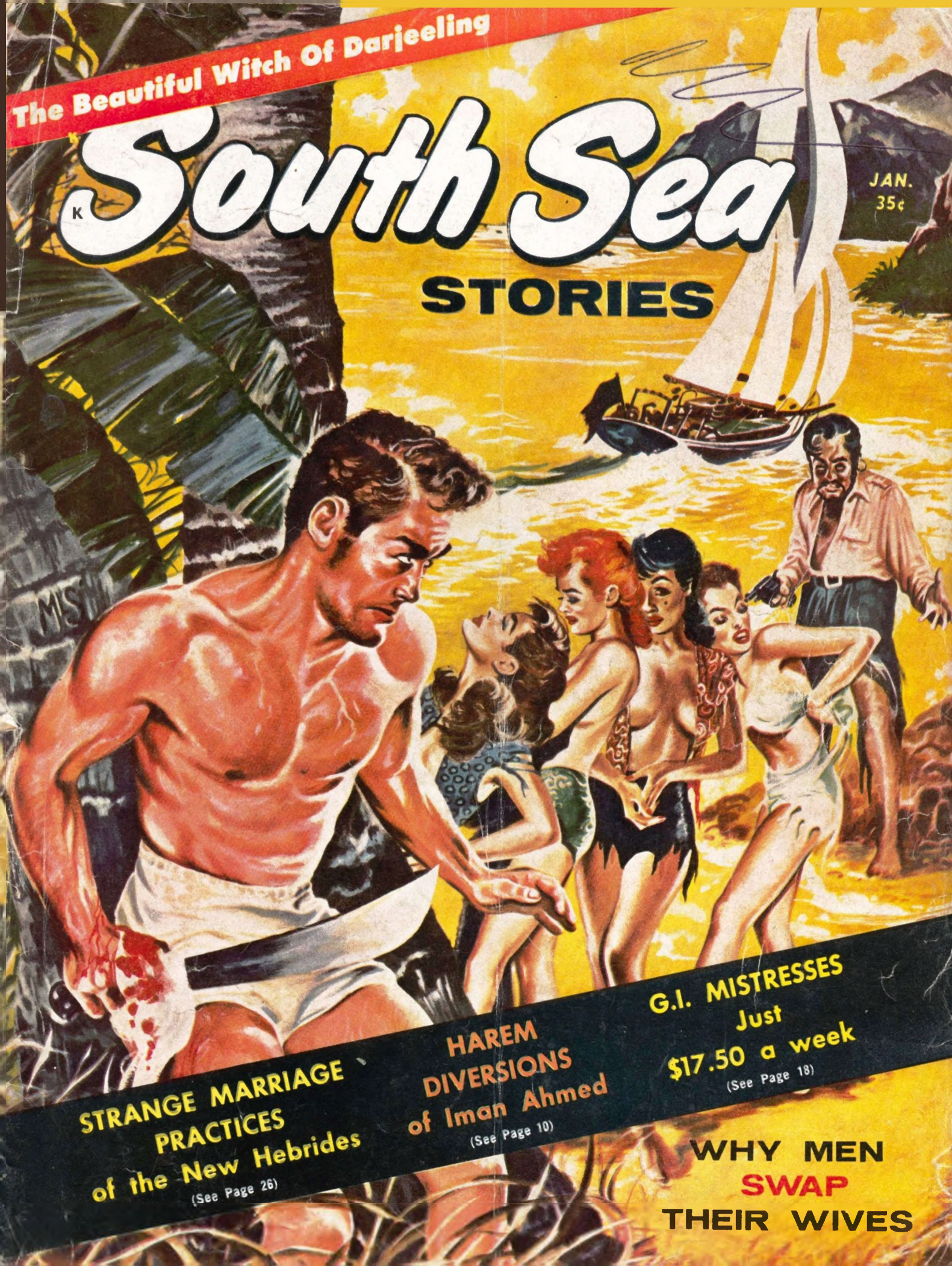


The Beautiful Witch of Darjeeling

South Sea

STORIES

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35c



STRANGE MARRIAGE PRACTICES
of the New Hebrides
(See Page 26)

HAREM DIVERSIONS
of Iman Ahmed
(See Page 10)

G.I. MISTRESSES
Just
\$17.50 a week
(See Page 18)

