MOTEL WITH BUILT-IN PEEPHOLES

JUNE 25°



Uranium Road To \$1,000,000



Zsa Zsa Gabor



210 S. Clinton St., Dept. FT-140 Chicago 6,Ill.

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Who are Troubled with Getting Up Nights Pains in Back, Hips, Legs, Nervousness-Tiredness, Loss of Physical Vigor The Cause may be Glandular Dysfunction

Men as they grow older too often become negligent and take for granted unusual aches and pains. They mistakenly think that these indications of III Health are the USUAL signs of older age.

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coveries were added to the research development already accomplished. The result has been a new type of treatment that is proving of great benefit to men suffering from Glandular Dysfunction or Rectal and Colon trouble.

working drugs. These new dis-

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On your arrival here we first make a complete examination. The Doctors who examine you are experienced specialists. You are told frankly what your condition is and cost of treatments you need. You then decide whether or not you will take treatments recommended.

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MAN to MAN THE STAG MAGAZINE .

VOLUME 7 NUMBER 6

Gilda—page 29





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This man is wanted . . . by you. He has left a path of violence . . . lust . . . greed. He is a two-time loser. Every minute he is at large . . . death walks the streets!

6

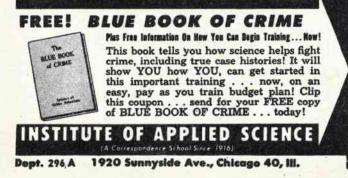
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LOOK AT OUR RECORD!

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An Omaha factory worker discovered uranium—and untold wealth. He tells you how you, foo can find a fortune ...

I FOUND URANIUM -AND RICHES

There is only one customer—the federal government for the uranium ore being loaded above into truck.

I FOUND uranium. But it wasn't easy. The hardest part of it, though, wasn't prospecting. It was working up guts enough to quit my job to begin that prospecting.

When a working man has a house he's trying to pay for and a wife and two kids to support—and 11 years of seniority and a future pension—it's tough to quit a good steady job to go off searching for something he doesn't know a thing about, or has never even seen—and might not find.

But I did it and I got rich.

What I've done you can do, too. There are still thousands of undiscovered fortunes to be made in uranium. I'll tell you how I did what I did and perhaps you'll want to do the same thing.

LIKE most working guys I had no money. Only a small equity in a FHA house. And I needed money to finance my prospecting and to support the family in the meantime. So I went to a loan company and borrowed the limit on the house—\$1800. (I already owed \$7,000 on it). Then I rented the house for enough to make the payments.

That gave me \$1800 capital. So I rented a tent, piled the family in the car and left Omaha on April 10, 1956, for Grand Junction, Colorado, a town which calls itself "The Uranium Capital of the World."

When we got to Grand Junction I pitched our tent outside the eastern limits of the town. But early the next morning a deputy sheriff told us we'd have to move to a supervised tent colony on the town's southern outskirts. It had been established, he said, for the benefit of the community's huge uranium population. So we moved.

The tent colony, which with a trailer settlement, is called "Uraniumville," impressed us immediately by its cleanliness and neatness.

By CHARLES (Chuck) ELLIOT

There are approximately 400 tents there of all kinds and sizes. And all types of people live in them—families of college professors, retired businessmen, and working men like me. And all of them had the uranium bug.

The tents are arranged along streets which are gravelled and bordered with white rocks and rows of blooming flowers. The toilets, washrooms and laundry facilities are housed in white-painted cementblock structures. They, with the children's playground —à fenced area with a slide, merry-go-round, sandpiles and a wading pool—are on the east side of the tent section.

Electric lighting is available to each tent. Cooking is done on individual family-sized bottled gas stoves which can be rented by each tent family for \$5 a month, which fee includes the gas. Altogether the facilities for tent dwellers in Uraniumville are a tremendous bargain. But Grand Junction provides them for a practical reason; it is better to have the hordes of prospectors and their families living under sanitary, supervised conditions than scattered throughout the city and its environs under all types of conditions.

East of the tent colony, and immediately adjoining it, is the trailer section. Like the tent area, the trailers are uniformly arranged on wide streets. There are probably 500 trailers there—of all kinds.

Everyone in Uraniumville talked about uranium and little else. They, too, had come to Grand Junction seeking the precious metal and in most cases not knowing, when they came, any more about the technique of prospecting than I did. They seemed anxious to share their knowledge; they told me what kind of Geiger counter to buy, where to buy it and how to prospect.

I bought a counter the following day, along with an instruction booklet. The (Continued on page 56)

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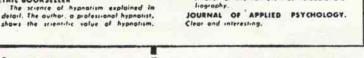
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Interesting and Irank discussion of hyphyperbilling and trans discussion of hyperbilling ends of it is corried out by a professional hyperbilling. The presentation of material and the suggestions allered are contervative and dignilied. The concurses of the 'how to do it' technique is commendable. THE SAN FRANCISCO PROGRESS

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The State of Trance

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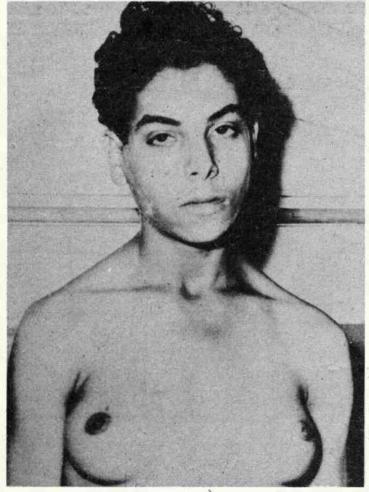
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From Cult to Craft

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CANDIDLY-LOOKING

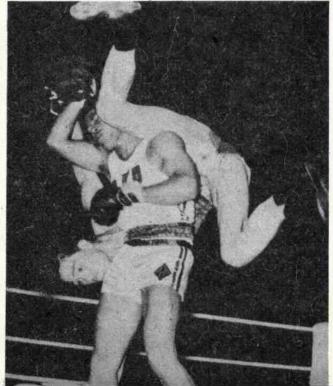
MAN TO MAN picks the best photos of the month



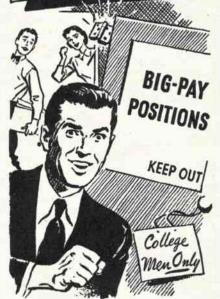
A BDEL IBRAHIM (above) is changing—from man to woman! He's in an Egyptian hospital for an operation designed to help. Barry Dodd (below) likes snakes better than some of us. Those are pythons cuddling him, at a fair in London, England. That isn't a jiu jitsu match (below, right). It's boxing! Seems the fellow below straightened up suddenly as his opponent threw a right—and the fans in Manila had a laugh. Mitsuko Akatsuki is at the right—but never mind the name. It's the figure of this Japanese gal that counts!







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In Paris, Zsa Zsa plays a gal gangster in movie with comic Fernandel.

By "BUZZ" CRANE

Wanted by beautiful young widow, a man. Must be generous, handsome, affectionate, and have a sense of humor. No objection to money. Object: matrimony. Write ZZG, enclosing stamped, selfaddressed envelope and the top off an old diamond tiara.

T'S a hell of a note, men. Here's Zsa Zsa, the most fabulous of the fabulous Gabors, the most beautiful of the beautiful Gabors, without a man to her name. Ex-husbands, yes. Four of same. Ex-fiances-well, how high can you count? But not a single, solitary man with whom she can curl up on a cold winter night.

And all the gal craves is a nice, simple, American business man who goes to work in the morning and comes home at night. She doesn't even care if he's

nal Amornia

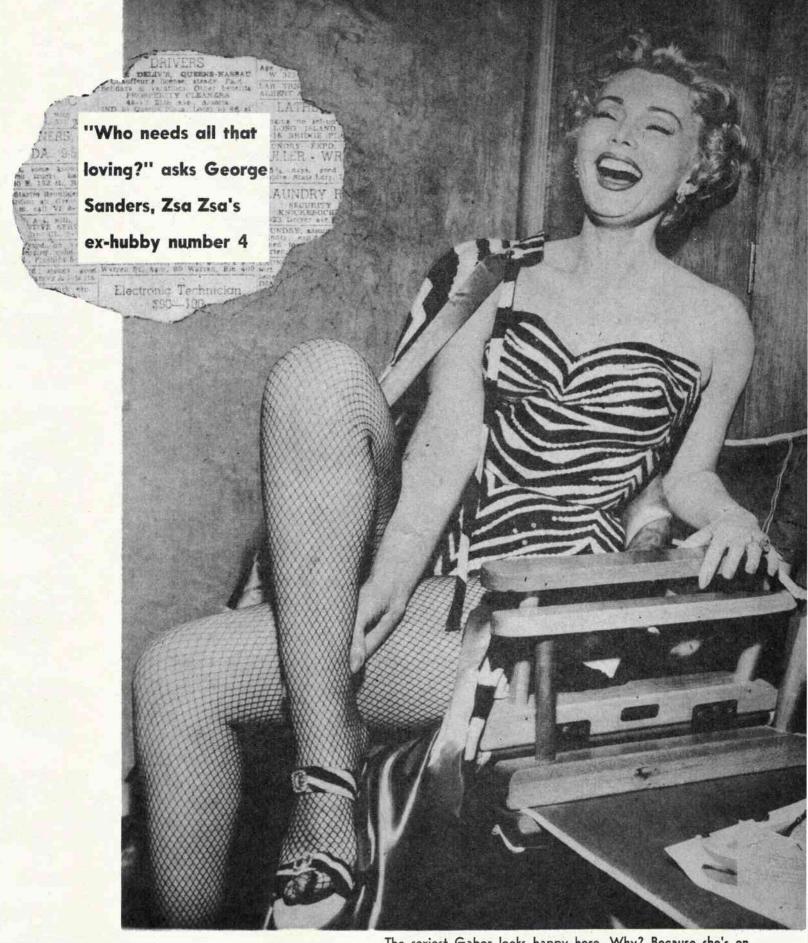
HELP WANTED MALE

ZSA NEEDS

BUSINESS OP TUNIT

Restauranto-Bars

George Sanders (extreme left) looks out in left field as Zsa Zsa turns charm on Producer Frank Ross during a Hollywood party.



The sexiest Gabor looks happy here. Why? Because she's on her way to meet Rubirosa in New York for a trip to Paris.



Above, Zsá Zsa at party for "ten most eligible bachelors" at which she is the only gal. Below: Mama (front), Magda, Zsa Zsa, Eva.



"Love them, marry them, fight, then begin

poor, she says, and that, from a Gabor, is real type desperation.

It's not as if it were a life-time job, either. "Love them, marry them, fight, then begin again—that's our motto," is the way Zsa Zsa describes the family penchant for switching bed partners.

And being one of Zsa Zsa's ex-husbands means being in mighty illustrious company. After that nameless gent to whom she gave her heart and hand, along with some other items, when she was a gorgeous and sexy 14 back in her native Hungary (he is seldom mentioned by her various biographers) there have been Burhan Belge, Conrad Hilton, and George Sanders, in that order.

Belge, whom she married when she was 16, has been variously described as head of the Turkish press, Turkish ambassador to Hungary, and an official of the Turkish Propaganda Ministry. But who cares? He was bound to be well-heeled, handsome, and important, for Zsa Zsa was young and obedient and . . .

"Mama always told us that rich husbands naturally make the best husbands, but that love and understanding must always come first. We've all loved our husbands. Perhaps it's just a coincidence that our husbands happen to be rich and handsome."

At 16 or 17—leave us not quibble over such a minor item as age—Zsa Zsa had not yet run through the eligibles of Europe, and it was 1942 before she tapped the supply of American millionaires to make off with hotel magnate Conrad Hilton.

By this time Sari, as she was christened, had learned the easy way that men are pushovers for an hourglass figure—36-22-36—topped off with red hair, creamy white skin, sparkling blue eyes and a face that would stop an atomic-powered submarine. And, of course, a generous and affectionate nature.

On a five-month journey to America to escape the European war, she three times "sold" a pearl necklace to pay her fare, only to have it returned to her each time by the purchaser as a token of his—or her —affections.

"Mama taught me how to handle men," said Zsa Zsa later, "and I guess that is what brought me safely through war-torn Europe. I was invited to be a spy in Belgrade, but this wasn't covered by Mama's teaching and so I quickly moved on to Bagdad. Here I was accused of being a spy, but I was able to establish my innocence. Then I made for Basra, where again I had to talk my way out of jail.

"I then made a dash for the United States—and freedom.

"Oh, what beautiful and rich men!"

THIS early Hungarian refugee needed no government aid in getting re-settled. With no money and little English, she still had Mama's teaching, eight trunks full of clothes, and her pearls to lean on and three hours after her arrival in New York, she was lunching at the exclusive and expensive "21" club, where millionaires can grab a hamburger for less than five bucks a throw."

From there to Hollywood, where sister Eva was already busy casing the situation, was simple. And there Zsa Zsa learned about Texas and Texas millionaires.

"When you see a man you want, just propose to him."

It had worked with Belge. It worked with Conrad

again." — Zsa Zsa Gabor, 1951

Hilton, too, when she tried it. "I proposed to that marvelous person, Conrad Hilton, the millionaire hotel owner, while we were dancing. He thought it was a darned good idea and we were married and it lasted for six years."

The memory lingered on. Zsa Zsa left the Hilton bed with its silken sheets with \$35,000 cash, alimony of \$250,000 to be paid over a period of 10 years, securities in two Hollywood hotels, a case full of jewels, and a daughter Francesca, born in 1947.

Not much, of course, for a girl who describes her 22-carat ring as her "vorking" diamond, but enough to scrape along on until she wooed and won movie star George Sanders.

"Wooed" is the proper word.

Zsa Zsa is forthright about such things. "Ven I was courting George," she said in answer to a question about her cooking ability, "I cooked three meals a day for him in his apartment in New York until I catched him. After that I don't cook no more."

This was in 1949 and the marriage lasted until 1951, when Zsa Zsa flounced off a radio show in which she was to co-star with Sanders in a husband-and-wife skit. A few reconciliations later and it was all over.

"A woman puts her entire youth and beauty into marriage," Zsa Zsa explained, "and what does a man do? He uses all his charm all day long at work and in the evening he is tired."

To which Sanders ungallantly replied: "Who needs all that loving?"

But Porfirio Rubirosa, to whom the gorgeous Gabor next turned her attention, was not at all tired come evening. Not tired and an artist at love-making. It's said of him that he has given many women the ultimate thrill simply by kissing their hands.

It looked like a perfect match, but for once Zsa Zsa's generously given affection was not enough. When the Barbara Hutton millions were dangled in front of his sensitive nose, Rubi didn't hesitate to steer their owner to the altar. The marriage was short-lived, only long enough for Rubirosa to collect a few trinkets in the way of an airplane and a string of polo ponies, but the gorgeous Gabor was disillusioned. The virile frame that had cuddled with Babs during those (Continued on page 48)



"Get out—I don't need you," Ruby reportedly told his Zsa Zsa in Paris nightclub (below). Top, \$17,000 dress in Las Vegas.



SEX MYTHS 0F 1957



Pitirim A. Sorokin, Harvard prof and author of a new book, "The American Sex Revolution."

When should a wife say "No!" to her man for his own good?

By a CHICAGO SOCIAL WORKER

as told to Walter Courtney

SOMETIMES I forget how people will believe anything that some joker sets down in writing and gets printed. I'm well aware of it today, however, 'cause there's a new book out about sex.

