

THE DARING DAYLIGHT RAID ON GERMANY'S MILE-HIGH FORTRESS

MALE

They were a unit of knife-fighting Yanks and Canadians. Their target: La Difensa, seven hours up, "impregnable", the pride of Hitler's Winter Line

DEC.

The Strange Two-Month Entombment Beneath Hiroshima

35c

BURIED ALIVE: THREE PLEASURE GIRLS, A JAP LIEUTENANT, AN AMERICAN GI

They agreed to WWII's strangest survival bargain

TRUE Booklength



THE STRANGE FRAULEIN CULT

Organized by a psycho ex-SS man and his five beautiful "daughters", this weird club waged its own fantastic version of WWII...

Sandy Malone

THE AMAZING ONE-ARMED MARSHAL OF RED ROCK

MAKE A FRESH START!

Get ahead faster in Air Conditioning and Refrigeration

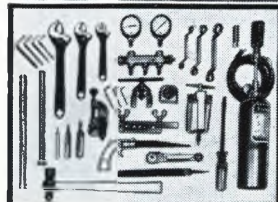
IF YOU HAVE A low-pay job with little security and no future, it's time you gave yourself a fresh start. It's never too late to launch a new career in a huge, booming industry such as Air Conditioning and Refrigeration. The government reports that during the past 12 years, production of air conditioners increased 400%. No other industry did better! Thanks to this fabulous growth, over 20,000 newly-trained technicians and mechanics are needed each year to fill a wealth of steady, good-pay jobs. Get set for success: Train at home in spare time. It's easy and it's practical. For full information, fill out and mail handy reply card below.

How CTI Home Training starts you in a business of your own or a good job

CTI offers you a short-cut to success. You learn by practicing with real operating equipment! CTI sends you 25 big kits of parts and tools to build a 1/4 h.p. commercial-type, heavy-duty condensing unit (illustrated at right.) You perform experiments, complete many projects, and get experience much like in the field. This is the practical way to learn and only CTI has it. Only CTI combines practice with easy-to-understand theory.

YOU BUILD THIS
1/4 H.P. HEAVY DUTY
CONDENSING UNIT!

YOU PRACTICE WITH
25 BIG KITS



When you finish assembling condenser (above), you may then build an air conditioner, freezer, refrigerator or milk cooler. CTI also sends mechanic's tools (left.) You keep all tools and equipment.

Many students earn spare time cash during their training

Because CTI training is so practical, many students earn extra money by installing and servicing air conditioning and refrigerating equipment. Some work evenings and Saturdays for local dealers; others set up service routes which include restaurants, motels, supermarkets, taverns, etc. You can earn money in spare time as you learn!



Be a specialist in well-paid Auto Air Conditioning field

Hottest new opportunity field is auto air conditioning! Over 500,000 units installed yearly—and growing fast. There's a severe shortage of technicians. Strong need for sales and repair shops, too. Start a business!



These men are making good—You can, too

"I'm in the refrigeration business for myself now. I earn nearly double what I used to. During my training, I made enough to pay my tuition."—*Alfred Helm, Ky.*... "I've started a business and it's a success."—*Otto Degner, Canada*... "I am in business for myself. I am building a nice trade doing service work."—*Paulie Waters, Tex.*... "I applied for a job to install air conditioners in autos and got it!"—*Richard Vinet, La.*... You can do as well!

CUT OUT CARD—MAIL TODAY

First get the facts—then decide. Write for FREE information on job opportunities, and how to train. Print your name and address on the card. Cut it out and mail. No stamp needed. (If you prefer, use a government post-card.) Lose no time—act now!

COMMERCIAL TRADES INSTITUTE • CHICAGO 26, ILLINOIS
A Non-Profit Organization—Accredited by National Home Study Council

FROM

(CUT ON DOTTED LINE TO EDGE OF PAPER)

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1400 GREENLEAF AVENUE
CHICAGO 26, ILLINOIS

Dept. R-770

Are You "STANDING STILL" on your job?

**SAME OLD
JOB . . .
SAME LOW
PAY . . . ?**

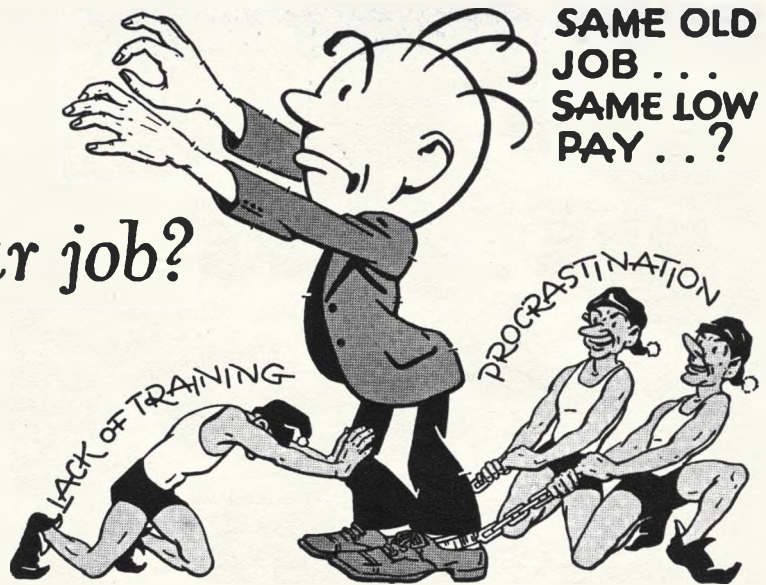
You can justify a real pay raise and a better position—by making one simple move—the move that opens the way to more earnings and promotions—*practical training*.

If YOU are "standing still" on your job—no promotions—only token increases in pay—then you had better do something about it. You know that if you are untrained, your chances of getting ahead are slim. **NOW IS THE TIME TO PREPARE.**

WILL RECOGNITION COME?

The only answer, as you know, is that success *does* come to the man or woman who is really *trained*. LaSalle has provided the "key to success" for many thousands of ambitious people who have sought our training for more than fifty years.

Get all the facts. Investigate the opportunities in your chosen field. It costs you nothing to learn about LaSalle's proven and tested accredited correspondence courses in the major fields of business as well as high school and



technical courses, You can train right in the privacy of your own home, progressing at your own rate.

You lose no time from work, and your instructors guide you every step along the way through our famous Practical Problem Method. Low cost—easy terms.

Don't let promotions pass you by—do something **TODAY** about your future.

The coupon below is for your convenience. Simply mark the program in which you are most interested, and mail at once. We'll send you, without obligation, free booklets describing that field together with the opportunities and what you must know to be a success.

ACCREDITED MEMBER, NATIONAL HOME STUDY COUNCIL

LaSalle Extension University, A Correspondence Institution, 417 S. Dearborn Street, Dept. 12378X, Chicago 5, Ill.

Please send me, without cost or obligation, **FREE** catalog and full information on the field I have checked below:

ACCOUNTING

- Modern Bookkeeping
- Basic Accounting
- Practical Accounting
- Principles of Acctg.
- Cost Accounting
- Federal Income Tax
- Accounting Systems
- Business Law
- Auditing Procedure
- Controllership
- CPA Training
- Complete Accounting

TRAFFIC & TRANSPORTATION

- Organization & Mgt.
- Classifications, Rates & Tariffs
- Transportation Agency & Services

- Transportation Law & Regulation
- Rate Making & Rate Cases
- Complete Traffic & Transportation

LAW

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- Insurance Law
- Claim Adjusting Law
- Law for Trust Officers
- Business Law I
- Business Law II
- General Law
- First Year Law
- American Law and Procedure (LL.B. Degree)

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- Principles of Management
- Psychology in Business
- Selling & Sales Management
- Advertising & Marketing
- Production Problems
- Business Financing
- Credits & Collections
- Office Management
- Managing Men
- Accounting & Statistical Control
- Business Correspondence
- Organization & Reorganization
- Legal Problems

- Complete Business Management

MANAGEMENT COURSES

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- Production Management
- Sales Management
- Advertising & Sales Promotion
- Financial Management
- Personnel Management
- Sales & Executive Training
- LaSalle Sales Training
- Foremanship Training

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- General Business Course
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- Dental Assistant

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- Auto Body Fender Conditioning
- Diesel
- Drafting
- Welding
- Motor Tuneup

Name.....Age.....

Address.....

City, Zone, State.....

**CHECK THIS COUPON AND MAIL
TODAY...SURE!**



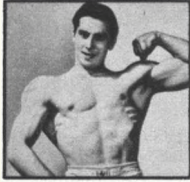
J. Miller, California

"A Chest like ATLAS"



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"Shoulders like ATLAS"



T. Manfre, New York

"Biceps like ATLAS"



C. Withrow, W. Virginia

"Strong as ATLAS"

I packed their bodies with handsome HE-MAN muscle

-IN JUST 15 MINUTES A DAY! *Charles Atlas*

Charles Atlas
Holder of Title "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man"

Now Tell Me What Kind of Powerhouse Build YOU Want - Right in the Coupon Below!

WHERE do you want me to put powerful, manly muscle on your body? On your chest - as I did for Jack Miller above? On your arms - so you'll be as proud of your biceps as Tommy Manfre is of his? How about your shoulders? Your back and legs?

Just give me the word. Just send me that coupon below and I'll show you how I can give you a HE-MAN build that "wows" the girls and puts respect into the eyes of men. I don't care how skinny or weak, fat or soft, young or old you are right now. I BUILD MUSCLES! And I know I can do it for you - because I've done it for thousands of other fellows.

How Long Does it Take?

Just Give Me 15 Minutes a Day!

Once you know how my Method works, you put it to work in 1-2-3 fashion. It's so easy you'll enjoy using it. And it works so fast, your friends will be amazed at how quickly you turn into a rugged, virile HE-MAN, alive with muscle!

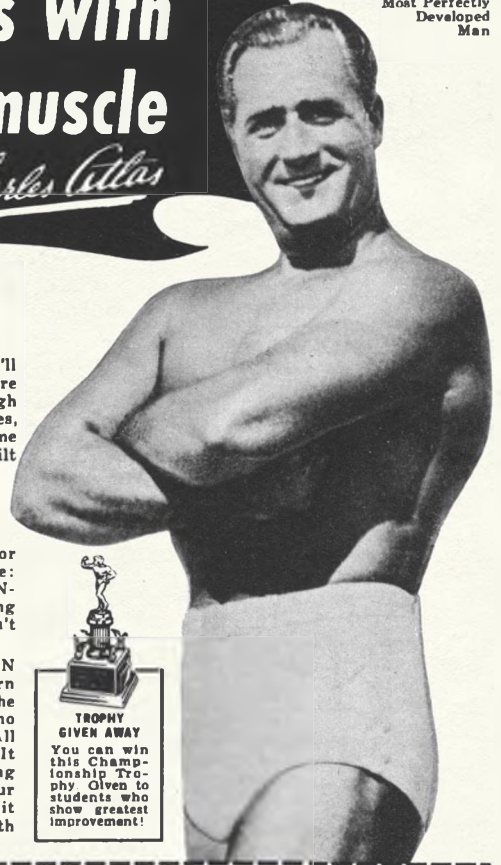
Imagine what will happen the first time you step out of your house in your superb new build. As you walk down the street, girls who never noticed you before will now try to get your attention. Instead of being ashamed of tak-

ing off your shirt at the beach, you'll strip proudly - while all eyes admire your thrilling build. Good jobs - high pay - stardom at sports - parties, dates, good times - the best things in life come easy to the man with the Atlas-Built Body!

My Secret Must Work - or You Don't Pay a Cent!

I'm so sure my secret will work for you, that I'll make you this guarantee: YOU MUST BE ABSOLUTELY CONVINCED that my Method is building real muscles on your body... or it doesn't cost you a penny!

The Secret is DYNAMIC TENSION - the very same method I used to turn my own puny little 97-lb. body into the World's Champion! No barbells; no gadgets; no complicated apparatus. All you need is DYNAMIC TENSION! It takes the "sleeping power" now waiting in your body, and, in the privacy of your own room, in just 15 minutes a day - it turns you into the tower of strength and energy you've dreamed of becoming! A husky, big-shouldered bull of a man - ready for anything! Mail that coupon now - don't spend another minute in a second-rate body!



TROPHY GIVEN AWAY

You can win this Championship Trophy. Given to students who show greatest improvement!

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 9512
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.
In England: Chitty St., London, W. 1

Dear Charles Atlas: Here's the kind of Body I Want

(Check as many as you like)

- Broader Chest and Shoulders
- More Powerful Arms and Grip
- Slimmer Waist and Hips
- More Powerful Leg Muscles
- More Weight - Solid in the Right Places
- Better Sleep. More Energy

Send me absolutely FREE a copy of your famous book showing how "Dynamic Tension" can make me a new man. 32 pages crammed with photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice. I understand this book is mine to keep and sending for it does not obligate me in any way.

Name.....Age.....
(please print or write plainly)
Address.....
City.....Zone.....State.....

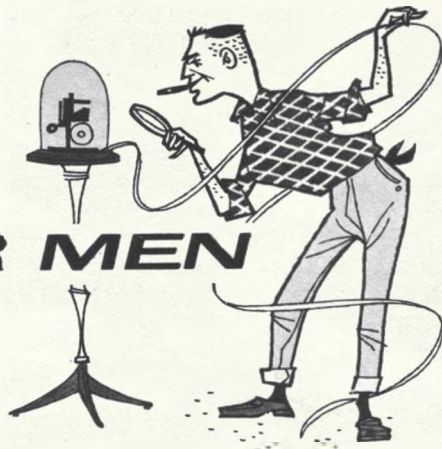
FREE My Valuable, Illustrated, 32-page Book. Not \$1.00 - Not 10¢ - but FREE!

OVER 5 MILLION MEN have already sent for my free book. 32 pages crammed with actual photos of fellows who have become real Atlas Champions my way. Jam-packed with valuable advice on health and strength, answers to vital questions. No obligation. So check the kind of body YOU want in the coupon and send it direct to me. CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 9512, 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N.Y. In England: Chitty Street, London, W.1.



an exclusive report for every man
on crime . . . hunting . . . jobs . . .
new gadgets . . . cars . . . women . . .

INSIDE FOR MEN



SMART MONEY

OIL DRILLERS ARE SO STARVED FOR LAND TO DRILL ON, they're going right into cities, suburban areas, asking private home owners if they can drill in their backyards. If your property is picked and you say yes, YOU CAN EXPECT AROUND A \$500/YEAR ROYALTY ON A SMALL PLOT—that is, if oil or natural gas is discovered . . .

One other reason there's such a big race to get to the moon. First guy up there

use one . . . There's a fine booklet it might be worth your while to pick up. It's called, "Know Your Money", contains tips by U.S. Secret Service boys on how to spot counterfeit bills. Only 20 cents will bring it from the Superintendent of Documents, Washington 25, D.C. . . . IF YOU DON'T WANT TO ACCEPT TRADING STAMPS FROM THE GAS STATION, you've a legal right to demand cash instead . . . If you go up to 35 people and bet there are two of them who have the same birthday, YOU'VE GOT A PRETTY GOOD BET AND WILL PROBABLY WIN. Don't take this bet if it's offered to you . . .

OUT OF THE UNDERWORLD

The truly great pickpockets of our time have been able to lift a woman's panties in a crowded subway . . . With all the talk about escaping from prison, THE ACTUAL ODDS ARE 100 to ONE AGAINST . . . It's really a big racket in New York for young, handsome guys with strong stomachs to spend weekends with dames in their 70's for \$150 . . .

continued on page 40



Diamonds on the Moon

may find himself knee-deep in diamonds. TINY DIAMOND BITS HAVE BEEN FOUND IN METEORS THAT HAVE LANDED IN THIS COUNTRY, and there are probably tons of them waiting around to be scooped up . . . Anything you buy in Europe that's over 100 years old can be brought home duty-free . . .

YOU CAN FIGURE THE FLORIDA BOOM HAS JUST ABOUT FIZZLED OUT. It's much easier to get stung now than it is to find a real good land buy.

Sure, the Japanese fishing reels are much cheaper, but just wait till you try to



Game-fixing Gamblers

Just Tell Us *Which* Instrument You Would Like to Play...

and We'll Show You How You Can Learn to
Play it at Home, in Spare Time, Even if You
Don't Know a Single Note Now!

THOUSANDS NOW PLAY WHO NEVER DREAMED THEY COULD!



17-Year-Old Student Now Plays Professionally and Teaches

"Have completely mastered the piano accordion. I teach it at my fully-equipped studio and play my accordion at big affairs that pay. I have learned to play any song ever written. You will never realize the amount of training you have given me. I'm now taking your Hawaiian Steel Guitar Course and intend to learn other instruments, too."—Howard D. Arnold, Bloomington, N. J.

WHAT'S YOUR favorite instrument? Which is the one you would like most to play well, by note, from regular sheet music? Just name it in the coupon below—and we'll show you how easily and quickly you can now learn to play it. **WITHOUT** an expensive private teacher. And **WITHOUT** any long hours of tedious exercises and scales.

Even if you don't know one note from another today, you can start playing right away. No "special talent" needed. Thanks to our famous "Easy As A-B-C" print-and-picture lessons, thousands who never dreamed they could are now experiencing the thrill of playing. They're making new friends, becoming more popular—even earning money with their playing or teaching.

1,000,000 Others Have Taken Up Music This Quick, Easy Way

Yes, 1,000,000 people—including housewives, businessmen, children, semi-invalids and elderly retired folks—have chosen this streamlined way to master a musical instrument.

Unlike the old-fashioned way of learning, there are no boring scales and exercises to practice. You just start right in playing simple pieces—properly, by note. Clear explanations and simple "this-is-how" pictures guide your fingers every step of the way. Even children "catch on" quickly. And, much sooner than you would ever dream possible, you find yourself playing hymns, waltzes, folk songs, popular hits, classical numbers—anything you wish or anyone asks for.

Costs Only A Few Cents A Lesson

Let this well-known home-study course bring the many joys of music into YOUR life! New friends. More listening pleasure. Extra earnings or perhaps even a brilliant career as a professional musician. (For example, Lawrence Welk, famous TV star, is one of our famous graduates.) But best of all, the deep personal satisfaction of being able to make your own music—to provide entertainment for yourself and others. The cost is only a few cents a lesson. Friends or other members of the family can also learn—for the price of one.



Mother Learns— Teaches Daughter

"Wonderful and easy... I can play any hymn and have been playing any popular piece of sheet music for the last 4 months. I am also teaching my 10-year-old girl and she is doing very well."—Belinda Rogers, Rockton Rapids, N. C.



Gets Many Invitations

"It's been fun and hasn't cost anywhere near as much as having a private teacher. Now invited to all kinds of party affairs, dances. Just auditioned for a place in a radio show entertaining every Saturday night."—Margaret Hopkins, East Syracuse, N. Y.

- PIANO
- ACCORDION
- GUITAR
- STEEL GUITAR
- VIOLIN
- SAXOPHONE
- TRUMPET, CORNET
- PIPE, ELECTRONIC,
or REED ORGAN
- TENOR BANJO
- UKULELE
- CLARINET
- TROMBONE
- FLUTE
- PICCOLO
- MANDOLIN

Mail Coupon for FREE BOOK

There isn't space enough here to tell you the whole fascinating story of this easy way to learn music. So we have published a 36-page book describing our methods and telling about our 62 years of successful experience. You may have a copy FREE simply by mailing the coupon below.

No obligation; no salesman will call on you. Mail the coupon now—at once. Don't delay adding this accomplishment to your life!

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Studio 912, Port Washington, N. Y. (Special Reduced Prices on Instruments to our students). Licensed by N. Y. State Education Dept.



U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Studio 912, Port Washington, N. Y.

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

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

Address _____

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

NOTE: If you are under 16 years of age check here for Booklet A.

- Piano
- Guitar
- Steel Guitar
- Violin
- Piano Accordion
- Saxophone
- Trumpet, Cornet
- Pipe, Electronic,
Reed Organ
- Tenor Banjo
- Ukulele
- Clarinet
- Trombone
- Flute
- Piccolo
- Mandolin

"I SAW MYSELF 10 YEARS FROM NOW!"



IT WAS PAYDAY. THERE WAS FRED, LOOKING A LITTLE RUN-DOWN. ON THE SAME JOB 10 YEARS. NICE GUY. MARRIED. TWO CHILDREN.

FRED AND I WALKED AWAY FROM THE PAY WINDOW TOGETHER. HE SEEMED DEPRESSED, UNHAPPY.

EACH WEEK I FEEL I'M LETTING THE KIDS DOWN. CAN'T SEEM TO AFFORD THINGS THEY NEED. I'M JUST NOT GETTING AHEAD.



FRED'S WORDS HIT ME ALL OF A SUDDEN. I COULD SEE MYSELF SAYING THE SAME THING — **10 YEARS FROM NOW!**



THAT NIGHT, STILL THINKING ABOUT FRED, I SAW AN I.C.S. AD ABOUT HOW I.C.S. TRAINING OPENS JOB OPPORTUNITIES. HOW PEOPLE LIKE ME CAN WIN PROMOTIONS, MORE PAY.



I MAILED THE I.C.S. COUPON THAT NIGHT. MY BOSS SOON LEARNED I WAS AN I.C.S. STUDENT. HE MOVED ME OFF THE LINE. AND TWO RAISES LATER...



FRED'S STILL ON THE SAME OLD JOB. STILL HOPING FOR THE "BREAK" HE'LL NEVER GET WITHOUT TRAINING. ONE DAY THE BOSS CALLED ME IN...



FREE! I.C.S. CAREER KIT

SEND COUPON NOW...
GET ALL THREE BOOKLETS

- 1 "HOW TO SUCCEED," 32-PAGE BOOKLET OF CAREER TIPS
- 2 "CAREER CATALOG," OPPORTUNITIES IN YOUR JOB FIELD
- 3 SAMPLE LESSON (MATH) SHOWS I. C. S. METHOD



For Real Job Security—Get an I. C. S. Diploma! I. C. S., Scranton 15, Penna. Accredited Member, National Home Study Council

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS



BOX 89819K, SCRANTON 15, PENNA.

(In Hawaii, reply P.O. Box 418, Honolulu)

(Partial list of courses)

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

- ARCHITECTURE and BUILDING CONSTRUCTION**
- Air Conditioning
 - Architecture
 - Arch. Drawing and Designing
 - Building Contractor
 - Building Estimator
 - Carpenter Builder
 - Carpenter and Millwork
 - Heating
 - Painting Contractor
 - Plumbing
 - Reading Arch. Blueprints
- ART**
- Commercial Art
 - Magazine Illus.
 - Sign Painting and Design'g
 - Sketching and Painting
- AUTOMOTIVE**
- Automobile
 - Auto Body Rebuilding and Refinishing
 - Auto Engine Tuneup
 - Auto Electrical Technician
 - Diesel Engines

- AVIATION**
- Aero-Engineering Technology
 - Aviation Engine Mech.
 - Reading Aircraft Blueprints
- BUSINESS**
- Accounting
 - Advertising
 - Bookkeeping and Cost Accounting
 - Business Administration
 - Business Management
 - Clerk Typist
 - Creative Salesmanship
 - Managing a Small Business
 - Professional Secretary
 - Public Accounting
 - Purchasing Agent
 - Real Estate Salesmanship
 - Salesmanship
 - Salesmanship and Management
 - Traffic Management
- CHEMICAL**
- Analytical Chemistry
 - Chemical Engineering
 - Chem. Lab. Technician
 - General Chemistry

- CIVIL ENGINEERING**
- Civil Engineering
 - Construction Engineering
 - Highway Engineering
 - Professional Engineer (Civil)
 - Reading Struc. Blueprints
 - Sanitary Engineer
 - Sewage Plant Operator
 - Structural Engineering
 - Surveying and Mapping
 - Water Works Operator
- DRAFTING**
- Aircraft Drafting
 - Architectural Drafting
 - Drafting & Machine Design
 - Electrical Drafting
 - Electrical Engineer Drafting
 - Industrial Piping Drafting
 - Mechanical Drafting
 - Sheet Metal Drafting
- ELECTRICAL**
- Electrical Appliance Servicing
 - Electrical Engineering

- Oil Field Technology
 - Pulp and Paper Making
- HIGH SCHOOL**
- Good English
 - High School Diploma
 - High School General
 - H. S. College Prep. (Eng'g & Science)
 - High School Math
 - High School Science
 - Short Story Writing
- LEADERSHIP**
- Industrial Foremanship
 - Industrial Supervision
 - Personnel-Labor Relations
 - Supervision
- MECHANICAL and SHOP**
- Diesel Engines
 - Gas-Elec. Welding
 - Heating and Air Conditioning
 - Industrial Engineering
 - Industrial Instrumentation

- Industrial Safety
 - Machine Shop Practice
 - Mechanical Engineering
 - Plumbing and Heating
 - Professional Engineer
 - Quality Control
 - Reading Shop Blueprints
 - Refrigeration and Air Conditioning
 - Tool Design
 - Tool Making
- RADIO, TELEVISION**
- General Electronics Tech.
 - Industrial Electronics
 - Practical Radio-TV Eng'g
 - Radio-TV Servicing
 - TV Technician
- RAILROAD**
- General Railroad
- STEAM and DIESEL POWER**
- Combustion Engineering
 - Power Plant Engineering
 - Stationary Diesel Eng'r.
 - Stationary Steam Engines
- TEXTILE**
- General

Name _____ Age _____ Home Address _____

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

Occupation _____

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



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RESPECTED TRADE—
START SOON TO
EARN EXTRA MONEY
IN SPARE TIME**

Learn at Home IN YOUR SPARE TIME to Fix Electrical Appliances

To build a better future, get into a field where there's much important work and the security that comes from knowing a good trade. Servicing electrical appliances offers that OPPORTUNITY. Every wired home has many electrical appliances and millions and millions of new appliances are sold every year. Owners pay well to keep them in repair. That's making a fast-growing need for trained men.

Add To Your Income Starting Soon Need For Service Technicians Increasing

Make extra money in your spare time. Start soon to fix electric toasters, fans, clocks, vacuum cleaners, and other electric appliances for your neighbors and friends. Work in your basement, garage or spare room. It's easy to increase your earning power—to pay for your training many times over—to have extra money to buy things you need.

Learn and Earn with Multi-Use Tester Built with Parts We Send

This course includes the parts to build a portable, sturdy Appliance Tester that helps you locate electrical defects quickly and easily. You use it to learn and do actual electrical appliance repair jobs. If you want better pay learn this good trade. No need to give up your present

job. You can train at home in your spare time for only \$3.00 down and \$6.00 a month. A small price to pay for increased earnings, a more secure future. Paste coupon below on a postal or mail in envelope for free book and sample lesson. Address **National Radio Institute, Dept. G1N0, Washington 16, D. C.**

**MAILING THIS
COUPON MAY START
YOU TO SUCCESS**

**LESSON AND BOOK
FREE**



NATIONAL RADIO INSTITUTE, Dept. G1N0, Washington 16, D. C.

Please send me Electric Appliance Training lesson and book free. (No salesman will call.)

Name Age

Address

City Zone ... State

ACCREDITED MEMBER NATIONAL HOME STUDY COUNCIL

STORIES FOR STAGS



"It's taken care of."

▶ Private: "Man, am I scared. I just got a card from a veteran telling me he'll shoot me if I don't stay away from his wife."

Sarge: "Well, why don't you?"

Private: "He didn't sign his name."

▶ An anxious mother rushed her two sons, 11 and eight, into the doctor's office. "Is a boy of 11 able to perform a tonsil operation?" she asked the doctor anxiously.

"Of course he can't," the doctor said.

"See," the mother said, turning angrily to the 11 year old, "didn't I tell you? Now you put them right back in."

▶ The eager-beaver errand and delivery boy was leaving the super-market on Monday night when the boss told him he was fired.

"Fired!" he screamed. "But Mr. Green, didn't I work hard all day? Didn't I clean the windows, sweep the floor, wait on customers, sharpen the knives, and make all the deliveries?"

"Sure you did," Mr. Green said, "but you forgot to empty the garbage, sweep the sidewalk and wash the freezer."

"But Mr. Green," the boy screamed, "it's my day off!"

▶ A Texas oil trillionaire went to an honest dentist who told him, "Your teeth are in perfect shape. There's no work necessary. They don't even need polishing."

"Start drilling, anyhow," ordered the trillionaire. "I feel lucky today."

▶ The young married couple were having their breakfast together in the hotel restaurant. When the shapely waitress brought the menu, she said, "Good morning, honey," to the groom.

Silence reigned until she left, and then the bride blew up. "Who is she?" fumed the bride.

"Calm down, darling," pleaded the groom, "I'm going to have enough trouble explaining you to her."

▶ An optimist is a guy who falls out of a 20-story building and as he passes every story, he says, "Well, so far I'm all right!"

▶ The harassed movie actor was hurrying down Hollywood's Vine Street, when he was hailed by a friend.

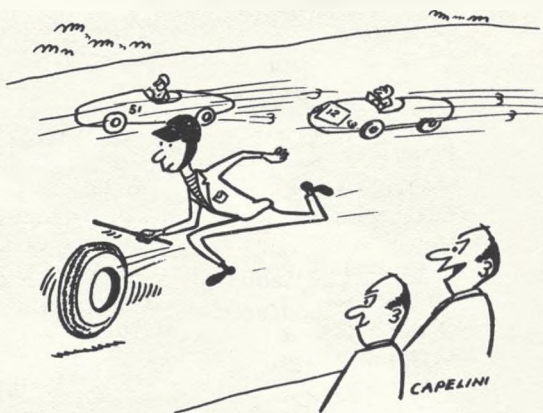
"Hobart, just the man I want to see," called the friend.

"Sorry, I'm late for my analyst."

"But Hobart—just a minute."

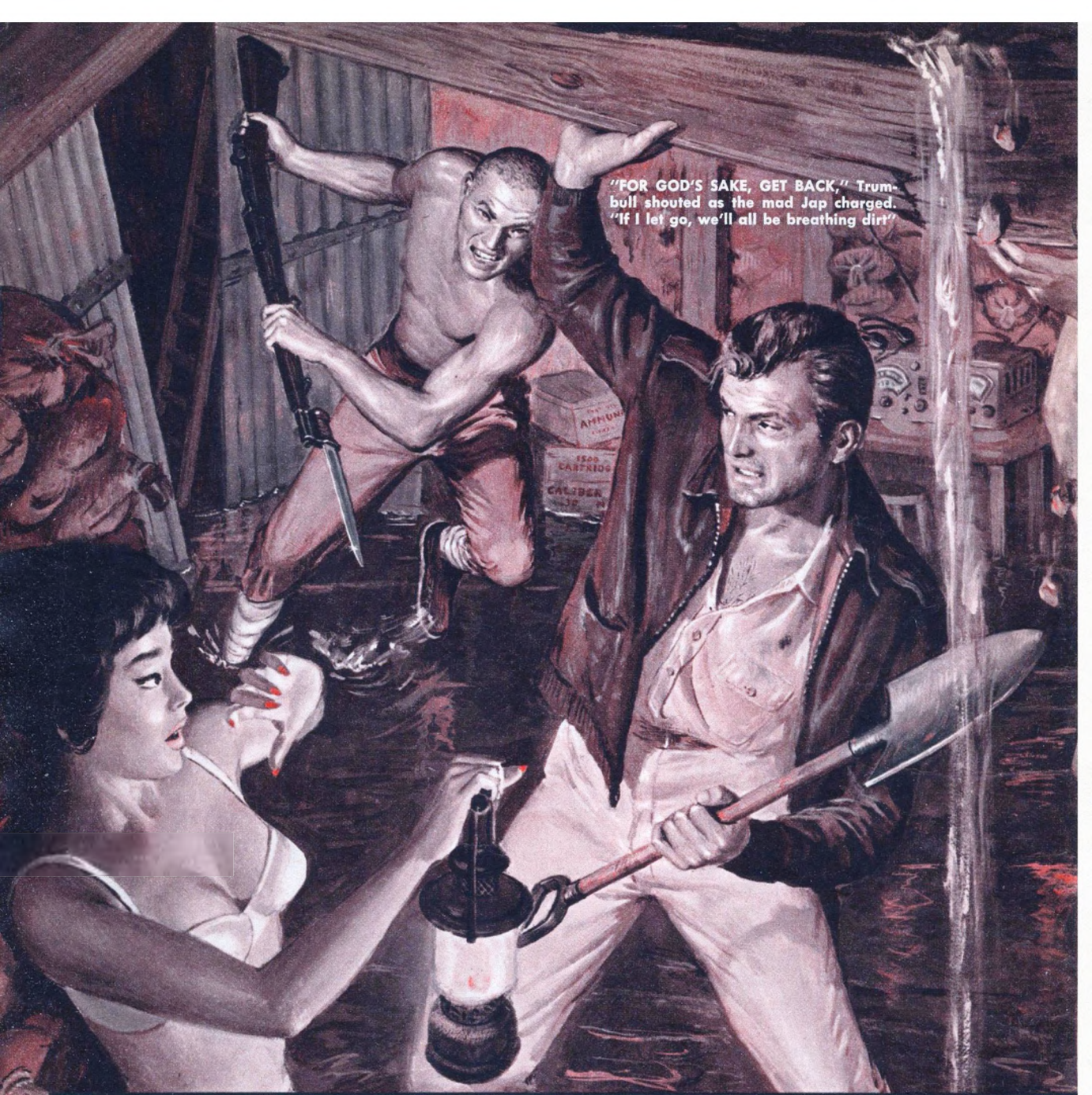
"I tell you I can't. When I'm not there he starts without me."

▶ Know about the modern Cinderella who turns into a motel every night?



"He's crashed his car but he won't give up the race."

Do you have an original gag? Send it to the Editor, MALE, 655 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y. and win \$5 if he likes it. No limit on the number of stories you may submit, but sorry, no returns either.



"FOR GOD'S SAKE, GET BACK," Trumbull shouted as the mad Jap charged.
"If I let go, we'll all be breathing dirt!"

THE STRANGE TWO-MONTH
ENTOMBMENT BENEATH HIROSHIMA

BURIED ALIVE:

THREE PLEASURE GIRLS,

**TRUE
BOOKLENGTH
ADVENTURE**

Sealed into a giant coffin below Japan, the Yankee POW, his prison camp tormentor and a trio of stir-crazy concubines agreed to WWII's strangest survival bargain

► At 5:15 A.M. on the morning of August 6, 1945, Sergeant George Trumbull was awakened as he was every morning in the POW barracks near Hiroshima by an excruciating whack across the soles of his feet. He sat up, digging his fingers in rage into the thin cotton-wool quilt the Japanese gave their POW's to sleep on. At the foot of the bed stood Corporal Hachijo, fondling his billy club and sing-songing, "This iss the ommy, Misser Jones."

"Two hundred men here, and I'm the one he does this to every day," Trumbull said. Some of the 200 were racing past Corporal Hachijo to get to the latrine. They only had five minutes.

"Better you than me," replied Sergeant Neill Chuss, a radio operator-gunner from Denver, who, like Trumbull, had been imprisoned after his B-29 crashed during a raid on Tokyo.

"One day I'm afraid I'll just wake up and

By RICHARD GALLAGHER
Art by SAMSON POLLEN

A JAP LIEUTENANT, AN AMERICAN GI

BURIED ALIVE continued

belt him before I can stop, and then they'll stand me up against a wall and—poof.”

“That's right,” Chuss said. “Poof.” He couldn't have cared less; he had his own problems of survival.

As also happened every morning, smiling Corporal Hachijo then turned Trumbull over to Lieutenant Mishima Hirata, who usually set him to work helping to build underground defenses for the expected American assault on the Home Islands.

For a week Trumbull had been helping three young Japanese girls of the Iwasaki Women's Labor Battalion build a fence around a shaft that dropped into a network of supply bunkers scooped out 150 feet below. Today he would have the same task.

Hirata was a man of great hate. His favorite pastime was to threaten constantly to bayonet Trumbull the moment his labors were no longer needed. He destroyed Trumbull's nervous system daily with unexpected groin punches and sudden rifle butt thrusts at Trumbull's knees.

IT was 6:15 when Hirata and Trumbull reached the defense diggings. British and American POW's and Iwasaki girls crawled over the construction and earthworks like the Israelite slaves in the brick pits of Egypt. Hirata prodded Trumbull with a bayoneted Arisaka rifle, the long broomstick-like weapon that always made the Japanese soldier look comical. An enlisted man's rifle was an unusual thing for a lieutenant in the class-conscious Japanese army to be carrying, but Hirata seemed to care little. Its usefulness as a tool for driving human beings was more important than its symbol of rank.

The three girls were the only good thing in Hiroshima, tight bodied, dark little things, who wore only loose clothes in the summer heat. Their names were Toshiko, Helen and



“COME IN, LIEUTENANT,” Trumbull said, as Hirata sliced the shower curtain. “We were just discussing the weather”



When American Sergeant George Trumbull stumbled from the 150-foot escape hole he had dug out of his tomb under Hiroshima, he was immediately put on a plane for Washington, D.C. News of his strange adventure was sur-

pressed because high government officials feared the reaction of the Japanese people to it. At this point in the postwar peace period, resentment was at its highest over the atom bomb and the increasing evidence of fraternization between Japanese women and American military men. Riots were reported in various Japanese cities and officials feared that publication of Trumbull's strange adventure would serve only to increase Japanese hatred of American soldiers.

The American had an agonizing choice: take on all four Japs in a fight to the finish—or agree to a truce and cling to the one chance in a million of digging out of their godforsaken hellhole. . . .

Mary. They were all delights, especially Toshiko. Every morning she had some bit of her flesh to show him as he approached: a section of her buttocks, a flash of upper thigh, a peek of her navel. This day she grinned at him, and made a big fuss of stretching to adjust a brassiere that needed no adjustment. Her heavy, pointed bosom jutted forth for a brief instant. She winked. He winked back.

Helen and Mary Setsuko were more conventional, and also seemed to mirror each other's emotions and actions. When one was sad, the other cried. He nicknamed them the Twins.

“Oh-hay-o,” the girls said in unison, primping their cotton blouses and work shorts.

“Oh-hay-o to you too,” Trumbull replied. “Nice morning.”

“Nice mor-ning?” the one named Toshiko said.

Hirata slammed the rifle butt down on Trumbull's foot. Trumbull gasped in pain. “English lesson for the day is over,” Hirata said.

Hirata bludgeoned his other foot. “Rowsy Brookrin sunabitch,” the Jap shouted, and shoved him toward a pile of logs that needed carrying. The girls turned quickly to their work, anxious to avoid Hirata's anger.

At about 8:05 A.M., it was hot, Trumbull's shirt was soaked through. Breezes from the Ato River cooled little. He mopped his head, wishing the 12-hour day would be over so he could sink into a stupor for a few hours again

before Corporal Hachijo ripped another layer from his feet.

He carried a log to the fence the girls were building around the elevator shaft. As he passed a pile of bricks, Lieutenant Hirata frog-leaped out from behind them. "Ho!" he yelled, and tickled Trumbull fiercely. The shock made Trumbull drop the log on his own toes. It hurt. Hirata giggled.

"You suck-face," Trumbull said quietly. "You've done it. You've made me commit suicide by taking a poke at you." His fist squashed nose cartilage, and as Hirata stumbled back, the long rifle fell between the Jap's knees, and tripped him butt first into a dust pile.

"Oh, you've made me start, so get up and let me finish," Trumbull said, balling his fist again.

Hirata needed no asking. Enraged, he stood, hefted the rifle, yelled, "Up you guts, GI," and charged in, jabbing with his bayonet.

Trumbull was aware that the girls were screaming. Hirata yelled at them and they shut up. Then Trumbull had time only to duck under the bayonet.

As he was bent over, however, Hirata rocketed his knee into Trumbull's face. The pain dimmed his vision. He swung blindly, hitting nothing. He felt Hirata's hands on his neck, and Hirata slammed him against the fence around the shaft. Trumbull lurched forward, was slammed back again. Hirata was pressing his rifle barrel into his neck.

Trumbull tried to push him off, could get no leverage, tried to knee him, got kneed himself instead, then felt his back being bent double and knew Hirata was not going to bayonet him, but throw him down the 150-foot elevator shaft.

He heard one of the girls, Toshiko, say "Bee-Trenny-Nine." Hirata held off and looked up where Toshiko was pointing at the plane. No one ran for shelters, however, and there was no warning sounded. Hiroshima had been hit only a few times, and even then by only a few bombs. The

over-flight of a B-29 therefore caused some curiosity but no panic.

An oblong shape fell from the plane. It blossomed into a parachute, seemed to be falling directly on the 300-year-old Hiroshima Castle, some blocks away, now being used as Army Headquarters. Seeing a bomb dropping this close, everyone in the area began (Continued on page 88)



BENDING HIM BACK, mouthing obscene words, Hirata inched Trumbull over the rail and closer to a 150-foot death dive

"MUSHROOM BOMB" plane, a B-29, came over city low, did not scare populace, who thought it was just on reconnaissance



Sandy Malone **THE ONE-ARMED MARSHAL OF RED ROCK**

By **JACK PEARL**

Art by **BOB STANLEY**

**Overshadowed by the great Earps
and Mastersons, he was laughed
at and scorned by most people.
But in time Malone's name became
a legend—once he'd shown the West
that when it came to gunsling-
ing, a man only needed one arm**

GREAT WESTERN HEROES

► It was a bad day, dry, hot and dusty as only an August day can be in the Texas Panhandle. The streets were empty except for a blue tick hound snapping at green flies in the village square. In the houses the shades were drawn against the blowing dust and heat. A few old men sat on the wooden benches in front of the stores on the east side of the main street, mute and immobile as stuffed dummies.

Suddenly the fly-catching dog lifted his head and his ears pointed curiously. Silhouetted starkly against the china-blue sky was the harsh geometric design of the scaffold. A brief arid wind, like the blast of an open hearth, set the hanging body rocking between the uprights. The creaking of the T-beam and the squeal of new hemp rope were a soothing background tempo to the hum of flies and the impatient scolding of the buzzards who crouched on the high peak of the Alhambra Hotel. The dog stared into the bulging, sightless glassy eyes looking out of the swollen, blackening face, and he whined uneasily. The open mouth, stretched from the shock of the rope, grinned hideously, the protruding purple tongue mocking all sides of the square as the body spun lazily at the end of the rope.

A lone rider crossed the decaying bridge which spanned the bed of a dry stream. His shoulders were rounded from heat fatigue, and dust lay on the glossy black flanks of his stallion. As the man squinted down the street toward the square, his muscles tightened.

"Giddap boy," he urged the horse. "Let's see what's going on down there."

He rode into the square and reined in before the scaffold. He had seen many men hanged and hanging in his travels, but this one was something different again. Pinned on his leather vest, over the left breast, was the tin star of a town marshal.

A group of small children materialized out of alleys and doorways to form a ring around (*Continued on page 81*)

"HOW'S THAT FOR SHOOTING?" Malone said, as the gungel dropped. "I was twice as fast before I had my accident"



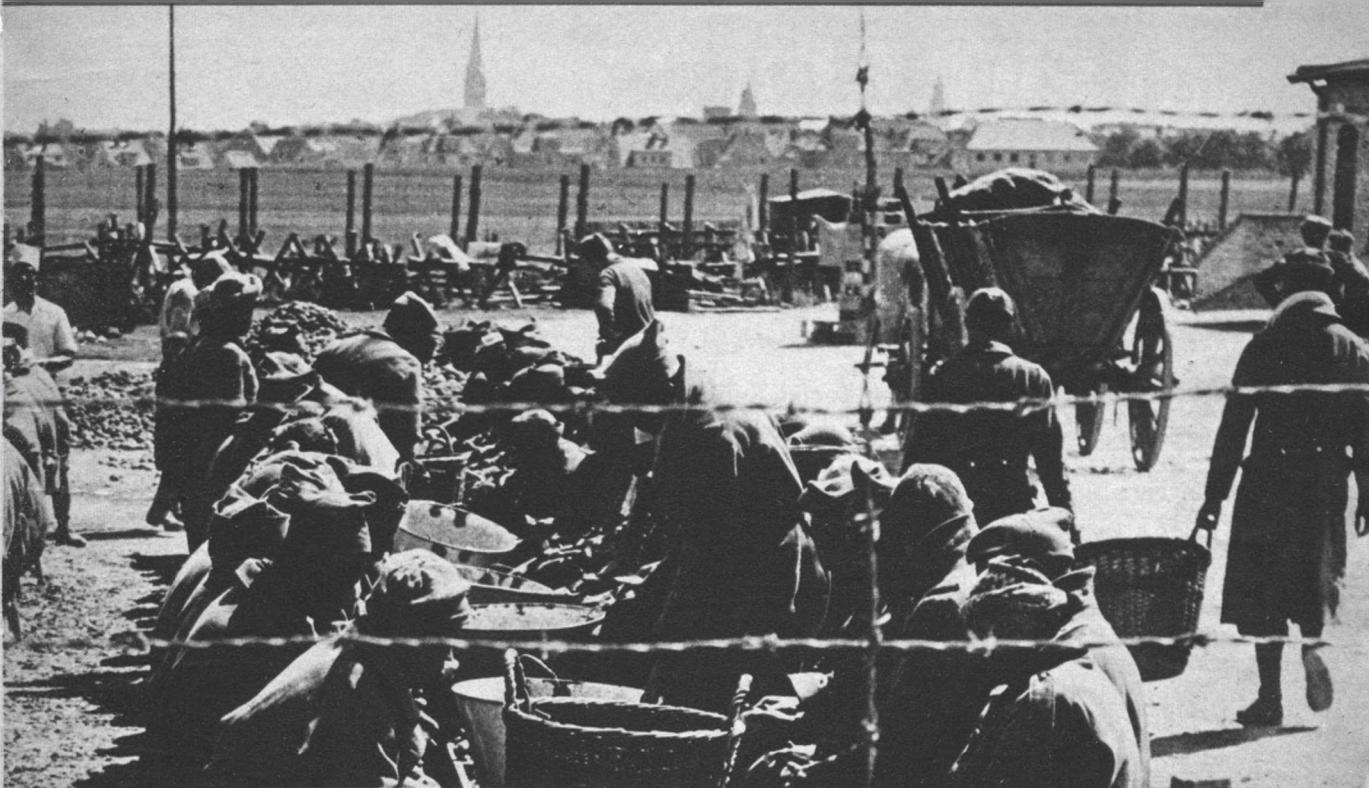
THE YANK WHO MUSSOLINI'S

It was a jagged, break-out proof rock in the middle of nowhere, the Duce's answer



ESCAPED FROM SECRET STOCKADE

to Hitler's Auschwitz — and Tony Frank was to be his first American guinea pig



By **WALTER KAYLIN**

► “America stinks,” the fat man said. He was quite fat, 300 pounds perhaps, a fat man by any standards and easily the fattest prison guard on Mussolini’s penal colony of Lupari. His face was soft and yielding, like clay. His eyes were like black pinheads. He was talking to an American prisoner, Tony Frank, a black-haired, young but weatherbeaten man who stood in the sun with his arms bound and twisted behind him.

