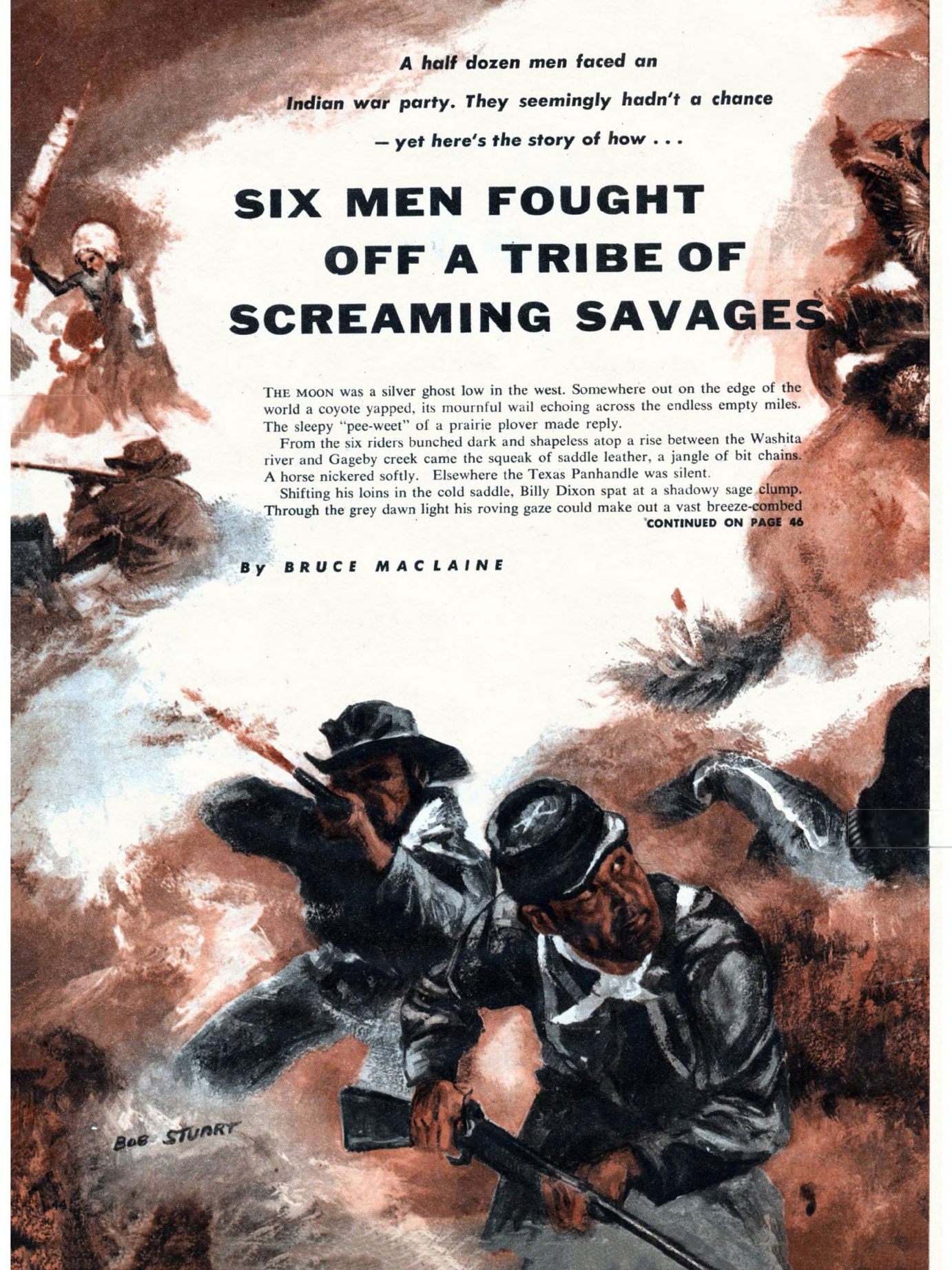
ated openly and brazenly up and down Main Street. Once the "heat" was on, they simply moved to covert locations—or hideaways. There, brash-talking, loose young girls (in tight-fitting sweaters and short skirts) dangle sex bait in front of good-time soldiers, sailors, and marines nightly.

They tempt the impressionable ones by sitting in their laps and "posing" with them in secluded booths. A smooching-scene photo costs the sucker ten dollars—no matter how blurred it may be. One in which the girl poses in her undies (in the lad's embrace) sets him back fifteen. Additionally, the chiseling chippies of photo-girl lane drum up juicy tips by promising to meet the panting guys—"after working hours." (Promises they never keep—unless they're assured of an additional twenty-five for their bedroom favors, on an all-night basis.)

A more subtle come-on, however, characterizes the taxi-dance halls (Roseland and Dreamland) in downtown Los Angeles. Hostesses wear tight-fitting evening gowns, complete with plunging necklines (if they have something worth-while to show off). Those out to make a fast buck, "latèr on," croon into their dancing partner's ear and rub up against him provocatively. (Continued on page 61)



Two chippies nabbed in an L. A. vice raid duck from photographers



*A half dozen men faced an
Indian war party. They seemingly hadn't a chance
— yet here's the story of how . . .*

SIX MEN FOUGHT OFF A TRIBE OF SCREAMING SAVAGES

THE MOON was a silver ghost low in the west. Somewhere out on the edge of the world a coyote yapped, its mournful wail echoing across the endless empty miles. The sleepy "pee-weet" of a prairie plover made reply.

From the six riders bunched dark and shapeless atop a rise between the Washita river and Gageby creek came the squeak of saddle leather, a jangle of bit chains. A horse nickered softly. Elsewhere the Texas Panhandle was silent.

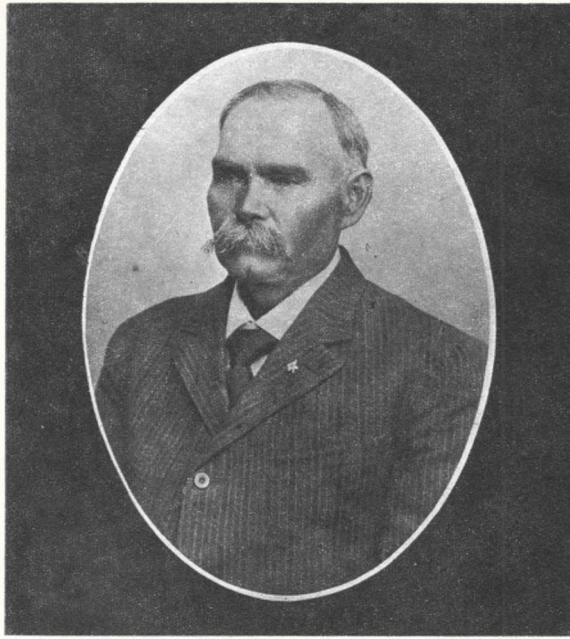
Shifting his loins in the cold saddle, Billy Dixon spat at a shadowy sage clump. Through the grey dawn light his roving gaze could make out a vast breeze-combed

CONTINUED ON PAGE 46

BY BRUCE MACLAINE

BOB STURRY





Scout Billy Dixon, the hero of the Battle of Buffalo Wallow.

SIX MEN WHO FOUGHT OFF A TRIBE

sea of buffalo grass, mesquite, and sagebrush, black-etched by tortuous lines that were dry washes or ravines. But nowhere a sign of life.

It was September 12, 1874. Two days earlier Dixon and Amos Chapman, as couriers for Colonel (Brevet Major General) Nelson A. Miles, had left his base on McClellan creek with dispatches for Camp Supply, on the Canadian river in Indian Territory (Oklahoma). Their escort was four troopers of the 6th Cavalry. They were: Sergeant Zack Woodall, I Troop; Privates John Harrington, H Troop; Peter Roth, A Troop; and George W. Smith, M Troop, all expert shots, had drawn the assignment. Like the civilian scouts, they were old hands at Indian warfare. And well that they were, for the Comanches and Koawas were off the reservation and the frontier was ablaze.

While far off buttes and ridges slowly lifted from the night, from the silvering desert's black sweep, the detail sat motionless. Butts warming to saddles, senses keenly alert, they waited. Hostiles had a liking for dawn attacks;

no sense riding blind into an ambush.

That's how the Germain family had got it—on September 9. Hugo Germain's wife, son, and five daughters. Ignoring the military, they had gone up the Canadian alone. A patrol found what the Indians had left, shortly after sunup.

Only fools would have entered that wooded draw. The wagon still burned, smoke coiling lazily in white ropes. Strewn about it trampled clothing, broken furniture, splintered china. The horses were gone. Only the humans, blue stiff in their agony, remained.

Germain's stripped and arrow-studded corpse was grotesque in the new day's light, outraged eyes howling for vengeance. Nearby lay a small boy and a smaller girl, and the brand of blood-slick, hair-tearing hands was on them too.

Dixon, guiding the patrol, had found the woman. And what could a man do—or say? The nakedness of her. The stark obscenity. The awful, sprawled-out, twisted thing that remained after slavering, beast-hot sav-

ages had finished. Dull eyes terror-wide, reflecting the hurt and futile screams terminated by a steel-pipe axe. What *could* a man do—but remember the clotted abomination and glutted green flies with a dark and simmering fury that remains forever.

And remember also the lust-drunk bucks had carried off the other girls. Two in their teens; the others ten and five. The fate awaiting the teen-agers would outlast their mother's. They were young and strong. But why Spotted Bull had spared their sisters still puzzled Dixon, as he sat probing the distances.*

**Regarding the four Germain girls: Lieutenant Frank D. Baldwin 5th Inf., won a second Medal of Honor by rescuing two of them from the Cheyenne village of Grey Beard (how the Cheyennes got them is a mystery, unless it was a horse trade) in a feat that is a story in itself.*

Colonel Miles, coming to the support of his lieutenant, found the two teen-aged girls (suffering from the attentions of many warriors during their

short captivity) in a hidden tipi on a creek. They identified some 70 of those who slew their parents, and raped them, and these were sent in chains to Florida. Colonel Miles diverted funds from Indian annuities to support the four until they recovered from their ordeal and later married.

Daylight was a pinkish pulse low in the east, the sweet bitterness of sage dawn fresh, when he grunted. "Let's git off'n heah, afore we'ah spotted."

Down the gently shelving slope to the flat running off to the distant river they rode, carbines butted on thighs. Narrow-hipped, straight-backed men in dust-greyed blue and weathered buckskin. Quartering in and out, single file, riding carefully. The dawn mists stirrup-high, the warm nitrogen stench of the horses washed thin by the brown sweetness of eatin' tobacco.

Off to the right the Antelope Hills, outlined against a spreading rosy light. Some five hundred yards westward a low hogback ridge, brown and barren.

Dixon regarded it narrowly. If a war party wanted to . . .

Up, then, from the backslope, silently and unbelievably, rose a line of tossing feather . . . satanic faces . . . painted warriors on wiry paint ponies!

For ten seconds the Indians seemed to hesitate—and the couriers knew this was no ambush. Then a war-bonneted chieftan shook his lance skyward.

The couriers threw off. There was no chance to make the river, or head for high ground. There was only time for Spencer hammers to snick back.

Copper bodies hard down on the off side of surging ponies, the howling torrent poured down the slope. Wood-all barked an order to fire. Then the dawn was alive with a thundering rush. A rush that carried up to the tiny island of grimly firing couriers, bent around it in a flurry of thrasing pony hooves and thrusting lances, and rolled on out of carbine range. Bunching raggedly then, following the pattern, the deadly circling began.

Breathing hard through his open mouth, Dixon fumbled to reload.

Agony stabbed wetly through his bullet-creased leg. His shirt was drafty from close misses. A glance told him everyone had been hit. Smith was an inert heap, blood welling from his back. The others, seemingly, had received minor wounds.

Smith had been horseholder. Now the mounts were running free and panic blind among riderless Indian ponies. With them went any chance of escape.

The mind explodes in a fire fight against odds. It is steel and flesh and red fury in crescendo. Kill or be killed. Guts and fear—seeking a way to survive. Dixon spilled a racing pony and rasped, "See thet mesquite, Zack?"

The sergeant squeezed off a round, spat as a feathered Kiowa flopped thrasing, and glanced at a mesquite thicket three hundred yards away. "Looks right cozy. But we'd never make it." Grinning wryly he levered home a shell.

Dixon scowled. Methodically he picked off two more yelping bucks as he
(Continued on page 73)

Billy Dixon leads a troop of U. S. Cavalry thru a winter campaign in the midwest.



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AMERICA'S BLOODIEST BANDIT

(Continued from page 11)

ways, and had even taken part in one or two raids. Each time the two returned to the village they seemed more rude to the villagers. Then, one day, when Virgulino was seen carrying a rifle, a new rifle with the stamp of the army on its barrel, they knew he had thrown in his lot with the bandits. From the womb of Maria Jose Lopes had come the boy, Virgulino Ferreira da Silva. From the wild Serra Vermelha, the Red Mountains, came the *Cangaceiro*, Lampeao.

It is doubtful that anyone, seeing him for the first time, would believe that this little man could become the terrible leader of the bandit hordes. He was almost comical in appearance, being about five feet seven inches in height, and weighing probably a hundred and forty pounds, less armament. His face was thin and features sharp. His mouth was a slash on an expressionless mask. His eyes were narrowed and black, like the eyes of a snake and — of all things — he wore glasses. Dark hair hung almost to his shoulders. His dress was typical of the era and the locality of Bahia. Wide brimmed hat turned up in front and back with a leather hand band set tightly across his brows. A loose fitting cotton jacket and trousers clothed his small body. Encircling his neck was a bright colored bandanna, and criss-crossed over his narrow shoulders hung bandoliers of rifle cartridges. Around his slim waist was a leather pistol belt that was weighted down by a heavy revolver and a long bladed knife. Mounted on his horse, usually a tough little range pony, the picture was completed.

In 1918, Virgulino disappeared from the village of Vila Bela, from civilization, and entered the wilderness. At first he and his friend, Ezequiel, took up with a band of *Cangaceiros* led by Antonio Matilde and Antonio Pereira. This band formed a part of the bandit group controlled by Captain Casemiro. The first recorded raid in which Virgu-

lino is known to have taken an active part was when the band attacked the Fazenda Sao Goncalo which was owned by a man named Jose de Sousa. Jose de Sousa was a man of some means. He was not only a rancher, but a state *politico* of importance, and an officer in the Volunteer Forces. Being a soldier he had prepared his ranch for bandits attacks by keeping on hand a store of food, water, large quantities of ammunition, and 50 well trained cowboys in his personal army. For seven days and nights the fighting raged with casualties mounting on both sides. Finally Captain Casemiro, tiring of the futile attack, withdrew his bandit forces, completely beaten off.

This withdrawal was the beginning of the end for the power of Casemiro. The bandits had gained nothing. Their only reward was in escaping the deadly rifle fire of Sousa and his men, who had wounded nearly half of the *Cangaceiros* and killed 20. They began to grumble among themselves. Their leader had lost his touch. He could no longer guarantee them loot, women, money, and liquor. They did not immediately desert Captain Casemiro, but his word was not obeyed as in the past. His prestige was falling fast.

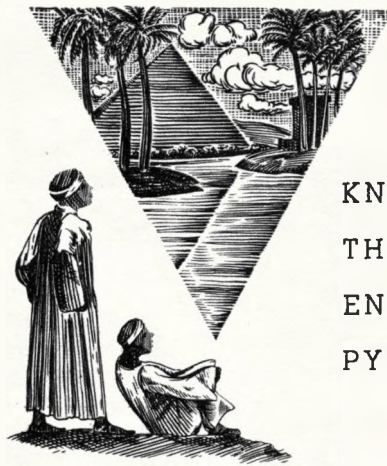
As Casemiro began to lose his control his Lieutenants, seeing their opportunity, gathered up the loose reins of command and divided the group into separate bands. Raiding into the territory of one band caused friction with another band, and in a short time each band was the enemy of the other. At about this time Lampeao was made a Lieutenant of Captain Antonio Matilde who had split with Antonio Pereira. For a few months the citizens of north-eastern Brazil were left in peace while the Captains fought against each other. Pereira against Casemiro, with Matilde and Lampeao against them both. Finally, after a sharp skirmish with the band of Casemiro, Antonio Matilde was mortally wounded and Lampeao

took command of his band. Within six weeks Lampeao, by his daring and skill, drove the other Captains from the Serra Vermelha. He set traps, ambushed, slaughtered, and tortured his enemies wherever he found them. He kept them off balance, scattered, never letting them re-form. Soon *Cangaceiros* from other bands came to Lampeao's camp to join his forces, deserting their older Captains for this young leader, swelling his group to over two hundred men. When the Battle of the Bandit Captains was won by Lampeao he again turned to attack the local citizens, raid their homes, pillage their towns, murder those who resisted, take their women.

The government of Brazil sent troops in search of this blood-thirsty man. They sent cavalry in squadron strength, infantry by battalions, artillery, and even dispatched aircraft to hunt down and kill the madman in the north. But the land was wide, the *caatinga* dense, the forests deep and they did not find the bandit, Lampeao. State Governors formed flying columns of local volunteers, equipped with fast horses, rifles, grenades and machine guns. These units were trained to form rapidly and be off against the bandits within a few minutes after notification of an attack. Again they failed to corner Lampeao. They did, of course, engage small bands of Lampeao's followers at intervals, but the usual result was that the bandits ambushed the troops, killing and wounding a number of soldiers before they again melted into the vast backlands. If it so happened that the troops gained the upper hand in a battle Lampeao, in all his fury, retaliated by riding to some nearby ranch and killing all of the cattle he could find, or by racing through a village shooting up the townspeople. During the nineteen years Lampeao was considered the *Rei do Cangaco*, the King of the Bandits, he was wounded six times; once so seriously that he was expected to die.

HERE are a number of typical incidents that will clearly show the type of man this Lampeao became.

In the town of Brejao, Lampeao, with a group of over 100 *Cangaceiros*, attacked the inhabitants just after dawn. The bandits rode through the streets shooting at anything that moved. Within an hour the town fell to Lampeao, who set up his headquarters in the office of the Mayor, and after calling the leaders of the people demanded that they supply his men with everything they wanted. If any resistance was encountered or the bandits were fired upon, five of the townspeople would be immediately shot. He then ordered an army corporal and seven soldiers, which formed the town's garrison, to be



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brought before him. He questioned them about army strength in the neighborhood, the location of equipment and supplies, and then he hung them. While Lampeao's men were pillaging the town a local man escaped on a horse, amid a hail of bullets, and rode to the nearest post of the Volunteer Forces for reinforcements. Hearing of the man's escape Lampeao killed the Mayor and his wife, set fire to Brejao, and departed from the burning village to meet the Volunteer Forces which, he was certain, would be far fewer in number than his Cangaceiros. He ambushed the troops in a small clearing. The first indication to the troops that they had ridden into a trap was when the bandits laughingly began to call to them from the caatinga. "Macaco, macaco. Hey, monkeys."