WHY MEN SWAP THEIR WIVES

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South Sea

Volume 1, Number 3, Jan. 1961

STORIES

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SOUTH SEA STORIES is published bi-monthly by Counterpoint, Inc., at 2nd & Dickey Sts., Sparta, Illinois. Editorial advertising and subscription offices at 21 W. 26th St., New York 10, N. Y. Application to mail at second-class rates is pending at Sparta, Illinois. Single copy price 35c; per year \$2.10. The publisher will handle all submitted manuscripts and pictures with care, but is not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and/or pictures, or their loss or non-return. All such material must be accompanied by sufficient return postage, and is submitted at the sender's risk. Copyright 1960 by Counterpoint Inc. Volume 1, Number 3, Jan., 1961

I FOUND A NAZI TREASURE CACHE

The Guatemalan jungle did in fact hold
secret wealth—as well as not so secret dangers
for the author and his companions

One of the author's companions lost his life when jungle savages attacked at site of the hidden gold.



■ As far as Fred Spahn and I were concerned the night of March 24, 1959 was real important. Either we'd escape from the Jalagua village in Guatemala's jungles in which the chief had made slaves of us or we'd die in the attempt.

Fred and I had planned this caper for two weeks. It had two parts. Both had to come off. First, we had to kill the Jalaguas who guarded the hut in which we were confined at night. And we had to do this without waking the other Jalaguas.

We had a weapon. Two weeks earlier—the second time Chief Huapi had made us take him for a ride in our boat—I'd filched an 18-inch length of copper gas line from the box of spare parts beside the inboard engine. I'd coiled it and come ashore with it in the palm of my hand. During that cruise Fred had snatched three carburetor needles from the parts box. And three stubby pencils.

That night I straightened out the tubing and Fred made darts of the brass needles, impaling them in the ends of the pencils. During subsequent nights I practiced with that little blowgun. Eventually *(Continued on page 51)*

By Marvin J. Miller



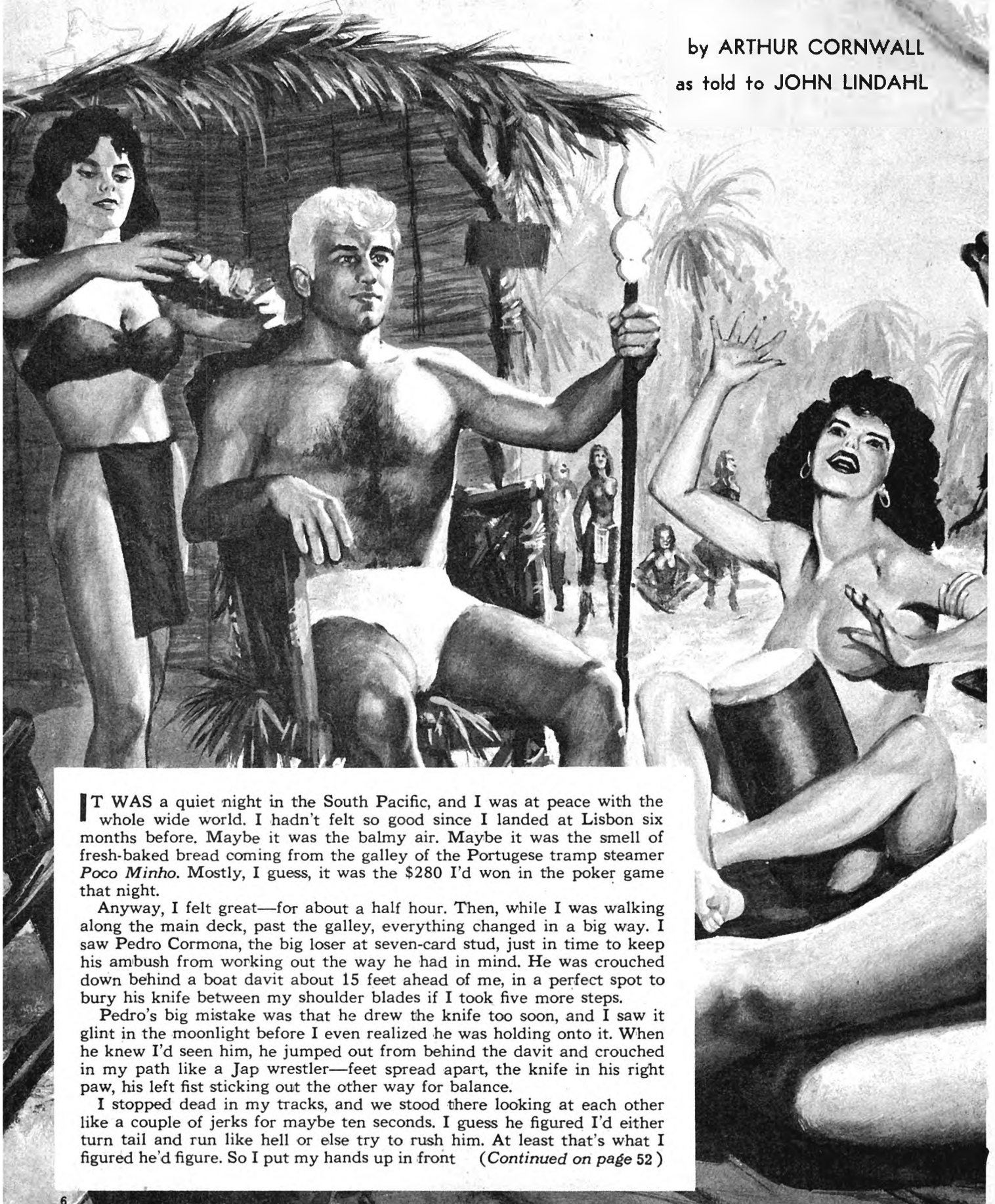
The treasure hunters were forced to serve the women of one jungle tribe, cleaning fish and building huts.