It all started, for me, last February when a thin, timid little woman of about 25 came to our clinic to find help for her husband. She was worried, it . developed, about his health.

"Jim's had a cold all winter," she told us, "and he looks pale and he's always tired. He's so tired after work that he just wants to sit in the evening. We haven't gone out in months."

We observed mildly that perhaps Jim should see a doctor.

"A doctor wouldn't do any good," his wife said. We waited while she paused, blushed, and then plunged on. "You see," she continued, "I've just found out what's wrong with Jim. It's his sex life. He's wearing himself out."

Gentle questioning brought out a more complete picture of 28-year-old Jim. In the first place, he worked hard for five and a half days a week. In the second, he lived on a kind of deficiency diet that is far too common in the United States, land of plenty. For breakfast he had coffee and a doughnut; with his other meals he had lots of pastries, but little in the way of fruits and green vegetables because he did not relish "rabbit food."

As for his sex life, with which his deluded wife fancied he was "wearing himself out," this proved to be an average of not more than two evenings of intimacy per week.

The immediate source of her delusion and her sex fears, we discovered, was a new book by Professor Pitirim Sorokin of Harvard University, called "The American Sex Revolution." Excessive sex, the good professor warned, for men who engage in it, "... rapidly drains their viltality, prematurely ages their body, and all too soon brings them to their unlamented grave." (Page 62.)

Since Sorokin never defines what "excessive" is, but does convey a clear impression that the less sex there is in a man's life the better, we could not really blame our client for concluding that Jim's very modest degree of activity was draining his vitality. WE were able to convince her, however, that she was wrong. She did not know, for instance, that rates of sexual performance more than triple Jim's, carried on for thirty years, had never dimmed the vitality of some of the most active and successful men in our country. We convinced her of this and other relevant facts about sex.

We also convinced her that her husband should see a doctor for a checkup and that she—now that she did not need to worry about his sex life—should get busy and see that he ate well. Plenty of oranges and eggs and bacon for breakfast, we said, plenty of fresh crisp salads (the nearest thing there is to a "virility" food) good soups, meats and potatoes.

It's too early to say how Jim will make out, but we'll make a prediction based on similar cases. If the doctor finds that Jim is basically okay, and if he eats well, several things will happen within the year. For one, he won't be tired 'after work. Number two, his sex life—presumably excessive before—will increase about 50%. And three, what with better general health and more physical satisfaction, Jim will be altogether happier, a better worker, and more likely to get ahead in the world.

WHATEVER happens to Jim, however, it is a safe bet that many other people will read, and be disturbed by Professor Sorokin's new sex book. (I've already met several.) After all, isn't the author a distinguished Harvard professor? And shouldn't he know what he's talking about?

Briefly, his thesis is first that today there is much more open discussion of sex than in the past, and that sex habits in the United States are undergoing some changes—there is, for example, much more divorce. These observations are far from new, and no one

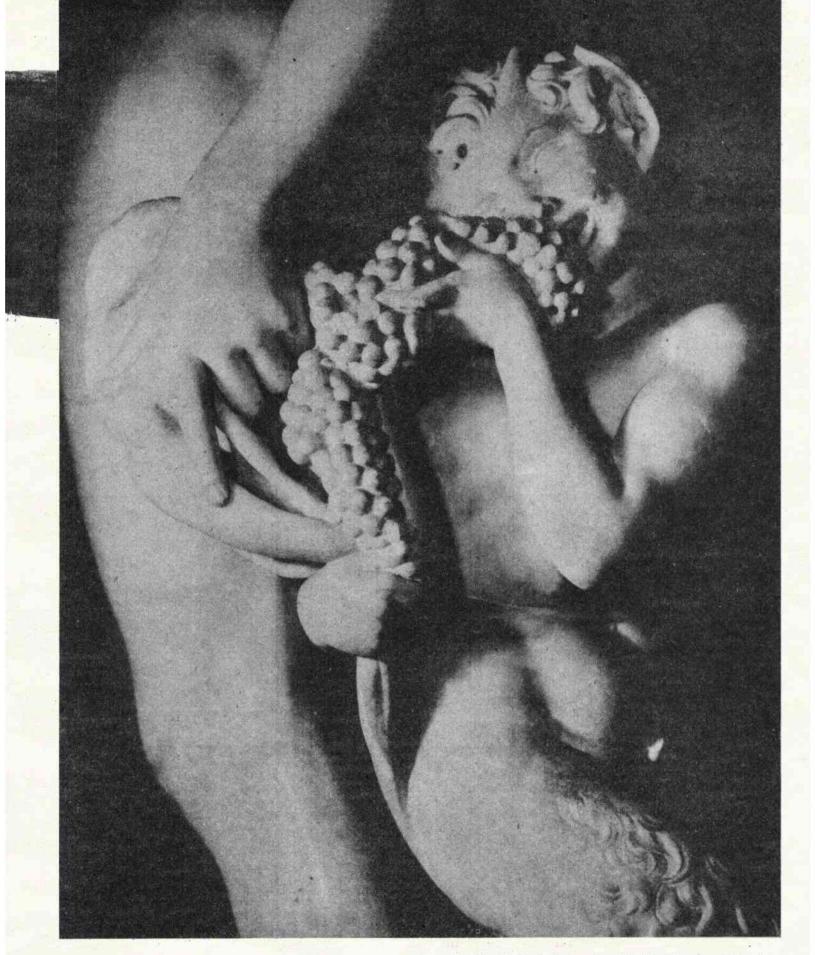
is going to argue about them.

Sorokin, however, feels that this is all bad. And he goes on to try to show that sexual changes are linked to—if they do not cause—all the ills of society, including juvenile delinquency, mental and physical illness, corruption in politics and even war.

How bad this author feels sex is may be seen in the words that occur to him when he speaks of it. Here are a few, picked quickly and at random from his 186 page book: filth, rottenness, muck, poison, infection, disease, corruption, bestiality, "dirt-painting," sewer, gutter, ugliness, obscene, indecent, perverse, vulgar, monstrous.

I am reminded of an

(Continued on page 60)



The Greeks had plenty of myths, like this one of Bacchus, god of wine. We fancy ourselves scientific—but are we?

ONE MAN ame

Joe couldn't sleep-not after he saw Harp

walk up the hall and take the blonde into his room . . .

By P. A. HOOVER

We came shootin' around the curve, and there she was, standing at the edge of the highway with her suitcase beside her. I saw her arm come up fast to pull us down.

Harp slammed on the brakes so hard I damn near went through the windshield. "Take it easy!" I yelled.

He ground to a stop right beside her, and she flashed him a smile that hurt my eyes. "I need a ride bad," she said.

Harp gave me a nudge in the ribs. "Hop down and give her a hand with the bag," he said.

I got down out of the cab and picked up her suitcase. She looked at our big truck and smiled again. "I love trucks," she said, "and a truck driver." She climbed up in the cab and when she was get-

She climbed up in the cab and when she was getting up, her skirt slid up her leg until it was skintight. Harp made room for her beside him. That meant she would sit between us. I got up then and shoved her suitcase up behind us. I got a good look at her. She was pretty and little and cute. She had on some kind of sun-dress I think, with the back all out. She had short blonde hair standing up in little curls all over her head. Her eyes were yellow as a cat's. Harp got the truck going again and there we were

Harp got the truck going again and there we were with her bare back and her perfume all tucked in between us. I looked at Harp over her head and he gave me a quick wink. He was quite a guy with the women. Always had been. "Some break," he said. "Here I thought I was stuck with Joe for the rest of the trip. Where you bound for, if you don't mind my asking?"

She sat back in the seat, pushing at her yellow curls with a white hand. I thought she sure hadn't been out in the sun much. "San Francisco," she said. "but I'll get off anywhere you have to turn off this highway. I think I can get another ride."

Harp gave her a quick look. "Yes," he said. "you could."

"Yeh," I said. "just flash that smile again."

"Don't mind old Joe here," Harp said. "He's a woman hater."

She leaned a little forward to look at me, and I

could see the soft curve of her breasts. "Are you really a woman hater?" she asked.

"Yeh," I said, but I could have put the lie to that quick, if Harp hadn't been there.

Harp was tall, dark and handsome, like they say. I wasn't much to look at beside him, with my dun colored hair, and pale blue eyes. I notice women don't go much for pale blue eyes. Kind of afraid of a guy with that kind of eyes, seems like.

WE left the flat country and started up a mountain. Harp and this dame was sure hitting it off good, while I sat like an owl. The more they gabbed, the more I clammed up. 'But I was keepin' track of her curves all the time. She'd sort of pop around between us, and every time she did there'd be her dress floppin' open. I mean the low neck would dip down like.

It took awhile to get over the mountain, but when we did Harp stopped the truck and said she could get out and stretch her legs. There was a tavern and they went in for a drink. I sat in the cab and thought about how things was goin' with them two.

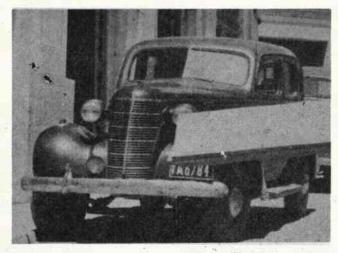
Pretty soon they came out laughin' and talkin' like they were havin' a time of it. Harp was really makin' this dame, I thought. I decided to see what I could do about it. I opened up when the old truck got to moving and made some passes at her. She patted my shoulder and flashed me a smile. "You're a nice boy, Joe, but I'm a one man woman. One man at a time for me."

Harp really got a bang out of that. His eyes were shinin' like a new electric lamp and he kept grinnin' at me. Once I felt like poppin' him one, but I didn't. Harp and me have been pals for a long time, and I didn't really figure on lettin' a dame come between us. But just the same it was gittin' kind of thick I thought.

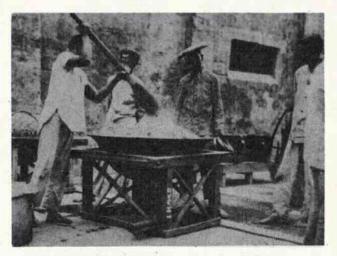
What was going to happen when we made the stop for the night, I wondered. Harp and I had a room at a small hotel in the next town, which we used when we wasn't in a rush. I begin to have a feelin' this trip was goin' to be different. Twenty more miles and Harp was lettin' his hand lay on her knee while he was drivin' with the other. Me, I could never see foolin' around with a knee.

We got into the town and (Continued on page 40)





In car-starved Mexico even oldies like this sell for three or four times the U. S. price.



Mexican jails are primitive, and a constant threat to black-market automobile operators.

MOTEL with Built-in

This is the true story of the weird love—and most unusual accident—that combined to trap an enterprising young "promoter"

By NATHAN S. LAVINE

OLD Frank Barnes, proprietor of an expensive motel on the outskirts of Cincinnati, Ohio, had an interesting hobby. It was peering through specially drilled peepholes at the antics that went on in his various rental units.

Old Frank's motel wasn't the type that attracted very much tourist trade; it was too expensive in appearance and, besides, it was located off the highways. But the fancy little establishment did a lively local business, serving as a plush love nest for college kids who wanted to study anatomy in the flesh, businessmen who possessed certain curiosities about their secretaries, and well-heeled gents who had whispered into the ear of some other gent's wife. In short, Frank's place was a cat house where the customers brought their own cats.

So with that type of clientele the motel proprietor's hobby was quite entertaining, if not somewhat educational, since few people used the beds for sleeping purposes.

But what happened the evening of December 17, 1956, really startled old Frank, a guy who thought he had witnessed just about everything in the love-making line. He saw through his peephole—instead of the usual capers—a beautiful but naked young blonde chasing a handsome though unclad young man around the little room. Even more startling the blonde had the man's belt in her hands and every once in a while she laid it across his bare back so hard that even old Frank flinched. But strangely, the guy didn't seem to mind the beating the blonde gave him; in fact he laughed happily each time she hit him.

Frank thought that was mighty strange. But after a time the blonde and her boy friend settled down to doing what everybody else did who rented one of Frank's cabins.

THE next morning the young couple, registered as Mr. and Mrs. John Kelley, drove away—each in a new automobile—and Frank thought no more about them until two weeks later. Then Mr. and Mrs. Kelley, each driving a new car, registered again. Only this time it was a different Mrs. Kelley. Barnes didn't worry about that, though, not considering that it was any of his business if young Mr. Kelley had the knack of picking up pretty young dolls now and then.

But Kelley and the girl were no more in their cabin when old Frank was around at its rear, peering through the peephole. He wasn't disappointed. Kelley and his girl friend disrobed. Then Kelley removed the beit from his trousers and tossed it to the girl. She began to beat him with it, laying great red welts across his back. After a few moments, as the other time, the couple began to act affectionate.

Kelley showed up at Frank's motel twice more-



Young John Kelley, the fast-buck operator undone by his love life.

PEEPHOLES

and each time with a different young woman who drove her own new car. And each time Frank was fascinated by the strange sight of the girl strapping the hell out of Kelley before he made love to her.

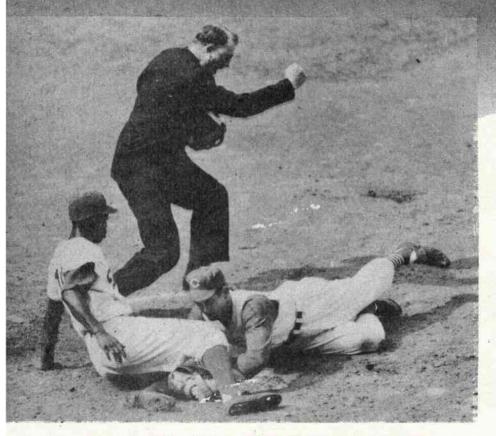
In fact Frank, normally a closemouthed old boy, was so intrigued by the strange prelude to Kelley's love making that he mentioned it to the boys in the neighborhood fire station—where the old gents of the vicinity gather each morning to play cards with the firemen and the cruiser cops who drop in from time to time. He also mentioned that it was odd that Kelley and his various girl friends always drove new, but different, automobiles.

One of the card players that morning was a studious young cop who enlightened Frank about Kelley's love ways by saying, "You know what makes that character have his women beat him up first? I read about guys like him in a magazine. He's a, masochist—he has to be hurt physically before he can make love."

That evening the cop mentioned the story of the masochist and his (Continued on page 42)

The motel with peepholes offered some fantastic views to the man who knew where they were and when to go looking. This year the Reds will mop up the National League—then bomb out the Yanks.

IT'S BIG KLU AND



Hurler Klippstein of the Redlegs gets to the plate in time. to tag out a tough base runner—Gilliam—coming from third.



Yankee star Mickey Mantle chatting with Ike at '56 Series game. Mickey expects big money for 1957—around 60 grand.

 $\mathbf{Y}_{\text{of}}^{\text{OUR}}$ oracle says this is the year of the big stick, and I do not mean the Eisenhower policy for the Near East.

Power, raw and naked, as demonstrated by the bats of musclemen Kluszewski, Robinson, Bell, Post and Bailey on behalf of Cincinnati will enable the jubilant fans of that Ohio city to cheer a pennant-winning National League team this year.

Moreover, the colorful Redlegs should blast the New York Yankees off their perch as World Champions in the 1957 World Series, even though it may take seven games to do the job!

Maybe you don't agree? Well, then, let's take a gander at the "big three" in contention for the championship in the senior circuit.