“Look at the kind of things they teach you in America,” the fat man continued. “Play around with another man’s wife. You don’t see any of our clean-living Italian Fascists shacking up with another man’s wife the way you been doing. Come on, say it good and loud so we can all hear it. America stinks. America stinks.”

(Continued on page 70)



HOT-TEMPERED Tony Frank, Il Duce’s “favorite prisoner,” qualifies as one of the great escapers of the pre-war period. Those who were with him at Lupari—and saw him fail many times before his great breakout—still speak reverently of his courage—and there is a statue in his honor in the village of Fammienza

SGT. IVARSON'S HAREM OF FIGHTING ALEUT GIRLS

By **MARTIN FASS**

Art by **WALTER POPP**

They were just a handful of high-spirited Eskimo fun girls, but from his Bering Sea hideout, the GI made them into a savage guerrilla unit that froze at least one Jap invasion force dead in its tracks

► "Wake up, Johnny!" Mae Dokanin shook him hard, a frightened look in her eyes.

For a moment Ivarson was bewildered. A thin, watery light filtered through the sealgut skylight and the thick walls of the sod house had the strong smell of earth. Mae shook him again.

"Quick, quick!" she urged. "Cumjak has done a bad thing."

Suddenly it all flooded back to him. He was on a rocky Aleutian island. Outside, he could hear the other girls gabbling excitedly in Aleut and above their voices was the high-pitched scream of their Japanese prisoner.

"*Dozo, tomatte kudasai!*" the Jap was yelling. "Stop, please!"

Ivarson threw off the seal skin robes and plunged through the narrow doorway. The old man, Cumjak, his Aleutian scout, was waving an oily torch. The Jap prisoner, one leg streaming blood, was desperately trying to hobble away. His hands were still

HURLING the mummies down, Ivarson yelled, "We are your ancestors, come from the dead to warn you to flee"





FIGHTING ALEUT GIRLS

continued

"Come, Johnny," the lithe, long-legged girl said, pushing him back on the sealskin bed. "You have fought well today and I must cheer you first—then other girls come and make you 10 times happier"



"TAKE HER, silly Yankee," the Aleut girls shouted, "before she gets cold"

bound behind his back. His uniform was soaked in whale oil and his face was horribly contorted.

"*Iie! Iie!*" he screamed. "No!"

"Drop it!" Ivarson shouted, but before he could reach Cumjak, the Aleut threw the torch into the Jap's face. Instantly he burst into flames. His plea turned into a terrible, unforgettable cry of agony. "*Iieeee!*"

Ivarson tore off his fur jacket and tried to stifle the flames, but the screaming Jap fought him off and hobbled down the beach toward the water. The smell of burnt flesh and clothing was nauseating. Ivarson again tried to throw the man to the ground, but again the Jap flung him off, running blindly toward the water and letting the wind fan the flames hotter. He reached the sea and fell into the water with a final spasmodic jerk. His body sizzled a moment and then the undertow carried him away.

Ivarson whirled to face the Aleut. Cumjak stood with his arms folded across his chest and his face impassive. The girls huddled in a tight, frightened group. Ivarson clenched his big fists. Growling curses, he ran across to Cumjak and smashed the Aleut to the ground with one heavy blow.

"You damn, stinking savage," he shouted.

A thin trickle of blood flowed from the corner of Cumjak's mouth. Without a word, he crawled to his feet and with head down, lumbered to his kayak. He didn't protest or complain. Instead, without a backward glance, he launched his tiny skin canoe and paddled off. The fog swirled around him and then he was gone.

"Don't be mad to Cumjak," Mae tried to console him. "That fellow stinking Jap."

Ivarson shook off her hand and stamped inside the sod *bearra-berrie*. He tried to forget the horrible



CAREFREE guerrilla girls on Semisopchnoi Island, like Daluk (left), learned to rake Japs with machine gun fire, but old guide, Cumjak (above), preferred giving them "gas baths"

scene, but the Jap's scream kept ringing in his ears and the smell of burning flesh still assailed his nostrils.

"I should never have left Cumjak out there alone with the Jap," he thought, blaming himself. "But how could I know?"

"Come, Johnny," said the tall, brown-haired woman. "Inside we have *saki*, you drink and stay with Mae and forget stinking Jap."

Ivarson followed the girl inside the hut. In spite of himself he shuddered again as he remembered the Jap sizzling like a hot frying pan under a faucet. "God, what a way to go," he thought.

The girl opened a *saki* bottle and handed it to the American, a worried look on her high-cheek-boned, Slavic face. Ivarson took a long pull at the bottle and felt the seering liquor course down his throat. He tilted the bottle again. The girl brightened, and started rearranging the pile of seal skins on the pallet at the side of the hut. She hummed to herself. In a minute she came over and led Ivarson to the bed, fussing over him like some kind of protective parka-covered nurse. Ivarson took another belt of *saki* and dropped down on the seal skins. He lazily held up first one arm, then another as the girl deftly stripped him. "Mae will give you the Aleutian cure for body sadness," the girl said as she pulled off Ivarson's heavy trousers and rolled him under the piled-up sealskins.

She was back in a second from the front of the hut with a handful of scooped-up snow. "What the devil—" Ivarson began, but the girl had flopped him over on his stomach and his body jumped as she started to rub the cold snow on his back. Surprisingly powerful fingers held him down, until Ivarson hardly noticed the cold. Then the girl opened the front of her parka and pressed her firm, warm bosom against the cold spot on Ivarson's back. In a few seconds his body temperature was back to normal. Ivarson began to relax, not fighting it anymore, just laying back, as the girl repeated the operation on the rest of his body. First the cold snow, briskly applied, then her own soft, flushed feminine body against his. Twice, lazily he tilted the *saki* bottle. He had almost forgotten the whole mess when he felt the girl slip in under the sealskins, her full-fleshed body now completely nude. "Time for the last treatment, Johnny," Mae said, pressing her satiny brown thighs against his. She snuggled her face up close and rubbed her nose against his. "Judas priest," thought Ivarson, "now I've gone completely Eskimo, even to the nose-rubbing routine," but the girl was delightful to feel next to him and Ivarson pulled her squirming to his freshly washed body and lost himself . . .

TWO months before, in June, 1942, Johnny Ivarson had been yanked out of his tank unit at Camp Roberts, Calif., and flown to Dutch Harbor, Alaska.

Ivarson was a native Alaskan. He had been a trapper, fisherman, lumberjack, prospector and guide. With a natural flair for languages, Ivarson had picked up a half dozen dialects of Eskimo, including Aleut.

A huge bear of a man with a tremendous zest for life, he played hard and worked hard. After Pearl

Harbor, he enlisted in the Army and was shipped to Seattle. At Camp Roberts, Ivarson was moved up in rank to sergeant. Then, late in June, 1942, special orders were cut and he was shipped to Dutch Harbor. On his arrival, Ivarson was taken to G-2 of the ADC (Alaska Defense Command).

The colonel in charge of Intelligence spread a map of the Aleutians on his desk. The islands curved like some huge necklace along the south of the Bering Sea from the coast of Alaska to the Japanese Kurile Islands.

"Early this month," he said, "the Japs occupied Attu, Agattu and Kiska." He jabbed his pencil into three dots on the map that were more than 800 miles west of Dutch Harbor. "Frankly, we don't know what other islands the Japs have taken or if they're building up to launch an invasion."

Then, the colonel got to the point. He wanted Ivarson to do two things. Contact the Aleuts and build up a guerrilla force, and collect intelligence information. It would be a two-man operation, Ivarson and an old Aleut named Cumjak.

Cumjak was in his sixties. A wrinkle-faced Eskimo, he had at one time been a government coastal pilot. He was a dour old fellow with a special hatred for the Japs. When the enemy took over Attu, his entire family had been moved to Japan as slave labor.

Ivarson was told to sleep on his decision and when he reported back to (*Continued on page 47*)

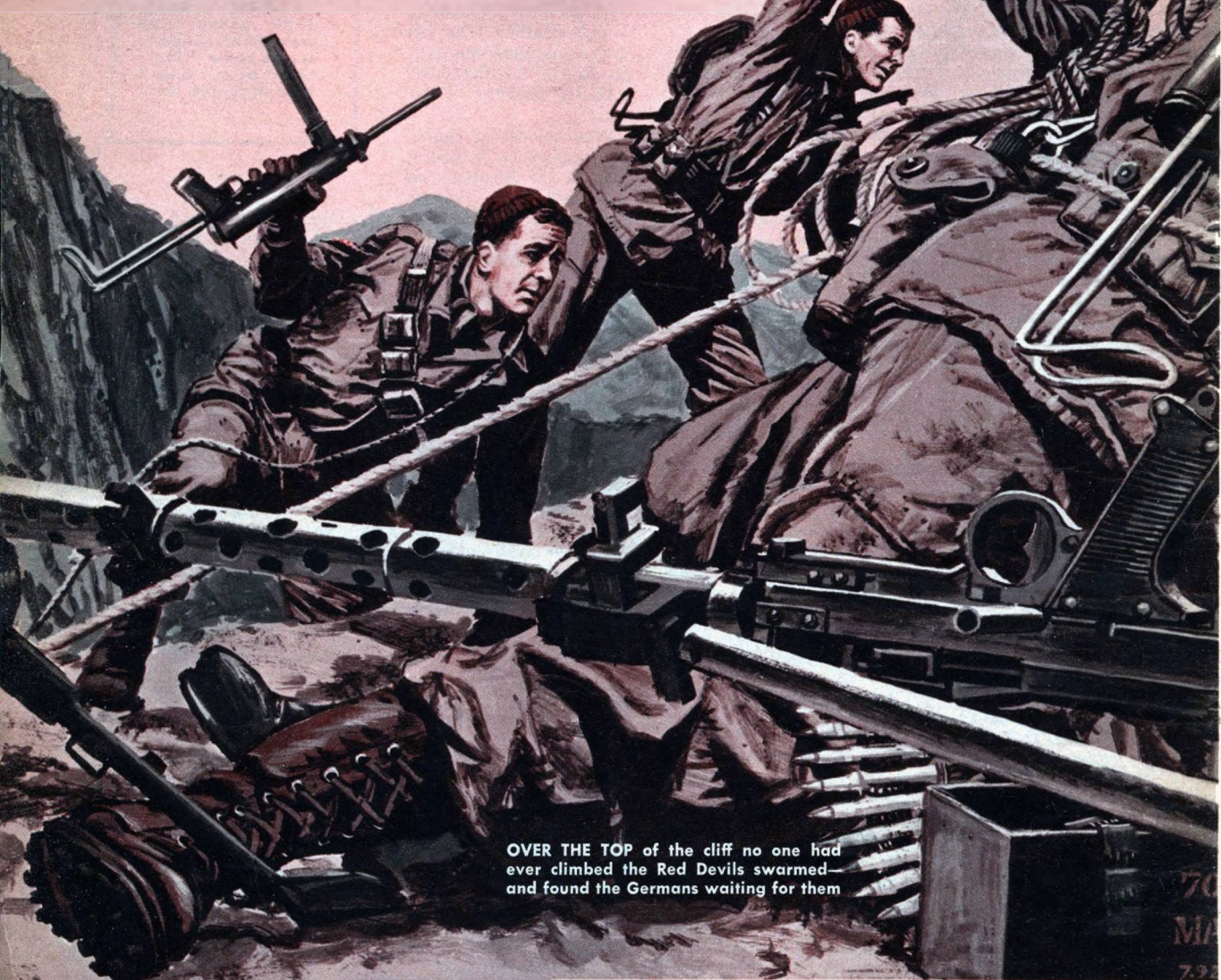


HUSKY John Ivarson weighed 220 when he got orders to organize Aleut guerrillas in June, 1942; after six months of nerve-racking "ice raids" he was down to a booy 160 lbs.



"BARK, dammit, bark," Ivarson whispered to the laughing girls. "Whoever heard of a giggling seal?"

They were knife fighters, a unit of big, rugged Yanks and Canadians who'd never been "blooded" in combat. Their first target: The Nazis' la Difensa, seven hours up, "impregnable," a vulture of a fortress that had been chewing up Mark Clark's units like peanuts



OVER THE TOP of the cliff no one had ever climbed the Red Devils swarmed—and found the Germans waiting for them

By MARTIN LURAY

Art by GIL COHEN

► On December 5, 1944, under a lowering sun that lit the landscape of Southern France but did little to warm it, the war ended for a small band of fighting men known to the Nazis as "The Devils."

The home front was hardly aware of their presence, although in training and fighting ability they were the deadliest, most efficient and finely-honed assault force in the Allied armies. Hidden behind a mask of top-secret documents, the unit of which they were members was hardly ever mentioned by communiques or war correspondents.

GIL COHEN



THE DARING DAYLIGHT RAID ON GERMANY'S MILE-HIGH FORTRESS

THE DARING DAYLIGHT RAID

continued

But the enemy knew them—and spoke of them with awe. “At night, they are all around us—the devils with the black faces,” a German soldier wrote home from Anzio. “We never know when they are going to attack.”

On the roster of SHAEF, they were listed as “The First Special Service Force”—a pen name that could mean almost anything. In fact, they were Canadians and Americans, the cream of both armies. They had been welded together at the insistence of Prime Minister Churchill for a hush-hush mission that had never materialized. Now, at Villeneuve-Loubet, in France, on the flats of the Loup River, they were standing to for their last formation. Some would join paratroop units, others would dig out SS men behind the American lines in Germany, a few would join the army of occupation in Norway. But most would be rotated home.

At 2:00 P.M., the ranks drew to attention. Twenty-four hundred men, at a shouted command, presented arms. Then, with one thud that echoed and reechoed along the valley, they grounded their rifles and looked straight ahead, some with tears in their eyes as the chaplain stepped forward and read a prayer for the force dead that had fallen, from the Winter Line to Anzio, and from Anzio to Rome, and from Rome to Southern France.

Taps, with all the sadness it invokes, was lofted high above the troops to the only spectator at the disbanding—the bombed out shell of the ancient chateau of Villeneuve-Loubet. Then the colors moved forward—United States, Canadian—and the red Force flag with its black dagger on a white shield. Slowly, the inactivation order was read by the adjutant and the Force emblem was wound to its staff and a black casing slipped over it.

Another shouted command and the Canadians stepped out. Arms swinging high, they marched past the remaining Americans to the trucks that would carry them to other units and to the home-bound ships.

And so it ended with a flourish and a bugle call and the rumble of drums in somewhat more glorious contrast to the way it had begun—in bloody, exhausting combat exactly a year earlier. In between, the dead and wounded of the Force had been strewn the length of Italy—2300 casualties, 400 killed and missing, out of a full-strength complement of 2400 riflemen and service troops. But they had reaped a harvest of dead Germans in the meantime.

In their prime they were big and cocky and perfectly aware of their membership in an elite outfit. Experts in weaponry and hand-to-hand fighting, they were unruly in public and unruly in combat. It wasn't until after their disbanding that the story began to fall into place. Even today, only a handful of survivors spread throughout the United States and Canada can give an eyewitness account of how the Force first went into action in the mountains of Italy in a cruel battle above the clouds that was fought in freezing rain and snow, but was necessary and helped crack open the road to Rome.

AS much as anything else, the story of the First Special Service Force concerns one man—Colonel, later Major-General Robert T. Frederick, a long-nosed, mustachioed ex-Coast Artillery officer, and the mountain upon which the Force was blooded—la Difensa.

La Difensa was a key strong-point in the mighty defensive chain Wehrmacht Field-Marshal Kesselring had strung across Italy on the highest peaks his sappers could find. The chain was called the Winter Line, and with it Kesselring hoped to halt Fifth Army's impending drive north to Rome through the Liri Valley, past Cassino and across the Rapido. La Difensa, 3000 feet high, loomed over the Liri Valley like a brooding monster. Shoulder to

FROM DUGOUTS AND CAVES on cliff fortress, Nazis stood off Allies, were finally conquered by the “Devils” (below)



"It's suicide up there," said the G-2 man.

"But if la Difensa isn't taken, the entire 5th Army will be chopped to bits " . . . "Relax," Col. Frederick said, "we'll get it for you"

shoulder with neighboring Camino and Remetanea, it stood in the way of an Allied advance like a breakwater in a surging sea.

For Colonel Frederick, commander of the First Special Service Force, la Difensa was his first combat assignment and in a sense, the Force was his own special baby. A Pentagon operations expert, graduate of West Point, he had craved above all else combat and a command. It had come to him in May of 1942 in one of the widest-ranging directives ever issued in the Pentagon. He was given a mandate to comb the Army for troops to handle a top secret operation whose code-name was "Plough." A hard-hitting, small volunteer force was to be raised, able to fight in the snow. It was to be dropped in occupied Norway where it would wipe out the hydroelectric stations and then, somehow, get out.

Prime Minister Churchill felt the force should be a combined outfit of Canadians and Americans. General Marshall (then Chief of Staff) agreed. General Eisenhower, Frederick's chief, handed him his orders, saying only: "You're in charge, let me know what you need."

Frederick raced up to Ottawa to get the okay from the Canadian government to send its roughest soldiers down to Fort William Henry Harrison near Helena, Montana. Armed with a letter from the U. S. Adjutant General's office, a hand-picked team of Frederick's compatriots roamed from army camp to army camp looking for volunteers. "Single men" (the letter said) "between the ages of 21 and 25 who have completed grammar school . . . within the occupational range of Lumberjacks, Forest Rangers, Hunters, Northwoodsmen, Game Wardens, Prospectors, Explorers."

Formed into three 600-man assault units, they moved into Fort William Henry Harrison, and took the law into their own hands. A Force instructor Dermot Michael O'Neill, a wild Irishman who had worked for the Shanghai Police Department, taught them his own form of judo which he called "the kick and poke." First victims of "kick and poke" were the MP's in Helena who tried to enforce the rule of no bloused pants legs.

"Pull those pants outa yer boots," an MP told a Force sergeant named McGinty one night. "Where I come from, that's the uniform," McGinty replied. "Why don't you try pulling them outa my boots yourself?" he asked.

The MP moved in, club at the ready and suddenly found himself on his backside in the street, clutching his vital parts and moaning. Four more MP's arrived, three of whom joined the first one in the gutter. The fourth raced away, shouting for reinforcements. When they returned, McGinty had disappeared. A military police lieutenant turned up at Fort William Henry Harrison the following morning, said that a Force sergeant had nearly murdered four of his men and asked that he be severely disciplined. He was told bluntly: *(Continued on page 43)*

ROUGHTEST MEN in U.S., Canadian armies, game wardens, lumberjacks, hunters, northwoodsmen, explorers were recruited by Col. (later Maj. Gen.) Robert Frederick for Allies' deadliest unit





THE HUNT FOR

7 OTHER EICHMANNS WHO ARE STILL FREE

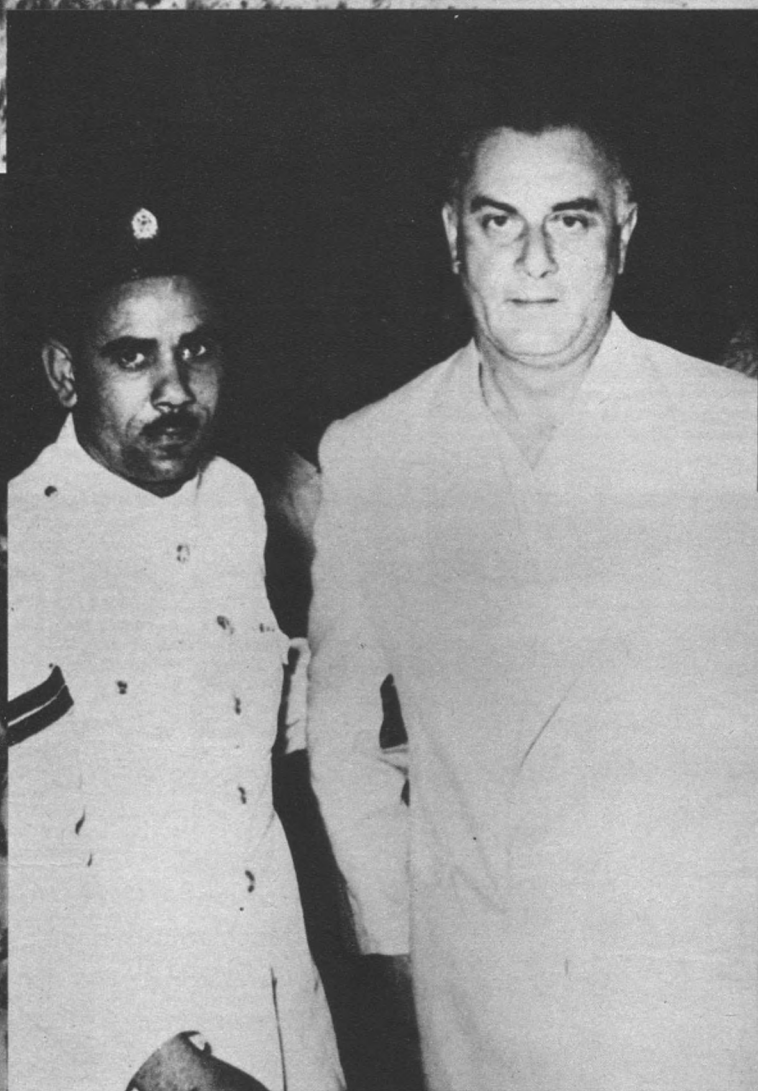
By **WALTER WAGER**

► In May of 1960, Israeli undercover agents stunned the world by finding and kidnaping Lt. Colonel Karl Adolf Eichmann of the black-booted S.S.—a self-confessed mass murderer who'd been in hiding for 15 years. Eichmann now sits in a pool of sweat awaiting justice, and in a way, the book can be said to be closed on him. But since his dramatic capture, intelligence agencies and police departments in 62 countries have resumed the never-ending hunt for 1200 other vicious war criminals produced by Hitler's Third Reich, many of them easily in the same league as Eichmann.

These men who are still at large committed crimes so staggering in their horror that now, 15 years since

the fall of Hitler Germany, the atrocities have begun to seem unbelievable. Yet fortunately the records do exist and prove that these men butchered at the very least 11,000,000 people. Among their victims were giant numbers of captured U.S., Canadian, British and Russian soldiers and airmen who were put to death long after they had surrendered. They exterminated more than five million Jews, but they methodically killed masses of Christians, too, children and their parents, the young and the old, scientists and laborers, in short, anyone who did not seem the "right type" to contribute to Hitler's war machine.

What follows is a list of seven of the most brutal of these murderers and an (*Continued on page 56*)

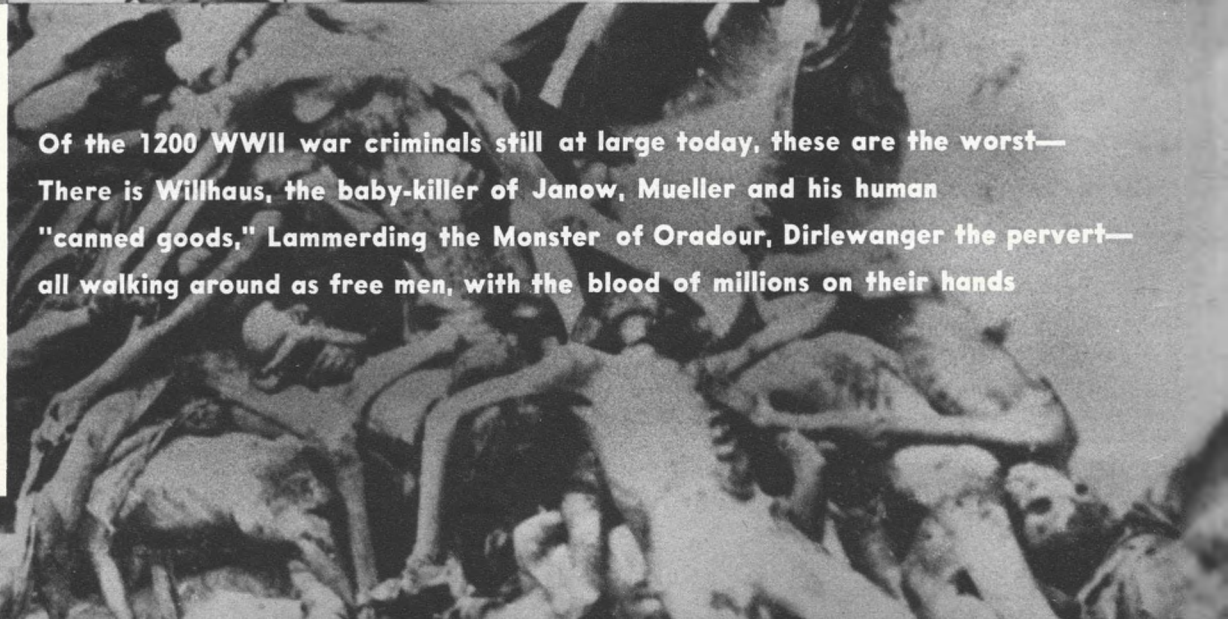


THIS IS HANS EISELE

He is one of the seven most wanted war criminals in the world. His specialty was bizarre, grotesque, unnecessary operations on prisoners, mostly female. He was last seen in Egypt. So successful were the other wanted men in covering their tracks that pictures of them are rare, almost impossible to find.



**Of the 1200 WWII war criminals still at large today, these are the worst—
There is Willhaus, the baby-killer of Janow, Mueller and his human
"canned goods," Lammerding the Monster of Oradour, Dirlewanger the pervert—
all walking around as free men, with the blood of millions on their hands**






IVY LEAGUE SQUAW

Mischievous, midnight-eyed Carol King, who dances for her supper at El Rancho Vegas, is half Cherokee, and that's her problem: "I'm in love with the wide open spaces and roughing it," Carol says, "but my other half flips over ivy league suits, horn rims and jazz. How will I ever get a guy with a button-down buckskin shirt?" . . .



Baron Klugge's
**STRANGE
FRAULEIN
CULT**



STUPIFIED, the GI watched as the quintet of fanatic fräuleins took an oath to liberate von Hohenstall

In 1945, with Hitler dead four months, a strange, demented ex-SS man and his five beautiful "daughters"—using Folterburg Castle as their headquarters—started to wage their own fantastic version of World War III

By GREGORY PATRICK

Art by HARRY SCHAARE

► "Corporal, you look lonely."

The American peered into the darkness toward the woman's voice. He expected to see either a bedraggled teen-ager or a scrawny, undernourished crone, old before her time. But the girl was lovely. Even in the tightly belted raincoat, Decker could see her slim, shapely legs, the outline of high breasts, a delicately featured face framed by soft hair the color of pumpernickel. Decker was surprised. In the Germany of 1945, girls like this didn't grow in the rubble-clogged streets. This was definitely a bit of high-class schnitzel. Decker couldn't get away from comparing women with food, and wondered if there was something wrong with him.

"And if I'm lonely, Fräulein?" Decker lit a cigarette, offered one to the girl, who shrugged it off. Another switch, thought Decker. Even the richest Krauts saved the American *Zigaretten* that were almost the currency of postwar Germany.

"If you have something in mind," he leered pleasantly, "we can talk about it over a drink at the Crazy Cat Cub." He named an expensive black-market night club nearby.

The girl considered a minute. "No," she said. "I know a better place. How would you like a drink at a real prewar German night club?"

**STRANGE
FRAULEIN
CULT** continued

"Wake up, Corporal," said the girl, leveling the Luger at Decker's head. "I wish to find out if an American G.I. makes love better than an SS man"

Why the hell not, Decker thought. He was on a two-week pass. He could do anything he wanted. Besides, this girl was the best thing that had happened to him in Deutschland, aside from not stopping a bullet in combat.

"It'll have to be close," Decker said. "I don't have any wheels."

"I have an auto," the girl said.

My God, thought Decker. This was really something. Of course there were cars in Germany, but still they didn't usually belong to young girls, even to those as beautiful and shapely as this one.

They walked around the corner and got into the black touring car. The girl reached inside the glove compartment and pulled out a bottle of schnapps. Then she leaned over and kissed Decker on the lips. slowly, unhurriedly, and Decker thought he had never known lips as soft.

"This will help you wait," she said, handing Decker the bottle. "We have a way to go."

She shoved the car into gear and they drove away through the weird, misshapen ruins of downtown Stuttgart toward Böblingen. Decker felt good. He took a long pull of schnapps and passed the bottle to the girl. She tilted it back efficiently. Decker caught a glimpse of the tip of her tongue darting out across her lips. "I'll take that cigarette now."



EXHAUSTED, he held on grimly while the girls continued their "cannonball bowling" match

They drove along the darkened highway, only occasionally passing a lighted house. Twice, army trucks, khaki-colored and covered with canvas, lumbered by on their way into Stuttgart.

Decker was lulled by the motion of the car, the darkness, the awareness of the woman's body next to his, the first really attractive woman he'd seen in months. He took another drink of schnapps, lit another cigarette. "This is a real party place, *ferstimmst*, Fräulein?" Decker said. He mimicked a thick German vaudeville accent. "You know, mit der zither music, mit der schnapps, mit der soft beds." He reached his hand over to one of the girl's firmly fleshed thighs.

"Yes, corporal," she said. "A real party place."

Fifteen minutes later, they pulled off the road to the left, slowly climbed up a small hill. Dimly ahead, Decker could see a large turreted building. They came to a halt before the entrance.

"It looks like a castle," Decker said. "What a joint for a party! This is *prima*, Fräulein." A little high from the schnapps, he lurched slightly as he got out of the car.

THE girl opened the huge wooden front door and followed Decker into the room. He gasped. There were about 15 tables in the high-ceilinged room. Off to one side was a mammoth oaken bar backed up by an impressive collection of wine and liquor bottles. There was a darkened stage arid before it a small dance floor. The whole place was deserted.

Decker patted the girl's hips playfully. "Looks like we're the only customers," he said. "But who needs company. Right, Fräulein?"

"Not here, corporal," she said. "We'll have our party in the other room."

Decker followed her into another high-ceilinged room, then stopped short. Clustered around a long banquet table were four women in tiny white skirts and blouses, with small black swastikas embroidered on them. The girls looked up at Decker and smiled. Coming toward him, the American saw a tall, completely shaven-headed man of about 35. He was in a black SS uniform with the eagle and swastika on his left sleeve. He had a long thin dueling scar running across one cheek.

"So, Helga, you have brought our visitor," the uniformed man said. "*Guten abend*, Corporal Decker. Welcome to Doomsday Castle." He bent in a heel-clicking bow. "Baron Otto von Klugge, at your service."

Decker looked around at the girls. It must be some sort of a gag, he hoped for a second, but he really knew better. His eyes took in the huge Nazi flag on one wall. Fully sober now, he made a break for the door, but the girl standing behind him put out her foot and Decker went sprawling. Two girls held his arms and pulled him to his feet. He found himself staring at the revolver muzzle in the Baron's hand.

"But you've only just arrived, Corporal," the



WILD, yet innocent appearing balls at Domsday Castle served as perfect cover for Baron's operation

Baron said. "This is really very poor manners. I think in the weeks to come my Gestapo girls will teach you to behave more correctly."

The girls pulled Decker over toward the table, as he struggled and swore.

"You must be crazy," Decker yelled. "The war's over. If anything happens to me you'll all hang."

"I was afraid you'd act this way, Corporal," the man in the SS uniform said. "You Americans must be taught real Nazi discipline." He brought the revolver down on Decker's neck and the Yank slid unconscious to the floor.

WHAT was Domsday Castle, this mixed-up, bizarre throwback to Nazidom that Corporal Peter Decker, U. S. Army Constabulary, found himself in that night only four months after the end of the war? Quite simply, it was the creation of the fevered brain of the most remarkable and dangerous man to survive Hitler's holocaust—Baron Otto von Klugge. Von Klugge had been a Prussian landowner in Pomerania, content with his horses, his women and his cherished family tree that spanned four centuries, until the day in 1932 when he heard Adolf Hitler speak at a meeting in Berlin's Sportpalast. Like so many others, he fell under the hypnotic spell of the ex-Austrian corporal. Von Klugge wanted to join the SS. Being a wealthy aristocrat, he had less trouble than the others in joining this elite formation. He quickly rose to the rank of captain, serving in the campaigns in France and Norway and later on the Eastern Front. He was recovering from a leg wound received in

Russia, when news of Hitler's death in his Berlin bunker reached him.

But the war wasn't over for Otto von Klugge. He had sworn to fight until the death for his Führer and he planned to do exactly that. That night he left his hospital and was swallowed up in the chaos of the defeated Third Reich.

Several months later, claiming to be his cousin, Helmut von Klugge, who, he knew, had died outside Warsaw, the Baron arrived at his kinsman's castle outside Stuttgart. It was empty, and von Klugge, who had often visited there, just moved in.

Now, von Klugge had two problems. How to carry on the war against the Allies and how to eat. The castle still had a well-stocked wine cellar and several huge barrels of beer. Von Klugge decided to open a nightclub and bar that would serve both to gain him a livelihood and as a front for his operations. After a meeting with American authorities, von Klugge received the necessary permission.

Now, the Baron needed to recruit a staff to run his Nazi nightclub. He knew he'd found his hostess when Helga Steigerwald appeared at the castle begging for work. Even in her grimy clothes and matted hair, von Klugge recognized her as a former German movie starlet known as the "Milchmadchen," or milkmaid girl. She'd specialized in playing fresh-faced, long-legged peasant girls so beloved by Goebel's propaganda ministry. He had met her several times at parties during the war and knew that she had been the mistress of Dieter von Hohenstatt, a top-ranking Nazi. When Germany was overrun, Helga Steigerwald, through a series of ruses had avoided capture by the Allies.

Helga was delighted to see the Baron and quickly agreed with his plans to (Continued on page 76)



"GIDDUP," Ilsa said, digging her knees into Decker's sides. "That's a good Yankee horsey"

OUR NAVY'S GREATEST PRE-PEARL HARBOR DISASTER

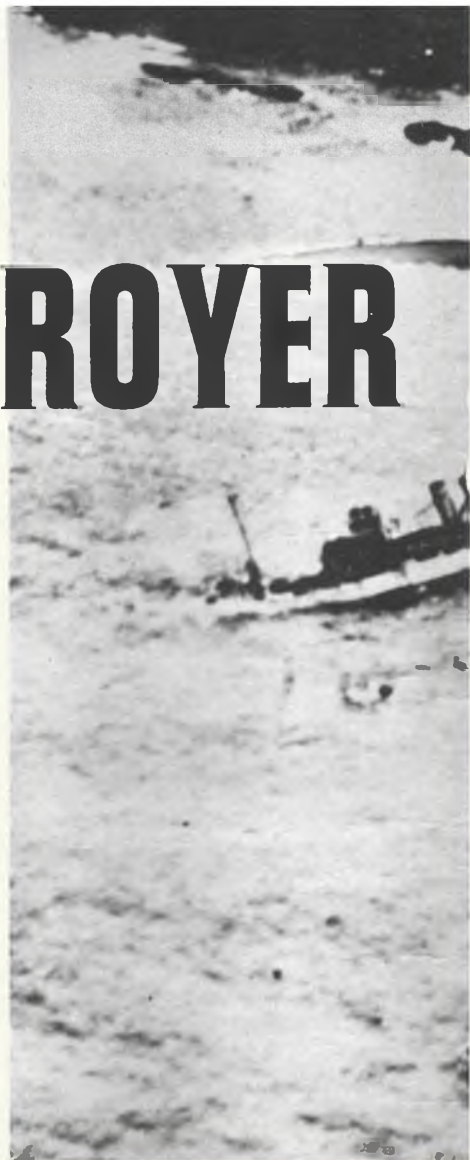
NINE DESTROYER

By VICE ADM. CHARLES LOCKWOOD, USN (Ret.),
and COL. HANS CHRISTIAN ADAMSON, USAF (Ret.)

As high as an 8-story building
the Honda reefs stuck up out of
the sea like the jaws of a pre-
historic monster—and heading
straight for them, pennants
flying high, was the cream of
Uncle Sam's destroyer fleet . . .



HONDA HERO, Chief Boatswain's
Mate Peterson swam rough sea
to save lives of 60 shipmates



MYSTERY OF DISASTER, how and why it happened,
made tragedy 1923's biggest news story, led to
bitter courts-martial fight to find guilty persons

► Black, bleak, and hostile—the scene of countless tragedies of the sea—the cliffs of Honda rush steeply out of the Pacific Ocean 15 miles northwest of California's Santa Barbara Channel. At their highest as tall as an eight-story building, the jagged rocks, needle-sharp pinnacles, and razor-honed reefs stand bold above the water or lie hidden below its surface like the jaw of a grotesque, gigantic prehistoric monster.

The Spaniards had a name for Honda: they called it *La Guijada del Diablo*—the Devil's Jaw.

Yes, the Devil's Jaw was waiting, its teeth sharpened by centuries of pounding Pacific water. And steaming into its maw on the fog-dim night of September 8, 1923, were 14 of the U.S. Navy's "Gray Ghosts," 14 destroyers marking the end of Fleet Week exercises with a high-speed run from San Francisco Bay to San Diego harbor. . . .

Destroyer Squadron 11 made an inspiring picture as it moved slowly past the San Francisco waterfront on the morning of September 8. Colorful flag hoists, identifying each ship in the International Code, flew from yardarms.



TRAGEDY AT DEVILS JAW

HULLS CRACKED like walnuts, the "Gray Ghosts" lay helpless, with 800 men clinging to their water-covered decks

Signal lamps blinked messages from ship to ship. Leadsman in the chains called soundings. Captains and navigators were at the conn. The national ensign—"steaming colors," to destroyer men—flew on each stub mast.

Gathering speed, with gray-haired Commodore Edward Watson's broad command pennant flying at her fore, the flagship *Delphy*, trailed by her 13 slim, gray teammates, steamed out of the channel for the run to San Diego.

The coast and landmarks of northern California faded into the haze on the port quarter. Point Montara Light passed abeam, then Sail Rock disappeared into the lessening visibility.

By afternoon the sea had roughened. The wind and sea were almost dead astern of the destroyers, which added to the steering difficulties of the ships. But it was a routine difficulty on what was a routine run—until nine hours later, when the fog and rocks of Honda went into action and it became the biggest news story in 1923 America. . . .

The red sweep-hand of the large clock on the *Delphy's* bridge showed exactly 90 seconds before 9:00 P.M.—the

moment set by stocky, soft-voiced Captain Watson, for the destroyers under his command to make the eastward swing from California's coastal water toward the Santa Barbara the abrupt motions of the ship. His eyes roamed search-and action, the bridge was wrapped in silence.

Ensign John A. Morrow, less than three months out of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, was Officer of the Deck. Morrow stood at an open window forward of the steering wheel and engine-order telegraph. Night glasses hung by a leather strap around his neck as he rocked gently with the abrupt motions of the ship. His eyes roamed searchingly over the stretch of visibility that lay ahead.

From below came the rumble and vibration of a destroyer plowing through a wave-crested sea at 20 knots—11 yards every second.

In the chartroom, Captain "Dolly" Hunter the *Delphy's* captain, and Lieutenant Larry Blodgett had just checked their ship's chart for the new zero-nine-five course for the approach to Santa Barbara Channel. As they stepped onto the bridge, Lieutenant Blodgett (*Continued on page 64*)

"I think we're asking for trouble"

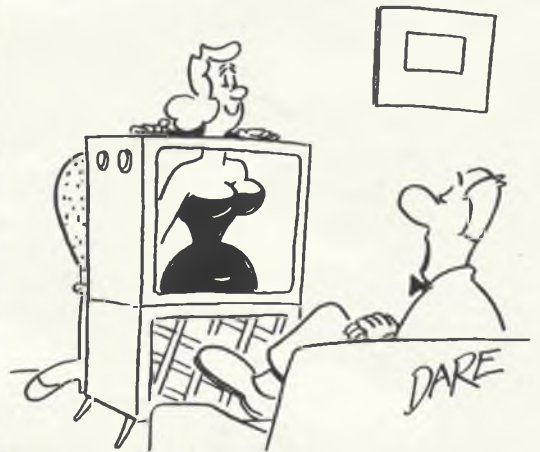


The U.S. Army is still sweating over MALE's cartoonists, Rodrigues, Lutner, Bernhardt and Dare. They turned out to be such screwball soldiers that they drove their Sergeant right out of his olive-drab mind with strange maladies like sprained tongues, aching hair and infected belly buttons. The Sergeant kept screaming, "What are you, funny guys or something?" A silly question. Here, for Sergeants, Generals and every other doubter in the world to split their uniforms laughing over, is the answer. . . .

the Funny Guys



"Pvt. Heskins, you are charged with desertion. Have you anything to say?"



"All right, Vera, quit the clowning"



"We can't go on meeting like this, darling"



"Why go back? What have earth-girls got that we haven't got?"



"It's no use, sir. My enlistment is up on Thursday and I'm going home"

INSIDE FOR MEN

continued from page 6



Texas' hands are clean in the execution of women. They've never put one to death in that state, including some women who've allegedly killed more than one man . . . When it's said around town that gamblers "own the whistle", IT MEANS THAT THE BASKETBALL GAME IS FIXED, that the referee has been paid off . . . Police more and more using the "open tail" on criminals. It means you deliberately let the man know he's being followed; this shakes him up so he usually confesses to whatever police are after . . .

HITS AND MISC'S

Photogs who do that kind of work say a college coed will pose nude quicker than a working girl, any day. But only if you tell her she's making "a great contribution to art" . . . Divorces are so sophisticated in England that the wife will stick with her husband until she can find a suitable mistress for him. Then off she goes . . . George Washington could hardly sleep at all . . . At least half the girls in American beauty contests PAD THEIR REAR ENDS AND BOSOMS . . . Survey shows this is the main cause of illegit children: Kids are humiliated at home, treated so badly that they go off and do the worst thing they can think of, GET SEDUCED AND SHOW UP WITH A CHILD OUT OF WEDLOCK . . . The odds are that 92 out of 100 men who are born in this country will marry sooner or later . . . The present king of

Arabia is allowed to enjoy four women each day, but it must be on this schedule: One before morning prayer, one after lunch, one in the early evening, and one all night . . .

There's one foreign car with an attachment that LASHES OUT AND RENDERS A JITTERY FEMALE HELPLESS . . . Uganda women smoke the lighted ends of cigarettes . . . If an American girl is going to be seduced at all, IT'LL PROBABLY HAPPEN ON A CARIBBEAN TRIP. Something about the freewheeling attitude of the natives, the climate . . .

MEN AT LEISURE

Diarrhea is so common in Mexico that it is called "turista" by the natives . . . There's a restaurant in London in which you're not only allowed but encouraged to pinch the posteriors of the serving girls. It's part of the atmosphere of the joint . . .

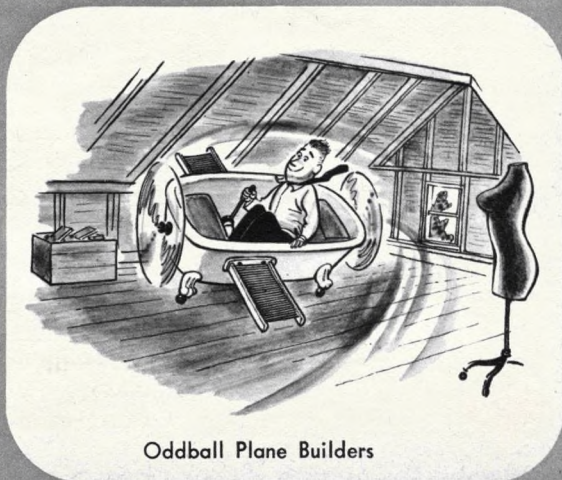
It's easy enough to get whole, free islands off the coast of Spain. There are a flock of them, mostly uninhabited, most free, some available if you pay yearly taxes, amounting to a big \$100 . . .

If you're flying across the Atlantic, you can get off winging now with tax-free cigars and cigarettes. There's an outfit at N.Y. International Airport THAT'LL DELIVER RIGHT TO YOUR PLANE SEAT . . .

If you ever decide to car it up to Alaska, make sure your buggy is in great condition, that you have five good tires, spare tubes, a jack, solid undercoating to protect against dust and gravel, warm clothing, insect repellent and at least \$400 in cold cash . . . There are plenty of Americans who keep the spirit of experimental flying, flying for fun, alive by building all kinds of weirdball aircraft in their garages, attics, etc. If you have such a craft and she's flyable, YOU CAN ENTER HER IN THE ANNUAL \$5000 National Fly-In Contest, staged by the Experimental Aircraft Association . . . You'll soon be able to fly back and



Latest Gadget: Girl-holder



Oddball Plane Builders

forth to Europe for the slender price of \$222, if you do it on a plane chartered by yourself and bunch of friends. Several small, independent airlines are trying to get this low rate approved so they can get under way . . .