(Photo by Ewing Galloway. N Y 1)



WHITE KING OF THE

by ARTHUR CORNWALL
as told to JOHN LINDAHL



IT WAS a quiet night in the South Pacific, and I was at peace with the whole wide world. I hadn't felt so good since I landed at Lisbon six months before. Maybe it was the balmy air. Maybe it was the smell of fresh-baked bread coming from the galley of the Portugese tramp steamer *Poco Minho*. Mostly, I guess, it was the \$280 I'd won in the poker game that night.

Anyway, I felt great—for about a half hour. Then, while I was walking along the main deck, past the galley, everything changed in a big way. I saw Pedro Cormona, the big loser at seven-card stud, just in time to keep his ambush from working out the way he had in mind. He was crouched down behind a boat davit about 15 feet ahead of me, in a perfect spot to bury his knife between my shoulder blades if I took five more steps.

Pedro's big mistake was that he drew the knife too soon, and I saw it glint in the moonlight before I even realized he was holding onto it. When he knew I'd seen him, he jumped out from behind the davit and crouched in my path like a Jap wrestler—feet spread apart, the knife in his right paw, his left fist sticking out the other way for balance.

I stopped dead in my tracks, and we stood there looking at each other like a couple of jerks for maybe ten seconds. I guess he figured I'd either turn tail and run like hell or else try to rush him. At least that's what I figured he'd figure. So I put my hands up in front (Continued on page 52)

NALPI NYMPHS

The girls took one look at me and decided I was a god. Before long I was a ruler and a busy boyfriend to 75 buxom babes besides



We had a wild coronation that lasted three days. They put me on a throne and brought me food and drink—and themselves.

EXTRA
BOOK
BONUS





Pulling his concubines' teeth is only one of the strange practices of the cruel king of Yemen



Views of Yemen city and countryside, above and right, emphasize primitive character of kingdom ruled by the cruel Imam Ahmed, who is shown on the opposite page.

HAREM DIVERSIONS of the IMAM AHMED

By ROBERT K. OSTERWALD

I'VE been in the newspaper game all over the world for more than 20 years, but it wasn't until a couple of months ago that I met a king with a press agent. However, that came far from being the strangest part of my recent trip to the turbulent, mysterious Middle East. For it was during this junket that I discovered the existence of royal debauchery on a scale I thought had only been practiced by the ancient Romans, or perhaps by them and the Turkish sultans of a couple of centuries ago.

The whole fantastic spectacle of gorgeous harem girls being used for mass sex orgies and kept in virtual slavery by medieval punishment is going on right this minute in the obscure Southwest

Scotchwoman Mrs. Rita Nasir is shown with her daughters on return to Britain after living in harem for four months with concubines.



On "punishment nights," offending girls are stripped, whipped before king and his court.



HAREM DIVERSIONS of the IMAM AHMED continued

Arabian country of Yemen. This tiny state is ruled by the Imam Ahmed, the aforementioned king with the press agent, and I was his guest when I made my startling discoveries.

Before I go any further, though, I think I'd better straighten out my terminology. If you're not in the business, you may not know just what a press agent is. Theoretically, these functionaries (who much prefer to be called "public relations counsellors" or something equally high-toned) are supposed to help in the news-gathering process. They are hired by show people, big corporations or other parties having an interest in publicity to serve as liason men with the press. When a firm develops a new product or decides to put up a new plant, it's up to the press agent to make sure the papers know about it and give it as much space as he can persuade them to allot.