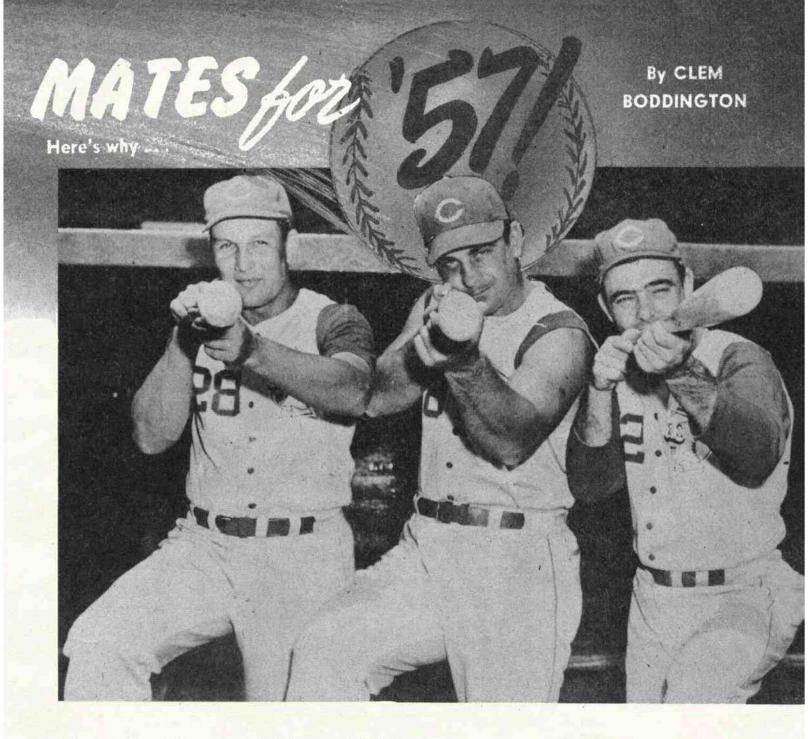
Thousands still see the Brooklyn Dodgers, last year's champions, as the class of the National League. But the Dodgers just managed to win the 1956 flag in the last ten days of the campaign, after giving their supporters the jitters all summer.

It must be remembered that key man Roy Campanella hit a measly .219. Roy is 35 years of age and has slowed up as a result of many years of hard work behind the bat. He's had his third operation on a bonechipped hand and the Brooklyn front office is justifiably fearful concerning his future in a 154game season.

While it is true that the Brooks will be strengthened by the addition of knuckle-balling southpaw Fred Kipp, long-ball hitting Don Demeter, and first baseman Jim Gentile, there still remains that feeling of uncertainty regarding Campanella.

Johnny Podres, hero of the '55 World Series, has returned, but an old back injury continues to bother him. And Jackie Robinson's inspirational fire and competitive spirit on the bases will be missed in Brooklyn.

It is doubtful whether Don Newcombe, who astonished the fans by winning 27 games in '56, can win 20 games this year. Clem Labine, as the No. 1 relief man, and Sal Maglie are not expected to equal their performance of 1956. Old Pop Time takes his toll, even in Brooklyn.



Three of Cincy's biggest guns: Wally Post (left), Ted Kluszewski and Ray Jablonski, long-ball pinch hitter.

Carl Furillo, Gil Hodges and, yes, Duke Snider, cannot be expected to do better this season than they did in '56. And third base could be a real problem for the Dodgers this year.

All things considered, Brooklyn looks like a good bet to finish second to Cincinnati.

MILWAUKEE? Well, the Braves have the pitching to make things interesting down to the last week of the campaign. In addition to the veterans Warren Spahn, Lew Burdette and Bob Buhl, Manager Fred Haney expects help in the mound department from Juan Pizzaro, a young southpaw from Puerto Rico. He pitched for Jacksonville in the Sally League last year and posted a 23-7 mark.

The rest of the Milwaukee cast, led by Eddie Matthews, is much the same as it was in '56 with the exception of a rookie catcher, Sammy Taylor, who hit a lusty .358 at Topeka last year. He is expected to divide much of the work with Del Crandall.

The big hope for Milwaukee is Hank Aaron, the fleet outfielder, and National League batting champion of '56. He may repeat as batting king this year.

pion of '56. He may repeat as batting king this year. Milwaukee has to bolster second base and left field if the Braves are to prove as formidable as they were in 1956. If they do not get reinforcements in those two positions, Milwaukee will finish third.

The Cincinnati Redlegs won 91 games last year. They were the most colorful team in the National League, if not in both major circuits. The Red legged team made the fans scream with pleasure as they went about their business of wrecking the pitching staffs of the competition. They gave the fans home runs, in bunches, to tie the record set by the New York Giants in 1947 . . . 221 four-baggers.

The Redlegs were the (Continued on page 44)

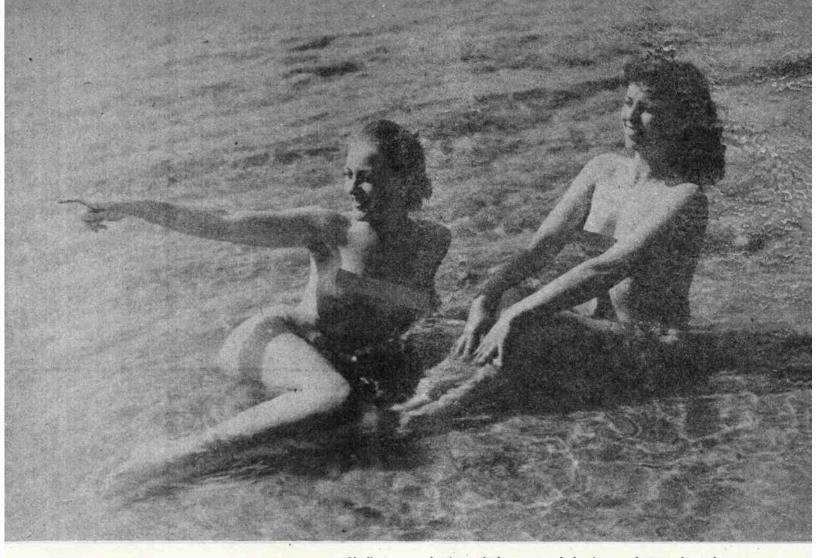


Barefoot, bareheaded and—well, bare—a sunshine couple enjoys some archery. Below, trio of gals push off to canoe upon private lake.

MY WIFE AND THE NUDISTS

I've been a nudist and so's my wife. Here's the lowdown on why we joined—and why we quit!





Shallow-water bathing; below, one of the boys takes outdoor shave.

By NORTON CHAPMAN

TO explain why I quit being a bare devotee of sunshine and health, I reckon it's necessary to try to tell how come I and my wife got started.

It began one Sunday afternoon, when a young couple dropped in to visit my wife and me and we happened to get started talking about an article on nudists which had appeared that day in the local newspaper's magazine supplement. The article told of some problems nudists have because some antinudists won't leave them alone.

We laughed about it a little but soon found ourselves rather sympathetic with the nudists. What was wrong with people shedding their clothes if they felt like it? Well, not in public, of course.

"Not in which public?" I asked. "They have their own public."

"They shouldn't do it around people who would object," my wife said.

"What d'ya suppose it's like?" my friend, Joe asked.

"Why don't you go and find out?" I suggested.

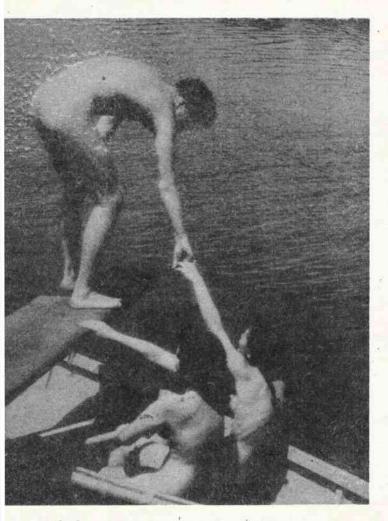
"Oh, Norton, don't be silly," his wife said.

"Whatsa matter, you afraid?" I challenged.

Joe said he'd go if I would and that's how we gotstarted.

B^{UT} it wasn't just a matter of driving up to a nudist camp and inviting ourselves in. The article didn't say where this one was located, but it did





If they fall in, at least no clothes will get wet! Below, a crowd gets together for the favorite sport of "sunshine" folk: volley ball.

My wife and the nudists

give a post office box number to which we could write for further information, which we did.

A few days later, Joe phoned me and said he had received a reply and asked me whether I thought I could furnish some reliable references.

When we read about the complications of getting to visit a "sunbathing club" we were surprised. It was about like applying for a job with the government, with a few extra questions thrown in such as "what were our views on nudism, whether our marital status was pleasant and why we wanted to join.

Actually, this made us all the more curious and overcame our lethargy. We determined to make good!

We filled in the questionaires and mailed them to the postal box. About a week later, our phone rang and I answered it.

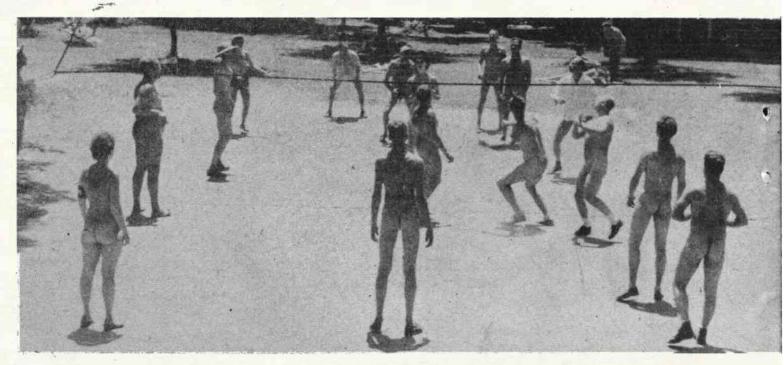
"Are you the party who wrote to Box 62 about a sunshine club?" the voice asked.

After I said yes, the caller, a man, asked if he and his wife could drop out to visit us. If we passed this inspection, we might be invited to attend a session at their camp the following weekend.

Another couple, we learned later, went out to the home of my friend Joe and his wife, for the same purpose, to determine whether they were of good moral character.

Finally came the day! Few experiences in my life have been so memorable. After winding over hills and through valleys along rutty, dusty unimproved roads, my wife and I, riding in our hosts' car, finally saw a gate with a sign which said "NO TRESPASS-ING!"

I got out to open the gate and then shut it again after the car had gone through. We drove on along an ever worsening trail and down a steep hill. I



hoped it wouldn't rain or we'd never get out of the place.

We rounded a bend in the road and there was another gate. We stopped and a man, clothed, walked up to the car and asked for identification. Our hosts 'cleared' us, the gate was opened and on along the road we went.

It ended in a small park where several families were lunching quietly at picnic tables. It was a scorching day but they looked comfortable, most of them being nude.

We were invited to remove our clothes and be good sports, but we said we'd rather wait and nobody pressed us—for the moment.

They were interested in having us join, and told us of all the advantages which they saw in nudism.

Dues were low and included swimming privileges, a plot of ground on which to pitch a tent or build a cabin, water, electricity and use of the phone for emergencies. The pool wasn't overcrowded; there were facilities for showering—in the open. Men and women used the same shower. There was privacy for calls of nature, however.

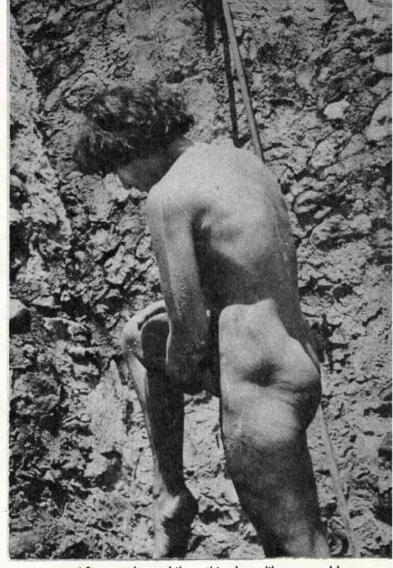
Oh, yes, there was a volley ball court too. Volley ball is the national sport of nudism.

We had thought nudism might be related to lewdism, but soon began to realize we had been wrong.

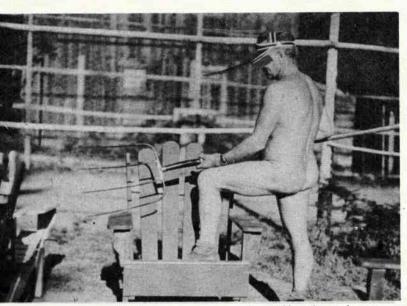
SOME of the nudes are bigger prudes than anybody, we learned. They may think nothing of taking a bath in a mixed crowd, but if somebody tells an offcolor joke, they let him know they don't approve. Not all of them are that way, of course. There are as many different sorts of nudists as there are different kinds of non-nudists.

One interesting point they emphasized as they tried to sell us on joining was that it's difficult to put on airs when you take off your clothes. Everybody's on equal footing when everybody's bare.

For the crusaders among them, there is a campaign



After a long hike, this lass likes a cold shower.' She appears happy, but our author complained of mosquitoes when going bare.



"Embarrassment passed quickly about being nude—but then came a lot more important question—is the thing worth the bother?" This happy worker's answer is firm "Yes!" going on to try to eliminate state laws which outlaw social nudism. They also want to get some public beaches, parks, picnic grounds and other recreation centers set aside especially for nudists.

They also want the right to publish un-retouched photos which show the human form as it is naturally.

"Clothes encourage immorality," one of our hosts said.

"Clothes also encourage class consciousness," another one added.

"Can you imagine Bulgy Bulganin reviewing his tanks with nothing to pin his medals on?" somebody asked.

I said I couldn't.

"Think how much the health of the country would improve if more people wore fewer clothes," said one crusader.

Another said sex education would be simpler and less embarrassing if children were brought up to accept nudism without question.

Some of them felt like underdogs because occasionally an unsympathetic citizen in a nearby community would call in the county officials and complain for no apparent reason except orneriness. This despite the fact the bareskin klan hides far out in some brambly-thicketed patch of woods usually well out of sight of more conventional civilization.

Sometimes peepers sneak up on the camp and take pictures or gaze through (Continued on page 64)

GIRL RAPE GANGS

The true story of George Mooberry the mild Britisher trapped by five laughing Malayan babes

By GEORGE CHUN-LIU

GEORGE MOOBERRY used to be practically a nobody. He was just an obscure messenger in the British Bureau of Commerce at Singapore.

Then the little 37-year old guy achieved fame. It was in an embarrassing way, though—he was the first Caucasian male to be assaulted by one of Singapore's gangs of sex-crazed girls. Those girl-gangs are the latest caper of the Malayan Reds; their purpose is to humiliate the British into getting the hell out of their rich little crown colony.

On the day of Mooberry's embarrassing experience, April 17, 1956, the little guy was carrying the bureau's mail to the post office on Singapore's Avenue of Celestial Glory, a misleading name for a street in a city where so many non-celestial events occur.

Five laughing Malayan girls came out of the horde of Orientals on the busy street and surrounded Mooberry. They ordered the frightened little Limey to accompany them.

He refused. They insisted, pulling and hauling at him. He resisted as best he could but the girls simply strongarmed him and carried him to a room in the cellar of a nearby toshi (wine shop).

The central feature of that dimly-lit room was a bed. The girls tore off Mooberry's clothes and threw him onto that bed. Then one of the girls jerked off her dirty sarong.