SPORTING CROWD

THERE'S NO BETTER WEAPON IN THE PRO FOOTBALL GAME THAN A SHOULDER . . . and the man who can throw it viciously into his opponent's chest, then bring it up to his chin, really has the advantage . . . You can be hypnotized into fighting 25% harder, BEING 25% TOUGHER THAN YOU REALLY ARE. So boxers may be put into trances before tv bouts. (Some look as though they're in trances now.) . . . A good rule in boxing is that you can never figure a puncher licked until he's counted out and carried back to his corner . . .

SPIT AND POLISH

Few Americans know that, later in WWII, THE JAPS TRIED ON TWO OTHER OCCASIONS TO BOMB PEARL HARBOR AGAIN. But both were miserable foul-ups . . . You'd think, at this stage, you'd be able to get photos of the Model-T A-bombs that were dropped on the Japanese. But Pentagon won't release these. Not a matter of security. Too delicate an issue . . . One of the worst gases of all, a blood gas in possession of America and the Soviet Union, SMELLS AN AWFUL LOT LIKE GARLIC. It destroys your liver and kidneys by blocking off the blood, takes a while to kill but the death is rather painful . . . Big betting on how the first astronaut will be chosen for the first big flight into space. How will he be picked. Short straws, choose-up, coin flip??? . . . Our Marines in Japan are now troubled by Japanese "suicide squads" who crowd around when Marines are taking rifle practice,

threaten to jump right in front of their guns . . .

ONE OF THE BIGGEST SHOCKS TO EVERYONE IN THE MILITARY WAS THE SUCCESSFUL FIRING OF THE POLARIS. This underwater-to-surface-to-air shot was truly one of the great breakthroughs in all military history and no one knew it would come so soon. Even the Navy wasn't betting too heavily on a successful firing . . . British have come up with concentrated beer for troops; an old law says troops must get five pints of beer each week and British brass are now ready . . . ONE ALMOST SURE REASON GAS AND GERM WARFARE WILL BE USED IN WWII: It will save the conqueror the cost of rebuilding bombed out cities . . .

Some Pentagon men are sorry the atom bomb wasn't ready for Iwo Jima. That would've been a perfect target since it was all military, no women and kids. A single A-Bomb would just about have taken out the whole island with one flourish . . . Lots of former S.S. men fled to the Foreign Legion after WWII, to escape prison camps. Legion continues to ask no questions of a man, takes in anybody . . .

GROGGE SHOPPE

Puerto Rico is one of the few places in this world where a man can get a straight shot IN HIS NEIGHBORHOOD GROCERY . . . Over in Europe (maybe here, too) DRUNKEN DRIVERS ACCOUNT FOR ABOUT ONE IN EVERY FOUR ACCIDENTS . . . It's a good principle to stay away from drinking in hot rooms. One drink in a real hotbox will turn a nice, well-behaved girl into a real chandelier-climber . . . You can figure gin to pack more wallop than whisky of equal strength, BECAUSE IT GETS INTO THE BLOOD FASTER AND PRODUCES A HIGHER BLOOD-ALCOHOL PEAK . . . What does coffee do for a drunk? It doesn't sober him up, that's for sure. What you get is a wide-awake drunk rather than a sleepy one . . .



Hypnotized Heavyweights



Market Basket Barflies

IT'S A STRANGE WORLD



HOW THE FRENCHMEN KEPT THEIR HEADS—During the 14th Century, bakers in France were having a field day by giving short weights to their customers. The situation got so bad that the King himself took a hand in clearing up the mess. He passed a



decree stating that any baker found guilty of cheating on the scales would be punished by having his head lopped off. This panicked the French bread makers to such an extent that not only did they stop weighing their thumbs in with the bread but, to be on the safe side, they actually started giving extra weights to their customers. Even after the King died, the practice of giving 13 to the dozen, 17 ounces to the pound, etc. remained in effect. It was during this 14th Century crackdown on cheating that today's expression, "Baker's Dozen," was born.

THE 65-YEAR SILENCE—From 1850 until her death in 1915, Adele Hugo, daughter of the famous French author of "Les Miserables" refused to utter one word. It all started while she was living with her father during his exile to the island of Jersey. She fell in love with a lieutenant in the English Army—a bounder of the old school who induced her to follow him to Nova Scotia when his outfit was shipped overseas. After sponging off her for several years, he disappeared and left Adele stranded in New York City in 1850. Shocked into amnesia by her

lover's brutal treatment, she was turned over to the French Society in New York where she was nursed back to health. Once her identity became known, she was returned to France. So deep was her regret and so terrible her shame, that she took an oath to remain silent for the rest of her life. Despite her father's pleas, she stuck by her guns, and Victor Hugo lived the remaining 35 years of his life, never hearing the sound of his daughter's voice again.

THE MARRYING WIDOWS OF NORTH AFRICA—No woman of the Nile River Amazwazi tribe who loses her husband spends the rest of her life in mourning. Once she has gotten over the initial grief of her man's passing she begins to make plans for her remarriage. Rather than wait for a man to approach her, she takes the first step by balancing on her head a bowl full of the best sample of her cooking. This is a signal to any eligible warrior that she is open to marital offers. Should he feel so inclined any member of this tribe may stop the woman and taste the food in her bowl. This marks him as a legitimate suitor for her hand. However, a taste is not binding. He can always back out gracefully—using as his alibi the fact that the widow's cooking is not up to par.



LOST AND FOUND DEPARTMENT—If you ever get to the town of Hue, in Annam, you will undoubtedly

be shown the famous pagoda there. It is a memorial to a poor fisherman who was elevated to the rank of mandarin for finding the lost skull of a former emperor. However, the fisherman didn't live long enough to enjoy his new status. He was executed the same day for breaking one of the most sacred taboos of his people—he had touched the sacred skull!

THE LIGHT THAT NEVER WENT OUT—One of the greatest shows of a country's defiance while under the heel of any occupying enemy army took place in Holland during World War II. Unable to throw out their Nazi masters, the Dutch people continued to thumb their noses at



the Germans all during the war, without the Nazis ever realizing what was going on. Whenever a traffic light changed from green to red, it passed an intermediate color—orange. No sooner did the traffic light hit orange than every Dutchman who saw it would immediately come to attention and salute. What they were saluting was not the traffic signal—but the honor of their real rulers, the House of Orange.

WOMAN SHORTAGE—If Sultan Mustapha III of Turkey were a betting man he could have killed the bookies by taking the odds, in advance on what the sex of his 582 offspring would be. Out of that staggering number of children, every single one was a boy!



Daring Daylight Raid

continued from page 27

"There's a war on, Lieutenant. We haven't the time."

In all of their rugged years in the outdoors, the Forcemen had never run into the kind of physical requirements demanded by Frederick. They trained until they were green at the gills, all hours of the day or night. No one walked at Fort Harrison; the troops double-timed from area to area. The Norwegian government-in-exile sent a squad of ski troops headed by Lieutenant Finn Roll to teach them winter warfare. They moved high into the Rockies and bedded down in freight cars parked on a siding near Blossburg. The temperature was 30 below zero.

They were taught how to handle the new RS explosive by experts sent out from Fort Belvoir. Montana echoed to the sound of abandoned bridges being destroyed. RS sticks were tossed around like baseballs. Miners' cabins blew up mysteriously in the middle of the night and an entire barracks was demolished in the early hours of a morning when a stick of explosive mysteriously found its way into a hot stove.

The men dropped out of the skies from borrowed C-46's after six days of parachute training. Colonel Frederick, wearing lowcut dress shoes, was the first to jump. Frederick was a tough, enterprising leader. A National Guardsman at 15, he had come out of West Point at 21. But he was not a hard-nosed Napoleon. His orders were not based on whim, but on the hard cold fact, as he saw it, that in the kind of war the First Special Service Force was expected to fight, only the strongest could survive.

Accordingly, those that couldn't keep up were sent back to their units. The Force learned to go without sleep and on scant rations. An observer, watching a Force battalion load up for a hike, dubbed the men "Freddy's Freighters."

The Force adopted the Case fighting knife and emblazoned it on its battle-flag. Two crossed arrows became their lapel insignia—setting the Force apart as a separate branch of the service. Hunting for a light, rapid-firing weapon, Colonel Frederick came upon several thousand Johnson light machine-guns (used only by the Marines) on a New York pier. Destined for the Netherlands, the shipment was halted when the Nazis over-ran the Low Countries. Frederick diverted the weapons to Fort William Henry Harrison.

GRADUALLY the Force was built. Every man became a non-commissioned officer. In the end, Colonel Frederick had established what the infantry general dreams about—a unit of "super-commandos," mobile, heavily-armed, trained to a fine edge, ready to do battle under any conditions.

Then came disappointment. The raid on

Norway's power stations was ruled out by the Norwegian government-in-exile who felt that such destruction would hurt the morale of the Norwegian people.

The Force trained harder and Colonel Frederick begged for an assignment.

It came in the form of an invitation to take Kiska back from the Japanese. Eager to try out their fighting knives, Force troopers paddled ashore only to find that the Japanese had vanished. C-46's filled with Force jumpers waited on a landing strip at Amchitka for a green light that never came. The Japanese had faded out of the Aleutians without putting up a fight.

Disappointed again, the Force shipped to Fort Ethan Allen in Vermont. There were brawls in the bars and streets of Burlington as the men, keyed up, waited.

Then, in November 1943, General Mark Clark, hearing of their reputation, requested that they be shipped to Italy to help him split General Kesselring's Winter Line.

What Clark's staff had in mind was the mountain—la Difensa. Earlier in the month, the three tired Corps of Fifth Army, in constant combat since the Salerno landings, had tried an unsuccessful attack on the Winter Line. The Nazis, warm and well-supplied in their artillery-proof pillboxes, poured round after round into the Americans who fought grimly for every inch.

The Seventh Infantry Regiment of the Third Division was thrown against Difensa. For 10 days the fighting continued. The mountain had been converted into a fortress. The Germans were emplaced everywhere and a clever system of trails enabled them to move reinforcements from one position to another in a hurry. One battalion after another was thrown against the mountain until the entire regiment was committed. But it wasn't enough.

Supplies were inadequate. Not for one hour did it stop raining. The wounded—and there were many—were carried by stretcher down the mountain in a seven-hour scramble that brought them to the point of death. There were those that came off Difensa saying nothing, not even a word, to the medics who took them to the rear. There was frostbite and trench-foot and suffering from exposure that cut the ranks of the assault troops in half. Men considered themselves lucky to be wounded.

After two weeks, the Seventh Infantry gave up. From General Clark's headquarters came the word: "Pull back." The regiment withdrew its remaining troops to a point halfway down the mountain and, without regret, turned its positions over to infantrymen of the US 36th Division.

None of the other Allied outfits fared any better. Kesselring's Winter Line had worked. Fifth Army had failed to punch through it and Kesselring, in Rome, went to the opera and later, smiling, drank a toast with his staff officers.

Fifth Army had come to a standstill. General Clark screamed for reinforcements, for warmer clothing, sleeping bags, heavier boots for his troops. He regrouped his forces, sent turkey dinners by jeep and truck and muleback to every mud-covered unit on the line. Then his planners sat down again.

How to take Difensa after an entire regiment had failed? Clark, making plans for the impending visit of five Russian generals, said to his staff: "You figure it out."

"It's suicide up there," a colonel replied, looking over the 7th Regiment's casualty figures. But the Fifth Army commander, concerned with other things, had gone back to his van.

The colonel drove to the 36th Division command post, found a guide to take him to a forward position on Difensa held by an infantry squad. He stared thoughtfully at the black cliffs above him for half an hour. Then he returned to Fifth Army headquarters.

"Get Colonel Frederick up here," he told the duty sergeant. "We'll see how good that outfit is."

THE Force had arrived in Naples on November 19th. On the 21st, it moved up by truck to the Italian Artillery School Barracks at Santa Maria. "We were conscious of being different even then," a Force member has written, "with our Arctic parkas and our knives. We were tightly bound by discipline. When two Nazi fighter planes came along the road strafing, no one suggested taking cover. We raced along, hardly bothering to look up."

The same day, Colonel Frederick jeeped to Fifth Army headquarters near Caserta. The Force, he was told, would be attached to the 36th Division. "This is your objective," he was told, "la Difensa. The British, on your flank, will be moving on Mt. Camino. The 36th will go against three hills, all lower than your objective."

The G-2 paused. "The entire Fifth Army will be moving, Colonel. If Difensa isn't taken everyone else's position will be untenable and we will have failed again."

Frederick rubbed his nose. "We'll take it for you," he said. Then he got into his jeep and drove back to Santa Maria where he immediately called his officers together.

"All right," he said as maps were passed out. "They've given us a tough one. But I think it's right up our alley."

Frederick outlined the situation. "The Germans hold the peak of Difensa and the neighboring mountain—907. The 36th Division is about half-way up Difensa. They want us to take the peak and spread out and take 907 as well—Remetanea. With us holding the heights," he continued, "They think they can drive into Liri Valley."

He looked around the circle of officers. "Any questions?"

A major named Thomas from the Second Battalion of Second Regiment asked, "What's it like up there?"

"It's a seven hour climb and then a sheer cliff before you get to where the Krauts are," Frederick replied. "And since you asked, I want you to take some of those mountaineers in your battalion up there tomorrow. Get as close to the cliff face as you can and find out a way to get to the Germans without their knowing about it."

The meeting broke up. The following morning, Thomas, a lieutenant from Idaho named Lacy and a dozen expert rock-climbers piled into a truck and roared north into the Appenines. Four days later, grimy and tired, but triumphant, they reported back to Force headquarters. Under German machine-gun fire they had worked their way to the northeast face of Difensa and had found what they were seeking—a cleft in the rocks which the assault battalions could negotiate with ropes.

That was all Frederick needed. He and his staff began making plans for the attack.

On December 1st, the word spread through the ruined Santa Maria buildings that had since housed troops of the elite Hermann Goering Division: "We're moving out this afternoon."

The morning was bright. The men stacked ammunition and weapons in the compound and glanced curiously at the snow-covered caps of the high Appenines. Sunlight played on the sharp brow of Difensa. Behind it loomed Mount Sammuco with its summit in the clouds.

Details finished, they waited in little groups for the corps commander to come by for the last words that would send them into battle. A war correspondent stood chatting with Colonel MacWilliam who would lead the assault battalion. He asked MacWilliam, who had been a history professor, whether he could explain the difference between Canadian and US decorations.

"The hell with all that" the colonel replied abruptly. "What I want is a decoration for long service." He turned away.

AT 2:00 P.M., Major General Geoffrey Keyes, followed by Colonel Frederick, strode into the compound. "Attention," yelled Frederick. The men snapped to.

"At ease," said the general. "You have come here with a great reputation. It may or may not be justified." The men stood straighter.

"You have new experiences to look forward to." Someone snickered.

"You haven't been blooded yet. Remember one thing . . . despite your reputation, war isn't Hollywood glamour and men do not die dramatically."

There was a slightly perceptible murmur. "That's all," said General Keyes. He walked out of the courtyard.

"Bull," a sergeant said. "What's he trying to do, scare us?"

A crap game started in a corner of the compound. The section leaders went to a meeting, came back and told their men to be ready to move out at 4:00 P.M. Lieutenant Lacy's assault team came through the barracks carrying climbing ropes.

The men shoved knives into their boot-tops, rolled their blankets into rucksacks. They lined up for rations. Grenades were issued. Then they blackened their faces and some put on the fur-trimmed parkas they had carried since Kiska. At 4:00 P.M., Second Regiment loaded into trucks, wheeled out of Santa Maria and headed for the front. First Regiment, then later, Third Regiment followed at one-hour intervals.

By the time the trucks had reached the 36th Division command post at Presenzano, it was dark and cold and had begun to rain. Second Regiment unloaded, formed

a long column and began the 10-mile approach march to the base of la Difensa.

Some time around 2:00 A.M. on the morning of December 2, the ex-woodsmen, mountaineers, Forest Rangers of the Force began climbing the mountain. The discipline of years in the outdoors and months of training took over; silently they pulled themselves through the underbrush. They felt their way along the trails until they had reached a point approximately half-way up the northeast slope. Second Regiment was filing through a pine forest when the whispered word was passed along; "This is it for the night. Take cover."

The column coiled up on itself and the men sank exhausted to the ground. Some fell asleep within seconds, their packs under their heads.

By dawn the remainder of the First Special Service Force had reached the base of la Difensa and was well hidden. The riflemen of First Regiment, bivouacked in reserve near the base, woke up to find themselves in a wadi lined with a thick yellow mud. The artillery had died down. After a gray dawn, the sun suddenly broke through and by mid-morning, the sky became an intense blue.

At 10:00 A.M., the regimental commanders disappeared and made their way to the CP of the 142nd Infantry for a hurried, but detailed conference with Colonel Frederick. The Division on the Force's left, the American 56th, sent word it would jump off within 12 hours—at 10:00 P.M. British troops would be moving too—on Calabritto and Mount Camino.

The 600 men of the Second Regiment, in the meantime, prepared for the assault. Concealed among the pine trees, they moved like ghosts. There was no sign from the Germans that they had been spotted.

In Second Company, 1st Battalion, Sergeant George Gold sat with the members of his platoon. He was a short, muscular soldier from Floral Park, New York, where he had been a salesman. Gold had never thought much about killing Germans until the word had reached him in a Coast Artillery unit in California that all of his relatives in Europe had been wiped out by the Nazis. Then he had volunteered for the First Special Service Force.

There were six grenades on the ground in front of him. Methodically he placed a strip of tape around the firing handle of each one. That finished, he worked the bolt of his M-1, ran a patch down its bore.

Corporal Harvey, a Canadian from St. Jovite, Quebec, rubbed a small whetstone along the blade of his Case knife.

"Think I'll ever get a chance to use this?" he asked Gold.



"Why can't he spend his weekends golfing like other husbands?"

Gold grunted. He felt distant and yet very close to the young Canadian whose entire life, as far as he could determine, had been centered around the ski slopes of Mt. Tremblant. "You'd better clean your rifle," he said gruffly.

He sighed, lit a cigarette and watched Nick Wibben, the company scout, reassemble his sub-machinegun. Then Lieutenant Underwood, the platoon leader, came up, ducking under the pine branches. He called Wibben aside and said something to him. Then, he came over to Gold.

"We lead the company," he told Gold. "Eat now and be ready to move out at 4 o'clock." He added, "Tell the men in your section when we get up there, hold your fire. Frederick says knives and bayonets, but no firing until 6:00 A.M."

The men broke out K rations and ate them cold. Clouds covered the sun and a cold wind began driving down the mountain. At 4:00 P.M., as if preordained, fog descended on the slope. The men began moving forward.

At 4:30, Colonel Frederick returned to his headquarters, shrugged himself into his parka, clipped the holster of his .45 to his belt and grabbed a sub-machinegun.

"Let's go," he said to his aides, Captain Dermot Michael O'Neill, Lieutenant Roll, and the Force's chief scout, a Navajo Indian named Wright. He cut a quarter-staff from the branch of a tree and they set off up the trail.

At 6:00 P.M., Allied artillery, which had been increasing its tempo since mid-afternoon, began laying everything it had on the Nazis.

A murderous seething and crackling ran along the ridge. There was a constant deadly whine overhead, a continuous crumpling from the heights far above the Force. Every artillery piece in Fifth Army was operating somewhere along the front—Long Toms, SP's, howitzers, mortars, laying down the heaviest barrage of the Italian campaign.

In the gloom, the troops filed up the mountain trails. Then, without warning, enemy rounds began dropping in. Mortars worked their way along the known supply routes as if sensing the presence of the Force. Fragments shattered among the rocks. There were some wounded. They crawled to the sides of the trail and waited for the medics.

AT midnight, Second Company found itself on a flat, rocky ledge. The cliffs arched above, the summit invisible in the blackness. A guide materialized. There was a consultation between him and Underwood and the four section leaders. The company had reached the scramble ropes. Lieutenant Lacy's mountaineer advance unit had let down from above. First Company already had gone up and was lying secreted within 350 yards of the Nazi positions. Now it was the turn of Second Company.

"O.K., Gold," Underwood whispered. "Take your men up and tie in to the right of First Company. Not a sound, or we're finished."

Gold slid back down the line and tapped six men, ending with Corporal Harvey. Quietly they roped themselves together, their fingers fumbling with the knots. Then they started up.

The cliff face of Difensa begins close to

the 3000-foot level and extends upward at a pitch of 60 or 70 degrees for another 500 feet. The paisani of the nearby village of Rocca d'Evandro use only the well cut trails when they take their flocks to the summit to graze. Since the winter of 1943, only two persons have tried to get to the top via the northeast face—two young Italians from Northern Italy. The peasants, called to extricate them from the cleft in the rock wall, cursed them for their foolishness and sent them back to Milan.

That same cleft was negotiated successfully by 600 gear-encumbered riflemen in the black hours after midnight of December 3, 1943. They did it with hardly a sound, feeling for crevices with numbed fingers, grabbing for handholds without seeing them, stretching their muscles to the aching point to keep from sliding backwards. Like inchworms, the sections crawled up the cliff face and, one by one, broke over the rim.

Sergeant Gold's section untied itself. The men sprawled out exhausted, the perspiration freezing on their bodies. Corporal Harvey reached back for his rifle and found he was too tired to grab it. He whispered to Gold who helped him pull the sling over his head.

They rested for 10 minutes, savoring every moment of it. Then, Wibben wriggled over to them and motioned for the section to follow him. One by one, they moved up to find cover behind rocks and in depressions to the right of First Company.

Still no sound from the enemy, although somewhere near the crest, a Nazi burp-gunner was firing tracers down the mountain at 15-minute intervals. The rounds snapped high overhead.

At 3:00 A.M., Colonel MacWilliam heard from his company commanders that his entire battalion had reached the heights and was ready for the attack, First Company on the left. He sent a runner to tell Rothlin, the First Company CO, to flank leftward and get as close as he could to the Germans.

Rothlin's men moved out in the darkness. At 4:30 one of Rothlin's scouts came back. "We've got the crest right in front of us," he said to Colonel MacWilliam. "It doesn't look as if the Germans even know we're here."

The battalion commander told the scout, "Go back to Rothlin and tell him to hold his fire until 6:00 A.M. If the Germans move in his direction, he knows what to do."

Then he sent a terse message to Waters, the Second Company CO: "Move up in the center. No noise, please."

The infantrymen of Second Company fanned out, Underwood's platoon in the point. Behind them the mortarmen and light machinegunners leap-frogged from defile to defile. Pausing between moves, so as not to alert the Nazis, the platoon slid forward.

It was a rockfall that gave them away.

THE German sappers, in digging the caves and bunkers atop la Difensa, had purposely surrounded the northeast approaches with loose stones. Second Company stumbled into it blindly.

The rocks began rolling and clicking over each other with the sound, in the stillness, of an avalanche. Gold, his face pressed into

the freezing earth, thought "now we're going to get it."

A green flare went up followed by a red one. Then, a blinding flash as two magnesium flares suddenly illuminated the whole scene. The battalion was trapped in its glare.

Enemy mortars began feeling out the attackers. Then a curtain of machinegun fire came down from the pillboxes and limestone caves atop the crest.

Gold and Harvey crawled behind a boulder. Somewhere above them a German heavy machinegun thudded with a vehemence. There was a clatter and an ammo can fell next to Gold, landing a few inches from his face. It smelt acrid and foul and he pushed it away from him, wondering what the German behind the machinegun looked like. "We'll never get out of this," he thought.

But luck was with them. The fog that had concealed their movement for most of the night again settled down. The Germans fired blindly into it, but as soon as they were hidden again, the Force's scouts began moving forward, slowly drawing the attacking companies behind them.

AT dawn, First and Second Companies went into the attack. Gold picked up a sub-machinegun abandoned by a wounded Canadian. Firing from behind a rock, he saw Sergeant McGinty work his section behind a covey of Nazi machineguns sitting on the crest. The gunners hastily swung the weapons around, catching McGinty's section in a murderous cross-fire. Gold yelled to Lieutenant Underwood and the two kneeled, sending round after round into the machinegunners while McGinty pulled his men out.

"Keep firing," Underwood shouted to Gold. He dropped back, crawled from rock to rock until he had eight men alerted. One he sent to the company mortar emplacement to tell the mortarmen to drop three rounds over the ledge. A Force machinegun chattered into action, covering him.

"Let's go," Underwood yelled as the third mortar round hit. Bayonets ready, automatic weapons smoking in their hands, they leaped over the ledge. Gold threw two grenades into the first cave, belting out one Nazi machinegunner. Harvey took care of another. Bayonets flashed further up the line and the position suddenly was quiet.

Elsewhere on the summit, some Nazis surrendered and others fought to the last. In the gathering light, prisoners began walking forward, their hands in the air. In the First Company sector, a German waving a white flag started across a gully. Captain Rothlin stood up to receive the prisoner. Suddenly, a machine pistol opened up. The German, laughing, dropped into a hole as Rothlin fell without a sound. Incensed, a section of Force-men led by a Canadian sergeant rushed across the open ground and bayoneted both the Nazi and the burp gunner concealed near him.

At dawn, the fog, as if parted by some giant hand, lifted for a moment, revealing Germans swarming away from the crest down a shoulder to Remetanea. Then, the fog closed in again. But the temporary gap had been enough for the German forward observers. They had noticed what the Force, in its inexperience, had not realized—virtually the entire First Battalion and

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part of the newly-arrived Second were concentrated in the saucer-like depression at the top of Difensa. Mortar rounds began screaming in. The men clung to the earth as the ground shook. Colonel MacWilliam, reporting by radio to Colonel Frederick, said that his ammunition was running low, and that he needed more litter bearers, but that he was prepared to push out of the saucer for a try at the retreating Germans on Remetanea.

"Get moving," Colonel Frederick replied.

"Get moving," the battalion commander told a runner to tell First Company. Two rounds exploded, almost with a single blast. The caustic-mouthed Canadian history professor rolled over on his side, riddled with fragments. "Colonel . . ." he said, and died.

Frederick, in his forward command post on the shelf below the rope scramble, ordered Major Thomas to take command of the battalion. He radioed Colonel Williamson, the regimental CO, and the attack continued.

By 9:00 A.M., it was all over. The peak of Difensa, which had held up the entire Seventh Regiment for two weeks in an orthodox frontal attack had fallen in three hours because of the unorthodox night assault of Colonel Frederick and his North Americans. The mountain was in Allied hands. The Force counted 75 Nazi dead in the peak's caves and bunkers. They had taken 42 prisoners, all crack Panzergrenadiers.

Frederick, remembering General Keyes' words, smiled to himself. To Corps headquarters, he messaged: "Difensa is ours."

But there was little time for jubilation.

There were still Germans to be flushed out of hidden positions on Difensa. And the adjoining Hill 907—Remetanea—remained to be taken. An American regiment, down below, trying to fight its way into Viri Valley, reported it was getting plastered by Nazi 88's emplaced on Remetanea and asked politely what the Force intended to do about it. Frederick replied that he would attack Remetanea as soon as he possibly could.

BY 3 in the afternoon, the flush of the successful attack past, exhaustion took over. "I've never been so weary in my life as I was the six days we were on Difensa," Lieutenant Underwood said later. "At the end of that first day, I really didn't care whether I lived or died. Only Frederick could have pulled it off."

Frederick, however, was having his troubles. Enemy artillery had found the range and without letup harassed both the troops on top and the supply columns making the long climb up to them. The first supply train reached the summit in the twilight hours before dark. It had been riddled by snipers and screaming *nebelwerfers*.

First Regiment, still waiting in reserve at the base of la Difensa, was caught by a Kraut concentration as it formed to move up the mountain into battle. For 20 minutes artillery shells came in as the men clawed desperately at the ground. But there was no getting away. High explosive, airburst, white phosphorus, the Nazis used everything and when it had ended, the wadi was filled with dead and dying troops. Litter bearers and aid men moved through the column, administering to the casualties.

Some of the riflemen surprisingly survived; they formed up again and began climbing the mountain.

By evening, the Forcemen knew there would be no surcease until the Germans had been wiped off the mountaintops. Winter closed in with finality. It began to rain, the rain turned to snow, and for the next six days it rained and snowed and remained sullenly cold.

On Difensa, after the first day, men fought blindly in the fog, continually stumbling into the Nazi snipers who infested the area. The Krauts fired, moved, ambushed, hid, fired again. The Forcemen had to smoke them out, one by one.

A sergeant named Potenza, who claimed great accuracy with his bazooka, killed a German sniper with one rocket round. The rocket lopped off the Kraut's head, spraying blood on his companion who popped out of a foxhole screaming insanelly.

Frederick moved from unit to unit. He seemed to be everywhere at once, pushing the exhausted troopers, sending out constant patrols, gradually widening the piece of territory at the top of Difensa held by the North Americans.

IT wasn't until the third day that he was able to send his men against Remetanea. A battalion worked its way along the saddle separating the two peaks. Suddenly, with a cracking sound, an 88 opened up. The battalion, unable to move, losing men every time the high-velocity shells crumped in, halted and dug in until nightfall. In the darkness, it sent its wounded back along the saddle. Then, at dawn, the Forcemen appeared out of the fog and were upon the Germans before they knew it, every weapon working. Black with grime, unshaven, they fought their way through the German defenses. Knives rose and fell, sub-machine-guns ripped into the Nazis at point-blank range. Then the Forcemen looked up and the peak was theirs.

Meantime, other Force units moved in the direction of the British, sweeping the Germans before them in sharp firefights. But every action cost them men. Major Thomas, who had replaced Colonel MacWilliam, went down with a bayonet wound. Corporal Harvey, carrying a message to Sergeant Gold, was killed 20 feet away from Gold's foxhole. He died slowly, screaming, "help me, help me . . ." until his voice could no longer be heard. Gold, pinned to his hole by an enemy sniper, was unable to reach him until after dark.



"The landlord is renting the apartment downstairs and wants us to hold up the game till they sign the lease."

Colonel Frederick, reporting to the 36th Division, regretfully asked for reinforcements. "Men are in bad shape from fatigue, exposure and cold," he messaged. "Communications are heartbreaking. . . . German snipers are giving us hell. But," he added, "I shall push the attack West."

No replacements arrived. But several cartons of whiskey showed up with the evening supply column. They were labeled "With the Compliments of II Corps."

The Force grimly held on, constantly patrolling, taking the fight to the Germans, knowing that if they could hold out until the British took Camino, the battle would end. The Nazis would be forced to give up the Winter Line.

On the fifth day, Second Company moved onto Remetanea and sent a patrol led by Lieutenant Underwood down a finger of the peak toward Rocca D'Evandro. The Germans were waiting in the fog. They ambushed the platoon in a cross-fire of machine-pistol bullets. Nick Wibben, the scout from Deer Lodge, Montana, was the first to walk into the trap. He was heard yelling "pull back, Lieutenant . . . pull back" and then his voice was abruptly stilled. Underwood and Gold pitched grenades into the fog as the remainder of the patrol scrambled back to safety. But Wibben had disappeared.

On the sixth day, the entire battalion, Second Company in the point, returned to the same spot. This time it was the Germans who were trapped. Suddenly besieged by the overwhelming roar of the battalion's mortars and heavy machineguns, the Nazis walked out of their positions, surrendering one by one. Some were big and sullen, members of the Hermann Goering Division. There was no trace of Nick Wibben.

Second Company returned to its foxholes on Remetanea and learned that the British had taken Camino. It was all over. The Nazi Winter Line had collapsed. Fifth Army had punched into the Liri Valley. The Force's struggle on the heights had drawn off the Germans so that the First Armored Division could crack through with its infantry and tanks.

THE battle ended with a stillness that was almost too much for the Forcemen to comprehend. For six days and nights there had been freezing cold and exhaustion, one fire-fight after another, the explosions of grenades and the whine of sniper's bullets and the raw-edged scream of the *nebelwerfers*. Of the 1800 men who had climbed the mountain, 511—nearly one-third—were casualties. Some, like Wibben, were missing and never accounted for. Some were wounded and never returned to the Force. Some had collapsed from tiredness and cold and lack of sleep. And some, like Corporal Harvey and Colonel MacWilliam, were dead in the Force's first action.

On the night of December 10th, the North Americans came off Difensa, giving it over to the 142nd Regiment and the graves registration teams. It took all night to come down the mountain and the sun was rising as the men wearily climbed into the trucks and started back.

At the head of the column, Colonel Frederick climbed into his jeep and gave the signal for the convoy to roll south. No one felt particularly triumphant and no one looked back. ***



Aleut Girl Harem

continued from page 23

G-2, he told the Colonel that wild horses couldn't stop him from accepting the assignment. The intelligence chief grinned.

"In that case you can leave in an hour. The ship is already loaded with supplies." He spread out the map again. "We'll set you on the beach at Semisopchnoi. We know there are no Japs on the island and it's close enough to the Aleut settlements for your recruiting."

Ivarson and Cumjak boarded a trim Navy cutter and within the hour they were heading out to sea toward Semisopchnoi, a volcanic island just west of the 180th parallel. To avoid Japanese aircraft, they steamed north-west through the Bering Sea and then cut south to Semisopchnoi. On the approach, Cumjak took over the wheel and maneuvered the ship through a channel into a harbor.

The Navy men pitched in to help unload supplies. They had two hundred cases of canned goods; a portable radio transmitter and receiver; .50 caliber machine guns, with 3000 rounds of ammo for each gun; rifles; tommy guns and four kayaks as well as a *kuburuky*—a long, narrow vessel made of walrus skin stretched over a wooden frame that could hold 20 people. They cached their supplies inside a stone cave about 50 yards off the beach. When the last case was stowed, the cutter moved out of the harbor and headed back to its base.

FOR the first two days, Ivarson tried to carry on a conversation with Cumjak, but all he got was a series of grunts in reply. Finally he gave it up as a bad job. Still he got along well with the old man. Cumjak was a willing worker and was anxious to start their work. His one aim was to kill Japs—the sooner the better.

Late in the afternoon of the third day, they loaded their two-man kayak with a machine gun, some small arms and plenty of ammo and started for Amchitka, one of the larger islands of the Andreanof group where there was a large settlement of Aleuts. They paddled steadily and reached Amchitka a little after 2 A.M.

Ivarson had visited the village years before and remembered it as a cluster of white wooden houses situated on a bluff above the sea. Now, after beaching their boat, they climbed the rocks and stretched out on the ground, hidden by some tall grass. Not knowing whether the village was taken by the Japs, they took no chances.

At dawn, they saw only charred ruins in front of them. A few pitiful possessions were strewn across the ground, but there was no sign of any inhabitants.

"*Beachie-muk!*" Cumjak grunted. "All gone!"

Ivarson was poking about in the blackened frames. In some places the wood was still warm and under the ashes there were still some smoldering coals.

"This fire isn't very old, Cumjak," he

called out. "Maybe the people are hiding further inland."

Moving onto a narrow path that ran through the high grass, Ivarson led the way across the rocky tundra. A hundred yards from the settlement they found four dead cows—all shot through the head. All morning they explored the island, calling out from time to time. There was no answer. When they returned to the beach, they shoved their kayaks close to the water and then heard a frightened voice call.

"Ang! Ang!" It was Mae Dokanin. She had been hiding in the thick grass down the beach and had been too frightened to come out when she first heard their voices. Chattering excitedly, she told them that a platoon of Japs had landed on the island four days before. All the villagers had been rounded up and taken away and their houses burned. While she explained, four other scared girls came out of hiding.

"How did you escape?" Ivarson asked.

"We were fishing on other side of island," she said. "When we get back, all houses burning. We hide."

Mae was a strange girl. Half Russian, half Aleut, she had golden brown hair, large green eyes, and the giant, erect and perfectly-shaped breasts that characterize Aleut women. She was taller than the other girls and possessed a great deal of poise. The oldest of the group of teenagers, she had assumed leadership and even in the short time they were together had provided them with plenty of fresh seal meat and fish.

Ivarson couldn't leave them alone on the island and when he learned that their kayaks were still intact in a cove not far from the village, he and Cumjak portaged them back to the village. Using *kutukuk*, ropes made from the hides of seal, they tied all the kayaks together and began the long paddle back to Semisopchnoi.

There were some *bearra-berrie*, native sod houses, on Semisopchnoi and the girls cleaned them out and set up housekeeping for Ivarson and Cumjak. For the next month, the two men traveled along the rocky chain of islands, but the villages had all been either destroyed by the Japanese or evacuated by the Aleuts.

On July 26, Ivarson tried to contact Dutch Harbor by radio to report complete failure, but all he could pick up was static. That night, he told the girls they would all have to make their way back along the chain of islands by kayak until they reached the naval base on Unalaska.

"You look for fighters," Mae said. "We help you fight."

Cumjak snorted. "*Tarlink!* Women!"

Ivarson chuckled. "Why not?" They knew how to handle a kayak and they were deadly with a harpoon for he'd seen them throwing. "Okay, girls. Starting tomorrow morning, I'll teach you how to handle a gun."

Cumjak refused to have anything to do

with Ivarson's scheme. As far as he was concerned, women were good for keeping house and bearing children. In the longest speech Ivarson ever heard him make, he shouted, "You damn fool to hunt killer shark with rolling pin." He wound up with an Aleut exclamation of disgust, "*U-nalu-keja!*"

Actually, the girls picked up training in a surprisingly short time. Within a week all of them could strip and assemble the .50 caliber machine gun blindfolded.

When they started target practice, the girls were amazingly accurate. And by the end of two weeks, they were champing at the bit to get into action.

Mae had the wild idea that soldiers should know how to march and one morning Ivarson woke up to hear her shouting, "*Ot, lokot, muk, lok!*"

He rolled out of bed and went outside. Damned if Mae didn't have them tramping back and forth by the numbers—in Aleut.

Later, he set her straight. "For us," he explained, "hunting Japs is like hunting a pack of wolves. First we get one picked out of the pack then we sneak in, hit fast and hard and run."

In the evening he lectured them on the tactics of guerrilla warfare. He taught them hand signals. They sopped up what he told them like a sponge, but they all reacted differently. Mae was very serious and sat squarely in front of him lest she miss one word. Mehie, the youngster of the group, listened with half-opened mouth. Clara usually giggled. Eva doodled in the dirt and Jenny squirmed restlessly, unable to sit still for more than five minutes at a time. Although they were small, all except Mae, they were strong and supple and could move with lightning speed.

ON August 10, Ivarson felt he was as ready as he ever would be and confronted Cumjak with his decision to raid one of the Jap-held islands.

"*Neito!*" Cumjak shouted. "No!"

"All right, Cumjak," Ivarson said knowing he could humiliate the Aleut into changing his mind, "go back to Dutch Harbor. Tell them you are too old for this kind of warfare. Tell them you have no stomach for a fight."

Cumjak kicked the dirt. Mumbling angrily, he squatted and waited for Ivarson to spell out his plan. Actually, Ivarson had no plan. All he could do was improvise, but he didn't want Cumjak to know that.

"The Japs must have some weather stations east of Kiska. We'll island-hop until we come across one and then wipe it out."

Embarking in the *kuburuky*, they began the long journey to Kiska. On the ninth day as they traveled through a thick fog, they heard the sharp clanging of a bell. They drew closer and bumped into an anchored buoy. It marked the narrow rocky channel into a small harbor. Ivarson guessed it was one of the small islands that surrounded Kiska.

They paddled around the island and beached their craft on a narrow ledge of rock. Then with Cumjak and the girls, they crossed the island until they were overlooking the harbor.

The Japs had set up a small garrison. Ivarson guessed they had about 300 troops in camp.

"What we do?" Mae whispered.

It was a good question and Ivarson didn't

have the slightest idea. It was too large a force to attack, but Ivarson knew that if he didn't start some kind of action he would lose face in the eyes of Cumjak. Ivarson scowled and stared at the encampment below him.

Then he saw two distant figures walking toward them. Ivarson motioned Cumjak and the girls to hide behind a snowbank. As he peered over the top, Ivarson could see that the two figures were Japanese soldiers. One was tall and with the inevitable thick-lensed glasses, the other a squat, spindly-legged specimen. They were weaving, arm in arm and occasionally passing a bottle back and forth. Every few feet, they'd stop, bow elaborately at each other, then giggle in high-pitched voices.

"Why the bastards are stinko!" said Ivarson. "Listen, Cumjak, you and Jenny get around behind them and cut off their retreat. I'm going to catch me some live Japs."

Cumjak and the girl set off, running silently, crouched low against the snow. When Ivarson saw them coming up in a wide circle behind the Japs, he stood up suddenly and trained his rifle on the two Japs.

"Okay, the bar's closed," Ivarson said, walking toward them. The taller soldier dropped the bottle, and fell against his companion. They pawed at each other, their saki-sodden brains slowly taking in the situation. Then they turned and ran—straight into the hands of Cumjak and Jenny. With two quick blows of their rifles the Aleuts dropped the soldiers into the snow.

Cumjak was measuring the taller one for a homerun blow with his rifle butt when Ivarson pushed him aside.

"Hold it," Ivarson said. "I've got a better idea than just clobbering these guys. We'll give them the Ivarson special 'snowman treatment,' guaranteed to freeze and please."

Ivarson knew the Japs were superstitious. And these two gawky farmboy soldiers didn't look like Nipponese Einsteins. To be found alive by their companions half-drunk and with a story about being captured by an American and a group of girl guerrillas should have the Jap camp shooting at their own shadows for a couple of months.

"Come on girls," Ivarson said as he started to pile snow around the taller Jap. "I'll show you how we make a snowman stateside style. He held the frightened soldier as he patted the snow around the lower part of his body. The man tried to pull away and Ivarson slapped a handful of the wet snow on the Jap's face. "Hold still, soldier-boy," Ivarson said. "Can't you see this is all in fun."

The girls got the idea and began to pile snow around the other soldier, laughing and squealing as the man's eyes grew wide with fear. He stood still as a statue, his teeth chattering.

When the piled-up snow reached the Jap's waist, Ivarson pulled off their belts and strapped down their arms. Then they finished piling the snow up to the Jap's neck. Even Cumjak relented and slapped a few handfuls on, nodding happily at Ivarson.

"Now for a little water on these fine snowmen, to keep them from running away," Ivarson said. He sent the girls down to the shore and soon they were back carrying water in their fur hats, their long hair tossing in the wind. They laughed as they splashed the water around the snow-encased Japs and watched it instantly turn to ice.

Ivarson took the half-empty saki bottle

from the ground and took a swig, then gave one to each of the Japs. In sign language he explained that if they yelled before he and his raiders were out of sight of camp, each man would get a rifle bullet in the head. The American brought his rifle up to sight position for emphasis. The taller Jap nodded dumbly that he understood.

Ivarson tilted the Japs' peaked caps rakishly on each man's head, and stood back to survey his handiwork.

"I've never seen finer snowmen," he said. "Girls you've made your old Uncle Johnny very proud."

The girls smiled happily. Then, Mae signaled them to wait and ran behind the snowbank. She was back a few seconds later carrying a pair of white cotton panties.

"I buy them three year ago at trading post," she said. Then she ran over and slipped them over the taller Jap's head, stretching the elastic to get it around his big ears. They all roared as the panties waved in the wind.

They raced down to the beach and took off in the long boat. There was no sound from the two men until they were out of sight.

PADDLING back to their base, they pulled up at one of the larger islands about 50 miles east of Kiska. It had been raining steadily ever since they had left the Jap soldiers. Ivarson wanted to find some shelter and build a fire. They were all dog tired and soaked to the bone. Following procedure that Ivarson had set up, they hid their boat first and then moved across the island.

Mae and Ivarson headed for the southeastern end of the island. Their caution paid off. Moving about a large pyramidal tent was a platoon of 16 Japs. An antenna stuck up from a small wooden shack and it was obvious they had been set up here as a weather station group.

When Ivarson and Mae got back to join the others, the girls started yipping with excitement. This was their chance to really get into action. It had been fun making Japanese snowmen, but they were dying to shoot their guns.

Ivarson grinned. "Tonight will be the pay-off girls. After the Nips have sacked in, you'll get a little of that live target practice you've been itching for." The girls listened happily. Then one by one they sat down and began to clean their rifles as Ivarson had taught them.

At midnight Ivarson roused the girls and Cumjak and they set off toward the Japanese camp. About 100 yards away, Ivarson stopped. Ahead, next to a flickering fire, a lone Japanese sentry sat huddled in a blanket.

Ivarson took a box of cartridges out of his coat, then took off his glove and dropped about 20 shells in.

"I'm going to creep up on that fire and throw these shells on it," Ivarson said. "It'll take about five minutes for the fire to get to them. Then holy hell will break loose and the Japs should think they're attacked by the whole goddam U.S. Army. They should come racing out of their tent like we're giving away free saki. That's when I want you and Cumjak to cut them down."

Ivarson started out toward the fire. When he had crawled to within 20 feet he could see the sentry was half-asleep, his head on his chest. Even so Ivarson didn't want to risk jumping him. There was too big a

chance the sentry might get off a rifle shot. A single shot would mean they'd have a cautious group of 16 disciplined soldiers to deal with, not the panicked, every-man-for-himself bunch that Ivarson wanted.

He clutched the fur glove, felt again the string he'd tied over the end to keep the cartridges from falling out. About 15 feet away he lobbed it toward the fire. "Just like pitching pennies," Ivarson thought as he saw the glove land in the fire.

The Jap sentry blinked rapidly, opened his eyes. Ivarson froze. The sentry shook his head, looked into the fire, then slowly closed his eyes again. "That was your chance Sleepy Eyes," thought Ivarson, "but you muffed it."