ALTHOUGH the troops were equipped with a machinegun and numbered 58 the Cangaceiros shot them down one by one until only the leader, a young lieutenant, was left alive. Then Lampeao, in his high pitched voice, began to taunt the man from his hiding place in the underbrush. Each time Lampeao called out a vile name, laughed, or screamed his hate, he moved his position. The lone survivor, in a state of panic and knowing he was near death, sprayed the area with machinegun fire hoping to hit some of the bandits before he died. His aim was bad, he wasted his ammunition. After playing in this manner with the lieutenant for the better part of an hour Lampeao fired, hitting the man in the leg and knocking him down. When the lieutenant pulled himself again to his feet Lampeao shot him through the other leg. Then as the man laid on the ground and tried to defend himself Lampeao shot him in the stomach. When he was certain the lieutenant no longer was capable of fighting he walked to the wounded man, reached down, jerked back the man's head, and cut it off. With his long knife plunged into the neck stump he held the bloody head aloft as a token of victory for the other bandits to see. One machinegun and 58 more rifles were added to the Cangaceiro's supply of arms. More than half a hundred bodies were left lying in the caatinga, unburied.

Some time later, near the town of Capivara in the Municipio deAlagoas, an army corporal with three soldiers attacked a group-of 47 bandits led by Lampeao. The corporal did not recognize the leader of the Cangaceiros, but he did recognize that the horses they rode were stolen from a rancher in the district. During the fighting the Corporal was killed, one soldier killed, and one soldier badly wounded. Of the

bandits one was killed and Ezequiel, the friend of Lampeao, was seriously wounded. When the soldiers had withdrawn Lampeao looked down at his friend laying on the ground and is reported to have said, "He is of no more use to me or the band. He will delay us in our escape from here." With this he drew his pistol and shot Ezequiel through the head. After this particular skirmish Lampeao led the bandits to a nearby ranch and needlessly slaughtered more than 200 head of cattle.

The wound that nearly cost Lampeao his life was inflicted when one day he saw the wife of a rancher named Joao Xavier. She was pretty woman, well formed, brown skinned, and with long shining black hair. Lampeao resolved to have this woman, so he attacked the isolated ranch where she, her husband, and two cowboys lived. Joao Xavier, assisted by his hired men, fought the bandits for some hours until all the defenders were badly wounded and unable to continue. Then Lampeao, in his eagerness to have the woman, rushed to the door of the cabin and, kicking it open, burst into the room. Inside the cabin there was heard the roar of a heavy caliber rifle, and in a few moments Lampeao staggered out, clutching a blood soaked chest. In the doorway stood the wife of Joao Xavier, her eyes blazing with hate, her smooth brown arms levering another .44 cartridge into the breach of her husband's rifle. The bandits were so astounded that not another shot was fired. Lampeao was tied to his horse and taken back to the Cangaceiro camp more dead than alive. Within a few months he had recovered without the aid of a doctor. It might be noted that these bandits would, after an attack, take such women as they pleased. They carried the captured women to their camps used them in the most savage manner, and killed those who fought too fiercely against their advances. So that these women should never again desire to leave the camp they were branded with a heated iron on the face. The brand was a letter "C", which showed that the women had served the lust of the Cangaceiro. After Lampeao's wound had healed he took a captive woman named Maria Bonita into his hut. This woman bore him several children but there is no further information concerning their lives.

In 1935, near the town of Cachoeira, Municipio de Vila Bela, a troop of cavalry led by Cergeat Euclides Flor was attacked by Lampeao and about 200 bandits. The cavalry was engaged in escorting supplies to various military posts in the area. In this battle the bandit forces killed more than 30 soldiers.

wounded many others, and carried off the entire supply train. This victory supplied them with hand grenades and machineguns, rifles and pistols, and vast quantities of much needed ammunition. They also captured more than 100 horses and mules of the army. During this fight Sergeant Flor wounded Lampeao in the arm, killed seven Cangaceiros in hand to hand combat, and was himself wounded. Some twenty bandits were killed by the soldiers before their defeat. Angered by the loss of so many of his men Lampeao ordered the wounded Sergeant to be dragged to death behind galloping horses. They dragged the Sergeant through the *caatinga* in a wide circle, finally jerking his battered body before the wounded Lampeao. The bandit leader bent over the dying man, peered into his bloody face, and shouted, "The bastard's still alive." The semi-conscious Sergeant Flor opened his eyes, saw he face of the hated enemy, and spit upon Lampeao. Insane with rage, Lampeao rushed to the horses and dragged the valiant Sergeant to death.

IT was in 1937 that the Brazilian army, in a concentrated effort, cornered Lampeao and some 60 members of his band in the Serra do Chico, a barren area, almost a desert, uninhabited, and nearly devoid of water holes. A few days before there had been a great battle between the *Cangaceiros* and the army in which the bandits were defeated with terrible slaughter, their forces scattered. Lampeao gathered the remnants of his group, and to escape capture, led his men into the vast Serra do Chico where they could remain hidden.

The commander of the army forces, realizing Lampeao was escaping, sent out patrols to cover all routes to the Serra and known water holes in the region. One patrol, under the command of Sergeant Jose Soares, following a trail leading to the water hole known as *Tanque Seco*, the Dry Hole, came upon hoof marks and knew from their freshness that the bandits were not far ahead. Sergeant Soares sent a soldier to his commander with this information and proceeded to follow the trail. Upon arrival in the vicinity the sergeant crawled to the top of a sandy hill which overlooked the water hole. He saw that the bandits were gathered around *Tanque Seco*, but to his amazement he observed that some were laying still upon the ground in the hot sun, while others stumbled in the dust on their knees. Many saddle horses lay dead near the hole. Instantly Sergeant Soares understood the situation . . . poisoned water.

With his eight soldiers the sergeant

moved in on Lampeao and the 60 *Cangaceiros*. He found the bandit leader laying in the underbrush, not dead as yet, but blinded by the poison. Upon being told that he was in the hands of the army he commented, "You're lucky, Sergeant, that we didn't meet one hour ago. But since you are the man to capture me after all these years I can do no less than congratulate you and offer you a drink. Not of good hard liquor, my friend, just the water of *Tanque Seco*. Drink with me, sergeant, and when your comrades arrive offer them one on me." Then with a choking laugh, Lampeao died.

Thirty seven of the bandits died from the poisoned water, including Maria Bonita and six of Lampeao's Lieutenants. All the others were captured, some shot by firing squads, and some sent to serve long prison terms. Since the people of the district were badly frighten-

ed by the *Cangaceiros* the army commander ordered that the heads of Lampeao, Maria Bonita and 20 other bandits be cut off, preserved, and carried throughout the area to show the inhabitants that the madman and his followers were really dead.

In Brazil Lampeao has become a legend. There have been books written about him and his exploits. Just four years ago a movie was produced in Brazil that closely paralleled his life and which won an award at the Film Festival in France. By some he is considered a cross between a valiant man who fought for the people against the oppression of unscrupulous politicians and an honest youth who was driven by circumstances into a life of banditry. But the true story, the documented accounts, show him to be the most vicious killer ever known in the western hemisphere. ● ● ●

THEY HAVE ESCAPED FROM ALCATRAZ

(Continued from page 37)



The Federal prison system in America today is a model for the whole world even Alcatraz.

One of the reasons for prison riots and jail breaks—is poor food. Take away a man's liberty and, of the normal pleasures of life, food is about all he has left.

On Alcatraz Island the food is simple but adequate. A typical breakfast might very well contain this menu:

Coffee, oatmeal and milk, sausage, potatoes, toast and oleomargarine.

Lunch: Soup, roast beef, mashed potatoes, string beans, bread, dessert, coffee.

Supper: Baked beans with bacon or pork, corn bread, salad, coffee and dessert.

Guards on the prison floor do not carry arms. The reason? So there will not be the slightest chance of them being disarmed by a sudden outbreak by desperate convicts. Instead, prison-floor guards are constantly protected by heavily armed guards posted on high watch towers and catwalks who oversee the entire area.

No one who has ever seen or been

on the Island, will ever forget it. The cliffside is almost perpendicular, and the side facing the Golden Gate is as rough, barren and jagged as a South Sea island dotted with volcanoes. Yet, for all its barrenness, a good portion of the Island is lush with colorful plants and flowers, especially above the water line.

Alcatraz received its name from the Spaniards. When they visited the island in 1769, the place was full of birds—mostly Pelicans. They called it *Isla de Alcatrazes*, or, Island of Pelicans. In time this was shortened to Alcatraz.

In 1868 the War Department used the island to confine military prisoners, and during the Spanish-American War scores of prisoners occupied the old cells. Alcatraz was used also in World War I to guard enemy aliens, espionage agents and military prisoners.

In 1934, the War Department turned over to the Department of Justice the keys to the island and it became America's strongest penal institution.

Recent attempts to escape Alca-

traz rival even the cleverest of today's suspense stories, or television plots. No matter how great the odds, imprisoned men will try to break out. They will steal tools and make their own weapons. These may look crude but they are dangerous in the hands of a clever and hardened criminal.

In 1935, word was received by the Chief of Police of San Francisco, that gangsters planned to attack the island. The idea was to overpower the police officers, who manned the patrol boat, wear their uniforms as disguises, pilot the boat to the docks of the island and wait for the two inmates who were prepared to make a dash for freedom. The plot failed, when the police boat, by pre-arrangement, fouled-up the gangsters' time schedule.

In 1941, an inmate named John Bayless, convicted of bank robbery, attempted to escape one foggy morning while on a garbage detail. While a guard's back was turned, he hurriedly undressed, right down to his birthday suit, and, protected by the fog that was rolling in from the open water, dove in and started to swim for the mainland. When he was missed, the guards started a search found his clothes. The sound of his splashing, was his undoing. He was ordered out of the water at gun-point. For his trouble, he received a stiffer sentence.

One of the cleverest schemes to make a get-away, was tried by a convict during World War II. The Army, at the time, was sending uniforms to be reprocessed in the prison laundry. The convict was 50 years old, slight, but built like an athlete. Working on the dock that morning, he noticed the boat from the mainland bringing in the laundry bags. These would be unloaded from the boat, loaded onto trucks, and driven up to the prison. Unnoticed, he stole parts of a sergeant's uniform. When the boat cast off, the convict was on it, dressed as a soldier, and mingling with the soldiers.

When the alarm sounded on the Island, a police speed boat overtook the other boat, they boarded her, and discovered their man, looking every inch a sergeant. For his brief fling at freedom, the ingenious convict had an extra five years added to his sentence!

In May 1941, four life termers, jumped on their guards in an attempt to seize their guns. The attack failed and the lifers were sent to solitary confinement, with not a shot being fired.

January 13, 1939, was an unlucky day for Doc Barker, a member of the notorious Barker gang. He was sent up for kidnapping. With four

other inmates he attempted a daring breakout. They succeeded in reaching the rocks below the prison, and there they were stymied. A few of them ventured out into the water of the bay, but rifle fire from the guards discouraged them from going any farther.

Some of them were hit, including Barker, who was wounded seven times, and who also sustained a fractured skull. His only comment, when he lay on the operating table in the prison hospital was: "I was a fool to try it."

THE WORLD'S MOST HORRIBLE WEAPONS

(Continued from page 38)



the weapon to tear out the throat of the commanding general of the Mogul's army in battle. Sivaji's bagh'nakh, with the general's blood still dry upon it, now reposes in the Indian Museum at Calcutta.

A similar claw weapon has been used by Mau Mau terrorists in Kenya, Africa, and on the same continent some of the White Nile tribes use an iron ring on the right wrist with projecting claws four or five inches long. The Samoans, without the cat tribe to copy, invented the "fighting glove", a mat of coco fiber tied to the hand by strings and thickly set with rows of sharks' teeth.

One of the most ancient and fantastic weapons to come out of India is called the "Chakra" or quoit. It was much used by the Sikhs when fighting their British conquerors, and is still in use in the Punjab. The soldier using the weapon wore a conical cap some two feet high, formed of plaited cane. Surrounding this hat, hoop-fashion, were sometimes as many as twelve quoits from a foot to four inches diameter. They were made of thin, light steel, and sharpened on the outside edge to the keenness of a razor. When the soldier wanted to use them, he passed his forefinger through the uppermost to lift it off, gave it a rapid spin on the finger overhead, and

For him, 13 was indeed an unlucky number.

Doc Barker found out what most of the prisoners find out after a short spell on the Island. Sure, you can escape from the confines of the prison itself—by some lucky break, but you'll never get off that mystery-cloaked, 12-acre island, the toughest Federal prison in America.

Although there have been escapes from the island in the past, today Alcatraz is everything the prisoners say it is—the rock you can't crack! ● ● ●

launched it horizontally at his enemy's face. Some of the quoit throwers could hit their targets at one hundred yards. The quoits were often valuable articles, inlaid with gold and silver.

The national Malay weapon, the kris, is said to have been invented by a Javanese monarch of the fourteenth century. Its varieties exceed a hundred, and in Javanese there are no fewer than fifty names for them. The weapon varies in size, from the two-foot wavy blade down to a mere tooth pick. But the strange things about the kris is that it is never ground, but kept rough and saw-like in edge. This is done by scouring the blade with lime juice or the juice of an unripe pineapple, sometimes mixed with arsenic, making kris wounds even more dangerous. Old specimens are so eaten away by this practice that the blade seems formed from a bunch of wires roughly welded up. Such kris are highly valued. Some of the ancient ones, heirlooms of chiefs with grotesquely carved and inlaid hilts and sheaths, are worth small fortunes.

The "mandau" or "head-taker" of Borneo is a heavy thick-bladed cutlass from twenty to thirty inches long, the edge being ground from the right side only and the left side forged slightly concave. The blade is also slightly curved to the right, so that

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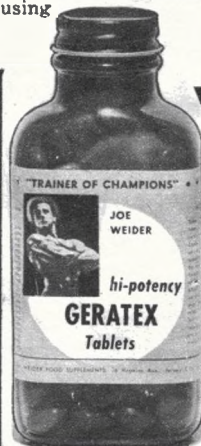
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the cutting action of the weapon is like that of a lethal gouge. Only two strokes can be dealt with the mandau, from right to left downwards, and left to right upwards.

But we have to return to India for the most amazing varieties of the sword and dagger. One of the most common hand weapons is the "katar", a broad two-edged dagger the hilt of which is formed something like an H, the hand grasping the crossbar which is generally double, while the side-bars extended on each side of the wrist. Some katars are made with five blades which unite into one, but, by squeezing together the crossbars, spread out like the fingers of a hand when the thrust has been given. Other katars are made in sets of two, or even three, of diminishing sizes, the blades of the larger being hollow and forming sheaths for the smaller.

Some of the Southern Indian katars, known as "death-givers" are nearly two feet long in the blade, and the

hills are a mass of fantastic scroll work and mythological monsters, the cobra with expanded hood figuring largely.

There is also the "Bich'hwa," or scorpion's sting which is a doubly-curved dagger, and the "peshkabz", or hunting knife, half the edge of which is serrated from the point half-way down the blade. But none of these elaborate weapons have about them the terribly "business-like" look of the Khyber knife known as the "ch'hura", with its ponderous single-edged tapering blade and plain ivory hilt.

The sword-stick or "gupti" is of Indian origin. One form of it was favored by chiefs and men of rank. The hilt of the sword, forming the handle of the stick, is crutch-shaped, and the owner, when lying on his divan, would have his arm resting upon this so that he was never unarmed. It was called in Persian "takiah-i-zafar", or "cushion of victory." Another form of concealed sword was made so flexible as to be worn round the

waist like a girdle.

The Nepalese "kukri," or heavy-curved knife, with the edge on the inner side, is familiar to anybody who has read about Gurka soldiers in action. The keenness of this weapon and the skill with which the Gurkas used it became a legend during World War II. One classic story tells us how a Jap soldier taunted a Gurka when the Gurka missed him with a side-swipe of his kukri. The Gurka merely smiled and told the Jap to nod his head. He did, and it fell off.

But there is another Nepalese weapon, the "kora", the most strangely shaped sword ever used. Starting from the hilt about two inches wide the blade turns at right angles and expands to six inches. Gurkas can decapitate a bullock with one blow of the kora.

There is a weapon known as the "crow's beak," which was formerly much used by men of rank in Persia and North India. It has a horseman's weapon, and consisted of a broad, curved dagger blade fixed at the right angles to a shaft, pickaxe fashion. The shaft enclosed a dagger, unscrewing at the butt end. This concealed dagger is a very common feature of Indian arms, and especially of the battle axes of Persia.

Swords unlike any others in the world were being made in Damascus many centuries ago, and many exist even to this day. The Damascus sword was the brightest and keenest ever wielded by man, and owes its fame to the native superiority of the steel and the hardening qualities of the local waters. When a blade was ready, so the legend goes, the sword maker loaded a Nubian slave with charcoal and other equipment, and with him left Damascus at midnight and traveled east into the desert.

HE directed the slave to kill animals and make bellows from their skins, to be used in pumping air. Then the sword maker had the slave build a fire of charcoal, using the animal-skin bellows to keep it going. In this fire the sword was laid, the point towards the east. The slave pumped the bellows till he was ready to drop from exhaustion. When the blade matched in redness the color of the rising sun, the sword maker seized it and plunged it into the heart of the slave, tempering the steel in living blood. He withdrew the blade, and swung it around above his head while uttering an incantation. Three times he did this, then with the blade he severed the head from the body of the slave. If examination of the steel showed no nicks, and tests proved it to be adequately flexible,



"Order me a beer Madge, this is hot work!"

the sword expert returned triumphantly to Damascus to sell the blade to some king for a fortune in jewels.

But running a close second to the Damascus sword was the Toledo blade. The making of Toledo weapons was started by the Moors in the ninth century. In later times the industry was banned, and the expert sword makers dispersed and set up workshops in different parts of Spain and Portugal—at Lisbon, Orgaz, Seville, Zaragoza, Bilbao and other places. The exporters of these famous Spanish swords could actually roll them up like a piece of tape into a circle and then put them into a round box. When they were taken out, such was the temper and flexibility of the steel, they recovered their straight shape in an instant.

WHEN the blood of Spain ran high the Toledo dagger and stiletto played an important part in the social economy of the country. To go without a dagger was far worse than to go without underwear. Every man wore his favorite weapon at his belt or in his sleeve, every woman in her garter, so that infidelity in love or even the slightest insult, was often revenged by stabbing.