Mooberry related his extraordinary experience to his superiors the next morning. He said that each girl, in turn, got into the bed while the others stood around it laughing heartily and offering some pretty embarrassing advice.

Naturally, Mooberry said, he had no choice but to do what he did. Midway, though, he said with a red face, he suffered a lapse of manly vigor. But the girls forced him to drink a bottle of pyan-yet, a powerful native aphrodisiac—which gave him the prowess he needed to fulfill his captors' orders.

MOOBERRY'S story was so incredible that the straight-laced British didn't believe it. In fact they accused the little guy of having a hell of a ball on government time. And losing the mail besides.

But two days later Harvey Dougall, a chauffeur for one of Singapore's wealthy ship owners, was dragged

OF SINGAPORE

from his boss's car and given the multiple-girl sex treatment. He reported his experience to the police who gave him the 'we'll look into it' routine.

The following day a horde of girls attacked an Australian businessman, James Mayden. Mayden is a tough guy, having fought his way from a stevedore's job on Sydney's docks to the ownership of a fleet of tankers. He is more than slightly adept with his fists so he slugged four of the girls to the cobblestones before the others ran howling down'the street.

Then Mayden raised hell with the British constabulary, saying it's a damn shame that a man can't walk around on Singapore's streets without being practically raped by a bunch of girls.

The police, by that time, began to wonder what was going on. But they did nothing. Then, on May 12, an American news correspondent was attacked by a gang of native girls. He was United Press correspondent Gene Symonds of Dayton, Ohio.

Symonds put up a brave resistance. But one of the girls slammed a bottle onto his head crushing his skull, an injury which caused his death the next day.

Before he was slugged, though, a jeep manned by native Constables Teo and Yuen Yue Pang cruised by. The cops braked their jeep and ran to aid the American. One of the girls promptly stabbed Teo in the back—he died instantly. Constable Yuen was overwhelmed and thrown to the ground. The girls poured gasoline on his head and threw a match onto it. Yuen ran down the street, screaming horribly for the few moments before his death.

THE death of the American correspondent, plus the murders of the two constables, snapped the British cops out of their lethargy. They realized somewhat belatedly that the girl-gang assaults were not the playful capers of oversexed kids—they were the organized acts of terrorists. So they decided to do something about it starting, of course, with an investigation of what had happened to the first victim.

So George Mooberry was given an official interrogation and much to his humiliation the story of his experience—along with his photo—was published in magazines and newspapers all over the British Empire. The assault on the U. P. correspondent was given wide publicity in the American press, also.

But while the British authorities were investigating the situation another Englishman was attacked—with different results. He was J. Sylvester Riggs, an exinfantry officer. Riggs simply pulled his Wembley from his pocket and shot the hell out of his assailants, leaving 3 dead and 2 grievously wounded girls on the cobblestones.

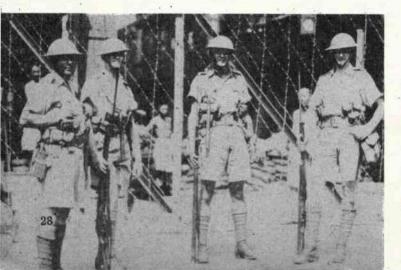
One of the wounded girls, a few moments before she died, told British officials what they wanted to

GIRL RAPE GANGS IN SINGAPORE





Above, Singapore cops carry off unconscious victim of girl terrorists. Below, British guard a fenced-off, dangerous native area.



Last May a former British officer pulled a gun when female gang struck; result, above.

know—the name of the brain behind the sex shenanigans. Probably no one was surprised to learn that it was Hong Se, a self-appointed Malayan Red general with headquarters in the jungles northwest of the city, a few miles beyond the jurisdiction of the colony's constabulary.

E VERYONE familiar with Singapore knows why Hong Se torments the British. He wants them to leave. Singapore is a fabulously wealthy crown colony. It is the trading post of southeastern Asia.

Ambitious Hong Se has tried to muscle in on that rich little 214-square-mile colony for 11 years—since World War II ended. He has promoted kidnapings, brutal beatings and even murder and acid throwing.

After the dying girl informed the police of the background of the girl-gang shenanigans the British increased the constabulary force from 2500 to 4000 practically an army. But like cops everywhere they're almost never around when they're needed.

To make their problem greater Hong Se increased the scope of his stooges' activities, along with adding a particularly embarrassing improvement. Now, the girls—after they've completed the bed phase of their playful little caper—escort their victim onto the streets where, unclad, he is prodded along while the girls walk beside the embarrassed guy shouting and laughing and pointing him out to passers-by with jibes and jeers.

The native passers-by don't interfere, either. Neither does the populace come to the aid of an Englishman when he's being attacked—they're afraid of reprisals from powerful Hong Se's gunmen.

So the sex capers continue. No British resident of Singapore, least of all the rich little colony's officials, expect them to accomplish their purpose—but from a harassment angle they are postively diabolical. There's something about being sexually assaulted

There's something about being sexually assaulted by a gang of girls that is downright humiliating. Most of the men who have been subjected to that unique communist caper have been only too anxious to get out of Singapore on the first plane. THE END

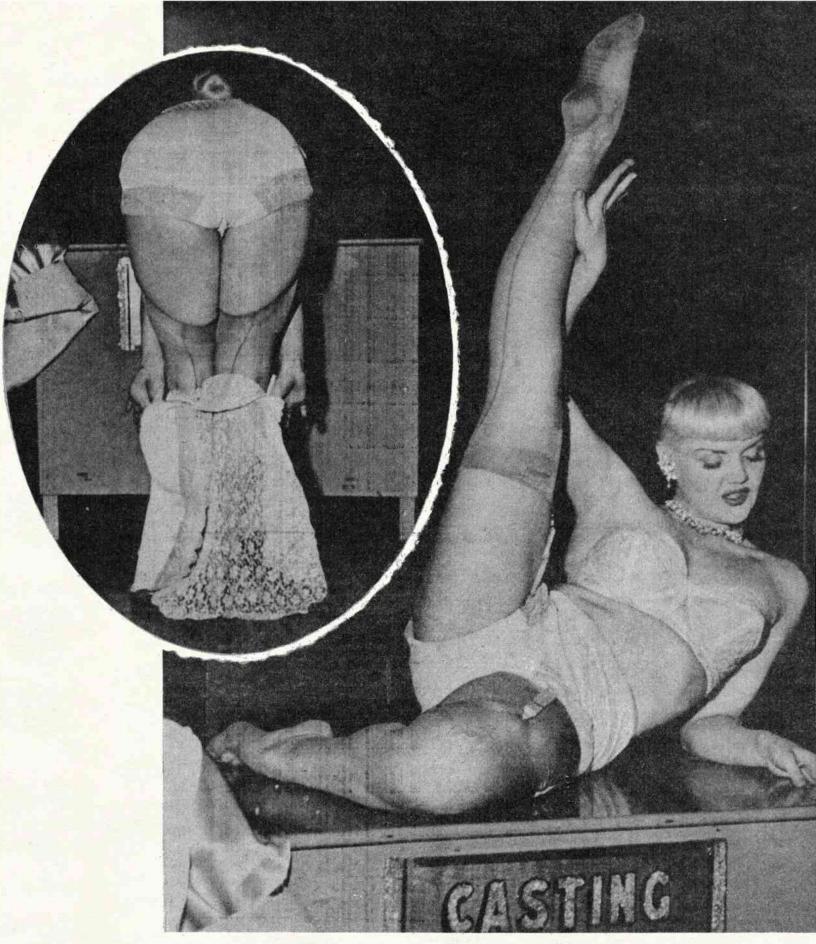
ALL WOMEN WANT TO

"Why," asks Gilda, "do you think babes go for frilly underclothes if it isn't to show them off to someone?"

100

ALL WOMEN WANT TO STRIP

> GILDA, also known as Shirley Jean, likes burlesque. "It's what a person is that counts," she says, "not what they're doing. Plenty of secretaries are dumb. So are they better than some of the brainy babes that strip? And plenty of us are brainy—I know. I think maybe the women who look down their noses at us—and there still are a few—may really be jealous. After all, any normal woman wants to show herself off a little. Why else would she keep prettying herself up? But what housewife has the chance we do—and with an audience that pays!"



Gilda's vital record: 5' 5" tall, 371/2-24-36, and just 118 pounds.

WIN WITH PUBLIC PIX

The novice can actually do bette, than the Racing Form experts if he uses his head. Here's how . . .

By BOB McKNIGHT

MOST budding hoss race fans, realizing they are weak if not totally uninformed in the handicapping department, will rely on a public selector, or Consensus, to guide them to riches. If they persist in following this line blindly, the conclusion must inevitably be reached that there's no gold to be earned from racing.

FOUT Shee

The reason for this should become obvious when we take into consideration the fact that these so-called experts are required to make selections in each and every race on a given afternoon's program regardless of the calibre of contestants. Some of these races will quite certainly be so bad, or so tightly contested, that the outcome* is virtually impossible to predict—but the public selector is required to make a stab at them all. In all fairness, we must admit this puts him, and the fan who follows him blindly, at an insurmountable disadvantage.

If, on the other hand, this selector were permitted to select for only those races which he considered good betting mediums, there can be little doubt he would be able to boost his win percentage considerably.

THIS is where the fan has it over the expert, for he is not required to play every race, or accept the Expert's selections in every race. Thus, by playing only the good betting mediums offered by him, the fan can out-pick the expert who he admits knows more about handicapping than he does.

Therein lies the gimmick: Which are the playable races?

This can be determined quite simply and easily, in a matter of minutes for the whole program. We will consider only the top selection for each race, and we will either qualify him or disqualify him by determining, very simply and easily, if he has shown improvement recently.

By playing only improving horses which have first

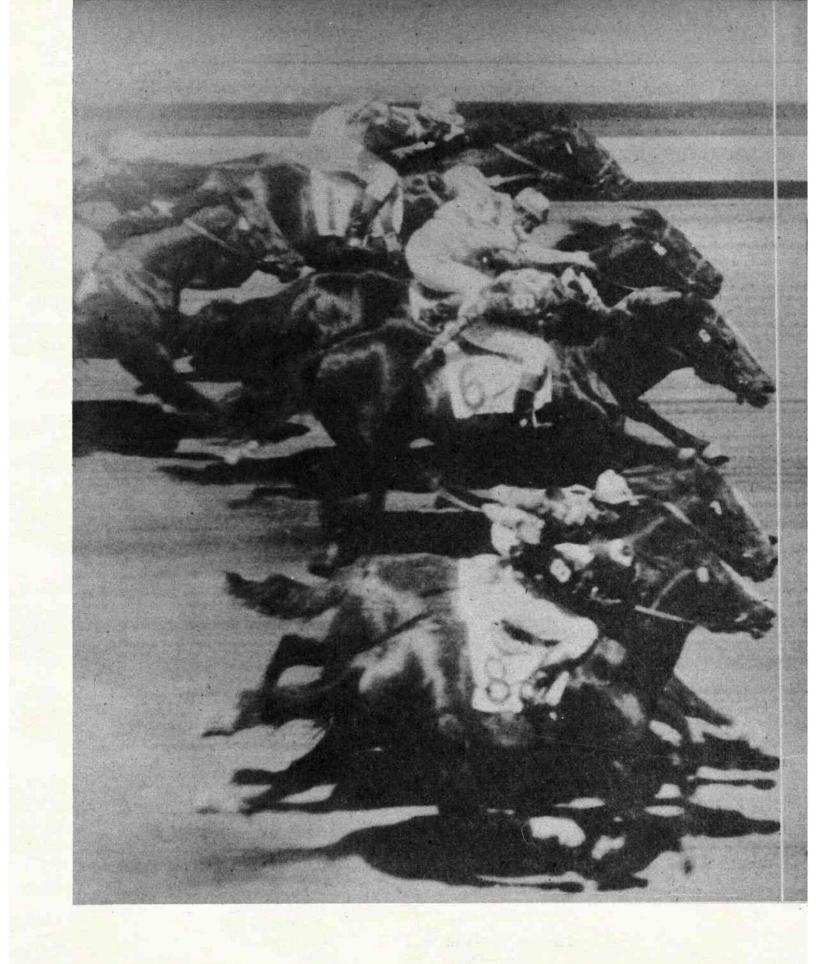
been pointed up by our handicapper, and rejecting those of his picks which do not qualify as improving, we should be able to at least double our normal win expectancy, and take our operation out of the red and into the profits column.

To determine improvement, or lack of it, we will use the speed ratings already worked out for us, in the Daily Racing Form, or the Morning Telegraph which is more readily available to the New York fans. We simply compare the speed rating made in the contestant's most recent race at today's distance, and preferably under fast track conditions, with the same kind of race run previously. If the last race showed a speed rating of, say, 79, and the previous one—at the same distance and same kind of track condition —showed a speed rating of 74, then we can assume we have an improving horse.

If these speed ratings were reversed—a 74 in the most recent race and a 79 in the previous one, we would have to conclude the horse is on the downgrade, or at least regard him as a doubtful investment.

Let's snag a Form out of the stack and see how this works. Since we need the Form anyway to look up speed ratings, why not use one of the Racing Form Experts for our guiding light? There are five of these, and Sweep, who is the grader and price line maker, is generally considered the Daddy of the five. So, let's use Sweep's picks, and see if, by our qualifying gimmick, we can double his win percentage.

IN the first race on February 28, 1956, at Sunshine Park, Sweep made Cold Water his top selection, and the race was carded at 6 furlongs. A glance at Cold Water's past performances shows a race at 6 furlongs, over a fast strip, in which a speed rating of 77 was earned. This race was run on February 9. His next previous race, on February 2, was also at 6 furlongs and on a fast strip, but here he earned an 82 speed rating. Since the more recent race was slower the the previous, we are forced to rate Cold Water as doubtful and pass the race. (Continued on page 56



The Americans were trapped by boatloads of grinning Jap soldiers but they outfoxed their enemies!



Admiral Nokimura and his aide were dejected after capture. (Official U.S. Navy photos.)

PACIFIC WAR'S BIGGEST BLUFF

By DEAN W. BALLENGER former U. S. Navy War Correspondent

Were flying along the shore of Guguan island, one of the northern Marianas, when our starboard engine conked out. It was at approximately o'clock on the morning of March 22, 1945.

Lt. Brad Lyddon—who was a shoe salesman in St. Louis before he became a navy Air-Sea Rescue pilot —set the Catalina down on the island's reef-enclosed lagoon and Jim Ericsson, Machinists Mate 1/c, whose home was in Buffalo, N. Y., gathered his tools. Then he lowered himself into our little yellow raft and paddled under the defunct engine.

But he never touched that engine. A volley of rifle fire from the jungle—which was at least 300 feet away—killed him. Jim's body toppled into the water and the raft, torn by rifle bullets, sank quickly, too —along with the tools.

Horrified, Lt. Lyddon said, "This island is supposed to be secured!" Then he glanced toward the jungles.

Life at our Saipan base had pleasant angles.



Trouble started when one motor conked out and we landed for repairs next to an island that was supposed to be "secured."

"Look!" he said excitedly.

We looked. Six Jap boats were coming out of a cove into the lagoon. Ten Jap soldiers were in each boat. We were—we realized unhappily—in big trouble. Escape was impossible; with only one engine we wouldn't even get off the water before those Japs would have us laced with rifle fire.

Willie Jones and Joe Finnegan, both ex-Pennsylvania farmers, kept their 50-calibre machine guns on those approaching Japs, waiting until they came very close before opening fire.