Off to his left he could see Cumjak and the girls moving toward the tent. Ivarson lay down and sighted his rifle on the Jap sentry. With the first explosion of the cartridges Sleepy Eyes would be the first soldier to join his ancestors. After about four minutes Ivarson began to worry. Maybe the glove was too thick? No, he knew better. Maybe the Japs wouldn't panic when they heard the shooting but would form and fight together? Maybe the girls—Pow! Pow! Pow! The shells went off in a crescendo, whistling in the air. But the second shot was Ivarson's and he saw Sleepy Eyes' body jerk, then fall forward, his eyes closed for all time.

Ivarson was running now, ignoring the still exploding cartridges. He saw the first Jap race out of the hut, a skinny guy in a pair of skivvies clutching a rifle. The man got five feet before he dropped, the front of his skivvie shirt a darkening red blob. The Japs were howling and yelling and three more raced out, almost falling over themselves. Ivarson was about to fire but before he could pull the trigger, the three crumpled and fell in a roar of concerted gunfire from the girls. Things were going fast now. He saw the other Japs streaming out. Little crewcut men in jockstraps or white drawers, a couple in rumpled uniforms. They seemed almost in a hurry to join the heap of bodies in front of the tent.

The slaughter took one minute. Ivarson walked over to examine the bodies. Only one man was still alive. He was trying to crawl away dragging a badly shattered leg.

Cumjak raised his gun and Ivarson shoved the Aleut aside roughly.

"We'll take him prisoner. The colonel wanted intelligence. Okay, we'll take this one back."

Mae, meanwhile, had gone into the radio shack and returned with a large bag filled with official reports and weather data. She smiled. "You say, Johnny, I should always find papers. Now I got plenty."

"Mae," Johnny said with a grin, "you've just been promoted to Private First Class. Now let's set this shebang on fire and get the hell out."

With the tent and shack in flames. Ivarson tossed the Jap over his shoulder and set out for their boat.

On the beach, Ivarson made a quick examination of their prisoner's wound. The flesh of his thigh was ripped wide open and the bone was completely shattered. Now that the initial shock had worn off, the Jap was in terrible agony. Ivarson wrapped the leg in a crude bandage and then tied the prisoner's hands behind his back securely.

(Continued on page 52)

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They paddled east steadily and on the third day camped out for the entire night. Ivarson went into one of the sod houses leaving Cumjak to take the first trick on guard. Ivarson was barely asleep when Mae shook him. When he got outside, Cumjak was turning the prisoner into a flaming torch.

After Ivarson knocked Cumjak down, the old man lumbered to his kayak and took off without a backward glance.

Ivarson could have cut off his right arm for hitting the old Aleut. Cumjak had been a faithful and invaluable aid. And he had plenty of reason to hate Japs. Ivarson realized he'd been dead wrong to try and judge Cumjak by his own standards of right and wrong. However, it was too late for regrets.

When they reached their quarters on Semipohnoi, Ivarson waited around, still hoping that Cumjak would return. After a week, it was evident the old man had called it quits for keeps.

"We don't need Cumjak," Mae insisted. "We kill Japs. We take prisoner. Anything you say, Johnny."

Without the Aleut as guide the risks were infinitely greater, but they had no choice now. Ivarson particularly hesitated to risk the girls' necks. He felt responsible for their safety.

Mae guessed the reason for Ivarson's hesitation and had her own little scheme worked out for softening him up.

WHEN the sun went down, Mae unwrapped a bottle she had found in the Jap radio shack. It was a bottle of saki.

"Tomorrow we fight more," she said with a bold grin, "but tonight we have *que-elate*—big party."

The girls brushed their hair and decorated their blouses with tiny wild flowers. Their faces were scrubbed and shiny. They all crowded into one room of the small sod house. A lamp filled with whale oil was smoking in one corner.

Mae clapped her hands and the girls broke into song. Ivarson, expecting an Aleut dirge, roared when he heard them start off with "Deep In The Heart of Texas."

Ivarson took a deep swig from the bottle and the hair on the top of his head almost stood straight up. The saki was dynamite. He passed the bottle and each girl drank a hefty slug without so much as flinching. By the end of the fifth chorus everyone was well oiled and happy.

Mae went into an Aleut dance. Stamping her feet, she stuck out her rear and with amazing dexterity twirled it around as though it were a wheel hooked onto a greased axle. The girls were shouting and beating their hands. Mehie and Clara grabbed each other and whirled around the room. Eva and Jenny were bobbing about in what Ivarson called the "Aleut shimmy."

Then one after the other they whirled Johnny in a wild, pounding Aleut version of the polka. Sweat streamed down the girls' faces and their clothes stuck to their bodies.

"Faster, faster," Mae screamed as the girls spun. Ivarson ripped off his shirt and began stomping. Jenny threw off her blouse and Ivarson saw her full, uptilted bosom moving in time to the music. The American roared his approval and reached for her. She danced away coquettishly, her hands along her hips, thrusting herself about in

time to the clapping hands. The other girls began to follow suit by flinging off their heavy Aleutian clothes. Ivarson was howling now with the wild, sensual humor of the thing—the laughing, half-clad girls, the swirl of their young bodies bobbing in amazing unison. The girls reached for Ivarson's clothing, and he belted the saki again, laughing and tossing the searing liquid down his throat, dribbling it down his face as the girls stripped his clothing. He kept stamping his legs, and then, in his drunken revel, began to trip the girls, sending them sprawling alongside of him on the floor.

The girls were wearing very little now and Ivarson, through mist-clouded eyes, caught a glimpse of Mae's marvelously formed, rhythmically moving hips. The big, curvaceous half-Russian Aleut backed her way toward him, and shrieked, "Grab on, Johnny. Now Mae leads the dance." Ivarson put his hands on her undulating form and felt the other girls grab on behind him in the line. Around and around the little hut they wiggled and danced until finally, wrung out with exhaustion, they all fell upon a piled-up bed of sealskins. Ivarson's every nerve was tingling with both fatigue and pleasure. One of the girls leapt up to douse the oil lamp in the hut. Then they all collapsed together in one last wild scramble of frantic wrestling before nestling together in a more languid pursuit of one another until dawn.

When Ivarson woke in the morning, the girls were fully dressed. Their tommy guns were slung over their shoulders and they squatted in front of him grinning happily.

"You be our *ty-on* now, Johnny," Mae announced.

"Your king, eh? Maybe this war isn't so bad after all."

With future *que-elates* to look forward to, Ivarson had no intention of calling off their private guerrilla war against the Japs. That afternoon he got through to Dutch Harbor by radio. He told them of the records they'd picked up and suggested a UBY be sent over to deliver the papers to the Intelligence. He also asked for dynamite, grenades and a flame thrower. If his girls were going to be taking on all the Japs in the Aleutians, he needed all the equipment he could get.

When the big Catalina landed in the harbor, Ivarson suggested the girls make themselves scarce. "If the colonel suspects my guerrillas are five gals, he might yank me back into tanks."

Ivarson handed over the papers they'd taken at the weather station as well as a complete report on their actions. "Guerrilla unit operating with efficiency," he wrote, "and carrying out mission as ordered." He detailed their activities to date but happily neglected to mention that his guerrilla force consisted of five wild, teen-age girls.

For the next few weeks they explored several islands near Kiska. On one of them they discovered huge caves that had at one time been burial grounds. But the girls were too frightened to enter the caves, and Mae begged Ivarson not to go in. "No go," she pleaded. "You get sick and die."

Ivarson only laughed. It was all superstition, but he couldn't persuade the girls to get over their fear especially after he described the dried-up mummies he found sitting against the walls. Some of them were in an almost perfect state of preservation. Their entrails had been removed and the

cavities stuffed with moss and aromatic grasses. Around each body were ancient implements and weapons.

Ivarson was still thinking about those deep, quiet caves as the group were bedding down in one of the abandoned sod houses that dotted the island. Early the next morning Ivarson awoke to the hum of motors. He ran to the front of the hut. Coming across the water toward the island was a motor launch. Ivarson could see eight or ten Japanese soldiers standing on deck. Their rifle barrels glinted in the early morning sunlight. He roused the girls and led them around the back of the house.

"Enough of this spook stuff, now," he said. "You know what those Japanese studs will do to five cuties like you who've been killing their pals?" The girls nodded. "We're going to the cave and sit this one out, mummies or no mummies."

Conquering their fear, the girls followed Ivarson up to one of the burial caves dug above a path that cut through the foliage along the cliff. The girls went inside, averting their eyes from the propped-up mummies at the sides of the cave. Jennie looked around once and began to whimper.

"Cut," Ivarson said, "or I'll send you down alone to play footsie with the soldier boys."

The girl looked at him, frightened out of her wits. Then she sat down and covered her face with her hands.

From the front of the cave, Ivarson could see the Japs beach their craft. Then they lined up and started out to search the island. Ivarson was glad that they'd beached their kayaks farther down the coast, but he knew that if the Japs really combed the whole island they'd be sure to find the boats. He lost sight of the search party as it went over toward the left side of the island. He explained to the girls that under no circumstance should anyone fire until they were spotted.

TWO hours later Ivarson looked down and saw the Japs moving along the path below the cave. He moved back inside, and in his hurry knocked down one of the mummies. Jenny started up, saw the decomposed body and let out a wail. Mae jumped her, clamping her hands over the girl's mouth.

But it was too late. The Japs, alerted now, inched forward along the path, their rifles poised. The girls stood off in a little group, stunned by the fear of the sacred bodies. Then Ivarson had a wild idea. The girls were scared to death of mummies. Maybe the Japs were too. God knows they were hipped enough on ancestor worship.

"Quick, get those bodies out of the corner," he whispered.

He spoke to Mae but she wouldn't move. "Shake that marvelous tail of yours," Ivarson said, slapping her on the backside brutally. Then he moved his hands toward the other girls. Frightened, they got into a line and began passing the bodies like a bucket brigade toward the front of the cave, handling the stiff-brown shrunken figures gingerly, like fragile planks of wood. Ivarson waited until he could see the lead Jap officer was directly below him. Then he raised up the first body and slammed it down into the officer's face. The Jap collapsed as the body crashed down on him. Then he yanked at it and stood staring, unbelieving, holding a withered human arm in his hand. In a mad rush Ivarson flipped down three more bodies

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"Come on, hand me great grandpa, girls! There he goes! Come on, let's have grandma now!"

As the bodies bounced among them the Japs went mad with fear, turned heels and ran—scampering and wailing down the path. Ivarson didn't even bother to fire at them, but watched laughing, from the cave entrance as the soldiers clambered aboard their boat. The engines roared and in five minutes there wasn't a Jap left on the island.

The next day Ivarson and the girls left the island to continue their raids.

It was Jenny that spotted the next installation, on an island almost covered by low hanging fog. "I see Japanese tower," she insisted. Ivarson couldn't see a damn thing himself, but he took the girl's word for it.

"Okay," he said. "Let's go ahead but be sure to be ready to turn tail if we're spotted."

Jenny was right. A small Japanese outpost with a large radio aerial over one hut was dead ahead. Ivarson saw smoke drifting up from a sod house chimney.

After they beached the boats Ivarson knew they were in trouble. The only way to reach the radio shack was across an expanse of glistening white snow. Anybody on it would be spotted instantly and picked off from the hut. Then, Mae pulled at him. "Johnny, we can use sealskins and creep up on yellow men."

"That's nutsy," Ivarson said.

"Wait, Johnny," she said and raced to the kayak, bringing back a seal skin blanket. She draped it over her body, and crouched down in the snow.

"See, Johnny," she said, clapping her hands together and waddling forward. "This is how we get close to seal to kill 'em."

"By God," you look just like one of those critters," Ivarson said. "The thing might just work. Let's try it." They all began pulling sealskins over their bodies.

Clutching their rifles they all moved forward, Ivarson in the lead. He could hear the girls behind him laughing at his awkwardness.

"Stop giggling and start barking," Ivarson yelled back. "Who the hell ever heard of a laughing seal?" The girls began to bark and moved closer to the hut. Then, 20 feet away, the door of the hut opened and two Japanese soldiers walked out with rifles. They looked off at Ivarson and the girls in their sealskins punched each other playfully on the shoulder and laughed. Ivarson kept inching forward. To the side he could see Mae next to him, moving even with him.

He saw the two Japanese nod to each other, then both started to bring up their rifles. "My G! , they're going to shoot," Ivarson thought. The American pulled himself to one knee and his rifle cracked. The Jap dropped like a stone, but at the same instant a shot hit Ivarson's rifle butt and spun it out of his hands. He started running forward just as another shot rang out as Mae dropped the other Jap in the snow.

"You get the cigar, baby," he yelled as he raced toward the hut. Ivarson pulled back as he opened the door. He realized he'd left his gun in the snow. A Jap was sitting at the telegraph key, feverishly sending Morse. Ivarson ducked around the hut's corner as the Jap revolver slug bit into the swinging door. He saw a harpoon leaning against the hut wall, picked it up and flung it into the hut. He watched it quiver as it impaled the operator's hand to the table

like a 5-legged insect on a giant pin. Then the operator looked up and his glasses shattered as two quick shots from Mae nailed him in the head. He slumped over the sending table, his pierced hand twitched a second like a fish on the docks, then stopped.

By April, 1943, Ivarson and the girls had wiped out eight Jap radio and weather stations as well as six observation posts. Late that month, Ivarson was advised by radio to stay clear of the Attu area. On the 11th of May he learned the reason. American troops assaulted the heavily fortified island and after three weeks of vicious fighting drove the Japs off that island.

On July 10th, Dutch Harbor requested Ivarson and his guerrillas to reconnoiter Kiska. It was the first specific assignment he had been given. Ivarson skirted the harbor on Kiska and beached their small crafts two days later.

For the next three nights, Ivarson and the girls mapped out gun installations, harbor facilities, supply and ammo dumps.

THE afternoon of the fourth day, Ivarson spotted a Japanese and several Aleut women that must have been drafted as Jap camp followers, lurch out of a large barracks. They were all carrying bottles, laughing and staggering in the snow and tossing snowballs at each other. Still singing and laughing, they lurched over toward a large open-roofed building constructed out of big blocks of snow, probably built as some sort of dummy target for heavy gun practice.

"It must be the Japanese Fourth of July and New Year's Eve rolled into one," Ivarson said to the girls. "Here's our chance to really clobber them. If we can get Mae into the camp, they'll think she's an Aleut girl. A grenade or two will take care of some of them. Then the other girls and I can come down and break up the celebration." Mae nodded that she was willing. "But how can I carry a gun, Johnny?" she asked. "I've got it," said the American. "Seeing as the Japs are having a snowball fight we'll just pack snow around a few grenades and Mae can carry them in her blouse. Then when she gets in the spirit of this Nip shindig she can blast hell out of the buggers. When we hear the grenades go we'll hit the snowhouse. I'll use the flame thrower."

Mae set off down the hill, four grenades in her blouse. The others watched as she came into the group of drunken revelers. The Japs who were gloriously plastered by now, cheered the new arrival. From the top of the hill Ivarson could see the other girls lean against the snowwall, glad that somebody else had come along to take the heavy pawing. Mae pulled away from several greedy outstretched arms, playfully picked up some snow and tossed a snowball. Then she started to dance. "This is it, girls," said Ivarson. While all the Japs watched, the pretty Aleut slipped off first her fur coat and then her hat. Clutching the flame thrower, Ivarson led the girls down the hill.

Inside the snowwall Mae continued her whirling, throwing an occasional snowball at a drunken soldier, teasing them with her body, pulling at her blouse. Then she ripped it wide open, exposing her bosom, at the same time, and tossing the grenades to the applauding Japs. The soldiers screamed with laughter, and flipped them in the air.

Then Mae was off, running as fast as she could. The Japs were still juggling the snow-

balls when the first went off in the hands of a squat lieutenant and took most of his head with it. The girls screamed as the other three exploded at two second intervals, plastering flesh and bits of Japanese uniforms against the snowwall. As the last one exploded Ivarson opened up with the flame-thrower. The roar filled the still air. The snowwall dissolved into mist in the searing heat. The Japs fell, black, shrunken figures against the white, melting snow, and then from the side the girls came up peppering the Japs still alive.

Ivarson saw that only one of the Aleut girls was hurt and he hustled her outside. Hearing the garrison alarm sounding, he ordered the girls back to the boats.

There was only scattered firing from the Japanese camp as Ivarson and his girls reached the boats and struck out for their camp.

ON August 24, 1943, Ivarson was notified by radio that Kiska had been evacuated by the Japs. When the war was over and Japanese military records became available, Ivarson learned that Lieutenant-Colonel Itsibashi, commandant on Kiska, had sent in an official report about their activities. Translated, it read: "Large, powerful, mobile force of commandos raiding Kiska and outlying islands. Must have reinforcements for expected attack by this group in force."

Three days after that dispatch was wired to Tokyo, Kiska was ordered evacuated. The "group of commandos" was Ivarson and his five girl guerrillas.

On September 5, 1943, Ivarson's colonel ordered him to return to Dutch Harbor. The Japanese threat against Alaska was finished.

When Ivarson finally reported to the colonel's office, he requested work and quarters for his guerrillas.

"Hell, sergeant," the colonel said heartily, "this man's army can always use good fighters. Where are they?"

"Just outside, colonel."

The colonel stepped into the hall. The girls grinned at him and shuffled their feet in embarrassment.

"Where are the guerrillas, sergeant?" the colonel barked.

"That's them!" said Ivarson.

"Well I'll be ———!" said the colonel.

Back in the office, the colonel made it clear that he'd find quarters and work for the girls.

"All information in G-2 is top secret," he said, shaking his head. "Dammit, sergeant, I've been boasting about the great job you've done. If word breaks out that you've been raising hell with a bunch of girls, I'll never live it down."

"I won't breathe a word, colonel."

"You damn well better not or I'll have you court-martialed."

The colonel stuck out his hand. "Thanks for a fine job. Goodbye and good luck!"

Ivarson grinned, saluted, and marched out of G-2.

Editor's note: Sgt. John Ivarson, from all accounts, is back home in Alaska, working at his old business of fur trapping. Because of the peculiar nature of his outstanding deeds in the Aleutians, he had been little recognized in military circles and, as far as can be ascertained, MALE's story is the first public mention of his amazing Aleutian escapades. ***

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Seven Other Eichmanns

continued from page 28

attempt to set down an accounting of their crimes, to demonstrate why it is important that the hunt go on, relentlessly, and that these half-men, half-monsters be brought to justice before the bar of the world.

(1) *Obersturmführer* FRANZ WILLHAUS. One bright, sunny morning, prisoners in the "extermination camp" at Janow, southeast of Warsaw, witnessed this scene: The nine-year-old daughter of Franz Willhaus, commandant of the camp, had been strolling along at the side of her daddy as he made his daily rounds. Petulantly, the girl said to her father, "I never have anything to do. You never do anything to make me laugh."

"You are right, child," said Willhaus. "And now I have a special surprise for you, a wonderful treat." With that Willhaus snapped his fingers and guards brought forth from the compounds a dozen two-year-old babies, with signs around their necks indicating they were "non-Aryans." Willhaus then produced a beautiful hand-tooled gold rifle and at his signal, the infants were tossed high in the air, one by one, Willhaus then putting bullets into each of them, picking them off "on the wing," like clay pigeons in a perverted skeet match. His blonde, angel-faced daughter gratefully applauded. At last she had found some amusement in the grisly prison camp.

"Papa, do it again! Again, papa!"

Her smiling father was only too happy. He shot and shot until the baby supply was temporarily exhausted.

Aside from the babies he killed, Franz Willhaus personally shot to death between 325 and 600 anti-Nazi Poles and Jews while he was the commander of Janow. A pudgy man who joined the Nazi party in 1934, Willhaus was described by an American psychiatrist in 1946 as being "definitely a homicidal maniac." One of his fellow S.S. officers testified at Nuremberg that he was "cheerful, devoted to his family and a fanatical Nazi. He used to hum the Party songs all the time. He was bored with his administrative duties, and he used the prisoners to amuse himself freely." Willhaus was proud of his marksmanship with both rifle and revolver, and missed no opportunity to shoot down prisoners. A gaunt Pole named Manusevitch told the Nuremberg War Crimes Tribunal how Franz Willhaus carefully selected 54 victims on Hitler's 54th birthday, lined them up and put bullets in their heads with his own Mauser.

"The hobbies of this Janow commandant included strangling women with his bare hands and freezing men to death in barrels of ice water, and Willhaus had no qualms about doing his own killing. He seemed to regard it as a relaxing game," the senior camp doctor testified to Allied interrogators, "and he often spoke of himself as a Prussian sportsman. When he grew annoyed with the paperwork required by S.S. headquarters in Berlin, Willhaus would lay down his pen,

pick up his rifle and go killing. It happened almost every week."

He'd stride to the balcony outside his second floor office, take a deep breath of fresh air and study the prisoners straggling across the parade ground 80 yards away. He'd raise his Mauser, squint carefully through the sight and drill a prisoner through the head. Then he'd pick out another human target, and he'd fire coolly until he'd dropped a second victim. Two were usually enough to improve Willhaus' spirits, but sometimes it took as many as four.

A compulsively heavy eater, pudgy Franz Willhaus spoke of himself as "a true German and a loving family man." He was one of the few "death camp" commanders who brought his wife and child to live in the barbed-wire slaughter house. He seemed to believe in togetherness. Whenever his thin dark-haired wife, Ottilia, complimented him on his splendid marksmanship, he'd offer her a few shots. Sharing his attitude that non-Germans were sub-human animals, she developed a fair record of killings herself, although she seemed to enjoy most shooting her victims' sexual parts.

On June 6th, 1960 Israeli authorities sent a detailed list of 325 wanted war criminals to the West German Government. High on the list were Franz and Ottilia Willhaus. Neither has been seen since March 1945, when they were reported to be heading south from Vienna. At that time, British agents were tipped off that they had bought Dominican passports and were en route to Spain. Since Poland and Spain have no diplomatic relations, a 1956 rumor that they were living in Madrid has been impossible to confirm.

(2) *Gruppenführer* HEINRICH MUELLER of the S.S. was the head of the Gestapo for a frightening decade, 1935-1945. He was a short, tough professional cop, having served in the political section of the Weimar Republic before Hitler came to power.

Mueller was an admirer of the Soviet Secret Police, and early began to pattern the Gestapo on the Red model. Like the Communists, this tough little man with the heavy Munich accent was completely ruthless. When a high Nazi diplomat was assassinated by a refugee in Paris in 1938, Mueller staged a series of "spontaneous" riots and lynchings that killed hundreds of Jews in Germany and tossed more than 20,000 others into prison. Some 7,500 shops were looted, 171 houses burned down and 191 synagogues destroyed.

It was Mueller who organized the system of house and block wardens which used masses of Germans to spy on their neighbors.

It was this strange Bavarian who actually staged the outbreak of World War II.

This information comes from Nazi strong-armed man Alfred Naujocks who was captured by U.S. troops in 1944. He told how Mueller arranged for a fake "Polish" attack on a German radio station. The "attack" was

later used to justify Hitler's invasion of Poland. What Mueller did was to dress up 13 condemned German criminals as Poles, in Polish uniforms, kill them, and leave their corpses on the ground at the scene of the incident to show they had been killed while attacking. To fit their parts, the criminals were first given fatal injections of air into their veins and then riddled with bullets before being dropped at the German radio station. This incident took place at Gleiwitz, the evening before Hitler's attack on Poland.

Heinrich Mueller referred to the phony "Poles" to be murdered under the code-name of "canned goods." He was less amusing to rocket expert Walter Dornberger who later described Mueller as "the unobtrusive type of police official who leaves no personal impression . . . all I could remember was a pair of piercing blue-gray eyes." A British spy kidnapped from neutral Holland in 1939 said that "Mueller was a dapper, exceptionally good looking man, dressed in imitation of Hitler in a grey uniform jacket, black riding breeches and top boots . . . he had rather funny eyes which he would flicker from side to side with the greatest rapidity to strike terror into the heart of the beholder."

Terror was a basic tool for Heinrich Mueller. He encouraged his Gestapo squads to use the most barbarous tortures, many of which he devised himself. At the Nuremberg trials, a French school-teacher named Marcel Labussiere listed the most common half-dozen techniques as:

(1) The lash.

(2) The bath: The naked victim was plunged head-first into a tub full of cold water until he was asphyxiated. Then artificial respiration was applied. If he would not talk, the process was repeated several times consecutively. With his body soaking, the victim would then spend the night in a cold cell.

(3) Electric current: the terminals were placed on the hands, then on the feet, in the ears, and then one in the rectum and another on the end of the penis.

(4) Crushing the testicles in a press especially made for the purpose. Twisting the testicles was frequent.

(5) Hanging: the patient's hands were handcuffed together behind his back. A hook was slipped through his handcuffs and the victim was lifted by a pulley. At first they jerked him up and down. Later they left him suspended for fairly long periods, arms about to leave their sockets, bones rubbing together.

(6) Burning with a soldering iron or with matches, until giant blisters were raised.

In addition to these tortures, Mueller was responsible for the cold-blooded murder of an estimated 40,000 Russian prisoners of war suspected of being political commissars. Finally, he supervised the whole network of concentration and extermination camps. Notorious and well-publicized Eichmann boasted that he had killed 5,000,000 people, but publicity-shy Heinrich Mueller was actually Eichmann's boss. He let Eichmann grab the "credit" for these slaughters, which were only part of his inhuman activities.

Mueller was much smarter and more cold-blooded than Eichmann, which may explain why he's still alive and out of custody. In April 1945, he methodically destroyed all his files and tried to wipe out every photograph of himself. On the day that Hitler committed suicide, Lieutenant General Mueller

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silently vanished from Berlin. There is reason to believe that he worked out some deal to put his knowledge and special skills at the disposition of the Soviet secret police. Heinrich Mueller, the cool killer who started World War II, is probably somewhere behind the Iron Curtain today. He was seen in Moscow in 1950, and in 1954.

(3) *Gruppenfuhrer* HEINZ LAMMERDING. There is not a single Frenchman alive, regardless of political sentiments, who would not give up everything he owns to get his hands around the throat of this tall, ruthless fanatic, the Monster of Oradour. This was a small, sleepy country town in which Lammerding murdered 600 people, including eight-month-old infants—certainly the most grisly slaughter in all of French history. Murdering civilians, in fact, was Lammerding's speciality.

After he joined forces with Hitler in 1929, Lammerding performed a dozen dirty jobs for the Fuhrer. He had military training, one of the few Nazis with enough military knowhow to command a sizable force. A Wehrmacht veteran of World War I, he was in charge of *Das Reich* SS Division in 1944, and many of the most brutal slaughters of civilians and mass-rapes of young French girls were committed by *Das Reich* detachments on Lammerding's orders.

Among the Nazis, Lammerding earned a reputation as "an extremely hard and shrewd fighter, a real street brawler who knew how to break skulls." This 1938 judgment by Herman Goering was confirmed by another top Nazi, Heinrich Himmler, who praised his old comrade as "the perfect S.S. officer, tough as steel with a cast-iron stomach and no nerves at all." Lammerding was later Himmler's chief-of-staff.

In France, Lammerding waged a no-holds-barred campaign of mass murder, rape and arson to cripple the Resistance. He was

shrewd enough to realize that Germany might not win the war, so he advised his officers how to avoid being identified by their victims later. In a letter home written by an N.C.O. from Lammerding's division, an S.S. sergeant explained that "During these operations the officers wore no badges of rank, not wishing to be recognized. The population of many villages were searched and massacred, and the officers raped the youngest women, but always kept their faces turned while raping these country girls. Often, sheets were worn, during the sexual assaults."

Lammerding not only approved of these crimes, but ordered his men to terrorize the entire region with "any measures appropriate to the situation." In the sergeant's letter—later produced by French Intelligence in 1951—the S.S. man nonchalantly recorded that "we fired at anyone working in the fields, and their horses, cows and dogs were all machine-gunned. Everything in our path was killed, and the women undressed, raped and hanged from trees."

Lammerding brushed aside all protests about these atrocities with epithets, contempt and promises of more violence unless the French submitted completely. On June 9th, a burst of Bren-gun fire wounded a lone *Das Reich* trooper. Lammerding decided to take his revenge on drowsy Oradour, 36 miles away. According to several of his officers later tried in French courts, he ordered that the whole town should be razed and the entire population destroyed as an "example of German justice."

At 2:15 P.M. on the sunny afternoon of Saturday, June 10th, half a battalion of *Das Reich* S.S. piled out of their trucks in Oradour-sur-Glane, 16 miles north of the pottery center of Limoges in the Haute-Vienne region. They carried machine-pistols and grenades, wore steel combat helmets and mottled green and yellow battle-dress.

This was the unit *Gruppenfuhrer* Lammerding had chosen to carry out the worst massacre in modern French history.

While some of Lammerding's men were rounding up the farmers in the fields, the bulk of the S.S. unit was sorting out the population of Oradour itself. Some 191 school children and their teachers had gathered for a routine mass medical examination, and they were led to the church. The Nazis told them that they'd be safe there if there was any shooting-skirmish with the local Maquis. Roger Godfrin was the only child who didn't believe them. He slipped away into the woods where he hid and watched the nightmare unfold.

By 2:45 P.M., all 600 people of Oradour from nursing infants to arthritic grand-pères were assembled in the square under S.S. guns. The women and children—including four month old babies in carriages—were marched off to join the students already in the church. According to Madame Marguerite Rouffanche, "About 4 P.M. a number of soldiers, all about 20 years of age, entered the church with a kind of packing case which they carried up the center aisle and placed at the head of the nave near the choir. From this case there hung what looked like length of cord which were left trailing on the ground. These cords were lit and the soldiers moved away. When the fire reached the packing case, the latter exploded and produced clouds of thick, black, suffocating smoke.

The S.S. then burned the church, and only one of the women escaped alive. All of the children were killed. Lammerding's men had deliberately fired low to make sure of that. "Two or three days later," the assistant judge advocate general of the British Army reported accurately, "the site was inspected by the district inspector from the Ministry of Health. When he made his first inspection the church floor was littered with ashes, human debris and sickening heaps of flesh and bones. Amidst this indescribable mess lay many half-charred unrecognizable bodies. . . . The inspector's report stated that there were sufficient bodies to fill a large farm wagon, and from the quantity of wedding rings and trinkets found, the police estimated the number of victims amounted to several hundred, all of whom were burned alive. People living two kilometers away have testified that they heard screams coming from the direction of the church."

Five men, the widow Rouffanche and school-boy Godfrin were the only seven survivors of Lammerding's well planned massacre of nearly 600 innocent civilians. The *Das Reich* S.S. Division was later badly mauled by U.S. troops, but Lt. General Lammerding had already moved on to be Himmler's right hand aide. He served as Chief of Staff in the S.S. Army Group formed in late 1944 to help defend the Third Reich from the Allied and Russian forces knifing in towards Berlin. That force of Nazi fanatics was cut to pieces as it fell back towards the capital, and most of the staff officers were captured in late April 1945.

Lammerding, who's been said to have collected a vast quantity of looted jewels, was too smart to stay for the final round. In the confusion of the Hitler regime's last days, he donned civilian clothes and slipped away in a car with ordinary license plates. A Swiss employee of the Office of Strategic Services—

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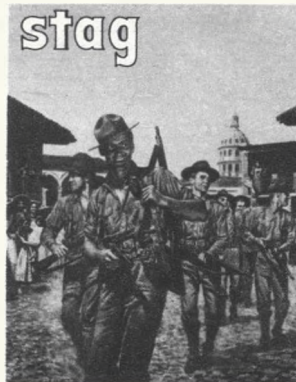
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Uncle Sam's top World War II espionage service—notified American authorities in December 1945 that a man answering Lammerding's description had just peddled \$190,000 in diamonds and emeralds in Geneva. He escaped capture only minutes before Swiss police ringed his hotel.

In 1951, the bitter French held a trial at Bordeaux for the S.S. officers responsible for the Oradour massacre. Dozens of witnesses and hundreds of documents left little doubt of Lammerding's guilt. *Gruppenfuhrer* Heinz Lammerding was condemned to death, but *in absentia*. A 1958 tip that he was hiding in the Union of South Africa proved false, and he is still at large with his stolen fortune.

(4) *Brigadefuhrer* OSKAR DIRLEWANGER was typical of the many professional goons and hoodlums whose gangster talents were used by Hitler's gangster State. With the exception of a score of his S.S. cronies, almost nobody in the Third Reich bothered to defend the obscene and bloody crimes of this low I.Q. jailbird. It is a matter of record that many of the toughest German generals wouldn't even talk to this fat beetle-browed thug, who's said to have murdered 26 nude women for sexual diversion.

"He was a crude piggish peasant with the manners of a drunken oaf, and he was probably the ugliest man I've ever seen," a Wehrmacht military judge reported to Berlin after investigating complaints about Dirlwanger's unauthorized slaughters and robberies.

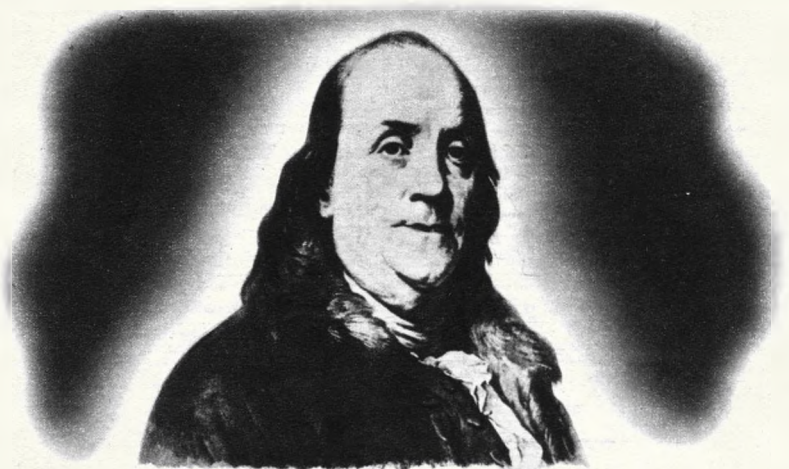
Dirlwanger was born in 1895, served in World War I with Gottlob Berger who later become one of the five senior officers of the S.S. staff. In 1935, Dirlwanger was arrested. The beefy Swabian was convicted as a sex criminal for unprintable offenses against a minor, and he served two years behind bars. When he was released, his buddy, Berger, got him a commission in the savage "Kondor Legion" that Hitler sent to help Franco during the Spanish Civil War.

Dirlwanger returned to the Third Reich in 1939, and in June 1940 Berger got him a commission as a lieutenant in the infamous Waffen-S.S. That outfit was the Nazi Party's private army, and it handled most of the dirtiest and bloodiest jobs in occupied territories. As a hard boiled ex-con, Dirlwanger went to work to train a muscular collection of convicted poachers and minor thugs into a special "terror unit." He drilled his hoodlums at the former Oranienberg concentration camp south-east of Berlin, cursing and beating them mercilessly to fit into one of the notorious *Totenkopf* "Death's Head" battalions.

When his company of jailbirds was semi-disciplined, Dirlwanger took it first to guard duty at a Polish slave labor camp. In April 1942, they were ordered to "reestablish order" in the Usakine region of Nazi-occupied White Russia. Here Dirlwanger and his goons ran wild. Raping, shooting and looting promiscuously, they ravaged the entire area as part of an alleged campaign against "Soviet partisan units harassing Wehrmacht communications lines."

More convicts swelled Dirlwanger's ruthless mob to battalion strength when he returned to Poland, where he again began showing signs of sexual abnormality. He often entertained the officers of his mess by injecting nude girls with strychnine and let-

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ting his friends watch their convulsions and death struggles. When word of this and the fantastic amount of looting and clubbing by the uniformed hoodlums reached a German judge advocate, he tried to get a warrant for Dirlwanger's arrest.

At that point, Dirlwanger's influential pals promoted the poisoner to lieutenant-colonel and sent him back to White Russia. He was given a second battalion of criminals. By early 1943, he commanded a full brigade.

In his definitive book titled "The S.S.", Gerald Reitlinger recorded that "In August 1942 Dirlwanger received the German Cross of Gold in recognition of his part in Operation Kottbus, the reduction of the Russian 'Partisan Republic of Lake Pelik'—15,000 partisans wiped out for the loss of 92 Germans killed, 218 wounded and 8 missing. The strange thing about those 15,000 dead partisans is that only 1,100 rifles and 326 pistols were found on them. A horrified German civilian propaganda officer touring the partisan area complained that "some of the partisans had been burned alive in a barn and their half-roasted bodies had been devoured by pigs."

Despite this barely disguised butchery of unarmed White Russian farmers, Dirlwanger was continuously promoted and given new assignments where his thugs could do dirty jobs that the regular German Army was reluctant to handle. Wiping out civilian populations became his specialty. Some 4000 of his killers did so well in crushing the heroic July 1944 Warsaw Uprising that he was awarded the Knight's Cross. He was then given thousands of additional convicts and

unruly S.S. troopers serving time in military prisons as lunatic Hitler scraped the bottom of his manpower barrel for reinforcements.

By the end of the war, this degenerate murderer was a major-general in command of a full division of assorted desperadoes. They put up only the feeblest resistance to

**Next Month in MALE:
MATT RYAN: WIFE SWAPPER
OF THE ISLANDS**

With 4 angry Los Angeles husbands chasing him, woman-loving ex-sergeant Matt Ryan took off for Wulloggi, the South Pacific island where he'd led native guerrillas against the Japanese in '43. The fun-loving island girls were quite happy to see him back and showed it, too. It was paradise, in fact—until he broke the worst possible tribal taboo and ended up without a single grass bed to lie in — THRILLING SOUTH SEA ADVENTURE

Soviet armored columns thrusting into East Germany, crumbling into a stream of frantic deserters when they met regular Russian troops instead of helpless civilians. One of the first to take off for safety was Dirlwanger himself, the peasant who bribed his way through the Balkans while the Third Reich was dying in the Spring of 1945.

There was no news of him again until 1953. Then, a report reached the Yad Vashem Archives of Nazi War Crimes in Jerusalem (Israel) that sex criminal, looter, poisoner, butcher and *Brigadejührer* Oskar Dirlwanger was in Egypt training that country's shabby armed forces for an eventual attack upon Israel. He was operating under a phony name, but there was little doubt that it was the beefy Swabian thug who'd directed the slaughter of an estimated 77,000 anti-Nazi civilians between 1942 and 1945.

(5) *Doktor* HANS EISELE, a trim, sophisticated, North German physician with the manners of a duke and the morals of a timber-wolf, is being hunted because he carried out some of the most gruesome medical "experiments" practiced upon prisoners at the Nazi camp at Buchenwald.

Balding cool-eyed Eisele became a member of Hitler's ruling National Socialist Party in the mid-thirties, and joined the S.S. shortly before World War II. He volunteered at a time when every German viewed the S.S. with a mixture of awe and fear. Nobody ordered Eisele to join, and he enlisted because he enjoyed the power and respect that came with the black uniform. He's believed to have been a bachelor, a man with expensive tastes but little money. Although he had no psychiatric history, there is reason to believe that he was quietly insane even before he took the job at Buchenwald. He was given to long periods of silence, peculiar nervous laughs for no apparent reason and unusual sex theories.

As he told his colleagues there many times, "I like Buchenwald. It is a place where one

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can get things done. It is good for a man with imagination here." In his definitive study titled "Scourge of the Swastika," Lord Russell reported that "For nearly eight years this camp was the scene of daily barbarism and brutality. The inmates were experimented upon like human guinea pigs; thousands were shot to death. At Buchenwald they were crushed with rocks, drowned in manure, whipped, starved, castrated and mutilated."

Reports from former inmates indicate that Doktor Eisele specialized in mutilation, with some minor interests in the castration project. He's been linked to all sorts of bizarre operations attempted upon both male and female prisoners. Pieces of flesh and sections of bone were removed, and vital organs were damaged or destroyed. Many victims of the Nazi experiments were injected with all sorts of serious diseases so that far-fetched new cures might be tested, and most of Eisele's notions were so weird that you wouldn't try them on your enemy's cat. He usually doped his victims before they knew what was happening. Most of the involuntary "guinea pigs" died, but some survived permanently sick or crippled. Horrible disfigurements were the least price paid for Doktor Eisele's demented dabbling. Allied physicians who later examined both the odd experiments and the human victims were appalled and baffled because almost none of the grotesque tests had any real medical value.

"They were the work of either a lunatic or a depraved practical joker," one Red Army M.D. exploded angrily after entering Buchenwald.

"I know nothing about this Eisele, but no normal man could do such things to these poor Polish women," an American military surgeon agreed.

"The degenerate who did this was an animal and not a doctor," a Polish Home Army colonel told foreign correspondents who walked dazed through the Buchenwald chamber of horrors in 1945, "and he must be tracked to the ends of the earth."

While wanted posters and intelligence teams were spreading the search for Eisele who disappeared without fanfare in February 1945, the "doktor" had coolly gone underground within Germany itself. He was in Bavaria, practicing medicine in a pleasant suburb of Munich. Eisele remained there—undetected and unharassed—until 1958 when he was spotted by a Buchenwald survivor. When local authorities announced that he would be tried, Eisele took advantage of the fact that he wasn't yet behind bars to flee the country.

With forged papers that are still being traced, he made his way south to Egypt

where he was welcomed for his experiments upon women. As a murder of "non-Aryans," he was a friend of anti-Israel Egypt. Only last year, Eisele appeared at the unveiling of a memorial to honor Nazi war dead at El Alamein. He's said to be practicing medicine—without a license—quite openly in Cairo with the approval of senior officials of the United Arab Republic. He regularly associates with a score of top Nazi colonels now advising and training U.A.R. troops. There's word that he may be leaving Cairo soon, however, for the arrest of Eichmann reminded him that the Israeli secret service has a powerful arm and a long memory. He knows that the U.A.R. won't yield him to stand trial in West Germany, but he fears that the Israelis may come and get him.

(6) **Oberfuhrer WERNER BLANKENBERG**, an ambitious and energetic civil servant who joined the Nazi organization to advance his promotion in the Third Reich, headed an organization that committed one of the most secret and strangest slaughters of all. It killed 65,000 people. They were good loyal Germans, neither anti-Nazi nor non-Aryan. A businesslike Prussian bureaucrat, pale bespectacled Werner Blankenberg ran an efficient network of six slaughter houses without the slightest emotion or regret.

He was the head of T-4, the hush hush Euthanasia Office set up inside Hitler's chancellery in Berlin. The code designation for this huge "mercy killing" organization was based on the fact that Der Fuhrer's headquarters was at No. 4 Tiergarten in the Nazi capital. It was Hitler's decision that anyone too old to work, mentally feeble or chronically ill with an ailment considered difficult to cure should be exterminated.

Only trusted Nazis were taken into this secret massacre plan. Blankenberg was already a veteran Gestapo functionary, and he helped from the beginning by recruiting key staffers for the big "mercy killing" operation. Some 30 S.S. doctors were recruited to destroy the trainloads of victims shipped to Blankenberg's six heavily guarded "extermination institutes." These were located at Hadamar, Bernberg, Hartheim, Graefeneck, Sonnenstein and Brandenburg.

Werner Blankenberg supervised the massacre. He advised installation of conveyor belts to carry corpses to the furnaces. He warned that killing by overdoses of barbiturates or phenol injections was not "efficient." He was the perfect example of the cold "scientific" German technician, and production was his God. His orders sped up perfection of the gas truck—in which victims were asphyxiated while the vehicle was moving—and the gas chamber, disguised as a shower room.

Between November 1939 and August 1941, the massacre proceeded without any legal basis. There was no statute or decree authorizing it, but this didn't bother Gestapoman Blankenberg at all. The butchery stopped only when rumors of the killings reached the public, and high Protestant and Catholic clergy protested. Just at that time, Hitler decided to shift Blankenberg's professional executioners to an enormous mass murder program being developed to annihilate millions of Jews. The expert "mercy killers" of T-4 traveled from death camp to death camp in 1942, helping install and operate the new gas chambers and crematoria



"I can't wait to find out what kind of business your Dad is going to set me up in."

that they knew so well. They were able to accelerate the massacres considerably.

In the latter part of the war, Blankenberg's euthanasia institutes no longer wiped out Aryan Germans. They destroyed thousands of sick or over-worked foreign slave laborers plus selected concentration camp inmates sent with phony certificates of insanity. Blankenberg's main interest was in the huge death camps of Eastern Europe, and he kept in constant contact with his field units out on "detached service." He tried to camouflage the real nature of his lethal organization by calling it "The Charitable Foundation for Institutional Care." Confident of a Nazi victory, he was planning to resume the "mercy killing" of Germans after the war.

On March 30, 1945, Brigadier General Werner Blankenberg left his office at "The Charitable Foundation." He has never been seen again. War crimes investigators believe that he departed for Japan on a U-boat, and they suspect that he is somewhere in the Far East today.

(7) **Doktor JOSEF MENGELE**, born of wealthy parents in Guenzburg on March 16, 1911, was involved in two of the worst offenses committed by the Third Reich. First, he was one of the S.S. physicians who used barbiturates and phenol injections to destroy thousands of sick or feeble Germans in the fantastic "mercy killing" programs of the Euthanasia Office. Fat cheerful Josef Mengele was obviously a dedicated Nazi. He had to be to serve as a lieutenant in the S.S., and to accept such a distasteful job as murdering fellow Aryans who could no

longer serve *Der Fuhrer*. He was a very heavy drinker even as a teen-ager.

It is not known how many people Mengele finished off personally, but it may easily be between 600 and 800. There were only 30 or 40 physicians involved in killing some 65,000 victims. There is no doubt that Mengele was among the most active executioners. Fellow doctors say he enjoyed killing and he "always smiled widely when the last breath went out of a body."