The manufacture of Toledo stilettoes was therefore a profitable industry, by which many sword and dagger makers amassed large fortunes. One of these, Ramon de Joces, rose to be equal in renown with the most famous artists of Toledo or Zaragoza. To possess a poniard of his manufacture was almost equal to inheriting a patent of nobility, so pleasant was it for a gentleman to feel its polished point between his ribs. Another expert was Andrea Ferrara, who made himself so great a reputation that his name became synonymous throughout Europe with a Spanish sword.

The club, or mace was probably the first weapon ever used in battle, and every nation appears to have some form peculiar to itself. The Maori spent years of labor in grinding to shape his "merai" out of jade or greenstone. Savages of New Guinea make a hole through a granite stone by dropping water on it when hot, and thus forms the head of a club. The Fijian found ready to his hand a tree whose evenly radiating roots he trimmed into an exact likeness of the medieval "morgenstern" or battle club with which the Swiss battered down the Austrians at the Battle of Sempach.

The mace of the Persian horseman was of steel, with a head formed of six or more radiating blades or ridges, and had often a basket hilt like a sword. The terrible Mahmud of

Ghazni wielded one of these, and its weight was twenty pounds. With it he shattered the idol of Somnauth before the eyes of the horrified priests, strewing the temple floor with jewels hidden within.

The bow as used by Asiatic horsemen was very strange in shape. These weapons were made of horn, usually buffalo horn, in two pieces, joined by a wooden center, and when unstrung had the form of a capital C, which enabled them to be hung over the arm on horseback. When strung they took the double curve of the antique bow as seen in the representation of Cupid. This was the "Tartar's bow", used by Scythians, Parthians, and Persians, and, up to quite recent times, in India. It was drawn by the thumb alone, on which the archer wore a broad thick ring of horn, ivory or cornelian, on whose edge the bowstring rested.

Forerunner, at least in size, of our latest atomic guns was the great gun of Bijapur which was cast in 1549 at Ahmednagar, India. Its bore was twenty-eight inches and it weighed over sixty tons. It was used in several battles by the Mogul emperors, whole sacks of copper coins being fired from it. It was named Malik-i-Maidan, or "the monarch of the field."

It was common practice with Eastern armies to cast their cannon before the place besieged to avoid the difficulties of transport. In 1838, at the siege of Herat by the Persians, Mahmoud Sah had a heavy bronze gun cast in his camp, and when the siege was raised the gun was sawn to pieces and taken back to Teheran.

Other big guns of the old days were the "kemaliks" of the Dardanelles. These were huge bronze howitzers, some of them over two feet in caliber. At the passage of the Dardanelles by a British battle squadron in 1806, the ships suffered heavily from these seemingly antiquated monsters, the range being short. One shot killed and wounded seventy-eight men, and an eighty-gun ship was almost sunk by an eight hundred pound chunk of rock fired from one of the kemaliks.

At the siege of Rhodes, the Turks constructed mortars by hollowing out cavities in the solid rock at the correct angle. They worked too, hurling cannon balls a distance of half a mile.

And opposing the Turks was the quaintest lethal weapon ever to take off a man's head—the Puckle cannon. This had two sets of chambers and eight barrels. "Four with round holes for shooteynge rounde bulletes agaynst ye Chrystiannes, and four with square holes for shooteynge square bullets agaynst ye Turks." ● ● ●



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MAN KILLING BAMBOO

(Continued from page 13)



and pink blossoms struggling through the heavy foliage. A tree harbored a flock of white herons. Other trees arched overhead. Something dropped out of them and landed in the river with a loud splash. It was followed by another—and another. The reptiles—iguanas—came in all sizes from a foot to nearly five—horrible things with green scales, thick, powerful tails and legs like a lizard's.

Lolo and Jorge instantly stowed their poles and took to paddles. Our boat shot ahead. We watched the branches above us closely. Suddenly another lizard-like shape, high up, left its perch and dove into the river not five yards ahead of us. This fellow was perhaps two feet over-all, and had a long frill down its back like the fleshy crest of a fowl.

Lolo motioned Jorge for more speed and paddled harder himself. When close to the spot where the animal had submerged, he threw his paddle into the boat, and, with a single gesture, stripped to his shorts. Jorge swung us around, holding the *Lulu* stationary against the current.

"Have iguana fry tonight sure," Lolo promised and dove gracefully over the side.

"Is he going after the beast bare-handed?" Barnum queried in alarm.

Jorge nodded. "He and two others only in the whole Peten can do. Too much danger. But iguana very good eating, *Senor*."

"Not for me," I shuddered.

Jorge's smile widened. "The *Senora* will change mind. There is nothing so good like baked tail of iguana."

The water churned off our port quarter and Lolo's head appeared. "He too fast," he sputtered, tossing the hair out of his eyes. Barnum reached down and helped him into the boat.

For several minutes Lolo sat quietly, breathing hard and eyeing the water ahead. There was no further sign of iguana. How many, if any, still re-

mained in the trees we didn't know. In any case, they had seen us and would be wary.

"A shotgun is the thing here," Barnum remarked.

Lolo blew at the water dripping off his nose. "Si," he said, "but who can get *balas* for shotgun in jungle?"

"And if can get," Jorge put in, "who can buy at seventy-five cents each? Even the little .22 bullets cost six cents."

"Why so expensive?" I asked.

"Because Government not want us to have," Lolo answered, with a wry smile. "More better I use harpoon."

Among the duffel he undid a canvas roll containing three harpoons, one a triple-tined affair resembling Neptune's trident. This was his fish-progger. Another was tipped with a detachable steel head shaped like a barbel spike that pulled out from the shaft when once embedded in the animal. It was for turtles.

"This I like best." Lolo took up the third harpoon, a long, two-pronged spike attached to a pliable bamboo pole. "My iguana killed."

After proudly displaying his favorite weapon, he resumed his position in the bow, and we crept in towards the rank-smelling bank. It was jungly, with that peculiar spiny bamboo we had noticed before making a screen. Tall, thick and fuzzy, this growth also drooped over into the water, its fine shoots forming an ominous-looking mass of green.

Harpoon ready, Lolo gave his iguana call—half "coo," half "coax." He seemed certain that somewhere behind the heavy curtain of vegetation there were iguanas. They lived in holes in the earth, he told us, and under the roots of trees.

However softly Jorge paddled in the stern, he couldn't prevent the dripping from his raised blade making a loud sound. The *cayuco* barely moved forward. A flurry in the underbrush caught my eye. The brush shook. I was con-

scious of a flash of green scales, and two beady eyes giving us a swift appraisal.

"An ig!" I gasped.

"Young one," echoed Jorge.

At the same instant Lolo's harpoon tore into the bank not three inches from the scaly form. It darted back into the brush. Close by, another poked its head out, and Jorge, excited, threw his paddle at it. When a large green head stuck out from behind a tree root, Lolo grabbed his turtle iron and sent it at the animal—for another miss.

At this, a small, bright green fellow emerged from a hole and scuttled through a pile of dead leaves. Lolo was reaching for his three-pronged spear when suddenly he drew back, his eyes round with amazement. The whole bank was *alive* with iguanas—big ones, little ones, green ones, large gray ones with black stripes on their backs. Many were making for the water.

ONE "beauty" brought Lolo out of his trance. It was more than three feet long, with a spiny tail. Instantly, our man was after it armed with trident and machete, clearing the gap between us and the short in a single leap. On the lizard dashed into a clump of thorny bamboo. Lolo after it, his machete slashing. He stopped and took aim with his trident. At this, the animal scurried up a tree, climbed out on an arching limb and leaped into the river.

Then an amazing jungle phenomenon took place—something I would not have believed without seeing. A whole herd of the creatures had been in those trees. The next we knew it was *raining* iguanas. They fell all around us, sending up miniature geysers as they struck the water and disappeared. Some fell so close that they splashed me. Instinctively, I had ducked down and covered my head with my hands.

"Don't get excited," said Barnum and, standing up in the dugout, began issuing orders, directed Jorge to pole us shoreward to pick up Lolo. A near-miss by one of the diving animals shaved the air close to where Barnum stood. It made him flinch, but never quite lose his "emergency composure."

Lolo climbed back into the canoe with his two retrieved harpoons and Jorge's paddle, and we lost no time pushing away from the "old swimming hole."

But he was far too excited to stay still. As Barnum unboxed his large Mentor camera, Lolo dove overboard again, this time leaving his harpoon in the dugout. The igs must have thought Barnum's camera heavy artillery and something to be taken by assault, for they began coming down closer than

ever. Ker-plunk! One rocked the boat showering the camera.

Barnum shook his fist at the culprit and got the big camera ready for action. I steadied the craft while he took aim, first in one direction, then another, trying desperately to fix the falling beasts in the ground glass with one eye and read his photometer with the other. But things were happening too fast. No sooner did he get focused on spot than a better shot presented itself in another quarter. So he would wheel about and blaze away—usually in my general direction. What made him finally stop was my shouted,

"Uncork your lens!"

He had forgotten to take the guard off!

Meanwhile, *plash—plash—plash.*

Three more igs came hurtling down before Barnum could get a real exposure.

"*Madre de Dios!*" Jorge exclaimed behind me. I turned. Pale and shaken, he was pointing at a crocodile slithering down a mud bank toward the river. He dug his paddle viciously into the water and propelled us straight to the creature.

"Look out!" Barnum warned. "He'll turn us over!"

"He after Lolo," cried the boy. "These crocs man-eaters."

HE cut the dug-out sharply in front of the crocodile to head it off. The reptile dove. All three of us looked about wildly for Lolo. He was still somewhere under water. Shouting, Jorge now brought his paddle down repeatedly on the water in great, resounding whacks both to scare the croc and attract Lolo's attention.

"*SILENCIO!*" boomed a voice. Lolo's. The man was treading water in midstream. "Almost had one iguana devil," he yelled, wrathfully, "and you scare off."

Without stopping to argue, Jorge shot the *Luku* towards its angry owner. "Hurry, hurry, *amigo*," he begged. "Crocodile!"

Lolo lunged for our gunwale and tumbled over into the boat with a whispered, "*Car-r-amba!*"

Barnum said, "Let's get out of here." That's what we did.

The banks narrowed; the current grew swift again. We might be nearing another Mayan dam. But there was no way of looking far ahead, with the jungle growing thicker, and the river, canopied by overhead boughs, winding through ravines of massed flowering vines. There was little talk. Barnum sat quietly, eyeing the shores. The men struggled with their paddles. Once, while we rested a moment, Jorge said to me,

"*Gracias, Senor Brown.*"

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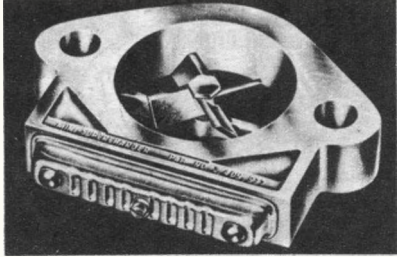
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"For what?" I asked.

"All this," he answered, smiling and sweeping his arm around. "If you had say my part with Senor Doctor, I not have come."

On our way again, we neared a place where the river narrowed even more. When I glanced ahead a minute later, it seemed to have disappeared in a waving mass of that strange bamboo growth which we had seen before but had never encountered as a barricade.

We drew up to it slowly and stopped. Lolo studied the insidious, hedge-like barrier, paddling just enough to keep the current from carrying us backward.

"Why the delay?" Barnum spoke up. "We can get through. That's only bambo."

"Not usual bamboo, Senor," Lolo replied, worriedly. "This bamboo *Heembah* (*Himba*). He dangerous. Have barbs. Good thing we stay away from. Get caught in *Heembah* never get out. Even wild animal stay clear of *Heembah*. Many die of thorns." He perused the dense leafage long and thoughtfully, then started working the dugout along the shore.

"Look see if can go around by land," he explained. "Make portage."

"Not necessary," said Barnum.

Lolo looked his employer in the eye and saw no weakness or indecision behind the pince-nez. He sighed, heavily: "As you wish, Senor."

Once more his paddle churned the water. We felt our way along the fringe of the formidable barrier, studying its long, grass-like leaves and needle-sharp spines.

"What's the matter, Lolo?" Barnum asked, half-amused by all the fuss. "This stuff got you scared?"

"Got me stop, Senor. No place can get through."

"Hack a way through. You have a machete and know how to use it."

"But that dangerous," the other protested.

"Why so?"

"Because current very swift in narrow place. When use machete, cannot use paddle. Need two paddles here. Losing *cayuco* in *Heembah* very bad. Capsize, maybe—and thorns . . ."

Barnum waved the man's fears aside. "Jorge will take care of the paddling and once we get into this *Himba* stuff we can use the branches to pull ourselves along."

Lolo stared at him, then, without a word more, paddled to a point where the bamboo appeared thinnest. Moving deliberately, he placed the paddle at his feet and took up the machete.

"Keep head straight, Jorge," he called back. "Work paddle both sides—hard."

With that, he crouched low in the bow and began slashing at the growth to try and cut a tunnel for our passage. The rest of us crouched, too, in an effort to dodge the spike-tipped branches as much as possible. The thick, overhead foliage shut out the sun and left us in an odorous stifling shade.

Shortly, Lolo's hands and arms were bleeding where the thorns cut them. Barnum and I tried to help by pulling on the branches, but the spines pierced our flesh. Jorge's breathing wheezy. I turned. He smiled back, but his lips were pressed tight together and sweat poured from his face and arms.

"Maybe we'd better turn back and warn Rufio," I suggested to Barnum. But he made no sign of having heard.

The current, sweeping past, seemed to increase even more, and our laborious progress dropped to practically nothing. Jorge paddled furiously. Lolo's bleeding arms kept flailing away at the green wall that was slowly swallowing us. Finally, Lolo threw a reassuring glance back at Jorge. "Bark close in," he panted. "Maybe we near narrowest place. Paddle, Jorge—*paddle!*"

He himself laid his machete into the tangled growth with renewed effort—short, chopping cuts, first on the right side, then the left. One limb gave particular difficulty. He cut at it repeatedly, using both hands on the machete. At last it gave way. But another limb, pinned under it, snapped out as the pressure was released, striking Lolo in the chest and knocking the machete out of his hand. He fell back and caught at the gunwale to keep from going overboard. Lunging to grab at an instrument case, Barnum tilted the dugout perilously before steadying it.

THE current caught our bow, swinging us sideways and forcing us firmly into the unhacked *Himba* all about. Clapping my hands over my face, I bent forward as low as I could. Spikes tore at our skin, clothing, carried away my hat. The *Himba* clawed, scratched, lashed at us like nail-studded whips. I heard Barnum's pith helmet tumble hollowly into the boat. Then came a splash behind, and Jorge's voice rang out in panic:

"My paddle. It's gone!"

I turned to peer at him through my fingers. Suddenly, my hair tightened, followed by a flash of excruciating agony. My scalp felt as if it were being torn off.

"My hair!" I screamed, trying to yank it loose from the *Himba*. The pain only increased, as if a thousand needles were driving into my head.

Barnum's voice sounded close. "Only be a minute now," he said, placing a

hand on my shoulder. Then he was asking Jorge for his machete . . . A sharp ripping sound, a painful tug—and suddenly I was free. It was the quickest bob I had ever had.

A moment later the *cayuco* lurched drunkenly against a heavy limb.

"Now paddle, Jorge!" cried Lolo, sliding his own paddle back to the frightened youngster. "Lolo get you out of here," he added, and renewed his slashing at the *Himba*.

Slowly, tenaciously, he again chopped our way against the current. Jorge seemed to have acquired his second wind and the *cayuco* started to make actual headway.

I felt dazed. My back was sore. My head hurt. But the water was becoming less and less turbulent. Soon the waves ceased to slap against our sides and

changed to ripples. Then it was calm.

"Now are through most narrow part," Lolo exulted. After catching his breath, he added, boastfully. "Me, Lolo, get you out of here."

A few more seconds and he had cut us completely through to the other side of the *Himba* brake and Jorge was pointing our bow towards a pebbly beach on the left bank.

It was dusk when we stumbled out of the dugout. The men unloaded and began to make camp. As I was falling asleep on a folded tarp, I dimly remembered hearing Lolo say.

"Si, Senior, once you catch in *Himba*, want always to come back to the Peten."

I didn't hear Barnum's reply.

● ● ●

fection in others around him. This, of course, may be one reason for his phenomenal success.

At home, Como is pretty much the same kind of guy he's pictured in the fan magazines. He's easy-going with his kids and leads a pleasantly lazy life.

But his wife, Roselle, thinks he carries his calmness a little too far. She's the disciplinarian in the family; Perry won't scold or spank or do anything. Roselle says he's "too easy-going," that he spoils the children.

Another of Como's human traits is that he'll copy something if he likes it. He's also man enough to admit it. He's never made any bones of the fact that he patterned his singing style, originally, after that of Bing Crosby. By now, of course, his own style has emerged, but when he first started he was virtually a carbon copy of the old groaner.

Como is also pretty good at games, other than golf. He doesn't publicize it quite as much, but he's something of a pool shark. Jackie Gleason is one who learned of Como's ability with a cue stick—and learned the hard way.

A few summers ago, Gleason rented a cottage not far from the Comos' permanent Long Island home. Jackie and Perry had met before and they'd liked each other. The friendship had never developed, because the two men are completely dissimilar in their social lives—Como is the homebody, Gleason the man-about-town.

But this summer, living so close, they grew to be good friends. One day, Gleason spotted the billiard table in the game room of the Como home. Jackie is a pretty good operator with a cue and figured that here's where he could make some easy money and have a good laugh at the same time. So he said, "Perry, how about a little game?" and Perry said sure and Jackie, the big sport, even spotted Perry 20 balls.

COMO, with a straight face, took Gleason with ease.

"What a sneak," said Gleason, later. "That Como! He never told me he was an expert."

Perry, of course, was the one who had the laughs—and he still has them. Whenever the two meet, which is seldom these days, Perry will suggest a quick game of pool.

Jackie, being the man he is, has his revenge—and this spotlights another of Perry Como's human weaknesses. He's a card player, and he likes to wager a few bucks on the draw.

Gleason, smarting over his upset at the pool table, came back to the Como home a few days later. He ignored

PERRY COMO SAINT OR SINNER

(Continued from page 25)



there, sulking quietly, for ten or fifteen minutes. This is his way of expressing his anger; he doesn't like to say something he'll be sorry for later, so he figures it's best to sit by himself until the bad moment blows over.

The worst he'll ever say is a simple statement. If he doesn't like a song he's supposed to sing, he may say something like, "This isn't for me." If he doesn't like a gag his writers have given him, he's likely to say, "I'm no comedian."

But his associates know that those statements are the Como equivalent of something much worse from somebody else. It's all a question of degree. And so, when he does say something in that vein, they know he's being pretty strong. And they immediately bow to his wishes.