But the Japs didn't come close. Instead, at about 200 feet they fanned out into a circle around our plane. Strangely, they didn't shoot at us. So we didn't fire, either. We figured we had more to gain by letting the Japs make the next move.

But they didn't move. They just sat in those boats and grinned and stared at us. We stared back at them—but without grinning. The only reason we could understand for their unusual action was that they wanted our plane—intact and without a scratch. An undamaged American plane was a rare prize.

But the Japs had to get us out of that plane before they could snatch it. We had no intention of leaving it and they, it was apparent, were not going to use gunfire to force us to leave. So the situation looked like the beginning of a stalemate. Except that the Japs had all the aces. They could stay in those boats indefinitely by replacing their crews from time to time. And we were confined to the Cat with no way to replenish our tiny supply of food and water.

A noon a seventh boat appeared out of the cove and sped toward us. Except for a coxswain its sole occupant was a Japanese officer. The boat pulled up at 200 feet and the officer (Continued on page 50)



What Should A Gal Do—Alone in the

Dark With A Man She Doesn't Know?

By KENT BOLLINGER

MATT CONRAD crouched behind the clump of maple trees a half block from the end of the bus line. Eagerly he searched through the spring darkness. He sucked on his cigarette. Soon she would be getting off to walk the five blocks to her home. She didn't know it yet, but tonight he was really gonna rough her up.

The bus raced along the main road, its lights cutting into the night. Matt flung his cigarette to the damp earth, crushing it beneath his heavy shoe. The bus stopped and the white-sweatered blonde stepped onto the sidewalk.

He had studied her routine carefully the past three nights; tonight it was no different. Her high heels clicked rapidly on the cracked, sloping sidewalk. He smirked—she was hurrying right toward him.

Matt touched his scarred face briefly; in the privacy of night she would not notice. Bitterly he recalled how girls had cringed from him after a glance at his distorted face. *This* was the only way to get a woman—

A quick jerk on her arm and he held her brutally tight, one hand over her warm mouth. She didn't move. He smelled the cleanness of her body.

"Ain't ya gonna scream?" he demanded.

She shook her head. Matt relaxed his grip slightly, removing his hand from her mouth.

"What do you *want*?" The girl smoothed her short curls with her free hand.

He laughed. "What the hell ya think I want?"

"Money?"

"Ya, Sexy, money, and then some. And you ain't leavin' here 'till I get it, if I have ta kill ya."

He pulled her flat against him and tasted the freshness of her mouth. A numbness slashed through his tall, skinny body. Could it be? She was kissing him back!

"What the hell's wrong with ya?" he muttered, pushing the girl away. "Ya ain't scared, or nothin'!"

She gave a soft laugh. "Honey, I'm just as hungry as you are. You *did* want to play games, didn't you?" She wiggled from his arms and peeled off her sweater. In a few moments a pile of dull white clothing lay on the short grass beneath the trees.

She walked toward him and for a brief time he was sorry he had selected such a dark spot. Her fingers unbuttoned his sport shirt slowly.

"What's your name? I hate to just call you 'Honey'." She squeezed him, her arms wrapped about his narrow waist. "My name is Ann. I live with my folks and my better half is in Tripoli. As far as the folks know, I'm probably over visiting my girl friend."

"Matt," he replied and drifted off into the ecstasy of her kisses.

THE moon shone high and pale and the busses ceased running. They sat on a fallen tree, her arms about him.

"Ever do this before?" she asked.

He nodded. "Ya. Twice. Down in the southern part of the state. They both identified me and the cops took me to headquarters. I asked to use the john and made a getaway through the little window. Ha! They're still lookin' for me."

She giggled. "*That* was smart!" She placed her head on his shoulder. "Matt, you're so nice, why, you don't have to get a girl by *attacking* her. You can find somebody who'll love you."

He snorted caustically. "Ya ain't seen my face. When I was twelve my pa took five of us kids with him in the car. He got drunk in town and we had a dilly of a wreck on the way home. Two of my brothers kicked the bucket."

"Your face isn't important. That's only a superficial thing."

He grabbed her shoulders and turned her face to his. "Would you want to be my girl?"

"Oh, Matt, yes! When my husband comes home I'll get a divorce. Where do you live? I'll be over right after work tomorrow night."

He hesitated. "I'm broke. Don't even have scratch for a bed in the flophouse tonight."

She made a clucking, pitying sound and reached for her purse. "Here, Matt. Eat a good meal and rent a room. Where can I see you tomorrow night?"

"How about right here?"

"Okay."

Matt pulled the girl to her feet and kissed the bare flesh above her scoop-necked sweater. "Annie, ya gave me a new lease on life tonight. I was so damn mad at the whole world before—felt *nobody* loved me. It's gonna be different now. Maybe I'll get a job and an apartment and ya can come over and see me."

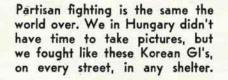
She gave him a final hug. "See you, Matt, honeytomorrow night."

High heels clicked slowly down the sidewalk and he watched greedily as she passed beneath a street light. Those lovely curves, that pretty face, and it all belonged to him! He swelled his chest and strutted back toward town to find a flophouse.

The next night Matt waited impatiently beneath the maple trees. He sat on (Continued on page 40)



"Have you done this before?" the girl asked. Matt hid his face. "Twice," he admitted, "and the cops got me."



I LEFT IN AN ARM IN AN ARM SALES

One refugee's true story of the terrible brutality oppression bred on both sides—behind the iron curtain

By SANDOR RAJIK as told to Chester Giles

EACH of us wanted to kill the sexy little wench who had tried to betray us. But I ordered my men to draw from a deck of cards. Big Zoltan, whose brains the Russians had fermented by 12 months of slave labor in the coal mines at Pecs—for cursing a Soviet MP—drew the ace of spades. Then his broad face lit up in a grin and he said happily, "Let me choke her. Shooting is too easy. And too fast."

I nodded my head. After you've seen your wife and 2-year old son butchered by the soldiers of the Red Hungarian AVH (Secret Police) you've forgotten the meaning of mercy. Especially when it concerns a traitor who'd made a deal with those murdering sadists.

In a way, though, it was unfortunate that Ildika had to be executed. She was a pretty kid. She was about 18. She was short and brunette and shapely. She was sexy, too; each of the 11 male szabadsag harczosok (freedom fighters) in my little csapat (group of partisans) had slept with her. And on more than one occasion.

She—and 7 other girls—had been a member of my csapat since we'd organized, the evening of the day after the student massacre on October 23. Since then Ildika had killed Russians and she'd killed Red Hungarian soldiers. She was good with a rifle and she had more guts than most men.

But she had informed on us. She thought the partisan cause was lost and—hoping to make sure that she wouldn't be sent to a Siberian labor camp when the Russians once more controlled Budapest—she had told a young AVH lieutenant where my little band of partisans was headquartered.

Stupidly, but luckily for us, that lieutenant had tried to seize our stronghold with only 3 enlisted men. Now all four were lying dead on the cobblestones below the second floor window of our rubbled, tankshelled Kardrusu street apartment—near the Danube river in Budapest's wholesale section. And Ildika, who had followed the AVH men to make sure that she got the credit for her duplicity, was tied to a chair. She was crying and her shapely little body shook convulsively.

Still grinning, Zoltan slowly strode to the chair. He

cut the ropes that held Ildika. She watched every move of his big clumsy hands, whimpering. Then Zoltan wrapped his huge left hand around her tiny neck and lifted her so that she was suspended by her neck, with her feet off the floor.

Zoltan put his other hand around her neck and began to squeeze. A second later Ildika's neck snapped. So big Zoltan killed her mercifully after all those months in the coal mines had put steel into the sinews of his hands.

Cursing because his victim had died so swiftly Zoltan went to the window and heaved her body. When it struck the cobblestones, 20 feet below, it bounced and splattered. I stared at it for a moment then I turned to my little band of men and women and I said, "We're right where we were before that little double-crosser told us she'd kill Zsudzi. Now what shall we do?"

Ex-student Gyula Pribetska expressed our thinking when he said dejectedly, "If we don't kill Zsudzi some good citizens have died for nothing."

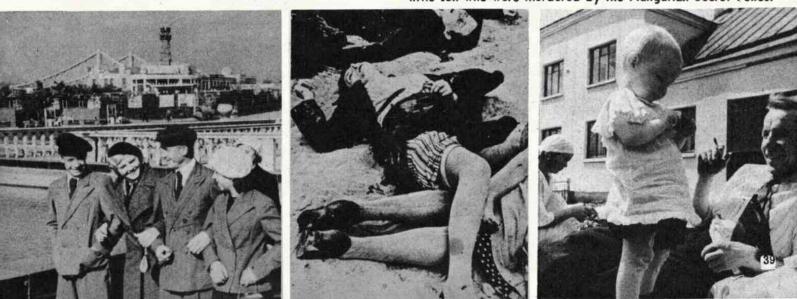
HE was right. We had lost 3 men and 2 women in our attempts to find and assassinate Colonel Karoly Zsudzi, chief of the Alomi Vedelmi Hosztai (AVH), the Red Hungarian Secret Police. Those traitors, native-born Hungarians, were more merciless butchers of our people than their Soviet masters. And, since their bloody massacre of civilian women and children in Moricz Zsigmond square, we had sworn to kill their leader, Zsudzi, the sadist who had given the order for that butchery.

So, like Budapest's hundreds of other partisan bands —each of whom took an oath to perform some specific assassination or act of sabotage, along with harassing the enemy at every opportunity — my csapat had pledged itself to the extinction of Colonel Karoly Zsudzi.

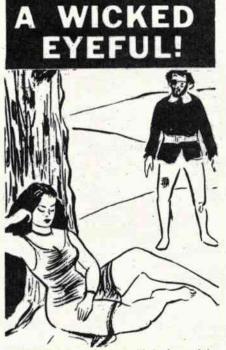
It was a dangerous objective. But we achieved it, though at the 'cost of my left arm and the lives of 4 more members of my little csapat.

But before I tell you how we did it let me tell you how I—once a happy family man—became the leader of a band of killers in my country's bloody fight for freedom.

The night of the student massacre Budapest's streets were aflame (Continued on page 60)



Many Hungarian youths (left) became partisans who were later slaughtered by the Reds. Right, the author with his wife and little son who were murdered by the Hungarian Secret Police.



That's what confronted this lucky male! "He forgot that he was a porter and had only one eye ... He availed himself of those rights which his calling gave him to act like a brute. Brutal he was accordingly-and happy!" ... Thus begins a gay evening session of THE PLEA-SURE PRIMER. Thousands are now enjoying Rollicking Bedside Fun, and you will too, when you possess this ideal bed-side companion. Here's entertainment for open minds and ticklish spines. Here's lusty, merry recreation for un-squeamish men and women. Here's life with apologies to none. Collected, selected from the best there is, this zestful Primer is an eye-opener... YOU ARE INVITED TO EXAMINE THE PLEASURE PRIMER 10 DAYS AT OUR EXPENSE. IT IS GUARAN-TEED TO PLEASE OR YOUR PURCHASE PRICE WILL BE RE-FUNDED AT ONCE!



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LOVE ME STRANGER (Continued from page 37)

the cheap cotton blanket he had pulled from the flophouse bed. The spring violets in his hand were still fresh. Annie would like them.

At last he heard her bus. High heels made sharp sounds on the walk. Her footsteps drew near; then there was silence.

"You there, Matt?" He jumped to his feet. "Yeh, Annie-over "here!"

Instantly there was a glare of lights. Uniformed men swarmed in from all directions.

She turned away as the metal

handcuffs clicked about his wrists. "Annie!" Matt cried out like a wounded animal. His sobs filled the air with his hurt.

She heard the police cars drive away with him. The area still shone with lights from the one remaining car. A hand touched her elbow. "Come on, Miss, I'll drive you home."

The girl turned to stare at the forgotten flowers on the grass. Mutely she followed the uniformed man to his car.

THE END

ONE MAN DAME (Continued from page 17)

Harp parked the truck where we always do, behind the hotel. Dark in there, and nobody ever bothered it. Couldn't even see the thing from the street. We all three went in and ate together. For some damn reason the food tasted like wood to me. Harp got them some wine to have with their meal. Real fancy he was

I sat there wonderin' when he was goin' to bring up the room business. Sure enough, after he sent her off for some candy for herself, he let me have it. Would I take another room this time, and meet him at the truck in the morning. I said yeh, but I was burned up inside.

GOT a room down the hall from them, and left the door a little open. Sure enough they went in together and shut the door. I went to bed, but I didn't sleep. I finally got up and went down for a cup of coffee. Crazy thing about me, a cup of coffee will put me to sleep. Everybody I know says it keeps them awake. Got the coffee from the desk boy. He had a whole pot of it behind his desk. We gabbed a bit.

"Boy—I sure would like to be your pal tonight," he said. "I ain't never had a woman, but I'd like to try out with her."

I laughed, and I shouldn't have done it. "Ain't you ever made a dame-really?" I asked him.

He blushed like hell and drank some more, coffee. Somehow that made me feel better. This kid was good lookin' too. I went upstairs

and stopped for a second beside Harp's door. I had a notion to knock and scare hell out of him, but I didn't.

In my room, I peeled and climbed into bed. There was a street sign blinkin' off and on across my bed, I lay there and thought about the dame's low-necked dress and . how it dipped down every time she moved a little. Why couldn't I run across a dame for once? She sure hadn't give me a tumble. She bothered me so much, I knew I sure needed a dame.

I flopped over on my stomach and went off to sleep. And that was it for the night. Next morning when I went down for hot cakes and coffee, Harp wasn't there at the table, and the dame wasn't there either. I sat down and waited for them, but they didn't show. After awhile I got up and went out to the truck. Harp was sitting in the truck, and by the look on his face-he'd had it!

"What the hell's the matter with you?" I asked. "And where's your one man woman?"

He snapped his thumb behind him and looked away. "She went back to her real one-man, and she took the cases of fur with her."

I got excited. "That fur was worth a lot. She'd have to have a key," I said, loud.

"She had a key," he said. "Mine!" "What the hell!" I yelled at him. "Did you hand it out to her for

something maybe?"

"No," he said. "all I got was a micky!"

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MOTEL WITH BUILT-IN PEEPHOLES

(Continued from page 19)

multiple-car appearances to the sergeant at the precinct desk. The sergeant promptly got excited and showed the cop an FBI circular. It concerned a cleaver young operator who had been peddling cars in Mexico's lush black market. And it stated that while no accurate description of the man was available he was known to be about 25 and he was a masochist.

A RMED with that information the cops staked out Barnes' motel and, while they saw several citizens patronize the place who would rather not have been seen, they had to wait almost a week before Kelley showed up—with a beautiful little redhead. The cops arrested Kelley before he had a chance to enjoy either his whipping or his love making and he was tossed into the local jail charged with suspicion of violation of the Dyer Act, a statute which makes heisting cars a federal rap.

Kelley had plenty of scratch, so he was able to hire a battery of real bright lawyers. They readily beat the car-heisting charge by proving that Kelley had actually bought the cars he and his assorted girl friends had been peddling in Mexico. And, since the Mexican government was legally unable to extradite either Kelley or any of his lovers for peddling cars on its auto black market, the case came apart at the seams.

But before happily smiling Kelley got out of the courtroom a U. S. marshal walked up to him and arrested him for violation of the Mann Act—the law which says that if you take a woman who is not your wife across a state line for the purpose of doing what comes naturally you are in trouble.

