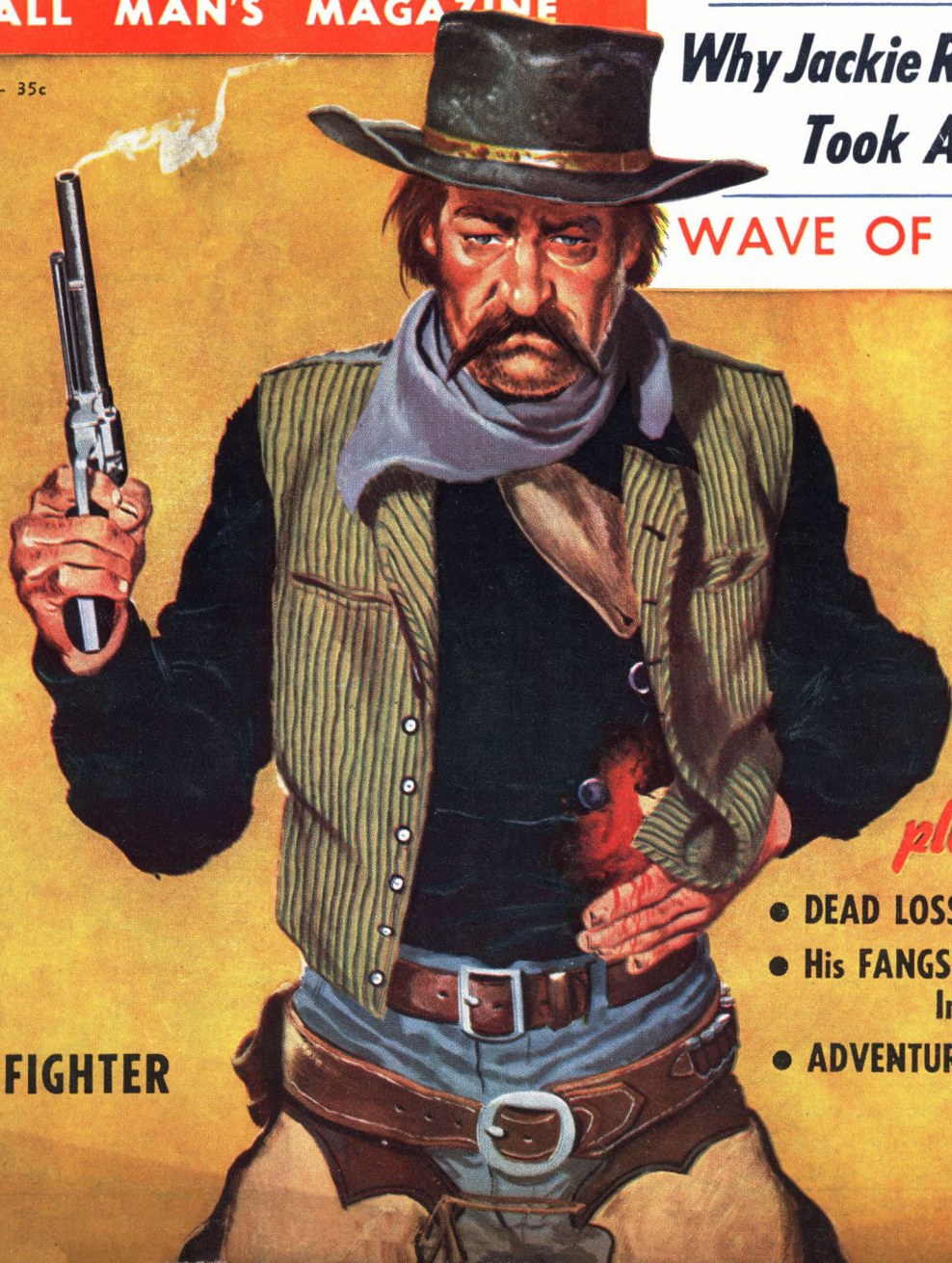


BONUS FEATURE - 3 Strangest Hunting Adventures

PERIL

THE ALL MAN'S MAGAZINE

JUNE — 35c



**I MAY BE THE
FATHER OF YOUR CHILD**

**MY 30,000
ROASTED CORPSES**

***Why Jackie Robinson
Took A Walk!***

WAVE OF DEATH

ACE

**THE
GUNFIGHTER**

plus

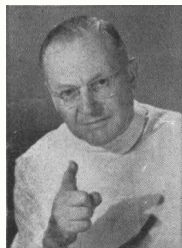
- DEAD LOSS SAFARI
- His FANGS Were
In My FLESH
- ADVENTURE IN
MASSACRE

IMPORTANT Medical Facts For Every Man Who Has Passed His 40th Birthday

Men, Too, Go Thru "Change of Life"

DOCTORS CALL IT "MALE CLIMACTERIC"

WE MEN PAST FORTY HATE TO ADMIT IT! But—it's True! And, Thank Goodness, a Safe, New Discovery is Now Available (Without Prescription) To Us When We May Need it Most.



Doctors know it, employers know it... and many men past forty "feel" something is happening, but usually don't know what it is... After the first forty years, the human body undergoes important normal changes. But, men think that "change of life" occurs only in women! This "change" happens in MEN as well as women! You can be in perfect health and still go thru "change of life"... because it is a change that may occur in anyone over forty. Don't

take my word for it... ask your doctor. During "male climacteric" or as we call it "change of life"... it is more important than ever that your body be at its strongest and not deficient in vital vitamins and minerals during this period. Yes, your body needs not just "any" vitamin or mineral... but a combination of nutritional supplements created especially for the needs of older men and women. If you've read this far, you are sincerely interested... please continue on for facts that will absolutely amaze you.

Amazing Health in a Capsule Discovery You've Long Heard Was Coming!

Recently, a well known scientist perfected this all new After 40 Capsule vitamin and mineral formula... he created it especially for men and women past forty. Yes, he combined a special group of essential vitamins and minerals that his years of study revealed were most needed, often lacking by folks approaching the late years when "change of life" usually occurs. Common sense and your doctor will tell you your body often requires a supply of different vitamins and minerals in different amounts during the older years than they did during your younger years to function at their best. Perhaps as a child you took cod-liver oil... you don't take it now. During your older years you are more interested in maintaining your body... during younger years the main interest was in growth. That's why the special AFTER 40 Capsule formula is so important... it was created for the exclusive needs of older folks... for YOU, and no one else. TRY AT OUR EXPENSE!

I've Said it... You've Said It Too,

"When I was Younger I Could Eat Anything... But Now..." It's An Old Story When You Get Past Forty!

You can fool yourself... but you can't fool Nature. As we grow older usually our appetite is smaller and our digestion isn't as good. We can't eat everything we should eat to maintain our best health. If we wear plates, or have missing teeth (which is common during the later years) we can eat only certain foods. It's no fun, I know. Just when we are at a time of life when we need every bit of nutritional help we can get... Nature seems to be working against us by making it more difficult to eat the foods we need most. During "change of life" we should be more careful than ever not to suffer vitamin or mineral deficiencies which may well aggravate or prolong our suffering. Don't take needless and foolish risks during this important time of your life. MAIL HOME TRIAL COUPON TODAY. SEE WHAT AN AMAZING DIFFERENCE AFTER 40 CAPSULES MAY MAKE IN YOUR LIFE!

**ELMORENE CO., Dept. G-195
230 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.**



Don't Surrender to Vitamin & Mineral Deficiency Until You've Made Sensational "No Risk" Home Trial Offer!

What Is Climacteric?...

Medical dictionaries tell us "climacteric" is the time of life when the body undergoes a radical change. First, usually between 12-17, when boys become men and girls women... and again usually between 40-50.

Whom Does Climacteric Affect?

Both men and women. In women it is called "menopause" or "change of life"... in men, doctors call it "Male Climacteric"

What Can Be Done?...

During the late years, it is more important than ever that your system isn't deficient in the very nutrients nature created to help your body in times of need. After 40 Capsules supply the body with a special combination of vitamins and minerals that are often lacking in older folks during these important years. **SHOW THE AFTER 40 FORMULA TO YOUR DOCTOR... he will tell you what an excellent one it is!**

"MIDDLE AGED" FOLKS, Please Read Carefully!

A famous scientist stated that nutrition is one of the greatest problems in preventative medicine. With After 40 Capsules you are taking the first step to keep your health from falling below par by supplying your body with essential vitamins and valuable minerals. These are absolutely necessary as your doctor will tell you to attain a healthier body and a better outlook on life. After 40 Capsules are especially designed for people over forty to combat vitamin and mineral deficiencies that may often lead to disease. The vitamins and minerals found in After 40 Capsules are essential for body building and functioning. Inadequate supplies of vitamins and minerals may lead to illness and deficiency diseases which may be quite serious when you are over forty.

Each AFTER 40 Capsule Contains These 20 Important Ingredients Needed By "Middle-Aged" Folks

Vitamin A, Vitamin D, Vitamin E, Vitamin B1, Vitamin B2, Vitamin B12, Vitamin D, Nicotinamide, Vitamin B6, Calcium Pantothenate, Ruthin, Inositol, Defatted Wheat Germ, Choline, Iodine, Calcium, Phosphorus, Manganese, Copper & Iron.

—SEND NO MONEY... Just Mail "Home Trial" Coupon!

Try After 40 Capsules at Our Expense. Just fill in coupon and mail to address below. On arrival of FULL MONTH'S SUPPLY of After 40 Capsules, pay postman only \$5.00 and regular C.O.D. postage. Take as directed. You be the judge. If results are not to your entire satisfaction in every way, return label within one month from date of purchase for prompt, cheerful refund. Fair enough? (Save C.O.D. postage, send \$5.00 cash, check or money order, After 40 Capsules sent prepaid. Same guarantee.) MAIL TODAY!

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SAMPLE PUZZLE

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

P O L O

THIS SAMPLE PUZZLE IS ALL WORKED OUT FOR YOU

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



PUZZLE NO. ONE

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

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- 5th Prize 1,000.00
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Plus 190 additional Cash Prizes

Grand Total \$40,000.00

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

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

All prizes paid promptly in full. All cash prizes are held in escrow at the Banker's Trust Company, N. Y. Enter now! And make yourself eligible to win a fabulous \$2,500.00 promptness bonus award along with the First Prize of \$22,500.00 . . . a grand first prize total of \$25,000.00!

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PERIL

THE ALL MAN'S MAGAZINE

CHARLES SULTAN
Publisher

STEVE BRISKIN
Editor

ART RUSSEL
Art Director

EUGENE L. POLLOCK
Advertising Manager

ART MASON
Pic. Editor

JEFFREY DALLIN
Associate Editor

Vol. 1, No. 4

JUNE, 1957

TRUE ADVENTURE



TRUE CRIME

FICTION

SPECIAL HUNTING BONUS

SPORTS

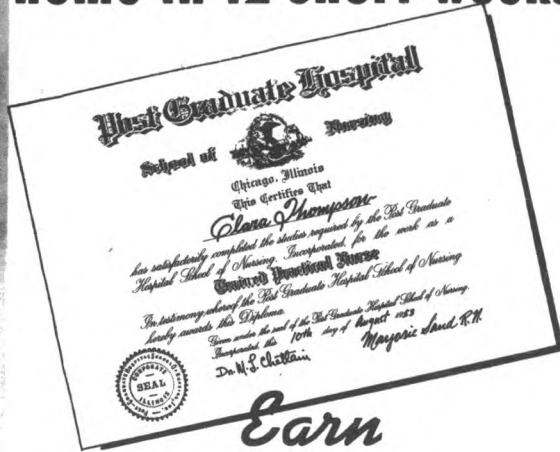
FEATURES

DEPARTMENTS

- WE TOOK HANGOVER HILL** Buck Somers 24
They developed a thirst that ended a battle
- WAVE OF DEATH** James B. Casman 34
The blight surrounding them would leave nothing alive
- I DIVED HER INTO THE GROUND** William Foley 28
The test would prove the plane air-worthy—or he'd die
- MY 30,000 ROASTED CORPSES** E. B. Hill, M.D. 30
They died screaming—burned to a crisp
- RED BITCH OF HUNGARY** Samson Berman 16
A girl with a twisted mind that killed to wash in blood
- THE GUNFIGHTER** Walt Lockwood 48
Someone always challenged the champ—someone always died
- BIG STORY** Stuart James 22
A Reporter has angles to get on the gravy train
- ADVENTURE IN MASSACRE** Desmond Trent 38
Hunters have a strange way of showing they're killers
- HIS FANGS WERE IN MY FLESH** Edwin Flaherty 40
Broken boned and unarmed he faced the lion with courage
- DEAD LOSS SAFARI** G. Edward Taylor 37
A cobra and a rhino teamed up to stop a safari
- THE REASON WHY JACKIE ROBINSON
TOOK A WALK** Richard Warren 18
The real story of what happened when Jackie quit
- I MAY BE THE FATHER OF YOUR CHILD** Von Block 12
It's a wise father who knows his own child
- IS YOUR WIFE UNFAITHFUL** Peter Edwin 26
Sure she's in love—but is it with you?
- FUNNY BONE CORNER** 8
- TELL IT TO THE EDITOR** 6
- KILLERS OF THE CONGO** Dick Hyman 10

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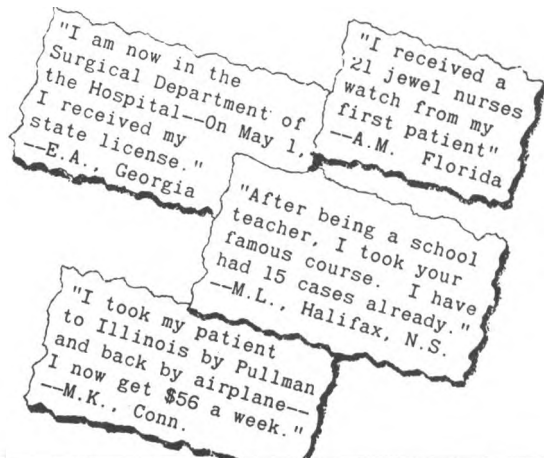
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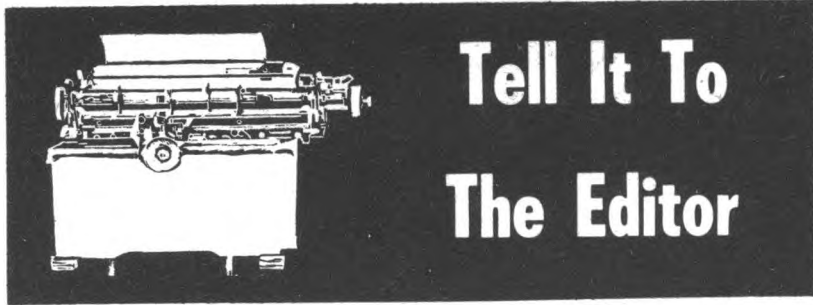
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Tell It To The Editor

IMMORAL SCHOOLTEACHERS

Editor: My sincere congratulations for publishing this article. I think this expose about the schoolteaching profession will remove once and for all the impression that school teachers are "goody-goodies".

In my home town of St. Paul a similar situation to the one mentioned in your article took place. The heat hasn't simmered down yet.

I'm taking a copy of PERIL with me to our next PTA meeting.

A. W. B.
St. Paul, Minn.

Editor: As a teacher who has spent the better part of my life in the field of education, I was shocked by your vicious, smearing article. It was stupid, disgusting, and untrue . . .

Mr. M. C. F.
Denver, Colo.

If you had read the article carefully you would note that we didn't smear the teaching profession but only those in it who by their actions proved themselves unfit to teach children. We feel we are doing the parents a favor.

The Editors

SECRET ARMY

Editor: As a former member of the Egyptian Army I can state with full authority that the Hebrew language can be learned and spoken with perfect diction by an Egyptian.

I served under Colonel Nasser several years ago, and on many occasions crossed the border into Israel, and had no trouble whatsoever.

However this is all in the past. I just wanted to set Mr. MacKennon straight.

S. R. C.
San Francisco, Calif.

TEACH YOUR WIFE

Editor: One of the most informative articles I have ever read was in the April issue of PERIL. It was Teach Your Wife To Kill, and I think every man and woman ought to read it.

My sister, a resident of Long Island, was attacked coming home from a PTA meeting. That she managed to get away before she was seriously hurt was due more to her lung power than to her knowledge. If she had read your article she wouldn't have suffered a broken nose, and other bruises.

Bless you for the work you are doing.

Charles A. Appleton
New York, N. Y.

Editor: I'm sure you know what you're doing when you publish a story like "Teach Your Wife How To Kill" but since my wife has read it she's wearing the pants in the house. Every time I tell her to do something she hits me. Nuts to your magazine. How about some articles telling the man of the house how to make his wife behave?

Mr. L. O'B.
Dallas, Texas

Editor: I'm a woman and I suppose I have no right to write you but I had to tell you that since I read your article, I'm getting a little more respect from my boyfriends. They know that when I say something I can back it up with force if necessary. For the first time I've learned how to protect myself.

Miss P. B.
Cleveland, O.

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- **GAME WARDEN.** A rewarding job for the conservation-minded sportsman! Wardens protect wildlife, apprehend law violators... often supervise refuges, feeding stations, make game counts, tag wildfowl, etc. Starting salaries good. Opportunities open! Prepare Now—at Home!
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- **FORESTRY WORK.** Work amid towering timber, crystal clear mountain streams, crisp, bracing weather. Rangers protect trees against fire, insects, diseases ... supervise patrols. Starting salaries good. Opportunities open in many areas! Prepare now—at home!
- **FISH HATCHERY WORK.** A job a fisherman might dream about! Artificially propagate trout, bass, pike, etc. ... Stock depleted lakes and streams, construct and maintain hatchery equipment. Beginners' pay good. Foremen earn up to \$7000 yr. Wonderful opportunities. Prepare now—at home!
- **PRIVATE FISHERIES & GAME FARMS.** Because of increasing hunting and fishing, private preserves, farms, "Catch-'em-Yourself" Trout Pools are springing up all over the U.S. Many urgently need qualified men. They are in business to *make money*—pay well above average. Prepare NOW!

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- **NO SPECIAL SCHOOLING OR TRAINING REQUIRED.** You don't need a college education, even a High School Diploma, for many fine beginning positions. Hunting, farming, military service, other skills—all help to get *most* outdoor jobs.
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- **GOOD PAY, SECURITY.** Start at up to \$3000 a year, with regular pay increases! Work toward a \$6000 to \$10,000 position! You'll never worry about your employer "going out of business" or unjust firing!
- **PRESTIGE.** Command the respect of others! Your uniform symbolizes the vigilance needed to conserve America's precious natural resources.
- **HEALTHFUL, INTERESTING WORK.** Experience the stimulating feeling you enjoy on vacations and outings, *all the time!* You'll live better, longer in a clean, outdoor environment. Raise your family in health and happiness!
- **BENEFIT FROM LOW COST HOUSING, RETIREMENT INCOME,** many other valuable benefits—possible with some outdoor government careers! No job offers *more* of the *truly important things* in life! Learn now how to apply.

CAREER CONSERVATIONISTS ARE URGENTLY NEEDED!

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J. F. C., GAME WARDEN, Minn.

"... tremendously helpful. I am now employed by U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, Forest Service, and hold title of Fire Control and G.S.-3. Started at \$2,950.00." Jess Snyder, Ohio

"Thanks for the assistance in attaining a better position with the Game Commission ... was given a promotion and a raise of \$80.00 and supervision of 5 men." C. G., Neb.

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Large colorful success **BOOKLET.** Tells, explains complete job-getting facts, plus how to get free "SELECT-A-JOB CHART". This revealing chart lets you instantly match your background, education, interests, etc. against many fascinating outdoor job opportunities. Rush Coupon Now!

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FUNNY BONE CORNER

WEARING his oldest clothes on his day off, a business man who enjoyed puttering around in his garden, trimming his shrubbery, was seen by a dowager who hailed him.

"My good fellow, she said, what do they pay you for being the gardener? Perhaps I can offer you more to come with me."

"I don't think so," he replied, with a twinkle in his eye, "the lady in here lets me sleep with her."

A doctor gave his diagnosis to the female who stood before him.

"These X-rays reveal a rather serious situation. I want you to refrain from relationships with your husband for the next three months. Can I count on your cooperation?"

"Certainly, doctor. That presents no problem. I have a boyfriend you know."

SAM COHEN who had made a lot of money in textiles was seen around the night spots with a gorgeous blonde. When word got around that he planned to marry her, his closest friend approached him with a word of advice.

"You can't marry her, Sam. She is known all around town as a lesbian. The marriage just won't work out."

Sam slipped his cigar to the other side of his mouth.

"Look Harry, he said, just because I made myself a little pile don't mean I can't be tolerant. She can go to her church and I'll go to mine."



ONE of Governor Stephenson's aides in Illinois had to suppress quickly a directive given out by an official.

Posted on the bulletin board in his office were these stimulating words

Executives who have no secretaries of their own may take advantage of the girls in the Stenographic Pool.

THE blonde sat next to her date as they drove down the street.

"Would you like to see where I was vaccinated?" she asked.

"You said it baby."

"It's that second house from the corner—Doctor Leonard's office."

AN exceptionally stout lady was told by her doctor, "You have too much around your hips. And the excess weight has retreated to your rear, giving you lordosis and is affecting your posture. You will have to reduce.

The woman studied the doctor's protruding stomach. He was as big out front as she was in the rear.

"Seems to me doctor as though I'd rather pull it than push it" she said.

GEORGE G. NATHAN, the well known lecturer and after dinner speaker, suggests three ways for ending a dinner conversation.

First, ask the lady on the right of she is married. If she says "Yes" ask her if she has any children. If she says "No" ask her how she does it.

Secondly, ask the lady on your left if she is married. If she says "No" ask her if she has any children.

Thirdly, ask the lady across the table if she has any children. If she says "Yes" ask her if she is married.

When you recover consciousness, smile at the doctor. Remember his job is to keep you in stitches

KARP & KEEN, owners of a general store, advertised for a girl bookkeeper. Three young ladies appeared for an interview.

There was one test question. How much is twelve times twelve?

One girl answered 164. Another wrote 124. The third had the correct answer, 144.

"Which one shall we hire?" asked Karp. "Perhaps the girl who said 164 would be good for marking our prices. Maybe the girl who said 124 would be okay for making up our income tax. What do you think, Keen?"

Keen wasted not a moment. "Let's take the girl with the big breasts."

WITH rationing operating in England, most folk deprived of luxuries they knew before the war, you can easily understand the delight of the English girl invited to the luncheon given by the U.S.O. The table was loaded with delicacies she had not seen in years.

The lump sugar fascinated her particularly. When most had left the table, she could not resist the temptation. Seizing a handful, she thrust them down her ample bosom.

When she returned home, the vicar dropped in for tea.

"Will you take one or two lumps of sugar?" she asked.

"My word," he said, "lump sugar? Where on earth could you find lump sugar?"

She reached into her bosom, drew out two lumps of sugar dropped them into his tea. Now bending over him in a low cut dress, she smiled invitingly. "And will you also take cream?"

The horrified vicar backed away. "Oh, No, No, No," he shrieked!



A patient was checked into a mental institution. Whereas most arrivals have a solemn attitude, this fellow was all smiles. In fact he was laughing continuously.

"Nearest kin?" asked the examining physician.

"Twin brother," answered the inmate. "We are identical twins. Couldn't tell us apart. In school he'd throw erasers and the teacher would blame me. I even had a girl he ran off with her."

"Then why are you laughing so much?"

"Cause last week I got even with him."

"What happened?"

"What happened? Why I died and they buried him."

#

Just released for sale without prescription by UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT!

NEW!
VERY FIRST TIME
OFFERED TO PUBLIC!

First No-Diet Fasting Wonder Drug

Used Successfully by Thousands of Physicians! Lose As Many Pounds As You Like Without Diets of Any Kind, Without Exercise, Without Giving Up the Kinds of Food You Love to Eat!

Here's the electrifying news you've hoped and prayed for... the fabulous news you've wanted to hear! It's just been released... the amazingly safe, tested, no-diet way to reduce! The method you've heard spoken about in whispers, at last approved by the United States Government for sale without prescription!

Yes, the same kind of safe, sure, no-diet reducing wonder drug used successfully by thousands of doctors... tested successfully on thousands of patients... yours at last!

You'll lose up to 20 pounds the first month, up 43 pounds or more in a reasonable length of time, without going on a diet, without exercise, without giving up the kind of foods you love to eat, without doing a single unpleasant thing! Sounds miraculous, but it's all medically proven fact!

Imagine... you'll lose as much weight as you want to lose! You'll be as slim and as trim as you want to be. And you'll do it the safe, easy way, without dieting, without conscientiously making an effort to restrict your food, without giving up the tempting morsels you love so much.

You'll still eat luscious steaks and chops, fried chicken, potatoes, bread, butter, cake, rich desserts and pastries... even the delicious between-meal snacks you love to nibble on. But, without great effort, without iron will power, you'll actually be eating less and down will come your overweight, gone will be those ugly, stubborn, clinging pounds of fat!

You'll hardly believe your eyes, hardly believe your ears! You'll look better, feel better, have so much more pep and energy as those ugly pounds disappear! What a wonderful feeling! Your friends will be amazed. They'll hardly recognize you. Day by day you'll see the difference... Day by day you'll watch the amazing results as pound after pound of ugly fat vanishes.

It's all so easy... all so delightfully simple, you'll bless the day the United States Government released this marvelous reducing tablet for sale direct to you!

HERE'S ALL YOU DO...

Before each meal you simply take one tiny tablet having the same aspirin that's all you have to do to make pounds and pounds of ugly fat disappear... all you have to do to gain the slim, trim, attractive figure you want so much. One tiny tablet — just one — three times a day!

You don't diet. You don't follow a regimen or plan. You don't count calories, you don't watch what you eat! This amazing wonder drug does it all. Just take three tiny tablets a day and that's it! Your part is finished, your work is done. You go about your business. You eat, sleep, work, play just like any of your thin friends. And all the while the amazing ingredients in this new wonder drug do the job for you!

HOW N.D.-17 WORKS TWO WAYS AT ONCE

N.D.-17 is not an old-fashioned expanding pill that fills your stomach, not a sickening sweet water, not a dietary supplement. The tested, proven ingredients in N.D.-17 work 2 ways at once to help rid you of ugly fat.

- N.D.-17 appeases your appetite more effectively than anything you have ever tried before. You still relish your food, but automatically you eat less, need no great will power, and down comes ugly overweight.
- N.D.-17 helps to overcome those gnawing hunger-pangs. Food actually stays in your stomach longer, thus helping to eliminate the major cause of those empty-stomach blues that do so much to make you overeat.

In other words, without even being aware of it, this amazing wonder drug will cut down on your appetite, cut down on your gnawing hunger for food, and safely, quickly, easily you'll lose ugly pounds and inches of dangerous, figure-marring, excess fat! And you'll feel well, too, while those pounds are coming off! This

fact has been proved time and again in hospitals, clinics and in the private office of many of the nation's finest and most expensive doctors.

WHAT N.D.-17 MEANS TO YOU

Think of what this means to you! You've tried everything. You've been fooled and fooled and fooled again. You swore you'd never try another reducing product but you did. You swore you'd never take another chance, and before you realized it you were up to your old tricks. The same old story another product, another disappointment, another heartbreak.

Don't let this happen again! Forget the old-fashioned reducing remedies you've tried in the past. Forget the tablets that are supposed to bulk up in your stomach. Forget chewing gums and reducing candies and all the other so-called plans, diets and regimens. Now, thanks to the wonders of modern medical science, you won't have to keep trying one reducing product after another, because now N.D.-17, the fabulous reducing wonder drug, is yours to use without a doctor's prescription!

N.D.-17 has been exhaustively tested in hospitals and clinics all over the United States. It has been used successfully by thousands of doctors. It has been tried successfully on vast numbers of overweight patients. It has built up a more astounding record of success than any proprietary reducing product in the history of weight reducing! And now, for the first time ever, it is available to you without prescription!

YOU'VE SEEN THE EVIDENCE

You have read the facts. You have judged the evidence. You have seen the logical, scientific reasons why N.D.-17 and N.D.-17 alone will help you reduce your overweight quickly, safely, easily, without diets. If what you have read seems to make sense, ask yourself this question... Do I sincerely want to lose weight? If you're a sensible person, the answer will be yes. so.

HERE IS OUR PROPOSITION

Based on the most overwhelming mass of scientific evidence ever assembled for any reducing product ever sold directly to the public before, we are convinced, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that N.D.-17 is a vastly superior product! In every test, in every way, it was proved to the satisfaction of thousands of doctors that the ingredients in N.D.-17 are the best in the world today. To back up that statement and to show you we are sincere, we offer you this unique opportunity. Try N.D.-17 in your own home for seven days at our expense. If, at the end of that time, N.D.-17 hasn't done everything you had intended to be done, you don't pay one single penny! Now here is exactly what we claim N.D.-17 will do.

N.D.-17 must be exactly to take than anything you've ever tried before. N.D.-17 must be absolutely safe, absolutely harmless. You must suffer no side effects, no dizziness, no nausea, no headaches or discomfort of any kind. N.D.-17 must cut down on your appetite without conscious effort on your part, thereby helping you to lose up to 20 pounds the first month, up to 30, 40, 50 pounds or more in a reasonable length of time.

But you must hurry! N.D.-17 has just been made ready for sale on a non-prescription basis. Supplies are still limited. Don't be disappointed. Send right now Try N.D.-17 in your own home at our expense. Subject it to any test you like. Weigh yourself before you start. Weigh yourself later. If you haven't lost up to

HERE'S PROOF!

THE ONLY REAL TEST OF A REDUCING PRODUCT IS THIS— HOW MANY POUNDS DID PATIENTS LOSE IN ACTUAL MEDICAL TESTS? HERE IS ASTONISHING ANSWER...

REDUCED
9 Lbs. in 10 Days
17 Lbs. in 19 Days
25 Lbs. in 30 Days
43 Lbs. in a Few Months

Clinical tests on almost 5,000 overweight people showed amazing weight loss! For the sake of your health, for the sake of your happiness, for the sake of your loved ones, owe it to yourself to at least try N.D.-17.

seven pounds in the first seven days, or if you're not completely satisfied for any reason, pay nothing. It's as simple as that.

If you are skeptical or in doubt... even if you think nothing can possibly help you, for the sake of your health, for the sake of your happiness, for the sake of your loved ones, owe it to yourself to at least try N.D.-17.