Similarly, the people at RCA-Victor, where he makes his records, know Perry Como as a tough guy to work with. Como knows exactly what he wants and he gets it, even if it takes a long time. He has a reputation as one of the hardest recording stars to get on wax—hard in the sense that a Como recording session takes a long time.

He'll reject arrangement after arrangement, until it comes out exactly the way he wants. He'll listen to the orchestra and make suggestions about improving the balance. He'll check the sound. And he's equally tough on himself, going over his own rendition time and time again, until he gets just the sound and just the phrasing he wants.

This process, naturally, is time-consuming. And, after the first hour or so, nerves are bound to be on edge. Here, again Como's temper control works fine. He'll lose it, but in such a quiet way that only his close associates know.

At one session, for example, the band was going over its music for perhaps the tenth time. Everything seemed fine, but, at the end, Como just stood there and stared at them.

"Somebody goofed," he said.

"Boy, is he mad," whispered a good friend. He was, too. He walked into the control booth, sat quietly for maybe five minutes, then walked into the studio again. They went through the piece for the eleventh time. This time, it suited Perry. He smiled. So did everybody. The tension was broken. Perry could record much quicker, but he's a perfectionist. He demands per-

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Perry's laughing invitation to a game of pool, but countered with the suggestion that they have a "friendly" game of poker. Perry agreed—and wound up a \$300 loser.

Besides playing pool and poker, Perry is also the possessor of a fairly large repertoire of off-color stories. He tells them well, too.

These three traits means that Perry Como is pretty much of a regular guy. He's a man's man, and most men like him. And they like him because he's human, just like everyone.

When he signed his latest contract with NBC — a 12-year-deal which prompted him to say, "Well, I know I'll eat regularly for 12 years, anyhow — he handled most of the negotiating himself. Sure, he had a battery of agents and lawyers and ten per centers at his elbow, but it was Como, pretty much in a solo performance who set the terms and did the bargaining and finally said yes.

WHEN NBC first spotted him opposite his old pool-and-poker foe, Jackie Gleason, Como admits to the normal human re-action of fright.

"When they told me I was supposed to buck Gleason," Como has said, "I was scared to death."

And he also admits that he lost a lot of sleep worrying about his chances of competing against Gleason, who, in those days, was called "Mr. Saturday Night." Como, of course, wound up throwing a good scare at Gleason, but for a while it was the singer who did the heaviest worrying.

There's one other Como characteristic which is probably the most human of all. He loves to eat. His wife is a great cook and especially good with Como's biggest weakness, Italian dishes. So Perry has to wage a constant war against getting too far overweight.

He varies from 160 to 190, depending on how his will power is doing. He, like Gleason, keeps wardrobes in various sizes to fit whatever figure he is at the moment. Generally, he eats most during the show season, because work and worry prevent him from getting too big too fast.

So there are a parade of human traits. If Perry Como weren't such a likable guy, he could get a lot of bad publicity—they could say he has a temper, he's hard to work with, he spoils his children, he copies people, he plays poker and pool and tells dirty stories, he's tight-fisted, he's a worrier and he's fat. They'd all be true, because Perry Como is all of those things—he's human, after all.

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SUCKER CAPITAL U. S. A.

(Continued from page 43)

That kind of manipulation drives him off the dance floor—and over into a cozy, dimly-lit corner. There, he and the taxi dame cool off with two-dollar drinks (colored water and soda pop). Scheming taxi dancers take advantage of that rendezvous off in the corner. When an ardent admirer (one they think they can trust) puts in his bid for “all-night service,” he receives this offer:

Pleasure as he likes it, either at the girl's apartment or at a place of his choice, for twenty-five—take it or leave it. A pert, well-exposed redhead told me that was her fee; and she assured me that her girl colleagues demanded—and received—the same rate. She also added that she'd have to place me on her “list”—and by so doing, that she'd be able to “accommodate” me in a night or two!

But the real smoothies are the “new-style” joy girls now setting a fast pace in Los Angeles. Seven or eight of them pool their “talents,” their finances, and their know-how; then rent a fair-sized house in a quiet neighborhood. Next, they display a prominent sign which reads: “This House For Sale.”

An absentee owner may not learn what the designing girls are pulling off for a month or longer. An unscrupulous one doesn't give a damn what they do—so long as they pay their rent faithfully; and slip him a liberal side fee for his “cooperation.” And once the pleasure girls are ready to open up for “business” in the “house for sale,” they tip off old friends, past satisfied customers, and “trustworthy” cabbies as to their new location. Soon thereafter, the “hep” men begin stopping off at that rendezvous: most of the time after nightfall.

A cabbie I know well took me to seven different “houses for sale” . . . He had feminine “clients” in all of them. Looking around, I observed that the fillies wore chic gowns and revealing wraps for the most part. Two ad-

mitted to being frustrated TV and movie actresses, four to being car hops, and three to being part-time models. Every one I spoke with thought the sign out front (concerning the “house for sale”) was “plenty cute.” At least the police haven't—as of this writing—shown any disposition to be suspicious of it!

Much ado was kicked up about the clandestine operations of certain massage parlors and escort bureaus in Los Angeles, not long ago. After a rush of publicity and a state committee investigation, no concrete action was taken to curb or do away with them. Consequently, they continue to hold forth their come-hither bait to conventioners, good-time Charlies, and frustrated Romeos.

When a “screened” or “recommended” sport turns up at a massage-parlor, for example, he has two choices at his disposal. He can head into one compartment and receive the genuine article—an honest-to-goodness massage. Should he feel like playing a bedroom game, however, scantily-dressed “nurses” are waiting for him. Off in a reception room on the other side of the building.

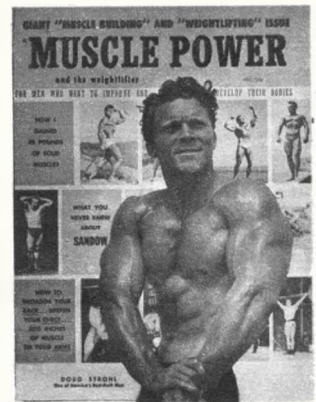
Lt. Mark Smith—an investigator for the Los Angeles Police Commission—terms some of the massage places “out-and-out blinds for prostitution activity.” Traffic in and out of them becomes so heavy and conspicuous, at times, that a raid inevitably follows. These spasmodic crackdowns usually only serve to send the illicit operatives packing off to new, more secretive locations.

At least nine of these sly, convert “massage parlors” operate full steam ahead as of right now. On week-ends and right after servicemen get their booty, the flimsily-garbed “nurses” are hard pressed to accommodate the long lineups. They render their “pleasure treat” (the name for it) for ten dollars and up.

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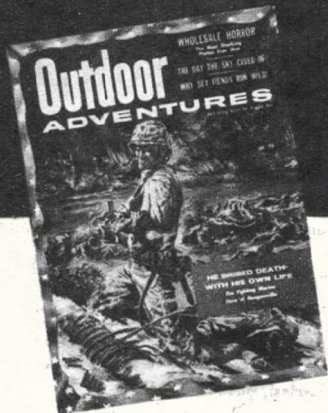
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As for the B-girl dives in Los Angeles, California Governor Goodwin Knight recently branded them "the worst kind of pest-holes." He ordered his State Liquor Control officer to "clean them out." In conformity with that directive, State Liquor Control officers recently took up positions in notorious bars along Main, East 5th, South Hill, and East 7th in Los Angeles. Under that close scrutiny, the fleece-and-roll B-girls didn't dare lift the wallets of men customers. Or lure the more eager ones off into dark-corner booths and ply them with \$15-a-bottle rotgut champagne.

Chastened and bottled up for the moment, the B-girls and their bosses let out anguished howls. They got nowhere that way. State liquor officers remained on the premises; and the rougher and rowdier dives soon suspended operations and closed their doors. But some of the more ingenious bar owners hit upon a new "entertainment device."

THEY RENTED other buildings, outfitted them with bar stools, fountains, a juke box, and brought in the discredited B-bunnies from the old places. Only, in these new entertainment spots the proprietors made careful to serve only near-beer and soda pop. But the sex-accented and grasping B-girls were there in full force—draped behind bar counters, standing in doorways, wiggling their hips, and crooking their fingers invitingly at passing servicemen and pleasure hunters.

Under that new set-up, they're pulling in flocks of old and new suckers, in Los Angeles, every night. Free from interference from the State Liquor Control agents, who have no authority over the so-called "Water Joints."

Equally sly are the "get-acquainted-by-mail" blinds in the Los Angeles area. A lonely, attractive divorcee looking for a man she can "love" turns out to be, in repeated instances, a call girl or clever prostitute. You read her advertisement, as printed in a Los Angeles newspaper. You get in touch with her. She lets you know she'd be delighted to have you come up and see her sometime. Tonight—if you'd like!

You take her up on that. Over at her room or apartment she sizes you up, decides that you have no connection with the vice squad, then reveals her true profession. She will, she makes clear, let you sample her physical charms—for a price, of course. Ten smackers as a "starter."

Notorious Lesbians and male queers

also place advertisements which read: "Private masseur. Expert masseuse. Private treatments at reasonable prices." You, the reader, are urged to telephone for an appointment. You check into that, and ascertain that the blinds are manipulated on the whole by Lesbians and queers. They make valuable contacts through their advertisements—and new recruits are added to their sickly world.

SEX TRAPS and subterfuges are also prevalent in other "hot and open" districts of Los Angeles. Street walkers, smoothie hustlers, and "joy-time" tavern girls can operate fairly freely around the Little Paris area (just beyond the 3rd Street tunnel), on East and West 7th (as far out as Westlake Park), up and down Main, around Weller and San Pedro, and along four blocks of East 5th.

Take that incredible stretch from San Julian to Stanford on East 5th Street. It has been described accurately as "a hotbed of flagrant prostitution activity" and "a beehive of sex traps." Regular officers patrolling those four sizzling blocks tell you, privately, that it would take the National Guard, functioning with emergency powers, to wipe out the traffic in prostitution in that area!

They concede that 75 per cent of the pleasure girls in Los Angeles hang out, prowl, or "work" that district. That being the heart of Skid Row, law enforcement is more sympathetic and tolerant there than in other parts of the city. Taking advantage of that "leeway," more than three hundred harlots of various complexions—white, black, olive hues, and yellow tints—cater openly or discreetly to derelicts, slummers from Hollywood and Beverly Hills, servicemen, and other fun hunters who venture there.

On my writing assignments, I've seen the cutest Hollywood starlets close up and watched call-girls ply their "profession" in all corners of the U. S. But, nowhere have I observed sexier-looking or more provocative damsels than those who strut from San Julian to Stanford on East 5th. As a veteran Liquor Control officer remarked to me one night: "The irony of it—these good-looking, sexy, and well-dressed babes selling their love on Skid Row!"

His implication was, of course, that they could "do better" for themselves by peddling their sex wares in fancy Hollywood houses. Yet, oddly enough, many of the San Julian-to-Stanford sexpots are "refugees" from Hollywood pleasure marts. They tell you with a burst of scorn that they often

couldn't collect from the "cheapskate directors and actors" who sought them out, for favors, in the Hollywood Hills!

On repeated occasions I watched them make their contacts—down in the wide open Skid Row domain—in cafes, liquor stores, and taverns. Then they cross to a parking lot across the street, climb into Cadillacs or Lincolns, and drive off to a nearby rendezvous with their admirers.

In twenty to twenty-five minutes, I noticed, they were back on the street. Back seeking new prospects, and doing a lot of hip-wiggling and winking to entice the slow starters and choosy. Almost all of these "tempters" report back to a sleek, slick pimp. They turn their earnings over to him. They clear their "upcoming dates" through him.

Naturally, these pimps—and the girls—pay off key patrolmen and vice officers. Just sit in a back corner booth, as I did; and you'll observe the sly "attempts" to make the transfer of money "fast and clever." If the street hustlers don't fork over a ten-spot, they're hounded and harassed by beat and vice squad men for the rest of the evening. They find it more expedient to "pay off"—and conduct their soliciting thereafter without serious interference.

WHAT amused me most was how the ritzier girls— prowling the Skid Row terrain—employed chauffeurs. They and their admirers sit in the back seat, and the chauffeur is directed to drive them to the assigned spot.

A few, I learned, go it alone. They're genuine lone wolfesses in the profession. I caught a bouncy young brunette while she was taking time out for a hasty meal. When I offered to treat her to the food, she became quite chummy and talkative. "Hell, sport," she snorted. "I can take care of myself and the dough I earn in this racket. I don't need a miserable pimp to look after me or my affairs. If I'm taken in, I can bail myself out of the clink."

She revealed that she had played in several bit movie roles. Soon she discovered that she could make "a lot more" by selling her favors, than by emoting in mob scenes. She had gravitated to Skid Row, she explained, when she learned that she could always count on collecting her dough there. Which was more than she could depend upon, she said, after "cheering up" a Hollywood playboy.

Weekday nights are lively and carnival-like all the way from San Julian to Stanford. But from Friday night through Sunday, the boom is on. Between Towne and Crocker, so many

hustlers throng the sidewalk that a stroller has to twist to dodge them! They wink. They beckon with crooked fingers. They go into a quickie bumps-and-grinds.

A writer friend and I were solicited dozens of times—openly and boldly—in one block. We received the same feverish attention in the next block, and the one after that. Long-legged, short-skirted, bouncy, and sassy wenches (from San Julian to Stanford) bade us to sample their brand of "fun"—and to "get in on the swing sport." Repeatedly we were assured that we could have the time of our lives for—five dollars.

All up and down the four blocks you hear the same refrain: That the girls between San Julian and San Pedro will fleece you, if they get a chance . . . But that the playgirls from San Pedro to Stanford will give you a square deal, a fair shake—in short, your money's worth.

NIGHT after night I was fascinated by sights of this nature:

Two uniformed patrolmen would amble by, casually. At their approach the hustlers would cease all overt activities—and just smile at the passing officers. They'd treat certain pairs of plain clothesmen the same way—smilingly and pleasantly. But fifteen or twenty minutes later, a radio patrol car (containing two policemen) would cruise by, slowly. Nearly all the love-for-sale numbers would scurry hurriedly into cafes, liquor stores, shine stands, and taverns.

There, they'd stay put for the time being. They'd react in similar fashion when "unknown" vice squad officers drove by and scrutinized the doing of the street.

In my rambling, I discovered that the hot-cha damsels assign themselves to various blocks. One group will "service the trade" between Town and Crocker, another bunch will patrol the stretch from Crocker to Stanford; and so on. Around ninety per cent of the hookers abide, faithfully, by that "code." They do no "poaching" in the territory of their rivals.

Broad-minded rooming-houses and rattletrap hotels up and down, and just off, the four blocks make it ridiculously simple for the hustlers to fill hurry-scurry dates. On, an average night—several of the girls told me—they make sixty to seventy dollars. On a bumper Friday or Saturday night, they take in around two hundred.

Perhaps the illicit tone of the street was best illustrated by an incident I witnessed—in front of Soul Cleaner's Mission. Inside, a preacher, a piano

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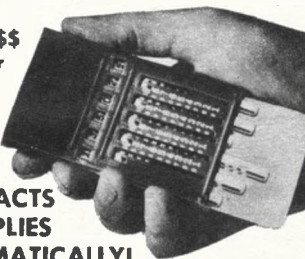


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player, and five or six "reformed" sinners put forth all efforts to lure the wanton and dissolute of the area into the "fold." Just when their religious music struck its loudest note, four zippy hustlers pranced by, stopped, and threw themselves into a wild burlesque routine—just outside the Mission front door.

In any event, the facts clearly point to this: If you're looking for romantic adventure, for healthy sex enjoyment in Los Angeles (during a sporting evening on the town), you'll encounter traps, snares, and "gimme" devices almost at every turn. Whatever pleasure you derive, along the way, will cost you many times its real worth ● ● ●

SIN-SEX-VICE ON NEW HAVEN'S BARBARY COAST

(Continued from page 27)



in the learned city's Casbah very rarely includes a Yale student. Those picked up are chiefly Connecticut products, not only from New Haven but from other Connecticut cities. New Haven seems to have an attraction for the seamy underworld characters considerably like that a magnate has for iron filings. New Haven is now notorious not only as harboring the run of the mill prostitutes but also peddlers of pornography, gamblers and pushers of dope for school kids.

The Barbary Coast was once San Francisco's notorious area of wickedness and today its name is synonymous with sin. New Haven's Barbary Coast is a stretch of blocks on Congress Avenue, not a dozen blocks from the Yale campus. The learned city's reputation as a center of pick-ups has spread not only throughout Connecticut but guests on a tear have come from as far as New York and Massachusetts towns.

I had heard that if a gentleman in a receptive mood does not know where to go for the proper reception. Congress Avenue is the answer. Better yet, some of the many taverns on the street usually held something of interest. That section of Congress Avenue pointed out as the place for an unattached gentleman to go is only a few blocks from Church and Chapel Streets—a corner which is New Haven's equivalent to Broadway and 42nd Street or Hollywood and Vine. Once you are on Congress Avenue and able to wink, or at least blink, the wanderer

does not have to work hard to achieve his objective. They tell of one man walking along Congress Avenue on a windy day who got a dust particle in his eye and stopped to blink it out and was promptly surrounded by half a dozen chippies who seemed to appear from nowhere. On Congress Avenue it is dangerous to get something in your eye.

Half a dozen or so blocks from the Green, the large park area in the heart of the city, I came upon Connecticut's Barbary Coast. On my way I passed taverns which had been pointed out to me as places where a fellow could roll the bones if he were in the mood or put a couple of bucks on a nag's nose. Being a College and a University town devoted to the liberal arts Yale has obviously left its influence of liberality on the city.

In Connecticut a well behaved lady must sit at a table before the law permits the bartender to let her get stewed. In Connecticut the law makers do not like to see ladies fall on their faces. I went into a tavern on Congress Avenue. Several men were at the bar, minding their own business. Three girls—or young women, if you wish—were at a round table by themselves but giving all comers an appraising look.

I leaned against the bar, remembering the formula: a drink, a wink and from then on you're on your own. I had the drink in front of me and my eye roved around until it caught the eye of one of the three girls. I let go

with a slow Mae West come hither type of wink.

* The girl practically gave me a sunburn from the sunniness of the smile that spread over her face. I took my drink and walked to a table, motioning with my head for her to follow. She got the idea because she was at the table before I made it. The other girls took my preference as part of the day's (or night's) work.

"How are you?" said the girl I had winked to, and before I could answer, added: "Ready to go?"

"Where?" I said, realizing that though New Haven is a college town not everybody spends four years learning before they get down to business.

"I know a rooming house we can get in," she said.

"I don't like rooming houses," I said. "Isn't there a hotel?"

"Full up," she said. "All hotels are full up. Tried it earlier. All hotels are just full up."

"Students?"

"No. Just guys from Hartford, Bridgeport. Wallingford. And New Haven, I guess."