That made it obvious to the press and the courtroom crowd that the feds were cooperating right down the line with the Mexican government; they were determined to put Kelley out of the car peddling business one way or another.

The DA was able to stick Kelley with the Mann Act rap because he had transported the redhead whom he had taken to the motel the night of his arrest from nearby Covington, Kentucky. And though Kelley hadn't actually shacked up with that girl — the cops having



"No bother at all, miss. It's our duty to help pedestrians across the street." ruined the evening before it got underway — the DA proved that he'd had intent to make love to her. So Kelley heard the judge say, "Three years."

Kelley's trial lasted 4 days. And the courtroom was crowded each of those colorful days. But what made Kelley's trial of such great interest wasn't the melodramatic and downright embarrassing accounts of his masochism-but the little known facts that emerged about the profitable Mexican market for American automobiles. Up to that time few Americans knew that all there was to making a fistful of dough was to drive a new car to Mexico, peddle it for U. S. dollars and take a plane back to the USA.

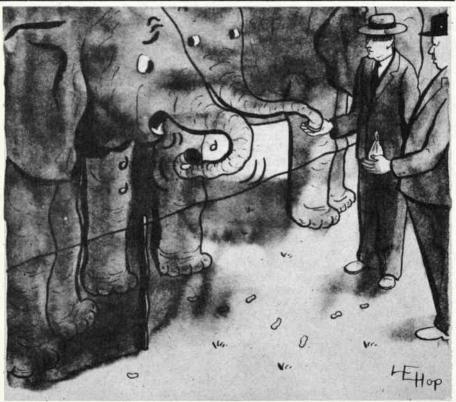
CCORDING to Kelley's testi-A mony his participation in the multi-million dollar Mexican black market automobile industry began in June, 1956. He was vacationing in Mexico City with, of course, a girl friend when a Mexican gentleman named Ferdinando Garcia offered him \$4,000 cash for his 1956 Ford 2-door sedan. Since Kelley had bought the car for only \$2200 in Chicago he visualized an easy \$1800 profit. But he didn't sell the car; he didn't have it paid for and he knew that a man falls hard and long for peddling mortgaged property.

But he got real chummy with Senor Garcia, a gent who seemed to reek with big-denomination U. S. banknotes. And he learned that 1956 Fords, Chevvies and Plymouths were selling for \$5,000 (American dollars) in Mexico City. The underworld organization which Senor Garcia represented paid but \$4,000, though—the other grand being the gang's profit.

The reason for those fantastic prices for American cars—which make a Ford cost as much in Mexico City as a Cadillac does in the States—is due to the Mexican government's tariff on American-made automobiles. But, notwithstanding the exorbitant prices for U.S. cars, the Mexican demand for them is terrific.

Those interesting financial facts simply fascinated Kelley, a Chicago-reared youth with a yen for easily earned money who had been, successively, a crew operator for magazine pitchmen, a vitamin promoter, and a salesman of cemetery lots—all fast-buck vocations. So Kelley promised to deliver a string of new cars to Senor Garcia and he hastened back to the States, arriving there on June 14, 1956.

In Cleveland, Ohio, he found a dealer who agreed to sell him cars of a popular make at little above their factory cost, whereupon enterprising young Kelley bought 2 of them, picked up a girl friend—



"I don't remember him for peanuts!"



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Mailing Address BOX 46856, DEPT. AD-6 LOS ANGELES 46, CALIFORNIA the first of a long stable of girls whom he used in his unique enterprise—put her at the wheel of one of the vehicles and headed for Mexico City.

Kelley repeated that profitable caper for several months, knocking off an average of 2 grand a week. It was an interesting as well as profitable business. There was no labor connected with it—just a pleasant ride to Mexico City in various new cars, plenty of loving en route, and an airplane ride back to the States.

And since it was always springtime for Kelley when it came to love making, the social portion of his commercial enterprise was a busy one; in fact he was a guy who just couldn't seem to get enough of love. It always took a little while for him to get underway, though, because he had to be beaten first. But once that was accomplished, according to various red-faced ladies' testimony at his trial, he was a man of considerable prowess.

So things were going Kelley's way —plenty of easy dough and plenty of adventurous young ladies who, if they were shocked at first by Kelley's painful prelude to love, quickly got used to it.

His strange habit, though, plus the unfortunate fact that he made frequent overnight stops at peephole peeking old Frank Barnes' fancy motel, brought an end to a racket that might have continued awhile longer.

But in case any of you readers think that peddling cars on Mexico City's black market is just the business for you, forget it. The Mexican cops are plenty bright. And Mexican jails are among the world's worst. Furthermore, Kelley's trial exposed the racket and the Mexican officials have clamped down on it.

So unless you think you can stand 5 years in a Mexican stir the standard sentence for peddling U. S. cars on Mexico's black market —don't try to get rich via Kelley's racket. Even if you do your loving without the painful preludes that trapped Kelley, your chances of success are mighty'slim.

EDITORS NOTE: For obvious reasons, the name Frank Barnes, the motel owner, is fictitious in the foregoing account.

BIG KLU AND MATES FOR '57 (Continued from page 21)

first team to have five players hit more than 25 home runs apiece. Frank Robinson hit 38, Wally Post 36, Kluszewski 35, Bell 29 and Bailey 28. In one stretch of the campaign, the bludgeoning Redlegs hit at least one home run a game in 21 games in succession!

In addition to the awesome power exemplified by these musclemen, Cincinnati also boasts George Crowe, a left-handed hitting substitute first baseman who, according to his teammates, could hit 35 homers a year were he played regularly. Sitting on the bench, is catcher "Smoky" Burgess who is regarded as the best pinch-hitter since the days of Johnny Mize of the Yankees.

At second base, the Redlegs have Johnny Temple who works perfectly with playmaking shortstop Roy McMillan. Alex Grammas, "The Golden Greek," is pilot Tebbett's choice as regular third sacker.

Pitching has been Tebbett's big problem for two years, but he is solving it. Brooks Lawrence, his big right-hander, won 19 games last year and is the wheel-horse of the mound staff. Joe Nuxall, the big left¹hander is No. 2 pitcher. Tom Acker, Warren Hacker, obtained from the Cubs last winter, Art Fowler, a reformed playboy, Johnny Klippstein and Hal Jeffcoat complete the regular mound corps, while Bud Freeman is tops in relief.

Pitching coach Tom Ferrick has worked wonders with Klippstein and Jeffcoat who were less than sensational while with the Cubs. Klippstein took a long, easy windup in Chicago, As a result, he was easily "read." Now, he has eliminated the windup and has added a slider to his pitches. Jeffcoat has been coached to add a crossfire delivery. Ferrick's helpful coaching enabled Klippstein and Jeffcoat to do yeoman duty in the latter stages of the '56 campaign.

Tebbetts is looking for one more pitcher. According to one newspaperman, there is a possibility that Tebbetts might be willing to trade catcher "Smoky" Burgess for Carl Erskine, the stylish veteran of the Brooklyn mound corps. Such a trade would benefit both clubs.

The St. Louis Cardinals should finish fourth, trailed by the Phil-

WILL YOU SPEND \$2 TO SAVE YOUR HAIR?

How many hard-earned dollars have you spent to save your hair? How many hair tonics, gadgets, restorers, electrical devices, have you tried in the last few years — with no success? How many times after an unsuccessful hair-growing attempt have you sworn not to spend another cent on another hair treatment?.

Yet, you buy the next product that comes on the market with hairgrowing claims.

Stand in front of a mirror, take a long hard look at the top of your head. What have you to show for the money you spent on hair restorers? Do you have as much hair as one year ago? Do you see any signs of new hair, or new hair growth? Why the failure?

CAN YOU GROW HAIR?

Doctors who have spent a lifetime studying hair and hair growth have concluded that nothing now known can grow hair on a bald head. So, if you are bald, prepare to spend the rest of your life that way. Accept it philosophically and quit spending hard-earned dollars on hair growers.

If you can't grow hair — what can you do? Can you stop excessive hair loss? Can you save the hair you still have? Can you increase the life expectancy of your hair? Probably. Please read every word in the rest of this statement carefully, since it may mean the difference to you between saving your hair and losing the rest of it to eventual BALDNESS.

HOW TO SAVE YOUR HAIR

Itchy scalp, hair loss, dandruff, very dry or oily scalp, are symptoms of the scalp disease called seborrhea. These scalp symptoms are often warnings of approaching baldness. Not every case of seborrhea results in baldness, but doctors now know that men and women who have this scalp disease usually lose their hair.

Seborrhea is believed caused by three parasitic germ organisms (staphylococcus albus, pityrosporum ovale, microbacillus). These germs first infect the sebaceous glands and later spread to the hair follicles. The hair follicles atrophy, no longer can produce new hairs. The result is "thinning" hair and baldness.

Many men and women suffer needless worry and heartache as they peer into the mirror at their retreating hairlines. Worse, they suffer needless loss of hair because today seborrhea can be controlled—quickly and effectively—by treating your scalp with the amazing scalp medicine called Ward's Formula.

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In seconds, Ward's Formula kills the three parasitic germ organisms retarding normal hair growth. This swift germicidal action has been proven in scientific tests by a world-famous testing laboratory (copy of laboratory report sent on request). Ward's removes infectious dandruff, stops scalp itch, brings hair-nourishing blood to the scalp, tends to normalize very dry or oily scalp. In brief Ward's Formula corrects the ugly symptoms of seborrhea, stops the hair loss it causes. Ward's Formula has been tried by more than 350,000 men and women on our famous Double-Your-Money-Back Guarantee. Only 1.9% of these men and women were not helped by Ward's and asked for their double refund. This is truly an amazing performance.

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adelphia Phillies, Pittsburgh Pirates, New York Giants and Chicago Cubs.

IN the American League, the New York Yankees should repeat, giving Manager Casey Stengel his ninth pennant in eleven years. Already incredible, Casey's record defies the past and challenges the future.

The Yankees do not expect to make any startling changes in the team that won the World Championship in '56. Left field is the one spot that needs Maestro Stengel's attention. Norm Seibern, the youngster, suffered from a bad knee for a great part of last season. He expects to be in prime condition to take a regular place in left field.

Hank Bauer again is the regular right fielder with the incomparable Mickey Mantle in center. Enos Slaughter and Joe Collins are available as subs. Collins and "Moose" Skowron will again take care of first base assignments. Billy Martin, Jerry Coleman and Gil MacDougald are the other infield regulars. Yogi Berra, the best catcher in the major leagues, will have a substitute selected from one of the Yankee farm clubs, although Yogi is expected to catch at least 130 games.

The Yankee pitching staff of Ford, Turley, Kucks, Larsen, Grim and Byrne may receive further assistance from rookie Jim DePalo, in relief. He won 13 and lost five games with Denver last year. Another Denver pitcher, Terry, may be give an opportunity to stick if Tom Morgan goes in a trade.

The Yanks are "a solid club," and business manager George Weiss intends to keep them that way. He always comes up with a suitable replacement when the emergency arises.

New manager Jack Tighe leads the Detroit Tigers, second place choice. In Al Kaline, Bill Tuttle and Charley Maxwell, Tighe has a top-notch outfield. Maxwell, in particular, had a brilliant year with the Tigers in '56.

First base is the soft spot in an otherwise excellent infield at Briggs Stadium. Jim Finigan, the classy second baseman obtained from Kansas City in the trade that sent pitcher Ned Garver to the Athletics, solves a long time problem for the Tigers at second base. Harvey Kuenn, the crack shortstop and long ball hitter, and Boone round out the inner works. Frank House is the No. 1 catcher.

Frank Lary, "the Yankee Killer," Billy Hoeft, one of the better southpaws in the majors, and Paul Foytack, a fast-balling righthander make up the "big three" of the Detroit mound corps. Huge Al Aber, a lefty, Bob Miller, a young southpaw, and the veteran Steve Gromek, a right-hander, make up the bullpen. Manager Tighe expects to pick a couple of rookie pitchers to add to the staff.

The Tigers are an interesting team and should finish second.

Kerby Farrell, a minor league manager with a scintillating record, is another new American League pilot. He leads the Cleveland Indians. His "Big Three," Bob Lemon, Early Wynn and Mike Garcia, are somewhat time-worn and do not have the lustre, understandably, of past years. However, the three of them should account for-50 victories this year.

Herb Score, the southpaw with the blinding fast ball to which he has added a sharp curve, should enjoy an even better year than he did in '56. Ray Narleski and Don Mossi are two of the better relief pitchers who help round out a very good pitching staff.

Unfortunately for the Indians, with the exception of outfielder Rocky Colavito, a long-ball belter, the other members of the team are just another year older. Rosen has threatened to quit his infield posts at first and third base. Bobby Avila and Chico Carrasquel have been somewhat of a disappointment. Outfielder Jim Busby's batting average fell to a shadow last year and Al Smith had just a so-so season. Jim Hegan, the veteran catcher, will again be assisted by Hank Foiles and Hal Naragon behind the bat.

Al Lopez, former Cleveland manager, pilots the Chicago White Sox, picked to finish fourth. He has Billy Pierce, a very good left-hander, Dick Donovan and Harry Byrd as the nucleus for a pitching staff that needs much strengthening. Sherm Lollar had his best year as a catcher for the Sox in '56. Nellie Fox and Luis Aparicio, infielders, Larry Doby, who played for Lopez in Cleveland, "Minnie" Minoso and Jim Rivera are his other major leaguers.

The Boston Red Sox, Kansas City Athletics, Baltimore Orioles and Washington Senators should finish in that order after the White Sox.

That's the way we see it now. Anything can happen before October, of course. But meanwhile we're sticking to our guns-as long as the big guns out in Cinncy are in working order.

THE END

Bass Fishermen will Say I'm Crazy... until they try my method!

But, after an honest trial, if you're at all like the other men to whom I've told my strange plan, you'll guard it with your last breath.

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The whole method can be learned in twenty minutes -twenty minutes of fascinating reading. All the ex--twenty minutes of fascinating reading. All the ex-tra equipment you need, you can buy locally at a cost of less than a dollar. Yet with it, you can come in after an hour or two of the greatest excitement of your life, with a stringer full. Not one or two missrable 12 or 14 inch over-sized keepers — but five or six real beauties with real poundage behind them. The kind that don't need a word of explanation of the profes-sional skill of the man who caught them. Absolutely legal too-in every state legal, too-in every state.

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and pull in ferocious big ones while they come home empty handed. No special skill is required. The method is just as deadly in the hands of a novice as in the hands of an old timer. My method will be disclosed only to those menin each area who will give me their word of honor not to give the method to anyone else.

of honor not to give the method to anyone else. Send me your name. Let me tell you how you can try out this deadly method of bringing in big bass from your local waters. Let ma tell you why I let you try out my unusual method for the whole fishing season without risking a penny of your money. Send your name for details of my money-back trial offer. There is no charge for this information, now or at any other time. Just your name is all I need. But I guar-antee that the information I send you will make you a completeskeptic-until you decide to try my method! And then, your own catches will fill you with disbelief. Send your name, today. This will be fun. Eric M Eare Liberty will be 2 Eric M. Fare, Libertyville 2, Illinois

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P.O. Box 25209, W. Los Angeles, Calif.

ZSA ZSA NEEDS A MAN. (Continued from page 13)

sensuous nights in Palm Beach was never going to darken the door of Zsa Zsa's boudoir.

There have been other men, both before and since. There was actor John Sutton, to whom Zsa Zsa was reported engaged back in 1945, when her marriage to Hilton was folding.