If it works for you the way we know it will, you'll certainly agree it is worth the few pennies per day it costs. On the other hand, if N.D.-17 doesn't work the way you expect, it has cost you nothing, and at least you have had the satisfaction of trying it at our expense. Certainly that is a fair offer. The next move is up to you. If you really want to reduce you can. So once and for all determine to do something about your overweight. Simply now fill out the coupon at the bottom of this page and mail it at once. Remember you have nothing to lose but ugly fat!

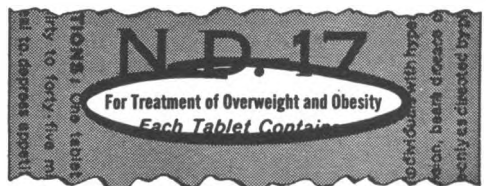
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Try N.D.-17 for seven days at our risk! If you are not absolutely convinced N.D.-17 is the easiest, most pleasant, most effective way to lose weight you have ever tried, return the unused portion and your money back immediately, no questions asked! You must be satisfied in every way, or you pay nothing!

IS N.D.-17 SAFE?

The ingredients in N.D.-17 have been more thoroughly tested over a longer period of time by more doctors in more clinics and more hospitals than any reducing product sold anywhere without a prescription. Doctors have proven time and again that N.D.-17 produces no unpleasant side effects such as headaches, nausea, dizziness, unconsciousness or any of the symptoms usually associated with reducing products. You may take N.D.-17 with complete confidence, content in the knowledge that the ingredients in this product have been released for sale without prescription by the United States government.

FIASK RESEARCH, Inc., Dept. 97
303 West 42nd St., N.Y.C.



ONLY REDUCING PRODUCT ALLOWED TO SAY RIGHT ON THE LABEL "FOR TREATMENT OF OVERWEIGHT"

No other product is allowed this privilege. Why? Because, no matter how cleverly they disguise it, all other products require you to follow a plan, a diet, or a so-called regimen. In other words, you do all the work! N.D.-17, on the other hand, works without any conscious help from you! You don't diet, you don't follow a regimen or plan. You don't count calories. Just take three tiny tablets a day and that's it! Your part is finished, your work is done! You go about your business. You eat, sleep, work, play just like any of your thin friends. And all the while, the amazing ingredients in this new wonder drug do the work for you. Without even being aware of it, this amazing substance cuts down on your appetite, cuts down on your desire for food, and safely, quickly, easily you start to lose ugly pounds and inches of overweight!

IMPORTANT

Forget everything you have ever heard about reducing products before today!

Don't confuse N.D.-17 with any other product you have ever seen, heard of, or tried! N.D.-17 is a medical product... a reducing wonder drug unlike anything ever sold without a prescription anywhere! And here is the overwhelming proof...

N.D.-17 IS NOT A DIET... NOT A "PLAN" OR REGIMEN THAT TELLS YOU WHAT TO EAT... NOT A DIETARY SUPPLEMENT

Unlike every other reducing product sold by mail or over the drug store counter, your package of N.D.-17 does not include a plan, diet or regimen! You are not told what to eat or what not to eat. You are not told which foods are high calorie and which foods are low calorie. You are not told to cut out the rich desserts, french-fries, butter, bread or other nourishing foods you love so much!

When you take N.D.-17, you find yourself eating less without great effort... without willpower. N.D.-17 does all the work! Your appetite is curtailed and off come ugly pounds and inches of overweight safely, quickly, easily!

ALL ORDERS PROCESSED IMMEDIATELY! QUICK DELIVERY GUARANTEED!

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE

LIMITED TIME OFFER TO INTRODUCE N.D.-17 BEFORE IT IS SOLD IN DRUG STORES

Buy 10 day supply (reg. price) \$3.00

Buy 20 day supply (reg. price) \$5.00

Get FREE 10 day supply (reg. price) 1.00

Get FREE 20 day supply (reg. price) 5.00

TOTAL VALUE \$3.00

TOTAL VALUE \$10.00

YOU PAY ONLY \$3.00

YOU PAY ONLY \$5.00

FOR LIMITED TIME ONLY!

MAIL THIS FREE TRIAL COUPON TODAY

FIASK RESEARCH, Inc., Dept. 97 303 West 42nd St., N.Y.C.
Rush my N.D.-17 at once! If I don't lose more weight more quickly than anything I have ever tried before, I may return unused portion for full refund, no questions asked.

Rush one 10 day supply, regular value \$3.00 plus FREE 10 day supply... a \$6.00 value. I will pay postman only \$3.00 plus C.O.D. postage and handling.

Rush one 20 day supply, regular value \$5.00 plus FREE 20 day supply... a \$10.00 value. I will pay postman only \$5.00 plus C.O.D. postage and handling.

(Please print plainly)

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

SAVE MUCH MORE! Postal rates have gone up! Enclose cash, check, or money-order for \$3.00 or \$5.00, and you save high postage and C.O.D. handling charges! Some money back guarantee.

Harem Jamas



ONLY
\$6.95

SHE'LL LOVE YOU FOR 'EM

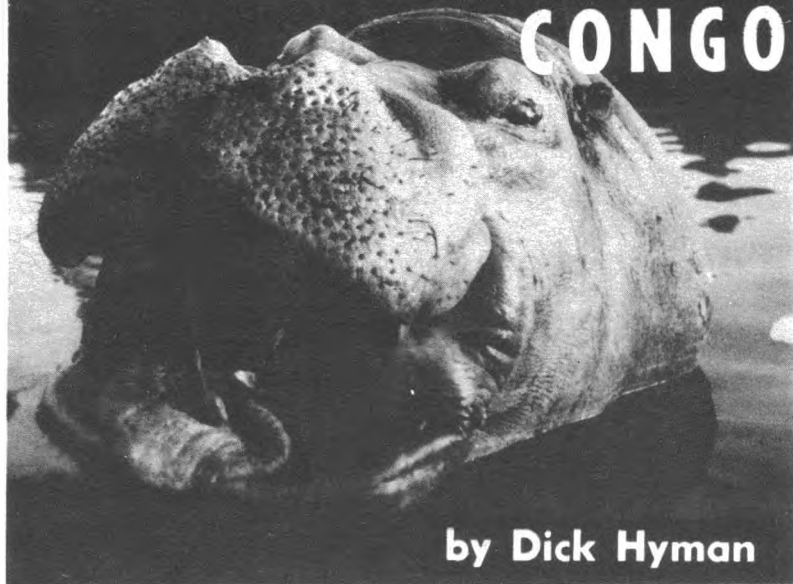
Here is the nite time garment inspired by the fashions of the palaces of the near East, where often hundreds of women compete to attract one man.

YOU'LL LOVE HER IN 'EM

Just notice how the soft lace of the top caresses her bare shoulders, softly encloses to conceal yet reveal. Then watch how the harem pants fall in sheer curves and folds from the hips to the ankles, teasingly caressing the thighs with each little movement, ever revealing startling new aspects of charms. Made of nylon in sheer bewitching black or daring, fiery, filmy red. Only \$6.95. Shipped in plain wrapper. State bust and waist size. Send no money. Order C.O.D. and pay postman on delivery plus postage. Save by sending payment. We pay postage.

Smoother Co., Dept. HPS, Lynbrook, N.Y.

KILLERS OF THE CONGO



by Dick Hyman

THE Black Continent of Africa has long been the greatest challenge to the marksmen-hunters of America and Europe. Deep in the tropical wilderness of African jungles or on the arid plains, thrill-seekers and serious sportsmen have encountered big game to match skill and wits with brute force.

Two of the most dangerous quarry are the Congo's killer crocodile and the mammoth hippopotamus, second largest quadruped alive today. Both inhabit the pools and rivers of the wild Congo jungles, offering perilous sport to the white hunters who dare match their marksmanship with the cunning force of these natural killers.

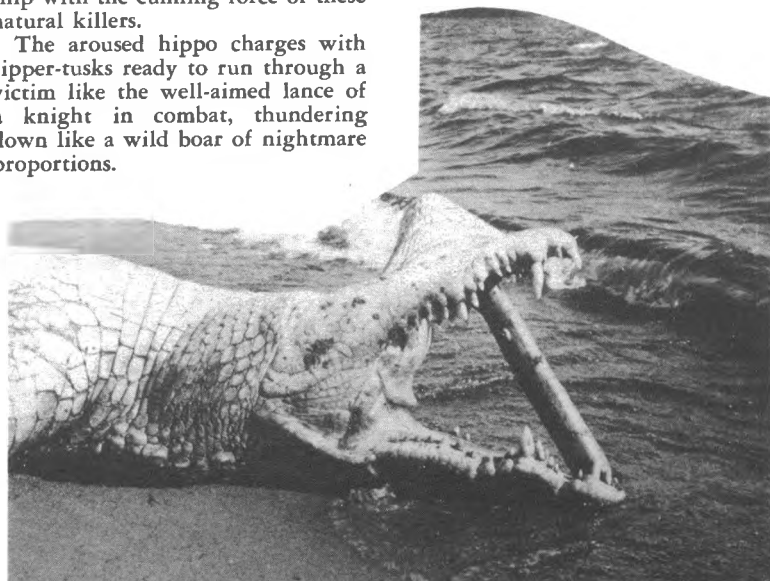
The aroused hippo charges with ripper-tusks ready to run through a victim like the well-aimed lance of a knight in combat, thundering down like a wild boar of nightmare proportions.

THE charging crocodile, disturbed from his muddy siesta, uses monstrous jaws with saber-like teeth and powerful lashing tail to best any intruder.

Either of these Congo killers challenges every bit of trigger-like thinking and well-aimed shooting or roping to turn up a human victory over the beast in his own backyard.

To the white hunter this means sport. To the native blacks it means daily fare and skins for trading. To the oversize hippos and crocs it means life or death.

means life or death. # # #



Medical **TABLET** Discovery

NEW Effective TREATMENT



FOR UNSIGHTLY SCALES, CRUSTS, PATCHES OF

PSORIASIS



TROPISAN

HERE'S WHAT PSORIASIS SUFFERERS SAY ABOUT TROPISAN AND THE BLESSED RELIEF THEY GET FROM EXTERNAL SYMPTOMS

NEW HOPE FOR CRUSTS, SCALES — NO MESS, NO FUSS, SIMPLE SAFE EASY TABLET!

Proven "Effective Treatment"

Tropisan tablets taken as directed have proven to be an effective treatment for the relief of external psoriasis symptoms in many thousand cases. Many of these psoriasis sufferers had tried ointments, unguents, lotions and external applications with little success. Now Tropisan tablets have proven themselves to be an "effective treatment" in the relief of external psoriasis symptoms.

"RESULTS FIRST WEEK; NOW MUCH BETTER!"

Testimonial:
I want to tell you how much Tropisan has helped me. My doctor said I had a "heroin" case of psoriasis. I have spent many dollars in medicine and my entire back was covered except for my face and hands. It even got in my ears for a time. I nearly went crazy with the itching. I even hated to go out in public. As though the more I flustered the more it seemed to bother me. I started the medicine 10 days ago and I noticed the very first week. After 20 days I noticed the very first relief. I started seeing results the very first week. After 40 days the larger patches had disappeared. I will never be able to thank you enough for what you have done for me. I am grateful that I found Tropisan.
(Signed) G. E. _____
Freedom, N. Y.

"PSORIASIS FOR 25 YEARS; FIRST HELP WITH TROPISAN!"

Confession:
I have had psoriasis for more than 25 years. At first I was in despair since I could see no results. Then I kept taking Tropisan and today my skin feels better and clearer. Today I could not be without Tropisan for one minute.
I know you and your work and I hope that other people get the same wonderful results I did. I believe and the work I just hope that other people get results.
(Signed) B. J. P. _____
Wilmette, Ill.

"YOUNG GIRL'S FACE NOW IMPROVED; FEELS REBORN!"

Confession:
I am a girl 23 years old and I have had psoriasis ever since I can remember. I have been taking Tropisan for four months and now my face is clear. I have never seen clearer and you know how important that is to a young girl. I feel like I've been born again. I recommend it to people that have psoriasis.
(Signed) B. N. _____
Glen, Mich.

"LITTLE RESULTS AT FIRST; NOW AMAZING SUCCESS!"

Confession:
Many other people have had the same experience as me. I kept taking and taking Tropisan without much result. It was just one more placebo. Finally, however, that something did start to happen. I thought that and I felt like I was on my way.
Today I am amazed. That's all I can say. I am proud of you. The doctor I was seeing like a new person.
(Signed) W. G. _____
St. Louis, Mo.

Every Reported Case Stated That Tropisan Tablets Relieved Symptoms To Some Degree With Continuous Use

Even people who had suffered disappointment after disappointment with almost every type and variety of treatment . . . people whose crusts and scabs would not fade with other medications . . . now found Tropisan tablets relieved symptoms. Yes, the itching stopped, the crusts, scales, oozing faded so no one need ever know you're taking medicine.

Strikes Internally To Relieve The External Symptoms Of Psoriasis

Almost all medical doctors believe that psoriasis occurs because of internal causes, possibly faulty fat metabolism. Tropisan is designed to strike and give relief of the external psoriasis symptoms through the blood stream—not just to act as a messy sticky goo for surface application.

Start Living a Normal Life. No More Unsightly Bandages To Mar Work or Play. No More Mess or Fuss

Tropisan tablets are odorless and tasteless. Just pop a few into your mouth before each meal or snack. Keep tablets with you in any small handy container. Now at last you may say goodbye to smelly greasy oils or salves, to unsightly bandages that mark work or play. Taking Tropisan is as inconspicuous as taking aspirin. No one need ever know you're taking something for psoriasis.

MAKE THIS NO RISK HOME TEST: Here is your guarantee of satisfaction. Try Tropisan for the prescribed period. If you are not completely overjoyed with Tropisan, your purchase price will be cheerfully refunded. Accept this no-risk offer. Order Tropisan today!

SEND NO MONEY: Just name and address for generous home trial offer. On arrival pay postman \$1 plus C.O.D. charges on guarantee of complete satisfaction or money back.

Mail This Coupon Today

TROPISAN DRUG COMPANY dept. 809
2630 E. 75th St.
Chicago 49, Ill.

- Send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$1 per package plus postage.
- Cash enclosed, ship prepaid.
- Send 2 packages for \$2.00.

Please send me generous Home Trial Offer of Tropisan on guarantee of complete satisfaction or money back.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

I MAY BE THE FATHER OF YOUR CHILD!



by B. W von Block

MEDICAL SCIENCE'S RAPID ADVANCE HAS GIVEN A NEW TWIST TO THAT OLD ADAGE —NOW IT'S A BRIGHT DAD WHO KNOWS HIS OWN CHILD

AM I the father of your child? Let's put it another way—are you certain that *you're* the father of your child or are they products of someone you and your wife have never met? Are you going through life under the illusion that you've fathered your children? Even though we have never met, it is entirely possible that I am the father of your child. Distasteful as it may seem to you, it is nonetheless quite possible that I am just that!

No, I don't mean to imply that I have had illicit love affairs with your wife. Quite to the contrary. I have never even seen the hundreds of married women whose children I have fathered. I wouldn't know them if I met them in the street or at a cocktail party.

I am not allowed to see them, or even to know their names. The doctors for whom I "work" will not permit me to know anything about the women who come to them for help because their husbands are sterile.

"We'll need you today." That's all the doctor tells me over the telephone when he calls. I know what he means and I report to his office. There I allow him to do what is necessary and pocket my fee—which is never less than \$100 and sometimes much more.

ARTIFICIAL insemination," they call it. Some people consider it horrible, immoral, contrary to all natural laws. Others—particularly childless women who desire babies but cannot have them because of their husbands' impotence or sterility—think that artificial insemination is wonderful.

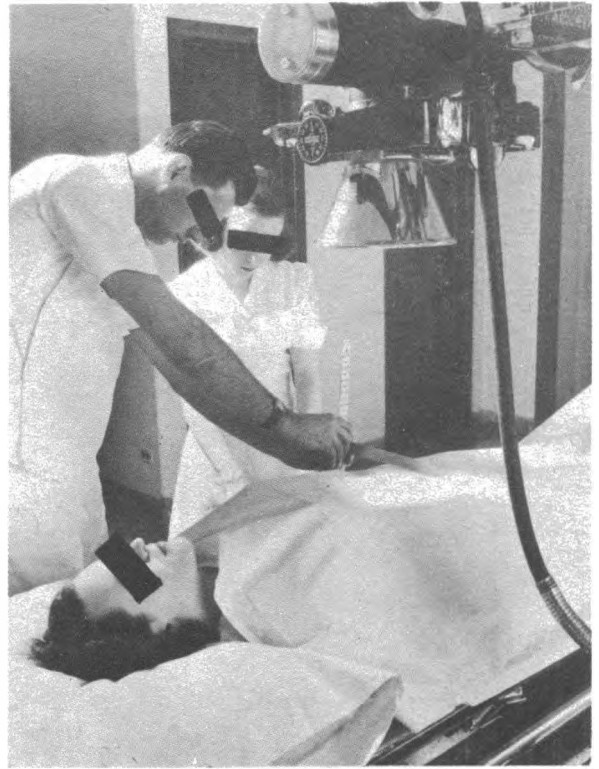
There hasn't been too much written about artificial insemination. That's because doctors fear the adverse public opinion that would be generated. They know only too well the average person would be surprised—perhaps even shocked—to learn how really prevalent and widespread a practice it is.

"I average more than 100 artificial inseminations per year," one of the physicians for whom I supply spermata informed me recently. "Most doctors have at least one or two dozen such cases annually. Those who are known to 'specialize' in artificial insemination handle as many as I do—on the average, of course."

The little that has been published about artificial insemination indicates that the method is resorted to only after intensive physical and psychological tests and examinations of childless couples. The stories and articles also hold that both husband and wife must agree to the insemination before any physician will proceed with it.

To my knowledge, this is not always the normal procedure. Very often, the wife prevails upon her physician to arrange for the "treatment" without her husband knowing anything about it.

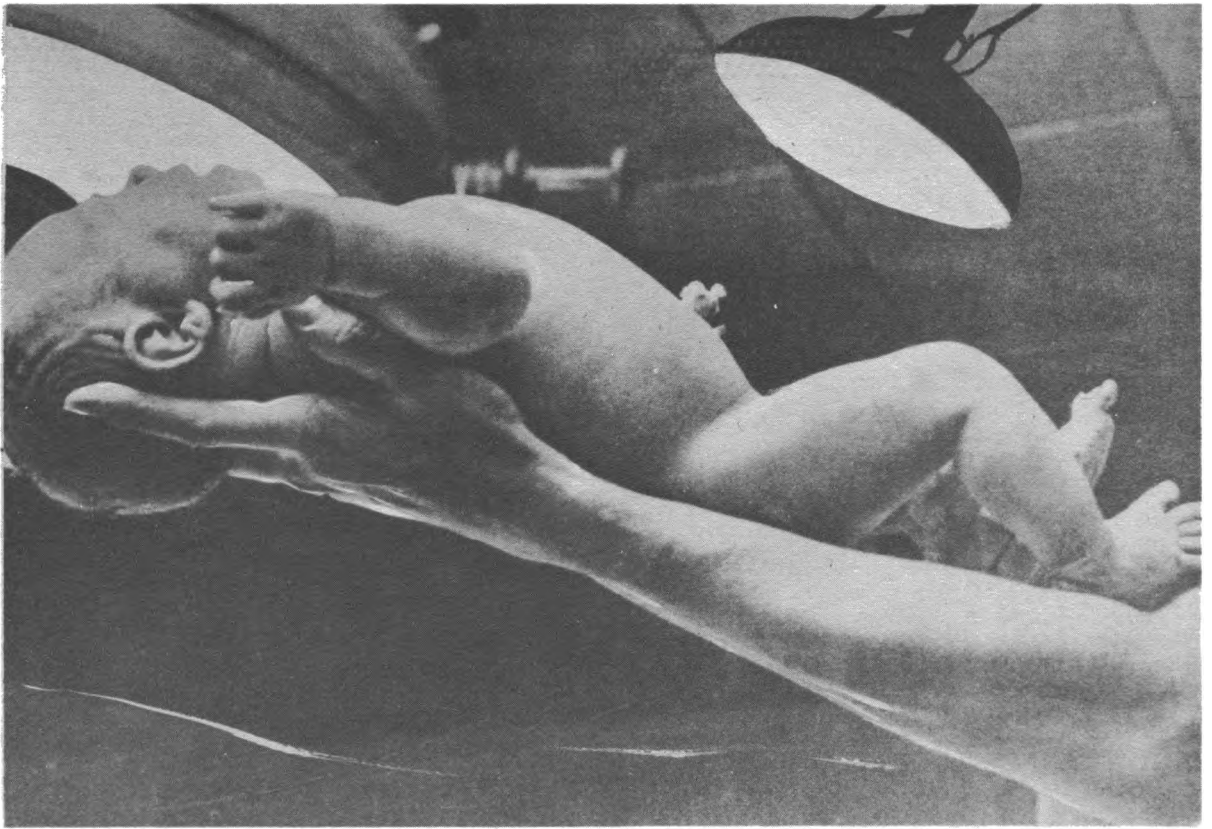
"We want children—very much," the woman will explain. "But my husband is not emotionally or psychologically prepared to understand. My husband must



A patient is x-rayed before receiving artificial insemination. Woman will never meet the 'donor'.



When women tell me about their children, I can't help wondering "Am I the father of that child?"



A brand new baby comes into the world and only the doctor knows who the father is.

never know that the child is not really his. We could never love a baby that was fathered by some unknown man. . . . ”

Doctors are only human. They know the male mentality with all its jealousies and suspicions. No one can really blame them if they accede to the pleas of the child-hungry wife.

It's particularly tough for them to say "no" when the woman breaks down and tells them that her marriage is floundering.

"My husband blames me. He says that it's all my fault he has no children. I know it's *his* fault, but I don't dare tell him. Our marriage is going to break up. . . . ”

What is a doctor to do? Shall he turn the woman down and let her marriage go on the rocks? Or, should he agree and give the woman the "treatment" that doctors say is simple, hygienic and entirely safe?

FARM animals—particularly cows—have been inseminated artificially for decades. The spermata taken from the male animal is introduced into the female reproductive organs. Development and growth of the foetus then proceeds normally and entirely naturally.

Insemination of animals is a common practice on farms and ranches throughout the country. The chief advantage is that one bull can provide semen for literally scores of cows. Also, there is no need to bring the two animals together.

Provided artificial insemination of human beings is conducted by trained personnel under hygienic and carefully controlled conditions, it is easy and safe.

I—and others like me—who are the "bulls" from whom

semen is drawn for human insemination, are carefully chosen. Doctors screen dozens of applicants before accepting them as "contributors." We are given thorough going physical and mental examinations. Our family backgrounds and personal histories are carefully investigated.

"We cannot use anyone who has any history of insanity or contagious disease in his family," the medical men declare. "We want men of good intelligence, excellent health and insist they be of the best character. It's the only way we can offer any protection to our patients."

THE typical "donor" is in his late 20's or early 30's. He has a college degree and is employed in a professional or semi-professional field. Most physicians insist on these minimum requirements.

There is nothing obscene or "dirty" about artificial insemination. When a doctor has a patient who desires a child by this means, he calls someone like me. The sperm is drawn off in the laboratory by the doctor. It is then used to inseminate the woman.

There is a fantastic amount of confusion about the subject. As yet, the legal status of a child artificially conceived has not yet been fully settled. Many courts hold that any such baby is illegitimate—a bastard!

The situation poses innumerable problems. Even if a man agrees that his wife is to undergo artificial insemination and is completely in accord with the procedure, he must always live in doubt.

What can he do to legitimize his child? Should he just permit his wife to deliver when the gestation period

is over and hope for the best? Or should he go to the courts and formally and legally adopt the child?

If he does the latter, then he must admit to the world that he was not man enough to father a child. He must expose himself to the lewd laughter and scorn of his friends and acquaintances.

"Hey! Did you hear about John?" he imagines them saying. "The poor dope just couldn't make the grade. His wife had to have a test tube baby!"

AS if this was not bad enough, the husband of the artificially inseminated woman must also fear the talk the more stupid of his acquaintances are prone to pass among themselves.

"Test tube baby, my eye!" these filthy minded morons drool. "Don't give me any of that junk! John's old lady started playing around. You'll never be able to convince me otherwise!"

Gossip, whispers, arch looks.

Hints, suggestive remarks, snubs.

These are only some of the penalties a man must accept if he openly admits that his wife was artificially inseminated.

Yet another obstacle and peril is the question of divorce. If, after the "test tube baby" is born, the "parents" of the child decide for any reason to separate, they and they courts find themselves in an almost insuperable dilemma.

WHAT is the status of the child? Should the "father" be required to support the child? The youngster is not really "his" in the complete sense of the term. Even though he agreed to the artificial insemination and acknowledged the child as his own, the question of strict interpretation of the law is still wide open.

These are just additional reasons why some doctors are willing to go along with a woman's request when she desires artificial insemination without her husband's knowledge. It's safer in the long run.

Place yourself in the position of a husband who cannot, up to now, father a child. Both you and your wife are getting older, and you feel that soon it may be too late to raise a family. Would *you* want to know, if suddenly your wife became pregnant, whether she resorted to artificial insemination or would you accept the fact that you're going to become a father after all these years?

If the average husband never knows, he accepts the child as his own—freely and without reservation. There is no hold back, no portion of parental love withheld because of doubt or lack of self-confidence.

Despite all the precautions, however, there are always slip-ups. These range from the funny ones to those that have tragic consequences. Sometimes husbands get suspicious of their wives.

One man believed that the doctor himself had impregnated his wife. He wouldn't believe that the insemination was done artificially. It was only when the physician accompanied the man to another medico's office—and there proved that he, himself, was sterile, that the irate husband was convinced.

A REALLY tragic instance occurred about a year ago. I heard about it from the doctor. A husband had agreed to the artificial insemination—but that was before he discussed it with his bar room buddies.

"I want my wife aborted," he returned to tell the physician some three months after his wife became pregnant.



Explosive tempers flare when a man learns his wife has submitted to artificial insemination

"Aborted!" exclaimed the M.D. "That's impossible! Why do you want your wife aborted?"

"My friends are all laughing," the man replied. "They say the kid may be a freak or an idiot—and I'll have to keep it as my own. . . ."

The discussion did no good. The poor slob couldn't and wouldn't listen to reason or logic. Naturally, the physician was powerless to do anything. Abortion is a criminal offense.

The husband forced his wife to go to a quack abortionist. As often happens, the abortionist was a bungling incompetent. She died within a few days after the operation.

A case that may break up a marriage, and is still pending at this writing is the situation of Mr. and Mrs. T. L. of Los Angeles. They have one child who is hopelessly mentally retarded. Their doctor has advised them against having any more children of their own because of a certain RH factor that exists in both the husband's and wife's blood. Adoption is almost hopeless for this couple. Mrs. T. L.'s family suggested artificial insemination as a means of raising a family. Mr. T. L. won't hear of it using all the obvious arguments. The question is still unsolved for

(Continued on Page 68)

HER GUESTS WERE MADMEN, AND THEIR PREY YOUNG GIRLS — THE TERRIBLE THINGS THEY DID ARE FIRST BEING TOLD — IN WHISPERS

THE civilized world looked on, aghast, at the bloody horrors perpetrated during the recent revolution in Communist-dominated Hungary. Newspaper readers stared with sick disbelief at photographs of half-crazed women beating and spitting upon mangled corpses which dangled by their heels from lamp posts or sprawled in obscene bundles on the filthy ground. They were nauseated by pictures of grinning executioners mercilessly gunning down unarmed men, women and children.

But such horror is not new to Hungary, an ancient land long accustomed to the sounds and sights and smells of mass slaughter and the savage torture of innocents.

It was, after all, in Hungary that the most fearsome of all insanely perverted butchers once reaped her grisly harvest. She was Elizabeth Bathory—the infamous Red Bitch of Hungary—

a gore-stained monster who licked her chops as she squatted atop the mountain of dead flesh she built with her own hands!

To this day, no one knows how many murders Elizabeth Bathory committed. She once boasted of having killed thousands of Hungary's fairest young virgins—just to satisfy her warped lust for human blood!

Compared to her, Ilse Koch, the notorious murder-mistress of the World War II Nazi death camp at Buchenwald, was an angel of mercy! Conservative estimates place the number of Elizabeth Bathory's victims at more than 1,500. Students of her hideous career admit there is ample evidence to indicate a much higher total.