"I like hotels," I said. "Let's make it another time."

"Suit yourself," she said indifferently. "You don't know what you're missing."

In the old days all roads led to Rome; today, all Connecticut roads lead not only to one of the world's great centers of learning but what has developed as city where the wanderer can find girls, dice, play the numbers and a little dope pushing. When I left the tavern to see what else could be seen in this Connecticut Casbah one of the men at the bar almost stepped on my heels. He stopped beside me to light a cigarette.

"Interested in anything else beside a girl?" he asked, half through the side of his mouth and without looking towards me.

"Like what?" I said, also through the side of my mouth and not looking at him. So long as that is the way propositions are made in New Haven I thought I'd play along.

"I know where there's a crap game—on the up and up," he said, still looking straight ahead.

"My Mother always told me if I gambled - I could lose," I said still through the side of mouth. "Thanks for the invite."

There did not seem to be any ill feeling on his part. He shrugged his shoulders and went back into the tavern.

Gambling syndicates have apparently established headquarters in New Haven instead of Hartford, Bridgeport or the swank Wall Street commuting town of Fairfield, a few miles from New Haven. The University town, however, is used as the hub. Actually, the string of gambling paraphernalia and the book-keeping aspects are constantly on the move from small town to small town—and there are a lot of small towns around New Haven. It's worked something like a floating crap game.

One place knocked off by the State Troopers was a beautiful ranch type house. The syndicate boys had rented the basement and used it to store the number slips and gambling paraphernalia. This procedure is known as the checkerboard technique, — moving storage places from town to town in an effort to keep one jump ahead of the state police who are active when local cops seem to be asleep on the job.

New Haven seems to attract big time gamblers as well as petty crap shooters. One lottery game alone, run by a comparatively small outfit did a \$10,000 a day business. The numbers game is another favorite and those operating it hang out in some of the taverns in the center of the city not far from the Yale campus. But, some New Haven cops do not let the grass grow under their feet, especially when it comes to gambling. Recently a cop arrested a group of old timers pitching pennies on Wooster Square Park. One of those arrested was 82 years old. He had never been pinched before and enjoyed it thoroughly. When he appeared in court he told the cop and the judge what he thought of them. The judge was glad to let the old boys go.

ANYWAY you look at it New Haven has attracted the fast buck crowd. Some taverns will sell liquor to all comers, including kids. One was finally arrested for selling "screw drivers"—a mixture of vodka and orange juice—to a 15-year-old boy who rolled home so stinking drunk that his mother called the cops. When they started digging into the case they found that not only were some places selling liquor to after-closing hours drinkers, but to children as well. In the course of digging around they came upon evidence that even dope was being pushed among New Haven's high school kids.

The dope traffic was believed to be

confined between New York and Bridgeport but has apparently been extended to New Haven. Some plain clothesmen saw one young high school student acting strangely and picked him up for questioning. They found a half smoked reefer on him. The kid admitted using marijuana.

"It makes me feel nice," he told the cop. "I like to smoke it before I go dancing. It make me like rock 'n roll better."

Marijuana pushers concentrate more around Dixwell Avenue, practically on the other side of town from the Barbary Coast section. The police knew that there were dope pushers around Hartford and Bridgeport schools but this was an indication that they had now secured a foothold in the college town.

New Haven's reputation has spread throughout the State and its more unsavory characteristics acts as a magnet to men and women who want to go for broke. The periodic arrests by police show that the clunks who end in the clink come from all over the state. There was one case of a Long Island model—from Astoria, she was—and her boy friend who went to New Haven for a tear, as if there were not enough towns in the 70-mile radius from New York. They ended up in "a friends's" apartment and launched their celebration with more liquor than is used to launch a battleship. By four in the morning even the tolerant neighbors (and New Haven neighbors are very tolerant) had enough of the noise the twosome made and called for the cops.

WHEN the police showed up the landlady met them at the door and assured them the guests were very quiet now. One cop (purely in the line of duty, of course) liked to play Peeping Tom, because you never know what you can see, and crept around to the back of the ground floor apartment and peeked. As he described it lusciously later, the scantily dressed pair were getting ready to toss themselves about in bed. The cops broke in and arrested them for "lascivious carriage."

In court the pair explained that they were just old friends and, since there was only one bed in the apartment and no couch or sofa, what was a couple to do? That sounded like a problem over and beyond a question of morals and the judge was aware of it. He postponed the case indefinitely but instructed the model to stay away from New Haven in the future. So far as anyone knows the girl now has all the education she wants and is staying away from Yale's home town.

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The real trouble in New Haven's Casbah is the lack of enough cheap hotels. When they and the rooming houses are full up and even the alleys are full up there is nothing left except that great contributor to the comforts of modern living, the automobile. The police have an illustrative record. A 17-year-old girl just paroled from the State Farm to which she had been sent for not being a good girl, headed for New Haven with the instinct of a homing pigeon.

A suspicious cop peeked into the back seat of a parked automobile one evening (New Haven cops seem to be always peeking through windows or into back seats of parked automobiles) and found the paroled girl and boy in the back seat. Another girl with another boy were busy in the front seat—playing scrabble, it is rumored. The girls were arrested and charged with being in "manifest danger of falling into habits of vice." Connecticut law is cute.

In most places throughout the country when a boy and a girl are picked up in what is called an embar-

assing situation—for them, anyway—the girl usually gets a fine and a jail sentence, or both, or is kicked out of town and told never to darken its doors again. The man is told to go and sin some other place. But not in New Haven. There the judges are strict on the "lascivious carriage" trade and smack a \$50 fine on the boys at the same time they hand out stiff penalties to the girls. I heard of one case where the girl was told she was charged with "lascivious carriage" and denied it angrily:

"That's a lie. It was not a carriage. It was a Ford."

New Haven has a Special Service Squad which keeps its eyes peeled for vice of any kind, including gambling. From all I could learn they actually do try to clean up the city. No one has been able to establish what it is about Congress Avenue and the drink-wink-and-let's-go which draws the underworld to Connecticut's Barbary Coast, but for some years its reputation has spread. Even sailors from the submarine base at New London make a bee line for the city of learning when

they get a pass—and it not to look up things at the Yale library. And, though Congress Avenue is known as Connecticut's Barbary Coast other streets like Meadow and Dixwell Avenue are not neglected. These latter are a little nearer to the center of learning.

Distributors of pornography also have secured a foothold in New Haven. Not far from the college town is a small town called Wallingford, known to truck drivers as a good highway stop. It has some first rate diners—the kind people mean when they say they must be good because truck drivers eat there.

At one diner one of the steady customers, who did not drive a truck, was a fellow known only as "Leo" to the counter men and the regular truck drivers, especially a precious pair, one from Hartford and the other Wethersfield. Wallingford police, not knowing about monkey shines got wind that the diner was a distribution center for obscene pictures and other pornographic material which flowed from New York to New Haven. Distribution of lewd pictures is often achieved through truck drivers who take the stuff across state lines—which makes it a federal offense.

A COUPLE of detectives lay in wait and got the two truckers who sang loud and clear, but all they knew was that a man gave them packages to deliver and another man known only as "Leo" picked them up at the diner. The truckers were taken to New Haven and shown rogues gallery pictures of men with backgrounds of morals offenses charged against them. The drivers had no difficulty identifying "Leo" as Liberato Esposito of 548 Chapel Street, a wholesaler of pornography, some of which was imported from France.

The cops had Esposito's address on file and made a fast raid. They found a cupboard full of the pornographic stuff. The police say he was only a minor outlet of the trade.

New Haven police do raid places and are trying to wipe out New Haven's growing reputation of having a Barbary Coast. This is due partly to a desire on the part of its respectable citizens for a clean town and a good deal to Yale University itself, which has the care of thousands of young students and is not happy at the steady encroachments of the Barbary Coast towards the University and is diplomatically demanding that the city be cleaned of its prostitutes, gamblers and dope pushers.

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THE CARSON MOB

BLACKMAIL!!

(Continued from page 33)

from phone books in the Quebec area. to each she sent a crudely written letter threatening to expose the person's secret and to cause him much physical pain, too. On the letters were a few drops of blood—spattered just below the line that demanded an immediate \$100 payment.

It didn't take long for the authorities to catch up with this crude, wholesale blackmailer—but before they did, she had actually gotten three worthy citizens to give her one hundred dollars each in order to have their "secret" kept.

The schemes of blackmailers take many forms. One that never received much attention took place a few years around Ontario's gold mining area. It all started when the Ontario mining commission revealed that "a million dollars worth of gold is stolen every year from Ontario's mines by high-graders."

High-graders, as you may know, are miners who sneak rich bits of ore out of mines in their hair, ears, mouths, between their toes, between slices of bread in their dinner pails, and in body crevices. They peddle their loot to "receivers" for about \$10 an ounce. The receivers melt the stolen ore into "buttons" worth \$1,000 to \$5,000 each. Then "carriers" tote the buttons, usually hidden in multiple-pocket corsets, in to the United States. Most of the gold reaches New York City, where refiners pay \$30 an ounce for it, sell it in time to the United States Treasury.

This was a profitable crime except for two things. (1) You could get caught by the police. Not long ago, for example, 13 men and a woman were convicted of high-grading and peddling \$1,220,000 in stolen gold. (2) You could get away with your theft, but an interested fellow worker could blackmail you to keep him quiet.

Blackmailers were doing such a booming business at one time that one

high-grader expressed "joy and relief" when captured by authorities. "I couldn't have put up with those miserable blackmailers another day," he told police.

One trouble with blackmail is that people refuse to believe it can happen to them even when the evidence is right in front of their eyes. Some time ago Walter E. Clancy, now one of New York's ablest private detectives, was a New York police detective first grade. He was frequently assigned to places such as Saratoga Springs and Miami to be on the lookout for criminals wanted back in New York.

One day at Saratoga, Clancy became friendly with two pretty tramps. They took the handsome plainclothesman for the role he was playing—that of a con man open to propositions. They had one for him. For the past year the two of them had been making a weekly visit to the home of a very wealthy New Yorker. He was a world weary lecher in his early sixties, and he paid the girls well for their "companionship." But the girls had spotted a much greater opportunity if they could find the right partner. And Clancy, they decided, would be just the right man—to play the part of a cop.

In detail they outlined Clancy's role; breaking in on their weekly visit, flashing a phony detective's badge, arresting all three on a variety of morals charges. The girls would start crying and the rich man would, of course, offer to settle the case even before they got out of the house. The girls figured they could get at least \$50,000 from their illicit partner.

Clancy listened closely and promised to think it over. He promptly got in touch with his superior in New York and gave him the details. The latter promised to give the millionaire a warning about his little playmates. Clancy lost sight of the girls about that time.

Three months later, in Florida, he came across them again in a gambling house. They were happy to see him. Was he still interested in playing cop-per for their little scheme?

Slightly incredulous, Clancy managed to get to a phone and called his boss again. Hadn't the rich sucker-to-be been warned? Didn't he know his two playmates were planning to blackmail him for \$50,000? *The New York police official said, yes, the man had been warned, but he just simply wouldn't believe it. Those two lovely girls blackmail him? Didn't the police have anything better to do with their time?*

The inability to recognize blackmail is sometimes the mind's convenient way of refusing to face an ugly situa-

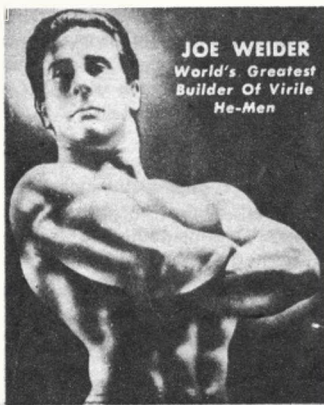
tion. The Calgary manufacturer who carries a bookkeeper on his payroll at \$200 a week is a case in point. She comes in at 11 and leaves at three and spends a considerable part of that time on personal calls. As long as she's alive, she'll be a necessary pain in the manufacturer's neck. You see, she walked into the office one night unexpectedly and found the businessman in an embarrassing situation with a woman who was not his wife.

HOW DO blackmailers stay in business? Consider the facts. You require no capital to set up in this business, and an intelligent, industrious snooper who has a knack for acquiring useful bits of information can make much more money out of blackmail than she could at most other occupations. The only trouble with it, as a wit once remarked, is that "it takes you into bad company."

The fact that any unscrupulous heel can work at blackmail in her spare time means, of course, that it attracts an undue number of strict amateurs. For example, the son of a Canadian politician was milked of \$40,000 recently by a lady with whom he had been overly friendly. The money went for an alleged abortion but the blackmailer was picked up a short time later. From this illustration, however, don't deduce hastily that it's only the amateurs who get caught.

Several months ago, a 45-year-old accountant, father of three children, stopped in a bar in Saskatchewan on his way home from work and ordered a Martini to relax before bus time. A shapely, good-looking stranger sat down on the adjoining stool and began a conversation — genial, unimportant cocktail-time talk. After a glance at the clock (he still had 10 minutes till his bus arrived), the accountant accepted a second drink.

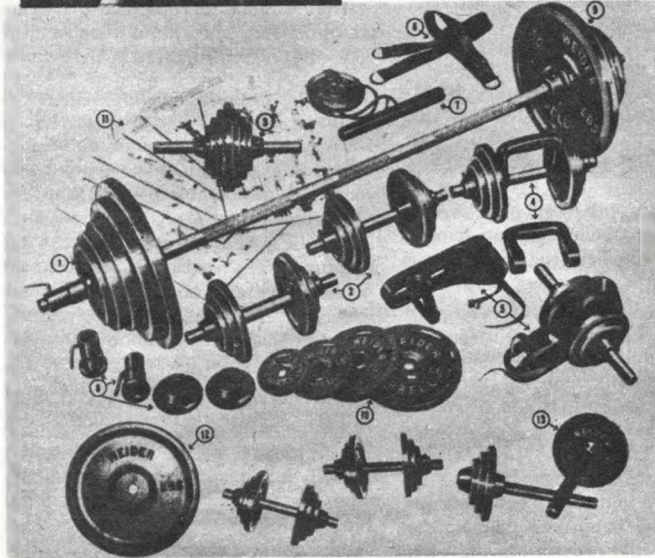
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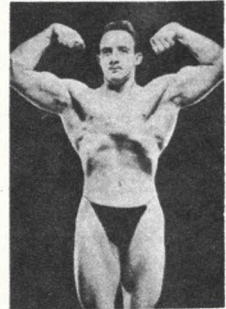
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room, with the stranger, no longer pleasant, and a hard-faced man standing over him. The man showed him a roll of film and the accountant was horrified to see himself in compromising poses with the woman. He had been drugged, and the squeeze was on.

Fortunately the woman and her accomplice were arrested a short time later but why, you may ask, are the shakedown artists turning their attention to this brand-new set of victims—the little guy?

Howard Winter, manager of the 28 bureaus of the William J. Burns International Detective Agency, put it this way:

"Petty blackmailers have found that the smaller man can be just as intimidated as the millionaire and will pay off just as readily. If the criminals can work several less affluent persons at one time, it means a profitable income at less risk than tackling a prominent person."

THE Saskatchewan accountant confronted with the viciously contrived evidence is a dramatic illustration of how fear is on the side of the crooks. He went home, worried sick at the thought of exposure and the consequent damage to his job, family and reputation. Instead of going to the police, he drained his bank account of \$1,630, got a second mortgage on his house and paid another \$3,100.

Finally, his back to the wall, he went to a private detective who crushed the plot by shadowing the blackmailers and warning them that the accountant had signed a full statement which would be given to police authorities if the blackmail didn't stop at once. Actually, the victim had done nothing of the sort.

A surprising aspect of the crime, which few on the receiving end realize, is that the person threatening exposure is usually bluffing. Faced with a blunt refusal to pay, many throw away the "evidence," look for another victim.

District Attorney George M. Fanelli, of Westlake County, N. Y., asserts: "Some may send anonymous letters to the police, the papers or the family, but a great many will not do a thing if their bluff is called."

One Canadian private investigator goes even further: "In ninety-five per cent of the cases," he declares, "it is just talk and threat. After all, the professional blackmailer is after money, not revenge, and once he learn that no cash is forthcoming, the game is washed up for him."

Blackmail is a terribly melodrama-

tic and old-fashioned sort of crime. You won't find much in the Canadian newspapers about it, but the style in blackmail calls for victims ranging all the way from ex-servicemen who had to lie about their dishonorable discharges in order to get jobs, to members of royalty.

During the early nineteen twenties, handsome, swarthy Hari Singh, nephew and heir to the Maharajah of Kashmir, a native state of northern India, was sent to Europe to make a grand tour. As was customary he was provided with a few million dollars for himself and his modest retinue, which included his aide-de-camp, a British captain.

In Paris, young Singh became charmed with a Mrs. Robinson, a divorcee, to whom he had been introduced by his aide. After a few months in Paris, Cannes and London, Singh got a rude shock. It seemed that Mrs. Robinson was not divorced.

A Mr. Robinson calmly told the Hindu that he was going to sue his wife for divorce and would name Hari Singh as correspondent in the action. He was careful to hint, however, that for a suitable sum he might be persuaded to forget about the divorce action. And by suitable he meant exactly \$1,500,000.

SINGH knew that he was particularly vulnerable since he was a high-caste Hindu involved in relations with a woman of no caste. So he consulted his aide who quickly advised him to make the settlement, pointing out the alternatives of scandal and the possibility that the British Raj might consider Singh unsuitable to become Maharajah upon the death of his uncle.

The frightened Hindu signed two checks of \$750,000 each, both payable on a London bank. The first check was cashed and then suddenly the bottom dropped out of the despicable scheme.

Mrs. Robinson's real husband appeared on the scene and attempted to collect, via the court, what he considered a fair portion of the blackmail money from his wife and her accomplice, the pseudo Mr. Robinson. Payment was stopped on the second check, the conspirators were arrested and the aide stood revealed as the keystone of the plot. He had received \$200,000 as his end and had fled to Paris where he spent most of it.

Fortunately, though all the newspapers carried the story, there were no political after effects in the \$750,000 blackmail case. When Hari Singh's uncle died in 1925, Singh became the Maharajah of Kashmir, a

ruler who had obtained an expensive education in the ways of Western blackmail.

No doubt you have heard many incredible stories of how unmarried mothers work the paternity suit racket. Female blackmailers have found this racket to be extremely profitable. Basically, this scheme works the same way in many countries. Take the United States, for example.

"At least 5,000 men in their twenties and early thirties are *mistakenly* accused in American paternity suits each year," Sidney B. Schatkin, Assistant Corporation Counsel for the City of New York, said recently.