"I do not even know this Mr. Sutton," Zsa Zsa announced, "I do not even know who he is-and besides the gentleman is in England. He is, nothing but a very dear friend."

And there was millionairethere's that word again-contractor Hal Hayes, to whom Zsa Zsa was briefly bethrothed only a year ago. "I have always wanted to marry a substantial man like Hal, who goes to work in the morning and comes home at night," Zsa Zsa cooed at the time. But four months later, Hayes returned from Paris, where Zsa Zsa was working in a motion picture, to report that the engagement was off.

For, unlikely as it seems, Zsa Zsa has gone to work. Taken to making movies of which she is not even the star, for pay that would scarcely pay the insurance on her fabulous collection of jewels. Taken to getting up at such unearthly hours as four, four thirty, or five o'clock to get to the studio on time. Taken to dragging home, bone-tired, and creeping, alone and lonely, into her huge Hollywood bed.

It ain't right, men!

TRUE, Mama Gabor has for years operated a smart little shop on New York's Madison Avenue where, assisted by daughter Magda, she sells rhinestones that look like diamonds and emeralds made of glass. True, sister Eva has long worked, with moderate success, as an actress. But Zsa Zsa! The most beautiful of them all! The apple of Mama's eye! ("Magda, she is nossing, you should see my Zsa Zsa," Mama told me once.)

True, Zsa Zsa does it in style. She still has the handsome 14room house, high on a mountain in the Bel Air section of Los Angeles. There are three servants. Her "vorking vardrobe" includes such items as five stoles, three mink coats, 50 evening gowns (mostly strapless) and 75 pairs of shoes.

And at 37, or thereabouts, she has, softened a little. "Actually I



"I THINK he's part water spaniel."

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know very little about men," she told a reporter last summer. "I know less than Grace Kelly . . . I never played the field. There have been only five men in my life."

This from a girl who, on her arrival in the United States, dashed off a little volume entitled "Every Man for Herself."

Mama's teachings, as described by daughter, have changed somewhat, too. "Promise me you von't forget to wear your slip, darling, and be generous with tips!" is the way Zsa Zsa now relates her mother's advice.

"I like publicity about my career but I have never wanted it about my personal life," she says these days.

"A woman doesn't need a man," she philosophized after her breakup with Sanders. "I give my career 10 years, then I marry some nice doctor or a lawyer, but no actor."

Perhaps she meant it. That was in 1952 and five years have passed without so much as a short-term marriage. "I don't believe in longterm contracts," she said once, "even with husbands." Even her engagements have been short-lived.

But she's available. In the market for a nice simple American business man who's not too tired nights to put up with her lovemaking. Not too beat to whisper a few sweet nossings in that shellpink ear. Not too absent-minded to remember — suitably — birthdays and anniversaries and just plain days. Not too exhausted to enjoy those pink-tipped fingers running through your hair.

Then all you need is a stamped addressed envelope and the top off an old diamond tiara . . .

THE END

PACIFIC WAR'S BIGGEST BLUFF (Continued from page 35)

got to his feet and put a megaphone to his mouth. He bellowed, "Come out with hands in air. Japanese promise kind treatments."

Naturally, we didn't fall for that. At hourly intervals the Jap repeated his message. But neither he nor the armed men in the 6 boats made an attempt to come nearer.

The afternoon was a repetition of the morning-except that the tropical sun, bearing down on the Cat, made its interior almost unbearable. And every hour the Jap officer made his little speech.

At nightfall, except for two men whom Lyddon posted at our port and starboard guns, the rest of us slept-or tried to sleep. Sleep didn't come easy, though, knowing that the last of our water and chow would be gone the next day. And then, unless we surrendered to the Japs, we had the equally unpleasant future of starving to death.

The next morning the loudmouthed officer stood in his boat, as usual. But that time his tone was different. He screamed, "Americans afraid to come out. Americans are womanly cowards. Americans are. . . ." Then he launched into a tirade of obscenities.

We suffered through that day and its night and early the following morning a whaleboat with a white flag attached to its bow churned out to the Cat. Its only passenger, besides its coxswain, was a bespectacled, intelligent-appearing Japanese naval lieutenant.

That guy had guts. He came within 25 feet of our floating prison. Then he demanded, in English that would have been comical under any other circumstances, a conference with our captain—only he called him 'commandants.'

Lyddon opened a window, leaned on it'and looked down at the little Jap. "What's up, Hirohito?" he said.

The Jap got sore; a sure way to get under a Jap's skin was to insult his Emperor. He said angrily, "Come out at once immediately. If not we will seize by force. This is the final truth!"

Lyddon said, "Relax, shorty. I'll talk it over with my men." Then he closed the window and turned to face us. "I've got an idea," he said, "I thought of it last night. It involves a phony map, a good fast pitch-and plenty of luck. It's got such a slim chance of success, though, that I wasn't even going to mention it. But this gook coming out to see us fits right into its first phase. So listen, men, and give me your honest opinion of it.'

We listened. Lyddon was rightit was a long shot and its chances of success were plenty dim. But we agreed to string along with it simply because we had nothing to lose if it didn't work out.

CO Lyddon opened the window J again. "We'll come out," he said to the Jap. Grinning smugly, the Jap ordered his coxswain to put

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the boat under our starboard hatch. But he had an automatic in his hand—he wasn't taking a chance of being tricked.

Big king-sized Lt. (jg) Steve Dombroski of Detroit, our co-pllot, leaned out the hatch as though he was about to leap into the boat. He held one hand out, as if to balance himself before he loosed his other hand. Then, in a fast swoop, he grabbed the little Jap lieutenant by the back of his neck, kicked the automatic from his hand with his free foot and swung him into the plane's hatch.

The lieutenant's coxswain tried to be a hero. He started to raise an Arisaki rifile to his shoulder. But Lyddon shot him in the face with his .45. The Jap died instantly; in fact at that range there wasn't much left of his head.

Then we had an uneasy moment. The Japs in the surrounding boats saw what we did to the lieutenant and the coxswain and it was logical to asume that, in retaliation, they would fire on us. But their officer —the guy who had been urging us to surrender every hour—screamed at them and they lowered their weapons.

Meanwhile our prisoner had been cursing us in a colorful blend of Japanese and his own brand of English. Then he said piously, "You violated a truce. It was not honorful."

"Knock it off," Lyddon said angrily, "What do you clowns know about honor?" Then he said, "I wanted you in here to make you a deal. Here it is: if you'll bring us water, some decent chow and let us fly back to Saipan I'll give you that map you people want so badly."

The Jap's face twitched. He didn't know what map Lyddon was talking about. And he didn't want to act like he didn't know.

Lyddon let him suffer for a moment or two then he added. "Here, see for yourself." He shoved a map into the Jap's eager hands. It was a chart of Formosa, torn from "Guide to the Western Pacific," a booklet which, while restricted, was usually carried by Air-Sea Rescue pilots. Actually, there was nothing on that Formosa map that the Jap didn't know more about than we did-since that island was in their hands. But its coded symbols and mysterious navy abbreviations made it look like an invasion chart.

THE Jap practically drooled. He was very sure that what he held in his hands was a priceless document. We were aware that the Japs knew that our forces were preparing for a major invasion; Jap planes had seen—and undoubtedly photographed—our massive Okinawa preparations. So they knew something big was up—but they didn't know what it was. Now the grinning little lieutenant thought he knew where we were going to strike—and in plenty of time to warn his superiors.

He said, with child-like eagerness, that he'd go for the deal on our terms. Then he added, almost sadly, that he'd have to present a proposition of that magnitude to the island commander, Admiral Fyuko Nokimura. So he asked for permission to signal the beach; he was even courteous about it.

We rigged up a truce flag from one of the men's T-shirts and the lieutenant stood in the hatch and waved it excitedly, almost frantically. In a few minutes a whaleboat churned toward us. When it got to the Cat there was some rapid conversation in Japanese. Then the boat returned to the beach. In a half hour it was back with a very dignified, unusually tall Japanese admiral aboard. His face was adorned with an upswung black mustache.

After looking around to make sure that his 6 boats of riflemen had us covered he climbed into the Catalina. Then his coxswain tossed us a wicker-bound keg of water, a stalk of bananas, 5 tins of canned crabmeat and 2 loaves of ticha— Japanese bread.

The lieutenant and the admiral studied the map, pointing to its symbols and jabbering excitedly. Meanwhile we gulped down that Japanese food.

Then Admiral Nokimura folded the map and put it into a pocket of his blouse. "You cannot return to Saipan," he said with a sneaky grin, "You will be prisoners of war. You will abandon this plane immediately."

"Like hell!" Lyddon snarled. Then he said to us, "Well, men, we didn't get away with it. Old handlebars thinks he's got us where it hurts. Since he's got the map he thinks he doesn't have to make any concessions. But we've got one play left—taking off on one lung. Shall we try it, and take a chance on those riflemen holding their fire because we've got old handlebars aboard?"

Willie Jones answered for all of us. He said, "Get this busted-down old Cat going, skipper!"

Admiral Nokimura suddenly quit grinning. He said, "You swine! You'll never. . . ."

Joe Finnegan gave him a left in

the guts and a right under the chin. The admiral went to sleep. Then the little lieutenant pulled a knife from his blouse. Lyddon laid his .45 across the back of his head.

Then Lyddon and co-pilot Dombroski ran to the cockpit. They started the port engine and began to taxi across the water.

T must have been tough for the Jap officer in charge of the 6 whaleboats to decide whether to order his men to shoot us downand Admiral Nokimura with usor to spare the admiral's life and suffer the humiliation of seeing us fly away with old handlebars as our prisoner.

He finally decided to shoot us down. But he didn't arrive at that decision until the Cat was in the air. Then we were the target for heavy fire from those 60 riflemen and the Cat was punctured several times.

Naturally, after the Japs opened fire, Jones and Finnegan went to work. They poured burst after burst into those boats which were, in effect, sitting duck targets. It was virtually a slaughter; the boats and their men-including the loudmouthed officer who had tormented us with those ceaseless surrender demands-were simply ripped apart by our .50 calibre slugs.

After we got over the sea we laughed happily-if the Japs had opened fire the moment our engine started they could have killed us easily. Instead they let us get into the air before they got on the ball, thereby reversing the odds.

After a few minutes Lyddon said, "Wake up old handlebars. I want to see the look on his face when I tell him that map was a phony."

But Nokimura didn't scream or go into a tizzy. He simply wept when he learned how he had been suckered. Then he asked Lyddon for permission to commit hari-kari-and a weapon with which to do it. Lyddon said, "Nothing doing, Mac. I'm taking you back to Saipan alive. A big shot like you ought to be worth a 30-day leave."

An hour and a half later we landed at the seaplane base at Tanapag on Saipan's west coast. And shortly thereafter Admiral Nokimura had the unhappy distinction of being the highest ranking prisoner of the 18,000 Japanese in the Charan-Kanoa internment camp.

But he never got around to committing hari-kari. He taught English in the stockade's school until the war ended. Then he was repatriated and he operated a cafe on Tokyo's Hasuri Avenue until his death in October, 1954.

As for us? Yeah, we got a leave and enjoyed it. Life wasn't so bad on Saipan in those days. Some of the native girls were fun. THE END



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# WIN WITH PUBLIC PIX (Continued from page 33)

In the second, Sweep put Bayou Waif on top. Here again we have a 6 furlong event and Bayou Waif's last two races were at  $5\frac{1}{2}$  furlongs. However his third race back, on February 3rd, was at today's distance and he earned an 89 on a fast track. The next previous (the 4th one back) was under the same conditions but he only earned a 71, a rather startling improvement.

Incidentally, he showed the required improvement in the two more recent  $5\frac{1}{2}$  furlong races, also. He is definitely a qualified play.

In the third, Sweep picked Jubilee. This race was carded at  $5\frac{1}{2}$  furlongs, and Jubilee had only one race at this distance which disallowed an accurate comparison. We are forced to list him as doubtful and pass the race.

We are unable to qualify Sweep's top pix in the 4th, 5th, or 6th, but in the 7th, Herb S. qualifies off of two races in January at today's distance over a fast track. He earned a 92 in the most recent one and a 90 in the previous one.

In the eighth, we find we can qualify Busy Evening though on a rather slim margin of only one point off of two races at 1 mile— 70 yards.

In the 9th we could not qualify Idle Boy since he showed nothing but sprint distance races in his past performances and this race was carded at a mile and 70 yards.

So; out of the nine races, we were able to qualify three of Sweep's selections, Bayou Waif, Herb S., and Busy Evening.

We know that Sweep's normal year 'round win percentage is roughly 32, so let's see if we accomplished what we set out to do, namely double Sweep's normal win expectancy, and take the operation out of the red.

Bayou Waif won for \$5.20, 3.50, and 2.70 across the board. Herb S. took his heat for the nice Mutuels of \$13.70, 5.90, and 3.70. Busy Evening broke tardily, and while he made up some ground, was never able to threaten seriously. So we caught 2 out of 3 which is 66 2/3%, slightly more than double Sweep's normal percentage, and we got back \$18.90 for six dollars invested.

There's nothing to prevent you from trying out this principle using selections made by your own favorite handicapper, and if you have the fortitude to play only the playable races and pass up those bad or doubtful spots, you can look down your nose at the rank amateur who tries to squeeze a profit out of playing them all.

THE END

# URANIUM ROAD TO \$1,000,000 (Continued from page 6)

counter cost \$179.95 and it was equipped with a speaker which produced loud, audible clicks whenever radiation was detected. It had both carrying straps and a metal handle and it was a heavy little instrument, though only  $6\frac{1}{2} \ge 6\frac{1}{2} \le \frac{1}{2} \le \frac{1}{2$ 

That same day, on the advice of my new friends, I went to the Grand Junction office of the Atomic Energy Commission and I got, for two bits, a copy of Circular 7. (You can write the AEC, Washington 25, DC, for a copy; enclose 25 cents with your letter.)

That booklet tells how to prospect—what kinds of terrain and what rock formations to look for. It also states that a person is permitted to explore on federal lands under gas and oil lease, a fact of which I was unaware.

It states how to file a claim, designating that tracts must, be 600 feet wide and 1,500 feet in length. But a person can file up to 100 *claims!* He is permitted to measure the site himself, outlining its boundaries by placing rocks on its corners. Then he must notify the AEC office; they'll record it without charge. If a claim is not recorded a man has no recourse against claim jumping.

Men!	Men!	Men!	Men!

DIRECTORY OF ACTIVE CLUBS Continued from page 55)

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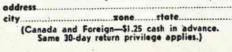
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nome (Please print plainly)



O^N April 17, 1956, I went on my first prospecting trip. I drove west of town to the end of the irrigated section then north onto the rugged Colorado Plateau. There are no roads or trails on that desolate plateau. You guide yourself by rock formations.

I was excited, of course, when I first put my Geiger counter's strap around my neck. I held the probing tube in my hand and began to walk from rock to rock. At dusk, after a meal prepared over a camp fire, I crawled into my sleeping bag. It was a long and lonely night. The howling of the wolves and coyotes was downright spooky. The plateau. lonely by day, seems even more removed from civilization at night.

The next day I resumed prospecting. It is, I quickly learned, both hard and monotonous work. And I discovered nothing - except that prospecting is the loneliest occupation in the world. But I worked hard at it, week after week, starting afresh each Monday and rejoining my family each Saturday.