The Red Bitch of Hungary is still an enigma. What turned the woman—one of the most beautiful in the world—into an arch-fiend? What hell-fever possessed her (Continued on page 50)



by Samson Berman

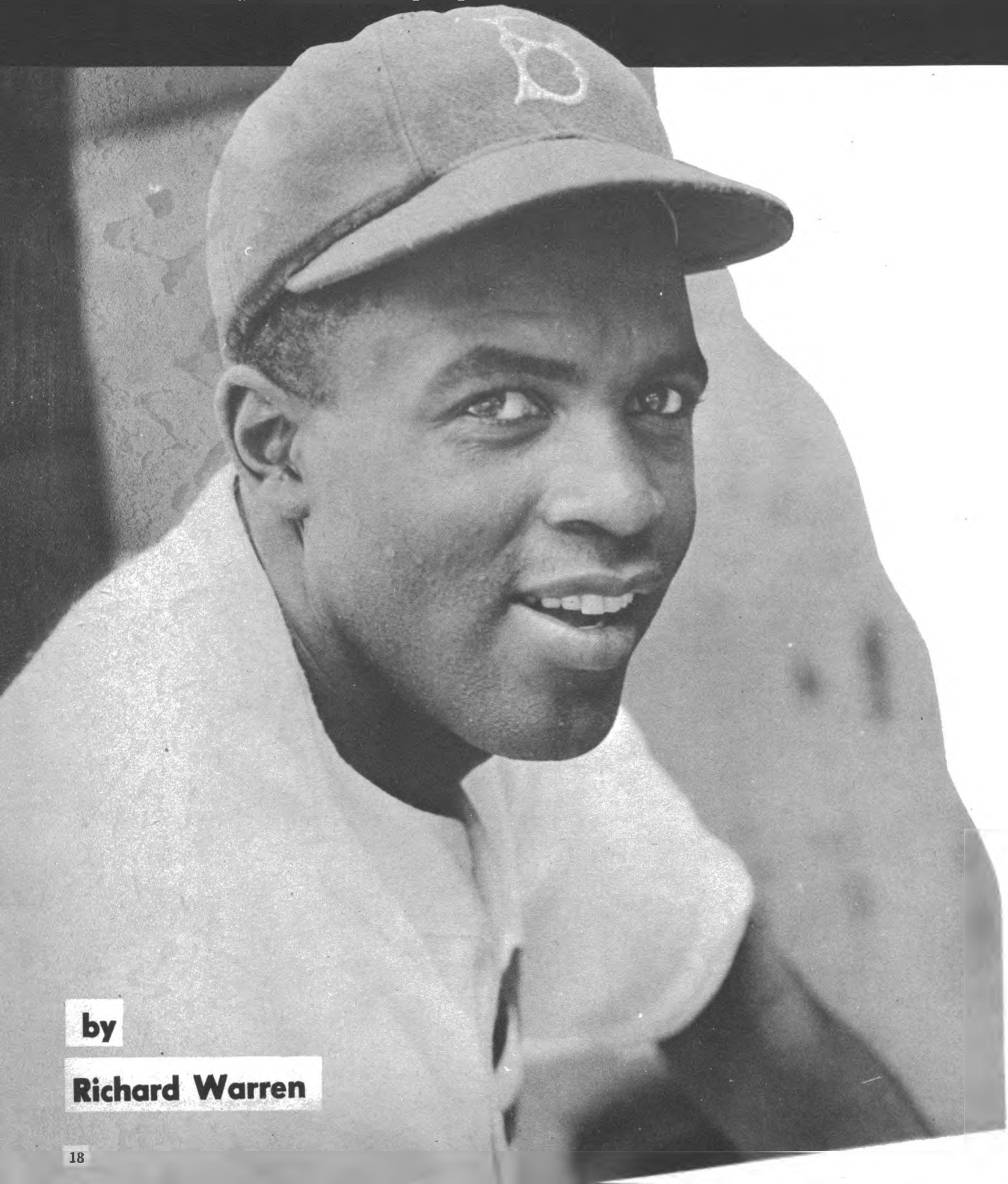
RED BITCH of Hungary



"I must have blood—blood to wash myself," she began. "Without blood I shall become old and ugly."

EXCLUSIVE

THE REASON WHY JACKIE



by

Richard Warren

ROBINSON TOOK A WALK!

AT LAST THE SHOCKING STORY CAN BE TOLD ABOUT ORGANIZED BASEBALL'S ATTEMPT TO DISCREDIT ONE OF ITS MOST COLORFUL PLAYERS IN ITS HISTORY

DID Jackie Robinson *really* want to quit baseball? Was his controversial retirement the end result of long months of careful consideration—as Jackie himself has claimed—or was he caught off base as a result of his own quick temper?

Would he be getting ready for spring training right now if the Dodgers hadn't suddenly up and sold him to the Giants?

These are routine questions that can still start a heated argument in any corner of the country. For despite the hundreds of thousands of words printed in the sports pages at the time of Jackie's dramatic exit from organized baseball, despite all the accusations and counter-accusations, the whole truth hasn't yet been told simply and concisely. Instead it has been buried—and buried *deliberately*—under a mass of verbal confusion.

So here, for the first time, are the plain and simple facts. Here are the answers to some of the arguments still going on.

FIRST: Contrary to all that has been written and said since then, Robinson did *not* want to quit baseball when he did.

Second: He didn't quit the way he did because of any quick flare-up of temper.

Third: Robinson might even be playing for the Giants today if a lot of self-appointed guardians of baseball ethics, including Buzzy Bavasi, the Dodger's general manager, hadn't shot off their big mouths too much.

Here is exactly what happened and how it happened.

According to Jackie's own published account in *LOOK* he had already decided on Monday, December 10th, to accept an executive job with Chock Full O'Nuts, with a contract to be signed on Wednesday.

According to Robinson he tried to contact the Dodger's general manager to tell him that he wouldn't be playing the coming year, but Bavasi was out of town.

On Wednesday morning Jackie visited the offices of *LOOK* magazine. That was part of a contract he had made long before with the magazine whereby he had agreed—when the time came—to write the story of his retirement exclusively for them. At five o'clock that



Jackie Robinson (left) is in vigorous protest against decision by umpire Engelin in regard to a double play



Robinson set the crowds wild as he attempt to steal home in eighth inning of a Dodgers-Giants game.

same Wednesday afternoon Jackie went over to Mr. William Black's office on Lexington Avenue and there signed a two-year contract as vice-president in charge of personnel relations for the Chock Full O'Nuts company.

It was after this conference that Jackie was finally able to get in touch with Bavasi by phone. And it was then that Bavasi told him for the first time that he had been traded to the Giants.

THAT'S the way the account runs according to authenticated records. It seems, on the surface, to prove definitely enough that Jackie had made up his mind to quit baseball *before* the Giant trade was announced and that the sudden swap had nothing to do with his subsequent actions.

Only that's not exactly true.

Baseball deals are usually worked out in secrecy, but there are always leaks. Particularly is this so when a major player is involved. Every sportswriter in town had heard rumors of something in the wind and the only speculation was as to what team Jackie might be traded to.

Robinson himself had heard those same rumors. And he had heard one other little item of information that he had stored away. Once when Robinson had been uncertain about investing in a home in Connecticut, Bavasi had assured him, "Don't worry. You'll never be traded out of your home territory."

The Giants were "home territory" as well as the Dodgers.

So it's a safe bet to say that Jackie knew exactly what was in the wind when the first rumors began to circulate. He had plenty of time to make up his mind calmly and soberly about his next move.

He wasn't caught off base when the rumors of a trade became fact. He wasn't temper-triggered into any hot-headed action. It takes more than an angry flare-up to be able to walk into the offices of a multi-million dollar

company such as Chock Full O'Nuts and sign a hefty contract as an executive. It takes weeks of prior talk and buildup.

That much should be obvious to anyone.

Even so, Jackie didn't deliberately take himself out of baseball then and there.

The truth is this: *He was actually squeezed out of baseball by the very outfit to whom he had given 12 years of loyalty!*

The only question now up for grabs is whether the Dodger management behaved as it did through routine or sly cunning.

TAKE a good look at what actually happened. The rumors were all over town that Jackie was to be traded. And it was certainly no secret to the sports writers—or to the Dodger management—how Jackie felt. For several years he had been talking about retiring into some business while he was still on top. He had stated his reasons with blunt honesty. "You don't get any younger in this game. At my age, you can start to go any day. You start slipping and pretty soon they're trading you around like a used car. I'm not going to let that happen to me."

Remember, too, that the Dodgers was *home* for Jackie. His entire major league career had been spent with that one team. And during most of that decade he had been money in the bank for the Dodgers—a heavy box office draw at home and on the road.

Yet now nobody called him into the front office and told him that a trade to the Giants was in the works. Nobody—officially—told him anything before the actual transaction took place. Legally he had no say-so about it, anyway. Not if he wanted to continue playing professional baseball, he didn't.

Strictly speaking, that may all be according to regulations—but it's a hell of a way to maintain human relation on a decent level.



Labine edges quickly out of the batter's box as Robbie slides.

Ump Bogges signals Jackie out.

HOWEVER, that's the way it is with organized baseball. The game itself may be, as is claimed, the all-American sport. But organized, professional baseball is something else again. It is Big Business—without sentiment. Once a player has been signed up, with the usual reserve clause, he is no longer the master of his fate. He is enmeshed in a form of peonage that was outlawed in other fields back in the Dark Ages. He is a chattel, subject to be swapped, traded, bartered or sold down the river without notice. If he is a family man, then it is just too bad if he gets traded to a team half across the country. His family can either uproot itself and go with him or live away from him half the year. In professional baseball there is no security, no stability, no real future.

Robinson had been well aware of this basic uncertainty for a long time. He also knew that he wasn't Superman, that at 38 he had quite probably passed his peak as a player.

He could have taken it in stride if the Dodger management had called him in the front office and laid the cards on the table. Instead, the Dodger brass went in for a fast, tricky play—the full truth has been kept under wraps up until now.

IT is now generally admitted that the Dodger management knew that Jackie had beaten them to the punch by signing up with Chock Full O'Nuts before they had actually settled on the deal to sell Jackie to the Giants for \$30,000 and Pitcher Dick Littlefield.

The Dodger management—despite all its loud yelping to the contrary—also knew about Jackie's contract with LOOK magazine for the exclusive story of his retirement.

But exactly what Bavasi, the Dodger general manager, hoped would happen *did* happen. Various sports writers friendly to Bavasi and antagonistic to Jackie were prodded into blasting Jackie for the manner in which

he handled his retirement announcement. He was accused of being a sore-head, an ingrate, and a lot of other things.

The barrage of words, *deliberately stirred up*, threw up a nice smoke screen around Bavasi, protecting him from the outraged howls of Dodger fans violently opposed to letting Jackie go.

Instead of letting things simmer down, Bavasi kept the fire going by adding new fuel in the way of snide remarks. He, too, called Jackie a sore-head. Then he accused him of being money-hungry. And finally he came out flatly and suggested that Jackie was only stalling to try to shake down the Giants for more money.

Why? What was the reason behind this sudden vitriolic animosity?

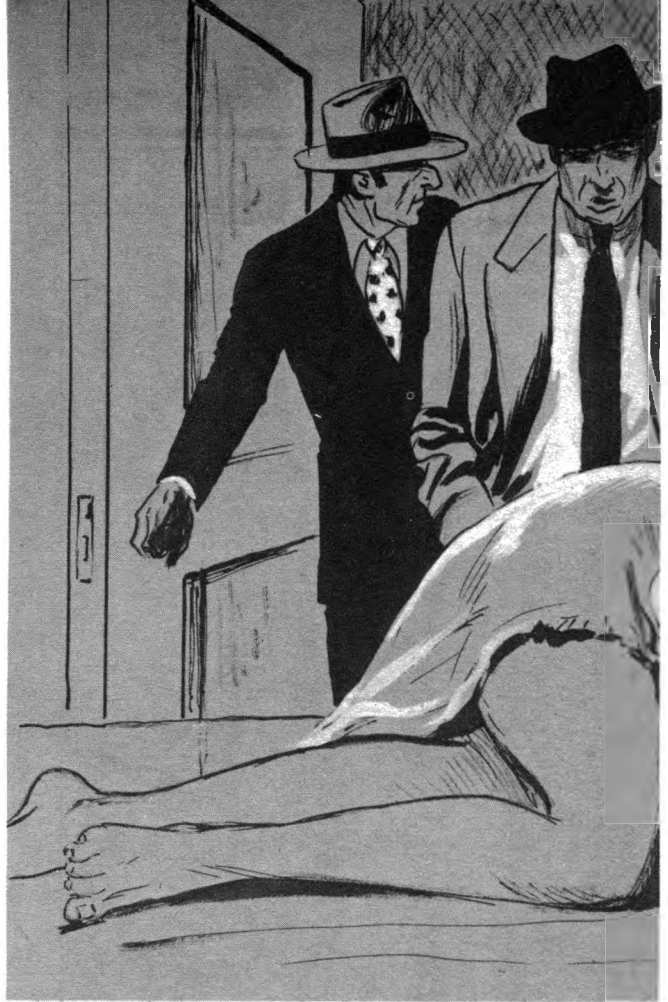
What was Bavasi getting at?

HERE is the answer. In trading Jackie to the Giants, Bavasi naturally gave the impression that Robinson was no longer of top value to the Dodgers. Maybe he really felt that way. Anyway, it didn't seem to matter, for Bavasi was quite sure that Jackie was through with baseball.

Then, before the LOOK article on Jackie's retirement even went to press, Bavasi got word that Jackie had left the door open as far as playing for the Dodgers the coming year went. At the Giants request he had held off mailing in his formal notice of voluntary retirement.

Next, word reached Bavasi that Chub Feeny, veep of the Giants, had talked with William Black and that the latter was willing to postpone putting Jackie to work until October if Jackie wanted to play a season for the Giants.

That did it. That, according to the boys in the know, is what kept Bavasi at work needling Jackie in the public prints. That's what kept Bavasi harping on the subject of Jackie being money-hungry and just pulling a grandstand play to build up his asking price. (Cont. on page 62)



BIG STORY

HIS GIRL, A PRISONER, COULD EXPECT AT BEST A QUICK DEATH UNLESS HE KILLED A STORY — BUT A REPORTER HAS MANY ANGLES IF HE WANTS TO GET ON THE GRAVY TRAIN

HUNCHED over the scarred desk, Al Nestor carefully went over the typed pages with a heavy black copy pencil, marking the paragraphs, changing a word here and there. He ran a circle around the few marks signifying the end, then he leaned back in the creaking swivel chair, swung his feet up and read through the story.

It was a good one, the first real headline the *Seaside Herald* would have had since the last election. A prize

winner. All hell would be breaking loose tomorrow when the paper hit the street. Even before that, since the D.A. was to get all the dope first thing in the morning. There was evidence in this story, backed with photostats and affidavits. The boys from the D.A.'s office would be hopping before their coffee break. The chair whined when Al got to his feet. He crossed the deserted newsroom, his accustomed eyes glancing



by Stewart James

over the shaded light bulbs hanging from the ceiling, the unplanned jumble of old wooden desks, the litter of papers, the musty smell of men and stale smoke that would never leave the room.

Dropping the pages of cypypaper into the city editor's basket, Al gazed thoughtfully over the room, dimly lighted by the single light over his typewriter. There are a million small newspapers with newsrooms that look and feel exactly like this one. Al Nestor had worked in half a dozen of them. It was kicks at first. You worked everything, courts, police, city hall, county, sports, general. Sometimes even a stint on society. And obits. Don't forget the god-awful hours rapping out the two-inch obits. And sometimes you doubled-over on three or four beats. And of course you worked the phone on Friday nights when the thousand and one church leagues were calling in their basketball scores. It was kicks, true, but then it got to be a damn bore And you longed for that story, the big one, the fourteen point by-line. And Al Nestor had it.

THE wire service teletype clattered in its cubbyhole against the far wall. Al listened a minute, then reached into the basket and retrieved his story. He penciled across the top of the first page, copyright, 1957,

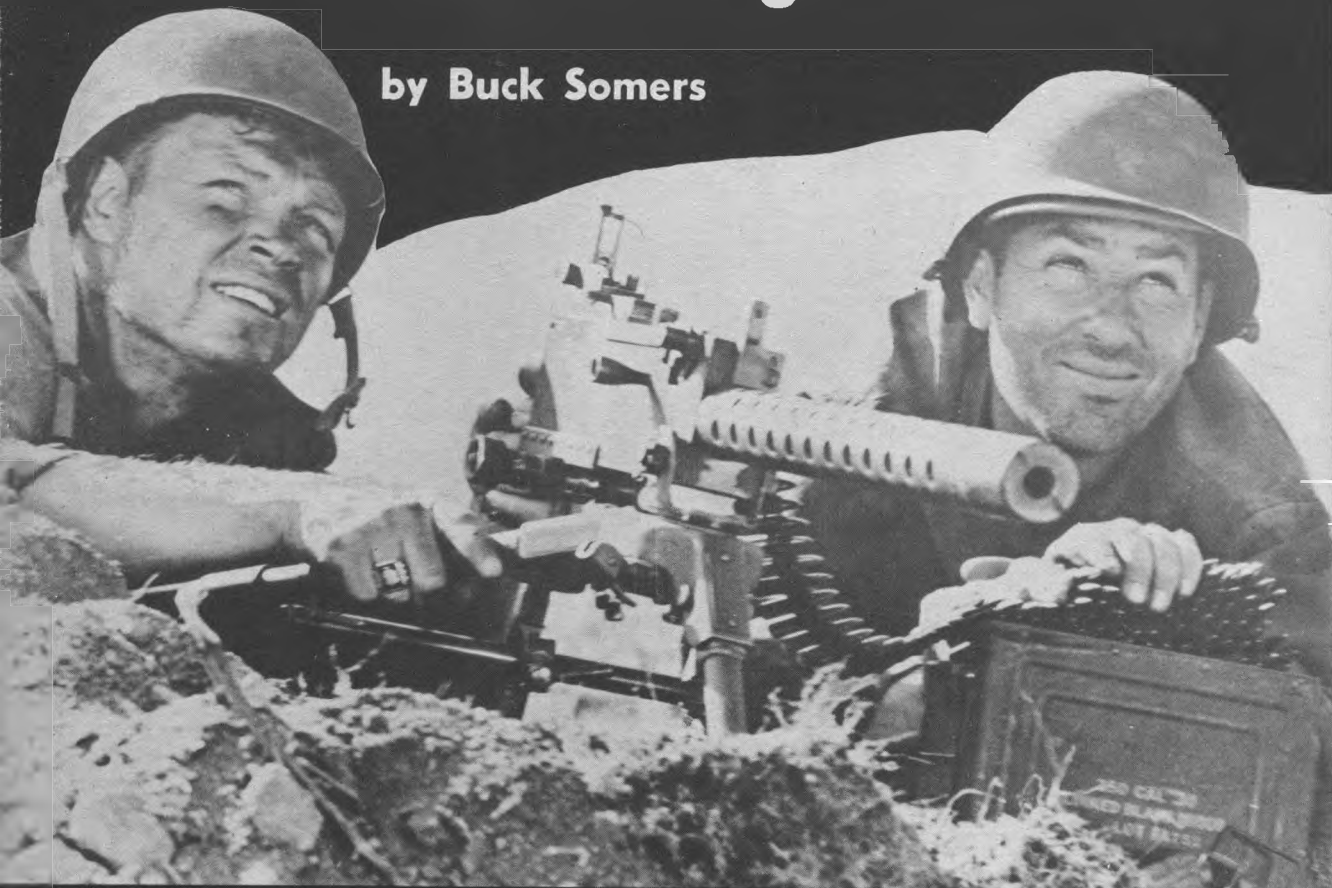
Seaside Herald. It was, after all, exclusive and the wire services would want it. And with a copyright they'd also have to use his by-line. This was Al's gravy train and he wanted to ride it to the top. This story could take Al to the *San Francisco Examiner*. He wanted that ride, damn, how he wanted it. Finished with the two-bit towns, the Lions Club meetings, the Ladies League for Better Gardens. A real city room, a hot staff, big assignments, bulldog editions, the works, Al wanted it all.

He worked his arms into the sport jacket and dropped the brown short-crowned hat on his head and switched off the light. He went down the side stairs, his steps echoed through the empty, silent pressroom. He slammed the side door after him, tried it to make sure that it was locked and started down the alley to the street.

MARILYN would be waiting at Barney's. Al frowned at the thought. Marilyn was always waiting. Sweet, charming Marilyn with the straight teeth, the deep blue eyes, the slightly tilted nose, the perfectly willing, responsive body. And the empty, empty head. Al sighed, dug his hands into his pockets. He reached the sidewalk and turned towards the blot of neon a block away. Marilyn was the kind you called, a good kid. "You're a good kid, Marilyn," (Continued on page 56)

"We Took Hangover Hill"

by Buck Somers



DRUNK OR SOBER WE WERE BETTER FIGHTING MEN THAN THE NAZIS — WE WERE PROVING IT THE HARD WAY WITH A BOTTLE IN ONE HAND AND A BAYONET IN THE OTHER

IT was the third bottle that did it. There was a lot of mileage on Hank Burrus and me. The first two bottles of Calvados didn't even faze us. We'd sluiced down enough of the stuff since D-Day. Our throats were leather and our guts iron-plated by then.

We downed the first two liters of the Gawd-awful booze and sat grining and telling dirty stories to each other. Then Hank hauled out the third one.

"S'pose we let this beauty join its friends," he belched. "Sad to leave it all full like this. . . ."

I reached for the jug, but an SS howled in and splattered real estate fifty yards to our right. It was all the delay Hank needed. He had half the bottle downed by the time I picked myself up.

It was raw and nastier than the other two. Hank was

coughing and hacking and that gave me the chance to snare the crock and finish it off.

The effect was fairly instantaneous. Neither of us heard the next salvo of Kraut artillery whining in. We were too busy trying to keep our stomachs from turning inside out. I was having a little trouble keeping the foxhole still. It was rocking—like a rowboat.

The shells slammed into the ground around us. They made a hell of a racket and clods and stones dumped into our hole.

"Bastards!" Hank hiccuped. "Dirty, rotten bastards."

THAT'S how the Battle of Hangover Hill started. There we were, Hank Burrus, a newly-promoted 1-5 and me—a PFC with the job of prime moving an M-1.

There were some other people and things, too. The rest of Able Company was spread out around us, bellied down in foxholes. There were a flock of German 88's, but they were up ahead. The Krauts had dragged them up the slopes of Hill 137—and they were shooting down into our hip pockets.

"Loquor," I wailed about then. "We're all out of liquor."

Burrus nodded his head wearily and somewhat foggily. He rummaged around the bottom of our hole. He had trouble straightening up after all his exertion. He could have saved the effort. He came up empty-handed.

"I got it!" he leered. "We get more from a farmhouse!"

I made a ripe, fruity noise with my mouth. The nearest farmhouse was half-way up Hill 137, surrounded by 88's and Kraut infantry.

"Officers got any?" Hank persisted.

"We got no officers," I replied. This was almost, but not quite, true. Able Company was down to two brand-new second johns, fresh from stateside OCS.

The officers who used to have booze and were understanding about such matters as divvying with T/5's and PFC's were all on the Purple Heart Roster. The two new jokers were youngsters who would rather have died than split a jug with an enlisted man.

The 88's salvoed again—and yet again. The incoming mail shrieked and howled and the shells busted all over the landscape. It wasn't too bad. We'd been ordered to dig in and wait until somebody got off his big duff in the rear and sent another company or two in to beef up our thin lines.

"The enemy doesn't have the strength to attack us," one of the green lieutenants told us. "And we don't have strength to attack the hill. It's an impasse. . . ."

"Impasse?" Hell, it was a Mexican standoff. It had been like that ever since we moved up at dawn. Hank, fortunately, still had the trio of Calvados bottles he'd stolen from an armored outfit. We'd started pulling on them right after we finished scooping out our foxhole.

AS I say, getting rid of numbers one and two was easy and even pleasant. Number three slugged us both and left us with a thirst that wouldn't quit.

"Wha' time is it? I asked Hank.

"Can't see my watch," the jerk slurred. "Be dark in a half hour or so. 'Sall I know. . . ."

The tearing *crrump* of high-velocity 88 shells cut him off and let us know that the Germans were still in there pitching.

"Farmhouse," Burrus grunted. "Only answer. Farmhouse."

I picked up one of the empties. There were a few drops left in the bottom—but not for long.

"Farmhouse," Hank mumbled. "Mus' be booze in a Frog farmhouse. No home's complete without booze. . . ."

I was beginning to bet the idea. As if that wasn't bad enough, I was beginning to fall in love with it!

I waited until the next batch of Kraut HE sailed in and then poked my head above the edge of the hole. The afternoon light was mading fast and there was something wrong with my eyes. I was seeing at least two of everything.

The farmhouse was there, all right. Both of 'em. It was a typical French farmhouse, the kind you see thousands of in Lorraine. It sat on the side of the hill and there was smoke coming from the chimney. Uh, chimneys.

I SHOOK my head a little to clear the calvados-fuzz and everything floated back into (Continued on Page 72)



We kicked in the door as a Heinie officer went for his luger. Hank triggered off dropping the Kraut. The others raised their hands high and grabbed air.



Wave of Death

by
James B. Casman

He was covered with the vicious killers and his face was just a moving white blot.

SOUTH of Avacubi, where the Ituri River slips out of the dense jungle for a short glimpse of the sun, there is a low, lush valley of thick dongas where hump-backed cattle once grazed and crops were in well-tended rows of rich Belgian Congo soil.

Atop a hill that looked like a huge emerald mounted from the distance, there was a large house that commanded a view of the valley from the stand of boabab trees at the jungle's northern edge to the grove of rubber trees at the south. The walls of the house were stone and it seemed immovable, like the owner, Peter von Driessen.

Standing at the railing of the veranda looking towards the river, I felt the uncomfortable presence of Herr von Driessen behind me and without turning I could sense the look on his square face. I had watched it all through a silent dinner, a mixture of contempt, amusement and pure hate. The wide-set blue eyes would mirror the amusement. The thick, wide nose with flared nostrils above the bristling, heavy mustache that was an appendage to a wide upper lip would show the hate; and the thick-lipped cruel mouth would be curled with contempt. I felt that look on my back.

It was night, the black, moonless night of the jungle. And hot! Always hot. I hate the heat at night. Nothing

to see or feel, just the thick oppressive heat, moist and clutching. Breathing comes hard.

I PULLED heavily on my pipe and turned. The light of a gas lamp from inside silhouetted von Driessen's crew-cut head and thick neck which appeared above the large wicker chair that held his short, barrel-thick body. A few feet from him in an identical chair was Marie, his wife.

"It's quiet down there tonight," I said. The usual sounds from the native kraal were absent and the silence was a strange, ominous noise. I had never spent a night in the Congo that I hadn't heard the muted drumming, the guttural chanting, the soft, low plaintive moaning of a native song, the laughter, the high squeals of children, the senseless yapping of dogs. Now there was nothing.

"It's strange," Marie said and as usual my pulse quickened at the sound of her low, husky voice, the melodic French accent.

He knew. His attitude the past three days had been indicative of that. Always curt, Germanic in his manner, sometimes withdrawn and surly he had become diabolically playful. I noticed it shortly after my arrival

NATIVES RAN AND DOGS HOWLED IN THE NIGHT AS THE CRUNCHING NOISE GREW LOUDER — CANNIBAL ANTS! AND WE WERE CAPTIVES OF A MADMAN WHO ONLY QUESTIONED "HOW DO YOU WISH TO DIE — BY BULLETS OR THE ANTS?"

from Stanleyville. He made a point of leaving Marie and me alone and then appearing suddenly and quietly. The second day the smirk appeared on his face, the look of a cat patiently extending the life of a mouse. And then there were his sarcastic remarks, pointed slurs at my profession of bio-chemist. Then he would insult Marie and turn suddenly to smile at the rage registered in my face.

Standing there in the dark I shook off the tremor of fear that seemed to envelope me and probed my mind frantically for a solution. It was not a surprise to me that he knew. I had expected this day, anticipated it from a hundred angles, but now that it was here, I was at a loss. I felt that he was simply waiting for me to make the move, to say, "I'm in love with your wife." Out in the open it would give him cause to act. He was a violent man, tenacious and cruel. He had pushed back the jungle to make his farm and bullied the land and the workers to keep it. He was not the kind to give up anything. He would fight to keep his wife.

MARIE was terrified. It was in her eyes all day and I knew she feared for me. As for Herr von Driessen, he knew that he could kill me at will and leave only crocodile-torn remains for the officials. I was unarmed and he was never without a pistol at his side.

In the long, oppressive silence I would have welcomed the sounds of night, but there were none. And this was baffling. The wild chatter of the monkeys was gone, the occasional husky barking of a prowling lion or the hyenas' wailing scream were absent. The only sound was the muted, agonized whimpering of the dogs from their wire pen near the house.

"The dogs are penned up tonight," I said.

"Yes," von Driessen replied.

"I thought you let them roam at night to keep animals away from the cattle."

"Yes," he said. I detected the slight chuckle in his throat and he said no more, leaving the question hanging, making me go on. I knew what my next question was to be, but something made me hesitate. It was important about the dogs. I felt it, but I had broached the subject, so I had to ask.

"Why aren't the dogs out tonight?"

"They would run away," von Driessen answered without explanation.

A cold fear shook my body. "Run away?" I asked. The pitiful whimpers were now loud in my ears.

"They know that the ants are coming," von Driessen said in a matter-of-fact tone.

MY fingers tightened on the pipe. Marie gasped. My head whipped about in the direction of the native kraal. It suddenly occurred to me that there were no cooking fires. I cursed my stupidity for not noticing it sooner. A panic threatened to overwhelm me, but I

fought it down. No animals, no sound, but the dogs.

"Shall we go in?" von Driessen lifted his bulk from the chair, the rattan creaking in the movement. He held out his hand to Marie. "My dear?" She shrunk back into the chair and he laughed, the sound a guttural obscenity to my ears. "Very well," he said, "Perhaps our young lover will escort you." He pulled back the screen and stepped inside, the soft light showing his mouth stretched in a mirthless grin.

Stepping away from the railing I reached out and took Marie's hand. Despite the stifling heat, her hand was cold. I pulled her to her feet and her body trembled convulsively.

"Don't be afraid," I said. She clung to my arm.

"No," von Driessen said from the screen, "Don't be afraid. Your lover will protect you." He laughed deeply and walked away.

"I'll find a way out of this," I said.

"I'm afraid," Marie whispered.

I pulled back the screen and she preceded me into the room. Across the sparsely furnished room, von Driessen was slumped into a deep leather chair.

"Be comfortable," he shouted. "Marie! A drink for the gentleman! After all, this is my home and I want to offer all of the best I own to my guest." He laughed maliciously, the hate spilling into the room.

Marie did not move from my side and anger flashed in his face. "Get the whiskey!" he screamed. From habit, Marie jumped at his voice and hurried to the cabinet at the far wall.

"You must be mad," I said, my voice a harsh whisper. He smiled and shook his head.

"Not so mad," he said. "And not so blind. I think that you will enjoy the spectacle, being a bug doctor."

"You're going to kill us all?" I said.

He waved his hand. "Do not be so morbid, young lover," he said, smiling, "Enjoy life. Relax."

MARIE poured whiskey into the glass at his elbow, then she crossed to the chair where I sat on the edge.

"Isn't she lovely," von Driessen taunted. "Feast your eyes upon her, my boy. Have you ever seen anything like her?"

Marie shrank from his words, but I looked, as though his voice forced the reflex. Angrily I jerked my eyes away, back to him, but he had witnessed the exchange and his face was a mockery. I didn't have to look at Marie to see her. For three months, since the first time I had visited von Driessen, the vision of her had hovered in my mind. The soft, blonde hair that swirled about her shoulders, the sad grey eyes, the provocative mouth, the strong supple body that moved with a leopard's grace, the body that had been first pressed, moulded close to mine only a month ago.