"I have brought to trial more than 7,000 cases of disputed paternity during the past twenty years," he declared, "many of them involving young married men with families of their own. I know that in a shocking number of cases, unmarried mothers have brought accusations against the wrong men. I know that in an even larger number of cases, the mother selects the man most vulnerable to publicity and therefore most likely to settle out of court with a generous cash payment in order to avoid sensational newspaper headlines."

PERHAPS the most notorious example was the case brought against Charlie Chaplin on behalf of Joan Berry's infant daughter. The evidence in the Chaplin case, according to qualified experts, indicated that Joan Berry, both before and after her pregnancy, had been with another man in Tulsa, Oklahoma. She had 'borrowed' money from this man during her pregnancy. There was also evidence that she had been in company with still another man in Los Angeles and had been in his apartment. Yet when she discovered that she was pregnant, it was against Chaplin that she made her public accusations—after other methods had failed.

Chaplin survived the ordeal; Hugh Casey, former Brooklyn Dodger pitcher, did not. Casey, in his thirties, was one of the National League's outstanding pitchers, hurling in six of the seven 1947 World Series games. In 1950, after blackmail attempts failed, he was accused of paternity—and lost. A panel of three New York judges found Casey to be the father, on the uncorroborated evidence of the girl. On July 3, 1951, Casey killed himself with a shotgun.

His last words before he pulled the trigger were spoken over the long-distance phone to his estranged wife:

"I am innocent of those charges."

With blackmail so prevalent, with innocent people being hooked as well as the not-so-innocent, what can you do to avoid getting enmeshed? Here is sound advice from police, private investigators and prosecutors:

Be suspicious of change acquaintance in hotel lobbies, bars, or night clubs, especially if you are an out-of-town visitor to a large city. Don't go to a stranger's room or apartment for a "few drinks" or a "nice party."

If you do get involved in a blackmail plot, don't think that the first payment will end everything. Black-

mail is like cancer—it keeps eating at you until it destroys you.

Keep all letters and envelopes in which the demands for money are made and be careful not to tear off the postmarks. Make a record of all telephone calls, dates, hours and what was said. Then go to the police.

Above all, remember that blackmailers rely on fear to keep an innocently trapped victim away from the authorities. A full and frank explanation at the station house won't harm you nearly as much as it will harm the criminals who engineered the plot. ● ● ●

Ablaykok's snowknife. "I believe in God," Epuk protested "but I don't believe that Charlie is God."

"He's no good. He's a friend of Satan!" snarled Charlie, his slitted eyes signalling the executioners. "He's bad inside."

With his clothing half torn from his body, but still loudly condemning Charlie's claim to divinity, the unbeliever was hauled outside and ordered to walk ahead. With shoulders hunched in resignation, the doomed man trudged across the drifts. At the report of Quarack's gun Epuk pitched on his knees, struggled to his feet then fell, a crumpled heap, upon the snow.

At his lonely log mission house at Moose Factory on Hudson Bay, grey-bearded Father Cyr sat in his babichetter chair twisting the dials of his radio. Suddenly he started. From somewhere out of the dark Polar spaces came a ghost voice over the radio. "Mon Dieu!" Father Cyr exclaimed to the Brother cross the room. "The Eskimos—they are killing each other like mad things. Something about the Star of Bethlehem . . . a ghost-ship and the coming of the Messiah. We must wire the Mounted Police."

"Fantastic!" exclaimed Commissioner Stuart T. Wood of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police at Ottawa as he tossed the telegram across to Inspector D. J. Martin, Officer Commanding "G" Division. "Star of Bethlehem! . . . the Second Coming of Christ! Some superstitious craze is leading these Belcher Island Eskimos to wholesale murder." Pausing, he gazed reflectively for a few seconds at Inspector Martin. "You know these Belcher Islands . . ."

"I KNOW them all right, Sir, "They massacred the traders at Great Whale River fifty years ago and were banished to the Belcher Island as a penalty."

"Well," the Commissioner's eyes glinted, "we've got to nip this business in the bud or God knows what it will lead to. You'll leave for Belcher Islands immediately."

"I'd like to fly in," Martin told the Commissioner, "but every plane and pilot is busy."

"There's that old police plane, *The Norseman*," the Commissioner replied, "tell Corporal Swaney to have her re-conditioned right away."

Five days later the clumsy *Norseman* was wheeled from its hangar. Clad in fur ahtegi and mocassins, Inspector Martin took his seat with Corporal J. W. Kerr and Corporal C. D. Swaney, the mechanic. Pilot Roy St. John gave her the gun and the plane soared into the air and headed for the vast wilderness that lay to the northward, a primitive region unchanged since the first



THE MURDERING MAD MESSIAH

(Continued from page 17)

thirteen-year-old Sara, in whose brown eyes incredulity mingled with contempt. "That's not Jesus!" she exploded with a derisive sneer. "That's Charlie Ouyerack." With a scornful toss of her pretty head she added: "Jesus never looked like that!"

The Eskimo "Saviour" made a sign. Mina and widow Akeevik pounced upon the hapless youngster. Furiously the girl fought to escape the clutch of Charlie's fur-clad "angels." Screaming, biting and kicking, she was hauled through the low snow-tunnel. From without came the thudding blows of a wooden snow-shovel, a despairing shriek . . . then silence.

Sickened by this brutal method of eliminating unbelievers, the genial Kaytowiak gripped the handle of his harpoon. "Charlie Ouyerack," he said, "doesn't look like God to me!"

Next moment he was writhing in the grip of the "Saviour's" self-appointed "apostles", Peter Sala and Ablaykok. In a whirling confusion of snapping teeth, flailing arms and fling caribou hair, he was heaved out in the snow. A moment later his shaggy head appeared through the igloo door. With a resounding thwack, a wooden snow-shovel struck him in the face. Staggering to his feet, he reeled over to his igloo and dropped on his knees.

"Go!" thundered Charlie, raising a

fur-clad arm towards the snowhouse of the unbeliever.

Kaytowiak was still on his knee as Charlie's apostles crawled inside. "Do you believe that Charlie Ouyerack is Christ?" Peter prodded him viciously with the barbed point of his harpoon. The Eskimo's cowed head remained bent in an attitude of devotion. As the kneeling man ignored them, Peter sent the harpoon into his side. Charlie Ouyerack entered and fired his gun at the unbeliever. Kaytowiak collapsed in a blood-stained heap upon the snow.

As February, the Eagle Moon, went into its second silvery quarter, Charlie Ouyerack's fanatical interpretation of the white man's religion was carried to the igloos of the nearby Tuokarek village. Here the new-born faith encountered additional opposition when Eva, wife of Alex Epuk, expressed in no uncertain terms her belief that Charlie's greasy person looked anything but god-like. "Besides," she added, "he hasn't a circle of light around his head like Jesus has in pictures!"

Again Charlie's self-appointed apostles swung into action. Faced by Ablaykok's poised harpoon, the woman cringed and admitted that perhaps Charlie did look a *little* like Jesus.

But that was more than her husband, Epuk a relative of the murdered Sara, would admit, even under the threat of

white men stepped ashore on the coasts of North America.

Hours later, as the sun set, they landed at the ancient fur fort of the Hudson's Bay Company at Moose Factory.

"We don't know anymore than you do," Factor Anderson told the Inspector. "Ernest Riddle, our postmanager at Belcher Islands, reported the killings by radio from our post at Great Whale River. His Eskimo guide had been boasting about the new Eskimo "God". Some Iglulik medicine-man seems to have mistaken a shooting star for the Star of Bethlehem and got the idea that he was the Messiah. Started cleaning up on all the unbelievers!"

"Not a word has come through from Riddell," interjected Indian Agent Orford. "His last message, telling of still more killings, was cut off suddenly and we're afraid something's happened to him. His trading post is close to where all the killings have taken place. And, every dog team brings in more stories of wholesale slaughter."

"THE BELCHER Islands!" Pilot St. John's voice rose at last above the roar of the motors the next day St. John circled for a landing, dropped to the snow and taxied towards the Hudson Bay trading post.

The door swung open. A figure clad in Eskimo garb emerged. From over the rocks appeared other fur-clad figures. To his relief Martin realized that the man in the Eskimo garb was white. "Come on in, boys," the drawn features of Ernest Riddell widened into a welcoming smile. "It's sure good to see you."

As the Inspector and his men settled down to a meal of polar bear steaks and bannock, washed down with steaming tea, Riddell filled in the details of the outbreak of fanaticism and murder. As he finished Martin eyed him with amazement. "You mean to tell me that you travelled by dog team all the way to Great Whale River alone with Sala, one of the killers, without getting a hint of these murders?"

"I sure did!" Riddell assured him. "It wasn't till Sala got boasting to the Huskies at Great Whale River and throwing his weight around that the truth leaked out. I shot off that message to you right away over the radio at the trading post, hoping you might hear it."

"What about that second message; the one you sent on the first of April in which you said there had been more killings?"

Riddell tamped down the tobacco in his pipe. "It's a long story," he said. "I'll tell you all about it."

On March 29th Mima, portly sister of Peter Sala, and now one of Charlie Ouyerack's most ardent angels, arrived at a village of snowhouses on the dreary shores of Camsell Island bringing word of the new Saviour. Not quite certain in her mind as to whether Charlie Ouyerack was actually Jesus Himself, or one of His advance agents preparing the way for the Second Coming, she went into a trance, awakened and informed the fur-clad inmates of the igloos that Christ was coming on the wings of the Polar blizzard that was clawing at the puny snowhouses.

"Take off your clothes," she shrieked in an abandon of religious frenzy, "and go out on the sea-ice to meet Him. You must be naked as you were born, and must go pure and defiled with the skins of God's creatures."

With talon-like fingers she clawed fur ahtegis and trousers from protesting men, women and children till a forlorn group of thirteen stood nude and shivering in the red glow of the smoky blubber-lamps.

"If you go out in the cold that way and Christ doesn't come, you'll die and you won't die pleasantly!" growled the unbelieving Tom Shonkeli.

"Mima", Growled Kittalik, who also had his doubts," is sick in the head."

A moment later Mina had herded two naked girls and four equally naked boys out on the blizzard-swept ice. Stark naked, the other crawled through the snow tunnel into the bitter Artic cold.

AT THAT moment, in the circular doorway of the igloo, appeared the malevolent face of Charlie Ouyerack, his gaze searching the defiant faces of the unbelieving Shonkeli and Kittalik. He went outside called to his apostles, Peter Quarack and Ablaykok "These are evil men," his black eyes flashed with fanatical fury," they do not believe in Jesus. Get your guns."

As Shonkeli's head emerged to see what was going on Ablaykok's gun exploded in his face and he fell. Kittalik, leapt through the opening, thrust Quarack's gun aside and caught him in a furry embrace. With guttural grunts they wrestled in the drifts.

A bullet from Ablaykok's gun crashed into his brain. Kittalik pitched across the body of his dying friend. Over on the snow mound the Artic cold was taking its toll. One by one the nude figures sank upon the snow in a grotesque heap.

"Mina succeeded in tearing only the bearskin pants off old Moses," Riddell grinned wryly. "The old boy managed to beat it and crawled back to his igloo. But as for the rest of them, they're all

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still lying there, frozen stiff, exactly where they fell—that is if they haven't been chewed up by wolves or foxes."

"Where," demanded Martin, "is this murdering Ouyerack and the rest of the crowd now?"

"They're scattered from hell to breakfast, God knows where they are, though a few of them may still be at the Tuokarek camp over on the east here."

Martin's brow furrowed. "There's only one thing to do. Take a chance on flying to the Tuokarek camp. The rest will have to wait until we can get around by schooner after open water."

The sun was sinking as the plane skimmed to a halt before a horde of lowering Eskimos at Tuokarek.

Martin took a swift survey of the Mongol-faced mob in polar-bear and sealskin clothes and patched bird-skins and demanded: "Where is Charlie Ouyerack?"

A fur-clad giant pointed across the icefield, emitting a stream of guttural sounds.

"He says," interpreted Kerr, "he's

visiting some other Eskimos to the north of here."

Bombarding the Eskimos with questions, Martin learned more about the forces behind the strange behaviour of the natives.

For the past year the Eskimos had been faced with famine. Eight had died of starvation, while others, light-headed from their suffering, had turned in desperation to the Bible left by some wandering missionary, for guidance. For, between those battered covers, the Black Robe had told them, lay the key to the solution of all Man's ills. Then Ernest Riddell, the Hudson's Bay factor had told them of the war, and how the white people were slaughtering each other by the thousands. The Eskimos, driven themselves at times to cannibalism, could understand the white men, in similar straits, killing off a few of their own kind to appease hunger but, according to the stories they had heard, the white men were killing off far more people than they could devour, which seemed like sinful waste. Perhaps this had made God angry and that was why

he had sent this blight upon the land!

Then one hoary old medicine-man recalled what had happened years before, when faced with similar sufferings, the Eskimos had prayed vainly to Nulialuk, their underwater goddess who had married a seagull. In desperation they had called on the white man's God to save them. When they were almost too weak to hunt as though in answer to their prayers a shadowy shape had loomed through the fraying mists and, as though guided by unseen hands, headed directly into the bay.

It was a ghost ship! Heeling gently it avoided a deadly shoal and came to rest with its sharp prow upon the beach right in front of the starving camp. Clambering aboard they'd found the ship deserted, but within its hold was a boundless supply of white man's food. Cutting down the masts for firewood they'd kindled a huge fire warmed their emaciated bodies, feasted to repletion, and given thanks to the God of the *Kablunats* for His bounty.

"MY God!" exclaimed Martin, "that must have been the lost Hudson's Bay Company's ship the *Fort Churchill*. She slipped her mooring at York Factory while all hands were ashore. The Company's men searched the Hudson Bay coast high and low without finding a sign of her and figured she'd got wrecked. No wonder these Eskimos thought their prayers had been answered when she drifted ashore right before their starving camp!"

"Charlie," Kerr explained, "evidently figured that if he got busy with that Bible the Lord might send him another ship. Got his medicine-man magic mixed up with some smattering of the white man's religion and went plumb haywire. Figured the ones he killed were possessed with evil spirits when they didn't back him up."

"Ask them," ordered Martin crisply, "where we can find Peter Quarack and Ablaykok?"

"Him Quarack . . . him Ablaykok!" A lad clad in grimy bird-skins pointed to two broad-faced men in sealskin ategis holding harpoons.

With Oriental fatalism, the two men shuffled forward and tamely submitted to arrest. Then, a broad-hipped woman with a Bible under her arm calmly informed the Inspector that she was Mina!

With friendly grins, the prisoners followed orders to pile into the white man's mechanical "thunder-bird" and a few minutes later, they were being whisked through the skies. Great was their astonishment as Pilot St. John circled over the rotting ice at the mouth of Moose River and they glimpsed the vast spruce forests—so different from



"You mean you're working your way through college too?"

their own treeless domain, where a stick of driftwood was a prize.

The plane's left skid was damaged on the landing at the Moose River mouth so Martin left Swaney to dismantle the damaged *Norseman*, while he set out across the rotting ice for the end-of-steel at Moosonee, leaving his prisoners behind. Camped in a tent beside the Mounted Police barracks, the Eskimo prisoners wandered about under the watchful eyes of Constable Dexter, gleefully slashing like children at the trees. With three square meals a day, a warm place to sleep in—freed of the necessity of facing icy blasts in their endless forage for food—they seemed to feel they were in clover.

Hardly had Martin reached Mounted Police Headquarters at Ottawa when a radio message from the Hudson's Bay factor at Fort Burwell, 700 miles northeast of the Belcher Islands, cracked through the air, telling of still more Eskimo trouble. Had the spurious Messiah, Martin wondered, sought new pastures? Was Charlie Ouyerack attempting to force his peculiar form of salvation on still another Eskimo tribe?

ON JULY 13th, the frontier outpost of Moosonee was jolted out of its accustomed calm as the "Arctic Express" disgorged a crowd of strange whites. There was Justice C. P. Plaxton of the Ontario Supreme Court; R. A. Olmstead and J. P. Madden, Crown and Defence attorneys, and a scarlet-coated escort of Mounted Police. Curiously, long-limbed Cree Indians and blanket-ed squaws gazed upon the strange assemblage. In their almond-shaped eyes lurked grim delight at the thought that the presence of these *Shagonashuak* betokened retribution on their hated enemies, the Eskimos—Those Eaters of Raw Flesh with whom their race had fought for untold centuries.

After a hurried visit to the ancient fort of Moose Factory across the river, the judicial party boarded the waiting motor-ship, *Fort St. Charles*, and headed out into the ice-flecked sea, en route to the Belcher Islands.

Meanwhile Flight-Lieutenant C. V. Miscampbell, who had replaced Pilot St. John, had hurried to Moose Factory to fit the *Norseman* with pontoons, and pilot the prisoners and police to the scene of the trial on the bleak, rock-bound Belchers. With Inspector Martin, Sergeant Kennedy and the Eskimo prisoners aboard he gunned her north.

While Inspector Martin remained at the Belcher Islands rounding up witnesses for the trial, Sergeant Kearney boarded a schooner at Riddell's trading post and proceeded to comb the Eskimo camps on the wind-swept islands for the native who'd played

Christ with such sanguinary results. Guided finally by the whisperings from Eskimo villages they nosed their craft into a rock-girt inlet frequented by native walrus hunters.

As the crowd of skin-clad savages herded aggressively to the beach the Eskimo pilot nodded towards a short, shaggy-haired, powerfully-built native. Elbowing through the surly throng, Kearney caught the savage by the arm. "Charlie Ouyerack," came his curt command, "get aboard that boat there." "You no talk me like dat," the chunky pseudo-Messiah met the gaze of the Redcoat with smouldering eyes. "Me all same Jesus!" His hand dropped to the copper snowknife at his girdle.

Next moment he was being propelled in the iron grip of the Mountie through the crowd of bewildered natives, and tossed aboard the waiting craft. The engine spluttered and the little schooner headed back towards the Belcher Islands. With the ringleader under arrest the rest was easy. Peter Sala was rounded up with the widow Akeevik and Apawkok, and the Iglulik tribesmen saw the deflated "Messiah", along with his fur-clad "apostles" and "angels" carried south—captives.

On the shores of the rock-bound Belchers, in a large marquee surrounded by the squalid sealskin *tupeks* of the Iglulik Eskimos, the last act was played in this fantastic drama of aboriginal superstition—known to have taken a toll of at least fourteen lives.

Flanked by his red-coated escort and lawyers in flowing black silk gowns sat Justice Plaxton, also in wig and gown, facing the Stone Age prisoners on one side and a jury of traders newspapermen, and sailors on the other. Upon the moss-covered rocks squatted rows of Iglulik Eskimos, their oily faces exuding perspiration and wonder.