I became discouraged. I had the feeling that I had made a fool of myself, quitting a good job and dragging my family away from our home and security. The novelty of the family's living in a tent had worn off, too. It wasn't fun anymore. More important, we began to see the people in Uraniumville as they really were. While at first everyone had seemed to us to be jubilant and optimistic we realized that actually they were anxious and worried and, in many cases, desperate in their desire to find uranium.

Most of us were without incomes: we lived on our accumulated savings. So it was with anxiety and apprehension that we watched our funds diminish week by week. But not every man in Uraniumville went broke. Many men found sizeable deposits, enough of them to keep me_and many others_deter-mined to continue.

So I kept on prospecting. Dreary, disappointing days came and went and, finally, we decided that we'd go back to Omaha the last of August-in time for the opening of school. I'd get a job at my trade and we'd charge the whole thing off as a king-sized-and mighty expensive-flasco.

WITH less than three weeks to go before our self-imposed deadline I decided to try a new area-southwest of town, very close to the Utah border. On the fourth day my counter began to click. I staked out a claim and hurried

back to Grand Junction to record it.

The next day I found three more areas—all adjoining my claim—in which my counter clicked. I staked them out, picked up samples of ore from each claim, hurried back to town and recorded them.

Then I showed the ore samples to the government's geologists. They inspected my claim the next day and they told me that I had found deposits whose ore was worth an estimated \$2.15 per pound. Since my four claims have an unimaginable number of pounds of ore on them I was in the highest of spirits when I drove to the tent and reported to the family.

So that day-Saturday, August 11, 1956-was a happy one for us. But, ironically, I was almost broke -I had less than \$200 left of our \$1800 stake. So the next morning I went to one of the local banks. I told the banker that I wanted to borrow enough money to sustain us until spring when I would be able to get my claims into production. I added that I had filed an application for government funds to finance my mining activities (the AEC will finance the mining of proven claims) but that red tape, being as slow as it is, meant that months might elapse before I actually got the money. In the meantime I told him that I had to have funds for family living expenses.

After 'phone calls to various officials at the Atomic Energy Commission's local offices in which he verified the validity and potential worth of my claims he wrote out a cashier's check for \$30,000. I almost swallowed my cigarette. I had thought if I could talk him into lending me \$2,000 I'd be doing some fast talking!

So that afternoon, feeling very rich, my wife and I bought a house. It was wonderful to be able to pay cash for it.

In fact it's wonderful to be rich. Actually, though, I don't know how rich I am—or will be. The Atomic Energy Commission offered me \$200,000 for my findings. But by mining them myself I may make a half million. Or even a million.

Whatever it is, it's a big jump from a \$2.80-an-hour factory job! THE END





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The young man ripped off a branch of a tree and advanced on the girl's pursuers. But the horseman cried out, "Keep away! She's



got this coming to her." As he spoke, the dogs caught the woman and brought her to a stop.

"You won't get away with this!" warned the young man.

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# SEX MYTHS (Continued from page 15)

American novelist who once defined the act of love as "The temporary joining of two sewer pipes."

Happily, nasty words are not enough to make a thing nasty. Sorokin is entitled to his own feelings, but we do not have to share them.

We don't have to approve of his "logic" either. He notes, for example, that mental disease has increased at the same time that a franker attitude toward sex has been developing. Then he says, "... since the increase of sex freedom and the proliferation (he means increase) of neuroses . . . have . . . occurred during the same period, it can be considered that there is a causal relationship between them."

This from a Harvard "scientist!" It is just as scientific to say that, since the Yankees have won more pennants than any other team, and at the same time have been playing more games in the Yankee Stadium than any other team, one must cause the other. The geography of the Stadium, for instance, makes it easier to win pennants!

Sorokin disposes of our friend Doctor Kinsey in about two glib

sentences. For instance, "In recent works like Dr. Kinsey's volumes, no proof of the validity of his statistics is given." (Page 57.)

It would have been just as reasonable to have dismissed Einstein years ago because there was no "proof" of his theory. The fact is that Kinsey is the great pioneer in an effort to get facts in a field where facts are hard to come by. He himself would have been the last to stop work, or claim that his figures were 100% valid in every detail.

You don't have to take my word for Sorokin, though. I wish you wouldn't-I wish you'd read this strange book yourself ("The American Sex Revolution," by Pitirim Sorokin, published by Porter Sargent Publisher in Boston, available in paper at \$2.00 or at your library) ...

In it you will see how even the presumably rational scholar can get mixed up when he approaches the emotionally laden subject of sex. You will see how persistent sexual mythology is, despite the factual evidence now at hand that is only gradually breaking down the myths. And you will understand why you don't have to believe everything printed.

Nonsense is still nonsense, even when it has big-sounding names and titles behind it! THE END



with violence. Young men and women-both students and workers -ran in groups howling and screaming for Soviet blood and many a luckless Soviet and Red Hungarian soldier was ambushed and killed.

The revolution, which was to embrace the entire nation, had begun. But I took no part in the activities of that harrowing night until about 8 o'clock. At that hour two AVH officers burst into my apartment, which was on Petagfanyu street. Those swine accused me - a foreman in the Rakoczy Textile Mill-of having uttered, at various times, seditious remarks to my workers.

I realized what was going on. The Commies, afraid of a general uprising after their massacre of the students, were cracking down on everyone who'd had the guts to complain about the regime. One of those AVH men handcuffed me

and 'both of them prodded mejabbing their revolvers into my chest-toward the door. My wife, suddenly realizing the fate that awaited me, ran screaming to my side. And my little boy threw his arms around my legs. Then those swine, both laughing like the subhumans they were, shot my wife in the head and my son in his innocent little face.

Budapest's streets were filled with bands of armed patriots that night and one of them, luckily for me, came onto my street as those AVH butchers were shoving me toward their car. Those patriots, howling with glee and flashing knives, swarmed over the surprised and suddenly scared soldiers and, when they were dead, removed the handcuff keys from one of their victims and released me. Then they stripped the dead men of their weapons and piled into their redstarred official AVH squad car and raced away.

The next morning my wife and son were buried after a brief service in the neighborhood church. At that church there were 61 funerals of murdered citizens that



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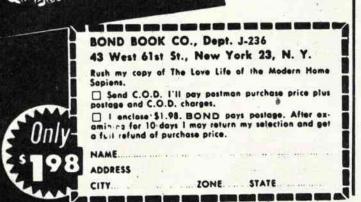
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day-and similar numbers in each of the other churches throughout the city-so that my wife and son, lving in a single cheap wooden coffin, had to wait their turn in the churchvard.

After the funeral, determined to even the score with the Commies for my little family's murder-and to make the Reds bleed for the indignities they had forced upon the people of Hungary during their 12 years of occupation-I decided to organize and lead a csapat.

WHAT evening I came upon a L band of young men and women on St. Josef street. They were stripping the body of a Russian MP whom they had shot off his motorcycle. I offered to arm those kids and lead them, making it clear that the csapat I was talking about would be a real blood and guts outfit. They were impressed, perhaps because I was older than they (32). But one of the young men shoved a revolver into my hand, said suspiciously, "We're interested. But first show us that you hate the Soviets as intensely as you say you hate them."

We went down the street until we came to a busy intersection. A stupid-looking big Russian MP was in its middle directing traffic. From the sidewalk I shot him-with as much compassion as I would have shot an empty beer bottle. He was still writhing on the cobblestones when we ran up the street.

That night we found the abandoned second-floor apartment in the shelled building on Kardusu street. It was an ideal headquarters; the Reds wouldn't be likely to think that the building, rubbled as it was, would be inhabited.

The next morning I contacted the commandant of the Honved (Hungarian Army) garrison on nearby Kaposvar street. The Honved, to the rage of the Soviets had -after the student massacrepromptly shot their Russian officers and joined the partisan cause. And along with fighting the Russians they were supplying civilians with arms and ammunition. So those soldiers gave me enough rifles, helmets and ammunition to equip my little csapat.

Then we began the bloody business of killing both Russians and the Hungarian traitors of the AVH. We sniped them from behind destroyed tanks, from atop buildings, from the windows of abandoned apartments and from doorways. We threw Molotov cocktails onto their tanks and into their troop-carrying

vehicles. And we set 3 of their supply warehouses afire.

The 8 girls in my 19-partisan csapat fought as bravely and as efficiently as the men-especially Ildika. But that little dame was a sadist rather than a patriot; she liked to kill because she liked to hear her victims' death screams and each time she shot a Red she giggled in a haunting, hysterical way.

We didn't devote all of our time to killing, though, or to foraging for food and ammunition. We did plenty of loving in our hideaway. When you know that tomorrow you may be a corpse left to rot on the streets, or dumped into a shallow grave and covered with quicklime you want to do all the loving you can while you're still alive. Of our 8 female partisans none, though, was like little Ildika. She loved as passionately as she killed-and much more often.

My csapat had no special objective during the first days of its operation, beyond doing as much killing of Reds and sabotaging of their equipment as possible. Then the bloody Moricz Zsigmond square massacre occurred (on Tuesday, November 6) and we dedicated our future efforts to the extinction of AVH Colonel Karoly Zsudzi. We hoped that his death would demoralize his vicious organization and, thereby, save the lives of innocent citizens. But we had to know where he was headquartered -and what he looked like-before we could kill him.

THE next night big Zoltan cap-tured a young AVH officer and brought him, hammerlocked and cursing, to our hideout. He was arrogant and condescending. But after Zoltan beat his smug face to a bloody pulp he was quite eager to cooperate and he told us that Zsudzi was headquartered on Haj avenue and that each morning he went to the old Angyalf fortress in Pest for a conference with Matyas Rakosi, the brains of the Hungarian Communist party.

The bloody-faced AVH was useless to us after he talked so I ordered my men to execute him. They took him behind the hideout and shot him and stuffed his body into a barrel and gave it a shove. It rolled down the hill toward the Danube.

During the next 3 days we tried to stalk Zsudzi-and I lost 3 men and 2 women. Zsudzi had his headquarters surrounded by trig-



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ger-happy guards who shot anyone who even looked like he might be a partisan.

Then Ildika volunteered to assassinate our cunning enemy. I have told how she betrayed us and how we executed her.

An hour later I had an inspiration and the next day we began to stalk Zsudzi right in front of his Haj avenue headquarters simply by wearing the garments of laborers and pretending to be members of a conscripted labor detail engaged in clearing the street of rubble. By that tactic, which we employed for 2 days, we observed that Zsudzi—with 5 tommygun-armed guards—departed in a big black Mercedes sedan at approximately 10:15 each morning.

The next morning everyone in my csapat—both men and women —concealed themselves in doorways and cellar entrances on both sides of a block on narrow Kovacs street. The Mercedes came racing down the street on schedule and gutty little Karla Istan ran out of a doorway and threw a Molotov. It struck the car's windshield which immediately became covered with flaming gasoline.

Then bad luck descended upon us. We had hoped that the driver, blinded by the flaming gasoline on the windshield, would crash into the side of a building—whereupon killing Zsudzi and his guards would be a simple, almost easy matter. Instead, the driver was able to stop his vehicle in the street.

We ran out of our places of concealment, shooting into the car. Unfortunately, two of Zsudzi's guards survived our gunfire long enough to spray us with their tommy guns. They killed Zoltan and Polgo and the girls Karla and Nyirai. And their slugs tore my left arm into a gory mass of bloody flesh and shattered bone.

The survivors of my successful but battered little csapat promptly took me to the Surgical Hospital on Gellert Hill. My shattered arm's amputation was ghastly. There was no morphine left—or chloroform or ether. So I paid an agonizing price for our assassination of the devil, Zsudzi.

A week later my loyal partisans stole a car and took me to the Traiskirchen refugee camp in Austria. As we crossed the border exstudent Josef Zsabonu spoke for all of us when he looked back at our blood-soaked land and said, with tears in his eyes, "Elyen a Magyarsag!" (Glory to Hungary!)

THE END



#### binoculars.

There have been occasions when nudists have paid blackmail to protect their reputations and jobs. It's not that they're ashamed of their associations, they insist. It's just that they don't want their non-nudist friends causing them difficulties, such as loss of jobs. This last isn't likely to happen except maybe to government employes.

Some members of the unclothed crowd don't mind publicity; one club leader said it had helped his business considerably when word got out he had been elected to a high office in the national sunbathing association.

But most of the sunburners don't spend time crusading or trying to get new members or aspiring to leadership roles. They work around the camp, building their cabins, playing volleyball, swimming and fighting mosquitoes.

A WORD of caution to those who have a deep tan down to the top of their bikinis: time yourself if you remove them and expose your "shelf," as it's called, to the sun. It takes only a few minutes of a, summer day to acquire a painful streak which will cause an unpleasant two weeks at the office. Chances are you won't be able to tell a plausible story about why you sit down so gingerly.

Sunbathers never use last names; that's part of the secrecy precaution. There is an exception in the case of leaders, who have to bear the brunt of possibly adverse publicity, law prosecutions and the like.

One leader told of a convention which had been "raided" by a votehungry politician who had to use an airplane to locate the convention site—that's how remote it was. When the raiders arrived, they were met by nudists fully clothed and one officer tried to get them to remove their clothing so he could charge them with indecent exposure.

The leaders eventually were fined, but the politician wasn't reelected, so the story goes.

We found out nudists have parties in winter too, but they don't shed clothes then. One of our hosts told the story of the psychology professor who joined a nudist

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group in wintertime. Invited to a party one rainy night, he arrived in a raincoat and overshoes— nothing else. Needless to say, his hosts loaned him some clothes for the evening, but he didn't 'stay long.

We thought there would be some exhibitionists or peeping Toms among the nudists but were told they "stand out like sore thumbs." If they were there, they concealed their feelings.

But this isn't telling why I quit nudism.

WE stopped going simply be-cause it wasn't interesting enough to be worth the bother. If you think bodies are interesting, then a nudist camp is the wrong place to go. Try the sexy movies or burlesque instead.

As somebody said, clothes make the man, and the woman too.

Before we drifted away from the group for good, we naturally mentioned some of our thoughts. Some of our new friends expressed shock. We weren't being very democratic, they said. Hadn't we found good friends? Yes, but no better than other friends. So maybe we'd visit them sometime.

Meanwhile, there's the seashore, unrestricted so long as one wears a tiny swim suit, and at the end of a smooth highway!

The views at the swimming pool are just as good 'as at a nudists' pool-you get to use your imagination a little.

Recently, after we stopped going to the sunbathing club. I happened to be talking with a doctor friend who is a psychiatrist, and I asked him what he thought about the nudists.

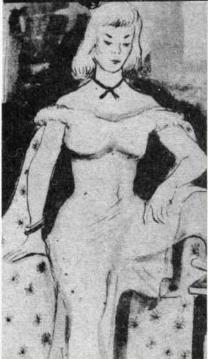
He said he didn't know much about their personality characteristics as a group-if they could be classified in any single category. He thought maybe they were rebels, reformers of a sort who just happened to pick that sort of club to join rather than some obscure religious sect or secret lodge.

"Instead of dressing up in ritualistic robes, they merely reverse the process," he chuckled.

Then he added: "Maybe some of them are trying to get rid of adult anxieties and are reverting to childhood freedoms. That's one way to lick their wounds, so to speak."

As for me, I've just discovered how much fun it is to fish for trout in a sparkling mountain stream. I'll let the cool cool water "lick my wounds." And I'll wear enough clothes to keep the bugs off! THE END

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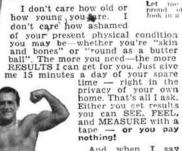
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