(Continued on page 62)



I DIVED

CONTROLS FROZEN, I DIVED HEADLONG FOR MOTHER EARTH — IN A MATTER OF A SECOND, I WOULD BE SMEARED LIKE MELTED BUTTER OVER THE LANDSCAPE

by William Foley

THE earth below me see-sawed violently. The instruments studding the panel in front of my eyes went wild—and then went dead. The hurtling plane slammed and jerked. It was a drunken thing, an intricate, beautiful piece of machinery suddenly gone on a rampage.

"Trouble—I'm in trouble!" I yammered into the mike. Maybe the set was working. Maybe.

I bit salty blood from my lips as I clenched the control column in my hands. My bones ached and my muscles throbbed with the strain of trying to hold the maddened monster in check.

I fought to bring the craft back to flying on a level course. It was a Herculean task. The controls didn't respond. They moved as though with a will of their own, as though some huge, unseen hand was guiding the plane, forcing it to plunge to destruction among the closely-packed houses below!

I realized that I was coming close to the end of my rope. Whatever was wrong, it was something I couldn't correct or diagnose. It was all I could do to hold against the savagely powerful pull of the stick.

I scanned the ground and the ball of fear inside my belly swelled and wanted to explode up through my throat. I couldn't bail out. There were rows and rows of apartment houses and homes down there. It was early afternoon—the time when women are making sandwiches and pouring milk for the kids who've just come home from school.

I would have to ride it out—one way or another. I'd have to hang on until the earth came up and exploded in my face.

IT was a hell of a way to go. My mind dwelled on that, even while it searched frantically for an answer. The flight had begun much differently. Everything had been perfect . . .

I'd eased the stick forward, felt the fuselage tip. The altimeter began winding off the 15,000-foot peg. The needle swung and then spun. Ragged shreds of cloud swept past my canopy. I pasted my eyes on the dials and gauges.

Everything was reading great—just great—then. It was all the way it should be if there's no sign of trouble. My air speed hung at 400-plus and the tach couldn't have showed better news.

I waited until I'd brought the bird down to around 6,500 before going through my lip-licking routine. There were a few seconds left before I would have to pull the ship out of its dive.

That, of course, would be the tough job. Either the bus held together, or it didn't. If the wings or tail weren't tied on with strong enough twine . . .

MY working day would really begin at 4,500 feet. I'd be in or out of luck before I finally levelled off somewhere around the 2,500 mark. I made a mental note to remember where the ripcord was—just in case—as I always do.

I've been a test pilot for a long time. I've chauffeured damn near every kind of gadget that has wings and a tail assembly tacked on to it—and a few types that didn't. That includes jets, single-engined egg-beaters, and even lumbering babies with four fans. I've been in the air-

HER INTO THE GROUND!

craft testing racket a great deal longer than I'd care to remember.

Even so, I've never managed to get over the tremors that hit in the interval while I waited to haul myself out of a hard-straining test dive.

This one was a kind of fouled-up deal at best. The ship was a surplus F-51. They called 'em P-51's during World War II, fast fighters that escorted B-17's and B-24's on deep-penetration raids over Europe. In the Korean scrape, the craft were redesignated "F"—for "Fighter"—51's. They performed close-support tactical missions along the entire Korean front.

This particular F-51 was almost new. It had seen little use before being declared surplus. Then a lot of months had passed and the baby sat in the open waiting for someone to come along and buy her.

People don't walk in off the street and buy old fighters. They're not the world's most easily saleable manufactured items. The one I was flying would probably have stayed out in the open for years more if it hadn't been for Travis Dorte.

"Mister" Dorte was—and still is, I guess—a character with plenty of money but not so much in the way of brains. He got the idea it would be a big prestige-getting gimmick to buy an F-51, have it revamped to suit his taste, and use it to joy-ride around the country.

"Like Howard Hughes," he told me. "It should get me plenty of free publicity—and plenty of dames."

That was when he brought the ship to our plant. We—and I imagine I'm a bit big-headed when I say "we"—have a small but good airplane modification and maintenance plant outside Los Angeles, California.

"They tell me you people are about the best in the business," Dorte soft-soaped my partner, Jack Pfaff. "I want you to rebuild this ship according to my specifications . . ."

His "specifications" were fairly sketchy. The wing-guns were out, and much of the strictly military-type of equipment was to follow. Travis Dorte wanted speed, range and comfort in his one-time fighter aircraft. He left it up to us to provide them—not caring much what the final bill would be. (Continued on page 74)

The instruments on the panel were going wild—the earth see-sawed violently, the plane jerked and I was going down.





MY 30,000 ROASTED CORPSES

THEY ran—and they shrieked out their lives. There was neither aim nor direction to the maddened flight. They looked above them and around them and stared into the flaming, roaring face of certain death!

The tall man near the edge of the road twisted down to the ground, screaming. His bushy hair burst into flame. His clothing began to burn. His wife threw herself down beside him. Her long, black tresses seemed to pour into the fire eating into his writhing, contorted body. Her head snapped back as red-orange tongues licked at her hair and sped up the soft ladders—and then she, too, was aflame.

"God! God!"

Perhaps that was what they cried and moaned. Their shouts and shrill, half-savage raspings were swallowed and drowned by the mind-shattering waves of sound that beat across the land.

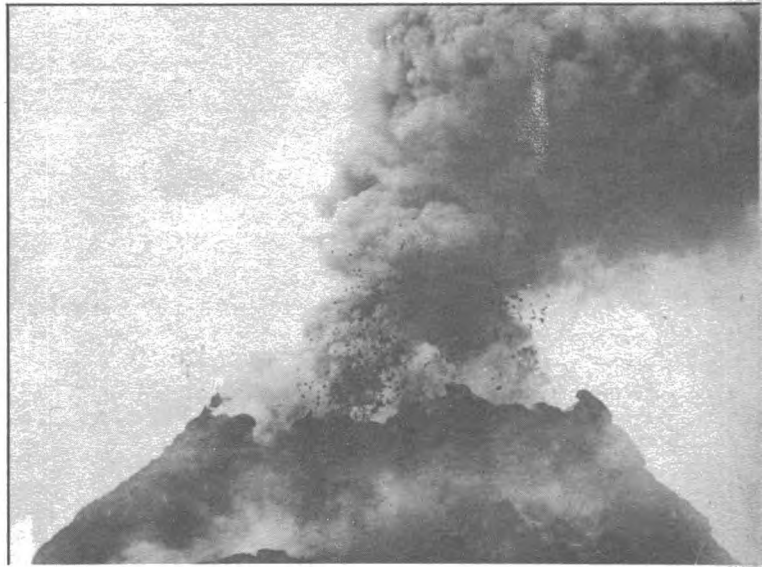
There were suddenly hundreds of them everywhere—flaring human torches that staggered and reeled and stood out like insane beacons against the stinking pall of descending darkness.

They were incinerated, or they died as their lungs were ripped and slashed and seared by the superheated poison they sucked into their throats in a last, desperate effort to live . . .

WE could see that was how it happened. Before us was spread a scene from hell itself. The charred corpses literally carpeted the ground as far as the eye could see. They were bent and twisted into hideous caricatures.

Bits of fire-blackened bone jabbed out from the gaping wounds that had been ripped into flesh frizzled by flame. There were scores—hundreds—of the awful carbonized gouts of meat and flesh. (Continued on page 32)

by E. B. Hill, M.D.



The volcano belched molten lava and rocks. The rumble of the earth mingled with the screams of the dying and the terrorized populace



Rocks and hot lava poured down the mountain side. With no place to hide people ran until they dropped, then died in the river of lava

Grinning skulls, covered by what seemed cracked and curling layers of charcoal gazed at the horror with empty sockets from which the eyeballs had been burned.

The sickening stench of incinerated human flesh hung heavily over the endless vistas of death and devastation. Nothing moved save for a few thin spirals of smoke that rose and swayed here and there.

The jungle, which normally teemed with life and buzzed and racketed with sound, was funerially silent.

We were alone with the dead. We saw and we smelled—and even, God help us—*tasted* Death. Yet we did not retch or cringe or gasp out the hideous emotions that gripped us. The horror was too overwhelming, the slaughter too widespread and staggering to leave us with any sense of reality.

"It's—it's impossible to comprehend," Dan Wallace muttered hoarsely at my side. "It can't be true. It can't possibly be true!"

I said nothing. I knew precisely how Dan felt. Hell, I'd seen dead men before. I served in the Pacific in World War II. I'd fought on islands where hundreds of Japanese soldiers had committed mass suicide rather than surrender. I've seen corpses stacked by the scores on beaches. I've watched ditchers and bulldozers scoop common graves for hundreds.

But that was war. Those who died were killed in battle. This—this was the result of Nature's hell-fury, released in one awful, blasting cataclysm.

THE bowels of the earth had split open, spewing and jetting an inferno of molten matter. Countless

millions of tons of earth and rock and lava had belched up and out and down—to engulf entire villages and towns and to snuff out the lives of all who lived in them!

We had arrived on January 22, 1951, less than 24 hours after the catastrophe occurred. We had been flown up from Darwin to Port Moresby, one of the first Australian relief teams to land in New Guinea after the eruption of Mount Lamington.

The destruction had taken only a few moments. On the previous morning, a Sunday, the people of the region were going about their business of living. Many, natives and European settlers and officials alike, were preparing to attend Church. Others were having a chat, eating late breakfast, or still asleep.

The New Guinea natives have long believed that "Evil Gods" lived inside Mount Lamington. A volcano, the towering peak has growled and rumbled for generations. To Europeans, it was an interesting landmark and something to point out—with great pride—to visitors from home.

"It's real—a real volcano," they would boast happily. "Practically in our back yards!"

Maybe there is something to the legend of the Evil Gods. Perhaps "they" decreed that Mount Lamington would erupt with awful fury shortly after 10 a.m. on that January morning.

IT came as one gigantic explosion—equivalent in force to the blast of a hundred atom bombs. Tens of thousands of cubic yards of Mount Lamington's cone thundered into the air. A roar that blotted out all sound

and thought and reason smashing across the island and slamming out across the Pacific in all directions . . .

The first emergency calls reached Australia via radio within an hour. Private agencies and government offices were alerted. No one yet knew the extent of the catastrophe.

"Stand by . . . stand by for further instructions," we were informed at my hospital.

I was only an interne then, but I was assigned to an emergency relief team that was organized under Australian government supervision. An hour after the first alert, we were summoned to the hospital director's office.

"The Lamington situation is bad—very bad," he told us. "Assemble all the emergency gear you can—medical instruments, medicines, plasma and be ready to leave for the airport in two hours . . ."

We didn't leave until almost midnight. Then we were jammed aboard a Qantas DC-3 and flown directly to Port Moresby. By that time, more information had come in from New Guinea. It was clear that a vast area had been devastated.

"The blowoff sent dirt and lava 75,000 feet into the air . . ."

"Eruptions are continuing . . ."

"Sulphur fumes make breathing difficult aboard aircraft entering the region . . ."

"There are no estimates of casualties yet, but the toll is officially described as 'staggering' . . ."

These were some of the bits and pieces of news we received. There was more at our first destination.

"The towns of Higaturu and Sangara have been wiped out. Thousands have been cremated!"

VOLCANIC dust and smoke were heavy even at Port Moresby. The ash and fumes were rapidly spreading and would eventually be seen and felt over tens of thousands of square miles of the earth's surface.

"We're moving you closer," the official in charge of relief operations grunted to us when we reported to him. "You'll take off for the strip we've established at Popondetta. There are a few trucks available there. You can commandeering one and go right to the scene."

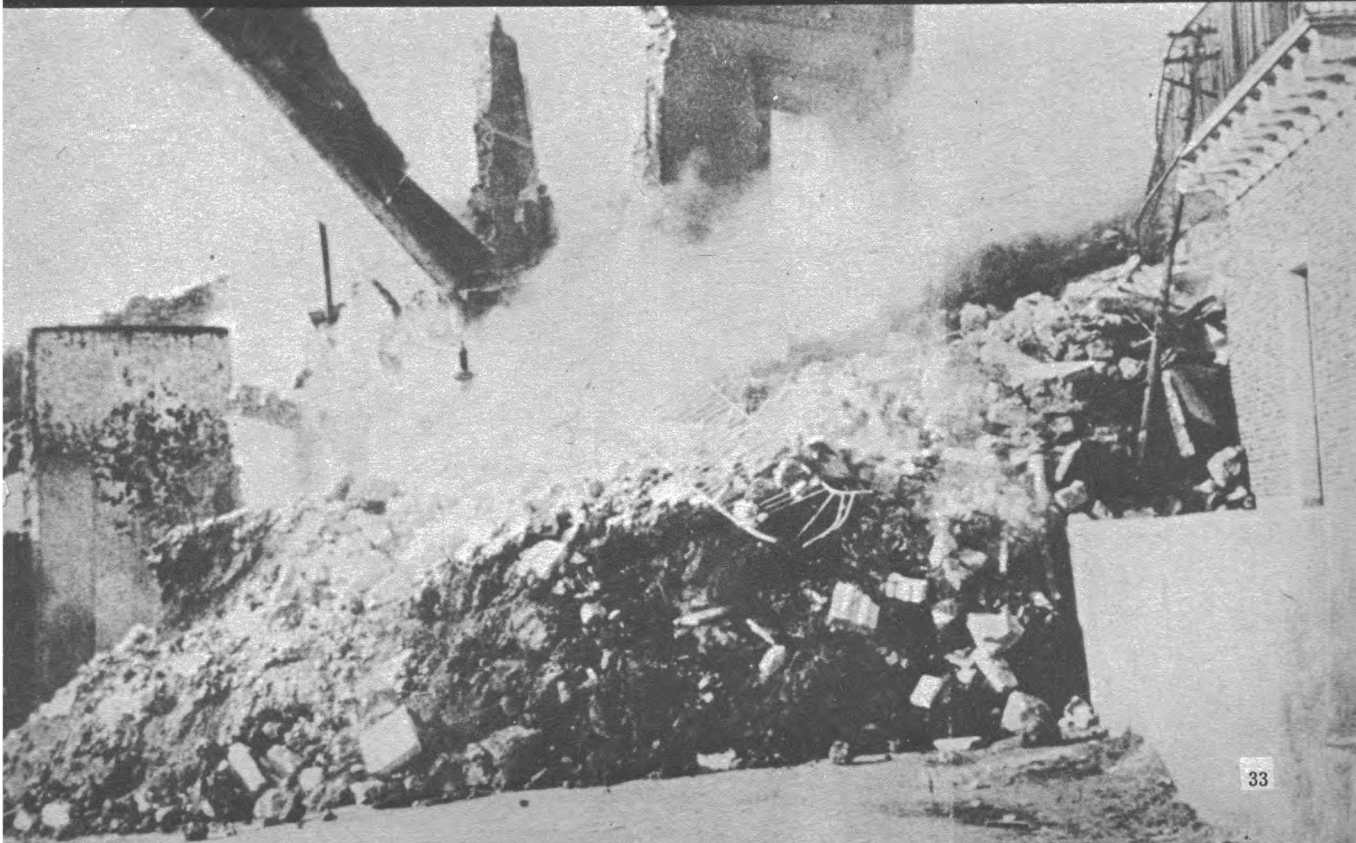
Dan Wallace normally drove the hospital ambulance. He'd been sent along to drive whatever rolling stock we would be able to find in the stricken area. I, of course, was there as a doctor. In addition, we had two nurses and a couple of medical orderlies.

We took off and flew toward Lamington. We didn't need more information to tell us of the scope of the disaster. A fantastic wall of smoke boiled on the horizon. The stench of sulphur seeped into the plane. The volcano's fury was plain to see—even from the distance.

We almost cracked up on landing. The Popondetta airstrip was small and the DC-3 almost ran out of runway before it jolted to an uncertain halt and the pilot turned it around and taxied back to the shack that served as control center.

THE jungle surrounding the field was impossible to recognize as such. The normally lush green vegetation was covered with (Continued on page 78)

The earth shakes, and the shower of rocks help to destroy a village. Lucky villagers who left early may outrun the molten river of death





IS YOUR WIFE UNFAITHFUL?

WHEN A WOMAN'S AFFECTION BEGINS TO WANDER HER HUSBAND IS THE LAST TO KNOW — AND NO WONDER FOR THE SYMPTOMS ARE ENOUGH TO DRIVE ANY MAN NUTS

by Peter Edwin

HAS your wife been cheating behind your back?

It's fairly easy to find out if she has—if a confidential survey made by a joint panel of domestic relations experts, physicians and psychologists can be believed.

The report which will never be made public—and for obvious reasons—starts where the famous "Kinsey Reports" leaves off.

It all began as a research project into the question of just *why* women are unfaithful.

"We interviewed several hundred women," says one of the panel members, "and discovered that we were rapidly developing a yardstick by which we could determine whether a woman had been unfaithful to her husband. The results were so impressive that we abandoned the original goal and spent two years investigating in other directions."

By the time they were through, researchers succeeded in getting more than 5,600 women to let their hair down and tell all about their private—and often extra-curricular—lives.

It seems that the panel's findings offer husbands and beaux plenty of red-hot info on how to detect whether their wives or sweethearts have been doing a little cheating on the side. As a matter of fact, the net results include a four-point guide which—if the uninhibited 5,600 are truly representative—would appear to provide about all the clues a man needs to get the lowdown.

HERE are some of the uncensored facts, released exclusively to this magazine...

Infidelity, it was found, always makes a woman nervous and fidgety. A deep-seated guilt complex causes her to be impatient and easily irritable. She tries to compensate for this by being overly attentive and kind to her husband, but is seldom able to maintain the pretense for long.

"She'll make his favorite dishes for dinner, bring him his pipe and slippers—and even watch the wrestling matches with him on TV," declares one investigator. "Sooner or later, she'll find she can't keep it up much longer and will explode over some trivial thing. This mental condition is always most pronounced a few days after her initial infidelity..."

Not too surprisingly, most women who admitted having extra-marital affairs declared that the ringing of a telephone worked on their nerves.

"After I've had an affair with another man, I always race to beat my husband to the phone when it rings," most of them confessed. "I just can't help it..."

Simple, say the psychologists. Most illicit liaisons are arranged over the telephone, hence the deep-seated subconscious fear of betrayal by the instrument. Women are just plain afraid that the gadget will give them away.

RECURRENT, nagging headaches are another sign. The headaches are almost always psychosomatic. The unfaithful wife has them for two reasons—subconsciously, that is. First, she's trying to punish herself, second, she wants sympathy from her husband, who she really blames for her infidelity.

Surest indication of all is the emotional drive to establish a new personality, the survey shows. An unfaithful wife is, in effect, living a double life. She is not one, but two people. (Continued on page 80)



A sudden renewed interest in her undergarments may be danger signal. Is she dressing for you?

45 SECOND CHECK LIST

Check One

- 1: Is your wife speaking of changing the color of her hair? Yes No
- 2: Have you noticed the little woman wearing new and exotic perfumes? Yes No
- 3: Is she suddenly buying new lingerie? Yes No
- 4: Do her new dresses have more daring necklines? Yes No
- 5: Has she suddenly begun to worry about her 'figure'? Yes No
- 6: Is she suddenly over-attentive to your every wish? Yes No
- 7: Has your wife suggested that you take a vacation — just the two of you? Yes No

If your answers to the above questions are "yes", then you're in trouble. Read on and find out just how much trouble you're in.



Getting your favorite foods lately? Maybe you're just lucky — or the wife is conscious stricken!

HUNTING BOOK BONUS

The editors of this magazine queried fifteen professional African White Hunters, asking them, "What was your most thrilling hunting adventure?"

This special book bonus is made up of the three adventures which the editors found to be the most interesting, unusual and exciting. They are told here — as they were lived — by the men who lived and experienced them. . . .

ADVENTURE IN MASSACRE

by Desmond Trent

DEAD LOSS SAFARI

by G. Edward Taylor

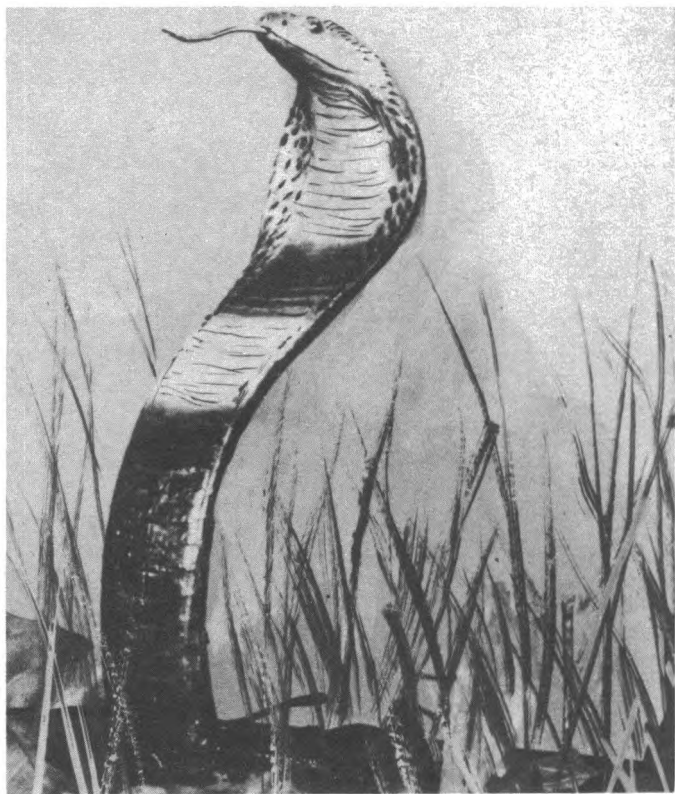
His FANGS Were In My FLESH

by Edwin Flaherty

DEAD LOSS SAFARI

by
G. Edward Taylor

THE COBRA BLINDED MY PARTNER WHILE A RHINO CRUSHED ME - I HAD TO SHOOT QUICKLY DESPITE MY BROKEN BONES - OR WE'D ALL BE TRAMPLED TO A BLOODIED JELLY -



I heard Devereaux shriek. I hurried forward, shoving the startled native bearers to one side. Those at the head of the column were already shouting and jabbering. Several of them were crowding around a white-clad figure that was writhing on the ground.

It was Devereaux. He kicked and threshed. Two of the boys were trying to pin his shoulders to the earth.

"My eyes! My eyes!" my friend cried.

I shouldered my way through the knot of natives. I saw that one of them was attempting to urinate in Devereaux's eyes. I realized instantly what had happened.

Walking at the head of the column, Steve Devereaux had stumbled on a spitting cobra, the most vicious and hideous of all the terrible things that live on the continent of Africa. Now, there were only seconds in which to save his eyesight. The awful, searing fluid was already eating into the tissue of his eyeballs!

Scientists call the spitting cobra "*Hemachates Hae-machates*." I don't even know what that means. But 18 years in the African bush have taught me that the spitting cobra is one of the most hideous of all God's creations.

Five or six feet long, the snake is able to compress its poison glands and squirt its caustic venom as much as twenty feet. By some mysterious instinct, it aims — and unerringly strikes its victim in the eyes.

The venom works almost instantly, blinding the prey. Then, when the sightless animal rushes about in con-

fused agony, the spitting cobra is able to move in for the kill!

AMONG the natives of Kenya, there is only one first aid treatment when a spitting cobra strikes. They urinate into the eyes of the victim. There appears to be something — some substance — in human urine that neutralizes the snake venom. But even this must be done with extreme speed. It takes the poison less than sixty seconds to do permanent injury to the human eye!

"Easy, Steve," I grated, kneeling beside Devereaux and pinning one of his shoulders. "Easy. For God's sake give us a chance to help you . . ."

My voice calmed him for a moment — long enough for the boys to do what had to be done. It was nauseating, revolting.

"Now — bring water," I called over my shoulder to the boys. "Bring all the water we have."

Several of the boys hurried off. The first of them was back in a few seconds, lugging two canteens. I ordered him to start pouring the water into Steve's eyes.

"You'll be all right now, boy," I assured Steve. "We got to you in time . . ."

Devereaux was "all right" by nightfall. We made camp not far from the spot where the incident occurred. We set up in a clearing and I insisted that he keep a bandage on his eyes for a day or two.

"You're damn lucky" (Continued on page 67)

ADVENTURE IN MASSACRE



by Desmond Trent

HE WAS A KILLER LIKE OTHER KILLERS—WHEN THE CHIPS WERE DOWN HE CHICKENED. ON SAFARI WHERE EVERY GUN COUNTS WE HAD TO PLACE OUR LIVES ON THE LINE—MEN AGAINST THE WILD BULL ELEPHANTS

YOU can't always punish a mass-murderer. Sometimes, a killer will get away clean, even though there are plenty of witnesses to his crime.

That's the way it was with George Backer, the fat, big-mouthed millionaire who hired me to act as his White Hunter in February, 1955. Backer arrived in Nairobi with his expensive suitcases stuffed with money—and a wild urge to kill elephant.

"I don't care what it costs," he informed me, "I want you to organize a safari for me—the best that money can buy."

White Hunters are human, too. A guy like George Backer is little short of a heaven-sent miracle. To organize a safari for one of his type is to collect enough of the dirty folding stuff to pay off a lot of bills.

I quoted him a price—a hell of a price. He accepted without blinking.

"You'll guarantee that I'll get an elephant?" was his only question.

"You're damned right I will, you stupid boob," I wanted to reply. White Hunters always deliver elephants, rhinos or any other wild animal for men like Backer. Even if they have to corral the beasts for a setup shot!

The safari I organized for my client was plush—plush in every respect. He would live as well in the bush as he would in the Presidential Suite of the Waldorf Astoria.

WE left early one morning—a long convoy of four trucks, three Power wagons and a half-dozen jeeps. We drove north out of Nairobi. On the morning of the third day, we broke camp and moved about eight miles to the west of where we had stopped for the night.

"Elephant spoor—much elephant spoor," my head boy, N'Gwala, reported.

I got together several of the boys and what gear we would need and told Backer we would be within sight of elephant within an hour or two. His face turned red at the news.

I told N'Gwala to bring the guns—heavy Westley-Richards .470's—and we climbed aboard one of the Power wagons.

"I've waited years for this," Backer puffed eagerly. "I've—I've always wanted to get an elephant!"

We jolted out across the Kenya flatlands to the area where my head boy said he had seen signs of elephant. We halted and detrucked.

"*Tembu*—elephant," N'Gwala grunted, pointing toward the west. We started out on foot toward a clump of trees about a mile distant. We proceeded with caution, even though the wind was blowing from the west and there was little chance of the elephants getting our scent.

There were twelve of us—Backer, myself and N'Gwala and ten boys. We spotted the herd in the grove of trees. It was a big one—cows, bulls and babies and one magnificent bull that towered above all the others.

"Mine! That's mine!" Backer rasped hoarsely at my side. "I want that bull!"

WE closed in slowly. We were 500 yards away. 400. 300. 200. We went down on all fours. N'Gwala sent his boys off to the sides and stayed close behind my client and me, the W-R's ready.

I signalled for my rifle. N'Gwala handed it to me. I checked it, easing the gun together to prevent the metallic click of closing from frightening the herd. The tuskers were tensed. They sensed something.

I nodded for N'Kwala to give Backer his double. The fat man took it with trembling hands. I noticed for the first time that he was covered with shiny sweat. His face seemed to glow and glisten beneath the perspiration. I told myself that I'd better be careful—damn careful. George Backer was not a reliable hunter!

We eased forward, using the cover afforded by the low bushes and brush that lay between us and the grove. We closed the distance down to less than 100 yards. Backer was breathing heavily—a thick wheezing sort of sound came from him. His knuckles were white around the barrels of his weapon.

I guess I should have shot him then. I should have thrust the barrels of my gun against his greasy, corpulent head and blown his brains all over the Kenya landscape. I didn't, though, God forgive me. I didn't kill him.

Instead, I crouched down. Backer was a little ahead of me and to my right. N'Gwala was directly behind us. The big bull—the one my client wanted—was squarely



N'Gwala, my head boy and bearer, poses alongside a bull.

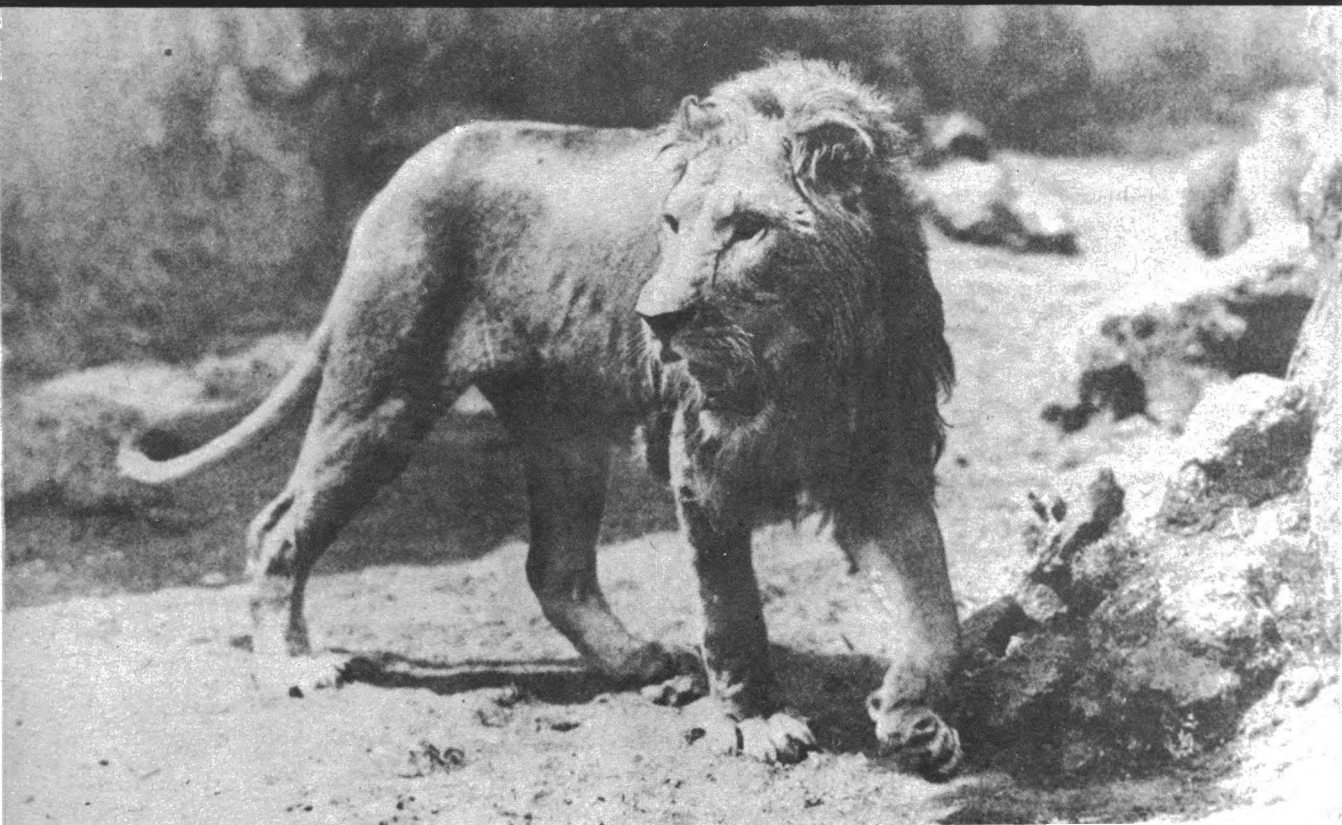
in front of us, about 75 yards away.