When the "mercy killing" program slowed down in late 1941, many of the staff were offered jobs in the various death camps being expanded so rapidly. These institutions required well trained and experienced murderers who were not squeamish. Josef Mengele fit the bill perfectly, and he took a post in Poland about 160 miles south-west of Warsaw.

THE camp was set in a swampy area, surrounded by stagnant ponds that contributed to a damp, gloomy, insect-ridden atmosphere. It was called Auschwitz. This was the worst death camp in world history. Its efficient gas chambers and crematoria were destroying as many as 10,000 human beings in a single day. Rudolf Hoess, the C.O. who'd come up via the *konzentrationslager* of Dachau and Sachsenhausen, reckoned that Auschwitz accounted for at least 3,000,000 lives. Of these, approximately 2,500,000 were killed in the gas chambers.

Dr. Josef Mengele, who'd learned about gas chambers during his successful career as a "mercy killer," was one of the small handful of physicians who studied the incoming hordes of prisoners and decided which

weren't strong enough to work effectively. He made the "selektion" for the gas chambers. He decided who should die.

Among those murdered by the Nazis in Auschwitz were 90,000 Dutch, 20,000 Belgians, 65,000 Greeks and 400,000 Hungarians. These were all civilians. In addition, well over 100,000 Russian prisoners of war were exterminated.

In addition to picking victims for the gas chamber, Mengele was able to help out SS Obersturmfuhrer Dr. Endredd who wanted to use the same phenol injections that the Euthanasia Office had found so easy. Mengele showed Endredd and the others at Auschwitz how to do a neat job. The result was 25,000 prisoners killed by phenol.

Mengele left Auschwitz at the end of 1944, and his whereabouts are not known. He is very probably practicing as a doctor, for that's the only profession that Mengele knows. There are recurrent reports that he has made his way to South America. In April 1960, Argentine authorities were asked to keep an eye out for him by the West German Embassy in Buenos Aires. Doktor Josef Mengele is Number Three on a March 24, 1959 list of wanted Auschwitz goons and killers sought for trial by Special West German war crimes prosecutor Erwin Schuele.

In conclusion, there are many other Nazis still being hunted all over the world. Many are probably hiding right inside Germany itself.

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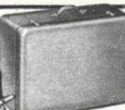
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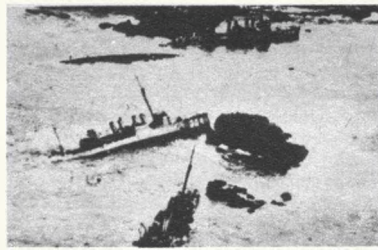
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Nine-Destroyer Tragedy

Continued from page 37

had just checked their ship's chart for the new zero-nine-five course for the approach to Santa Barbara Channel. As they stepped onto the bridge, Lieutenant Blodgett passed the change-of-course order to Ensign Morrow. Precisely at 9 o'clock, the order was executed.

Given standard (15 degrees) left rudder, the speeding destroyer swung smartly to port in a sweeping curve. It was a deadly turn. For, as a later courtmartial proceeding determined, the *Delphy* had made a sizable, and fatal, navigational error. She was receiving radio compass bearings from a shore station, but believing these to be incorrect, she relied on her own navigational conclusions. These conclusions were an awful 40 miles off, and following the lead of their flagship were the 13 other destroyers in the squadron.

Without warning, the destroyer plunged into a heavy layer of fog. Morrow stepped forward and placed himself squarely in the open window to wring whatever information he could from zero-zero visibility. Hunter, who, with Lt. Blodgett, was still on the bridge, arched an eyebrow and said: "Pea-soup."

Before Lt. Blodgett could answer his Captain's remark, both men heard a swift, grating sound. As if the *Delphy's* bottom were touching gravel. It was hardly more than a whisper.

Then—in lightning-quick shocks—came a series of violent bumps. Hunter, Blodgett, and the entire bridge personnel were flung against the forward bulkhead. They landed on the deck in a tangled heap.

Even before they gained their feet, Hunter began to issue orders. The helmsman was ordered to stop the engines, the signalman directed to turn on the breakdown lights. The Quartermaster leaped to the whistle pull and sounded the four-blast danger signal, while Ens. Morrow swung his weight onto the siren's control and sent out its piercing warning.

Bare seconds had elapsed since the moment of impact. Hunter took a swift look about him. Forward and to port, there was no visibility. On the starboard hand, through wisps of fog, he glimpsed the massive outline of a towering rock. It was Honda. But Hunter thought Destroyer Squadron 11 was 40 miles further south than it actually was, and that the *Delphy* had hit a reef below Santa Barbara Channel. If the other destroyers made the turn before the point at which the *Delphy* had made it, they would avoid the reef. This was Hunter's reasoning.

Reaching for the speaking tube to the radio room, he ordered: "Signal to the Squadron and keep repeating it—'Keep clear to westward' and 'Nine Turn!'" In Navy code, "Nine Turn" directed the destroyers to make simultaneously a 90 degree turn to the left. In this way, Hunter hoped to send the *Delphy's* sister ships northward into what he believed to be safe depths.

Astern, the ships of the Squadron were catching up at the rate of 11 yards per second. The *Delphy's* signal searchlight had been knocked out of commission by the force of the crash and to make matters worse, her main radio antenna had carried away. Fortunately, both of the destroyer's Chief Radiomen, L. B. Lattimore and C. B. Tipsworth, were in the radio shack (just below the bridge) at the time of the disaster. They hastily rigged their main spark set to their radio-telephone antenna. Now Radioman Murphy began sending. To supplement blinker and radio signals, hand torches were also used to send warnings to the other ships to stand off.

But the warnings came too late.

EIGHT destroyers followed the *Delphy* into the boiling waters of Honda and each one, powering through the night at a breakneck speed of 22 knots, was suddenly thrust into a nightmare circus of doom and destruction.

The *Delphy* was on the rocks. Each ship following it into Honda's jaw saw the superstructure of the ship ahead come rushing at it out of the gloom, and in a desperate attempt to avoid collision, each ship veered crazily to right or left, bucked straight up with engines reversed, sounded its siren in animal shrieks of warning to those following.

But at the close 150-300 yard interval between ships only miraculous luck could hold disaster off. The destroyers ricocheted off each other and into Honda's rocks like lead balls in a gigantic, insane pinball machine. Men fell into the water or clung heavily to steeply slanted decks as their ships were lifted up and deposited with hull-slicing agony on Honda's reefs. Then the lights went out, the sirens were stilled and the charging, spinning ships came to rest in cracked heaps of steel.

Only five minutes had elapsed since the *Delphy's* warning.

Two ships escaped. They brushed against rocks, suffered slight damage but managed to pile out and anchor safely offshore. Seven, counting the *Delphy*, felt the fury of Devil's Jaw and suffered killing damage. They were hung up in an area hardly more than 500 yards long and 800 yards wide, close to the rocky shore, but separated from it by churning, huge-waved water. On the seven ships, 800 men prayed for rescue. Lashed to portholes of the destroyer *Young*, men sang to calm their fear. "Yes, we have no bananas," a bass voice chanted, and other men changed the words to "Oh yes, we have no destroyers, we have no destroyers today."

For most of the men, rescue was miraculously to come, but not before some died and all lived through a night of hellish suffering. . . .

The seas were breaking all the way across

the *S. P. Lee* and one had to be constantly hanging onto something to keep himself from being washed overboard. With a 30-degree list to port it was impossible to launch a boat on that side, where the high-rearing surf roared over her rail. It was equally out of the question to put a boat over the vessel's starboard side because of the vortex of madly churning water between ship and shore.

As it was, the position of the *S. P. Lee* was perilous in the extreme. It was obvious that she must be abandoned before she and all in her were pounded to death.

Leaving the bridge, Capt. Toaz went to the galley, just abaft the bridge structure, where a large number of men had sought shelter. After a hasty conference with his Exec., Lieutenant W. E. Tarbutton, and the Chief Boatwain's Mate, Captain Toaz called for volunteers to take a raft across the wildly churning water to the precipitous cliff which, from the slanted deck of the *S. P. Lee*, seemed to tower to a height of at least 100 feet. From among those who volunteered, Coxswain C. M. Carlson and Seaman First Class C. G. Stahl were selected.

Using a small rubber raft doughnut the two men took a stout coil of signal halyard and fought their way across the stretch of water that separated the destroyer and the cliff. It was a distance of only 50 feet, but on every foot of the journey they had to paddle desperately to keep the raft under control.

On making shore, the raft was bounced against the cliff time and again before Coxswain Carlson could loop a line over a rock and make fast long enough for him and Stahl to jump ashore with the remaining length of signal halyard. They had to cling, spread-eagled, to the wet, slippery, surface.

When Carlson and Stahl finally found footing on the face of the cliff, they had to hunt for a boulder or a rocky bollard that was large enough and strong enough to hold the heavy line which they hauled over from the *S. P. Lee*. This done, they took the raft on another perilous passage back to the destroyer. The operation, begun about 2130 hours, had consumed about half an hour.

The destroyer's large Carley rafts were launched and the Captain's order to abandon ship was put into execution. Under Tarbutton's calm handling, the departure was conducted without any haste, confusion, or disorder. The procedure was slow, because Tarbutton played it safe—only eight men per raft per trip. The Carleys reached their destination through the simple process of the passengers hauling them through the hurtling surf by clinging to and tugging on the "ferry" lines that stretched overhead within easy reach.

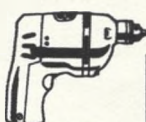
WHILE the *S. P. Lee* was being abandoned, Coxswain Carlson and Seaman Stahl had probed along the cliff for foot- and hand-holes that would lead them to the top. It was hard work, but at last they reached the edge of the mesa. There, by following the sloping top of the cliff, they discovered that, toward the south, the rim fell off to a height of only some 30 feet. Working their way down gingerly, they reached the base and discovered their shipmates literally standing shoulder to shoulder along the length of the narrow ledge. Cold, stiff, tired—and not a little scared. Some of the older and sturdier men had all they could do to keep their younger shipmates, many mere boys, from



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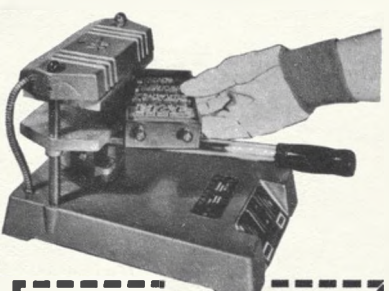
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toppling into the sea. When Carlson and Stahl finally arrived and told of finding a fairly negotiable passage, the men began moving upward. It was a slow, dangerous, and painful climb and no place for the faint-hearted. The wall of the cliff was not only steep but also lined with out-croppings of lava which—through centuries of wave action—had become as sharp and pointed as the shards of broken bottles. Since the cliff offered no other holds for the climbers, they often cut deep and bleeding wounds into bare hands and naked feet.

Few reached the top without blood flowing from cuts sliced into the flesh of half-naked men who, too fatigued to continue their climb, leaned their bare bodies against the razor-edged rocks for moments of respite from their tormenting efforts. But they made it, the first of the unfortunates to get out of Honda's trap. . . .

WHEN the *Delphy* hit, George E. Jordan, Pharmacist's Mate, was sitting on the edge of his bunk. He had stowed away his clothing and had just removed his shoes pre-

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In 1943, O.S.S. agent, Jim Novak parachuted into German-held Yugoslavia on a top-secret secret mission. Yet, amazingly enough, only one month later he found himself leading a band of beautiful, fighting mad partisan girls in a one-man underground war against the Nazis. And as if the enemy wasn't enough to keep him sweating, suddenly his "Virgins from Hell" decided to make one exception to their wartime vow of chastity—and Kovak was their boy—**GREAT BEHIND-THE-LINES ADVENTURE IN THE JANUARY MALE**

paratory to turning in when—as he later expressed it—"the bottom seemed to fall out of everything."

"I headed for top-side as soon as I could stagger to my feet," explained Jordan. "Getting up the ladder was not easy. The old girl smashed back and forth and breaker after breaker dumped tons of sea water down the open hatchway. Then the lights went out. By the time I put foot on the deck, I was as briny as a herring but I also had the night vision of an owl.

"Even that being the case, I could hardly believe what I saw as I peered off the destroyer's starboard quarter. It seemed as if other destroyers—like gigantic meteors—came streaking out of the fog and shot down upon us to port, to starboard, and astern. They came as fast as greased lightning—like death at twenty knots."

At first, the stern was close enough to permit some men to jump to a lava rock from the fan-tail and the propeller guard. Several of the crew made the most of this opportunity to leap to safety. But this easy avenue of escape was soon to be closed. The surf, roaring in—high, wide, and ruthless—rolled the ship violently. This, in turn,

opened up her bottom, and the distance between the stern and the rock became too great to jump.

At this juncture Captain Hunter, realizing that the situation was hopeless, passed the word to "Abandon ship" and started aft to the fan-tail where "Blinky" Donald and Lieutenant Richard Cruzen were already attempting to get a line to a rock about 20 feet from the starboard quarter.

As he passed the starboard sea ladder (steel rungs welded onto the ship's side down to the waterline), he saw several men in the water with Raymond L. Rhodenhamel, Engineman 1st class, attempting to rescue them.

Last to be rescued by Rhodenhamel was James T. Pearson, Fireman 1st class. Small of stature but great of heart, Pearson had actually jumped overboard to help save his three floundering shipmates. But when he hit the water in a hard belly landing, Pearson's glasses were broken and pieces of glass became embedded in his eyes. Blinded, almost mad with pain, Jim thrashed about in the sea. Twice he vanished from sight. Undoubtedly he must have swallowed and inhaled a dangerous amount of fuel oil. After a desperate struggle, Rhodenhamel succeeded in getting a line under Pearson's arms. As the pain-crazed fireman struggled with insane fury, the pair were hauled back to the sea ladder by Lt. Morrow.

Lifting the now unconscious man in his great arms, his rescuer carried Pearson forward and laid him, face down, across a chest where he was protected from the cascading seas. Pharmacist's Mate Jordan came on the run to help revive him. Suddenly, before resuscitation could be begun, Pearson leaped to his feet, wrenching himself from Rhodenhamel's grip with the strength of a maniac, crazed by the unbearable pain in his eyes and by the effects of the fuel oil. He plunged about the deck, slamming blindly into obstacles, while his shipmates tried to control him. Just as it seemed he would go overboard, Jim Pearson toppled, cut and bleeding, upon the steel deck and lay quiet.

At this point, Lieutenant Blodgett, the Exec., took charge. While Pearson was unconscious, Jordan—with the aid of flashlights held by Blodgett and Morrow—tried to remove the glass splinters from the fireman's eyes. However, they were too fine to be seen and Jordan lacked proper instruments.

Later, Blodgett, despite his own injured knee, tried to get Pearson on a life raft. But he was so slippery with oil and struggled so violently that nothing could be done with him. It was unsafe to put Pearson on a raft in the state he was in. He would be a serious menace to the safety of anyone who might be aboard the raft with him.

THE actions just described took place much more rapidly than they can be told and the situation of the *Delphy* worsened just as rapidly. By the time Hunter reached the fan-tail, heavy seas were breaking over the ship forward, preventing anyone from attempting to save records or valuables from the ship's office or wardrobe country. A line to the rocks, for getting men ashore, had to be rigged immediately if heavy loss of life was to be prevented.

Leaving Pearson as well provided for as was possible until he could be rescued later, Lieutenant Blodgett hobbled painfully aft

looking for a solution to the evacuation problem. It appeared to him that a strong swimmer could make it to the first rock some 20 feet from the ship's side. Wiesendanger immediately volunteered.

A line was put around his shoulders and Wiesendanger made his way down the slippery rungs of the sea ladder. Once there, Wiesendanger, apparently concluding that the line would encumber him, cast it from him, dove into the sea, and set out for the rock with powerful overhand strokes. Still, strong swimmer though he was, the radio-man faced serious trouble. Twice, he was washed completely out of sight beneath the *Delphy's* bottom by the vicious undertow. Twice he escaped being crushed to a pulp by the rolling hull of the ship. But eventually, almost completely spent, Wiesendanger reached the rock and crawled up its steep and oil-slicked side. A great cheer rose from all on board the *Delphy* as the swimmer staggered to his feet and signaled for someone to heave him a line.

Meanwhile, H. H. Wilgus, Boatswain's Mate 2nd class, had broken out from the searchlight structure a mooring line to be used as a life line from the doomed ship. Rigging this line from the after deckhouse to the rock was extremely hazardous. On two occasions, while attempting to get this job done, Wilgus was washed overboard from the propeller guards by one sea, only to be slammed back by another. Although his leg had been badly injured, Wilgus stuck to the job until it was finished.

Once the mooring line's outboard end had reached the rock, Wiesendanger took a couple of turns around a fairly smooth bollard-


like piece of rock. In that manner, he would be able to keep the line fairly taut for those who were to follow him, and, at the same time, give and take whatever amount of line was necessary.

The transfers worked smoothly until James W. H. Conway, Fireman 3rd class, ventured out on the life line. Lifted by a monstrous breaker, the *Delphy* careened too far to starboard and, despite the efforts of his shipmates on the rock to keep it taut, the line slackened, Conway was dropped into the seething waters, and his legs were caught against the rock in a bone-crushing vise. Despite the agonizing pain, he clung for dear life to the now slack life line. Quick as a flash, the outgoing ground swell threw the *Delphy* to port. Before the men on the rock had time to pay out line to meet this situation, the line snapped as taut as a piano wire. Acting like a huge sling, the mooring line flung Conway aloft, breaking his hold on it. The unfortunate man plunged downward and his horrified shipmates heard his piercing scream as they saw him fall into the sea. Although gallant efforts were made to recover him, as he was carried past the propeller guard under the fan-tail, Conway's clothing was so covered with fuel oil that James Farrell, Gunner's Mate 1st class, who attempted to grab him, could not maintain his hold upon the slippery garments.

ABOUT 2200 hours, Lieutenant Blodgett reported to Captain Watson and Commander Hunter that all hands had been disembarked except James Pearson. When conscious, he was unmanageable and raving

with uncontrollable fury. When unconscious, he was a dead weight too heavy to carry under existing conditions. There was just no way of getting the injured man safely ashore. Because of his violence, he could not be carried or hauled across the lines. The blanket of oil between ship and shore was now so thick that to venture into it could easily mean death. And the sad fate of Cabin Cook Sorfornia Dahlida—who was choked and drowned by oil that filled his throat and lungs when he slipped from the life line and fell into the sea—proved that to try to swim Pearson across would be utterly impossible. To leave Pearson alone, lashed to the searchlight tower on the deserted ship, was a hard decision to make. But there was no other course to take. With daylight and better sea conditions, it would be possible to take Pearson ashore via a breeches buoy or in a life raft but when Captain Hunter and other officers returned to the *Delphy* at daybreak, Pearson was gone. . . .

The *Young* began to die the instant hidden rocks ripped her thin hull plating along almost the full length of her starboard side. From bow to stern, watertight compartments with bulkhead doors securely dogged, were instantly flooded. Under the pressure of intruding seas, entrapped air, and the wrenching gyrations of the ship, bulkheads bulged, seams ripped, and rivets popped here and there. Air, followed by spurting streams of water, whistled out of the leaks. The furious battle between the suction of the sea and the entrapped air in the ship caused a mastodonic rumbling in the depths of the stricken destroyer. A hideous and




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frightening sound that added a sharper note of fear to the terrors of shipwreck at night.

In 90 seconds, the destroyer was flat on her side with her port quarter only 18 inches out of the water. As she turned, most of her gallant destroyermen, about 80 in all, followed her over until they gained a perilous refuge on her side. Those of her crew who, for some reason or other, did not follow the *Young* in turning were swept into the sea and either drowned or met their death on the sharp teeth of the Devil's Jaw.

After the destroyer turned over, "waves broke continually over her," according to Captain Calhoun's report. "The side became covered with fuel oil and was rendered very slippery and difficult of footing. The position of the survivors of the crew was extremely dangerous; prompt action was urgent and necessary."

Urgent and necessary.
How great can urgency be? How strong necessity?

The nearest point of land—if one could call it that—was an outcropping of large rocks about 100 yards to the east (*Bridge Rock*). But Destiny had acted in the *Young's* favor. When the *Chauncey* was finally hurled high upon a ledge, after narrowly missing the *Young*, her stern projected about 25 yards from the rocks and thus shortened the *Young's* escape route to about 75 yards. Not only that, but the location of the *Chauncey* near the southwest-ern wall of *Bridge Rock* reduced and diverted the heavy surges of receding surf that had been sweeping the *Young*.

Now Chief Peterson prepared to swim this distance, carrying a length of line to be secured to the *Chauncey*. Peterson turned to Captain Calhoun with a grin that lit up his sober face: "Permission to go ashore, sir?"—the usual request on going over the gangway for liberty. Nobody could resist that infectious grin.

"Permission granted, Pete—and God go with you," said the skipper.

Peterson turned and felt his way carefully down the sloping side of the *Young* until the seas were waist-high. Then, flinging himself forward, he struck out on his 75-yard race against the surging, oil-covered breakers. From the *Young*, eyes followed the swimmer as long as the darkness and fog permitted.

At last there came three firm yanks on the line. This was the prearranged signal that Peterson had landed and that the heavier line from the dory were to be tied to the lighter line and hauled across. This was done. As soon as the big line had been made fast at both ends, Lt. Herzinger volunteered to go over the line, hand over hand, to the *Chauncey* to help handle operations. Within minutes, a seven-man life raft was taking men off the *Young*.

When the last enlisted man had left, Captain Calhoun—assisted by Lt. Herzinger, who had returned to the *Young* aboard the ferry-raft—tapped the destroyer's side and listened intently, with ears pressed against the greasy steel, for answering signals. But not a single tap was heard from inside the vessel. On this score, Captain Calhoun recalled:

"As we shoved off and cut the tail line, Lieutenant Herzinger inquired, 'Captain, shouldn't we say a prayer for those who are not going ashore?'

"So, we stopped for a few minutes and said a prayer. By that time, we knew that we had about 30 men missing. . . ."

AFTER his failure to back the *Woodbury* out of the rocky cradle that held her, Captain Davis activated his reserve plan. Namely, to get his ship's company off the disabled destroyer and onto the rock by way of her bow, before her continued pounding on the rocks tore her fragile hull to shreds and drowned all hands. In trying to back out, the *Woodbury* had widened the distance between her bow and the rock where Chief Boatswain's Mate Paul Pointer and four other men had been standing since they made their daredevil leaps across the gap between the ship and the petrified lava.

Two lines thrown to them were quickly made fast.

As Chief Radioman Grover M. Dickman described it: "The destroyer was settling in the stern. As the breakers struck her, the bow would rise and fall. Then the lines would become taut and strained until the walls of roaring water rolled past. Then they would become slack and sag. As officers and men climbed, monkey fashion, over the line from ship to shore, only superhuman effort kept them hanging on to the snapping hawsers.

"The ship kept settling to port and the deck became impassable. Men could stand on the starboard side of the ship as easily as on the deck itself; they clung desperately to the life lines. Green seas rolled over the stern. To say there was no excitement or that no fear was shown would be exaggeration; however, all hands were eventually transferred to the rock, some a bit short of clothing because the wreck caught them in their bunks. There was much rejoicing when it was reported that all hands were safe in spite of the fact no one knew where they were."

Commander Davis and Carlos, the Ward-room's Philippine Mess Attendant, were the last to leave the ship. Carlos had been confronted with a problem soon after he, with all his shipmates, had rushed on deck. In his hurry to get topside, he had forgotten his savings—all in cash and said to amount to \$2600. As the evacuation neared completion, Carlos sneaked below while none of the officers was looking. He did this despite the warnings of shipmates who were desperately intent upon saving their lives and not worrying about what had been left behind. They were grateful just to be alive. Nevertheless, Carlos disappeared and did not return until all but Captain Davis had left the ship. Then he went across on the hawser, hand over hand like the rest. As the lad swung toward the rock, it was noticed that his trousers had been tied at the ankles and that they were bulging as if filled to the bursting point.

"Hey, fellows," piped one of his shipmates, "Look at Carlos—old Mr. Moneybags himself. Lookit—them pants! They're busting with greenbacks!"

But Carlos just grinned like an ancient idol. Instead of looking for mere money, he had grabbed something of greater import than cash to castaways of the sea. His pants were chock full of oranges. . . .

ABOARD the *Fuller*, all hands received life preservers and were brought forward of the galley deckhouse. As the

hours of the night dragged by, the wind and sea gradually worked the vessel ahead until the bow was jammed between two rocks. At the same time, she settled so heavily by the stern that, just before daylight, the water had crept up the slanting deck to the base of the searchlight structure. From his bridge, Captain Seed kept anxious and vigilant watch. No doubt about it, the feel of the *Fuller*, according to the way she was working, was that she might turn over without warning when the now-reversed tide came in stronger.

AMONG the manifold worries that had weighed heavily on Captain W. Dudley Seed that night, was the possible loss of the men aboard the whaleboat launched just after the ship crashed. Miserable as they were, the destroyermen aboard the *Fuller* gave three rousing cheers when the whaleboat hove into sight like a gray ghost in the gray dawn. After ascertaining that the men were in good shape, Seed, shouting through a megaphone to make himself heard over the deafening noise of wind and wave, asked Ensign Jones if he could make a try at taking a line over to the abandoned *Woodbury*.

But, unluckily, the bow of the *Woodbury* started working off with the threat that the vessel might slide astern and into deeper water. The plan had to be abandoned.

Captain Seed was standing at the bridge ladder, considering his next course of action, when Frank M. Moon, Machinist's Mate 1st class, approached and said, "Captain, I've got an idea. There's only 75 yards of

water between our port bow and the big rock where the *Woodbury* men are. I'd like to try to take a line across."

"Do you consider yourself a strong swimmer?" asked the Captain.

"Yes, sir," replied Moon without hesitation; "I've had my share of surfing and rough water. I can make it."

Dudley Seed's gaze turned from Moon's determined features to the no less rugged face of the shore line, barely visible across a gap of water so rough that it boiled and bubbled like a witch's caldron.

"Tell you what," grinned Seed as he slapped Moon's shoulder. "I'll see if I can swim across—and if I can, you follow with the line."

Lifting his head, Dudley Seed looked up at Lieutenant Homer Davis, his Executive Officer, who, from an open window on the bridge, had overheard the conversation. Before Davis could break in with a word of remonstrance, Seed said:

"You heard it? Okay! If I make it, send Moon along with a line and have the crew in life jackets, haul themselves over the line to the rock one at a time. If I do not make it—good luck and you're on your own."

With this, Captain Seed set aside the cap on his crisply blond head, removed his foul-weather coat and slipped off his shoes. As an after-thought, he tossed his cap up to the Exec. "You may have to wear two hats," he said grinning. Then with a running start, he dove into the sea in order to surface as far from the oil-slicked side of the ship as he could. It was a long and rough 75 yards for even a professional

channel swimmer. Seed's years pulling an oar in the Naval Academy's championship crew stood him in good stead. He had a magnificent physique and, although he took a terrific beating from the sea, he made it to the rock. And so did Moon. Ensign Jones and his men were on hand to take charge of the line and land the crew as they came across from the *Fuller*.

FRESH fuel was added to the bonfire on *Woodbury Rock* as the early settlers on this bleak haven from the diabolical sea made room for the shivering newcomers from the *Fuller*. Almost dry, almost comfortable—thanks to the twin blessings of food and fire—they passed hunks of bread, chunks of meat, plus cans of fruit and vegetable juices among their guests.

One of the soaked-to-the-skin, chilled-to-the-marrow, and hungry-as-a-lion *Fuller* men, said with deep admiration, as he dried out, thawed out, and filled out:

"Gee, but you *Woodbury* b—ds really travel first class when you hit the beach!"

As dawn came, the rock shores of Honda were cluttered by a tangled mass of wreckage such as bobbing water casks, parts of superstructures, empty rafts, a stove-in lifeboat and one of the *S. P. Lee's* torpedoes, minus its lethal warhead.

Finally, the last of the men had been taken off the seven ruined destroyers.

In the end, 23 men lost their lives, \$15,000,000 worth of fighting ships were destroyed.

And the rocks of Honda remained, waiting for their next chance to play the devil. ***

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Mussolini's Secret Stockade

continued from page 19

The American corrected him. "No, it's you that stink, Peach. I've seen piles of fish turn bad in the sun on this lousy, God-forsaken island and they were still sweet as perfumed bed sheets compared to you, Peach. Hell, kid, you're rancid."

The American and the swollen prison guard stood between Lipari Island's two prisoner barracks and there were two other principal figures there: Maturò, the camp commander and his young wife. They made quite a contrast. Maturò was dignified and kind of vague-looking, an old man, too old to be director of a colony of the importance of Lipari. His wife was a black-haired woman with a fire in her eyes and long legs that seemed to promise nights of madness. She wore skin-tight shorts and a black blouse, beneath which her large breasts seemed to be in restless torment. A potent woman, strongly formed at the hips. You didn't have to wonder what made the American decide to pile into her bed. Get within a yard of her and you felt it. She was that kind of woman.

The rest of the prisoners had been brought out to watch. Bleak, emaciated men squatting with their backs against the buildings or sprawling on the ground. Fascist guards stood about in twos and threes and a hundred feet away a number of Lipari villagers leaned against the barbed wire fence taking it all in. In a couple of years they wouldn't bother watching any more, but this was 1925 and the games the Fascists played with their prisoners were still comparatively new and novel.

"The man don't understand the meaning of the word patriotism," the fat man said waving for some of the guards to come join him. "Wouldn't Il Duce be happy if we didn't learn him?"

"You can break his neck if you want, but don't hurt him, Peach," the old man said. "What did he do, anyway? It keeps slipping my mind."

"He raped me," the woman said. She put her mouth to the old man's ear and shouted into it. "He raped me. He raped me. He raped me. I'm your wife. Have you forgotten that, too?"

"The scoundrel," the old man said furiously. "He ought to be taught a lesson."

"Put him in the water," the fat man said motioning to the guards again. "We'll learn the son of a bitch."

A hundred yards off Lipari's eastern shore, a great rock jutting up out of the water. Two iron rings had been hammered into it many years earlier, probably for purposes of securing small boats. Since the establishment of the penal colony, however, these devices have been used as the ultimate punishment for prisoners too stubborn to give in to anything less. The man is taken out to the rock and his arms forced into the rings and tied there. The guards return in Lipari and the entire island—guards, prisoners and villagers

—watch as waves pound the limp, dangling body. After several hours have elapsed, the guards return to bring back the prisoner. Presumably, he is dead. But if he is not, they permit him to stay there until he is. In the case of Tony Frank, this went on for two days and nights.

"They were getting wet as me coming out there so often," he grinned as he related the incident to me in London two years after his escape. "Maybe that's why I just didn't go ahead and come out. I didn't want to give the bastards a chance to get comfortable."

—from "Twelve Who Escaped From Blackshirt Prisons" by Horace Whiteman, published by Dwight & Phelan, Ltd. (London), 1928.

ABOUT this Tony Frank. He had gone from Rome to New York when he was four and made the trip back again twenty-seven years later. In between he lost three or four syllables of the name he had started out with, became a naturalized American citizen, and held a number of newspaper jobs climaxing with one as feature writer for the Italian-American *Gladiator*. He returned to Italy in 1925 intending to do a series of articles on the murder of the anti-Fascist leader, Giacomo Matteotti. Although no one had been found who would say so, it was commonly believed that Matteotti had been killed by Mussolini's secret police at Il Duce's direct order.

If Tony Frank actually sent back any material to the *Gladiator*, back copies of the paper fail to show it. In all probability he was in trouble before he had a chance to. He was no stranger to trouble, Tony Frank. He had been thrown out of Luis Firpo's training camp for writing that the Bull of the Pampas wouldn't last a round with Dempsey. Both he and his paper had been sued for suggesting that the African explorer Nora Simmons might actually be a man. He had once gone out on the ledge of a Park Avenue building to argue a would-be suicide out of jumping; the man not only jumped but pulled Frank off with him, an act of irritation that would have cost both their lives if the fire department had gotten its net spread ten seconds later. He was a bristling, outspoken man with a pock-marked face and a pair of black eyes that always looked as though they were about to pop out of his head. In Rome one of the first things he did was go out to the lonely spot called the Quararella beyond the Flaminian Bridge and strew flowers over the place where Matteotti had died.

"What are you doing there?" a man in a tan business suit inquired politely.

"I'm honoring the soul of a hero," Tony Frank said.

"Don't rush, but when you're through maybe we could go for a little stroll," the other suggested. "It's a nice day."

"I don't know my way around Rome,"

Tony Frank said. "Where would we stroll?"
 "To the police station," the man in the tan suit said. "There's a law against what you are doing."

Mussolini, in short, was nervous about the killing of Matteotti. It had done him harm in France, England and the United States. In all three countries, many had cheered Il Duce when he led the Fascists in their march on Rome and took over in 1922. But with the killing of Matteotti two years later, they realized the brutal nature of the man who had come to power and the party he led. In an effort to help the world forget, the dictator ordered that Matteotti's name be kept out of the papers and that it be a crime for anyone to discuss his death, mention his name or show interest in him in any way at all. It was this law that Tony Frank had violated by putting flowers on the martyr's place of assassination.

At the police station Frank was searched, relieved of his papers, and turned loose. On the way to the door he reminded his hosts that he was a naturalized American citizen and that there could be repercussions.

"We are merely checking your papers for authenticity," he was assured. "In the meantime perhaps it would be well if you were to stay in your hotel. It is not a good idea to go around Rome without proper identification."

IT was to prove sound advice, but Frank chose not to take it. Instead, he kept busy asking as many people as possible what they knew about the Matteotti killing. Shopkeepers, newsboys, passersby, anybody who might have been somewhere close by at the time of the murder. He was no detective. He lacked finesse. He strode up to people, asked his questions in a loud, clear voice and demanded to know what they were afraid of when they scuttled off without replying. Apparently, he still felt himself warm, snug and protectively clothed in his American citizenship, a feeling that must have been rudely disturbed the night four uniformed policemen entered his hotel room and told him to come with them.

"Easy does it, gents," he said. "I'm a naturalized American citizen."

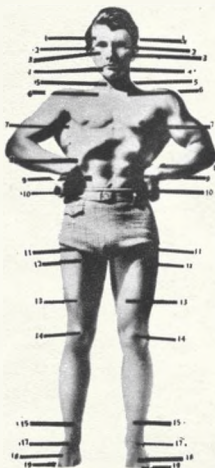
"Once an Italian always an Italian," one of the men said and backhanded him across the mouth. "Don't talk so much, citizen. Just get your things and come along."

The newspaperman swung a hand, but had it intercepted in midair and pulled up behind his back to be held there by one of his visitors while another crashed a gloved fist into his face. Several more similar persuaders were required before he stopped trying to make speeches concerning the death of Italian liberty, his low regard for Il Duce, and the things he intended telling President Coolidge when he got back to the States. He was probably influenced to hold his tongue by the fact that it hurt from having been bitten, that both lips were already beginning to blow up to the size of frankfurters, and that he was missing some half a dozen teeth normally positioned at the front of his mouth. He was taken along the corridor with doors opening to reveal frightened faces, then closing rapidly. Downstairs he was thrown into the back seat of a car and joined by two of those who had come for him. The other two got in front. After a short ride they arrived at the police station he had been taken to earlier.

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"One more to swell our merry little party," a thin man with thick glasses and a voice deep as a tuba announced from the crowd already assembled there. "This one did not care to come along. Look at his face."

Young men, old men, boys. Perhaps a hundred in all. Each carried a valise or cardboard box containing all the belongings he was permitted to take with him. Political prisoners all, all designated as enemies of the regime. One had been reading an anti-Mussolini tract. Another was a Socialist. Another a Mason. Another a trade unionist.

"And you?" the man with the glasses inquired of Frank.

"I talk too much," the newsman said. "I'm beginning to see that's bad to do around here."

"Singing is no better," the other said. "Take me. It's opera when I can get a role, but in the tub it's songs about Il Duce getting shot in the fanny during the war. Someone heard me and here I am. Gino Fazio."

Names were checked, records drawn up,

around, robbed. Tony Frank was one of the few who was able to hold his own in the give and take and even he had received a ripped ear and some further damage to his mouth when they were finally put back on the vans that were to take them to the ship for the long trip south to the Tyrrhenian Sea and Lipari in its Aeolian group.

The steamer *Pompeii* was a floating junkyard, the conditions under which the men were held a throwback to the days of the African slave trade. The *schiavettoni* were upon their wrists at all times. The below-decks area in which they were placed was two feet shallower than the shortest among them so that for most of the trip they could do nothing but lie upon their backs staring at the ceiling barely a yard above them and quivering in response to the ancient, pounding engines directly beneath them. Food was slop thrown down to them as into a den of animals and accommodations for the reception of their body filth were inadequate to the point of being totally useless. The singer Fazio was unable to take it.

"Pimps, butchers, bastards, lice," he raged in invitation to the guards while the men about him pleaded with him to be quiet. "Take these things off me and I'll throw every one of you over the side. Come down here, come down here. I'll take you on one at a time or all at once. Murderers, cowards—"

Two men came down to investigate. They looked as though they had ygluntered for the job. They looked pleased with it. They grinned as the demented man got to his feet and staggered toward them.

"Something wrong, singer?" one asked and a hand shot out to grab the handcuffs and twist at the screw. "Here, this ought to be worth a nice tune."

Fazio howled in pain, tried to break free. The screw was tightened still more and the agonized man sank to his knees. The second of the two guards cuffed his face—open hand, backhand, open hand, backhand. The glasses flew off his face and fell on the floor. The guard working the screw gave it one final twist and then stepped back. Unconscious, Fazio fell over on his side.

"He won't need these any more," the other guard said and stepped on his glasses, crushing them under his heel. "Anybody else with complaints?"

THEY lived like that for twenty-three days and began to look like dead men.

For some it was worse than others. For Fazio it was worst of all. His depression began the day he was manhandled and grew steadily deeper as time went by. He wept silently, stopped talking, refused to eat. When at last they reached the storm-ravaged island that was to be their place of exile, he was one of those that could not walk and had to be carried ashore by those that still could. They were broken in body, many of them. And many bent somewhat in mind as well. And among these was Tony Frank whose normal thinking processes had given way to an obsession—escape!

Mussolini boasts about having broken up the Mafia. What a lot of bull. There wasn't a guard on Lipari from sat Peach on down who hadn't been in the Mafia and who won't be again. While Mussolini was busy arresting poverty stricken Sicilian farmers who didn't know the time of day, these guys were down at Fascist headquarters join-

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belongings gone over. Then the *schiavettoni* were put on and the prisoners taken out to the police vans. The *schiavettoni* are handcuffs of a type that are worked by a screw device. If made too tight the pain is unendurable and men have fainted when the pressure was put on.

A short ride in the vans brought the prisoners to the railroad cars that were to take them to Naples—first stop on the long trip to Lipari. A word about these cars—prison cars. They were divided into a number of narrow steel cells and a prisoner assigned to each. They were without light, without air. If the car were hot, the cell became an ice-box. Then men entered these compartments and stayed there for the entire trip to Naples—thirty-one hours. Two died on the way. One by suffocation. The other by trying to smash his way out using his head for a battering ram.

The rest were taken out at Naples and held for four days in Carmine Prison, a medieval, tomb-like structure already jam-packed with thieves, murderers, pimps and strongarm men of all kinds; the bottom layer of the Neapolitan underworld. Weakened by their ordeal on the train and many of them bookish men to begin with, the political prisoners were out of their depth in that howling assortment. They were cursed, taunted, slapped

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ing up and getting themselves assigned to Lipari and some of the other prison islands close by. Not that Lipari was such a great deal, but at least it kept them close to home. It was rocks and cliffs and the water slamming up around it all the time and the prisoner barracks at one end and a fishing village at the other. If you weren't being punished you could go into the village a couple of hours a week and mooch a smoke or a drink and use it to buy yourself ten minutes with the fat broad who kept the brothel.

Peach ran the place, but old Maturo had the title. He was past seventy and should have been in a cage. Totally nuts. White beard, snappy uniform, medals. Nice looking old cluck, but nuts. His wife was something else again. She couldn't have been much more than a third his age, but he gave her parents some money and they gave her to him in exchange and that was the way they came to be married. Sulky-looking dame, good body, not much to say. You thought of her as a volcano. You wondered what would make her erupt.

—from the pamphlet, "The View From Below," written by Tony Frank and published by The Anti-Fascist Council of Western Europe in conjunction with the Underground Press, 1929.

"YOU have been sent to me because you have been bad boys," Colonel Maturo said in his welcoming address to the prisoners. "Here you will become good boys. Happiness is the normal condition of the human soul and here you will all be happy. Do you think you are alone because your families are not with you? Nonsense. I am your papa and I am your mama and if there is any who has troubles he must bring them to me. Confide in me as you would your priest. As a boy it was my ambition to enter the church, but at the age of fourteen I got a neighbor girl into trouble and decided to become a soldier. I'm one great scar from head to foot. Got cut up like a cake of cheese fighting with the English at Khar-toum. Don't underestimate the British, boys. They're good fighters even if they don't know how to make love. The Sudanese thought they were clods. What are we talking about, boys? Will someone clear that up for me? Well, it's of no importance. The main thing is to remember we're all one happy family here. Are there any questions?"

There were no questions. The men went back to their barracks, lay down on the narrow iron beds that were the dismal room's only furnishings, and sometime that first night Fazio died. Peach was summoned and after the fact of the singer's death had been established, an enormous burlap bag was brought, and the dead man stuffed into it.

"Let him lay there till we get back," the fat man said, going out with the two guards who had accompanied him. "We got to get one of these fishermen to take him out and dump him. The ground here's too hard to dig in."

As soon as they left, Tony Frank ran down to the dead man's bed to pull him out of the bag and drag him back to his own bed. Then he climbed into the bag himself and had one of the others tie it shut.

"You're crazy," the bomb thrower Ronka said, a one-armed man imprisoned for having organized a plot to blow up Rome. "Supposing you get away with it? What

then? So you'll get yourself dumped in the sea still in the sack. That's good?"

"It's good if the sack has holes like this one and if you can swim like I can," Tony Frank said. "I'm a shark and it'll be too dark for them to see me tear myself out. There are other islands not too far off. Stromboli, Vulcano—"

"The Fascists are there," the one-armed man argued. "Sicily is directly south of us. They're there too. Listen, give me a few days to find the right materials and I'll make four or five bombs and blow up every guard on the island. Then we'll organize ourselves and the villagers into an army, go back to Italy and start our own march on Rome. What do you say?"

"I say shuf up," Frank said. "Here they come."

They took the bag outside and hadn't gone more than fifty feet when burlap sheddings got into Frank's nostrils and he sneezed. The guards winked at each other, nodded, dropped the bag. Frank cursed as they took him out and kept cursing while they pushed him into a metal barrel and adjusted lids to its top and bottom so he wouldn't lack for privacy. Two holes the size of half dollars were its only openings. They'd had to fold him in half to get him in and that's how he stayed for the six days and nights he was there. He thought his back was broken, a feeling he accepted as a certainty when they finally took him out and he discovered he couldn't straighten out.

"Peach kicked in two of my ribs trying to get me to stand up," Horace Whiteman quotes him as saying. "But I couldn't do it. They had to carry me into the barracks bent like a pretzel and it was days before I could get off my bed. When I finally made it Colonel Maturo sent for me. He received me sitting on a chair in his bedroom with a sheet tied around his neck and the woman cutting his hair."

"Cleanliness is next to Godliness," the old man said. "When did you wash last? You smell like manure. Who are you anyway?"

"He's the prisoner who tried to escape last week," the woman said. "You sent for him."

"Have they treated you badly?" the old man asked. "I do not see the happy smile I like on those about me."

"They fried me in a box from Rome to Naples," Frank said. "They chained me up for three weeks in the hold of the louiest ship this side of the Styx from Naples down to here. I just had six days in a barrel half as high as myself and when I got out your fat Peach bastard jumped all over me just to make sure I wasn't too comfortable. I feel it like a knife in the lung when I try to breathe and it comes out blood when I go to the can. Did you ask if they treated me badly? It could have been better, papa. It could have been much better."

"Keep your chin up," the old man said. "There are ups and downs in every life. We must learn to take the bitter with the better. Time heals all wounds. When I was a boy I lived on a farm outside Genoa. My father kept pigs, cows, ducks, geese, anything you can think of. One day a bull ran me through from front to back. The horn went in my navel and came out next to my spine. Does that answer your question?"

"I didn't ask any question," Frank said. "He can't remember from one minute to the next," the woman said talking about

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her husband as though he were deaf or in another room. "You do smell though."

Six weeks after his ordeal in the barrel, Frank tried to escape again. Once a month a boat took some of the guards back to Sicily. In preparation for such a visit, one drank himself unconscious behind a barracks. Frank came upon him, changed clothes with him, and went down to the boat to take his place. His disguise was something less than a success and he was soon in the guards' quarters with a coat wrapped around his head and Peach and a dozen others slamming him around. "Bastards, bastards," he kept saying and they had to knock him out to stop him, but by then his face had been mauled beyond recognition and there was no reason to think anything inside his body had been left intact. Despite it he was in a villager's clothes five weeks later and trying to get aboard one of their fishing boats. Caught again. Batted around again. "America must be a nice place, citizen," Peach said. "You sure want to get there, don't you? Well, keep at it. We need the exercise."

Three weeks later he tried again. "You're out of your mind," one-armed Ronka told him. "This is the craziest of all. Listen, I've got almost everything I need for a bomb. Wait a little, can't you? What you're talking about can't possibly succeed."

"She's got access to a boat," Frank said. "She can't help but be sick and tired of that old goat and where women are concerned I've always been considered something special. How can it miss?"