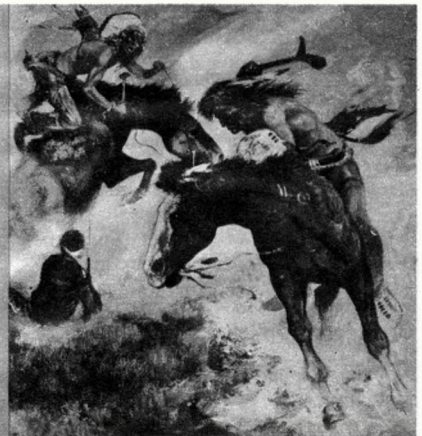
Testifying in his own defense Sala admitted he believed Charlie was God in thought but not in body, while Charlie Ouyerack said that another Eskimo called him Jesus, and he believed what his friends had told him. Other Stone Age witnesses recalled that Sara had thanked her brother when he had struck her over the head in the snowhouse and that later there had been a blubber banquet in the igloos, under the belief that Satan had been destroyed.

Retiring to the moss-grown rocks, the jury returned a verdict. Mina and the widow Akeevik were declared temporarily insane. Apawkok was acquitted, while Charlie Ouyerack and Peter Sala received two years' hard labor. Ablaykok was sentenced to a year's hard labor, while Quarack received a two years' suspended sentence.

A month later the sadly deflated Charlie Ouyerack with his "apostles", Peter Sala and Ablaykok, were cooling their mukluk-shod heels at the sub-Arctic Mounted Police post at Chesterfield Inlet, and peace once more settled on the frigid islands of Hudson Bay.

SIX MEN FOUGHT OFF A TRIBE OF SCREAMING SAVAGES

(Continued from page 47)



scanned the tightening red noose. Figuring roughly, over a hundred were still out there. It was certain death here, maybe suicide to try for the mesquite.

Rising abruptly, he darted crouching across the flat—straight at the dust-enveloped circle. Behind him he heard Chapman cry out.

The sound was drowned by a hideous war whoop. Breaking from the dust, a knot of howling demons brand-

ishing feathered lances angled to cut him off.

Some fifty yards to his left was a low depression, where buffalo had pawed up earth for a place to roll. Not much cover—a buffalo wallow. But as he obliqued for it, snap-shooting an onrushing warrior, it looked a mile deep.

Black eyes gleaming exultantly, the paint-daubed, mother-naked braves fanned out shrieking with lances up-

raised. Rifles were forgotten. To count a lance coup meant much honor. It was this Indian vagary that let Dixon live.

He went into the wallow sprawling. The Spencer still held six rounds. He got them all off in thirty seconds—and only one yapping Comanche got away.

Dixon reloaded. Moments later the circle came apart. Barking insults, the baffled hostiles loped out of range to plan some new strategy. As they did so, Harrington made for the wallow. Woodall followed. Then Trooper Roth . . .

The old timers dubbed it the Buffalo Wallow Fight, and the name stuck. Frederic Remington, however, entitled his famous drawing (now in the Hogg Bros. Collection): *Stand of the Couriers*. And quite appropriately, since that's what it was. But regardless of names it was, as Colonel Miles made official report: . . . *an instance of indomitable courage and true heroism.*

MUSTY old Army records in the Archives don't mention it—specifically. It was, after all, just one of those innumerable skirmishes which helped win the West. The colonel's report gives the facts. *Campe on Washita River, Texas, September 24, 1874. At 5 a. m. on the 12th inst., when nearing the Washita . . . Their deeds . . . the odds against which they fought . . . without medical attention . . .* Facts. Nothing more. The Army is unemotional. All it ever wants are the facts.

But facts are a pigment too watery to paint a clear picture. They leave the background hazy an show the characters in an unreal light. Facts move too slowly to pace the arrow's flight, or match the speed of a bullet. Emotionless, they are too neat and circumscribed to correctly echo the war shriek—or death rattle. Facts speak too softly to rightly portray a man's courage—or his fear.

So take U. S. 66 to Shamrock, Texas, and go north on U. S. 83 to Hemphill County. The fight took place just a "short piece north of the Wheeler-Hemphill County line. Stop there and see the marker. Then ask around.

Ask any oldster. You'll learn about an "old boy" whose paw "rode mail" between Camp Supply and Fort Cobb, and "knewed" Billy Dixon well. And when you meet him, he'll tell you how Billy's wife, Olive, worked on the Miami paper in the early twenties. (Miami, Texas is on U. S. 60, just northeast of the Marker. He will say:

"Thet lil ole lady tole me this heah now story, an' doggon' if'n it wa'n't like'n ah heahed paw tell it. Leastways, mainly. Way it goes . . ."

The way it goes is somewhat different from the Dodge version. Colonel Richard I. Dodge, in his *Our Wild Indians*, 1882, credits Amos Chapman with the "greater glory,"—that of exposing himself to Kiowa and Comanche fury while rescuing the dying trooper, Smith.

According to Dodge, Chapman bade the others cover him. Springing from their dubious shelter, he raced through a *withering hell of lead* to the dying man's side. Smith weighed around 175. Bing himself wounded, Chapman couldn't lift him. Laying down, he worked Smith a-straddle of him and staggered erect.

HE had only gone a short distance when a dozen warriors charged them. Dropping Smith, he whipped out his revolver and shot two. The others retreated.

Again hoisting Smith up, Chapman stumbled on. About fifteen yards from the wallow more Indians attacked. Rifles blazed as they did a "wheel off." The scout felt a sharp blow on one leg. He fell, Smith atop him.

"But," he said, "feeling no pain I leaped up, shouldered Smith and got to the wallow. There someone exclaimed, 'My God, man—your leg!' I looked down, and found *my foot had been shotoff at the ankle*. Thinking only of Smith I had covered the last few yards *walking on naked bone, without feeling any pain.*"

That's how Chapman told it to Dodge—for the book. A selfless and very gallant deed—to carry a dying comrade on a jagged, bleeding leg stump!

But . . . *this is how it really happened!*

When Billy Dixon heard Chapman cry out as he sprinted for the wallow, he took it for a startled rebuke. And when Chapman didn't follow Roth in, and he saw the Indians bunching, he shouted for him to "git movin'!"

"Cain't, Billy," Chapman called back. "Th' red devils busted m' leg."

Dixon looked at Woodall. The tall sergeant nodded. "Smashed his knee," he grated, clawing at the sandy soil with bare hands to throw up a breast-work.

Dixon regarded his friend closely and grimaced. He saw the Indians had again drifted back to pow-wow. Handing Roth his Spenser, he tossed down his hat.

It was sheer guts that took him across those lead-lashed fifty yards to Chapman's side, for a hundred rifles spanged before he'd gone fifty feet. The Indians didn't charge. Warriors with a code of chivalry that welcomed single combat, they respected personal bravery. But 135 degrees of fire whined and lash-cracked and splintered around him all the way.

Being informed that Smith was dead, he struggled to get Chapman onto his back. Later he remarked that this was the toughest part of his feat. But Dixon was being modest. All considered, his return was a veritable nightmare.

Half way to safety, the murderous arc of whispering death went silent as a feather-bedecked Comanche galloped full tilt from the hogback. Maybe his medicine was right. Maybe his coup stick looked empty. Maybe he was just bold. Whatever it was, brown oiled bodycoiled under his wild-eyed pony's mane, long lance leveled, hoarse madness wind-whipped from his throat, he came at the two scouts riding like the devil at midnight. And all Dixon could do was go on.

But not Woodall. Calmly, like dry-run on the range, he snuggled up to Spencer stock, took a half breath, and squeezed off. The pony cartwheeled, screaming in bowel-torn agony, over and over, like a hoop. The Comanche looped uncoiling and started down. Roth's carbine barked. The demonic face flew apart.

Twenty charges Spotted Bull made. Ten hours—while livid fury hurtled wave after wave of hideously shrieking, feather-tossing, ochre and vermilion-streaked murderous red death headlong across the naked flat. Ten hours—while a hellish dirr knifed through saffron dust and a lead blade scythed the prairie.

TWENTY charges—and Spotted Bull was done. Like combers cresting on a rocky beach, the red waves broke and curled back before the deadly accuracy of the Spencers. The bellied-down couriers, squeezing off deliberately, fired for record. In each slug there was crimson anger. For the paymaster from Fort Cobb, spread-eagled over a slow fire at Bear creek. For Martha Germain's torn nudity. For black-bloated cavalymen in cairned graves from Fort Hays to the Dakotas.

There was Sergeant Woodall's calm, "Steady, Roth. You're no recruit. Hold your fire to thirty yards." with his leg torn blood wide from knee to hip. And Harrington, with a rib end showing white, keeping Smith's hair in place.

There was sulphur and hot gun oil

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and the rancidity of body grime—and dead warriors and ponies lumped in a copper and white and dun and roan circle right up to the wallow. For a man fights best when he thinks his number is up.

Broken and slashed and bleeding, whittled down and yelping like stoned curs, the frustrated hostiles picked up their dead and drew off to the hogback. The bleary-eyed, thirst-tortured couriers watched them go, not sure—waiting.

Desperate courage and cool marksmanship had won—at least a reprieve. While war-bonneted leaders made medicine the young bucks, by obscene gestures, fiendish threats, and a sporadic harassing fire, reminded the white men their predicament was unchanged. But they did so well beyond effective carbine range.

As the day wore on, with an occasional well-dispersed volley making the Indians cautious, white-heaped clouds advanced in ranked splendor over the far horizon. Lightning-laced and thunder-shaken they deployed to blanket the sky.

Abruptly, then, a torrential down-pour drenched the prairie.

In the wallow men lay back open-mouthed, savoring the cold, flat taste of the rain. Canteens had gone with the horses. Thirst had become an obsession. As the wallow slowly filled they sprawled face down—and drank. It was gritty, muddy, red with their own blood. But it was water.

THEY soaked their clothing, laved their wounds. And an hour later, as the sky cleared, they shivered. For a chill wind sprang up, as it often does following a prairie storm, and despite the sun the day became bitter cold.

It was this that finished what the deadly Spencers had begun. For the Indian has no liking for Nature's discomforts, and the raw wind took the heart from them. Toward evening Roth walked boldly over to get Smith's weapons. The war party, huddled in soaked blankets, made no move to molest him.

Roth bent over—and came up yelling, "Billy! Come 'ere Smitty's alive!"

Smith was not only alive, but conscious. Carefully they carried him to the wallow, and examined his wounds. What they saw made them grimace. One lung was punctured. With every breath pinkish foam bubbled out. They did what they could, using neckerchiefs for bandages. Grass and tumbleweeds made him a bed.

When they finished the Indians were still there, outlined against the flaming backwash where the sun had just died in agony. But now they feared

no evil—at least until dawn. For the Plains Indian rarely attacked at night. The warrior killed in darkness must wander the spirit world forever in darkness.

Cold, hungry, their bodies racked with pain, the couriers listened to Smith' tortured breathing, while the harvest moon rose orange and mysterious. Their situation was critical. All needed medical aid. The ammunition was about gone. Unless help arrived, dawn would see their hair dangling from coup sticks.

The hours dragged on, through a silence hideous with threat. Midnight came. The moon slid down the western sky, and the prairie mists crept up from the coulees, clammy as death's touch. Body heat no longer sufficed against dank wool and buckskin. Eyes thick-sanded with fatigue saw weird apparitions.

STARING into the silver moon wash, Dixon blinked. Were his eyes doing tricks—or had the Indians gone? Maybe—but no! They wouldn't attack. Not with the night spirits prowling. Flat down, ear to the ground, he listened. From a distance, audibly, the prairie brought back the vibrations of hoof-beats.

Raising his head, he scanned the horizon. Slowly . . . there! Silhouetted against the lighter sky, a bobbing, black-lumped line weaved southward.

It was an 80 mile trek to Camp Supply, through open, hostile-infested country. There were six blue-lipped, bleeding men crouched and sprawled along the rim of that ten-foot saucer on the edge of the *Llano Estacado*. Only two of them could stand unaided. Roth wanted to go, yet Dixon was the logical choice. A brief council named Roth. The wounded needed Dixon—so that was that.

After Roth's departure, Dixon bit off a chew and hunkered near Chapman.

Chapman eased his wounded leg. "Reck'n he'll make it, Billy?"

Eyeing the moon, Dixon shot a twisting amber stream at the dead pony. "Nice'n bright out. There's a chance—if'n he c'n find th' trail."

"I shore so." Chapman's eyes were feverish, his face pain-gaunt.

Dixon glanced over at Smith. Eyes narrowing, he stood up, and crossed the wallow. He knelt down, and a grimness touched his face. The greyish pallor wasn't moonlight. Quietly, as he had endured his agony, George Smith had died.

Turning, Dixon regarded the other with a silence leaden with meaning. Then, because he must, he carried the

body out beyond the pony. As he laid it down a coyote wailed. A mirthless smile twisted his mustache. To this end was a man born—to a lonesome grave in a barren wilderness.

Shortly before dawn Roth stumbled across the prairie. He had wandered for hours, lost in the Staked Plains' vastness. Now, it had to be Dixon.

Dawn was a grey-shrouded hag red-gummed in the east when he started. With his plainsman's sixth sense, finding the Camp Supply trail was no problem. Heading northeast, he jogged along easily, eying every draw, every ravine. Now sunlight flooded the wasteland ahead. Far off, he caught the glint of metal!

Indians? Fear was a brassy taste in his mouth as he dove into the sage. The sweat of waiting greased his carbine. Fear sweat bathed his armpits. Then he heard it—and almost gulped his chew. You never forget an Army mule's bray!

HE stood up—and nearly had his head blown off! Three hundred yards away two startled troopers were throwing down on him.

"Holy Mackeli!" he cried, holding his Spencer overhead. "Yuh gone plumb stark ravin' loco? I ain't no stinkin' Injun." He moved slowly toward them.

Dixon's Texas drawl lowered the carbines, but the wary troopers didn't relax until they saw his eyes. They were, he quickly learned, riding point for the wagon train he could now see breaking over a distant rise. He told them of Spotted Bull. Then one rode back to the wagons.

Escorted by cavalymen under Major John K. Prince, the wagons, enroute from Camp Supply, were Colonel Miles' supply train. With it rode a surgeon.

Loaning Dixon a mount, Major Prince and a detail followed him hell-for-leather back to the wallow.

The surgeon did what he could for the wounded; who dumbfounded by the sight of approaching riders, had opened fire before they saw dirty shirt blue.

Smith was buried in the buffalo wallow. Time and the elements have long since erased all traces of the grave. But he still lies there, and will always be there. He is almost alone on the land, but not quite; for there is the marker and Highway 83, and his dying helped put them there.

On page 222 of *The Medal of Honor*, official publication of the Dept. of the Army, the first four names are: Harrington, John; Roth, Peter; Smith, George W.; Woodall, Zachariah. After each name it says: *Washita, River,*

Texas, 12 September 1874 . . . Citation: While carrying dispatches he was attacked by 125 hostile Indians, whom he and his comrades fought throughout the day . . . Neither Dixon nor Chapman are listed. Civilians are never awarded the Medal of Honor. This honor is reserved for duly enlisted personnel and officers only.

Sergeant Woodall's medal was issued 7 November 1874; the others three days earlier. It doesn't say who received Smith's posthumous award.

Amos Chapman's leg was amputated at the knee. Like the others he later recovered fully, and he even continued to scout for the Army for some years.

Billy Dixon died in 1913. He never publicly denied the Chapman story

used by Colonel Dodge. He was, as previously stated, a modest man. Chapman was his good friend and they had faced death together. The reputations of both, as scouts, Indian fighters, and courageous men, were above reproach.

Why Chapman basked in glory that was rightfully Dixon's is something none will ever know. But he did. If in doubt still, check the notary public records of Robert County, Texas, for January, 1923. There was, it is known, a letter earlier written by Sergeant Woodall notarized in Miami that month.

It had not only condemned Dodge's version of the Buffalo Wallow Fight, but bluntly called Chapman a liar. *And Woodall knew the truth—if any man did.* ● ● ●



THE HORRIBLE CAVE OF GOLD

(Continued from page 21)

was on no schedule, and could take my time. I was on this trip for the sheer enjoyment of it. Why not make it pleasant?

The country I had been travelling through since leaving Bathurst was a variation of low, rolling hills, small forests and an occasional small lake or waterhole. As I progressed inland the country seemed dryer and more bare. Rabbits abounded. So did snakes. An occasional kangaroo or red fox might be seen. Bird life abounded. Many of them were colorful and lovely singers. Being a sailor I knew a few of them by name. The cockatoo, the magpie with its chatter, the galare, an Australian parrot that was said to make a good talker, and the beautiful bullenbul, a small green bird with a yellow collar around its neck, and many other lovely birds.

It was towards evening when I saw a small tent pitched about two hundred feet from the road I was on. I went over near it and called out loudly. I heard no answer, but I felt somehow that I should look in.

I went close over to it and, calling more softly, I raised the tent flap. What

I saw made me quickly step inside. On a blanket on one side lay an old man. His face was sunken and thin from suffering, it seemed to me, and his long white hair was matted with blood. He looked at me and his lips moved, "How d'ye." It was barely perceptible. I knelt alongside of him.

"Are you hurt?" I said.

"Shot," he said and nodded. "Who are you?"

I told him who I was and how I came to be there. I could tell he had high fever and, as I always carried some quinine on me in those days, I gave him a couple. "Can I go get you a doctor?" I asked him.

"No, no no," he said emphatically, "there is none for fifty miles around, and I don't want you to leave me."

He then, slowly and with considerable effort, told me his story, how as a young man he had killed a man in a city in a saloon brawl and fled to the bush. He wandered around, and one day, by sheer accident, had discovered gold in a creek he was bathing in.

For years he had worked at it, and he told me it must have been the



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mother lode, for it never seemed to give out. Every once in a while he would go to some small town, exchange a few nuggets for necessities, but not enough to arouse suspicion of a strike. His stake he had buried in the ground some little ways from where he was camped. Leaving for other parts at times, he had always returned and resumed working out gold.

Somehow he got word from home that the police were looking for him, so he had stayed away, piling up the nuggets, month after month, year after year, leaving but always returning. Maybe in time the killing would be forgotten and he could go back.

But then one day it happened after a short visit to the nearest village. Someone must have followed him and figured he had struck it rich, for one afternoon after quitting his daily work he had been shot at. The bullet had struck him in the head and knocked him out temporarily. But he came to and stemmed the flow of blood. It was then he saw two men running over a hill not far away. That night he moved camp several miles.

SINCE then they had not come near him. He figured they knew he was hurt and were waiting for him to die. The wound in itself had not proved critical, but infection set in and now he had been lying down for several days, passing out every now and again.

Meanwhile, as he was telling his story, I made tea and he ate a little. Then he slept and I stayed with him. I had a feeling whenever I stepped out of the tent that I, too, was being watched. No doubt they would try to get me too, at the first opportunity.