I wanted to wait until I was certain the boys were in position on the flanks. The breeze still held and, although the elephants were a bit restless, I knew that we had a few minutes before they would awake to our presence.

(Continued on page 77)

His FANGS Were In My FLESH

by Edwin Flaherty



The lion was drooling saliva. He stared at me not more than three yards away, and speculated.

NOW a lion is no more difficult to hunt than any other wild animal—provided you're ready for him and have a weapon in your hands.

It's a much different story when you're lying directly in the path of a hungry, angry lion, immobilized by a broken leg and without even a clasp knife with which to protect yourself!

That's the predicament in which I found myself one terrifying afternoon a few years ago. The odds against me were at least 1,000-to-one, and I quote them on the basis of more than twenty years in the bush!

I'd taken a photographic safari out into the bush in Tanganyika. Generally speaking, a photographic safari is pure sport and pleasure for a White Hunter. The clients only want pictures of the wild life in its natural habitat. The party may stay out several days without it being necessary for anyone to fire a shot, unless it's to bag fresh meat for the pot.

The White Hunter doesn't have to do much. He just

leads the group to places where it's most likely that good photographs can be taken. He acts as a shotgun guard, too, just in case something happens—but it seldom does.

The safari had been normal and routine. The clients were all quiet, sober shutterbugs. They went about their picture-taking seriously, but were always able to relax with a few drinks and at least as many stories in the evening. I liked them all, and they seemed to reciprocate my feelings.

EVERYTHING went well until that Thursday afternoon when things started to go wrong. Fred Decker, my partner, and I had been out scouting for some promising spoor which would lead to unusual animal scenes or groupings for our clients.

"Most of the tracks are pretty old," Fred observed after we'd been at it for a couple of hours. "Maybe we'd better break camp and try somewhere else."

PAIN TWISTED UP MY BROKEN LEG ALMOST BLINDING ME BUT I COULD STILL SEE THE LION — HEAR HIM GROWLING — I HAD TO GET MY RIFLE OR BE A MEAL FOR THE CAT

"Hell, I hate to do that," I growled. "We should be able to find something around here".

I nodded toward a small hill that thrust up abruptly from the valley floor about two miles to our left.

"I think I'll hike up there and take a look around," I suggested. "I may get some ideas."

"Okay, Ed," Decker shrugged, "but count me out. I'm tired. I'll wait for you at the truck..."

I slung my 9-millimeter Mauser over my shoulder and hiked toward the base of the hill. I figured I could make it to the top and back to where we'd parked the truck in well under three hours, ample time to return to camp before dark.

The calm peace of the Tanganyikan afternoon was hypnotic. I walked easily, occasionally scanning the ground for signs of passing game.

I reached the base of the hill and started up, angling across the slope in order to reach what appeared to be the highest point by the most direct route. I stopped once or twice during the ascent to scan the surrounding terrain.

I'D almost reached my goal when I rounded a bulging finger of ground and found my route blocked by a sheer dropoff. Something, probably a torrential rain, had caused the earth and rock to give away. There was a ravine, a miniature chasm, about forty feet deep and twenty feet across in front of me.

I looked for an easy way to get around it. As far as I could see, the fissure ran to the crest of the hill.

"Dammit!" I mumbled to myself. "Better ease my way around."

I should have had more sense than to amble along the edge of the dropoff. I should have stayed far away from the lip of the ravine, but it wasn't very deep and it certainly didn't look very dangerous. I'd skirted much worse without trouble, many times before.

I'd gone a few dozen paces when I felt my feet slip and slide. I threw myself back—too late. I'd stepped on an outcropping of rotten shale. I swung my body—and then I somersaulted out over the edge—and down into the chasm!

I flailed helplessly in midair. A jutting boulder caught me and caromed me further. I heard as well as felt the sickening snap when I landed on my right leg in the middle of the ravine.

My leg was broken. I knew that without looking. I'd fallen more than thirty feet. If the boulder hadn't broken my fall, the chances are I would have killed myself.

I cursed my luck and groaned. My leg would start hurting soon—long before Fred Decker would get worried and come looking for me. I struggled to bring my bruised body into a sitting position.

THE noise came from behind a jumble of loose rocks. It wasn't the kind of noise I could identify immediately. Then I heard the low menacing growl.

Lion! Falling into the ravine, I'd encroached on the private reserve of a lion—which probably had its den nearby!

I scrambled around, trying to find my rifle. It had fallen from my shoulder. I couldn't see it. I pulled myself up as far as I could and scanned the ravine. The weapon was in the dirt, apparently intact, about 50 feet from me.

"Easy boy," I told myself. "Don't get your wind up." I knew that I would have to think—and think fast, but that I would also have to move with great care.

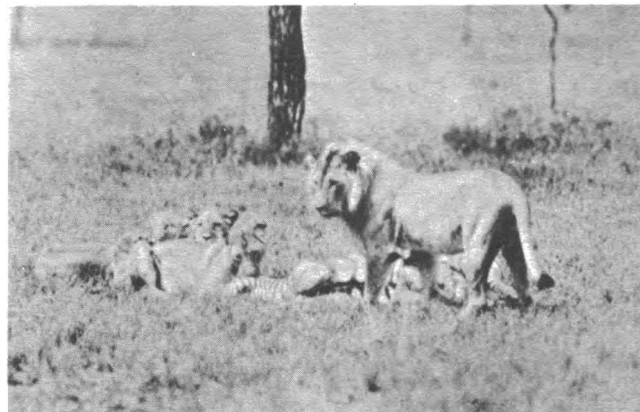
I began dragging myself across the ground toward the Mauser. The growling stopped. There was silence. A long silence, followed by a tentative roar.

I crawled more rapidly, exerting all my strength. My broken leg was throbbing now with an agonizing pain, but I didn't dare pay any attention to it.

There was another roar—then quick, furtive movement of a heavy, dun-colored body. I twisted my head. Cold terror gripped my bowels and knotted them into iron-hard balls of fear.

The lion was a full-grown male—a huge beast that had moved into position for its spring. The cat eyed me evilly its muscles tensing under its tawny hide.

My rifle was less than 20 feet from my outstretched hand. I pulled myself forward. . . . (Cont. on page 70)



I had encroached on the private reserve of a lion. The family den had to be in the vicinity.

Glamour Girls

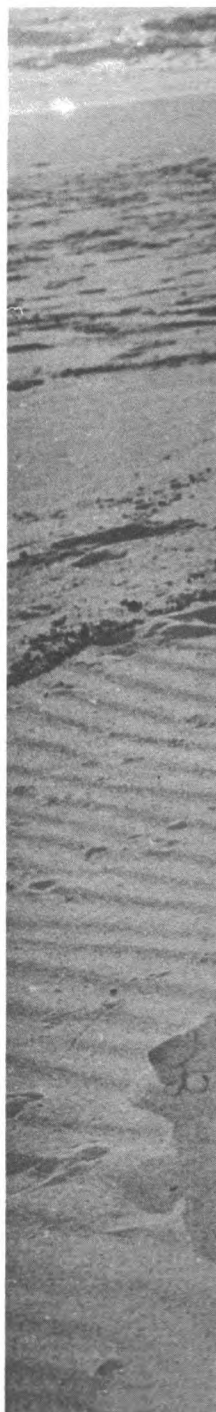


AT WORK

AT PLAY



A honey from the Bronx is Lisa Kamish who kicks off a theatrical career with a part in Gilbert & Sullivan. She pads out her dramatic career with modeling jobs.

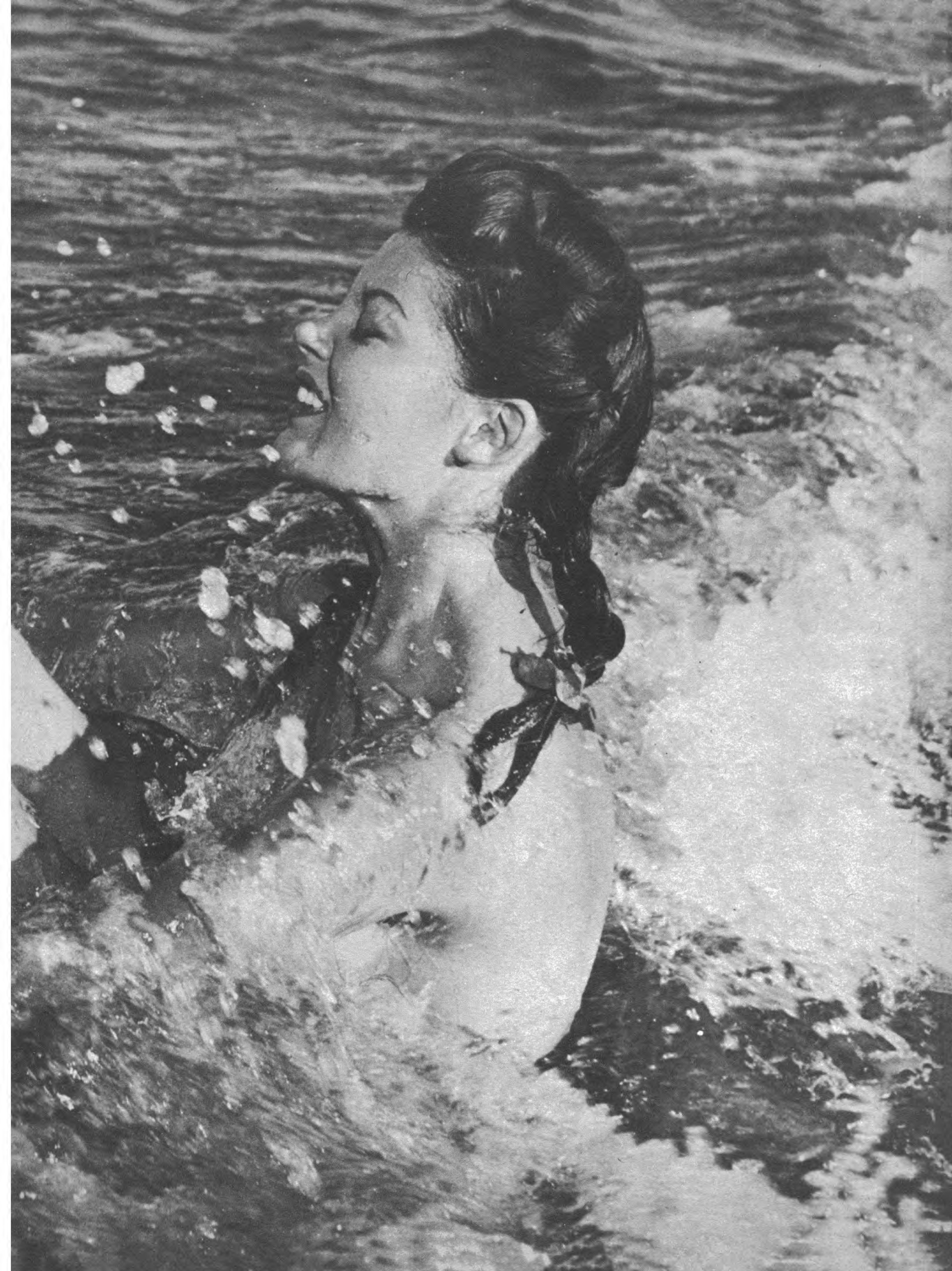


Across the country out California way is pretty Naga Morgen who is making her mark at the U-I and Republic studios in Hollywood. Originally her home was in Seattle.





Faye Lafayette is as talented as she is pretty. A linguist who can handle Spanish as well as English, she is running a T.V. show, assists in the commercials, and does the announcing. For relaxation she takes to the water—fun in any language.



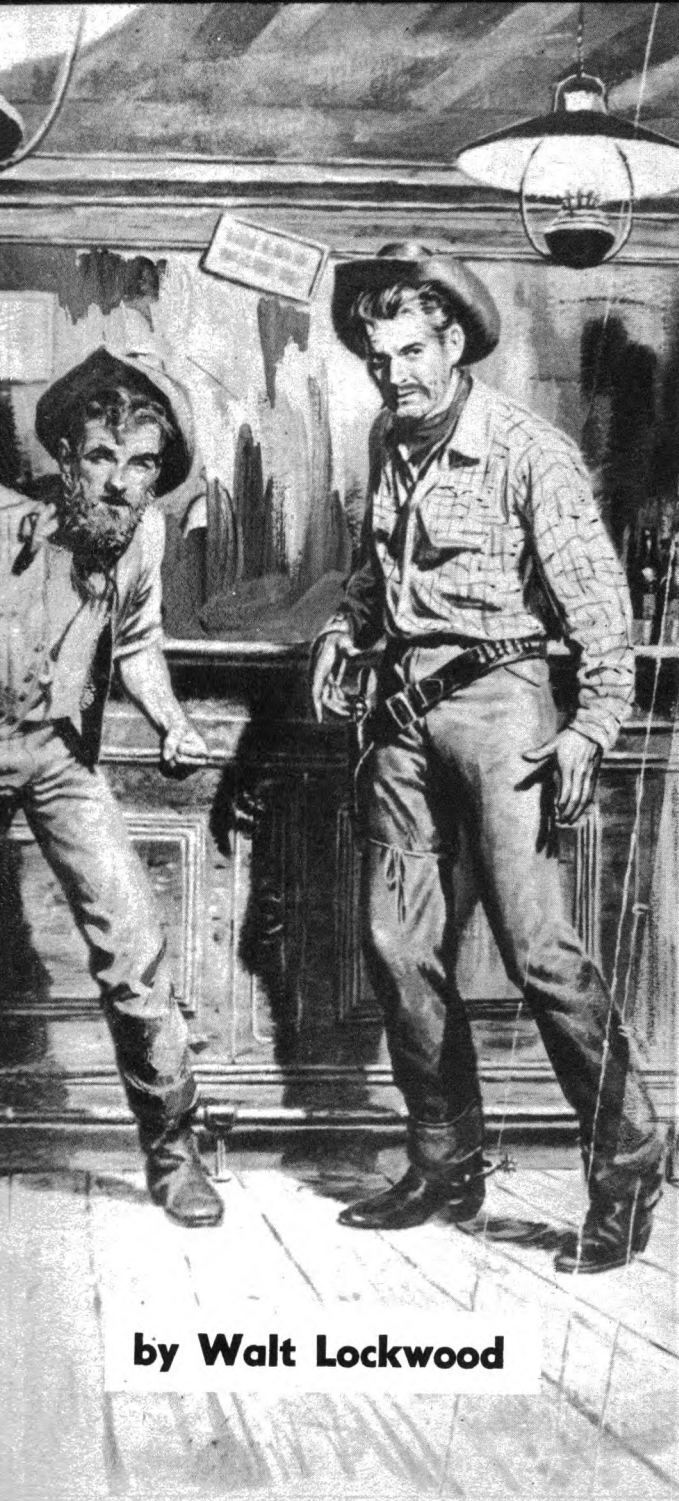


Jane Rockefeller is a beautiful brunette from Hollywood who wants to be an actress. She only hopes she won't have to sacrifice her famous name in order to reach stardom.

You may have seen Lynn Barton in her last picture, "Phoenix City" — If not you will see her in motion pictures to come. She is the discovery of singing star, Lillian Roth, who promises us that we will be seeing much of Lynn soon.



THE GUNFIGHTER ●



by **Walt Lockwood**

ALL cast from the same mould, Frank Soto thought bitterly. The trail towns were all alike and the end-of-trail towns were just a lot bigger. You seen one, you seen them all. And the men, the same faces or faces like other faces. Take the bartender, for instance. He wouldn't know President Grant if he walks through the door, but he puts the bottle down next to the glass, squints and says like he's seen a ghost, "Frank Soto."

He hadn't smiled when the barkeep whispered his name, just stared out from under the shaggy black brows.

And the several men bellied up to the bar next to him had dropped their eyes self-consciously to the Colt tied low on his hip, then melted away, giving him elbow room. And no man alive needed that much room to lift a glass.

It was just about the same when they didn't recognize you. The timing was different, was all. Some local hand, eager to discuss other places, stood the drinks and asked, "Where ya from, stranger?" And you gave the name of the last place. And then he asked, "Where ya headed?" And you said, North or South or maybe gave the name of some place you were bound for that wanted to hire a gun. Then he held out his hand and gave his name and you shook the hand and said, "Frank Soto." You saw his face change and that was the end of it. He shied off like the others. Afraid. Afraid of the gun, afraid of the death that hovered around a man branded "Frank Soto."

LIFTING the bottle and glass from the bar, Frank Soto retreated to an empty table. He relaxed in the wide-bottomed chair, but the black eyes were alert, sweeping the room. A man in a derby separated himself from the bar and headed for the door. He was careful not to look in Frank's direction. Too careful, Frank growled, there he goes to spread the word. In a few minutes he would feel the eyes on him, know, without looking, that faces were pressed against the windows. Or maybe he was going to inform the local gun hand. "Damn," Frank muttered. "Seems every stage stop has a kid who reckons himself another Bill Hickok. And you have to fight them all."

It hadn't always been like this. Frank Soto remembered when he was just a cowhand who was pretty fancy with a gun. Those were good days, but he hadn't known it. He went to the bar in those days and there were friendly hands to pound him on the back and someone would shout, "Here's that damn half-breed." And there was laughter then, too. Then Sam Bingham rode into town with six notches on his gun. Frank had to try the skill he had practiced so long to perfect, had to know what it was like to face a top gun. He left Bingham in his own blood. Had won easily.

Won? Frank grimaced and lifted the glass to his mouth. A fast gun with a kill behind it couldn't ride for a decent brand. No rancher wanted his range crawling with gunslicks eager to test the new reputation. And the old friends didn't call him half-breed anymore. They

A MAN KNOWN AS A GUN SLINGER HAS TO GO ON KILLING SOMETIMES FOR NO MORE REASON THAN TO GO ON LIVING

just couldn't say it with the laughter in the voice after seeing Sam Bingham go down. And without the laughter it would be an insult. And suddenly Frank Soto was a man you had to be careful how you spoke to. You gave him room at the bar.

FRANK sighed and thought wearily of Tucson, the stage to California where he wasn't known and enough land to run some cattle. One night of sleep in this town, then two more days and he would be in Tucson.

The door swung back and a tall, rangy youth stepped inside. He stood straddle-legged, poised, and his eyes swept the room. He crossed the room and took a place at the end of the bar.

Another one, Frank sighed. He could tell immediately. He had killed so many of them that it seemed he might lose count. But you didn't lose count of the men you killed. You remembered their faces, their names, and on sleepless nights you could recall what they wore down to the color of the boots. The atmosphere in the saloon changed the instant the local pride entered. It had been somber, now it was tense, electrifying.

What has he got? How will he stand? Frank would have liked to have ignored the boy, left the saloon, but he knew that it wouldn't work. They stalked you until you fought them—and killed them. Without seeming to look, Frank appraised the boy. Young, awful young. He'll be eager and wild. He'll draw fast and shoot fast. You gotta take your time to make the kill and he'll hurry. Frank's eyes covered the boy, took in the flat-crowned stetson, the square face, full-lipped and strong-jawed. He noticed the eyes and knew that it was the kid's first real test. The eyes were clear and full of fight. A gunman's eyes were never filled with fight, just the wary glaze of the wolf, lined from watching.

THE boy pulled himself erect, his hands on the edge of the bar. "You Frank Soto?" he called.

Frank lifted his eyes from his glass and returned the boy's gaze without answering. He came to his feet, pushing the chair back. The men at the bar scrambled, leaving the boy to stand alone. Frank lifted the glass and the bottle and walked to the bar. He turned to the boy. "That's my name," he answered.

The boy tried a sneer that was just a lop-sided grin. "I hear tell you're fast with a gun," the boy said mockingly.

"That so?"

Somebody's son, Frank thought. A nice looking boy. Would have made a good foreman for some outfit in a few years. Frank Soto felt old, his forty years weighing like eighty.

"You don't look like much to me," the boy taunted.

There was a time when this remark would have turned Frank Soto's chiseled features to stone, kindled a roaring flame within. His expression did not change. "Look, boy," he said evenly,

(Continued on page 60)



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RED BITCH OF HUNGARY

and made it impossible for her to satisfy her carnal desires only through orgiastic revels staged amid heaps of still-bleeding corpses?

THESE questions have been asked for years. There's been much conjecture as to the reasons. Arguments about her have raged endlessly. Countless attempts have been made to reconstruct her story and thus gain some insight into her monstrous personality.

"I shall give a banquet—a banquet such as the world has never seen," she announced on one occasion. "It will reek of the charnel chamber, a feast that might have come straight from hell!"

Elizabeth was as good as her word. The huge dining hall of her palatial mansion did reek—with the awful stench of burned human flesh!

Her guests—perverts and depraved madmen, the foulest dregs scoured from the human sewers of the European Continent—arrived and even they were staggered by what they saw.

A long, massive table stood in the center of the dining room. It was set with the finest of snow-white linen and the costliest of silver. In the middle of the table, serving as a ghastly center piece, was stretched the charred remains of what had once been an attractive young woman!

"Roast serving girl!" the Red Bitch chortled. "I had her baked especially for you, my friends. Look carefully—she even has a bright red apple in her mouth!"

IT was true. Elizabeth Bathory, her diseased mind ever seeking newer and more horrible abominations, had actually roasted a 19-year-old girl in one of the huge ovens on her estate. With the fire-blackened cadaver as a centerpiece, she hoped to titillate the vilest passions of the depraved scum she had gathered around her.

The grisly incident is only one of scores that have been verified and authenticated...

How did Elizabeth Bathory succeed committing such atrocities? Why was she not jailed, tried and punished?

The answers to these questions are relatively simple. First of all, she was the wife of the absolute ruler of the immediate area in which she lived. Her husband was weak and completely dominated by her. He held the power of life and death over the people and wielded the power as his mad wife dictated.

The simple populace feared her. Minor officials knew that their livelihood—even their lives—were forfeit if they dared question any of her acts. Many, in fact, aided her—procuring the maidens that she desired for her murder-fests!

Elizabeth was the niece of Stephan Bathory, the Prince of Transylvania, a vast, rich area in central Europe then under Hungarian control. Stephen was, among other things, a powerful ruler, a great military leader—and a sucker for his beautiful niece.

"A husband, a castle—and power," Elizabeth told her uncle when he asked her what she desired.

At 19, Elizabeth was already a raving beauty. She had great masses of red-brown hair and a face and a body that had long before driven many men of Stephen's court mad.

The record shows that she had seduced many of her uncle's retainers even before she entered her teens. By the time her marriage was arranged, Elizabeth was famed as a nymphomaniac whose insatiable and exotic tastes made her one of the most sought-after royal sluts in all history.

THERE is plenty to indicate that Elizabeth was more than just a niece to Prince Stephan. It was common gossip that the warrior-ruler often held night-long "conferences" with her in his bedroom. It's little wonder that he gave her all she desired.

Perhaps it's also significant that he arranged for Elizabeth's domain to be a goodly distance from his court in Kolosvar, handing her husband a township or two in the Felvidek.

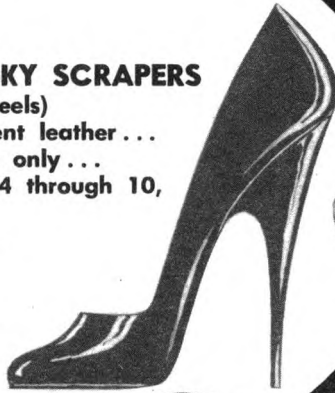
Now there as a streak of cruelty in Elizabeth, one that had manifested itself early in life. At six, she tried to light her governess's dress with a candle. Two years later, she stran-

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gled her pet poodle because "I laughed when he cried..."

Not long after her nuptials, Elizabeth had her new husband—who she nicknamed "Uri" for no particular reason — wondering whether he'd gotten hold of an angel or a demon. Elizabeth's boudoir demands were more than even the strapping, powerfully-built noble could stand. He went to Prince Stephen.

"She — she is entertaining other men during the daytime hours," he told the Transylvanian ruler.

"Be glad for those hours which she spends with you and forget the others," Stephen counselled.

ELIZABETH BATHORY blossomed during the first few years of her marriage. Her shapely figure became ever more lush and her desires ever stranger and more warped. She barely saw her husband. "Uri" spent most of his time drinking himself into a stupor and seldom if ever wandered into the wing of the palace which housed his wife's chambers.

"I fear that I have married the devil himself," he wrote once to a friend in Vienna. "I fear for Elizabeth's sanity and my own—I also fear for our souls."

Something snapped. Elizabeth grew tired of endless sexual marathons. They no longer gave her the thrills she demanded. She tried other things—wild orgies, perversions that can only be described in medical texts.

Lajos Kalman was an army captain. He spurned the women's advances. She killed him with her husband's knife, slitting his throat from ear to ear and horribly mutilating his corpse.

The slaying was hushed up. Stephen still ruled and, like the Communist tyrants of present-day Hungary, he found it easy to hide evidence of the crime and to still the gossip that swept his court.

Ildiko Baranyi, a companion of Elizabeth's, was the next to die. She made the mistake of falling in love with a man normally employed to whip Elizabeth on those nights when her masochistic tendencies got the upper hand. The royal harlot garrotted Ildiko while she slept. This crime, too, was covered up.

OTHERS followed as victims of the Red Bitch. Prince Stephan was in too deep. He had gone too far. He had no choice but to close his eyes and ears as to what went on

in the Felvidek. He had his own troubles, besides, just keeping his tyrannical government together.

Only Elizabeth Bathory—and, perhaps, the Devil—could give any hint as to what occurred then. One version has it that she went absolutely insane. Another holds that she was mesmerized by an itinerant "Black Magician."

"I'm getting old!" she shrieked to her maids one morning. She had looked into a mirror and found a few wrinkles in her face. The ensuing scene has few equals for the intensity of the feral fury that gripped the woman.

Clutching a knife, she put out the eyes of one of her maids. The others fled for their lives. For more than a week, Elizabeth Bathory would not leave her chambers. She would not even unlock the doors to admit the men she had previously invited to join her in her parties.

When she emerged finally, gaunt, white-faced and weak from hunger and thirst, the terrible reign of the Red Bitch of Hungary really began!

Elizabeth came out of her voluntary isolation with the maniacal fixation that the blood of virgin women and girls would permit her to retain everlasting youth!

Somehow — no one really knows how or why — Elizabeth Bathory believed that the fresh blood of such females, if used on her face and body, would prevent her from ever growing old.

At first, she paid physicians to draw the blood from serving girls on one pretext or another. She washed herself in the blood and spent hours before her mirror, scrutinizing her face to see if there had been any change.

Gory? Grisly? Unbelievable?

The evil horror of Elizabeth Bathory is no legend. It is factual, documented history.

THE physicians soon found that she was not satisfied. There were those who demurred when she told them what she wanted next. They died swiftly, killed by the men Elizabeth bound to her by threats.

"I must bathe in the blood of virgins," the Red Bitch rasped. "And the women from whom the blood is taken must die. Every drop must be drained from them. Otherwise, the vital life force that will preserve my youth will be lost!"

Fantastic as it may sound, the awful vampire's wishes became commands—and were obeyed!

She had vast wealth with which



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(Continued on page 59)

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to buy her butchers—and vast power through her uncle. There was no one in Transylvania who dared oppose her. Those who knew all the details of her crimes were her accomplices and knew they would share her fate if she was discovered and punished.

"Agents" scoured the countryside for likely young women. Some were enticed, others kidnapped. They were taken to Elizabeth—she wished to see them alive before the executioners slit their throats and allowed their fresh blood to gush into the elaborate containers provided for the purpose.

ELIZABETH BATHORY literally bathed in the blood of the virgins!

She had an ornate tub—and it was filled for her once each week with the fresh, warm blood of her victims.

Scores—hundreds—perhaps even thousands of young women were butchered like cattle in the Bathory palace. Their drained bodies were burned or buried secretly.

As the number of corpses grew, so did Elizabeth's sex-madness. She gathered around her the scum of Europe. Masochists, sadists, the mentally and emotionally diseased of a dozen countries.

Even the most abnormal carnal pleasures no longer sufficed alone. There had to be fillips and nuances. For a time, Elizabeth amused herself with Black Masses—blasphemous rituals devoted to the worship of the powers of darkness.

Human beings—men and women—were tortured and painfully killed in a "theater" she had built. Her guests sat in chairs or reclined on divans while the innocents shrieked out their lives on an improvised stage.

These macabre exhibitions were followed by endless days and nights of lunatic Saturnalia. Then these, too, palled.

Elizabeth continued her greusome "baths" but she sought for new forms of excitement.

"Bring me a dwarf—the most hideous and ugly you can find..."

"I want a cripple—find a man who has neither arms nor legs..."

"A dead man—a corpse..."

These were only some of the monstrous demands she made of her retainers.

Whispers and rumors of the Felvidek horror reached Zsigmond, the brother of Stephan. Zsigmond had succeeded his brother as Prince of Transylvania upon his death. Unfortunately, Zsigmond, too, had known Elizabeth. Even more than

this, he knew that Elizabeth possessed proof that he had killed his own brother in order to take over the government.

"There are reports of murders and atrocities," Zsigmond was told. "Your niece..."

"Lies! All lies!" the Prince roared. He decreed the death penalty for anyone who dared cast a slur on Elizabeth's name.

THE staggering toll of those slaughtered in the Bathory Palace had now reached more than 500. The Red Bitch wasn't through yet. She increased the number of her "baths" from one each week to two, then three.

She could not see that her insane theory was in error. Elizabeth Bathory was no longer able to see the lines that criss-crossed her face, or the hell-look that contorted her features. She was truly mad—and she saw herself as she believed herself to be.