He went out a barracks window that night. It wasn't hard to do. The guards kept a close watch at the gate that separated the prison area from the village, but they were sloppy about patrolling around the barracks. Where could anyone go? He ran from one patch of shadow to the next until he was at the little house where the old man lived with his wife. A guard was on duty there, but guards had been on duty there for years without anything happening and this one was hardly expecting trouble. It was no problem to get past him and look inside the window of the candle-light bedroom. They were in bed together, the old man asleep and snoring like a walrus, the girl playing with a moth-eaten teddy bear. The window was behind and to the side of the bed and Frank was able to get inside and clap a hand over her mouth before she could scream.

"I'm going to turn you loose," he said. "But don't make a sound or I'll break your neck."

"I thought it was Peach or one of the others," she said when he took his hand off her mouth.

"You mean I'm not the first to try this?" he said.

"Usually they tap on the window and I go outside," she said. "He's a heavy sleeper, but there's always a chance he'll wake up. You're shaking. When was the last time you had a woman?"

"A long time ago," he said and the hands he touched to her breasts and belly trembled with the long-restrained demands of need and want. "You won't regret it, sweetheart. There's no comparison between me and these pigs you've had out here."

"No, it would be sweet with you," she admitted whispering the words and drawing his head down so she could kiss and hold

it. "You are a clean man and your hunger frightens me, but yet I wish to feed it. Only they will see us if we try to go outside and what if we stay here and he wakes up? What if he wakes up? He does not know the things I do. I cannot afford to have him find out."

"You can say I'm trying to rape you," Frank said. "That will keep you in the clear."

He had thought of her earlier as a volcano and wondered what it would be like when she erupted. Now he found out. She bit. She heaved herself up against him like an animal trying to burst out of a trap. He put his mouth to her neck and kissed her there, panting, "come away with me. You can get a boat. Come away with me. Come away with me." Her eyes glazed over, closed, then opened suddenly, wide and staring. Frank felt movement behind him. The old man had awakened.

"He's trying to rape me," the girl said harshly and Frank could only blame himself for the trouble he was in now; he had told her to say that if the old man woke up. It was the way they had agreed she would protect herself against his finding out she had given in voluntarily. "He's trying to rape me, darling."

Frank turned his head to find the old man's bewildered eye upon him.

"The train is becoming very crowded," the old man said. And then as comprehension dawned upon him, he screamed "Peach! Peach!!"

It was after this that Peach tried to make Frank say America stank and the following morning that he tied him to the rock. They let him stay there for two hours, then went out to see if he were still alive. He hung there like a discarded towel, but when they were close enough to touch him he lifted his head and cursed them and they went back to report he needed more time.

THERE were times the waves washed right over him and each time they receded we expected to see him no more. We stood along the cliff walls watching him and it was impossible to tell if he were alive or dead. But each time the boat went out and came back without him, we knew that somehow he continued to retain his tenuous grip on life. Few slept that first night and fewer the second despite the fact that we could not see him in the dark. But a kind of comradeship kept up there and most of us felt it would be somehow disloyal to provide ourselves with even the comfort of sleep so long as he was still out there. The morning of the third day they brought him back and it was our sad certainty that he must be dead. Imagine if you can then our feeling of exultation, our uncontrollable delight when we saw his eyelids flicker, saw the troubled rise and fall of his battered chest. Our stubborn escaper was still alive.

PHOTO CREDITS

Pp. 14-15, PIX; pp. 18-19, PIX, European; pp. 26-27, UPI, U.S. Army; pp. 28-29, UPI (2); pp. 30-31, Vista Photos; pp. 34-35, Penguin, Brown Bros., UPI; pp. 36-37, Chilton Company; p. 84, Globe.

—from "Confessions Of A Man About To Die," the diary of Alberto Ronka, published by the Underground Press.

It was some ten weeks after his experience on the rock that Frank and the bomb thrower stood early one evening upon the cliff walls overlooking the waters south of Lipari. It was the hour of the day when those not being punished were permitted to exercise. Since there was no equipment to exercise with, this meant nothing more than walking about the prison area, that hundred-yard long stretch bounded by the high cliffs on three sides and the barbed wire fence beyond which lay the fishing village on the fourth. The sea was dark and turbulent, a single small fishing boat a hundred feet below them the only one they could see upon it. Its sail had been collapsed about its mast and its hatch cover drawn back enabling them to see the dark, glistening pile that was the day's catch and the suggestion of movement that could only have been a man sorting them out. This was the "take home" boat, the one in which the others emptied their own catches so they could stay out and continue to fish.

"We are worried about you," Ronka said, "Ever since they put you in the water, you have been a different man. You do not say anything. You do not wish to be with the others. You just come up here and stare at the water. There are some who think one day you will jump. Peach is betting you will."

"I've got a lot of pain," Frank said. "I can't move without it hurting. I can't sleep."

His appearance bore out his words. Pain lines crossed his face and his hair was streaked with white. He dragged one leg when he walked.

"Soon I will make the bomb," the one-armed man said. "Be patient just a little longer."

"I can't wait," Tony Frank said. "It will be a little like trying to jump through a key ring, but this is the chance I've been hoping for. This is why I've been coming up here so much."

"What are you talking about?"

"That boat down there. That mountain of dead fish."

"Not even an acrobat—" Ronka began, startled at the other's plan.

"It's worth a try," Frank said.

He stepped to the edge of the cliff. Ronka reached for him, but Frank avoided the outstretched hand, sent a quick, measuring look downward and then jumped. He threw himself out rather than straight down and held his arms flat to his sides to present a minimum surface. To the man who watched from above it, it seemed that he must miss the boat entirely or else come down on the deck. But neither one was to be the case. Instead, he disappeared into the yawning hold, his fall upon the shoulder-high pile of fish sending them flying in all directions and reducing the man who had been working with them to teeth-chattering fright.

"Over the side," Frank rasped, picking up the gaffing hook the other had dropped. "Get going, damn it, or I'll rip your head off with this thing."

They climbed out of the hold with Frank using the hook to hustle the other over to the rail and into the water. As he ran forward to pull up the sail, a shot ripped into the deck behind him. Guards with rifles stood on the cliff at the point from which he had jumped while others ran along toward where

the police launch was kept. In a matter of minutes they would be after him. But night was coming on and massive rain clouds rolling up from the south promised it would be a black one.

There was no water on the ship and the fish he had inherited quickly spoiled and had to be thrown over the side. He caught rain water in a leaky bucket that first night, but had to drink it before it all ran out. It didn't rain the rest of the time he was on the boat. He tried fishing, but with very little luck. Still, it was something. Those he caught were too small and spaced too far apart to make any considerable dent in his hunger, but he chewed the water out of their bodies and managed to get a mouthful of meat out of each and this was better than nothing at all.

He stayed with fish exclusively for three days and then his stomach began to reject them and he turned to other things. He ate seaweed boiled to produce a gummy soup. He caught a turtle and two frogs in the shallows of a deserted island and cooked and ate them both. He frightened a large bird away from a kill on another island and ate the snake it had been feeding on. He batted a small bird onto the deck with an oar and drank its blood and ate it. He remembered that bears ate insects and forced himself to do so too. Finally, he put a shirt button in his mouth in a last dreary effort to relieve the thirst and then laid down on the deck and waited to die.

Over him the sky turned black as night took over, then blazing blue as morning replaced it. He was too weak to rise, totally indifferent to what might happen. He had started out heading south, but for some days now he had known he was lost and so let the boat pick its own course. If it continued south it would finally reach Sicily.

So he sprawled on the deck like a man already dead and stared unseeing at the sky above him. He estimated he lay like that for three days, but could not be sure. When he heard voices he accepted them as figments of his imagination. But faces appeared above him and he realized he had been found.

"Sicily?" he whispered.

"You must have drifted past it and clear across the Mediterranean, mister," a man said. "This is Cape Bon, Tunisia. You're in Africa, now."

Editor's Note: When he was able to travel, Frank shipped out as a hand on a merchant ship and presently reached London. He devoted the next ten years of his life to writing articles and pamphlets intended to alert the world to the growing menace of Fascism. He fought with the Ethiopians when Mussolini invaded that country in 1935 and was killed in an air raid during the early months of the war.

Alberto Ronka was executed in 1927 for having caused the deaths of nine guards including the man known as Peach through the explosion of a bomb made while he was a prisoner on Lipari. While awaiting execution, he managed to smuggle out portions of his diary which found their way to England. From Ronka's diary, Frank's pamphlets, and Horace Whiteman's interview with Frank for his book, "Twelve Who Escaped From Blackshirt Prisons," we have been able to piece together the picture of how things were on Lipari while Mussolini ruled. ***

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course our generous conquerors must not hear of our play." The audience was solemn. "Or any traitors among us, either. Enough. Tonight we are all friends. Right, mein Herr?"

The Baron turned to a bull-like, puffy-cheeked man at the front table. "Would you care to try?" The man smiled, then realized the Baron was serious. He stood up and took the unfamiliar whip in one large red hand, then struck out at the pole. His blow was low and hit the figure in the waist. It bounced in the air and straw scattered across the floor.

"You must try higher, my friend," said the Baron. "We can't have that. Against American military regulations, you know."

The man struck out again and this time caught the dummy's head and knocked it rolling across the floor.

"Really, sir," said the Baron. "Hitting a man in a concentration camp? But we'll keep your secret, won't we?" He winked at the audience. They began to clap. The puffy-cheeked man caught on then and began to batter the figure, sweat coursing down his flushed beefy face.

Then the twins, Therese and Bertha pranced in in black tights that hugged their figures, each with a Nazi swastika in a circle of white twitching on their firm little bottoms. They each carried a whip they handed to men in the audience. Decker watched stunned as the men and women stood up to take their turn at beating the dummies. Minutes later the floor was a scattered tangle of straw and bits of shredded striped cloth.

Decker wanted to scream, break the thing up, but when he half-rose from his chair, Lisa made a motion under the table with her luger.

"**M**OVE," she said. "And I'll give them a Yankee dummy to play with. One with American corporal's uniform."

"You like this, don't you," Decker said, "Just like the good old days." Once he'd looked over and seen the look of deranged exaltation on Lisa's face as she watched the dummies pitch and toss. She would hand him over to the crowd, and he wasn't going to take a chance on the fun-loving group here tonight. (Ed. note: Later, when allied authorities learned of the Doomsday Club and put a padlock on the door, military psychiatrists were not puzzled at all by the existence of this phenomenon in post-war Germany. "There was much latent Nazi sentiment in Germany," said one. "You could not expect it to die down overnight. Here, diehard Nazis were able to give vent to their frustrations, to live again their days of glory by tormenting their prisoners again. If you notice, it was only the smaller, more unimportant Germans who frequented Doomsday, those who were bigwigs when the Nazis were in power and peasants without the Nazi crutch to support them.")

Decker realized he was going to have to keep his temper to get out of this mess. Again he wondered how the Baron had known his name, and what in God's name they were softening him up for. A few minutes later Lisa signaled and Decker got up and was taken back to his room.

The next night as Decker lay in Doomsday Castle, a helpless captive, the Baron spoke to the girls after the club had closed. "Children," he said. "We have started our little cafe all right, but now it is time to begin our work against the swine who now rule

Deutschland." The Americans here often drink until they are sodden. You have all seen them. Tonight we shall seek out some of these drunken conquerors."

They all climbed into the touring car. Each girl carried a man's sock filled with sand, then sewn closed, a paintbrush and a can of black paint. They spotted their first GI propped up against a wall near a closed down trolley stand." He was bellowing a hillbilly tune.

"He's mine," said Erma, the stripper. She got out of the car and went up to the intoxicated soldier.

"Hey, Fraulein. Come say hello to Old Charley," he slurred, reaching toward the big bosomed dancer.

"Zigaretten," Erma said in a practised manner.

"Sure, plenty cigaretten. Old Charley will cover you with butts. Just find us a nice shack spot and . . ." He was still babbling when Erma sapped him with the homemade blackjack. He dropped like a stone. One of the twins ran out of the car with the paint. She stroked in the tiny black mustache under his lip, the slanted streak of Hitler's haircut down his forehead. Then they both tugged off his trousers and painted a huge swastika on his olive-drab skivvies.

THAT night and the next morning 11 totally demoralized soldiers drifted back to their barracks to give a new headache to U.S. intelligence.

Early the next afternoon the Baron came in, tied Decker's hands behind him and led the American down into the wine cellar. The German was talking expansively and now, more than ever, Decker realized how insane von Klugge was. "So you see Corporal," the Baron said, "from this nucleus here we will continue the war. Admittedly our only accomplishment so far has been to keep the name of Hitler alive and to harass your troops, but in the future we will do more. You yourself will help us to our first great victory."

The Baron walked over and stood next to two huge 20-foot tall beer barrels. "Do you like beer?" asked the Baron.

Decker nodded noncommittally. He'd liked a cold beer back home on a hot summer day. Maybe an occasional one with the other salesman when he knocked off work. The Baron drew a large pitcher from the barrel and held it to Decker's lips. The American tasted it. It was as fine as any he'd ever drunk, strong, light, yet with a good bite.

"A damn good brew, prima," said Decker.

"Glad you like it, Corporal. Here's another swallow." The Baron tilted the big pitcher toward the Yank's mouth. Decker took another gulp, but the German kept tilting the liquid down Decker's throat. The American tried to move his head to call out but the Baron was holding him with a grip of iron. Decker couldn't swallow fast enough. The sensation he imagined was like drowning. Decker thrashed, falling from the table to the ground. The Baron left him for a minute, then came back with three huge pitchers of beer. He lined them up on the table.

Decker looked up at him, his face and shirtfront soaked in wet beer. Then he pulled himself to a sitting position. "What the hell do you want of me anyway?" he yelled. "What the devil did I ever do to you?"

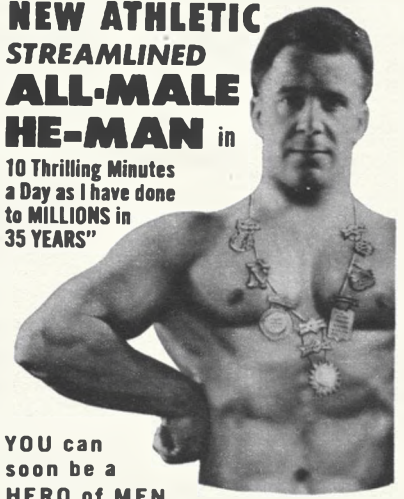
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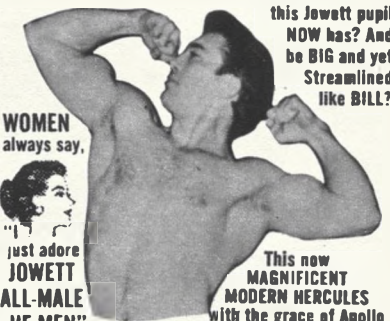
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"For the present I just want you to sample a little more of our good German beer," the Baron said. Again he held Decker and began to pour the beer down his throat. Decker tried to keep his mouth shut but the Baron sat above him, driving the edge of the pitcher viciously into the American's mouth, his other hand yanking back Decker's lower jaw. After a few tortured minutes, Decker felt himself going under, sputtering, sobbing, he could hear the Baron saying "Prosit, prosit, good health, Corporal. One more pitcher, the man orders," and Decker went out.

Early the next morning Decker's door opened and he met both Erma, the striptease and his hangover at the same time. The girl held a large glass of ice water to Decker's lips. He drank thirstily. Then she passed him a cup of ersatz coffee. It tasted vile but it cleared his head. The chesty dancer walked into the bathroom and Decker could hear her drawing a tub of water.

"Come on," the girl said. "I'll wash the beer off you."

Decker was surprised at her kindness. He didn't expect much consideration in a place like this.

"Here I'll help you off with your clothes," Erma said, pulling at his shirt.

"I'll do it," Decker said. "Just untie my hands."

But she wasn't buying that. "Oh, I can't do that," Erma said. "But do not worry. I have seen many men. You are not shy, are you? I like to show my body."

"Shy enough not to want you pawing me," Decker said. "I think I'll just go on smelling like stale beer. Raus, honey." But the girl kept tugging at him and soon Decker was stripped.

She led him into the bathroom and Decker stepped into the tub. Then with remarkably gentle fingers she began to soap his back.

"Why, you have a fine body," she said. "Silly boy to be so shy."

After she finished washing Decker she wrapped him in a huge turkish towel and led him back into his room. He saw his clothes on the side of the cot.

"If you won't untie me, at least put on my pants," he said. The girl smirked, reached over and tousled Decker's head.

"You should be more appreciative," she said. "If it wasn't for me, you would have had no bath."

"Yeah, well, *donkey shern*," Decker said, "but give me my pants."

The girl reached over and pressed her body next to Decker's. "I know I shouldn't do this," she said, "but it's been so long since I have a man for myself. Here the Baron will not let us see the customers and before that it was only men who gave me Hershey bars for my body."

She kissed Decker, but the American twisted away. "So you don't like Erma," the dancer pouted. "But I am *sehr schoen*, you know." She slipped out of her summer frock and stood before him in bra and panties. She did a quick dancing movement with her hips. Her figure was amazing: lush hips and abundant bosom, a tiny pinched-in waist. In spite of himself, Decker was aroused. He cursed his hands tied behind his back.

"You are Erma's for now," she whispered in his ear. She pressed her body against his and Decker felt his senses tingle. Then she was still closer on the narrow cot and she pulled the towel from Decker's body.

Now he felt the whole length of her body flat against him and he no longer cared about the ridiculousness of it—the lonely stripper and her tied-up lover. He stopped fighting and moved toward her . . .

Later, she helped Decker on with his clothes. "Remember, if you tell anyone," she said, "they won't believe it. Also I will see that the Baron takes you on another drinking party." She dressed quickly and left.

THAT evening, Lisa, the ex-concentration camp guard, again took Decker down to the night club. It was even more crowded than before. "Tonight you will see the Baron do his act," Lisa said. More confused than ever about his captivity, Decker could only nod sullenly.

A few minutes later the houselights were doused and the Baron stood in front of the stage bathed in a single spot. He wore his dress of the evening before. He bowed once then went behind a small dressing-partition on the stage. In a minute he was back, his stomach now bulging out, his whole face more fleshy, a wig on his bald head, his scar covered by make-up, his coat that of a Luftwaffe officer. His resemblance to Goering, the former number two Nazi, was astounding. The crowd clapped in delight. Then the Baron turned and went behind the partition again. When he returned he was in the death-head's cap of a Gestapo officer, a black coat, a pale clerk's face with glasses. It took a second and then the audience caught on. Himmler—the butcher of millions.

Watching the spectacle, Decker realized the man was a master of make-up. The American looked over at Lisa and saw the girl had risen to her feet, carried away by the thrill of seeing this reincarnation of her former chief. Why she's just like a teen age movie fan back home going ga-ga over Clark Gable, Decker thought.

Back on stage, the Baron called for silence. This time, when he returned from behind the partition, there was dead silence in the room. His face was thinner now, flour white and with the famous patch black mustache, the hair of his wig slashed down across his forehead. His resemblance to Hitler was uncanny. Then from a background phonograph record came a recording of the horst wessel song. The crowd heard the Nazi hymn and began to shuffle their feet in typical German applause style. Decker felt sick, alone in the midst of a world gone mad. He heard the crowd shuffling louder and louder.

"Do you want an encore," yelled the Baron. The crowd screamed its assent. Decker realized he was asking them, did they want Hitler back and Decker heard their answer blasting in his ears. They may want Hitler, he thought. But why does this band of fanatics want Peter Decker? That night he went to bed still without the answer.

Two evenings later while Decker pondered the reason for his abduction by the crew at Doomsday Castle, the girls carried out their most daring raid. Again it was the Baron's plan. "The Americans, my daughters," he told the assembled girls, "must now be made fools of in mass. Tonight there are to be several hundred enemy troops at a barracks outside of Böhlingen. They expect to see an American movie. Now, here is what we shall do . . ."

At 8 o'clock that evening the GIs were grouped in the crowded, noisy, makeshift

theater. In high spirits, they were waiting to carry on their usual horseplay, clapping and whistling as the producer's name was put on the screen. Whistling as if Betty Grable were there in person, when the director's name was flashed.

The fat little sergeant-projectionist was fooling with his film cans when he heard a knock at the door. It was Therese, one of the twins. She winked at him playfully. Looking stunned, the sergeant followed her outside the booth and out the side exit. Five minutes later they were setting a date for 11 o'clock that evening. It was just time enough for Helga, the ex-actress who knew something of movie projection equipment, to slip into the booth and do her work.

Back in his booth, the happy sergeant started the projection machine and leaned back, closing his eyes in contentment as he thought of the date he'd have after the show. Outside, the GIs were restless. They watched uneasily as the screen showed the huge outdoor arena at Nuremberg. They saw the lines of massed young men in Nazi uniform, the torches lighting up the sky. Then down a narrow aisle between the Nazi troops came the solitary figure in the brown-shirt uniform—Adolf Hitler, the madman of Europe. He reached the speaker's platform. In a few seconds his voice was heard, slow at first as he weaved his spell over his audience, then rising to a harsh shriek of hate.

The men began to shuffle. What was this, some new kind of Army education film. Then they started hooting. Cries of "Bring on the girls," "What gives?" "Who needs it?" In his projection booth the fat sergeant heard the commotion and gazed thunder-struck at the screen as he hastily shut off the machine. Needless to say, he never had his date with the German teenager and the chewing out he took from his CO didn't make the loss any easier to bear.

The day passed with agonizing slowness for Decker. In between beer treatments, the girls would take him along on picnics in the country, using him as a beast of burden to carry their picnic baskets, blankets, and once they forced him to ride them piggy-back across a deep stream.

On one of these outings, Lisa discovered an ancient cannon with its neat pyramid of cannonballs placed on a hilltop as a monument to past German military might. Quickly tying Decker to a nearby fencepost, the girl amused her friends with a brutal game of lawn bowls, by rolling the heavy cannonballs down a slope to smash into Decker's ankles. Decker would come away from these "tenpin" sessions so bruised he could hardly stagger back to the Castle.

After 12 days in the castle Decker had undergone the Baron's beer treatment four times. Each time it was worse. The American hated the man with a desperation born of fear. Fear that the German was breaking him. Already he couldn't help flinching a little each time his door opened at meal-times. And he went cold when it was the Baron patting his revolver and saying, "American I think you need a little drink. A good glass of our German beer will make you feel better." And then down to the cellar and the torture would begin. The fourth time, the Baron led him back to the room, the German was whistling, happily.

"Corporal, you are coming along just fine," he said. "Soon, you will be pleased to do what I ask. After a few more parties, I

think you may be begging to help us."

"Kraut," Decker said. "You'll never get me to help you do a damn thing." But even as he said it he knew his voice lacked the necessary conviction.

At 6 A.M. the next day Decker was awakened by a heavy jackboot slamming into the side of his cot.

"Get up, Corporal it's a fine German morning." The American rolled over and saw the Baron standing over him. Suddenly Decker was very tired. He'd had about as many trips on this Fascist merry-go-round as he could stand. He wanted out. Wanted out badly.

The Baron led him down into the large banquet hall. The girls were standing around the long table. They looked at him blankly. Helga and Erma talked quietly together. Lisa, the Gestapo torturer, stood looking at the Baron, her eyes wild. She seemed almost doped on her own hatred. After the Baron's neck, it was hers that Decker itched most to get his hands on.

"Now, Corporal," the Baron said, "we will have a little demonstration of how to get help from Americans to rebuild Hitler's Germany. Lisa!" Quickly the girl tied Decker's hands behind his back, then fastened them to a long rope. She motioned him up on the banquet table. Then she deftly tied the rope to a hook in the ceiling.

"Now, Corporal," said the Baron, "we will show you an old Gestapo trick. But you must pay close attention." He pulled the table away and Decker dangled above the ground, his arms stretched up behind him. The American tried to use his strength to keep his arms down, keep them from going slack.

"Now I'll tell you, why you are here," von Kluge said. "Why I sent Helga to get you especially." He came over and pinched Decker's cheek. "You see dear Corporal Decker, I learned that one of the three Nazis you guard at the house outside of Böblingen is an old friend of Helga's and mine, Dieter von Hohenstatt. You Americans know that he is a Nazi, but you do not know yet how gloriously he served his Fuhrer. He is a great man, isn't he Helga?"

The actress nodded seriously. "And soon I shall have him back for you, Helga," the Baron continued. "You see, Corporal, that's another reason for you to help us. You don't want to stand in the way of true love do you? Helga and von Hohenstatt long to be together again."

"Spare me the sob stuff," Decker said.

The Baron laughed. "Oh, no romance in your soul, eh Corporal. Ah well, you will soon help us. All you must do is lead Helga and I past the sentries where von Hohenstatt is imprisoned. You will vouch for the fact that we are an American interrogation team. Then we will do the rest."

So that was it, Decker thought. The reason for his being in Castle Doomsday—von Hohenstatt, the small-time ex-bureaucrat he had been guarding was really a high-powered war criminal. But would he ever get back to clue in Intelligence. He doubted it.

"You will help us, won't you Corporal?" the Baron asked.

"I'll see you in hell first," Decker said.

"We shall see," said the Baron. Then he began to twist the rope, winding it and Decker's body slowly round and round. The girls watched in fascination. After ten turns he stopped, surveyed the twisted rope, then

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let go. Decker's body began to swing slowly at first as the rope unwrapped, then faster and faster. He gritted his teeth as the speed of his whirls tore at his arms. Finally with a violent mad jerk the rope unwound completely. Decker almost wished for a return to the old beer treatment.

"Are you still so sure, Corporal," said the Baron as he slowly began to rewind. Then again Decker was spinning. At the last whirl, he was sure he felt his arms lifting out of their sockets. Still he'd be damned if he'd help these nuts get a Nazi killer free. Three spins later, Decker decided that if he were dead he'd be no good to anyone. After all there was a chance that out of the castle he could find a way to stop them. Promising doesn't make it so, he thought through his pain.

"Okay," he said. "I'll do your dirty work."

At gunpoint Decker got inside the touring car with the Baron and Helga, dressed like Americans and they rode toward the deliberately unimposing house where von Hohenstatt was prisoner. As they reached the building which was not really maximum security since von Hohenstatt was only medium fry, the Baron said "Remember, Decker, one trick and you're a dead man."

Inside the building, Decker walked over to the clerk who was sitting reading Stars and Stripes. "Johnny," he said. "I've got a team of interrogators here from Nuremberg War crimes want him to testify."

The private looked bored. "Yeah, sure Pete." He walked up the stairs with the three and toward von Hohenstatt's room. "Kind of a creepy little guy, von Hohenstatt. Always complaining about no sunshine and how he misses his flower garden."

The door opened and Decker saw a small, immaculate man, neatly combed blond hair. "You're to go to Nuremberg with us," the woman said.

Von Hohenstatt looked at Helga his ex-mistress, he didn't move a facial muscle. "Well, wait a minute," he said "Americans always rush, rush, but it'll be good to smell fresh air again. I'll need my hat." Three minutes later they were outside in the touring car. The whole operation had been incredibly simple.

"Even I didn't suspect that the Americans were as stupid as that," said the Baron. "You plan for weeks and then it is all so simple. Well, even we Nazis made a mistake or two in the war." Decker felt sick. He knew now that there wasn't much chance of his ever seeing Dayton again. This crew was sure to kill him. At last the whole miserable nightmarish, impossible goddamned misadventure would be a closed book.

Von Hohenstatt didn't seem much surprised by his incredible trip to freedom. Helga reached for his hand once and he patted her arm abstractedly. All he knew was that he was out, moving, breathing deeply. "Taste that air, Helga," he said.

Back at Castle Doomsday, a celebration was planned but Decker was taken back toward his room. The Baron spoke to him. "Enjoy your rest, Decker. After a good glass of schnapps with von Hohenstatt I'll be up to send you on your last journey. Now we are going to fly. Now we are organized. Now big moves we will make."

Decker was leaning on his bunk thinking about who was going to miss him and the list had only reached about four when the door opened. It was Erma, the stripper.

She came over and sat on his bunk "They are going to kill you in ten minutes," she said, "and I don't want you to die." The girl's face twisted in confusion. "I don't know what to do. You are the only man who has been kind to me in so very long." Then she stopped. "No, I am lying. No man has been nice to me, ever. I've been with hundreds, brutal men whether they were great SS soldiers or not. They didn't know how to treat a woman. But you do, Peter." With that she handed Decker a Luger, opened the door and disappeared down the hall toward her own room.

Decker eased his way slowly down the stairway. Below in the main room clustered around the bar were von Hohenstatt, the four women and the Baron. Decker planned to creep up on them but, Lisa, the concentration camp guard, looked up and gave the alarm.

As the Baron reached for his pistol Decker fired. The first shot hit the Baron square in the forehead. He fell, his hand raking over the crowded row of bottles at the left of the bar. Then the girls screamed and Decker raced down the steps keeping his eyes on von Hohenstatt, but the little man, unarmed, didn't even make an attempt to get away. He walked over to Decker. "So this time my escape has been for only a few hours. Well, that is how life is. But there will be other Barons, other Helgas, Corporal. Even so I think the fresh air was worth it." He never even glanced at the Baron's body, lying in a litter of broken liquor bottles, only fastidiously stepped over it.

Decker searched for the girls but they had left Doomsday Castle, scattering in panic and confusion. More than ever now Decker realized that it was the Baron who had kept the whole incredible thing together, who had been the cement for the whole maniacal group.

AT dusk, Decker took von Hohenstatt back to Allied authorities. He did not bother to truss up his captive and as it turned out, his hunch was right and Hohenstatt proved a meek and amiable prisoner. There was some confusion at the small prison when Decker pulled in the gate with the Nazi escapee beside him, several Allied officers milling about, all hollering for an explanation. "I'm not saying anything to anybody," said Decker, handing over his prisoner to Johnny, the complacent guard who'd let him have von Hohenstatt in the first place. "I just want a few hours to myself to sleep off something nobody's going to believe anyway. So just take this creep," he said to the group of officers who surrounded his car. "I'll make my goddamned report later."

*Editor's note: Cpl. Peter Decker did make his report later and all five frauleins were caught. By testifying for Fraulein Erma Gundsorf, he was instrumental in reducing the dancer's sentence to only one year and six months imprisonment. Frauleins Terese and Bertha Albrecht, and Helga Steigerwald were sentenced to three years each. Former Ravensbruck camp guard Lisa Siewert, and Dieter von Hohenstatt, when their true war crimes became known, were handed over to the Russians under the terms of the Allied four-power pact for their crimes against Russian prisoners of war. Cpl. Decker was discharged a year later and returned to Dayton where he now owns three used cars lots. ****



One-Armed Marshal of Red Rock

continued from page 16

his horse. They seemed completely indifferent to the horror dangling before them. Death was a common sight in Barstow, Texas. But the man on the horse was a genuine curiosity—he had only one arm. The empty left sleeve of his cotton shirt was pinned in neat folds flat against the shoulder. "What happened to your arm, mister?" a tiny girl with golden hair inquired eagerly.

The man gazed down at her solemnly. The agate eyes were hard, but not unfriendly. His eyebrows and lashes, and the licks of hair that stuck out from beneath the wilted stein were bleached white from the sun.

"Lost a bet, sweetheart," he said. "Man bet me I couldn't put my arm down a cougar's throat, grab the inside of his tail and turn 'im inside out. I thought I could do it, and I was right. I turned that old cat inside out as nice as you please."

The eyes of the child were round as blue plates. "Honest?"

"Yup. . . . Trouble was I decided to turn the poor critter back on his right side again. This time, just as I got my arm down his gullet, he hiccupped. That was the end of my arm."

"Gee-e-e-e-e," the little girl trilled admiringly.

An older boy looked up at the man with suspicion. "You tell bigger whoppers than the Bates boys, mister."

The man grinned, showing uneven yellow teeth. A front incisor bore a gold cap. "Now who are the Bates boys, son?"

The boy jerked his thumb at the dangling corpse without turning his head. "The Bates boys strung up the marshal this morning." "They lawmen too?"

The boy snickered. "The Bates boys lawmen! That's rich. Don't let them hear you say a thing like that."

The agate eyes were no longer friendly or amused. "Why'd they hang the marshal?"

The boy told the story with relish. "Marshal Evans arrested Ed Bates for shooting a man in the back last week. There was a trial and Ed was going to be strung up. Scaffold was up and all. It was fixed for this morning. But last night Jim and Sam Bates rode into town with some of their friends. They got lathered up in Pop Clancy's Saloon, then about four o'clock this morning they all broke into the jailhouse and got Ed loose. Marshal Murphy told 'em he'd see 'em all hang for what they did, and that didn't set well with the Bates boys. They figured to teach the marshal a lesson." He jerked his thumb back at the corpse again.

"And nobody stopped them," the man said coldly.

The boy laughed. "You kidding, mister? They say, between 'em the Bates boys have killed 41 men."

The man shifted impatiently in the saddle. "Is that a fact? Now where can I find the mayor, son?"

The boy pointed across the square. "Big white house on the edge of town. What you want with him, mister?"

"I want to apply for a job." He slapped the reins on the horse's neck and moved past the scaffold. He glanced at the stain, where a puddle of urine had dried on the raw wood beneath the swinging body, then looked away in disgust.

Mayor Roberts stood up behind the mahogany desk as the visitor entered his study. The mayor was a short, nervous man with a florid complexion and a gleaming bald head whose only vestiges of hair were two small tufts of brown wool over the ears.

"Mister Malone, how are you? My wife tells me you want to apply for the marshal's job." He held out his hand toward Malone, then let it fall to the desk with a thud as he became aware of that empty, folded sleeve. "My God, man! You only have one arm!"

"That's so," Malone admitted.

The mayor seemed bewildered. "Is this some kind of a joke?" His eyes narrowed in suspicion. "I know, the gang at Clancy's put you up to it, didn't they?"

Malone took a sack of tobacco and a sheaf of cigarette papers from the pocket of his leather vest. "I just rode into town and heard that the marshal's job was open."

MAYOR Roberts watched in fascination as Malone opened the sack with his teeth and extracted a cigarette paper from the pack. "I never heard of a one-armed lawman before. Have you had any previous experience?"

"No," Malone said easily. "But I've been looking to it for a long time." Expertly he gripped the tobacco sack in his teeth and tilted it over the paper curled in his fingers. A small pile of the shredded mixture fell into the well of the paper and Malone spread it evenly by blowing on it. Then he licked the gummed edge of the paper, and rolled it up tightly and expertly with nimble fingers.

"That's quite a trick, Malone," the mayor murmured irreverently.

"Huh?" Malone was surprised. "Oh, *this!*" He put the butt in his mouth and leaned into the flaming match which the mayor politely held out to him.

"You know," he said, inhaling the smoke hungrily, "a man with one arm and one hand, gets to do things pretty well with that one hand. Fact is he gets a lot quicker and more efficient with that one hand than the average feller is with any one of his hands. Now when it comes to gunfighting, well, two hands don't do a man much good. It's all in the gun hand. If anybody has an advantage at all, I'd say it was a one-armed gunslinger."

It was a fair argument, the mayor had to admit to himself. Malone's manual dexterity, displayed when he rolled the cigarette, was impressive. Anyway, he didn't have much choice. No one else had applied for the job,

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and he didn't expect that anyone would. "All right, Mister Malone, the job is yours. The salary will be \$25 a month and one half of all the fines you collect."

"That's fine. What about my badge?"

The mayor looked embarrassed. "Yes, the badge. Er—er I'm afraid you will have to—"

"Take it off the late Marshal Murphy," Malone supplied. He slapped the dusty stetson on his head and turned to leave the room. "I'll be on my way then." At the door he hesitated. "You say I can most likely find the Bates boys over at Pop Clancy's saloon?"

"Yes, Malone." The mayor's voice was tired. He walked to the front window and watched the lean, hard man untie his horse and vault into the saddle skillfully by gripping the saddle horn with his right hand. On that same right hand, he reflected with scant hope, hung the fate and future of Barstow.

Pop Clancy's Saloon and Gambling Emporium was headquarters for the seamy element in Barstow, as well as the gunmen—most of them fugitives from U.S. justice—who drifted in from the Oklahoma territory to raise hell. The Bates brothers had been regular customers at Clancy's for more than a year.

"Jus' like home to us," Sam Bates, the oldest, was telling Pop Clancy when Walter "Sandy" Malone walked into the bar at four o'clock in the afternoon. Sam, a maudlin drunk, resembled a great wild boar standing on its hind legs as he slobbered over the fragile, white-haired proprietor.

ED and Jim, smaller versions of their big brother, were at a corner table with two of the whores who worked in Mom Clancy's establishment upstairs. Ugly men with hairy, warted faces and yellow tusks, they growled and pawed at the girls like animals.

Sandy Malone walked slowly along the bar, the thumb of his right hand hooked casually into his pistol belt. The big Colt rested on his opposite hip, the butt facing to the front. It would be an awkward draw for a man with no left hand.

"Just like home, eh Bates?" said Malone. He stared at Pop Clancy, dead drunk on his feet, standing only by virtue of the big man's supporting arm. "Your paw stoned under a table, while your maw is hustling in the upstairs bedroom."

The impact of that statement was terrific in that dim, sour-smelling room. In the code of the 19th century westerner, a man could reply to an insult to his mother, father or wife in two ways: He could kill the offender; or he could ride out of town with the brand of the coward upon him.

The line-up at the bar moved back against the tables in a wave, leaving Sam Bates and Pop Clancy facing Sandy Malone. Even Pop Clancy rallied feebly from his drunkenness.

"Got some business in a back room," he mumbled and pushed himself away from Sam's embrace.

Sandy Malone stopped about three feet in front of Sam Bates. Sam stared at the tin star on the smaller man's chest, then at the empty sleeve. He was perplexed. In all of his life no man had ever talked like that to Sam Bates. And this was a one-armed man at that!

"Was that you talking just then, mister?" Sam asked in an uncertain voice.

"It was me, all right," Sandy admitted.

The crowd at the side parted, and Ed and Jim Bates stepped up alongside their brother. The Bates men each wore two six-guns, and their hands rested on the butts, the thick callused fingers drumming in ominous rhythm on the leather of the holsters.

"He's drunk," Ed Bates said.

"Must be," Jim Bates agreed. "Look, he went and lifted old Murphy's badge."

"Corse robber eh?" Sam Bates said slyly. His eyes looked for confirmation to the silent spectators. "Penalty for robbing a corse is hanging, ain't it boys?"

"I'm amazed he's still standing," someone in the crowd shouted.

Sam Bates frowned. It was true, he had shot men for lesser insults without all this talking. But then again, no man had ever faced up to the Bates brothers with such cool boldness before. Like all bullies, Sam was wary of courage, for his kind of courage came only from the certainty that you had the edge on the other man. Rarely it came from alcohol.

"You're drunk," he told Sandy Malone.

Malone smiled thinly, with a canny insight of the other man's thought processes. "I'm not drunk. And I didn't steal this badge. The mayor appointed me marshal of Barstow, and my first official act is arresting you boys for the murder of Marshal Murphy."

Ed Bates cursed and drew his gun. In one motion, Malone's right hand darted across his body to the gun on his opposite hip as he pivoted on his right toe with dancer's grace. He did this while swinging his body to one side so that only the slim outline of his right side was presented to the gunmen. It was like the shift of a skilled boxer. His draw was fluid as water. Ed's shot cut thin air a foot to Malone's left, a heartbeat before Malone's shot ripped into Ed's heart, stopping it forever.

In general, the cross-the-body draw was frowned on by the professional gunman. But not a man in Pop Clancy's that day could ever recall witnessing a more deadly exhibition of gunslinging.

Jim Bates' Colt was half out of its holster when the slashing barrel of Malone's gun caught him high on the temple. Without a sound, he collapsed on the floor, sagging against big Sam's legs. Sam was the only one to go for both of his guns. Shock had paralyzed his reflexes until Malone has disposed of his brothers. And a new sensation—fear—added to his incompetence. The gun on his right side fired prematurely in the holster, searing his leg with the powder flash. He howled and dropped the second gun, a fraction of a second before Malone's trigger finger reached the point of no return. It saved his life—for the hangman, that is.

While Sam was bent over, beating the sparks off his right pant leg, Malone stepped in and chopped the Colt barrel down on the back of his neck.

The bystanders moved in around Malone now, but not too close. You didn't crowd a man who could put three Bates brothers on the floor with one hand—and only one bullet. Stretching up to his full six-foot-one inch, Sandy Malone peered over the heads of the crowd toward the door. Three cowhands, trying to look very small and inconspicuous, were edging in that direction.

"You men!" Malone called out sharply. "Where are you going?"

"They're Bates' cronies," the bartender whispered.

"Stop where you are!" Malone commanded. The black eye of his Colt swung to cover them.

The three men gave him no argument; they stopped and lifted their hands high.

Exactly one week later, Ed, Jim and Sam Bates swung from the same gallows on which they had murdered Marshal Murphy. Sandy Malone instructed that they be left on display through Saturday night as a gentle reminder to the rough weekend gang that usually rode in from Indian territory for a holiday.

By the end of the month, the whole personality of the town had changed. Visitors automatically checked their weapons at the marshal's office when they arrived in Barstow. Sandy and his deputy made an hourly check on all drinking and gambling establishments, making certain that all the games were honest and that none of the boys got rolled by the girls upstairs at Mom Clancy's.

One day Sandy went to see Mayor Roberts. "I'm going to resign," he said casually.

The mayor was horrified. "Resign! Sandy, you can't do it! We need you."

SANDY smiled out of one side of his mouth. "Young Slade can handle it. He's a good man. A town is like a bronc. Once it's broke, it stays broken."

Mayor Roberts was inconsolable. "It won't be the same without you though. Is it a question of money, Sandy? We can do better by you."

Sandy shook his head slowly. "It's not the money. I've just got to be moving on."

The mayor's eyes narrowed. "Sandy, you ain't wanted by the law someplace else?"

Sandy Malone looked at him strangely, then laughed, as if at some private joke. "In a manner of speaking, I am wanted by the law someplace else, Mayor."

The mayor nodded sympathetically. A proficient gunslinger frequently pursued a winding course that took him from one side of the law to the other. "I might be able to fix it up for you, Sandy? Want to tell me about it, son?"

Sandy patted the old man's arm. "I don't want to talk about it, mayor. But thanks anyway."

That night, Sandy Malone confided his intentions to Jerry Slade and a few other close friends he had made in Barstow. They had a few drinks together at Pop Clancy's and said goodbye.

The next morning, an hour before sunrise, Malone saddled up and rode slowly across the square, down the long main street and across the bridge at the edge of town. He smiled, remembering what he had told Mayor Roberts: He was a wanted man. Needed was a better word.

Walter "Sandy" Malone was just 12 years old when William C. Quantrill's Confederate raiders rode into Lawrence, Kansas, one moonless night in 1863 and burned it to the ground.

On the infamous night of the Lawrence raid in 1863, "Sandy" Malone was awakened by gunfire and the screams of women and children. He rushed to the window in time to see the shadowy horsemen sweep through the front gate and across the lawn. The horses' hooves clattered on the wooden porch. He heard the harsh, brittle sounds of breaking glass and splintering wood—and the frightened scream of a woman.

"Mama!" he called hysterically and ran

out into the hall and down the stairs. The gray-clad soldiers mobbed the lower hall and blocked the doorway into the parlor. They ignored the boy. All their attention was focused on what was going on inside the parlor. He heard his mother scream again.

Dropping to his knees, he crawled through the forest of soldiers' legs like a dog. Then he saw them. His mother was crouched in a corner of the room, trying to cover her nakedness with scraps of her torn night-dress. His father stood in front of her, shielding her from the hot, laughing eyes of the guerrilla raiders. A big, gray-clad sergeant stood spraddled before them, pointing a pistol at his father.

"Out of the way, Malone," ordered the sergeant. He leered at the firm, white body of the woman. "The little lady has a long night ahead of her, so we'd better get on with it."

The woman moaned and Walter saw her tremble. Unexpectedly, his father leaped toward the fireplace and grabbed the poker. The sergeant's gun fired once, and Walter stared in horror at the red stain spreading across the front of his father's white night-shirt. Garvey Malone swayed back and forth for a moment, his eyes unfocused like the eyes of the drunks who staggered out of the local tavern. Then he fell back on the hearth, upsetting the scuttle and the poker stand.

The Confederate sergeant jammed the pistol back into his belt and sprang at the woman. As she screamed, the boy leaped up and ran to where the poker lay beside his father's still body. He picked it up with both hands and swung it as hard as he could at the back of the sergeant's head.

The impact of iron on bone reminded him vaguely of the cheerful cracking sound of English walnut shells when his father broke them open between the heels of his hands around the holidays.

The sergeant sank down on his knees and fell forward against the woman's legs. Walter heard the shot and felt the sting in his arm, just above the elbow. It did not hurt very much, but when he looked down at his arm, he could see the jagged bones protruding whitely through the red meat and the broken strings of tendon and muscle. He shut his eyes and felt himself sucked up into the darkness, as the family cat had been sucked up into the black wind cone of a tornado that swept in off the prairie the previous spring.

He woke up in bright sunshine, snug and warm in his own room. His mother and his older sister were sitting on either side of him. He smiled up at them at first, thinking it had been a dream inspired by those green apples in the orchard. His mother always warned him about eating them. Then he read the grief on their faces, and instinctively he looked down at his left arm—where his left arm had been.

Many weeks passed before the fever and the delirium left him. Finally he was permitted to sit up and dangle his legs over the side of the bed. They were as thin as the stick legs of the doll his father had made for his sister one Christmas. He never spoke of his father, or of the missing arm; until the day he took his first steps across the room and saw himself in the mirror.