The next day he seemed a bit stronger and talked some more.

He told me his name was Bill Hayes and spoke of his cache of gold.

He said, "I will never leave this tent alive, and I want you to have the gold. You are young and can enjoy it. When I die, bury me right here in the tent and leave the tent standing. Then in the night sneak out and make for town. That way you may get away alive, for if they see you strike camp and leave without me, they will figure I am dead, and get you, too."

He gave me some papers. "You will find directions how to locate the cache here," he said as he handed them to me. Bill lingered on another day, then early the next morning he died.

I cried as I dug the shallow grave, for I had felt so sorry for this old man whose one youthful mistake had outlawed him. I had truly gotten to like

him in the short time I knew him. He had given me a small poke of gold nuggets "These are all I carried with me. Use it to get the things you need to go after the gold," he had told me.

I laid old Bill away, tenderly wrapped in his old blanket. Then I spread my blanket and tent over him and filled the grave up. I stayed around all day, showing myself once or twice for short periods. I knew I was being watched.

As soon as darkness fell I left through a slit in the canvas through the back of the tent, carrying only my rifle, the gold poke and the papers old Bill had given me. I did not head directly for the road, but made a wide detour that brought me to it, several miles nearer to the village.

About noon the next day I reached the town of Myles, and the local bank was glad to exchange a small part of my gold poke for cash.

"Where did you get it?" the young clerk asked eagerly. I told him about three days' travel to the south. That was the opposite direction from which I had come. He looked at me interestedly. "Going back there?" he asked. I said I was going to Sydney first and then would come back to Myles on my return trip.

"I would leave my job to go with you," he said. And I knew he meant it.

That afternoon I got the mail coach for Bathurst and took a train for Sydney. I arrived there in the evening and went to a small hotel, and spent some time trying to figure out where to find a partner to go along with me after the gold. To try to go alone would be crazy. In the first place you need a helper in the bush when things are tough. You also a friend if you get in a fight, and from what old Bill Hayes had said, there were at least two men looking for his gold. Also you need extra help to carry the gold or even a small part of it back, for one man can only carry tent, blankets and necessary equipment.

I WAS thinking of some sailor as a possible companion, for I knew sailors, but never had trusted people on shore too much. From what I knew about landlubbers, judging them by shipping masters, crimps and others, I had run into, they were a mealy-mouthed and measly crowd.

So I took a trip to Willamaloo, the old town where sailors hang out. I visited several sailors' bars, and as I was in my old clothes I drew no attention. Everyone took me for a down-and-out seaman, I guess.

Nothing happened until about ten o'clock in the evening. I saw a fellow enter the bar. The man had a striking personality. Tall and broad-shouldered, and with a full beard and twinkling blue eyes, I judged him to be about thirty years old. His brogue pronounced him a "son of Erin".

He went up to bar and had some drinks—I don't know just how many. All of a sudden a fracas started, and I heard someone yell, "You lousy Irish bastard. You wouldn't buy a drink!" First thing I knew, the black-bearded fellow was out on the floor with four or five men attacking him. He promptly knocked two of them down, and it was then I saw a fellow coming up behind him with a beer bottle in his hand. His intentions were obvious.

I shouted a warning to Irish and jumped out, swinging at the bottle carrier and sending him spinning in a corner.

WE had quite a fight. The whole bar seemed to be against us, and how we ever got out I will never be sure of, but the next thing we were out in an alley, running for our lives, but before this I had seen Blackie first dispose of at least two more fellows.

We got out of the alley onto a side street, and looked ourselves over. We were a sorry-looking pair, bleeding from several cuts, and with our clothes partly torn.

But the thing that struck me was the smile on the fellow's face. His blue eyes were lit up with good-natured humor, and his face looked as if he really had enjoyed himself.

"Thanks," he said, pushing his hand toward me. It was a small fist now with some blood on it, but the wrist behind the hand looked broad and powerful.

I knew then that I had found a partner. How we got back to my hotel, how I spent the rest of the evening explaining to Mike Donovan that he had a job while we enjoyed a quart of Johnny Walker, would make a story in itself, but suffice to say that he readily fell in with my plans; and we then and there formed a partnership that I never had reason to regret.

Mike Donovan was "black Irish" by his own statement, and come from Kinsale, county of Cork. He had been lately paid off from the American four-masted barque "Bannockburn", and had been a roamer in the bar where I found him until his money was spent. The tavern owner, who had a clique of toughs around for the purpose of manhandling sailors once there was no more to get of them, had ordered him out but

refused to give him a five-pound note he had left in safekeeping the day he paid off. Thus the fight.

"I'll go with you," he said, "on the condition that when we return we'll go in at broad daylight and clean this place out, first leaving money with the police to bail us out." I laughingly agreed.

Had I known what lay ahead, I would not have laughed so heartily.

The next few days were spent making ready for the coming trip.

WHEN we opened the package of papers old Bill had given me we found, among other things, a piece of brown paper. On it was written: "My gold is buried near where there is a sharp bend in Smith's River, twenty miles north of Braden. Three hundred yards directly south of this bend is a rock formation with a cave in it. Inside the cave is a pickhandle leaning against one wall. Underneath it my gold is lying, covered with some stones." We read and re-read this until we knew it by heart.

One thing we agreed on, we would have to keep our eyes open, for the old man's attackers, if they had any idea where his gold might be, would not hesitate to kill us too.

It was about sunset on the 9th day after we left Sydney, when we first saw Smith River from the top of a hill. It was about a mile away, as far as we could judge. We had walked all the way and were approaching our destination by a route, away from all roads and trails. We decided to camp right where we were and then, with our rifles ready, carefully approached the river, ever on guard for campfires or other signs of life. We had seen no signs of human

beings for the last four days, and were sure that no one was aware of our presence as yet, and at all cost we wanted to locate any possible enemies, before they saw us.

A full moon was bathing the scenery in an eerie light. The bush is silent at night and no predatory animals prowl in darkness as in many other lands. We walked forward slowly, Mike ahead of me.

Suddenly when we were only about one hundred yards from the river, Mike stopped and turned to motion me. But I had heard something too. I had heard the voices of men. Like statues we stood there listening. We heard the voices again. "Let us get nearer," Mike whispered to me.

SOUNDLESSLY we walked forward, careful not to make the slightest noise.

We came to where we could see the broad expanse of Smith River clearly in front of us. We froze in our tracks as we again heard voices of men, not far away. One voice was strong and commanding, "No, no camping now. We are at the bend of the river and very close to the cave. It is almost as light as day. Let us find the place now." The answer was mumbled and unintelligent to us.

Mike came closer and whispered in my ear. "They are here, just arrived, the same as us, and they know about the cave. What do we do?"

I thought of old Bill Hayes, shot down from ambush and his killers here now, to rob the wealth he had found, and worked for a long lifetime.

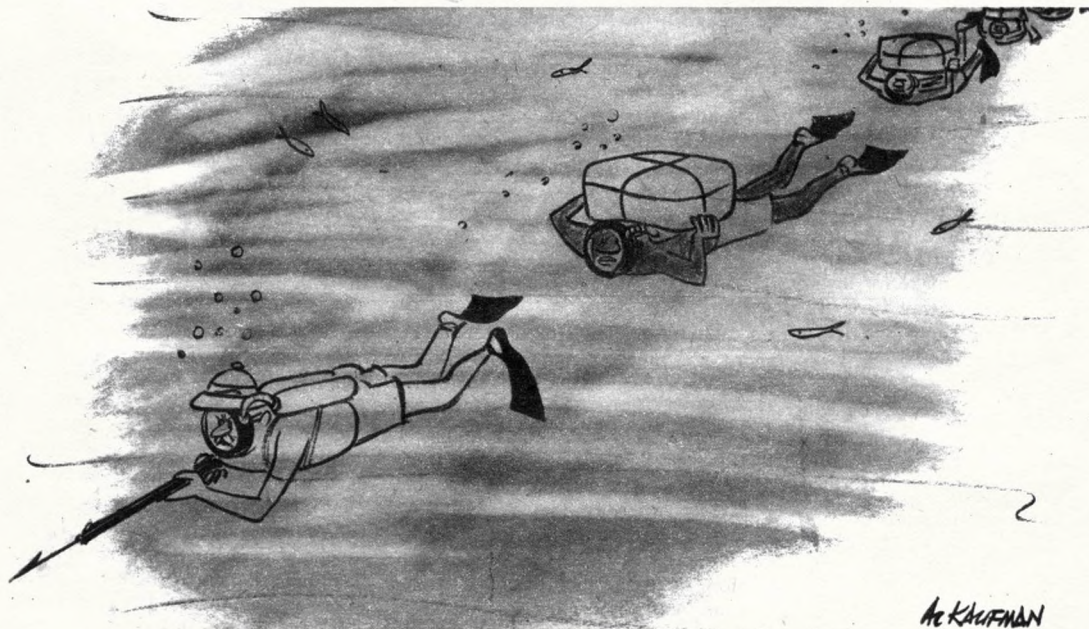
"Let's get a bit closer," I told Mike, My voice barely a whisper, "and let us see if they find the cave. If they see us,

shoot to kill, before they shoot us. Remember they murdered the man that owned this gold, but we are here because he gave it to me, and it is our property now."

Mike put his hand on my shoulder and gave it a squeeze. "You go ahead," I said. I had found out Mike was a dead shot with a rifle. Our guns were old German Mauser rifles that we had bought in Sydney. After the Franco-Prussian War, the Germans had flooded Australia and the South Seas with these guns. They were an old type but they were deadly and would knock down anything they hit.

WE heard the men stomping along, making no effort to be quiet; evidently they had not the slightest idea that anyone else was around. We saw the beam of a strong flashlight. They were walking away from the river. They came closer, passed within twenty or thirty feet of us. We stood as if frozen, hardly breathing. There were two men we could see. When they were about a hundred feet away from us, we followed them quietly. They were so noisy and talking so loud again, that we did not need fear detection. They were discussing the gold. The loud fellow was talking. "Where that bastard made his mistake," he was saying, "he never searched the old guy before he buried him. Never thought the old fellow had more papers on him. This is a cinch. We'll have the loot out of here before another day is gone, move it to where no one else can find it, and if they come here after we are gone, they will have an empty cave to themselves."

The voice died out. We saw the beam



AC KAUFMAN

of the light searching ahead of us. Another voice came. "What if they surprise us while we doing it?" "Shoot them down like dogs," came the first voice.

We could see the speaker clearly ahead of us in the strong moonlight. He was a big man with massive shoulders. Almost as broad across the back as a gorilla.

The other man was small, easily dwarfed by his companion.

Suddenly the men stopped. "Here it is by the Holy Joe," came the voice. We saw the beam of light from their electric torch again. It was played upon the opening of a cave. The opening must have been six or seven feet high, but looked only about three feet wide. Both men were boisterously loud now, shouting in their excitement to each other. Their voices could have been heard a mile away.

"LET'S get in and look at it," the big fellow shouted. They both headed for the entrance, the little fellow ahead now. He was pushed roughly aside by the other man and we saw him go into the opening. The little man followed. Suddenly we heard a shout.

"Turn that light on. What happened to it?" The voice had fear in it. "Put on the light!" This time it was a scream. "What is—" Suddenly we heard a loud rumbling within the cave followed by more screams. The screams of men in terror. These cries had the fear of death in them, the kind of cries that sent cold chills down our spines.

"To the opening of the cave," I shouted. "Something is happening to those men." Something dreadful.

"Be ready to shoot," Mike called to me as he pulled his flashlight from his belt and stepped into the opening of the cave.

I stepped beside him, then gripped his arm and held it in a vise-like grip.

"My God—don't go any further," I said. We both stood in horror. The scene ahead of us, for sheer terror, would have made Dante's inferno seem a place of joy. It took us a few seconds to fully realize what we saw was reality and not a hideous nightmare or the

illusions of a diseased brain. The cave floor, two feet inside the opening, had collapsed and fallen away. A thin crust, weakened perhaps by years of moisture, it had evidently given beneath the added weight of the two men. It had dropped about fifteen or twenty feet to a lower level of rock, and here we saw the two men who had killed old Bill Hayes, writhing amidst a mass of snakes, fighting for their lives. Snakes were there to the depth of a foot or more, big snakes and little snakes, all black. This must have been a breeding place for them, perhaps for centuries,—for snakes love dark, dank places where the sun never penetrates.

The two men were struggling frantically to get on their feet, but a mass of snakes enveloped them and pulled them down. Even as we looked, they were bitten time and again, by the hissing, shiny mass of reptiles. There was nothing we could do, for there were hundreds of them, all seemingly furious at the intrusion of their breeding grounds.

The screams of the trapped men were dreadful to listen to, but even as we watched in fascinated horror, their struggled weakened and they fell back, to be buried and disappear from sight in the black, shiny mass of reptiles.

"Look," Mike cried. Over on the opposite wall, the side of the cave was covered with a yellow mass of grains and nuggets that had dropped with the cave floor. "Bill's gold," he said.

There is not much more to tell. We left the cave and were sick, and we did not sleep soundly for a good many nights to come.

The next morning we started back for the coast. There was no way we could get at the gold now. Later on, with more men and coming prepared, we might burn out the hideous occupants of the cave and recover the treasure.

THE way we summed things up, the men had opened Bill Hayes' shallow grave and found on him a map with directions to his gold that he had forgotten about. Then, preparing for the trip even as we had, they had arrived about the same time as us.

The rest was simple. The cave floor had given way and fallen into the lower cave.

Back in Sydney we were broke and shipped out. Shortly after I heard that Mike Donovan was killed on a ship. I meant to go back, but somehow I never did.

And so the gold lays there to this day, in a cave three hundred yards south of the big bend in Smith's River, twenty miles north of Braden.

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It lays there waiting for someone with courage and properly prepared, to conquer its guardians and take it away from them.

• • •

ADVENTURE ON A SHOESTRING

(Continued from page 6)

and maple trees.

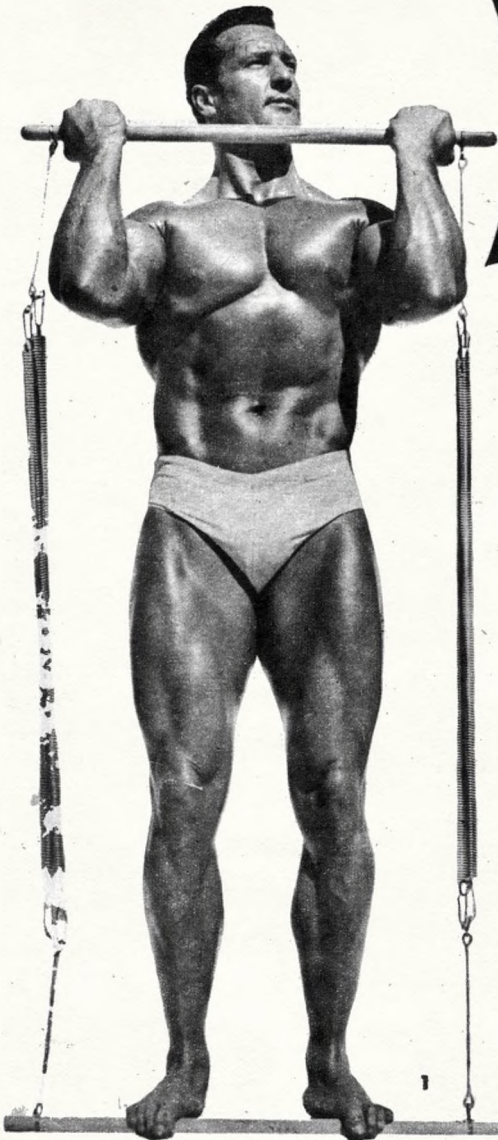
Are you biting the carpet yet, or drooling at the mouth? We were when he told us the story, that's why we're only too glad to pass it on to our wonderful readers.

To make a long story short, he taxied over to the mainland and found out who and met the owner of his paradise. The owner it seemed wanted \$1500 for the island. Our friend felt his castles tumbling about him in despair — all he had to spend was 500 bucks. What could he do?

Well, he remember that almost all Down Easters are horse-traders at heart. So, he started bargaining with the owner, with the result that he bought the island for the 5 C's. He tells us that anyone can do the same if he's willing to bargain and horse trade.

So, we're just passing it along to you just in case you do happen to have island fever.

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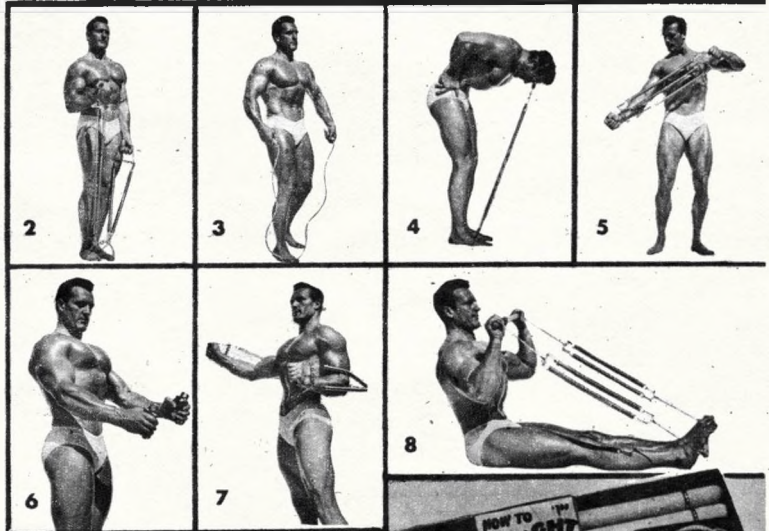
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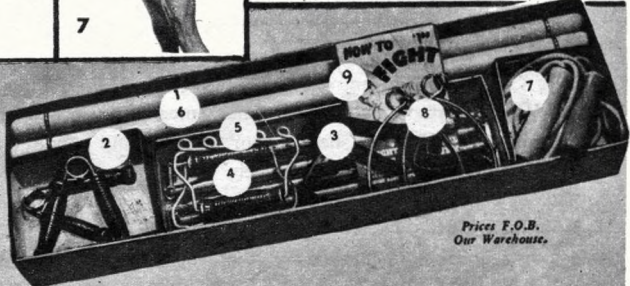
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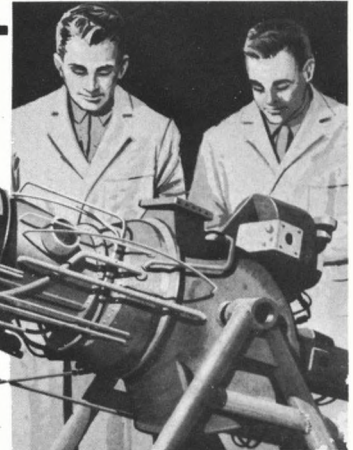
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