The beginning of the end came with the "banquet" she gave, the one she swore would "reek of the charnel chamber."

The most attractive of her serving maids was selected. The young woman was given a sleeping drug, trussed, and, though still alive, thrust into one of the huge ovens in the kitchen of the palace! Her charred corpse, laid prone on a gigantic silver platter, served as the centerpiece of the table around which Elizabeth Bathory's guests gathered!

"See!" Elizabeth said over and over throughout the fearsome meal. "She even has a red apple in her mouth!"

The justice that should have long before disposed of Elizabeth Bathory finally awoke from its decades of blind stupor. Word of her abominations was carried to Zsigmond's court, despite the still effective death penalty for "libels" against the woman.

THE Red Bitch of Hungary might have gotten away with it. But Zsigmond felt the reins of power slipping from his hands in Transylvania. He decided to act against his niece and thus provide a sop for the dissatisfied and angry Transylvanians.

Elizabeth Bathory and her aides and retainers and friends were arrested by soldiers sent from Buda, seat of the main Hungarian government.

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were excavated. No less than 600 skeletons and corpses were uncovered! Countless others, some said, remained buried or had been incinerated.

The trial was a sensation. One after another, those who had been party to Elizabeth Bathory's butcheries were sentenced to death and were led off to be executed.

Elizabeth herself?

Despite the overwhelming weight of evidence against her, even despite her own admissions, she escaped the death penalty. Zsigmund's personal intervention restricted the punishment she was to receive to an indefinite prison term!

And there, in 1614, she died, a babbling, barely coherent hag who, to the last day, begged her jailers for a knife with which to cut her arteries.

"I must have blood—blood to wash myself," she begged them. "Without blood with which to wash I shall become old and ugly..."

Someone finally gave her a knife. She opened her veins, but could not stop the haemorrhage. Those who saw her body say her face was contorted and terrible to behold—uglier than evil itself! # # #



Al said aloud, mocking. She had that shy way about her, a healthy delicacy. She'd make the perfect cook-three-meals-a-day housewife, just what a young guy on the way to the top wanted. Deep thinking was not one of Marilyn's problems. Al liked to repeat her classic statement. "Why don't you read a book," he had asked her. "I read one," she had answered seriously.

Al entered the bar and she was sitting at the table where he had left her an hour ago, still sipping the same drink. He crossed the room, waved to Barney who shined glasses, and sat opposite her. He smiled. She widened the blue eyes in her, I'm-going-to-eat-you look and made the full lower lip tremble slightly. For the moment Al forgot about intelligence tests and covered her hand with his.

BIG STORY

"It's me," he said, "The big man."

She smiled. "Howdy podnar," she said. They smiled together. There are times, Al thought, yes, there are times. He rose and went to the bar, returning with two drinks.

"All done?" she asked.

"In the bag," he said.

"Maybe you'll get a raise," she said.

He looked into the blue eyes and saw the hope there. The drink suddenly tasted sour. "Maybe," he muttered.

SHE switched off the sweet look and turned on the unhappy, imploring look. Her hands did nervous tricks. The blue eyes dropped to the table and came up about the time Al expected them to. Geezus, he thought, she thinks she's charming some high school kid into buying her a soda. "Al," she said, "I..." There was the measured hesitency. "I hate to keep bringing this up."

"Honey," Al said, grasping her hands, "Don't worry. We'll get married real soon."

"It has to be real soon, Al," she said. Her eyes dropped, then came up, "It's beginning to show."

Al kept the irritation from his voice. He smiled, patting her hand. "Don't worry, baby. Next week I'll ask for a week off. They'll be glad to give it to me. There's nothing to worry about. This is an age of premature babies."

Her eyes dropped again. If she waggles those eyes once more, Al thought bitterly, I'll put a mouse on one of them. Gezzus, what an actress. The sweet kid, the shy, quiet, good girl. And honorable slob that I am, I'm gonna marry this little vixen. As usual, when he thought of it, he reasoned: hell, I could do worse.

"Let's blow this joint," he said. They rose together and Al steered her across the room and through the door. The street was deserted except for parked cars. "Car's down this way," Al said. She hugged his arm and kept pace with him, looking up into his face.

"Just think," she said, "Next week I'll be Mrs. Al Nestor."

"Baby," Al lied, "The moment I saw you, you were Mrs. Al Nestor."



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"Tell that to my father," she said. They laughed together and she hugged the arm tighter. What the hell, Al reasoned, doesn't cost anything to make her feel better.

As they neared the corner a figure stepped away from a building. "Got a light?" the deep voice asked. Al stopped and dug into his jacket pocket. Marilyn waited.

"Don't make a fuss," the deep voice said slowly, evenly, "But there's a man behind you with a gun." Al's hand stopped in the pocket. A cold fear shook him. Marilyn gasped, her hand flying to her mouth. A car door clicked next to them and swung open. Al's head turned. There was a figure in the shadows behind them. "Just slide into that car, both of you," the deep voice said quietly.

"Now wait a minute," Al said.

"Be smart, Nestor," the voice said, "Into the car or we'll drop the both of you here."

The street was deserted. A shout for help wouldn't rouse a soul. Pushing Marilyn ahead of him, Al crawled into the dark hole of the big sedan's back seat. Marilyn was shaking and Al pressed her arm. The door slammed. Two men sat in front. A big one behind the wheel and a hawk-nosed man with a wide grin leaned over the seat and covered them with a snub-nosed revolver.

"Hello, Nestor," the Hawk-nosed man said.

"Hello, Lennie."

The engine whirred into action, gears clashed and the big car roared away from the curb. "Manny Cole wants a word with you," Lennie said, grinning. Al leaned back into the seat and held Marilyn's trembling body.

Passing the gawdy strip of clip-joints at the city line, the car turned onto Ocean Drive, powerful headlights fingering the white-lined macadam, the scattered palms beside the road.

MARILYN'S fingers bit into Al's arm. There was no whimpering from her, no hysterics. The kids got guts, Al said to himself. She's scared, but no scene. Yes, damn it, he could do a lot worse. He covered her hand and smiled at her.

A mile out and the car slowed and turned into a gravel drive that curved upwards and ended before a large, rambling, ranch-style house. The house was set high up overlooking the Pacific. Several lights were showing in the large, draped

windows. The car stopped and Lennie leaped out. He opened the rear door. "Come out easy," he said. Al climbed out and then helped Marilyn. Lennie motioned them towards the house with the gun. The front door swung open and Al recognized the huge animal form of Bix Gilbert, Manny Cole's bodyguard standing in the opening, the wide, vacant smile spread over his face.

Al guided Marilyn through the doorway. She glanced nervously at Bix Gilbert and he grinned back. The gun prodded them into a large square room, lavishly furnished, a huge stone fireplace at one end. Manny Cole stood by the fire and he turned as they entered. Smiling like the genial host, Manny Cole motioned to a large divan. Al led Marilyn to it and sat beside her.

"Nice to see you, Nestor," Manny Cole said affably, his fat hands folded over the dinner-jacketed expanse of stomach.

"The pleasure's all yours," Al snapped.

The large lips stretched away from Manny Cole's teeth, creasing the florid face. His tiny, wide-set black eyes peered out from the folds of flesh and settled on Marilyn. "Very nice," he wheezed, "A very nice piece of fluff."

"What do you want?" Al barked.

Manny Cole kept his eyes on Marilyn who twisted uncomfortably under the gaze, then he turned them on Al.

"You're a smart boy, Nestor, a..."

"What do you..."

"Smart boy."

"Look, Manny, I..."

"A deal," he said, the evil smile wide. "A little deal." He lifted one of the pudgy hands. "Just sit tight," he said, the words coming in the labored breaths of a fat man. "You've been snooping, Nestor." He waggled one of the fingers. "That's not nice. You've been going around talking to people, getting them to sign things. You did real well. Digging into county records." He shook his head slowly then waddled to a leather chair and lowered himself into it. His face changed. It was a contorted, ugly mask. "I don't like that!" he screamed, his voice like the squeal of a pig. "I could kill you for that!"

"Go ahead!" Al retorted.

"I can't," he said, his voice soft. "I don't like a mess. I don't want the D.A. getting on his high horse because a reporter turns up dead."

"You want me in jail," he said,

"And for what?" His voice was a whine. "For a lousy sixty bucks a week you louse up my set-up." He paused. The smile was gone again. "I know," he said, "I know. I got wires in everywhere. I even got a wire into your office. I been watching you every minute. And now the story is written. It comes out tomorrow. The D.A. gets all the stuff in the morning." He wheezed heavily. "I don't like that, Nestor, I don't like that." He struggled to his feet and walked to the fireplace.

"I could kill you, but the D.A. still gets the stuff. I might have to leave for Mexico tonight. I don't like Mexico, I like my little set-up here. I want to keep it running nicely."

"You got problems," Al Nestor said.

"No," Manny squealed, "You got problems." His voice softened. "Now, Nestor, I don't want to kill you. I don't want no fuss. But I will kill you if I have to. My boys can bust that paper and get the stuff. But, like I said, I don't want no fuss. In a few minutes you're going to go back to your paper and tear up that story. Then you're going to bring those photostats and affidavits to me." Al Nestor laughed. Manny's eyes drifted to Marilyn. "You are, shall we say, attracted to this girl." He paused, letting the implication sink in. "I don't want no trouble. You got a choice, Nestor. Get me that stuff or get killed." He gazed at Marilyn who clutched Al's arm. "And she's so pretty."

"Some choice," Al said. Manny Cole grinned and shrugged. "Okay," Al said, "You win. I'll get the stuff." He turned his eyes on Marilyn. "You're okay, kid, his eyes said, you're okay."

MANNY COLE rubbed his hands together. "Fine, fine," he said. "I knew we could work it out nicely. I don't like a mess, you understand. It makes me nervous." He was like the kid who owned the football being elected captain of the team. "Lennie will drive you in."

Al rose from the divan and pulled Marilyn to her feet.

"Oh," Manny said, fluttering his hands, "She'll have to stay here."

"What?!"

"Insurance," Manny leered, "Just insurance. You don't thing I trust you, do you, Nestor. You might try to pull a caper." His voice became hard, the black eyes glistened. "The girl stays here," he snapped. "Lennie will drive you to the paper. You got five minutes to get the stuff and be

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back downstairs. If you're not there on time Lennie will phone me." The wicked smile returned. "And I'll give the girl to Bix." Marilyn gasped. Al grimaced, his eyes shot to Bix Gilbert, his huge bulk filling a chair across the room. "Bix has a way with the girls," Manny Cole said. "And then she'll be dead."

"Don't leave me here," Marilyn choked. Al touched her arm. "Don't worry, baby," he said softly, "I'll get the stuff."

LENNY wheeled the big car into the curb before the two-story Herald building. Al hurried down the alley, unlocked the side door and dodged inside. He bolted it after him and went up the stairs. He switched on the light over his desk and went to the city desk and picked up the story. He checked the clock on the wall. It was exactly 11:30.

Marilyn was waiting. Marilyn was always waiting. Sweet, charming, lovable, I-have-to-marry-you Marilyn.

He walked to his desk. He dropped into the swivel chair and ran a clean sheet of paper into the typewriter. He shook a cigarette from a crumpled package and lit it. He leaned back and watched the clock. Minutes were longer when

you waited. He rose and went to the window. Lennie was legging it for Barney's. Al turned and went to his desk. He ran his finger down a list of numbers. "D.A.—Bert Lindstrom—26697." He lifted the phone and dialed the number. When he spoke his voice was shaken, excited. "Bert," he said, "Bert, this is Al Nestor. I'm sorry it's late, but this is an emergency. Now get this. Manny Cole is holding my girl at his place. He threatens to kill her unless I bring the dope I have on him out to his place. Yes, yes. He snatched her off the street. I was with her. Yes! Look, stop talking and get some men out there will you? And, Bert. Lennie Russo, one of his hoods it at Barney's place. He's gunning for me. Can you have him nabbed. Thanks, Bert, and hurry will ya, that's a good kid, Manny's got."

Al Nestor turned to the typewriter. Something snappy, he said, a good punchy lead. He stared at the paper a moment. His fingers bounced over the keys.

"At exactly 11:35 last night," he wrote, "Manny Coles, notorious vicelord of San Paula County, added kidnapping and murder to his long list of crimes against the people. #

THE GUNFIGHTER

"You came in here to fight. Are you gonna talk all night?" The gibe had the effect Frank knew it would. Color rose in the boy's face, his lips stretched taut. Get him mad, wild mad and he'll be lucky to hit the wall. It didn't show in the cold mask of his face, but Frank was keyed tight now, like a watch spring ready to uncoil. His black eyes bored into the boy. He ran his fingers casually through his thick black mustache and said in a low, dangerous voice, "Draw or drag, sonny!"

THE boy's face twisted in anger. He slid away from the end of the bar and went into a slight crouch. Frank turned to face him, his hand at his knee. The boy made his play. Frank's limber fingers raked up the leg, closed over the butt of the Colt and cleared leather in a single blurring motion.

A single explosion filled the room. Frank had the Colt waist-high when the .44 slug slammed into his right side (Cont. on Page 69)

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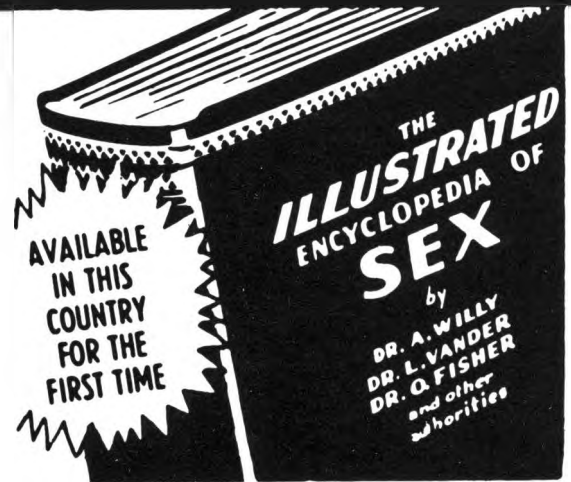
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WAVE OF DEATH

Lifting his glass, von Driessen said, "To the young lovers." He drank, then ran the back of his hand over his mouth. "It is too bad that your time is so short."

"When will they get here?" I asked.

"You will hear them," he said.

I felt dry and I ran my tongue over my lips. There had to be a way out of this. As though reading my thoughts, von Driessen said, "There is always the river. The ants won't cross the river."

The river was infested with crocodiles. My helplessness welled up as a rage and I wanted to crush his grinning face. Again he anticipated the thought. He lifted the revolver from his holster and placed it on the table at his side.

"Come if you like," he said, "I won't kill you, just knock your legs out. You're going to die slowly. You will never violate another man's home."

"Marie doesn't love you," I blurted. "She never did."

"That is not the point," he said, "You have violated my home, stolen my wife."

"You bought her!"

HIS face darkened. He was a coarse, ugly man who, when he wanted a woman for his flourishing farm, had returned to Europe and bargained with Marie's family as though he were buying a prize mare.

"She was fore sale," he said.

I glanced at Marie and her eyes dropped to her clasped hands. She lifted her face to her husband.

"I have worked hard for you," she said slowly. "You have been more than repaid."

"To make me a cuckold!" von Driessen thundered, the red rising in his face, the muscles of his thick neck bulging, "Is that your repayment?"

"I have done nothing to shame you," she answered.

"Ha!" He bolted from his chair.

"The two of you like fawning calves! Disgusting! And in my own house!" He threw himself back into the chair and his mood changed abruptly. He turned to me. "See her eyes?" he said. "Look! Look at them! The ants attack the eyes first."

I rose from my chair and his fingers curled around the revolver. I'm not a small man, taller than von Driessen and a match for his weight. But I had seen him shoot the head from a snake and I knew that my kneecaps would go before I could take three steps. I stepped behind the chair and gripped the back until my knuckles were white.

"You can't do this!"

"It is done," he shrugged. "The natives are gone. They took all the dugouts. There is of course the forest." He smiled. He knew the Ituri Forest even better than I did.

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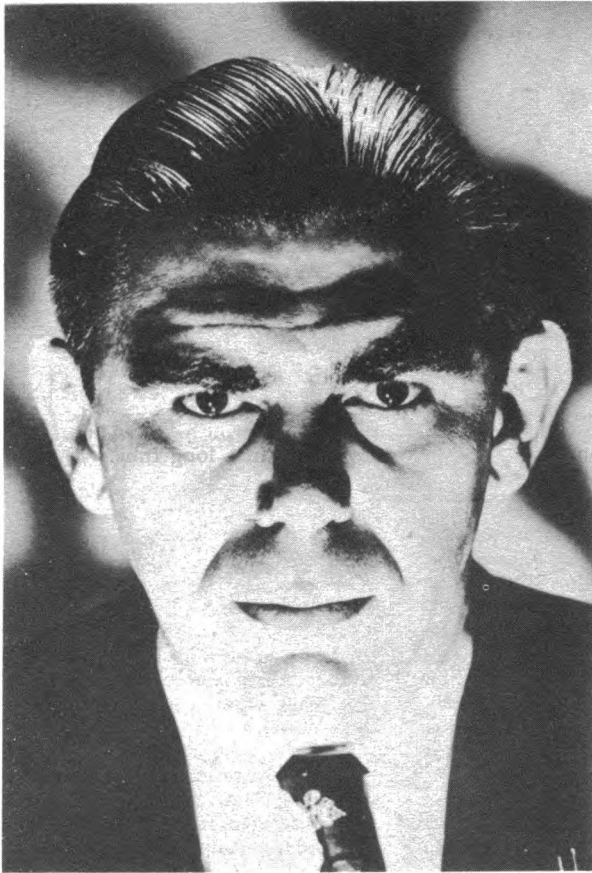
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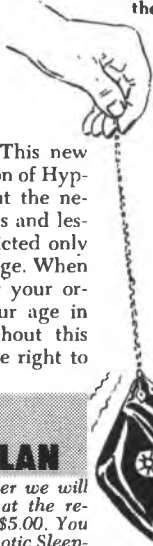
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No white man had ever ventured into it. Not even a Bantu native would go deeply into the forest. It was the home of the pigmy and the leopard and more varieties of poisonous snake than a man could count, plus death-dealing plants. It was uncharted territory and no man would expect to enter it and leave. And even if you were lucky, it would take a full day to hack a mile through the dense wall of lianas and creepers.

"How wide is the path of ants?" I asked.

"The last I heard it was four miles," he said, smiling, knowing that an attempted escape into the forest would still leave you in the path of the ants.

I shuddered involuntarily. I had never witnessed a migration of the driver ants, but I had heard the stories and I had seen the naked devastation they left in their path.

Empty, defeated, I turned to the screen door and stared out into the empty black. The crying of the dogs was a pitiful sound. All animals sensed the migration of the ants and they fled before the avaricious horde, brothers in their peril.

I WANTED to run, to bolt this house and plunge into the darkness. But it was a meaningless thought. I could never leave Marie now. Was von Driessen going to throw up his own life for revenge? It seemed that way, but I couldn't believe it. He was a selfish man. He must have some plan of escape! It was like a puzzle, one of those things with rings that open if you twist them in just the right way. Whether to bolster my own courage or simply give myself hope of getting Marie out of the mess, I convinced myself that von Driessen had some route of escape that he would take.

Turning, I walked to a table and tapped the ash from my pipe. "I'd like a drink myself," I said to Marie. She rose from her chair, poured some whiskey into a glass. When she handed it to me I smiled into her face. A look of surprise registered.

I raised a toast to von Driessen. "You win," I said. He gloated over my acceptance of our fate.

We sat in the room the rest of the long night, von Driessen in his deep chair, the gun in his hand; Marie on the divan, her head nodding, giving way to sleep. I slept lightly, leaning my head back, but waking occasionally to keep von Driessen on edge. He couldn't sleep

and give me the opportunity of taking his gun, and I now felt that the positions had changed, that the trapped had become the trappers.

The light comes suddenly in the Congo. One minute it is black, then suddenly the sky is gray, the false dawn before the sun. I was awake when it changed and a short time later I heard the ants.

I LEAPED from the chair, ran to the door and down the steps. The sound came from the rear of the house. I stood on the hill looking towards the rim of the jungle. The dogs were screaming, but there was nothing in sight. The sound came from the distance, like the roar of a falls, the water crashing on rocks from high above; the sound of a mammoth sawmill whirring away at hundreds of trees. My breath came in slow gasps. The sound was a maddening hum.

"Ah, they're coming," von Driessen stood a few feet beyond me and he turned his lined, blood-shot eyes. "It is an interesting phenomena," he said.

Marie was at my side. She stood with her eyes closed. I touched her trembling arm, grasping her wrist and turned her back to the house.

"Watch him," I whispered, "Watch every move he makes. We can't let him out of our sight."

"I'm afraid," she whimpered, "Darling, I'm afraid."

"Get a grip on yourself," I said. "We have a chance to get out of this. Wait and watch."

We went back into the house. Marie was wearing a dress and I sent her to change into riding clothes. She climbed the stairs and I searched for some cord. When I found it I tied my trouser legs close to my boots.

"That won't stop them. They'll eat the boots off your feet." von Driessen stood in the doorway watching. I didn't answer.

IT was two hours before we saw them. The sound had become steadily greater, and now, as the jungle began to disappear before our eyes, the roar was a tumult that pounded on the brain. I felt on the brink of insanity and I clutched Marie to me.

"Soon, young lover! Soon!" There was a wild light in von Driessen's eyes, as though he were hypnotized by the sight.

The thick, green foliage at the jungle's edge was suddenly white, as though in blossom, and then in a

matter of minutes, it was stripped of the green and the white covering slid away and left the naked skeleton of a tree. As far as the eye could see the ants moved like a surging white wave, devouring everything in their path. Billions of ants flowing in the steady sluggish pace of molten lava. They poured onto von Driessen's farm and the tall grass bent before them and disappeared, the billions of tiny grinding jaws setting up the ear-shattering roar of a million files drawn across metal in unison. As the advance gorged themselves, millions poured over them for the next blade of grass, the wavering white blanket stretched beyond sight.

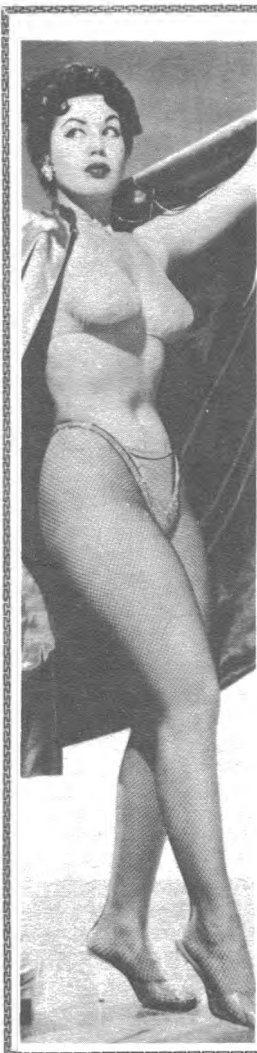
They were now about a quarter of a mile away. The dogs screamed in terror and von Driessen walked to their wire enclosure and turned them loose. Yelping madly, the dozen large mastiffs ran in wild circles. One of them, crazed with fear, ran directly into the white ants. Once into the dense blanket, it began to leap crazily and snap viciously from side to side. Then gradually it became white. It turned and ran back towards the house. The ants had converged on the eyes and the dog ran blindly. It's mouth was wide, screaming, but the ants poured into the opening and muffled the sound. The dog stumbled and fell, jerking convulsively. It became a white, trembling mound and in ten minutes was a skeleton.

TRANSFIXED by the horror of the scene, we had not watched the ants advancing to right and left. They were moving like two immense fingers, closing the hill off from the river.

"Look!" I screamed, "They're cutting us off!"

For the first time I saw a change in von Driessen. I had been losing hope of escape, figuring that he was quite mad and was committing us all to a suicide pact. But now there was a flash of terror in his darting eyes.

I jerked Marie from her trance and dragged her along the side of the house. "Run for the river!" I shouted. "Don't stop for a minute!" She clung to my arm. "Run! I'll meet you there! I love you!" I screamed above the roar of the encircling ants. She hesitated a moment, then hurtled down the side of the hill and sprinted through the channel of green that was still beyond the closing pincers. I turned to von Driessen and he seemed to be



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whirling as crazily as the dog. I had to wait for him to make a move and as suddenly as I assured myself that he was going to stay, he turned and ran wildly around the corner of the house and flung himself headlong down the hill.

Wild with fear, he ran on an oblique angle to the river. He seemed oblivious to the path of ants closing in and ran straight for a stack of hay that stood in the field about fifty yards from the river. The hay! I might have been wrong, but I could wait no longer. The advance guard of ants were closing the escape channel. I ran down the hill and reached the bottom just as the tongues of the white pincers closed. But it was still a narrow finger, not more than six feet. Gathering momentum from the downhill plunge I leaped over the ants and drove on.

I VEERED to the right and I was now on a parallel with von Driesen. In his blind flight he had plunged into a wave of the ants and when I turned to gauge his progress, he was staggering sluggishly, his arms windmilling. He was covered with the vicious killers and his face was a moving, white blot. I kept running for the hay stack and when I looked back, he was down and the white mass swelled over his body.

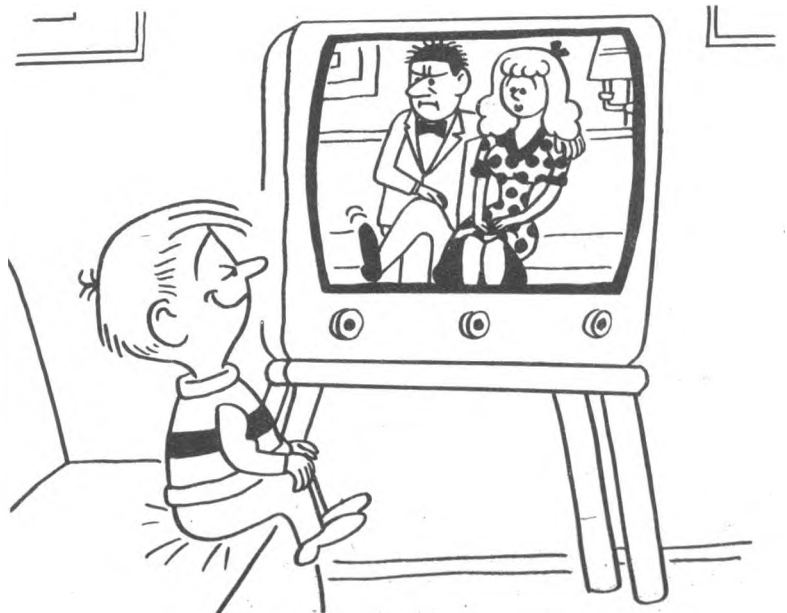
I threw myself into the hay and clawed the damp, matted grass away frantically. It had to be here. I was sobbing, screaming an unintelligible babble, when my hands stuck something hard. I lunged at the grass and flung it away. The slim bow of a

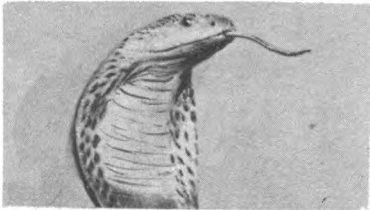
native dugout appeared and relief shook my body. I grasped the bow and pulled, but it was too deeply buried. I glanced back to see the white wave surging forward. I threw myself once more at the hay and from the corner of my eye saw Marie running towards me from the river. I wanted to wave her back, but there wasn't time. I came to my feet and pulled again. The canoe moved slightly.

The roar was a brutal beating on my senses, but I went back to flinging the grass aside. The canoe was clear. I grasped the slender bow, lifted it and dragged it away. It was heavy, a long, hollowed log, and I was near exhausted collapse. But the moving white wave forced me on with the strength bred of fear. I ran, stumbling. My arms ached under the weight and bouncing of the canoe. I sucked breath in desperate gasps.

Marie reached me and took part of the weight. Together we ran the canoe to the water, stopping momentarily to check for crocodile. We slid the canoe down and it balanced gingerly on the water. Marie clambered in and I followed, pushing away from the bank.

We turned back at the same moment. The emerald mound that looked over the farm was covered and the thatch of the sturdy house was slowly disintegrating. The canoe turned out into the current. I was spent. I kneeled in the bottom of the canoe facing Marie and she fell against me, the sobs of relief shaking her body. # # #





DEAD LOSS SAFARI

the snake didn't follow up," I jollied my friend. "If he'd sunk his fangs in you, we'd really be in trouble."

"Something must have frightened him away," Steve suggested. "Probably your ugly face when you ran up to help . . ."

I grinned. Steve was in good shape if he could still toss insults around. I slapped him on the back and sat down to figure out the program for the next day.

Steve and I were partners. We were on a trapping safari, out to fill several stateside orders for wild — and very live — animals. We'd been in the bush for more than two weeks and had succeeded in collecting very few of the specimens we needed. It was one of those hard luck operations.

I had no way of knowing how "hard luck" it really was. I didn't find out until the next afternoon, when my boys came into camp to tell me that they'd found several rhino grazing and watering at the edge of a stream about three miles distant.

"Babies among them?" I asked. The boys nodded happily. There were several — more than the three for which we had orders from United States zoos.

"Good. We'll go after them in the morning," I decided.

"Me, too?" Steve asked.

"Not on your life. You're staying strictly at home for the next couple of days. I don't want to take any chances with your eyes," He growled and complained, but accepted my decision.

The tall, muscular Negro who served as my safari strawboss knew what to do. I called him "Napoleon," a name in which he delighted.

Long before dawn, he had the boys and the gear ready. He'd sent runners back to our base camp with instructions for the truck drivers to bring their vehicles up to a rendezvous point.

NAPOLEON drew me a crude map, showing me precisely where we could expect to find the rhinos. I knew the area fairly well,

having trapped there the year before — in 1953.

"I hope we can do this fast," I mumbled to myself when the vehicles finally showed. The safari was already operating in the red. To show a profit, we would have to do much better than we had.

We boarded the trucks. I rode in the lead with Napoleon. It took us a little more than an hour to reach what we hoped would be the trapping grounds. Three boys dismounted and scouted ahead on foot. They returned with the good word that the rhinos were there—waiting to be taken.

"You on one truck—me on the other," I told Napoleon. "We'll go after the babies."

I sent the boys out to drive the beasts toward us. Once they were away from the stream, the brutes would be fairly easy to lasso from the vehicles.