His hair, mousy brown for the first 12

(Continued on page 86)

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MALE CALL

NO GUN-TWIRLERS

Congratulations on your fine article on Capt. Burt Mossman ("One-Man Army of the Arizona Rangers," MALE, August). A few years ago I met an old-time Ranger who still packed the same Presentation Colt he carried at the turn of the century. He told me they were pretty good shots in those days, but, as he said: "nothin' like the fellers you see in pictures and on the TV with all their fancy Hollywood gun-twirling and shooting pennies in mid-air. Hell, lots of times we'd get the jump on some rustler and then just plain miss. And sometimes the rustlers didn't—I got a couple bullets still in me to prove it."

F. D. Hawles
Phoenix, Arizona

WAR-SWEAT

I was reading your April issue and ran across the item in "It's a Strange World" about sterility in the event of an H-bomb war. I hate to disagree with you but while I was in the Navy I attended a service school and our Navy instructor assured us that we'd be dead before we got enough radiation to sterilize us.

Jim Sutherland
San Antonio, Texas

► Scientists still disagree on this question, Jim, but if you're right, you won't have any sweat about your manhood in the next war... just your life.

WEATHER-FIX

In reference to your article, "How the Russians are Wrecking Our Weather" (MALE, September), it just so happens that I am the inventor of that plan for weather control; like most other Russian "inventions," it was stolen from somebody else. I am amazed that you people got taken in too. My plan called for reversing the north rivers and for jet pumps to push the Japanese current into the Arctic Sea and thereby create a warm northern sea. As for the plan of melting the arctic ice pack in order to drown New York, I had a complete plan to dispose of all this surplus water in case anybody ever tried it. But the Hoover

Administration refused to have anything to do with my plan and it has been hooted at as "frog pond" weather control ever since.

Floyd M. Gurley
Colony, Kansas

ABBE'S ANTICS

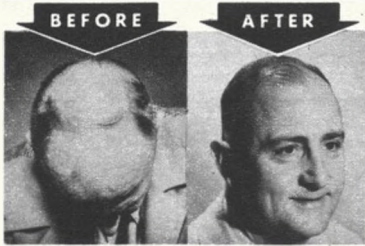
That Dalton girl you run a picture of in your magazine in November ("Abbe Dalton's Friend Earp") is sure some looker but if it's true what you said about her naming her pet horse "Earp," she and me got a bone to pick. I happen to be of a mind that it's a shame and a disgrace to the memory of Wyatt Earp. He was a great gunslinger and a fine family man too, only you don't hear about that on them silly TV shows. For folks to go around naming animals after him, just to be cute, is a damn fool thing to do, even if it is a pretty girl. If Miss Dalton is any kin to the Dalton Boys maybe she'll get my drift better when I tell her I got a speckled goose on the farm that's always giving the ganders a lot of sass, pecking at them and all, and I just reckon I'll start calling that goose "Dalton."

S. R. Earp
Glover City, Mo.

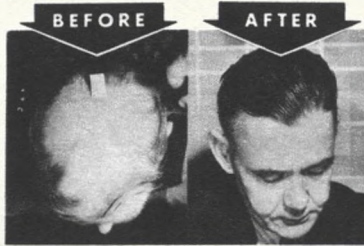


SASSY GIRL

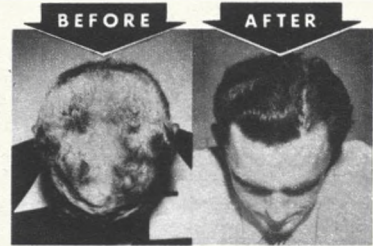
LOOK AT THESE PICTURES



Sign-writer Don Nagle, 8609 34th Ave. S. W., Seattle, Washington says "Just to have stopped losing hair and to have gained even a little more is wonderful. My hair filled in, too, where it had been thin."



Meeting the public every day in his store, Mr. Al Leifson of Tacoma, Wash., was probably overly conscious of his baldness. Now, after new hair growth, he looks years younger than before.



This young man was steadily losing his hair until he began using Brandenfels Home Plan, at his wife's urging. His "after" picture was taken two years later. New hope for baldness? This man will emphatically answer YES!

CARL BRANDENFELS' USERS

Have Grown Hair!



ELDON BEERBOWER of Portland, Oregon, was one of the early users of the Brandenfels Plan. He was then a totally bald teen-ager. Today, as a bank department manager, he is a most remarkable example of new hair growth following use of the Brandenfels Plan.



AFTER being almost bald for 20 years—with only a rim around his head and a few hairs down the middle—Roy Smith of Gable, Oregon, now looks like the right hand picture. His friends and relatives could hardly believe their eyes at the change on his scalp.

23,467 TESTIMONIALS OUR 13th Year!

THE Brandenfels Plan has been nationally advertised for 13 years. Carl Brandenfels has in his files 23,467 letters and reports (CPA audit) from users who tell of one or more of the following results: Renewed Hair Growth, No More Excessive Hair Fall, Relief from Dandruff Scale, Improved Scalp Conditions.

HE'S SEEN THEM!



THIS is Van Smith, St. Helens photographer, with just three of the men whose pictures he has taken—when they were bald and then after new hair growth following use of the Brandenfels Home Plan. He has seen how true it is that even on smooth, bald areas where there is no hair visible the hair roots may still be alive and in many cases lack only proper stimulation to grow hair again.

PLEASANT TO USE AT HOME

Use the Brandenfels Plan right in the privacy of your own home. No costly office treatments, no time lost from work, no embarrassment. A 5-week supply costs \$18 (includes Federal Tax and mailing). Send your orders to:

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ing from them. Take a look at the untouched pictures on this page. All these people THOUGHT their hair roots were dead. But their own before and after photos prove their hair follicles MUST HAVE BEEN ALIVE. Today, as you can see for yourself, hair is growing from former bald areas.

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Brandenfels Scalp and Hair Applications and Massage have been nationally advertised for 13 years. They cannot be compared with anything else you have ever used, heard about or read about. You owe it to yourself to give this revolutionary development in hair care a thorough trial.

The two formulas, together with the unique Brandenfels pressure massage method, are designed to bring about a healthier condition of the scalp area, to soften the scalp and to increase the supply of blood to the entire scalp area. Carl Brandenfels believes that proper use of his HOME PLAN may, in many cases, produce a condition which will help nature allow hair to grow.

Carl Brandenfels does not class his product with the so-called "hair growers." While results may vary from individual to individual (as with any remedy) because of systemic differences, general health and localized scalp conditions, here is real and tangible prospects of success in a substantial portion of cases. Carl Brandenfels believes that many bald people have roots that are still alive even though no hair is growing from them. And so long as your hair roots are alive there may be a possibility of getting them into production again.

So if you are losing your hair or have already become bald, send today for a five-week supply of Brandenfels Scalp and Hair Applications and Massage. Don't delay. Every day you wait may make your problem that much harder.

USE THIS ORDER COUPON

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Please send me—in plain wrapper—a 5-week supply of Brandenfels Scalp & Hair Applications & Massage with directions for use in my own home.

- I enclose \$18 (includes Federal tax, postage and mailing). Ship prepaid.
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CMG-120

GO AHEAD — MAIL YOUR ORDER NOW! YOU'LL BE GLAD YOU DID

years of his life, was now as silver white as the sun-bleached sand on the desert. Slowly he walked back to the bed and sat down.

"Mama," he said weakly, "I'll get them for what they did, Mama. I swear I will. I'll kill them all."

"It's all right, Walter," she said gently. "All that matters is that we are alive and well and together. We must forget all the rest."

"No!" he said, anger lending strength to his voice. "I will never forget. I can never forget."

He closed his eyes tightly, and he could see the lusting, hating animal faces milling about in the hall as plainly as he had seen them that night. They were engraved on his mind as an image is engraved on a photographic plate, etched there forever by the acid of his hate. It was a miracle of total recall.

AS soon as he was able to get about the house, the boy looked for his father's pistol. Every day he would spend hours behind the barn firing at cans, bottles and moving, elusive targets such as birds and chipmunks. He experimented with various methods of drawing the gun, and discovered that for him the most efficient place to carry the weapon was in a holster on his left side with the butt facing forward.

The war ended in 1865, but not for Walter Malone. At 15 he had reached his full height. He was tall and slim without being thin. With his strong features, clear eyes and the uncommon sandy-white hair, he was a handsome youth. But unlike the other boys of his age, he was genuinely oblivious of the overtures directed at him by the adolescent girls of Lawrence. There was no time for romance in a life dedicated to revenge.

Soon after his 16th birthday, "Sandy," as he had been nicknamed by schoolmates, told his mother, "It's time I got started. It won't be easy tracking 'em all down. There's a lot of 'em and this is a big state."

He had not seen so much pain and grief in his mother's face since that violent night four years before. "I thought you had forgot by now, son," she said.

"Forgot? Never!" He shut his eyes and saw them all as vividly as if they were standing in the room again.

"It isn't right, Walter," she pleaded. "That was an insane time. Like the time of sin in the Bible." Weariness seemed to infect her. "I could tell you some things, son," she said in a whisper.

"What things?"

She started to speak then thought better of it. "What difference does it make. It's past. The past is dead."

"So is my father," the boy said.

He had been on the trail almost a month when he found his first quarry. He had stopped at a farmhouse for water, and a friendly, motherly woman insisted he come in for some lunch. There was a pretty red-haired girl close to his own age.

"My man is off to Wichita," the woman said as she prepared a plate of cold meat and cheese for him. He noticed that she kept looking at him covertly. "Have we ever met before?" she asked finally. "You look so familiar mister—mister—"

"Malone," he said. "Sandy Malone. No

ma'am, I don't recall us having met before."

The plate of bread, meat and cheese fell from her limp fingers and crashed on the floor. Her face was pale.

Sandy jumped to his feet. "Ma'am!"

The girl rushed to her mother's side. "You all right, Mama?"

The woman pushed her away gently and walked over to Sandy. Tears glistened in her eyes as she touched his empty sleeve with her fingers. "Walter Malone! I should have known. You look like *him!*" The last word was punctuated with a bitterness that troubled the boy.

"I look like who?" he demanded.

"Your father." Her voice was empty.

"You knew my father? How is that, ma'am?"

Her eyes turned away from him toward a photograph on the mantel above the fireplace. Sandy saw a whiskered man with wide-set eyes and hair parted in the middle; he wore a collar and a tie. Sandy's vision blurred, and now he saw a Confederate cap on the head, and the shirt and tie became a gray military blouse with brass buttons running down the middle.

"That your husband, ma'am?" he asked calmly.

"My husband. You're looking for him, ain't you son?"

He was startled. "How'd you know that?"

She shrugged. "It's always the same. One of them looking for him. Or him looking for one of them. It never ends."

Sandy felt strangely weak inside, his stomach churning in faint nausea. "Where did you know my father, ma'am?"

HER lips were a hard white line against her teeth. "He came here one night long ago. Your father and some other men. My husband wasn't here. Just me and the child." She glanced toward the girl. "She was only a little thing then, thank the Lord." Her eyes were bright and accusing on him now. "You see it was after that that my man went looking for your father." Sandy leaned back against the table. "You want to hear about your father, what happened that night?"

He shook his head in bewilderment. "No. Please ma'am. If it's just the same to you, I think I'll be leaving."

Her voice followed him relentlessly out the door. "I was carrying another child then, but you see. . ."

Her words faded as he ran to his horse.

All that day Sandy Malone rode along the hot, dusty road, never looking to the left or right. His throat was cracked and swollen, but he did not drink from his canteen. The food went untouched in his saddlebags. The moon rose, and still he rode ahead at the same *clipty-clop* pace. His future seemed meaningless and aimless now. It was the ailment of all men who mold their whole existence around a single purpose, only to find that there is no purpose to what they have been doing after all and their hard core is just a hollow shell.

But Sandy Malone was one of the rare men who can turn the meaningless into the meaningful, and by the time the sun rose the following day, he had found new purpose to his life. He knew now that the beast he was stalking had no face or uniform. It was the beast in all men; the inhumanity of man to man, the brutality, the ruthless lust, the disrespect for life itself.

Sandy Malone hit a string of cowtowns in Kansas, Colorado and New Mexico, looking for work as a lawman. In every case, they took one look at that empty sleeve and found some excuse to refuse him. He couldn't even sign on the most niggardly law enforcement agency as a deputy.

After an even dozen brush-offs, Sandy decided to preface his application for work in the next town with a demonstration of his ability with a six-gun. As soon as he rode into Willoughby, Arizona, he tied up in front of the sheriff's office and walked inside.

The sheriff, a paunchy man with a drooping mustache and the livid scar of a bullet angling across his right cheek, looked up from his desk. "Howdy stranger. What can I do for you?"

Sandy saw that he was wearing his gun. "On your feet," he said without passion.

The sheriff stared at him in amazement. "Hub?"

"On your feet!" Sandy snapped.

The sheriff had made many enemies in his 45 years, and it was not the first time that some young punk, a hired assassin, had ridden into town with cold murder in his eye.

With the skill of long practice, the sheriff triggered himself off the chair, kicking it backwards out of his way as he went for his gun. It was still only half out of the holster when the one-armed kid uncoiled his weapon.

"Hold it!" Sandy yelled.

The sheriff relaxed his fingers and the Colt slipped back into the holster. Facing what he thought was certain death, he could still admire the brilliance of the kid's gunplay.

"You're the fastest thing I ever did see, son," he said. He grinned wryly. "With one hand or two."

Sandy nodded. "Glad you think so. I can shoot this thing too." His eyes darted around the room and lit on the lock on the rifle rack against one wall. The muzzle of the .45 glided to the side, quick as a snake's head, and spit out one shot. Even as the lock shattered in a spray of metal parts, the astounded sheriff found himself covered again.

"That good enough?" Sandy asked.

The older man squinted at him curiously. "What is this, mister? You could have proved your point with a gut shot and saved yourself a slug."

Sandy grinned and holstered his gun. "I ain't out to kill you, Sheriff Barnes. I just want to apply for a job."

"By God!" the sheriff collapsed weakly in his chair. "Now I've seen everything."

"Sorry, if I gave you a bad turn, but I figured this was the only way to show I've got the stuff to be a good lawman." He waved the flapping sleeve at the sheriff. "Tell the truth, you wouldn't have even considered hiring me on with this arm, now would you?"

"I reckon not." The sheriff mopped his perspiring face with a bandana.

"Well, do I get the job?"

Without answering, the sheriff opened his top desk drawer and rummaged through it. At last he picked out a badge and threw it across the desk toward Sandy. "No time like the present, is there son?"

Sandy grinned with relief. "You won't be sorry, sir."

Neither Willoughby nor Sheriff Barnes had

any lasting regrets about the new deputy. At first the sheriff did have one reservation about the "handicapped" youth. He was worried that Malone might rely exclusively on his fast gun arm to settle disputes because of his physical disability. But that worry disappeared the first Saturday night Sandy faced a mean drunk. A cowboy just in from the cattle circuit without the sight of a bottle or a woman for six months, had been giving the waiters and hostesses at the New York Cafe a hard time all evening. Finally, at ten o'clock, when he began to take pot-shots at the fancy cut-glass on the back bar, the manager summoned the law.

Sheriff Barnes and Sandy Malone arrived five minutes later. The bar was empty except for the trouble maker, slouched against the counter with one boot heel hooked over the brass rail, his smoking gun in one hand and a bottle in the other.

BARNES recognized him from a previous encounter. "He's a bad one," he whispered to Sandy. "Right handy with a shooting iron too. Looks like trouble. I can tell you he won't come along quietly."

"You stay here," Sandy said. "Let me take him alone."

"Well . . ." the sheriff hesitated, thinking how two trigger-happy men could ignite a real tragedy in the crowded saloon. But before he could answer, Sandy was walking swiftly toward the cowboy.

The cowboy came up taut and pushed himself off the bar. The gun swung around on the deputy, then dipped as he saw the empty sleeve and the awkward position of the Colt on Sandy's left hip. "What the hell!" he mumbled. "A cripple. I don't fight cripples."

"You don't fight anybody," Sandy said coldly, never breaking step for an instant.

The muzzle of the pistol came up, aimed at Sandy's belly again. "Now listen!" the cowboy roared. "You get the hell away from me. Don't make me kill you, mister."

"You ain't killing no one," Sandy said, coming at him steadily. The cool, flinty eyes had a mesmeric effect on the gunman. He stood motionless until Sandy walked right into the muzzle of his gun. Almost impatiently, the deputy brushed the weapon aside.

"You coming along quietly, mister?" His big mitt closed over the gun, and, without meeting any resistance, he wrenched it loose of the cowboy's grip. The pent up tension in the room dissipated itself in a chorus of noisy exhalations.

Sheriff Barnes was grinning when Sandy walked back, leading the subdued prisoner. "Thought you was going to have to take him the hard way for a minute," he said.

Sandy regarded him solemnly. "Gun him down? And lose my cut of the fat fine he's going to pay tomorrow morning? Not on your life."

Then the both of them began to laugh.

But two months later, when Sandy handed in his resignation, Barnes was not laughing. "We've got this town clean as a whistle, boy. You can't walk out now."

"It's only one town," Sandy said. "I'm needed elsewhere. Now that I've broken the ice, it won't be so hard to get work."

Barnes recognized the sure signs of dedication in the young man and stopped objecting. "Okay, Sandy. I'll give you a letter of recommendation."

Malone's reputation preceded him and grew. His pilgrimage took him through Arizona, Utah, Colorado, New Mexico and back into Kansas. And wherever he touched, he left a clean town behind him. Unlike the Earps and the Mastersons and other famed lawmen of history, he was content to remain in the shadows. Deliberately, he avoided the big cities like Dodge, Wichita and Tombstone, preferring the poor little towns where there wasn't enough money or notoriety to attract most competent law enforcement officers.

Once Wyatt Earp saw him in action when, quite inadvertently, they met in a thieves' den in Indian territory while trailing the same killer. The meeting took place in a one-room adobe saloon to which Wyatt had trailed his quarry. The man was upstairs with an Indian girl in the loft, so Wyatt took a place at the bar where he had a good view of the ladder reaching up to the trap door. He was confident no one had recognized him, so he ordered a beer and waited.

The beer was half gone when he saw the slim, brown legs of the Indian girl begin to descend. Directly behind her came the man he was seeking, a half-breed prospector who had murdered his two partners. He was reputed to be fast with a six gun. Wyatt's right hand dropped to the butt of his Colt, as he swallowed the rest of the beer with his left hand.

Then, before Wyatt could make his decision, a shot rang out close by him. A neat round hole appeared in the center of the half-breed's forehead. Dead on his feet, with his eyes wide open, he slipped down the girl's body into a heap on the floor.

WYATT became aware of the tall man with the smoking Colt in his right hand. "That was a fine piece of shooting, my friend," he said, holstering his own weapon. "Didn't expect someone else would be doing my job for me."

The stranger blew the smoke out of the barrel of the Colt and turned to face Wyatt. The U.S. Marshal saw that his left arm was missing.

The man looked at him curiously. "You mean you was after him, too? What do you know!" He stowed the gun and took a badge out of his pocket. "Sandy Malone, sheriff down at Edgeton."

Wyatt laughed. "My pleasure, Sandy. Earp's my monicker."

Later over drinks, Wyatt pressed Malone. "We could sure use a man like you back in Dodge. How about it, Sandy?"

Sandy swirled the amber liquor around in his glass. "I appreciate it, Wyatt. But I don't think so. You know, up in places like Dodge, Wichita and them big cattle towns, they got the best lawmen there is to be found. Now, you take a tank town like Edgeton. It's a graveyard for all the old lawmen who have lost their stuff, fellers who ain't worth a damn. At the same time, you big boys are flushing all the crooks and murderers out of Dodge and Wichita and they come down and take it out on defenseless folks in towns like Edgeton. No sir, those people need someone to take care of 'em, same as your people in Dodge."

For more than 30 years, Sandy Malone "took care of" the folks in the little towns throughout the Wild West, and helped to take some of the wildness out of it. By the turn of the century, the need for a fast-

shooting sheriff to enforce the law was pretty much a thing of the past.

"Haven't had to draw my gun in five years," Sandy bragged on his 50th birthday to a group of businessmen in the small California village where he had served for four of those years.

Shortly after that, Sandy Malone hung up his gun and badge for good.

On a spring morning in 1908, Sandy Malone hitched up a wagon and set out from his orange ranch for Santa Clara. He did some shopping, stopped in at a bar, where he was well known, for a few drinks with some old cronies, then walked across the street to the bank. It was a few minutes before closing time. As he pushed through the swinging doors, he heard several shots and the piercing yells of hysterical women. He stepped inside in time to see the bank guard crumple to the floor. Twenty yards away a burly young man stood spraddle-legged with his back to the door, menacing a dozen or so bank customers with a pistol.

"Nobody moves or you'll get just what he got!" he snarled.

ANOTHER man was standing by the cashier's cage, shoving stacks of money into a suitcase as fast as the frightened teller could pass it to him. Out of the corner of his eye he saw Malone enter the bank and called a warning to his partner.

The gunman swung half around and motioned with his large black automatic. "Over here with the rest, pop. You won't get hurt."

Malone hesitated, then his eye caught the nickel-plated butt of the guard's pistol sticking out from underneath his body. It had been months since he had held a gun. His eyes were going back on him. His reflexes were slow. And he was covered by the robber's automatic. But Sandy Malone didn't hesitate. He pretended to stumble to one knee, his right hand coming down on top of the guard's pistol.

"Easy does it, pop," the gunman sang out. His lips drew back across his teeth when he saw the glint of the gun in Malone's hand. "You crazy old bastard!"

The automatic in his hand sprayed .45 slugs in Malone's direction. Sandy squinted down the barrel of the .38 Police Special and squeezed off a shot. The gunman clutched his chest and crumpled. The other robber had dropped the money bag and had his gun out.

Malone felt the sickening impact of the slug in his belly and the more sickening impact as it blasted out of his back. He felt cold air prickle wetly on a wound that must have been six inches in diameter.

Vomit rose in his throat, but he swallowed it and raised the .38 once more. The gunman turned half around and clutched at the bars on the cashier's cage for support. The .38 barked again, and he let go and slid to the floor.

Malone was still conscious on the way to the hospital. "That was a brave thing you did, sir," the intern told him.

Malone winked. "Nothing any red-blooded boy with two good hands couldn't."

"I don't know about that, sir," the intern said blankly. Abruptly he became aware of the empty sleeve, and the juke dawned on him. "Two good hands! Yes, sir, that's pretty good." He began to laugh. Sandy began to laugh with him. He died laughing. ***

BURIED ALIVE

continued from page 15

to scatter, and Hirata and the girls became alarmed for the first time. Hirata ran for the elevator cage. The girls jumped in behind him, and Hirata worked the ropes. They began to drop, leaving Trumbull behind to the strange bomb on the parachute. He lunged and landed in the cage with Hirata and the girls, just as it dropped into the safety of the shaft.

They thumped onto the bottom and sat in dim light. Some seconds went by, then a bright flash of white light flooded the shaft, followed by such a violent trembling of the earth that everything became multi-imaged. Trumbull heard rocks breaking loose at the surface, and dirt and timbers crashing down on them. He stumbled out of the elevator cage and into the bunker. Hirata and the girls followed. At their heels Trumbull saw the elevator car crushed, then watched sickly as the elevator shaft collapsed into itself, filling the bunker with debris.

The trembling and caving in slowed from rumbling to occasional crashes of lone rock or timber to silence. Trumbull stared into the darkness, trying to make out shapes, making out only the panting of the others.

And finally, being the first able to speak, he said, "That must have been one hell of a bomb."

(It was. The first atom bomb used in the history of warfare, dropped that August day at 8:15 A.M. on Hiroshima from the bomber Enola Gay out of Tinian. Three days later, August 9, the second atomic bomb was dumped on Nagasaki. Japan surrendered on September 2. But of course, neither Trumbull nor the others knew anything of this—Editor.)

A half-hour later, Trumbull saw by his watch that all five of them had been sitting motionlessly. He stared in the direction of the cave-in, looking for lights that would mean rescuers were coming through to them.

After an hour, Trumbull was pretty sure this would not be so. Any bomb that could flash a bright white light down to the bottom of a 1550-foot shaft was one hell of an explosive, something special, something he'd never heard of.

The others shouted at each other. Trumbull couldn't understand their Japanese, but Toshiko put their scared jabberings into English. "What was it? You are fly-boy. What was it?"

"I don't know."

"Do you think there will be rescuing?"

"Don't know that, either. It must have wrecked everything upstairs. Who saw us go down? Maybe they'll think nobody's down here. Nobody's going to dig 150 feet to rescue nobody. What does Mighty Mouse think?"

"Mighty Mouse?"

"Hirata. Hirata."

"Right now he thinks like a mouse. Nothing."

"Well, don't worry. Somebody's bound to

come," he said, more for himself than for anyone else. It was no time for worrying about dying. Staying alive was more important.

"I'm going to look around," Trumbull said. "Maybe there's another way out. Do you know?"

"No. The others do perhaps." She lapsed into Japanese, then back out again. "No. Hirata says no other way out."

He struck a match and saw the three girls and the lieutenant squatting on their heels as Orientals do when idle. They glowered at him.

"Goddammit, don't go judge and jury on me," Trumbull said. "I didn't fly that Bee-Trenny-Nine. I'm right down here with you."

The match sizzled out. He struck another. "Wasting matches is foolish," Toshiko said, slumping over in despair. "A lantern hangs on a plank near the shaft. But why bother? There are only three rooms here, and only one way up. The best one can do is simply pick one of the rooms to die in. I do not even feel like giving you peeks at my goodies."

"Shut up," Trumbull said. "There might be a hole big enough to drive a truck through, too."

The lantern flooded the room with light and he saw just how bad the cave-in really was. Eight by eight timbers, bathtub-size boulders and concrete lumps, dirt and dust filled the side of the room where the shaft had been. The light flickered on concrete walls, floor and ceiling. A small passage, just big enough to crawl through led somewhere else through the wall opposite the shaft. He moved toward it.

Lieutenant Hirata blocked his way. He was breathing heavily, nostrils dilated. He had his rifle in hand, and was a man again, albeit a somewhat berserk one.

"Rowsy Brookrin Bee-Trenny-Nine."

"Don't start that again," Trumbull said, trying to make his voice sound strong enough to calm Hirata down.

Hirata touched the tip of the bayonet, pointed at Trumbull's middle and said, "Up you guts, Rowsy Brookrin Bee-Trenny-Nine."

"I'm not lousy, not from Brooklyn, not a B-29," Trumbull said quietly, not caring that Hirata didn't understand, only hoping firmness in his voice would take effect. He didn't want to fight again with Hirata.

BUT Hirata wanted to fight and finish what had been interrupted by the bomb. He telegraphed his attack by tensing his shoulder muscles for a thrust, so Trumbull said, "Oh, hell," and threw a flying block into Hirata's knees before he could get the rifle moving. I've got to cut him down, Trumbull realized. Once and for all I've got to cut him down else he'll cut me.

He pounced on Hirata's back, crushed his kidneys with a knee and tried to get a grip on Hirata's eye sockets and pull the head back to snap the neck.

Hirata yowled, drove his elbow again and again and again into Trumbull's middle, making Trumbull yell in answer.

As he and Hirata rolled over, he saw briefly that Toshiko and the Twins were pulling slats from the broken elevator cage. Toshiko ran toward him and Hirata, swinging a two-by-four in an arc over her head. The dear girl is coming to help me, he thought, and shouted, "Good girl! Belt him on the side of the head so he'll have

to go to the hospital. Drive it into the bastard's eyes."

Toshiko swung, at Trumbull's head, and sent a wave of shock-pain from crown to arches that knocked him cold immediately.

When he came around, he was surprised that he ever came around at all; it had been a murderous blow. He sat up, trying to compress the pains into his head into just one spot, and saw that Hirata was also just recovering. Toshiko had one of her feet on his chest, and was pressing the point of Hirata's own bayonet at his throat.

Helen and Mary, he noticed, brandished sticks, determined expressions on their faces. "What the hell did you knock us both out for." Helen didn't understand, but seemed to think the situation called for action. She poked Trumbull's chest. Mary of course, then had to prod him too.

"God, next, you'll probably want the vote, too."

Toshiko began chewing out Hirata with surprising violence, considering the subservience Japanese women usually showed for Japanese men. Hirata shouted back at her only once. She poked the bayonet point viciously at his windpipe and he caught the idea she wanted no interruptions. As she yelled louder, Helen and Mary became maniacal, waving their clubs and shouting. "Hai! Hai!" a violent expression roughly meaning yes, that's fine.

TRUE BOOKLENGTH ADVENTURE

Then she turned to Trumbull and said, "Do you understand, too?"

"Nope," he said. "Japanese isn't one of my many languages."

She repeated her harangue in hard-fought English: "In my recent intercourse just finished with Lieutenant Hirata, I tell him why you were both, er, clobbered? Clobbered. Because hostilities between you and he can bring only disaster to all. You behaved like unsavory little boys. We regret hitting, but it was for all's good. Please finalize hostilities. Workings to ascent again to top take importance. Lieutenant Hirata agrees to a, er, armistice. You?"

"You mean armistice. How do you know he'll keep his agreement?"

"He is a Japanese officer."

"Oh, that's a dandy recommendation," he said, "but OK. He doesn't mess with me, I don't mess with him."

"Mess?"

"That means fight sometimes. Oh, hell, forget it. Just tell him I agree, and my word's good too, I'm an American soldier."

Toshiko translated. The Twins ooh-ed. Lieutenant Hirata scowled. Thus began one of the most unusual survival ordeals in the annals of World War Two.

IN spite of Toshiko's statement that there was only one way out, Trumbull went looking for other exits.

She was right. Except for cracks and fractures the bomb had made in rock and concrete, there were no other openings to the surface. But even though they of-

ferred no way out, these cracks were life-savers, or at least life-sustainers.

Through them came air which was sucked back up through the debris in the elevator shaft, forming a sort of cross-ventilated air conditioning. And through one of them came a slow drip-drip of water, "Rain seepage, probably. I'll pray for nothing but cloudbursts," Trumbull said aloud and put a bucket under the dripping to collect their first water supply.

The bunkers were built on three different levels for some reason he couldn't understand, and were connected by crawl-space passages barely big enough to get through. He immediately named them Mid-Bunker, Low-Bunker, and High-Bunker, just to make things easy.

The Mid-Bunker offered the only bright side to the picture. It was a veritable warehouse of food and implements. Evidently the three had been built to be the deep storehouses of the sub-surface defenses, but had never been connected with them by other passages.

Mid-Bunker was stacked to the ceiling with sacks of rice and cases of crabmeat, squid, mussels and shark.

Among the implements were tools, cooking equipment, dynamite, a case of rifles, about 1000 gallons of kerosene, lanterns, and many other things Trumbull couldn't check out in this first quick inventory.

He crawled back to High-Bunker, and watching Hirata for signs of treaty busting, said to Toshiko, "Tell them the other things are all right. Plenty of everything. Water may be a problem, but not much. We can live for years down here if we have to."

TOSHIKO told them. Hirata spat and grunted something. "He says you are not only a lousy Brooklyn, but a stupid one, too," she said. "What is living at all, he says, if we have to do it down here? The rest of us are inclined to agree. Maybe you are stupid, although I have never thought this, not once since the army brought you to work for us."

"Et tu, Toshiko?" he said angrily. "Don't you be stupid. As long as we're alive, there's a chance of getting out."

She gestured hopelessly at the debris in the shaft. "Do you really think there will be digging?"

"Sure," he said. "They're probably getting ready to drill down to us right now, or if not, they will be in a couple of days."

"It seemed to be a large bomb explosive. Suppose those who could have seen us are dead? Suppose the hole in the earth's crust was covered and no one even knows of it?"

"With an attitude like that, no wonder Japan's losing the war," he said angrily. He didn't like such talk. (During this early period, Trumbull realized later, he was refusing to face the possibility that they wouldn't be rescued. This is a familiar psychic phenomenon reported by miners trapped in cave-ins. Regardless of all signs to the contrary, they are convinced that help is only moments away, and some believe so strongly that they imagine they even hear the digging—Editor.)

"But," he said suddenly, feeling flushed with inspiration, "in the meantime, I've got to keep you people from going mad. I'm going to form a sanity committee. Devil finds works for idle hands, and all that.

'Hip! Hip!' Oh, I know you don't understand, but I know what I'm doing, I'll keep you all so busy you won't have time to sit and worry."

"Sometimes you act stupid, but sometimes you seem as wonderful as Wallace Beery in your films. They exhibited Mr. Beery in English classes in my school."

She told the others they were going to be kept busy. Helen and Mary smiled. They liked being told what to do.

But Hirata spat again, and patted the rifle still on his lap, just to let Trumbull know that he was still a POW in Japan with a Japanese officer in charge.

"I just don't know about that," Trumbull said to no one in particular, and added, "Time to put the truce to its first test. Got to see how far I can push him."

He reached down, stared into Hirata's eyes, and took the rifle from his lap. Hirata drew his lips back to bare teeth, and held tightly to the gun, but as Trumbull pulled slowly, he let it go.

Trumbull worked the bolt rapidly, ejecting the shells onto the floor, and threw the empty gun back on Hirata's lap. Hirata examined it, suddenly screamed curses, and stood.

The girls drew back. Trumbull looked for some place to run. Hirata was going to bayonet him.

Then Hirata angrily slammed the gun down and crawled into Mid-Bunker to be alone. The girls sighed, but Toshiko said, "I fear he goes to kill himself. You not only made him lose face, you destroyed it."

"I don't think so," Trumbull said, fighting off his own shakes. "If he didn't have strength to stop me from taking the gun, I doubt if he has it for *hari-kari*." And he knew he was right. Hirata hadn't been schooled from birth in the military tradition of *Bushido*, which put honor and death above all. He was, Trumbull thought, probably the equivalent of a 90-day wonder.

As for himself, he felt great. For the moment, he was on top—the first American victory over the Japanese on their home soil. And now it was time for phase two.

"All right," he said. "Everybody into Mid-Bunker. We're not going to give suck-face a chance to brood in there. Besides, we need an inventory to see exactly what we've got in stock."

Yes, we need an inventory like a hot nail in the eye, Trumbull thought, but it'll keep them busy and sane till I decide what to do next—wait for the diggers or start tunnelling up to meet them.

They found Hirata squatting on a packing case, like a monkey on a podium, glowering at them.

"I suggest you have taken enough from him for one day," Toshiko said. "Do not disturb him, please. We will take the inventory."

Somebody had already thought of that. There was a clip-board with paper and ink and brush on a case near the crawl-space entrance. Trumbull began writing down items while the girls followed. The Twins counted the crabmeat. Helen, falling into the spirit of the thing, snapped to attention, saluted and said, "*Unsichi-dai, Teki-hokoku*."

"Crabmeat, 129 cases," Toshiko translated.

"*O desenjo-dai, Un Betsuchi-do*." Mary counted this time.

"Shark meat, 202 cases."

So it went, first Helen, then Mary, each saluting, then sounding off. Good sign, Trumbull thought. Very good sign. They're not so afraid any more.

Helen climbed into a huge box and rummaged around. "Odcasaka," she said.

"Tarpaulin," Toshiko said.

"O dunko," she said.

"What does that mean? Trumbull asked.

"On your head," Toshiko grinned, and suddenly Trumbull felt heavy canvas enveloping him.

"Hey," he laughed. "I'm no tent pole.

He fought his way loose, and stood panting and tousled.

"I'll show you on the head," he taunted, and threw the tarpaulin over the three of them, and tried to tie them up with a cord. They worked loose, and the tarpaulin fight once again turned against him. Helen kneeled behind him, Toshiko pushed. Mary sat on his head.



FIVE MINUTES AFTER THE BLAST the Japs were ready to kill Trumbull

They rolled him in it so that his arms were pinned at his side, then dumped him back in the case. "Toshiko," he yelled. "Get me the hell out of here."

Toshiko answered by climbing over the edge of the huge case and jumping in on top of him. "Oh, you are all tangled," she pouted. "Should I leave you so?"

"Goddammit," he said. "Hirata."

"No. I shouldn't. I should undo you? Yes. If I would like to get in with you, I should undo you."

She pulled the loose end of the tarpaulin. Trumbull punched and kicked in frenzy and stood up, expecting to see Hirata coming at him in his cocoon with a bayonet.

There was no need for the worry. The twins had him and his packing case podium both wrapped in another tarpaulin, and in his present mood of shock, Hirata seemed to be unwilling or unable to do anything about it. He simply was sitting and letting them tie him in knots.

Then the two of them charged across the floor and began tickling Trumbull. He fell, laughing, felt the Twins and Toshiko rolling him up again, but could do nothing

"The lieutenant wishes to engage in slapping contest," Toshiko explained to Trumbull.

about it. Toshiko threw herself on top to keep the tickling going, and both she and Trumbull were rolled up together. The Twins went off and opened some crabmeat and left them that way, belly to belly, face to face.

Trumbull suddenly kissed her several times, and felt her push her middle into his, and wanted very much to hold her, for his own comfort as well as hers, and couldn't because their arms were pinned at their sides and several folds of tarpaulin were in the way.

It took a half-hour to work loose. The Twins checked once in a while as they ate, but offered no assistance. By that time, Hirata was beginning to get loose also, and Trumbull now felt that it was not only too embarrassing to go on necking with Toshiko, but also too dangerous. He and Toshiko ate, and in a few minutes, Hirata came and joined them.

A BARKING dog woke Trumbull out of a sound sleep.

He rolled over and said, "For Chrissakes, somebody shut that mutt up." Then he sat bolt upright, shouting, "How did he get in here? How did he get in?"

The barking and shouting awoke the others; the girls sleepy and confused, Hirata showing the nervous signs of a man who'd been awakened in combat too many times by strange noises.

The five of them looked at the dog, a brown and white thing wearing a collar. He yipped, crouched low on his front paws, stuck his rear in the air and wagged his tail. Trumbull reached out for him. He danced away, then ran into the passage to Low-Bunker, barking back over his shoulder.

"Get him," Trumbull yelled. "He found a way in. Maybe he can get us out."

Dressed only in undershorts, Trumbull scampered through the passageway after him. Toshiko and the Twins followed, also neglecting to put their work shorts and blouses on.

Trumbull pounced on him, and the dog licked his face all the way back up to Top-Bunker. Trumbull looked among the spaces between fallen timbers and rocks to find the passageway the dog had come through and found it easily, between two timbers. The dog had urinated on them as he came out. Trumbull groaned when he saw it. He knew it was silly, but for a moment he'd hoped there was a big passage he'd missed, or else rescuers from above had reached them while they were asleep. But the dog's hole was barely big enough for Trumbull's doubled-up fist.

Trumbull told Toshiko to write a note in Japanese and English both saying five people were trapped below. He fastened the message to the dog's collar, then tied a long length of rope to the collar also and pushed him back into his hole. The mutt yelped and bit. He didn't want to go, and the others were looking at Trumbull like he was mad.

"We chase the dog back up," Trumbull explained excitedly. The note tells everyone we're buried. The rope holds the dog in the spot *where*." He pushed the dog in

again, and again the animal backed out.

"Goddammit. We're dying down here and you want to play. Go." He slapped him across the nose. The dog snapped back. Trumbull kicked him and he belled across the floor whimpering.

"Get back up the crevice, you sonofabitching little alley hound," Trumbull yelled. "I'll buy you steaks and get you girl dogs if you do, but if you don't, I'll take you apart." He shoved the dog between the timbers again, and this time he was happy to go.

Trumbull played out the rope. The others watched him silently. The rope disappeared into the hole after him like a palsied snake, moving in uneven jerks. Trumbull guessed about 70 feet had gone out when the rope pulled taut and felt as though there was a fish wiggling on the end. Then it stopped, and the line went slack. Trumbull pulled. No resistance. He pulled steadily, and the rope came all the way back, bringing the dog collar with it, note still attached.

"He wiggled loose," Trumbull said. "He wiggled loose." He wanted to weep.

"That is obvious," Toshiko said.

Trumbull shouted into the urine-smelling hole. "HEY! HEY! We're down here!" This triggered off the others, including the taciturn Hirata, and they all pressed against the hole shouting and yelling in panic.

Trumbull stood up and peeled them away from the opening one by one, and when they were quiet again, said, "Tell them to save it, Toshiko. It's no good. We'll think of something else."

Later that afternoon (August 9, 1945, the day Nagasaki was A-bombed Trumbull kept track of days by counting hours passing on his watch—Editor) Toshiko asked, "When can we bathe our bodies? Bathing is vital to feminine hygiene."

"Down here?" Trumbull said.

She blushed. "Even down here feminine hygiene is vital."

"Sorry," he said. "We can't afford the water. What we don't drink, we must store."

"Oh. This is like TS."

"No, not like TS," he said. "It is TS."

Toshiko told the others. Helen scowled and refused to look at him, pouting. Mary also scowled, also refused to look, also pouted.

It exasperated Trumbull, made him feel a little guilty, and it showed. He knew it did.

And, for the first time since they'd been there, Hirata found this first rift something to smile about. He threw Trumbull a mock salute and said, "*Ichio desa ku*, Brookrin," which meant, "Lots of luck, Brooklyn," or very nearly so but very sarcastically.

"You're waiting for me, you bastard," he said. "Well, like they say, don't hold your breath till you get your chance to knock me over." Still, he felt very much alone and scared once again at the way everyone, even Toshiko, had turned on him because of this refusal.

Yet, he realized with some pride, they had accepted his decision on the water, even though they didn't like it. He was still in command.

But he later realized that hanging onto command would be a difficult thing. Hirata

was beginning to feel stronger and stronger, and was sniping more viciously at Trumbull. It annoyed Trumbull, but in a way he was glad Hirata was doing it this way. It meant that for some reasons of his own, Hirata had accepted the concept that only the ablest could command in their strange underground society. Actually, had he simply taken the ammo chest key sometime while Trumbull slept, loaded a rifle, and proclaimed himself boss, the girls would have accepted it, he knew. Trumbull was still the stranger in town, no matter how things had gone after the cave-in.

Apropos of Hirata's sniping Toshiko came to him sometime later as he sat checking the inventory, and said, "Lieutenant Hirata sends his greetings, and wants to suggest something to relieve fear, monotony and boredom while we wait for the diggers you say are coming."

She sounded sarcastic. Trumbull caught it. "Does he know? What's on Lieutenant Hirata's mind?" He looked at the man. He was squatting on his heels, rocking back and forth, smiling at Trumbull.

"He suggests that there be an entertainment committee, as part of the sanity committee, of course."

"Of course. He's so polite."

"And for the first entertainment, he suggests something for immediately after we eat this evening," she said.

"What's that?"

"That there be a slapping fight between you and him. Helen and Mary would like that."

"How about you? Would you like it? I've got the feeling the Twins are getting a big boot out of pitting Hirata and me against each other, that this whole business is a big ball to them. How about you?"

"Not I. I think you are the wiser, but you must understand their position. Lieutenant Hirata is still a Japanese man, and they are still Japanese women. And now that they are put out with you about the bathing, it is easier to sympathize with him than it is to try to understand your decision."

"But would you back me up against the others?" He wanted desperately to have an ally in the power struggle shaping up.

"What wishes of yours should I communicate to Lieutenant Hirata?" she said, avoiding an answer.

"Tell him his entertainment committee idea is an excellent one, and that I'll meet him for slapping right after we eat tonight. I hope you bastards enjoy it. I've seen women like you ringside at the wrestling matches in LA."

AS he ate, he imagined he knew how Joe Louis felt before the Schmeling fight. He was tense, devoid of appetite. All three girls were obviously excited about the slapping, and he imagined they were betting against him in Hirata's favor. Hirata, on the other hand, sat glutting himself calmly, not disturbed.

When the *hibachi* stoves were put out and the remains of the meal cleared, Hirata made a big loop of rope six feet in diameter and arranged it on the floor. The ring.

The Twins climbed up and sat cross-

"Will be fair fight. You use hands, Lieutenant Hirata uses soft wood end of rifle"

legged on a packing case. Toshiko explained the rules. "You and Lieutenant Hirata squat on heels facing each other. As challenger, Lieutenant Hirata allows you the first slap. Use right hand. Keep left hand behind back at all times."

"That's fine," Trumbull said, "but what's the point? How do you win?"

"It is a game of control, often played by Japanese officers. The first to lose his temper and strike with closed fist loses the contest. Also, he loses face," she said, then added, "Mary and Helen feel it would be difficult to obey a man who was weak in self-control."

"I get it. Lose the match, lose my job. I'm going to spank their bare behinds when I get through here. With open hand, of course."

Toshiko began to chuckle. "We, Helen.



"GRAB A SHOVEL," Sgt. Trumbull said. "We may be down here for a while"

Mary, and myself, are also going to play a game," she said. "Helen suggested it. I think it is a fine A Number One idea."

"What's that?"

"Draw straws to, how you say, love it up with the winner. We have put up blankets in Top-Bunker for private room. Very nice," she said, winking at him. "Try very hard to win. As senior Iwasaki lady here, I am in charge of the straws."

"You mean you can actually think about sex down here? Being buried like this doesn't kill it for you?"

"No. You say there will be digging, so there is no need for fear, only patience in for a long wait, which will be easier to bear with loving up," she said, then added soberly, "And if there is no digging and we are to perish here, it would be wasteful not to have used our bodies before we are going to die."

"Your philosophy goes over big among the Viennese psychiatrists, I think."

Hirata was sitting cross-legged in the ring, bare-chested, flexing his arm and chest muscles.

Suck-face could probably knock me across the room with those muscles, even without making a fist, Trumbull thought, as he took his first slap at Hirata's cheek.

And that was just what Hirata did.

He brought his huge hand around in a

vicious sidearm swing. It looked like a club, and when it hit, Trumbull's jaw felt like it was coming unhinged. Trumbull rocked under the blow, rolled out of the ring and slammed into the packing case the girls used as bleacher seats, jarring his head viciously against the wood.

As he sat rubbing the jaw, Toshiko leaned over. "One more thing. Three times out of the circle also means you lose. I suggest some judicious dodging."

Trumbull's turn again. He tried Hirata's tactic. He swung a violent side-arm, saw Hirata duck under at the last moment, then felt a barrage of light stinging slaps on both sides of his face. Trumbull regained balance and saw a grinning, confident Hirata facing him. This is his game, Trumbull thought. He knows it like he knows bayoneting bellies. How the hell do I beat him?

Trumbull desperately tried a feint with his left hand, then his right, and somehow managed to surprise Hirata this way, for when he brought up the left full force again, Hirata was looking the other way. As did Trumbull, he slammed against the packing case.

The gallery hussah-ed.

Hirata was so angry when he re-seated himself that he wasn't thinking, and fell for the same trick again, and for the second time found himself looking up the panties of the three cheering girls sitting on the box.

He came back cooler, and when he took his turn, he covered Trumbull with slaps and finger jabblings that struck so many places, Trumbull could only cover up and take them. When Hirata stopped, he was panting and dizzy and he knew the end was very near.

Hirata hauled back for the finishing stroke, and Trumbull saw another vicious side-arm slap coming. He didn't duck; he just couldn't help himself from collapsing, and as he fell he thought the fight was over, with Hirata the winner. But Hirata's own momentum had carried him outside the circle without Trumbull even getting a hand on him.

Trumbull stood, wildly relieved that it was over, overjoyed that he had managed to beat Hirata, and clasped his hands overhead like a boxer. The Twins cheered and Toshiko was busily preparing the straws with a crafty look on her face. She winked at him.

Just as she was holding the fixed straws out to the others, Hirata decided he was going to finish the fight, even though loser, and he jumped on Trumbull's back, screaming curses, beating his fists into Trumbull's face and neck. They crashed into the packing case bleachers and Trumbull felt himself being squashed under a rain of splintered boards and girls.

He thrashed himself loose and slammed Hirata across the nose with a plank. Hirata dropped to his knees, hands over his face trying to stop the blood leaking from his nose. Trumbull cocked his fist to finish him off. Hirata waved it off weakly with a bloody hand.

"Enough. He's had enough," Toshiko said, "and Helen has drawn the short straw."

The Twins were sitting on the splintered wood, Helen grinning and holding the straw up for Mary to see.

"Well, it was a fair drawing."

"Was not," Toshiko snapped. "Helen picked at the same time the box broke. I was confused, but she would not give it back for another proper drawing. She is a cheat. But then you can never trust the girls of Honshu." She was angry.

Helen pulled him through the passageway to Top-Bunker, and in a cubicle the girls had made out of blankets and boxes, she began squealing and tugging at the pants of her prize.

Trumbull pushed her away. "Not this time, Helen," he said. "I hurt too much, and I'm just too much confused by what we're all doing down here. Just leave me doze awhile." He flopped on the mound of blankets and tried to ignore her. The last incident had jarred him. He felt he'd lost all touch with reality, and tried to think whether he would participate in such creepy games if they weren't buried alive. It was mad, and he wondered if it wasn't necessary to do mad things to keep from going insane. He wanted an answer, couldn't get one, settled for sleep instead. He dozed off with Helen sitting cross-legged and cursing him. Probably for a cheat, he guessed. The only thing he was happy about was Hirata.

Once again he'd beaten the man.

When he awoke, he was chilly, and he realized he was naked. Helen had removed his clothes while he slept.

They were piled at his feet, all tied together in an impossible mess of knots.

IN THE next few days, new problems unique to bunker living demanded his attention. One was sanitation: how to dispose of human wastes in a world where floors, ceilings and walls were all concrete and stone.

Trumbull solved it this way: Once a day the excrement from the common latrine bucket was poured into a two-inch wide crack in the floor of low bunker and flushed down with a couple of quarts of the precious water supply. It never overflowed. Trumbull supposed that a layer of porous soil below was the answer.

It was about six at night on either August 20 or 21, as nearly as he could figure by keeping count of the hours that had passed, that the first rat showed up. It scampered out from the debris in the shaft and sat cautiously at the edge of the circle of light from a lantern kept burning in High-Bunker. The eyes were bright points.

"Hello, rat," Trumbull said. Since the dog, the arrival of other living things no longer surprised him.

Another rat came out of the debris and joined the first. "Get a third one," Trumbull said, "and I'll get a carving knife and teach you a swell song I know. You're not blind, but I don't think that makes a difference."

Like the genie from the lamp, the third one showed up.

Then there was a fourth, fifth, tenth, 20th, 100th, and Trumbull lost count. All he knew was that the bunker was suddenly filling up with rats, spilling from the shaft-

way so rapidly that the newcomers pushed the earlier arrivals forward into the light. And, as their number increased, so did their courage. They surged forward, looking like a pool of water spreading across the floor, and Trumbull's first amusement became ice-cold fear.

"Get back," he screamed. "GET OUT OF HERE!" He kicked. The lead rats scampered back, but the others flowed in around their flank. Their claws made a scratching that filled the bunker.

Toshiko, the Twins, and Hirata scrambled up through the crawl-space. Toshiko said "Jesus-Mary-Joseph-Buddha," when she saw the rats. Helen simply screamed, and, of course, Mary followed. Hirata had his bayonet, and backed against the wall, swinging it wildly, although there wasn't a rat within six feet of him.

Toshiko cringed beside him, her eyes wide.

"They smelled us and have come to eat," she yelled. "I know it. No food for them above." (Toshiko's guess was a good one. After the bombing, rats were reported traveling in packs over the barren city, looking for food, attacking anything in their mad hunger—Editor.)

Trumbull kicked the pack's nearest scout. It sailed a few feet and landed among the rest, crippled. The others turned on him, tearing fur and flesh. The rat squeaked, then disappeared into many mouths, all in a few seconds.

Hirata kicked and stabbed and fed his dead rats to the pack. Then Trumbull saw him step backwards onto a dead one and fall to hands and knees. The pack ran up his arms and legs and clustered on his back. Several ran down his collar and their shapes humped up his shirt as they sank teeth into his back. One on his neck leaned over to bite his ear, slipped, and hung onto the lobe with his teeth like a pendulous earring.

Hirata scythed the others, then bellowed and rolled over and over on the floor to get them off.

"Hand me the lantern," Trumbull shouted. "The lantern!"

She all but threw it at him. He in turn heaved it 20 feet into the middle of the pack. It exploded with a flash and a whoompf, and the burning kerosene spread out under their bellies. The smoke rolled back over Trumbull and the others, and he smelled the acrid soot mixed with stinks of burning hair and skin.

The animals ran everywhere, into the walls, over each other, biting at anything in the way and, in spite of the flames, stopping to eat each other.

The flames began to die, and in the flickering orange light that cast weird shadows, Trumbull saw some were still alive. "Spread out and we'll rush them," he told Toshiko, who shoved the girls into line. "Move across the floor in a quick rush and kill every one you see."

He picked up a stick and clubbed and kicked, feeling his skin creek with goose-pimples as the soft things squealed like babies and died under his feet and his club. Toshiko, and even Hirata who managed to join the attack, were whacking and kicking beside him. They reached the wall, panting. Trumbull went back over the floor in the dying light, finished off the ones still

kicking, and said, "Burial party. Tell the others, Toshiko, that we've got to get rid of them. If they putrefy, we'll catch some wild diseases."

"How can you bury them down here? Only concrete and stone."

"I'll show you. Get a big crate and have the others bring some cement bags. I hate to use our water supply, but bring that too."

Then, as Trumbull mixed a batch of grout in the crate, the others picked up the dead on shovels and dropped them in and pushed them under. Two days later, when the black hardened, only one or two tails were showing, and the only signs of the battle were the crate filled with cement, and soot marks on the floor and ceiling.

The girls liberally painted both Trumbull's and Hirata's rat bites with iodine, and after sweating out three more 24-hour periods, Trumbull said, "I guess we were lucky. No infection, no rabies, no nothing." Except for one bite on Hirata's buttocks that was draining nicely, they were both healed.

THE rats, and the dog before them, proved one thing, as far as Trumbull was concerned.

Nobody was tunnelling down to rescue them, and it looked like nobody intended to.

If there were any preparations being made for rescuing them at all, there would have been no free passage for animals.

The others knew it too, Trumbull realized, because things began to happen which to him meant their situation was worsening.

For one, Helen and Mary announced they were going to a dance in Low-Bunker. Trumbull said, "Fine. A little game will do them good. Ask them to let us know if it's a good one. Maybe we'll come too."

A little later, Trumbull heard them singing in broken English "*Don sit unerra ap-pur tree*," followed by attempts to imitate trumpets and saxophones for the instrumental part. There were several other songs. Then the music stopped. It was quiet for a long while, and Trumbull finally said, "Maybe there was a shortage of men at the dance. I'll go look."

Trumbull looked in, and turned back quickly. There was no shortage of men bothering them, for they had each other. They were dancing, locked tight in each other's arms, Mary panting like a teen-age kid, Helen pawing her as a man would.

He mentioned it to Toshiko. "Where have *your* eyes been?" she asked. "It has been going on for several days now. I think it is shocking. You?"

"No, not really, but what's it about? Only a few days ago, Helen had the hots for me."

"Hots?"

"You know. She wanted me after the slapping match."

"Ahh, but she didn't get you. Where *have* your eyes been? They are bored, Trumbull, very bored. And getting hopeless."

As a result, Trumbull tried that night to organize a meeting of the sanity committee. "I think it would be good to put on a show," he told Toshiko. "Everybody does something he or she can do best. I think it'll give us a lift, take our mind off things."

Toshiko translated. Hirata's reaction to

the announcement startled everyone. He suddenly jumped to his feet and pulled his bayonet out of its sheath. For a moment, Trumbull thought he was going berserk and would attack him, then saw this wasn't so.

Hirata broke into a wild song composed of three or four notes, and started doing a saber dance and barking like a Cossack.

Mary was taken by this, and jumped out into the center and did squat kicks with him, barking "Hey, Hey, Hey," like him.

Helen, her hair pulled back and blouse collar turned up in masculine ways, jumped to her feet and swaggered slowly toward her, stood over her a second, then rabbit-punched her on the back of the neck.

"Good Christ, what a loony bin," Trumbull said and stood to stop the show. Before he could do anything, however, man-nish Helen yanked Mary's blouse off forcibly, whacked the girl again, pulled off her loose cotton panties, and dove into the passage-way to Mid-Bunker with them.

Mary sat naked for a moment, then burst into tears and kicked her feet in temper.

"It would be nice," Toshiko said calmly, "if someone would bring back her clothing."

"Yes, I think it would," Trumbull said.

"And belt that babe in the jaw, too." He dove into the crawl-space and followed. In Mid-Bunker, there was no Helen. He looked into High-Bunker quickly, and she wasn't there. Back in Mid-Bunker again, he scanned the cases and rice bags. Toshiko, Mary covering breasts with hands, and panting Hirata crawled in with him. "We shall help you," Toshiko said. "Such disgraceful behavior."

"Prude," Trumbull said.

He heard Helen giggle from somewhere near the ceiling. Trumbull leaped up the pyramid of cases, and just as he reached the top, Helen leaned over and dumped a painful of dry rice on his head. It stunned him, and he almost lost balance. Helen scampered down the other side, waving Mary's clothes over her head. He watched her duck behind a pile of rice and cement bags, shouted, "There. She's over there," and thought he was lucky that it was only rice she'd dumped on him. She could have used the latrine bucket.

Mary ran after her Twin. Toshiko and Hirata, jumping like a dervish and seem-



"NO GAMES," Trumbull yelled at the dog, "you're our one escape hope"

ing quite mad, followed. Trumbull jumped down to join them. Helen ran across his path suddenly and ducked between two cases, giving him a Bronx cheer.

"Got you," Trumbull shouted, dived in after her, grabbed her body, pulled her back into the light, and found he had grabbed Hirata instead. Hirata suddenly grabbed Trumbull around the waist and waltzed him around in a clumsy Irish jig or some such thing.

Helen ran by them and walloped Hirata with Mary's skivvies. Hirata feigned anger, churned his legs up and down like a vaudeville clown trying to run, and finally shot off into the darkness between the cases, waving his bayonet.

TOSHIKO then ran into the light and out again, being chased herself this time, but by Mary wielding a plank.

He heard a laugh. Helen once again, sitting back up near the ceiling on the pyramid of cases, breaking up at the sight of everyone running around after nothing in particular, apparently having forgotten the original mission.

Trumbull realized the foolishness he was engaged in, and stopped. "Good God," he said to no one in particular, "everybody's section right but me."

He stopped the nightmare by first grabbing Toshiko as she ran by and telling her to sit still. Then he grabbed Mary, took away her club and had Toshiko sit on her.

He waited for Hirata, and didn't bother reasoning with him at all. As he ran by, still swinging his bayonet, Trumbull simply poked his fist out of the shadows and knocked him cold.

After this, he climbed up the pyramid again. Helen struggled briefly, but Trumbull grabbed her by one ankle and marched down, dragging her behind with her butt bouncing from case to case. He gave Mary her clothing, and said, "Hellzapoppin's over for the night. No more. Hear? No more. Somebody'll get hurt."

No one moved. Trumbull had checked the momentum of the insane chase, and no one had the energy to put it in gear again, especially Hirata who sat up thoroughly sobered, and glaring at Trumbull with more hate on his face than ever.

It was from these two incidents then—the Twins' lesbian bit, and frantic hide-and-seek game—that Trumbull realized they were all at the end of the rope. Sanity and rational thinking were giving out fast, and since no one was coming to rescue them before it did, there was only one thing to do.

"Tell them this, Toshiko," he said. "We're not waiting around any longer for someone to come and rescue us. Twelve hours from now, we start tunneling our way out of here."

The announcement brought minor bedlam again. "Hirata says you are out of your mind thinking you can go through concrete and rock. The Twins are in agreement, and fear you'll only bring more debris down on their heads. They will not assist you without reassurances. What do you know about tunnels?"

"Nothing. I majored in English in college, not mining engineering. But with a little luck, maybe I can figure it out."

Toshiko addressed them again, and

though she seemed to satisfy them, no one jumped for joy.

"What's going on now?" Trumbull asked.

"I told them you once lived in the Florida Everglades and had a great deal of experience in the coal mines there. This satisfied them, but only a little bit. Helen stated that if you show one sign of incompetence, just one sign, she will personally punish you cruelly."

"She not only looks like a man; now she talks like one, too. How do you feel about it?"

"Very skeptical, but how do you say it, between the devil and the frying pan?"

"No, but I know what you mean."

"We might as well die trying, I suppose, as simply wait and die. Do you think you can do it?" she said.

"As I said, I don't know. Will you help me manage the others?"

"Yes," she said brushing absently at the cotton tunic. "for a little while, at least."

"You don't sound as though you have hope."

"I don't," she said.

When he tried to sleep later on, Trumbull was troubled, not about the tunnelling so much as he was about the turn things had taken with the girls and Hirata. They were frightened of Trumbull's project among other things, and Trumbull knew that if Hirata were clever, he could work this fear to re-capture leadership of the bunker kingdom. Hirata knew as well as he did that the man who held the girls' allegiance also held the balance of power.

And, as a sign of how things were going, the Twins were sleeping close to Hirata for the first time since the entombment.

FORTUNATELY, the first few days went well.

Trumbull decided to start in High-Bunker, the closest to the surface, and he spent the first day building scaffolding so he could work close to the ceiling.

"Helen asked me to tell you she is both pleased and impressed," Toshiko said just before quitting time.

"Up her cute little button nose," Trumbull answered, but was happy that she slept closer to himself than Hirata that night.

The second day he tackled the cement ceiling. He inscribed a circle at the spot the shaft would begin, and began hammering inside it with a pickaxe, and there wasn't much for anyone else to do until he rammed it through.

He purposely kept the girls busy, especially the disgruntled Twins. He kept them chasing back and forth for different pickaxes, tools he didn't need, extra nails for the scaffolding, etc.

At quitting time, he had gone barely a quarter inch, but once again Helen said she was impressed. Toshiko too seemed more confident in him, and Hirata was looking gloomy again. He could see his palace revolution slowly dying.

When he climbed down the third day he was covered with a mud of sweat and concrete dust, but he had pickaxed through another small but measurable quantity of the ceiling. Toshiko grinned and said, "Come. Surprise."

In Low-Bunker, she and the Twins had built something of their own: a shower stall of canvas on sticks, with an overhead can

that could be tilted by a cord to spill water on the bather's head. Soap and towels made of blanket pieces were outside it on the floor.

"We would like to show you some appreciation Japanese girl style for all the good works you have made," she said, and began undoing his dirty jacket and shirt. "We shall be your geishas and bathe you."

"Helen too?" he asked.

Toshiko blushed. "Do not tease about her. She is doing it. That is enough to know."

Trumbull waved them away, and slowly re-buttoned his shirt. "Lord," he sighed. "I'd spend an extra week of time here just for a shower right now, but I made the no-bathing rule, remember, so it wouldn't be fair if I broke it. No, girls. Thanks, but I'll sweat out with the rest of you. You'll all be dirt men like men when we get going and there'll be no bathing then, either."

"Please sit," Toshiko said. Mary was filling the can above.

"I said no bathing with the drinking water," Trumbull snapped.

"You have no jurisdiction over this water," Toshiko said. "This is our *own* drinking water. Once you give us our ration, we can do anything we want with it. We chose to save most of it so you could bathe. We wanted to appreciate for all the good works you have done us."

"Holy Joe," Trumbull said, feeling his throat choke up. "I know what this means, and I really appreciate it." He gathered their heads in one armful and kissed them. They broke loose giggling, pushed him to the floor, stripped him of his pants and shoes, and tilted some water on him.

They lunged at him, elbowing each other to get at his body and scrub up a lather. They rubbed and kissed his shoulder-blades, his back, and his neck. Toshiko made a great point of nibbling his earlobes.

"You're wild, wild, wild," he shouted, feeling great as the dirt washed away. He was just beginning to pull Toshiko and Helen under with him when he heard Hirata bellow in rage outside the shower stall. The horseplay stopped.

Hirata's bayonet point pierced the canvas, and like a long talon, slit it down to the floor. Hirata jumped through the opening, glaring wildly.

Trumbull stood, brushing the suds from his arms. "Next time knock, goddammit," he said. "Now get the hell out."

Hirata swung the blade at his belly. In leaping back, Trumbull fell against the canvas and the canvas stall went over, tangling all five of them in cloth and sticks, and drenching them with water.

Hirata lost his bayonet in the tussle. He scrambled around the floor on hands and knees looking for it, and the Twins walloped his backside with shower stall slats. He yelped, tried to get up, fell down again when they hit him on the head. He began to crawl away. The Twins whacked him along, belting his head every time he tried to stand and run. They chased him into the crawl-space to Mid-Bunker and then leaned against the wall and laughed.

Trumbull grinned. "What got into Hirata, anyway?" he asked Toshiko. "Who knows," she shrugged. "Possibly he could not stand seeing you receive such attention. Possibly he is just insane. Whatever is wrong with him is wrong with all of us at times. I pray

Helen won Trumbull in the "Pick a Man" Contest and immediately put out the light.

your tunnel works. Things are only getting worse."

"Helen and Mary were all for me this time. That's good to see."

"Do not be deceived. They are for you now, this moment. Five minutes from now they may be for Babe Ruth. Who knows what any of us will do?"

She was right, as he learned several days later.

The chopping was tedious, and slower than he'd anticipated. The hole was still less than two inches into the ceiling. The Twins' previous enthusiasm was waning, and so was his own. There was also Hirata to consider. The lieutenant would be ready to make capital of any failure, no matter how small.

He threw down the pickaxe. "This stinks," he said. "I'm going to try a small dynamite."

Toshiko paled. "In this small space? What will it do to the roof? Have you ever used dynamite?"

"No, I haven't used it," Trumbull said. "But we won't tell anyone, will we?"

TRUMBULL went into the dynamite locker and took out one stick, and some fuse. When the others saw him come back into High-Bunker with it, they too paled, and jabbered heatedly to Toshiko.

"They want to know what you're up to. They have great fear," she said.

"Goddammit, tell them about the coal mines in the Everglades again. And don't bother me. I'm not going to blow the whole place up, just loosen it a little."

He trimmed off a third of the stick, thinking, better to use too little than too much. He held the short piece up for the others to see and pointed at the ceiling to show them it was all he was going to use. This pacified them.

He wasn't sure of how to put in the fuse, but he knew he couldn't hesitate else they would become apprehensive again, so he acted like he knew what he was doing and stuck the fuse into the open end of the piece he'd cut and twisted the cardboard casing around it. It looked like a stubby fire-cracker.

He fastened it to the ceiling with electrician's tape, and motioned them out of the bunker into the one below. He struck a match to the fuse, and then blinked in surprise as the fire shot a quarter of the way to the charge before he even had time to turn around.

"Holy hell, not so fast," he said, and spun around and made a running dive into the crawl-space. It seemed that he'd barely started to crawl through when he felt like someone had walloped him a crippling blow at the base of his spine, heard a bang that pierced his ears, and was blown through the passage like a charge through a gun.

He sailed several feet into the room before he hit the floor, and he felt elbows and knees being ground down to bone, and a terrible pain in his ears before he blacked out. (As nearly as can be determined, this was Trumbull's error: There is fast-burning fuse and slow-burning fuse. The fuse Trumbull had was probably a fast one, which would account for the rapid burning, but

because of inexperience, he had no way of knowing this—Editor.)

When he came to, he woke up in a stockade of legs. The others were standing around him, all looking very angry. The Twins both had bandages and cotton wool pressed against their ears, and Mary's left one was bloody, indicating eardrum damage.

"I told you to be careful," Toshiko said. "Injuring us was bad enough, but when you almost killed yourself, also, they realized you know nothing about dynamite, and probably were never even in the coal mines in the Everglades, either."

"I'm sorry," he said. "Tell them I'm just a little out of practice. I'll do better next time."

"There will be no next time. Hirata has them convinced that you did it on purpose to kill us all."

"Can't you do anything with them?"

She shook her head. "I do not think I would care to try. You are well-meaning, but your knowledge is limited. In fact, I too am slightly disappointed, although I understand."

Trumbull stood, weaved groggily. "Well, then, everybody back to work," he said. Hirata cocked his fist and slammed it into Trumbull's mouth, and he went down, almost unconscious for the second time that day. Trumbull sat up, blinking. Hirata yelled to the Twins, something Trumbull couldn't understand, but he got the meaning when the Twins picked up wooden slats and started walloping his backside as viciously as they'd walloped Hirata's backside a few days earlier. They didn't stop until Helen's slat broke.

"I guess I've been impeached," Trumbull said to Toshiko, hurting in more places than he'd ever hurt in his life, and too dizzy to get up and smash their heads. "The slat treatment seems to be the way of letting people know it around here."

Trumbull's misjudgment of the blast had been all Hirata needed to make his revolution against Trumbull succeed. He had the Twins convinced he was a liar, unfit to lead them, and perhaps a mass murderer to boot. And without the Twins to back her up, Toshiko had no other choice but to follow.

If Trumbull still had doubts as to the totality of the revolt, the thing Hirata did next removed them.

He barked at Helen. The girl brought him his lieutenant's blouse and his hat, and helped him into them.

He then yelled at Toshiko. She bent, dug her hand into Trumbull's pocket. "I have to open the ammunition locker for him," she said. She brought him back a clip of shells and his rifle, which he hadn't touched for days.

Hirata fixed the bayonet to it, then slowly slid the clip into place, grinning evilly.

"Okay, suck-face, so you've got your soldier suit and your shootin' irons loaded again, and that makes you a big man. Up your nose. You don't understand, but I think you get the message."

Hirata frowned. He shouted something for Trumbull's benefit, and Toshiko, who seemed genuinely frightened of him for

once, interpreted. "He says," she repeated in English, "that because you pulled him from the rats, he honors earlier agreement not to kill you. It is the only reason, however. You are still son-of-a-bitch rowdy Brookrin POW, and things will be the same as they were again before." She paused. "I'm sorry, I told you how things could change. There's nothing I can do."

"Well tell him if he can do it, watch out, so can I. Tell him I'll be looking to knock him on his rear like I did before, and if he isn't careful, I'll take his bullets away again when he isn't looking."

"I don't think I care to tell him that," she said, then, "He wants you to go back to work again right away."

"Good. Do I get help?"

"No."

"Can I try the dynamite again?"

Toshiko asked about this, and the question evidently scared them all, because Hirata and the Twins shook their heads angrily. "He says definitely no," Toshiko said. "I must say I agree."

"Then tell him I can't do it, not with pickaxes alone."



"WE WRAP YOU," the girls giggled, "then 'love game' is much easier"

She spoke again, and Hirata smiled, which didn't seem like the right thing. "What did you tell him?" Trumbull asked.

"That you would be delighted to try." Trumbull started to protest. She pushed a finger against his lips. "This is no time to argue with him. As you often told me, just do it."

When he crawled back up to Top-Bunker, with Helen in charge with Hirata's rifle, Trumbull looked up at the ceiling anxiously to see how much of a hole he'd blown.

The dynamite hadn't even cracked it. . . . Just before it was time to work again, Trumbull saw Toshiko tacking up a notice in Japanese on one of the beams in Mid-Bunker.

"What the hell is that?" he asked.

"An announcement of changes in administration," she answered. "One, there is a new system of water rationing. The persons doing most work get the biggest share. Also there will be reductions in rations every so often for baths. Two, the same goes for the food—most food for most work. Three, even though we are under-

"See, it is already dark," she giggled, pulling him behind a large packing case

ground, Helen, Mary and myself are still members of *Iwasaki*, the women's army group, and we are still obligated to keep up our training. For two hours daily from now on, there will be drill and rifle practice with the weapons we found here. Four, you must surrender your watch to Lieutenant Hirata so he can keep track of the drill time."

He unstrapped it.

The water rationing proved to be a joke. It had seemed out of character for Hirata to allow the most water to the person doing the most work, but then he declared that his position as leader automatically meant he did the most.

With the food it made no difference because there was so much of it.

And the next day, Trumbull saw rule number three, concerning close order drill, put into action.

Hirata held it in Top-Bunker where Trumbull beat futilely at the ceiling. Hirata barked commands and marched them back and forth past the scaffolding Trumbull had to admire them. They handled the Arisakas easily, even though with bayonets attached the rifles were longer than the girls were tall.

At the beginning of the second drill hour, Hirata dragged a dummy from behind a packing case. It was made of an old uniform stuffed with rags, and fitted with wooden arms and legs and stood upright when he leaned it against the wall. A crude be-spectacled face was painted on it with the letters "FDR" on the forehead.

"Tell him he doesn't look like that," Trumbull said.

"And he orders me to order you to keep quiet or he'll stand you against the wall instead."

"Not while I'm chopping the ceiling for him, he won't."

"You'll talk yourself onto the point of his bayonet if you don't keep still," she said.

HIRATA issued each girl three bullets. Then he slowly called out commands Trumbull guessed were for loading and aiming, because the women drew a bead on the dummy. Then he yelled a word that sounded like "asparagus," and the rifles cracked. The reports set Trumbull's eardrums ringing again, and he saw Helen and Mary rub their injured ears. In its way, it was a more painful noise than the dynamite or the bursts over Tokyo ever had been.

Hirata kept his back turned to Trumbull most of the time, and Trumbull thought he might turn a quick counter-revolution if he could jump him, and perhaps kill him once and for all, no fooling around this time. To hell with the gentleman's agreement.

Yet, he felt that Hirata was baiting him to do just that.

To test the theory, Trumbull lobbed a stick. It fell about ten feet from Hirata's heels.

He spun so fast, his boot heel squeaked on the floor, and he swung the bayonet. Had Trumbull been standing there, it would have been a vicious belly thrust.

Hirata looked surprised and disappointed.

Trumbull put aside all further thoughts of surprising him. Hirata was waiting, and

was too combat-wise a soldier to be taken by surprise.

Trumbull was taken off the tunnel for a few hours after the drill to build a private cubicle for the lieutenant at one side of Mid-Bunker, and after he was finished, Toshiko nailed up another notice. Trumbull asked her what it was about while he packed tools away. Helen was guarding him again, and didn't like him talking to her, but he paid her no heed, and she didn't seem to know what to do about it.

"It says that from now on, we are to be rewarded for good shooting. Whoever places her bullets nearest the FDR dummy's heart will be rewarded."

"How?"

"By one half-hour of sexual relations with him in the cubicle you have built so sturdily for him."

Trumbull threw back his head and laughed and laughed and laughed.

That day Helen Shibuta, the girl who sometimes thought herself a man, sank her bullets almost dead center. Hirata smiled and patted her shoulder. Helen smiled back, but Trumbull wondered whether she wasn't doubting the wisdom of having shot so well.

When the lanterns were turned low, meaning night had theoretically fallen once again, Trumbull lay rolled up in his quilt and was sure Helen was sorry for her good shooting.

Her whimperings were not the noises of a happy woman.

When the others were asleep, Trumbull crawled to Toshiko. "Why do you allow this?" he asked. "It's going to happen to all of you, you know. This marksmanship business is a lot of crap. Talk to the others. Get rid of him. I can't do much because one of you always has a rifle poked in my tripe."

She tried to explain. "He is a Japanese man, and he is different from you. When he commands, he commands cruelly, it is true, but we are Japanese women, and we are used to being commanded cruelly. For a time he was weak. We could not honor his commands. Now he is strong again. Once again we must honor. It is our way. It perhaps sounds strange, but it seems more natural for us to obey him, even though he is cruel than it is to obey you, even though we know you are gentle."

"Suppose I try to cut him down. Will you help?"

"Oh no. Now we would probably stop you, or tell him at least."

"Why, for God's sake? It would be better for everybody."

"For many things we respect you, but you are not as strong as Hirata by Japanese standards. If you were. . . ." She looked wistful. "But ah, you are not, so it is Hirata now. . . do not feel badly." She curled up in a ball and went to sleep against his stomach.

Trumbull lay awake thinking, and realized he was stuck with the strange status quo of the bunkers. For one thing, he couldn't try to take Hirata, because asleep or awake, Hirata was waiting. Two, it would be stupid to kill him even if he could, because if he ever got any sort

of tunnel going, he would need Hirata's mighty arms and bull back urgently.

But these rationalizations were no balm for his own humiliation. He fell asleep feeling like two for a cent.

THERE'S more water than usual coming down the run today," Toshiko commented. "Could I please take a bath now? I smell like Hirata's armpits."

More water, less water, it made no difference to Trumbull; some water was all that counted. "Ask Hirata," he said without interest. "He's the boss-san."

"Yes," Toshiko said, "but you know about the water. He doesn't. So would you please look and tell me whether I can bathe?"

Trumbull stood. Hirata sat in his officer's quarters and glowered at the two of them. He'd gotten the sense of the conversation, Trumbull realized, and was sulking again because one of his girls had sought help and counsel from the "rowsy Brookrin" instead of himself. "Okay, Toshi," he said. "Let's check the plumbing. If there's enough, maybe we can all wash up. My shorts are so dirty they're walking around by themselves."

"Walking around?"

"Never mind, Toshi. It just means I'm pretty dirty, too."

"You say things in strangest ways," she said.

"That's my nature," he said, to confuse her further.

They went through the crawl space and as Trumbull stood, absently dusting off his pants, he saw the girl was right about the water. It was the heaviest flow they'd had yet, as heavy as the low pressure flow from a nozzle-less garden hose. The overflow crevice used for the latrine was doing that—overflowing. It couldn't handle all the business it was getting.

"Must be raining like a Texas cloudburst up there," he said. "Take your bath, and then tell the others. The minute it slows down, though, bath time's over."

"Tell them after I take my bath?" she said.

"I said okay."

"After your bath, too?" Her mouth was twisted in a conspiratorial grin.

"Yes," he said. "We discovered it, so us first. Then the other two. Hirata I don't care about. He'd smell anyway."

"Just us two?"

"Well, yes."

"Goody," she squealed and clapped her hands as she had seen him do "I scrub your back."

"Goody."

She turned on her sly look again. "Will there be kissing?"

Ah! her source of pleasure was simple as that. "Yes," he said. "There'll be kissing," and grinned back at her conspiratorially. He was pleased with the ease with which he'd said it, and surprised he could feel anything like it at all, what with the things busying his mind. He pulled her to him suddenly and tugged clumsily and violently at her cotton suit. She twisted furiously under his hands, and he thought she had just been playing games after all, when

she threw her blouse over her head and hurled herself at him. "Don't be a goddam tease," he mumbled. "Don't be a goddam tease," and pulled her close. They fell over a box and crashed to the floor; he heard her skull crack. She bit back the pain, although it made her cry, paid no heed and went at the zippers and buckles of his clothes. They rolled and bucked and clawed and bit, and they rolled into the water near the wall, where he finally took her with a violence that was completely unnecessary and far too brutal. But it was something he had to do for himself, and as they lay panting he felt better, much better; for the first time since they'd been in the hole, since he'd been captured even, he'd been able to work off successfully the hungers, fatigues and fears of death so well he felt he could sleep for days.

THEY bathed. He could tell he had frightened her and tried to be tender. For a few moments, she was tense and looked at him angrily, but then smiled and scrubbed his back.

"I'm sorry," he said.
"Bull," she said.

He winced. They finished washing each other without saying more. She dressed quickly, and scuttled through the crawl space, leaving him to put on his own clothes. Knowing something about Japanese women, he realized what an insult it was.

A little later he followed. The water, he noticed, was now beginning to back up into the crawl-space to the Mid-Bunker.

At that point, he simply wanted to sleep, but he made a mental note to widen the overflow crevice a little later on, so it could handle the extra water.

Later on was too late.

A violent chill slammed him out of sleep, and he sat up spluttering and rolling away from cold water flowing around him. His back was soaked. The water got to the others at about the same time. Hirata, puttees unbound and soggy, was hunkering up on a box, holding a lantern and cursing. The three women were squeaking frightened questions at each other. The light of Hirata's lantern showed Trumbull exactly what had happened.

Low-Bunker was overflowing into Mid-Bunker. The crevice hadn't been able to handle the flood.

"We can go to Top-Bunker," he said. "It's dry there." But that's all, he thought. After that, what? Suddenly he was more frightened than he'd been at any time since capture, and for a moment felt he might add his own water to that coming from below.

"Light the other lanterns," he yelled to Toshiko. "Let's see how bad she really is."
"See who?" She sounded exasperated, and he knew she'd misunderstood again.

"Just light the lanterns," he said. "Just light the lanterns."

The brightness showed several minor damages caused by the water: food, blankets, clothing, etc. It was the damage being done to the ceiling that alarmed him even further.

Leaks had sprung in this ceiling also as they had in Low-Bunker. "Probably means there's a stratum of soft porous soil above full of water. It must be raining like hell up there, to make things this wet."

"How much is collecting?" Toshiko said.
"I don't know."

"How much weight will the ceiling hold?"
"Goddammit, lady, I don't know that either. But we've got to do something about it."

He slid his forearms under one of the four-by-eight beams stacked with the lumber against the wall, just the right thing to prop up the weakening ceiling. They'd been pre-cut for that purpose originally.

It was too heavy. "Toshiko," he yelled, "tell Hirata to get up off his tail and come lift this thing."

He tried to better his grip, heard Toshiko quietly but urgently relaying the message. They argued, and Toshiko said to Trumbull: "He tells you to go to hell. You are crazy. He says the roof will hold. And besides, he says he is not sitting on any donkey."

Trumbull decided not to make issue. Hirata was now holding his ever-present bayonet across his lap and had a look of wildness on his face. Better to leave him frozen in panic than provoke him into running amuck.

"You and the others come here then," Trumbull shouted.

The four of them lifted, Trumbull on one end, the three girls on the other. Helen slipped, fought back up with her cotton shirt and skivvies glued to legs and breasts.

They bulled the beam into near-upright position in the center of the bunker, just under the main ceiling beam, and Trumbull hammered it into place with a sledge hammer.

It was then that Hirata decided to come to life.

At first Trumbull thought he was coming to help, and beckoned with the shovel. "Here, Hirata! Push!" Then he saw it wasn't help that Hirata intended.

"Banzai rowsy Brookrin," he yelled, and lunged at Trumbull's stomach, holding the bayonet before him with both hands.

Trumbull thrust the shovel out like a spear, neck high, and braced himself.

Hirata ran into it. It caught him in the windpipe. His momentum pushed Trumbull back against the box. Gurgles, blood foamed from his mouth, neck severed.

Hirata just kept pushing, suicidally and murderously, his feet slipping on the floor. He swung the bayonet in wide sidesweeps, but arms and bayonet combined weren't



"MOVE TO HIGH GROUND," he warned them, but the water kept rising. . . .

as long as the shovel handle, and the point missed Trumbull's middle by six inches.

He died that way, the shovel halfway through his neck, swinging and running, no brain at work, just a body kicking and throbbing as frogs sometimes do after the heart stops.

He slid off the shovel into the water.

Trumbull let it clatter beside him.

He was trembling, exhausted, and drained of will to fight with the joists.

"Come on," he said to the three of them still standing on the boxes. "We've done all we can. We might as well go to the High-Bunker." Toshiko slipped down, the others behind, and he led them into their last hope. Already the water was up to the knees.

They sat in the High-Bunker for three days at least, Trumbull estimated. They ate little, said less, slept a lot. When awake, Trumbull watched the entrance to the High-Bunker constantly in the lantern light, waiting for the water to come.

On the third day, he noticed a slackening off in the dripping, and on the fourth, he roused himself and crawled back along the clammy stones in the passageway and came out into Mid-Bunker. The rain had stopped topside. The ceiling was no longer dripping, and the room had drained empty. By lantern light, he could see the high-level water line was only two inches from the ceiling.

He found Hirata. His feet were sticking out of the crawl-space leading down to Low-Bunker. The current had carried him into it, but his body was bloated and wouldn't fit through.

Trumbull studied him a while, then laughed without humor.

"Bring a big box and some more cement," he yelled finally. "We've got another rat to bury."

WE'VE got to get going on the tunneling," Trumbull said to the others after they'd cleaned up the flood damage.

He pulled out the schedule that he had drawn up. "Four shifts each day," he said. "Six hours each banging on that ceiling."

Trumbull checked his watch. He had taken it from Hirata's corpse, and miraculously, the label "waterproof" on the case was a true one, for it still worked. "It's twelve," he said. "Morning, night or what day, I don't know, but at six, Toshiko takes the pick. At twelve again, Helen, then Mary; right around the clock."

Trumbull lay on his back on the scaffold and banged the pick against the ceiling steadily. "I know just how Michelangelo must have felt," he groaned once when dust mixed with sweat to form a gray mud on his body. "How the hell did he ever paint that ceiling for 20 years?"

At the end of his six-hour shift, he examined the circle critically. He climbed down, told Toshiko, "Whether we like it or not, there's only one way to get through before next Easter. We're going to dynamite."

Trumbull cut a smaller charge than he had previously, but this time pushed into an eight-inch deep hole which he had pounded out in an hour of hammering. He taped it up, then paid out fuse into Mid-Bunker. "No more human bullet for me," he told Toshiko.

Toshiko and Twins surrounded him as

he bent over the fuse and separated the end to expose some powder. He took his matches out of his pocket and struck it. Helen blew it out.

"Cut the game," Trumbull barked and lit another. Mary blew this one out. He lit another and held it up. "Toshiko?" he asked. Not knowing what else to do, she blew it out.

Then suddenly they flew at him from three angles, all clawing and grunting, and reaching for the matches. He held them over his head. "Please," Toshiko grunted. "We do not want you to endanger us all by lighting the dynamite."

He bellowed, and jabbed his elbows into their stomachs. They fell from him like dead leaves and writhed in pain. "Now listen good," he said angrily. "I'm going to light the fuse. All we'll feel is a little noise and a little pop in the ears. And for this we may save a month's work. Now no more nonsense. I'm running things and that's that. Do you understand, Toshiko?"

She nodded, still looking very frightened. "Do the others understand?" She nodded again.

TRUMBULL lit the fuse. The fire whooshed along the rapid fuse and a moment later, BOOM! It vibrated the walls, but the effects on the eardrums were negligible. Toshiko broke into a grin and said, "I am regretful."

Trumbull crawled quickly to High-Bunker to examine the ceiling.

When he inspected the results of this blast, he grabbed Toshiko's tiny waist and did a clumsy jig.

By setting the charge in a hole, he had blown loose a chunk the size of a garbage can, and eight inches deep.

He set three more blasts in the same way, and after the third one, he grinned and said, "Tell them the first part is done, Toshiko, and without casualties. We've punched through." And to prove it, he pulled down a handful of brown earth and crumbled it over their heads.

It took four more blasts and a lot of picking and shoveling to make the hole wide enough to start sinking, or in this case, raising a shaft about six feet across. This, Trumbull figured, was just about the right size to work in.

He attacked the dirt with his shovel, guessing that it was about September 13 or 14 out in the world and that they'd been under it for almost a month and a half. (This was about right. Japan had surrendered on September 2—Editor.)

On this work period, he made it eight feet straight up, which delighted him. At that rate, it would take but about 18 days. The girls picked up the soil he threw down and dumped it into Low-Bunker, so the area under him was always clean.

As he moved up further into the hole, he built wooden steps by hammering stakes deep into the wall of the hole, then nailing boards to them. And at the end of this eight-hour stretch, he felt great. Except for having to dig around one rock which then fell like a cannonball, he was able to chew through dirt and clay easily. He tunneled almost eight feet again.

During this period, life in the bunkers was reduced to two things: working and sleeping. Eating and excretion were neces-

sary things done at odd moments. Cleanliness was extraneous and ignored.

Toshiko and the Twins gradually lost all individual identity under the coating of dirt, became three similar gray-faced old-looking ladies. Their hair, once black, also became spotted with gray dust, highlighted on occasion by brown or reddish, depending on the type soil Trumbull had dropped from the shaft that day. The hair was also matted into unmanageable coils that clung to their heads.

On what Trumbull counted as the 22nd day of tunnelling, he climbed the tortuous wooden steps to the top, checking the air sleeve for breaks as he went.

He shoved the blade in viciously. It went in half-way up the handle, and he lost balance and leaned four feet across the shaft against the other side. The earth above his head fell loosed in big blocks and crumbled over his head, filling his eyes and mouth with grit. He shook his head, so he could see, and still it came, the heavy pieces banging his head and back. He felt his feet slipping.

He panicked. My God, he thought, it's caving in and I'm going to fall.

The earth-fall stopped, and he hung balanced over the shaft for several moments, panting in fear and steeling himself for more. Then he suddenly realized there was light, and that there shouldn't be because he had no lantern. He pushed himself away from the wall and looked up.

A few feet from his head was a hole the size of a basketball. Bright, white sunlight was flooding through.

For a moment, all he could do was blink. "We've made it," he yelled hoarsely. "Climb up. We've made it."

Shouting sounds that were hardly speech, he attacked the hole and made it larger. Toshiko was coming up fast below him.

He reached for the rim with his good hand, took firm grip and pulled himself head and shoulders out of the hole and rolled onto the ground. He got to his feet. Stretching out for miles in the sunshine were fields of flattened rubble with occasional skeletons of buildings sticking up. He himself was in a cleared area. The

"GIVE US MATCHES," the girls screamed, "we do not want a second big boom . . ."



Hiroshima he remembered was gone.

He heard shouting behind him. He wheeled, just as a little Japanese boy wearing a big baseball glove and a New York Yankees cap slammed into him head first.

"Hey stupid old man," the kid screamed in clumsy English. "Get hell off field. You standing on second base."

He saw another boy wearing spikes bearing down on him. Nearby two other boys collided and knocked each other down grabbing for a fly ball. Across the field, near a corrugated iron backstop, other boys and two men in green army fatigues and paratroop boots were advancing cautiously toward him, seeming very puzzled. Other GIs climbed out of jeeps and trucks painted with U. S. Army stars.

Trumbull choked up. He leaned down and helped Toshiko up.

"Come on out, old lady," he said, voice quivering with emotion. "It looks like the war is over and we've come up just in time for the second inning."

Trumbull had a hard time taking it all in. As the jeep convoy raced to Army headquarters, and Toshiko held tightly to him and jabbered at the Twins, also holding tightly to two soldiers in the back seat, Trumbull suddenly insisted, "What day?"

"October 6," said the sergeant behind the wheel.

"Two months to the day," Trumbull said. "We were down there two months."

THE sergeant thought about that, then said, "Wheeyou! You mean you was all alone with these babies down in that hole for two months? I'd of given a year's pay to've been in your shoes, lieutenant."

"You'd have had a deal, son," Trumbull said. "You'd sure have had a deal."

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Trumbull and his three bunker girls were separated that evening, he to be interrogated by Air Corps and First Cavalry Division intelligence officers, the girls to be cleaned up and treated by the ABCC (Atomic Bomb Casualty Commission, set up to study and care for A-Bomb victims right after the Occupation on September 2.) The four of them got together again briefly at a press conference, and then were separated again. Trumbull was ordered back to the States for discharge. The girls went to their homes in other cities of Japan.*

Trumbull later tried several times to correspond with them, feeling that their common ordeal required this. From the Twins, he received a joint answer, which translated, meant, "Please do not write to us again. We wish to forget the whole affair, and you too."

Toshiko answered his letters, and discussed the possibility of meeting again sometime in 1948. However, in May of that year, she wrote that she was engaged to a kite-maker from Yamaguchi, and that she would have to postpone their meeting. Trumbull never heard from her again.

*Trumbull himself, now 38, slightly balding, and getting heavier around the middle, is married to regular nurse Margery Barnett whom he met at a West Coast college and has two boys, Kevin, 8, and Thomas, 10. He is a civil engineer, working for a West Coast concern, and says no, large excavations don't bother him one little bit. ****

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