The native drivers kept the motors of the trucks running. I stood tensed in the body of my vehicle, holding my woven leather lasso loosely in my hands. I watched the boys moving across the flats.

One group of them disappeared behind a small hummock. I didn't give it a second thought. The natives were all experienced on safari. They knew their business as well as I did. I sharpened my eyes and scanned the terrain for the first sight of a baby rhino . . .

SUDDENLY, I realized that something had gone wrong — terribly wrong. I heard a piercing cry of terror. Then another. An instant later, a huge rhino charged around the edge of the hummock.

"Great God!" I exclaimed. My guts knotted in horror. The brute sped toward my truck — a long, terrible section of human intestine hanging from its wicked single horn like some grisly gray-green festoon!

For all of its huge size, an African rhinoceros can move at incredible speed. This specimen almost six feet high at the shoulder and its powerful legs propelled it straight for our truck.

I yelled to the driver. He tried

to get the vehicle in gear, but he stalled the motor. I dropped to the bed of the truck, scrambling for my gun.

I'd just grabbed it and was starting to get back on my feet when the rhino struck. Tons of fast-moving flesh slammed into the vehicle. He hit us broadside and the floor shifted under me, rising into the air.

There was a wild, swirling moment and then I struck the hard-packed earth. Moments later, the truck crashed down inches from my head. The driving impact had turned it completely over on its side!

Miraculously, I still had my rifle in my hands. I caught a glimpse of the rhino as it backed away from the wreckage. The beast lowered its head. It started for me.

I didn't wait. I fired—and missed. The gun was a double. I had one shot left. I squeezed the second trigger—and it was good. The rhino stopped dead, shuddered — and collapsed . . .

I dragged myself painfully to my feet. My body was a mass of aching bruises and cracked ribs. I found my driver lying stunned on the ground. The other truck skidded to a stop. Napoleon jumped out and ran to my side.

"We'd — we'd better look after the men," I mumbled. Then I passed out.

It wasn't until Napoleon had brought me back to camp and turned me over to Steve Devereaux that I learned our hard luck had indeed hit an all-time low.

One of our boys was dead — disembowelled by the rhino that he and his companions had surprised on the other side of the hillock, the one I finally managed to kill.

My driver had a broken leg — and I was in a hell of a shape. The doctor who flew in from Mombasa after Steve radioed for help told me I had five broken ribs and a right shoulder that was smashed to bits.

"Don't know how you managed to fire that rifle," he muttered after tying me together. "The shoulder was broken when you were thrown to the ground—you must have landed on it. The recoil of the gun finished the job, practically made a jelly out of the bone . . ."

I didn't know the shoulder was broken. If I had, I probably wouldn't have even tried to shoot. And if I hadn't tried—well, I'd rather not think about it! # # #



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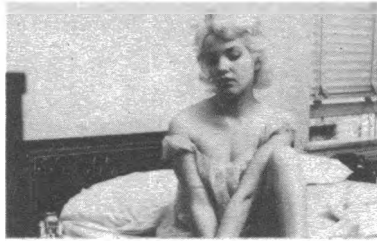
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WOMEN have funny reactions, too, on occasion. A morbid, driving desire to "meet the man who supplied the semen," is not uncommon. Many doctors have to cope with that one. It's a tough problem. Wrought up and nervous as they are, due as much to strain as to pregnancy, the women often get hysterical.

At other times, they fall in love with the doctor who arranged the insemination. He becomes the sex and fertility symbol to them. When that happens, it's pretty sticky and the medic has to be a psychologist, diplomat and Dutch Uncle all rolled into one to straighten things out.

"When I've had this child—I want to meet you somewhere so we can make another one," the women beg.

"But I'm *not* the father of your child," the physician protests.

"That's a lie. I know you are—I feel you are. My heart tells me so. . . ."

Oh, well.

Naturally, there is a certain amount of "bootlegging" and racketeering in artificial insemination. There are always unethical practitioners and opportunists who are willing and eager to make a fast buck.

Many women are held up by these quacks. They are charged exorbitant fees and "donors" are men of questionable background and history.

These phonies obtain donors at random. They will seek them out almost anywhere, even among the lowest classes of society. Thus, they can save a few dollars on donor fees and widen their margin of profit.

Bar rooms, the waterfront, even the skid rows of the big cities provide donor pools for the unethical practitioner. Most of these fakes are not even medical doctors. They are to artificial insemination what the shady, illegal and unprincipled operator is to abortion!

The reputable doctor who offers artificial insemination to his patients exercises every care and caution.

I, for example, undergo regular and periodic physical checkups—including X-Rays and blood tests. I must be in peak physical condition up to the very moment that the sperm is drawn from me. Even a head cold or a slight cough is enough to disqualify me.

"Artificial insemination must be effected only under the most ideal of conditions," the physicians for whom I "work" tell me. "We can afford to take no risks with the life or health of either the mother or the child."

I ATTENDED a cocktail party not long ago. Among the guests were a man and a woman—a married couple in their late 20's or early 30's. The woman had given birth to a baby a few months before. She was enthusiastically describing some of the child's antics while her husband smiled and listened happily to her every word.

They looked so content and well-adjusted that I couldn't help but edge a little closer to their immediate circle. Then I received a sudden shock.

"We felt a little strange about the whole thing at first," she remarked casually. "You know, it's not an every day occurrence—this business of having a child by artificial insemination. . . ."

It was the first time it had happened to me. I had never before met a woman whose child had been so conceived. I felt myself blush—and perhaps even grow a little cold.

"But you're both happy and content now, aren't you?" one of the woman's friends asked.

"Yes. Very much so," she replied. "Dr. ——— has been wonderful to us both. . . ."

She gave the name of one of the doctors for whom I donated sperm regularly!

Of course, there were donors, many of them. Yet, I could not help but wonder if by some chance the woman's child was mine! I stared at her young, attractive matron with a handsome, bright-faced husband.

There she sat, tastefully dressed

in a modish outfit, looking fondly at her husband and chatting gaily with her friends. Was I the father of her child? Did my blood flow in her baby's veins? Would I know or recognize my child if we were ever to meet?

I fear that I fled the party. I made my apologies to my hostess and left, begging an important engagement elsewhere. I walked the streets for hours, attempting to reconcile the thoughts that swarmed through my brain.

Then I realized that I had nothing to fear, no reason to be ashamed or conscience-stricken. I had done nothing bad or wrong. I was but a utilitarian object, a necessary piece of human machinery that provided something which was needed and wanted.

Yes. It's possible that I am the father of your child. If I am, then I can only hope and pray that you will love it and care for it as if it were truly your own.

For in all ways—save in the cold, astringent, mechanical laboratory operation that brought about its conception—it is your child.

I know what it is to have and to love children. My wife and I have three. They're wonderful kids. I'm certain that yours is, too. # # #

(Continued from page 60)

and spun him into the bar. His instinct was to bring the gun up and squeeze off a shot, but the arm and the fingers did not respond. A look of surprise spread over his face. The boy's gun bucked again and Frank was slammed back, the impact like a severe kick in the chest. He clung to the bar, the Colt left his numbed fingers and clattered on the boards. So this is the way it is, this is how it feels. The look of surprise slowly turned to resignation. His fingers slid away from the bar.

Lee Norment came up from his crouch. He was breathing heavily. A smile crossed his face. He holstered his gun and leaned one hand on the bar. "Get that bum outta here!" he barked.

Two men went to Frank Soto's crumpled body, the others returned to the bar. "Drinks are on me," Lee Norment shouted, still feeling the wild elation.

The friends next to him dropped their eyes to the Colt tied to his leg, as though seeing the gun for the first time. Their eyes followed the trail of blood to the door. They melted down the bar to give Lee Norment elbow room. # # #



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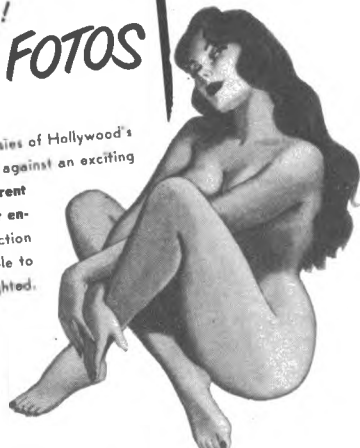
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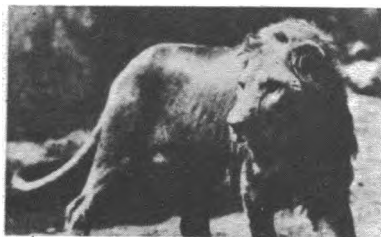
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INSTINCT made me twist myself to one side. I heard myself scream with pain as I rolled over my smashed leg—and the leaping brute flashed over me, its paws barely clearing my head.

The lion landed, turned, prepared to leap once more. The Mauser seemed a million miles away. I roll-over once more and hot knives tore at my tortured flesh.

"Only a little way now, only a little way," I mumbled inanely to myself.

The lion was drooling saliva, his eyes red and filled with blood-hunger. I knew what its claws and fangs would do to me. The brute stared at me speculatively for a moment. He wasn't more than three or four yards away—near enough for me to hear him breathe and to count the separate hairs on his huge mane!

Fear? Horror? Terror? These are words. Empty words. Tearing, gnawing death faced me and it was certain death. My rifle was still out of reach and the lion was measuring the ground between us. He would make no error in judging his leap this time!

I don't know what I thought or did or screamed. I guess I prayed. I remember that I hoped the weight of the brute landing on top of me would knock me senseless so that I wouldn't feel anything when the razor-sharp claws began raking my body. . . .

I didn't have the guts to watch what was going to happen. I turned away from the crouching murderer. I lay on my side, my back to the brute.

That act—born of fright—probably saved my life!

The lion sprang. Its powerful muscles impelling it through the air with the speed of an express train. His front paws were extended. They struck me a spine-crushing blow and slammed me, rolling like a log, across the rocky earth.

A THOUSAND barbed points of excruciating agony tore my body. My hands grabbed and clawed, a wild reflex, a hopeless attempt to fend off the inevitable end.

My fist closed around something. It was cool to my touch, and round in shape. I clutched at it instinctively, without realizing what it was. Then it became familiar, the impressions of shape and size and weight filtering through my confused, stunned brain.

The Mauser! The impact of the lion's body had carried me the last few feet to where my rifle lay!

I fought to collect my senses, to remember whether there was a round in the chamber. I managed to flick off the safety. The lion was on top of me. I used the rifle like a pry rod, trying to bring the barrel up against the beast's skull.

Claws ripped my arms and my chest. I used the last of my strength to wriggle to one side. I had the weapon up—against the cat's head.

"God—please," I begged aloud. If anything had happened to the mechanism of the gun when it fell. . . .

I pulled the trigger. The sound of the shot and the recoil seemed distant and remote. I was barely aware of them. The lion straightened, backed off.

MY hands were slippery with fresh blood. Frantically, I worked the bolt and rammed a fresh cartridge home. I fired again. I was fainting, but abject terror gave me the strength to work the bolt once. I pushed the muzzle toward the fuzzy, indistinct bulk before me and fired again. . . .

My partner found me hours later, the dead lion's head lying in a pool of blood—blood from the animal's wounds and from mine. I was unconscious—and remained that way until Fred got me back to camp and started patching me up.

It was bad—but not serious. My arms and torso were clawed deeply and I'd lost a lot of blood. My leg was broken in two places and would need weeks to heal.

"It'll teach you to stick to hunting and keep away from mountain climbing," Decker consoled me.

I said nothing. I hurt like hell, but at least I was alive. I was content to leave it at that! # # #

“We’re looking for people who like to draw”

BY ALBERT DORNE
Famous Magazine Illustrator

DO YOU LIKE TO DRAW? If you do—America’s 12 Most Famous Artists are looking for you. We want you to test your art talent!

Too many people miss a wonderful career in art—simply because they don’t think they have talent. But my colleagues and I have helped thousands of people get started. Like these—

Don Smith lives in New Orleans. Three years ago Don knew nothing about art—even doubted he had talent. Today, he is an illustrator with a leading advertising agency in the South—and has a future as big as he wants to make it.

Harriet Kuzniewski was bored with an “ordinary” job when she sent for our talent test. Once convinced that she had the makings of an artist—she started to study art at home. Soon she was offered a job as a fashion artist. A year later, she became assistant art director of a big buying office.

Pipe-fitter to Artist

John Busketta is another. He was a pipe-fitter’s helper with a big gas company—until he decided to do something about his urge to draw. He still works for the same company—but as an artist in the advertising department. At a big increase in pay!

Don Golemba of Detroit stepped up from railroad worker to the styling department of a major automobile company. Now he helps design new car models!

Salesgirl, Clerk, and Father of Three Win New Careers

A West Virginia salesgirl studied with us, got a job as an artist, later became advertising manager of the best store in Charleston.

John Whitaker of Memphis,

Tenn., was an airline clerk when he began studying with us. Two years later, he won a national cartooning contest. Recently, a huge syndicate signed him to do a daily comic strip.

Stanley Bowen—a married man with three children, unhappy in a dead-end job—switched to a great new career in art. Now he’s one of the happiest men you’ll ever meet!

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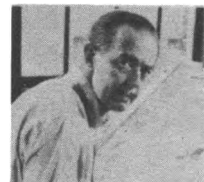
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WE TOOK HANGOVER HILL

focus. Now there was only one building and one chimney. I figured that it was probably being used by some German staff. The Nazis must've felt pretty safe. They were, at that. Our own artillery hadn't come up to support us yet—and ammo was pretty short in those September, 1944, days. The whole Third Army was in trouble because of lack of supplies.

Hank and I were suffering from a lacking of supplies—the drinking kind.

"Think we can make it?" I inquired thickly, after dropping down.

"Sure. Sure thing. We start after it gets dark."

It was good and dark less than an hour later.

"Okay?" I growled.

"Okay," Hank rasped.

We climbed out of our hole quietly. There was no reason telling anyone from the outfit we were going. There was no insurance there'd be enough drinking stuff to go around. Besides, Able Company of the 10th Infantry and we had been fighting our own battle ever since we made the beach a lot of weeks back.

It's tougher than hell to crawl across a plowed field when you're half loaded. Hank and I gave it up after about 100 yards.

"Let's walk," I suggested.

"Sure."

We staggered to our feet—and then we just staggered. There were a few rounds of enemy fire coming over, but the Heinies were aiming to our rear.

WE had about two kilometers to go. The ground sloped up and we fell down three or four times. I generally managed to fall on top of Burrus, but he switched tables on me once and rammed me where no man should be rammed with his M-1.

"Bastard!" I yowled. "Suppose there's dames up there as well as liquor. You'll ruin me."

He giggled. Somebody must have heard it, for a couple of German flares went up. We hit the dirt. It took us a long time to get up again.

The feet wouldn't coordinate.

A few minutes later, we passed the first Kraut outpost. Luckily, we spotted it and managed to keep quiet until we got by the position. The moon came up and we could get a rough idea of the direction in which we were headed.

Hank asked, "what do you think we'll find?" I could tell he was drooling from the way he talked.

"Cognac maybe. Calvados. Wine, maybe?"

The second john had been right—which is unusual for second johns. The Germans didn't have many men. That was obvious. We trudged and stumbled up the hill. We almost ran into a roving Nazi patrol, but the Krauts veered off.

"I smell smoke . . ."

"Yeah. There," I answered.

WE were less than 75 yards from the farmhouse! It bulked low and dark right smack in front of us. A few tiny slivers of light showed in the chinks of the shuttered windows.

We flopped to the ground to think it over. The climb must've sobered us a little. We both began to wonder what sort of damn fools we were to be up on a German-held hill, alone.

"Booze," I muttered hopefully.

"Booze."

That settled it. Hank loosened a couple of grenades, checked his M-1 I did the same, feeding a new clip into the rifle.

"Let's go. We'll creep in close. No use going back before we make sure there's nothing liquid to steal," Hank decided. I shrugged. What the hell was there to do at that stage of the game?

We found the front door. Not even a sentry. We circled the building twice. Not a soul outside. A couple of 88's banged nearby—just as they'd been banging all day.

"Think of them sad bastards back there," Hank whispered. "When we come back with a case or two of the best. The whole company'll die of jealousy!"

"—the whole company!" I growled. My hangover was setting in.

Either we were going to get something to kindle the coals—quick—or I wanted to lay down and sleep.

"Front door?"

"Why not?"

We staggered around the building again an dstood, weaving and rocking, in front of the thick wooden door. Hank dropped back a couple of feet to cover me. I got a grenade loose and stuck it where I could reach it fast.

I tried the door latch. Unlocked.

"Here goes nothing!" I told myself. I jerked the latch open. The door opened inward. I shoved. A bright oblong of light blazed out into the farmyard. The 88's crashed again. A bunch of Kraut voices inside the house started yelling something. I figured they were hollering for me to close the damn door.

I ambled inside and Hank jumped up and was stepping on my heels by the time a half dozen Heinie *offiziers* leaped up from a big table and started clawing for the air.

ALL but one. He was an SS *Sturmjuehrer* — which brought him down to the level of a pig-diddling SOB in my book. He went for the Luger holstered at his side.

Hank was quicker than me. He let *der Sturmjuehrer* take a fast one in the belly. The M-1 boomed and sounded like 155 going off in the room.

The SS hero never got his Luger out of his holster. He dumped to the floor and lay there, all tangled up with his own guts and blood.

"*Kamerad! Kamerad!*"

The Krauts were scared and singing their surrender song. They must have thought a whole damn commando force had hit them with their britches down. They started to shake and I had a hunch their laundrymen would have a problem the next day.

Hank and I weren't very interested. We had our bugging eyes on the collection of bottles on the table. There seemed to be a little of everything. The *offiziers* must have been having a party.

I herded the jokers into a corner and took away their pistols. Hank made them stand with their hands against the wall. Then we got to work in earnest.

I GRABBED a bottle of cognac, I sampled it. It was good. I handed what was left in it to Hank. He downed the remainder and it was his turn to select the next round. He was just about to pick a green bottle off the table when there was a

commotion at the door.

Fortunately, Burrus was facing that way. The Nazi soldier's shot missed, but Hank triggered off and dropped the Kraut in the doorway in his tracks.

The liquid reinforcements were having their effect. There was a happy grin on Hank's face.

"Getting busy," he burped. He went back to the green bottle. It was Calvados, I discovered when he passed it to me.

The German officers were getting uneasy. Time was passing fast. More Heinies would be coming on the run before long.

I picked a likely looking, fat-faced Major out of the lot. I shoved him toward the doorway. I made him stand there, his back to me. I twisted a chair around, held my M-1 to cover him, put a grenade on the table beside me.

"Anybody speak English?" Hank inquired in a plotzed-up tone. An *oberleutnant* said he did. I hiccuped. Hank belched.

"Tell the others we'll shoot every one of 'em if they don't come quietly," Burrus said. The German john complied. I savvied enough of the lingo to tell he was giving it to them straight.

"Prisoners?" I lushed.

"Hell, no. We need somebody to carry the liquor!"

THERE was a closet at one end of the room. It was a beautiful closet, all filled with straw-wrapped bottles. The German lootenant jabbered with his buddies and then turned to us, a resigned crestfallen look on his face.

"We are your prisoners," he grunted.

Hank had trouble keeping the saliva from running down his shirt front as we loaded the Krauts down with as many bottles as they could carry.

We formed them in single file inside the house. I went out first, Hank brought up the rear. Once outside the door, we flanked the booze-bearing brass.

We poked and prodded them down the hill—toward the Company "A" perimeter. We could see the flashes of the 88's farther up the slopes and the loud slam of the guns broke the night.

There was enough moonlight for us to keep a close eye on the prisoners. They stayed together and this gave Hank and me a chance to stop every now and then and sample a little of the liquid loot.

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We were both buzzing the tree-tops when we ran into the German sentry. He rose out of a foxhole and wanted to know what the hell was going on.

"*Nein! Nein!*" That was followed by a long string of *Deutsch* jabber from the Major I'd stood into the doorway back at the farmhouse. The bottles he was lugging clinked as he talked.

The poor slob of a Kraut soldier didn't get it at all. He was all fouled up and started climbing out of his hole. His rifle was in his hand—and it looked like he was going to use it. I triggered two in his direction—fast—and he slid back into his hole, groaning.

"Run!" I bellowed to Hank. "They'll be coming to check up!"

I USED my bayonet in fatty portions of German anatomy to get our column of prisoners moving real *schnell*-like. Burrus and I weren't running too straight—but we still heading in the right general direction. The Nazis trotted and waddled with us.

All kinds of commotion was breaking loose behind us. There were shouts and yells and even rifle and machine pistol shots up the hill. It was confused and messed up and Hank and I were too plastered to give it a second thought.

The 88's boomed and racketted, but the stuff was all going wild. The Krauts, discovering their officer personnel had gone AWOL, and finding a couple of dead bodies littering their area, had gone to pieces.

"Medals, Buck," Burrus panted exultantly. "We'll get all kinds of medals for this one . . ."

We damn near got shot up by our own guys. They saw us coming and Buck and I were yelling and hollering, but they laid a few bursts around us until a buddy of mine, Staff Sergeant George Howe, recognized my voice and made them lay off.

Medals? Nuts. We didn't even get a vote of thanks. The second lieutenant who commanded the company—for want of a human being to do the job—wouldn't even believe our yarn. He started at the Kraut captives with his eyes bugging and started wearing out his EE-8 field phone calling "higher headquarters."

Somebody got a captain up to us about an hour later—and Able Company went up Hill 137. Most of their officers in our bag, the Germans were unable to put up much resistance. Company "A" walked up the hill and took it. Period.

US? Hank and me? We didn't have to go. We were sent back

to battalion—under guard and under arrest. The lieutenant was charging us with being AWOL and drunk on duty.

He didn't know the half of it. We managed to salvage a dozen jugs and get them back to the battalion stockade. We had a wonderful night.

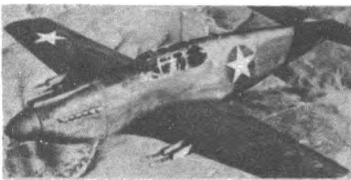
The Battalion Commander—an old soak himself—got wind of the deal the next morning and ordered us sprung. Hank and I couldn't even move when the MP's came to let us out. We had to be taken up the hill in a litter jeep.

The new Captain was a good Joe, too. He took one look at us and roared with laughter.

"Listen you GFU's," he snorted. "I should try both of you. Instead, I'll let you guzzle whatever booze you have and commemorate your contribution to the war for all posterity."

I didn't know what he was talking about until the next day. That's when the official after-action report went in. On it, the designation of Hill 137 had been changed — to "Hangover Hill."

Burrus made T/3 out of it and I got corporal's stripes. We were both busted down to yardbird a week later but that's another story. We were over our Hangover Hill hangovers by then. # # #



"Money is not the object, gentlemen. Results are," he said importantly. "I leave you with the plane—and the headache of doing what I want."

JACK PFAFF is the brains of our outfit. He figures out just what has to be done and how. I see that the men in the shops follow his orders and then try out the results in the test flights.

Jack sat down with his slide-rule, spec books, eighteen wads of paper, a gross of pencils and plenty of black coffee. He had the F-51 trimmed down to civilian hot plane size—on paper, at any rate—in a couple of days.

The way he doped it out, Dorte would have a plane that was about as hot as anything that had a prop

I DIVED HER INTO THE GROUND

pulling it. The millionaire-playboy was a good pilot—but he'd have to get better to handle the ship we were going to hand him.

The plane went into the shops and I spent the next three weeks watching the mechs and specialists swarming all over her. What with the client paying cash in advance for the job, we decided to throw in a few extras.

ANYWAY, the work dragged on. You don't reconvert a fast airplane the way you hang a Continental tire assembly on the rear deck of a sedan. It takes time—much time.

The sleek little baby was ready for ground testing on a Wednesday. Jack Pfaff and I did it all ourselves. We didn't overlook a thing and

found several bugs that sent the plane back into the hanger for some more work.

"She's ready to fly," I told Jack on the following Tuesday. "I'll take her up tomorrow."

By the time I slid into the cockpit the next morning, everything that could possibly have been inspected in the aircraft had been triple and quadruple-checked. There wasn't a thing wrong with the F-51. It was as nearly perfect as some of the best mechs in the business could make it.

Even so, I felt a strange twinge of unease as I went through the rigamarole of getting the mill cranked up. The big straightline caught easily and purred like a happy kitten. Jack Pfaff was in the control tower and I read off all the instrument showings to him.

"Ready to take her up, Bill?" he asked finally.

"Yeah," I replied. "Ready as I'll ever be . . ."

I taxied off the parking apron, eased the ship around and started for the end of the runway.

THE F-51 felt like a hot ship. I got the impression that the throttle wanted to move ahead of its own volition. There was a fantastic amount of power packed into the plane. I forgot the misgivings I had felt earlier and started to look forward to the thrill I knew I'd feel when I was up and letting the ship out.

I ran up the mill at the end of the runway, switching magnetos and gas tanks. All was okay and then some.

"You're cleared," the radio crackled in my ear.

"Roger . . ."

I shoved the throttle and the ship rocketed down the runway. I was off the ground with more than half the concrete to spare and pulled up my wheels. I went into a bank, squared off the last leg and climbed.

The ground was a long way down. It looked brown and mottled when I reached 15,000, levelled off and headed out over the open terrain where I could put the F-51 through its paces.

I did a lot of banking and turning to assure myself that the controls were in good order. I dipped down into some shallow dives and the plane responded as though it possessed an intelligence of its own.

"Good, Bill?" Jack's voice came over the phones.

"Great! Just great!"

No matter how long you've been at it, testing a fast plane is always a thrill. Especially if you've had something to do with making it into the finished product.

This job was far better than most. It flew like a dream and when I gave it full throttle—all the way to the redline—the airspeed indicator needle wound up to over 475 almost instantly!

I tooted around for nearly an hour, radioing back all the necessary data. Everything done, I was ready for the final check—the production test dive.

"You're sure there's no need to bring her in for any more work before you dive her?" Jack got that whole mouthful off in one breath.

"Can't think of a thing she needs," I answered him.

"Go ahead, kid, and good luck!"

I started down from 15,000. The altimeter needle moved backward. Airspeed was 400 - 425 - 450 - 475 . . .

I was down to 13,000, 12,000 - then 10,00. I eased back the throttle and let the pull of gravity and



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about half power carry her down.

I was at 7,500 — watching the clouds go by and the earth come up. I tensed, flexed my gloved hands at 6,500 and removed my oxygen mask.

I felt the stick at 5,000—started hauling back at 4,500 on the head. It was the moment when I would know if the ship would hold together or not.

Gee's—the powerful push-pull of inertia and gravity — slammed me into my seat and held me there with a dozen giant hands. The ground below disappeared from in front of the canopy. The engine roared and wind shrieked and the nose levelled —and then I was staring at nothing but the blue and I knew I was out of it . . .

Seconds later, I called into the control tower.

"She's out, flying smooth — and level!" I announced happily.

"Bring her in! I'll buy you a drink!" Pfaff chortled.

I grinned. A couple of fast scotches would go good. I banked left and aimed for the field. Knocking off around 350 MPH, I would be making the first leg of my approach in about six minutes, the way I calculated.

I settled back and took a slow look around. The ocean was off to the right, the vast Southern California complex of homes, factories and streets stretched like a huge carpet in a crescent not far away.

Yawning, I reached for a cigarette. I had it half way out of the pack when the stick bucked viciously in my hand. I dropped the unlit smoke and felt the ragged edges of fear tear at my spine.

The stick was rocking and jerking. The F-51 was starting to yaw and slew!

What went wrong? Who the hell knows what goes wrong? A ship is checked out perfect—everything is topnotch. Then a hidden flaw, a microscopic weak spot . . .

I cut the power. I played the rudder pedals the way a concert pianist plays the pedals on his Steinway. I fought the stick. Thirty seconds later I had the plane under control, but she was unsteady, mushy.

I reeled off the information to Jack.

"I'll try and bring her in," I concluded. "I think I can make it. . ."

Five minutes to go—maybe a bit more on reduced power. I was counting seconds. Every now and then the stick would try to go wild. I'd

have to grip it—tight.

I watched the second hand on the clock. It moved with terrifying slowness. I strained my eyes ahead, almost as if that would bring me to the field faster.

WHEN the end of the runway was finally within sight, the tower cleared me for immediate landing. I let down carefully, sweat pouring down my face and coating my palms.

There was a slight waggle as the ground came up to meet me. A shudder ran through the F-51. The wheels were down and locked. I held tight to the stick and stroked the pedals. Flaps were down. Airspeed and tach were right . . .

The field boundary fence flashed under me. I said a fast silent prayer and felt for the concrete . . .

The wheels touched with a reassuring jolt. I was barrelling down the runway . . .

A dozen men couldn't have held on to the stick a split-second later. It ripped itself from my hands. I realized that I'd had it. The plane was no longer under control!

I must have screamed. I tried to recover the stick. It was useless. There was no longer anything I could do but brace myself for the hideous, flesh-grating death awaiting me. I remember that I shrieked out a prayer—that I wouldn't burn!

Instinct made me reach forward and cut the switch. That was my last act—conscious or otherwise. The ship fishtailed, tipped. The right wing touched. I caught on the concrete. The whole world spun and whirled as it somersaulted up, crashed, rolled over again . . .

I recall only that I was aware of the first awful smashing roar and then that the canopy darkened just before the entire universe turned into a howling, blood-red nothingness . . .

You can swim through an ocean of blazing pain. Believe me, you can. You start out slow. You move your arms—or you think you do—and then the torture begins. The more it hurts, the more you move your arms and the faster you do it. Then the pain grows and you're forced to swim harder in an effort to get out of the boiling river.

I managed to do it at last. A lot of the scalding pain clung to my body when I crawled out on the bank—but there was a wavering, indistinct bulk waiting there for me. I knew him and I didn't know him,

but he was waiting.

He came closer and then he moved away—and then I opened my eyes a little wider and groaned and closed my eyes again.

"Hibill," a voice mumbled from the distance. "Hibill . . ."

I tried the open-eyes routine again. It worked better this time. The form was making sense now. It was . . .

"Hi, Bill!"

Yeah. Jack Pfaff. Which meant that I was still alive.

I worked my jaws and tried to say something. I made it on the fifth or sixth try.

"How bad?" I croaked. "How bad is it, Jack?"

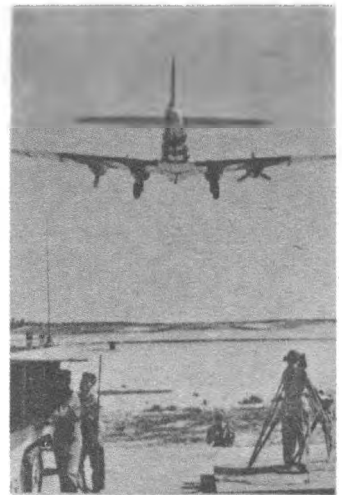
My partner and I have grown pretty close through the years. He knew it was better to give it to me straight—right then and there.

"You'll live, Bill," he said quietly. "You'll live—but you won't be doing much flying when you come out . . ."

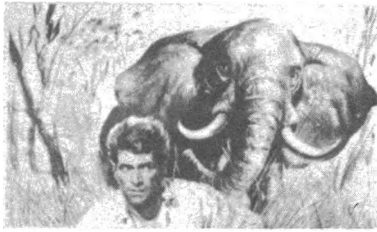
HE was right. There was hardly a bone in my body that wasn't broken. My left arm had to be amputated. By a miracle, the F-51 hadn't burned and the field rescue crew was able to cut me out of the tangled wreckage of the ship.

I lived, all right—for almost a year in various hospitals and then as a one-armed, grounded test pilot.

What do I do? Oh, hell, I supervise the grease monkeys in the hangar—and I watch the new guy take the planes out to test and I get envious. It's a rotten way to live—but I'm thankful that at least I'm living, That's a lot—it's a miracle!



#



ADVENTURE IN MASSACRE

Only a competent psychiatrist could ever come close to explaining the madness that seized George Backer at that moment. It was a madness—my client turned into a murdering lunatic!

I was aware that something was wrong when I heard him groan. He opened his mouth and let out a groan that sounded as if it came from a dying man. Then, abruptly, he leaped to his feet, his rifle to his shoulder.

"Backer!" I yelled, sensing what was about to happen. "Don't! For God's sake don't!"

I was too late. I doubt if anything would have stopped him. He pointed the gun — and fired, touching off the right and left in such rapid succession that the two reports sounded like a single blast!

The loud roar broke the warm silence of the African morning. It acted as an alarm that split the tableau of standing elephants into scores of terrified, milling, bellowing elements.

Backer's shots had gone wild. One evidently struck a cow, the other grazed the big bull. The cow swivelled, raised her trunk—and charged straight for us!

I touched off my right and then threw the left after it. The cow dropped and I knuckled fresh rounds into the W-R. The bull trumpeted loudly and swung off to the left.

I heard the terrified shrieks of the native boys. I aimed for the bull, but another cow cut across my line of fire, bearing down on me. I fired twice and instantly broke the gun and reloaded.

The cow was dead — but the bull had reached the boys. I got a confused glimpse of a black body flying through the air, tossed directly into the path of two maddened tuskers.

My client was no longer with me. I saw that he had gone. His rifle lay on the ground where he had flung it in his yellow terror.

"Pika, bwana, pika — shoot!" N'Gwala yelled.

The hideous cries of the boys who were being trampled and thrown to their deaths still came from the

left. The huge bull had stopped. He was revenging himself on the natives, stamping and grinding the boys into the earth.

I ran off to the left to get a decent shot at the elephant. The rest of the herd was now fleeing in all directions and no longer offered a threat to those of us who were still alive. Only the huge bull elephant remained.

I was within 50 yards of him before I stopped. I felt sick and icy cold as I stared for an endless moment at the gouts of bloody pulp under its feet.

I cursed George Backer. I cursed him for the stupidity that had caused the deaths of my boys. I aimed at the bull — but I wasn't shooting an elephant. I was shooting George Backer. I saw his face, not the tusker's skull.

The great beast swung toward me. His eyes seemed to blaze with hatred and kill-lust. I saw his trunk glint with fresh blood. A tremendous bellow rumbled from his throat. He started to move.

I raised my rifle sighting for the skull. I triggered the left. I knew the shot was good, but the brute continued toward me. The heavy bullet had struck — but failed to slow the pachyderm's momentum.

"Chunga — danger!" It was N'Gwala, my head boy and bearer. He had remained with me. He realized the peril. I had time only to fire the remaining round. I could not reload after shooting — the bull would be upon me.

I held steady, pulled the trigger. Then I closed my eyes. It seemed ages before I opened them again. The bull lay scarcely five feet from me.

Five of the native boys hadn't been so lucky. Four were dead — another horribly injured, his ribs and chest crushed by a flailing elephant trunk.

THE boys had been killed by George Backer, almost as certainly as if he had cut their throats! His insane, premature shots had stampeded the herd and sent the beasts galloping into the midst of

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the natives who had depended on me to conduct the hunt and protect their lives!

I found Backer, cowering in the area where we left the trucks. I said nothing to him. He climbed aboard a Power wagon and waited, his head in his hands, until we gathered up the remains of the boys.

"Hunting accident" is the way officials in Kenya recorded the deaths of the natives. They and I

knew that it was not an "accident"—it was murder.

George Backer was a killer, but he'll never be punished. If I know his type, he's telling the story of his "African Adventure" to appreciative audiences in bars and drawing rooms in his home town.

I'm sure he doesn't tell them the truth—that he paid for a Safari to kill!

#



finely powdered brownish-grey pumice—volcanic ash. Every leaf and branch was coated with the stuff. It lay on the ground like drifts of snow and hung suspended in the air.

There were dozens of injured natives waiting for evacuation. They were the lucky ones—the ones who had not been killed by the flame or molten lava.

"Thank God you've come!" an exhausted medical missionary greeted us. "We're just about out of everything here!"

We unloaded our supplies in record time and immediately began giving first aid to the casualties. We were too late for some—the badly hurt who had died at Popondetta before help could reach them.

There were all kinds of wounds—burns, cuts, fractures. The victims were of all ages. There were men and women, natives and European rubber planters and settlers.

The most serious cases were loaded aboard the DC-3 and evacuated to Port Moresby. Another ship came in. There was another relief team aboard.

"Wallace and I will take a truck and go further in," I said. "There may be some people we can help closer to Lamington."

"Good. We'll take over for you here," the physician who had just arrived agreed.

One of the nurses—Judith Belknap—insisted on coming along. We found a truck and scrounged up petrol for it. We loaded some supplies into the rear and the three of us squeezed into the front seat.

IN the distance, Mount Lamington still growled and spewed flame

MY 30,000 ROASTED CORPSES

and earth into the air. The ground shook with the continuing tremors caused by the seething unrest within the mountain.

The road that stretched ahead of us was covered with a thick layer of pumice. So was the truck. So were the trees and the foliage—and even our hands and faces.

There were no sounds from the jungle bordering the road. We drove a few miles and noticed little save that the pumice got thicker. We didn't talk. Judith sprinkled cologne on some gauze squares and we held them to our noses to breathe. The scent cut down on the stink of sulphur a little—but not much.

We emerged from the silent, volcanic-ash shrouded wasteland into something much worse.

"Good God!" I groaned.

Now we had reached the area blighted by a rain of fire. Flame-blackened trees, the black showing darkly through the coatings of pumice, were everywhere. The further we went, the more evidence there was of fire.

Animals had lived in that area the day before. Animals and men and women and children. Now there was no life.

It was as if we had entered a dead world peopled only by the corpses of those who had died in screaming agony. They lay where they had stood—perhaps staring up at the exploding mountain, perhaps trying to run, perhaps . . .

The stench of baked human meat cut through even the stink of the sulphur fumes. A few houses and fallen logs still smoldered. Whole sections of forest were smashed flat. Entire villages had been wiped from sight.

"It's—it's impossible to comprehend," Dan muttered, stopping the truck.

IT didn't take us long to realize that we could be of no help there. We could not aid the dead. An army would be needed to bury the victims of Mount Lamington's raging fury. Our place was back at Popondetta, or wherever else the survivors had fled.

It was a panorama of unparalleled horror. There were family groups lying in tangled heaps, children fused by incredible temperatures to their mothers' breasts. There were clusters of a dozen or more cadavers in one spot. In others, single bodies lay alone.

Pitiful remains of human beings were scattered among the ashes and charred timbers of the houses—a skull burned black, a few bones, a skeleton to which a few chunks of roasted flesh still clung.

"Turn around, Dan," I whispered. "We'll go back . . ."

Judith Balknap sobbed quietly. Hardened though she was to the sight of death by her years as a nurse, the devastation caused by the volcano was too much for her. I couldn't blame her for breaking down. Even I felt close to the edge of hysteria. I bit hard on my lips, hard enough to taste the salt of my own blood . . .

Wallace turned the truck around. We started for Popondetta. Then the Evil Gods inside the flaming mountain spoke again. The earth rocked and heaved. Dan jammed on his brakes in fear.

"It's erupting again!" Judith cried. She twisted her head and stared at the volcano behind us.

"You'd better drive—as fast as you can," I barked. "Quick, Dan. Let's get out of here!"

WALLACE reacted instantly. He slammed the truck into gear. It was a crazy, terrifying ten minute ride. Stones and dirt showered down around us. Some hit the truck and we flinched every time a rock cracked against the roof of the cab or pounded against the hood.

Fortunately, we were close to the outer periphery of the "fall-out" zone. The rocks were small ones and except for a few dents in the metal, we managed to get completely away from the danger area without harm.

"It's the same word we get from everyone who's been in there," the missionaries at Popondetta nodded grimly when we told them what

we'd found. "There are thousands of dead . . ."

No one really knows to this day how many thousands were killed by Mount Lamington's Evil Gods. Countless numbers were swallowed up by the rivers of molten lava that poured from the volcano's breached sides. Great numbers were buried under dirt and debris. Others were completely incinerated.

There was never an accurate census of the native population in the Lamington vicinity. Thus a precise count of the dead could not be made.

Conservative estimates place the toll at over 9,000. One New Guinea administrative survey team suggested that this number was far too low, and issued a statement putting the total at more than 15,000. Australian newspapers gave a figure of 30,000 dead!

We weren't there to count the corpses. We were at Popondetta to help the living. We stayed there for ten days—until the last of the survivors had been evacuated, healed or moved overland to new homes.

Mount Lamington has been quiet recently. There have been no more eruptions. The pumice has been borne off by the wind or washed into the earth by the rains. The jungle is green once more.

Perhaps the Evil Gods have been satisfied—propitiated by the ghastly human sacrifice to their anger! #

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IS YOUR WIFE UNFAITHFUL?

She is the clandestine lover during her tete-a-tetes, and the "loving" wife when she is with her husband.

The strain of this sort of living does strange things to a woman's delicately balanced mental and emotional makeup. She's not aware of it, but she's gripped by a subconscious desire to establish a completely new and distinct personality. She hopes thus to separate the two identities and ease her guilt complex. How does she go about it? The survey lists a number of the most common ways.

1. More than 75 per cent of all women who admitted cheating on their husbands said they had strong desires to have their hair dyed a new color. Some actually did, others merely talked about it. At least 30 per cent confessed they derived an almost sadistic pleasure out of repeatedly questioning their husbands about the matter.

"Would you like to see me as a blonde—(or brunette or redhead)?" they queried their spouses over and over. This, naturally, was merely a subconscious transference, a means they used to taunt their cuckold mates.

2. Perfumes are closely associated with love and sex in the average woman's mind. A change of heart-interest is generally (83% of all respondents) accompanied by an urge to change perfume or cologne or body powder. The faithless wife often can be spotted when she abruptly discards her "old, favorite" scent or brand and rushes out to buy some new kind. Most often, she makes a complete switch. If she's accustomed to using heavy, musky scents, she'll change to the lighter ones. If, on the other hand, she's been using the "healthy, outdoorish" varieties, she'll go for the musk-laden "Parisian" kind instead.

3. A sudden lingerie buying spree is another good indication. A crazy urge to purchase new—and most generally extremely "sexy"—underwear is an additional way in which the female mind attempts to establish a new and "more exciting" personality. She's bored with hubby — and

wants to make her lover wild. The sexual connotations of the "lingerie binge" are entirely too obvious to require further elaboration here.

4. "Darling! Let's go somewhere — by ourselves."

When a married woman starts talking like this to her husband—he'd better pack up and go away with her—and fast. Her desire, as shown in statements made by more than half of the admittedly unfaithful wives, is motivated by a wish to break off her clandestine love affair, or to avoid one that seems imminent. If hubby is stupid and says "no," the chances are good (better than 8-to-1) that wifey is going to fly straight to the arms of her boy friend!

ACTUALLY, few women really want to be unfaithful. Those who admit they have been unfaithful almost always (90%) say that they cheated on their mates because "he cheated first," or because "he treated me like a piece of furniture."

The husband who forgets to be nice and kind and loving to his wife—at least once in a while—is going to find that she's looking elsewhere for love and romance. The character who thinks it's cute to cuddle with some chorus girl while his wife is away visiting her mother, is also in for a big surprise. The ball and chain is not going to sit by and watch without eventually retaliating in kind!

Fortunately, the whole of the survey made by the board will never be published. Were it printed in its entirety, many American males who are now convinced their wives are faithful and loving would find themselves sorely disappointed.

The ratio of infidelity—assuming again that the 5,600 women interviewed are truly representative of the public as a whole—appears high enough to be called "staggering."

But if you notice the signs and symptoms of infidelity in your wife—the warning signals we've provided here for your benefit—and do nothing to bring Mommy back home, then don't blame us!

. #

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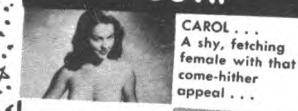
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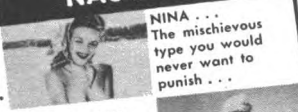
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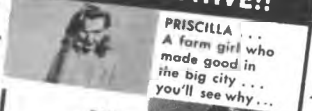
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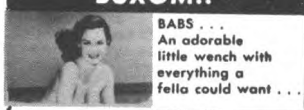
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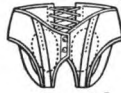
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MEDICAL PROOF!

From the Files of One of America's Leading Nerve Specialists!

Here are case histories of men and women like yourself—who were actually released from despair by TR-34, even after other tranquilizers had completely failed them.

Case #11: A — 44-year-old married salesman... suffered from nervous-tension anxiety. Plagued by continuous tension so strong that his arms and legs ached at night—that he felt as though someone was sitting on his chest—that he could hardly sleep. This patient had received almost every medicine known to medical science—with only moderate and temporary results.

On January 11, 1957, he was placed on TR-34. Since that time, he has not suffered from a single attack of anxiety! His muscle tension is greatly relaxed. He sleeps much better and is filled with a sense of well-being, equanimity, new hope and vigor! All this from the very first week of treatment! And these and other disturbing side effects reported from TR-34.

Case #2: G.M. — A thirty-year-old single woman, with a five year history of repeated tortuous headaches. These psychomatic headaches always occurred behind the right eye. They were so painful, and throbed so much, that they woke the patient nightly from her sleep. She was forced to walk the floor for an hour or more until the attack left her. In past years, she had been given several kinds of sedatives, analgesics, antispasmodics, nasal constrictors and tranquilizers with absolutely no effect.

On January 7, 1957, she was given TR-34. This amazing medication relieved almost all attacks WITHIN 10 MINUTES after being taken! This relief was reported from the very first night!

Case #3: S.D. — A 56-year-old divorced secretary had been suffering for the past six years from repeated bouts of severe melancholy—dizziness which she felt she had "left her behind"... during which she neglected her home and personal appearance... lost appetite and sleep... and felt that she was unable to do her work. She complained of deep-seated pains in her stomach and head. None of the tranquilizers used in the past could effectively help her fight off the violence of these moods—nor could they help her ultimately live with it!

On January 7, 1957, patient was placed on TR-34. The beneficial effect was immediately noticed by both patient and physician! She was able to "face" life and "see" things as they are—without anxiety and excitement began to subside immediately. Her pain was immediately lessened, and she enjoyed restful sleep. No harmful side effects were reported!

Case #4: B.L. — A 24-year-old married housewife, mother of two. She had become increasingly more dispondent—giving way to frequent crying spells—suffering from feelings of inadequacy, unworthiness and guilt. She was terrified by repeated nightmares which she felt grew more and more frightening during the past few weeks. Her family physician advised her to take her usual dose with the aid of barbiturates and tranquilizers—but without results.

On January 28, 1957, patient was instructed to take one capsule of TR-34 after breakfast... one capsule after supper... and two capsules before retiring. The effect was almost immediate! When seen a full week later the patient reported immediately that she has not had a single repetition of these nightmares and that generally she feels much more calm, peaceful and even-tempered. No harmful side effects of any kind were observed. Try it at our risk! ACT TODAY!

MAIL NO RISK COUPON TODAY!

NORTH AMERICAN STEVENS CORP., Dept. P-4
208 E. 46th St., New York 17, N. Y.

Yes, I want to try your amazing new Formula, TR-34, entirely at your risk. I understand that this amazing new capsule will help me fight nervousness... Fight nervousness... Fight agitation, nervous headaches, and anxiety—or my full money back! I will pay the postman only the low introductory price checked below, plus C.O.D. charges. I also understand, if I am not completely delighted, that I may return the used package within one month and get a FULL REFUND! No questions asked!

- I want the full 30-capsule supply for only \$2.98.
- I want the big 60-capsule supply for only \$4.98. This is a saving of \$1.00.
- I want the giant economy supply, 90-capsules for only \$5.98. This is a saving of a full \$3.00.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

SAVE MORE! Send cash, check or money order with coupon, and we pay all postage charges! Saves you as much as 25% from money-back guarantee of course!

©Entire Contents Copyrighted by North American Stevens Corp., 1957

Up to 20% More Power Per Gallon! Up to 20% More Horsepower!

All From One Simple Change in Your Car!

YES! In the next two minutes I'm going to show you how you can get up to 20 MORE HORSEPOWER from your car . . . how you can save enough gas in a single year to drive up to A FULL THOUSAND MILES . . . how you can eliminate most of the ignition knocks and pings that are driving you crazy now . . . how you can get battery-saving, sure-fire starting even in below-freezing weather . . . and do it without buying one single complicated gadget —without paying a mechanic a penny! How? SIMPLY BY CHANGING THE COLOR OF YOUR SPARK PLUGS!

By ED MITCHELL

Let me say this at the start. What I'm offering you on this page is a very simple investment. I want you to try the most fantastic spark plug in the world, entirely at my risk! A spark plug that costs only a few pennies more than the old-fashioned model that's on your car today. A spark plug that lasts up to 10 times as long as that old-fashioned model . . . that gives you the full blazing horsepower that that old plug is robbing you of today . . . and that actually saves you enough gas to drive half way across America, every single year that you use it!

Does this sound impossible? It's been proven a thousand times this year! Here is a small sample of that proof.

This Is Why Your Car Wastes Gas, Loses Power

Some day, if you ever have a spare moment, lift one of the spark plugs out of your car! Look at the bottom of that plug. In 10 seconds, you'll learn more about gas waste than any book could teach you in a year.

If that plug has been in your car a thousand miles or more, then what you'll see on the bottom of that plug is FILTH! The Firing Point of that plug — the most important single point in your car — will be choked to death with BLACK, FILTHY CARBON! Carbon that robs your car of as much as 20 vital horsepower every time your engine fires!

Now, wipe that filth away. And look at the Firing Point itself. This is the POWER POINT of your car . . . the pin-head of electricity that turns raw gas into 200 horsepower of driving energy! And what is the condi-

tion of that Point? CORRODED, PITTED, SCARRED, AND WORN! Hardly able to deliver half the spark it should! Wasting gas . . . wasting money, every time you put your foot down on the pedal!

Yes! You pay \$2000 . . . \$3000 . . . \$4000 for your car. And a single 98c part robs you of the real power and enjoyment of that car.

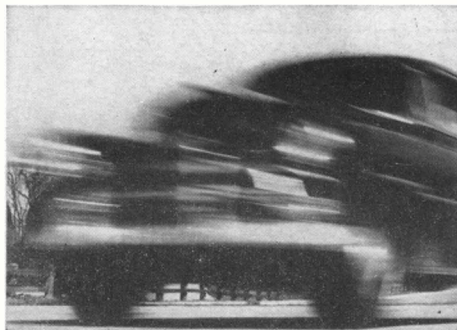
At Last A Plug So Smart That It "Thinks"

Now look at the new plug—the jet finish "POWER-FLASH" plug that I send you—for only a few pennies more than you're paying today!

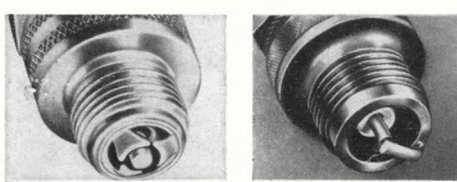
Here a plug that has not only ONE firing point—but hundreds of firing points! That fires so fast, so effectively, so often that it actually ELIMINATES THAT DEADLY CARBON THAT BURNS IT UP, THROWS IT AWAY . . . KEEPS ITSELF SPARKLING CLEAN, ON EVERY SINGLE STROKE! The full, blazing horsepower that was there when your car was brand new, is still there 30,000 miles later.

But that's just the beginning! This plug actually gives you the different firing power you need for every driving condition — smooth, dependable power for city stop-and-go driving . . . effortless horsepower for the parkway . . . blazing reserve power for super speeds! No more misfiring, sputtering, knocking when you want to pull ahead of other cars at high speeds! No more groaning take-offs at the lights! FULL POWER 24 HOURS A DAY . . . or send you a new set free.

And that's still just the beginning! Best of all — this is the toughest, strongest, longest-lasting plug ever made! YOU COULD ACTUALLY POUND IT AGAINST A CONCRETE WALL WITH A HAMMER, WITHOUT EVEN DENTING IT! AND THIS AMAZING PLUG GUARANTEES FULL FIRE CLEAN AND HOT FOR 30,000 MILES! Yes! These fantastic plugs give you such terrific, consistent, long-lasting service that



See The Amazing Difference Yourself!



This new "Power-Flash" Hi-Compression Power Plug (on the left) is guaranteed to be the most powerful longest lasting Spark Plug ever made! Here's why:

1. Only "Power-Flash" gives you an unlimited number of firing points — plus a guaranteed minimum of 800% more spark action than ordinary plugs! Higher compression, longer engine life, more mileage, power and pep!
2. Only "Power-Flash" gives you automatic heat and gas control! Actually thinks for itself! Gives you faster, wider spark for smoother performance, instant starting, faster pick-up even in freezing weather!
3. Only "Power-Flash" gives you exclusive self-cleaning action! Actually forces plug to clean itself. Plugs run cleaner, cooler, longer! No more fouling "ping" or power loss!
4. Only "Power-Flash" gives you toughest insulators made! Lifetime guaranteed — diamond-like hardness! Gets rid of deadly heat up to 30 times faster than ordinary insulators!

Plus this startling guarantee: Satisfaction guaranteed for two full years or 30,000 miles . . . or a new set free! Act today!

we can afford to make one of the most amazing guarantees you ever heard!

Try It at My Risk, Today!

What have you got to lose? These amazing jet finish "POWER-FLASH" plugs cost only \$1.45 each — or \$8.70 for a complete set for six-cylinder cars, and \$11.60 for a complete set for

eight-cylinder cars. They cost only a few pennies more than ordinary old-fashioned plugs—and they can save you up to \$100 this year!

Here is my guarantee to you. Put these plugs in your car yourself. No mechanic needed. Nothing to adjust. From the very first moment that you get back in that car and drive, you must notice amazing new power and pick-up—or I'll send you a new set free! You must notice new gas savings . . . you must eliminate most ignition knocks and pings . . . you must get instant carbon-free, cold weather starting . . . and

FREE BONUS!

Sensational, Nationally Advertised, Car Book Saves You Up To \$250 On Repairs This Year Alone!

Over a quarter-of-a-million drivers have paid up to \$3 00 for the same exact new, original handbook! But now IT'S YOURS FREE!

The legendary Car Book that made history by showing millions of economy-minded car owners how they could save up to \$250 a year in costly gas and repairs bills! The sensational book that ripped the lid off all the professional tips and tricks known by the nation's troubleshooters and ace mechanics! Here, are all the eye-opening, money-saving secrets that save you dollar after dollar in costly car upkeep and repairs!

Here are simple tips that show you how to save up to \$100 a year! — without touching a tool — without even hitting the hood of your car! Here's fantastic 30-second trick that gives you up to 2.34 miles more per gallon! Another saves you up to \$100 a year in spark plug wire and saves up to 50 gallons of gas in your winter driving . . . how you can add up to 10,000 more miles to your time, how to get your "dead" battery started in just one minute — without a push or a tow!

Yes, professional tips that can save you hundreds of dollars a year! And it's all yours — FREE! How would you like to get power to zoom away from other cars at the lights . . . to drive up to 5,000 miles — without changing your oil! Other ingenious tips show you how to remove rust from your chrome . . . make dents and scratches disappear for good . . . to stop steering wheel "play" . . . how to adjust your own brakes and save \$5 . . . to repair your clutch yourself and save \$13 . . . to fit a leaky radiator and save \$20!

Yes, all this and more is yours — absolutely FREE — our BONUS GIFT to you! You must purchase one of the amazing new "POWER-FLASH" PLUGS which are absolutely guaranteed for two years or 30,000 miles of the most fabulous spark plug service you've ever enjoyed! But if you want this special "POWER-FLASH" — the sensational book "How To Double The Performance Of Your Car" — you must also purchase one of the amazing new "POWER-FLASH" PLUGS today! Our supply of this free, Final Edition of the Car-Book is limited! So act NOW!

you must get this thrilling, new-car performance year-in and year-out — FOR TWO FULL YEARS, OR 30,000 MILES — or I'll send you a new set — FREE!

You have nothing to lose! BUT THE SUPPLY OF THESE PLUGS IS STRICTLY LIMITED! THE PRICE IS LOW! WHICH MAKES UP THEIR ELECTRODES IS HELD IN SHORT SUPPLY BY THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT! THIS WILL BE ABSOLUTELY THE LAST TIME WE CAN MAKE THIS OFFER! ACT TODAY!

HERE'S PROOF!

Users Report Fantastic New Mileage — Breathtaking New Power!

"Your Power Plugs are well on the way to paying for themselves. So far have saved about \$5.00 on my gasoline bill. As far as I can figure, I am getting 9 miles more per gallon of gas than I used to get."

"Although I did have a new set of spark plugs in my car before replacing them with your Power Plugs, the old plugs made my engine sputter and sputter. Now it really runs smooth and starts a lot better. too."

"I bought your plugs for my '54 Ford some time ago . . . as far as I can tell I am getting at least 8 miles per gallon better mileage. Also my Ford has far better pickup and horsepower. I have driven about 12,000 miles since purchasing the plugs and they are in good condition as ever."

C. M., Avilla, Indiana
"I replaced the equipment-type spark plugs in my Lincoln Continental with yours. With the old style plugs, I was getting approximately 15 miles to the gallon. During the first thousand miles of operation with Power Plugs, my mileage increased to 22 miles per gallon. This was an increase of 7 miles per gallon. In addition to the increased mileage, I was happy to notice much better idling and absolutely no stalling. Hills which I formerly took in second gear now present no problem in climbing with high gear. My heavy Continental used to lurch away from signals; now it dashes away."

D. C. W., President Exporting Co.

A BOSS MECHANIC SAYS:

"I earn my living repairing automobiles. As a master mechanic I have installed all kinds of spark plugs over the past 18 years. You boys really have something that has never been had before that fires so true and hot and on our test equipment, every installation has shown a big increase in horsepower, as much as 20% in some cases. For the boys who want more power and better pickup, you have the answer."

J. C., Magnolia, Arkansas
"Your plugs have been in my car now for three or four months, and I must say it's running better than it ever did before, and I am getting a lot better mileage out of it. At least as much as the 15% you claim."

"I'd say your plugs are well worth the price you ask especially as I do not expect to have to buy a new set as long as I have my present car — a 1953 Mercury."

R. H. D., Chicago, Ill.
33,000 MILES WITHOUT A SINGLE ADJUSTMENT
"I have just disposed of the car in which your spark plugs were installed. The following facts may be of interest to you."
"Speedometer reading, mileage at installation—27,756—mileage at this date—33,000. No adjustments were necessary since installation and plugs giving perfect service."

G. K. H., Indianapolis, Indiana

AMAZING MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!

Clip this guarantee section out of this page. It authorizes you to try these amazing POWER-FLASH Spark Plugs entirely at my risk! First—test them for one full month for surging power, thrilling new driving performance, breathtaking gas savings alone! During that very first month alone:

- 1) These plugs must give you up to 8 miles MORE per gallon — INSTANT — or every cent of your money back!
- 2) These plugs must give you up to 20 MORE horsepower — INSTANTLY — or every cent of your money back!
- 3) — as an extra added assurance — These plugs must continue to give you this power, performance and gas savings — FOR TWO FULL YEARS — or we will send you a brand-new set, ABSOLUTELY FREE!

If you have nothing to lose! This is probably the most amazing guarantee in car history! No strings! No questions asked! ACT TODAY!

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Mail No Risk Coupon Today!

EUGENE STEVENS, INC.
ONE PARK AVENUE, DEPT. P-4
NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

IMPORTANT!
Please fill in the entire coupon PLEASE PRINT!

Gentlemen: Yes, I want to try your amazing "POWER-FLASH" jet-finish Spark Plugs entirely at your risk! I will pay postman only amount checked below plus low C.O.D. charges:

\$3.00 for a matched set of six "POWER-FLASH" Spark Plugs. \$11.00 for a matched set of eight "POWER-FLASH" Spark Plugs.

I understand that these "POWER-FLASH" Plugs must give me more power, tremendous new performance, amazing gas savings — must actually do everything you say for a period of 2 FULL YEARS or 30,000 MILES, or I may simply return them for a NEW SET FREE!

Also send me as your Extra Gift Premium, the Free nationally advertised car-book, "How To Double The Performance Of Your Car." This book is mine to keep as a Free Gift even if I return the plugs.

MAKE OF CAR _____ YEAR _____

MODEL _____ NO. OF CYLINDERS _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

CHECK HERE AND SAVE MORE! Enclose check or money order and we pay all postage and handling charges. You save as much as \$1.00!

DEALERS: DISTRIBUTORS: CASH IN ON HUGE, FULL PAGE NEWSPAPER AND MAGAZINE CAMPAIGN: WRITE FOR FREE DETAILS!