The trouble with press agents, of course, is that they give you all the favorable news about their bosses, even inventing it when they think they can get away with it, and try to cover up anything bad that may happen to them.

But enough of this shop talk. I just wanted to (Continued on page 49)





GIRL RAPE GANGS

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

By GEORGE CHUN-LIU

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

OF SINGAPORE

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



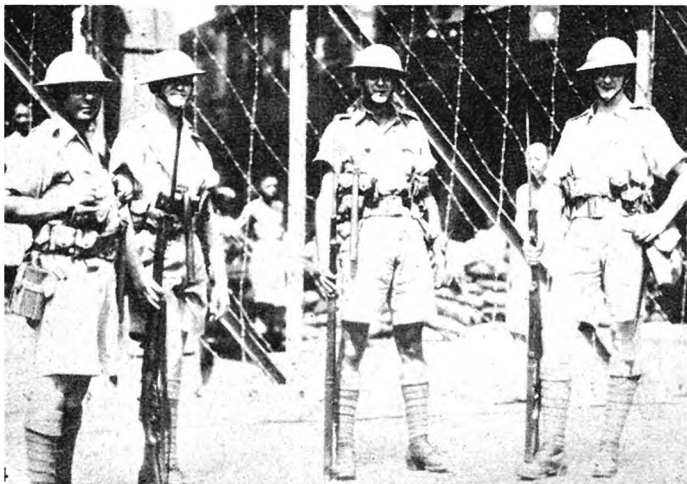
GIRL RAPE GANGS IN SINGAPORE



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



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



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

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

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

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

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

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

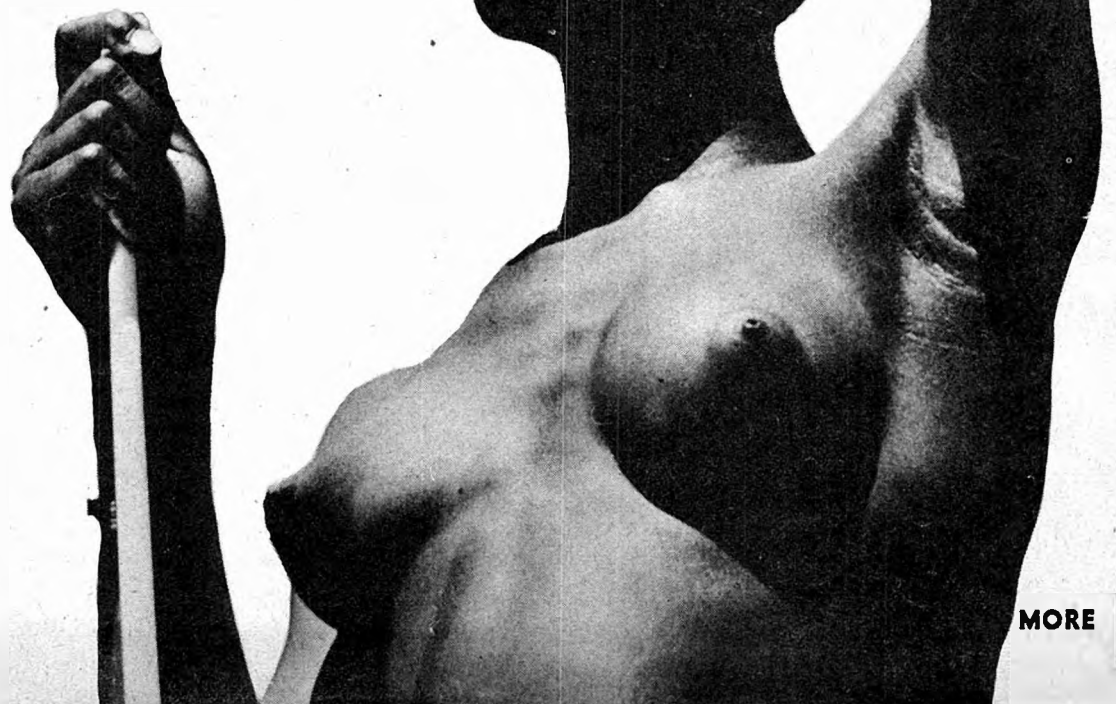
So the sex capers continue. No British resident of Singapore, least of all the rich little colony's officials, expect them to accomplish their purpose—but from a harassment angle they are positively diabolical.

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

THE END

Masters of the CONGO JUNGLE

**Magnificently Filmed,
Thrilling Documentary
Movie of Life in Africa
Native Customs, Dances**



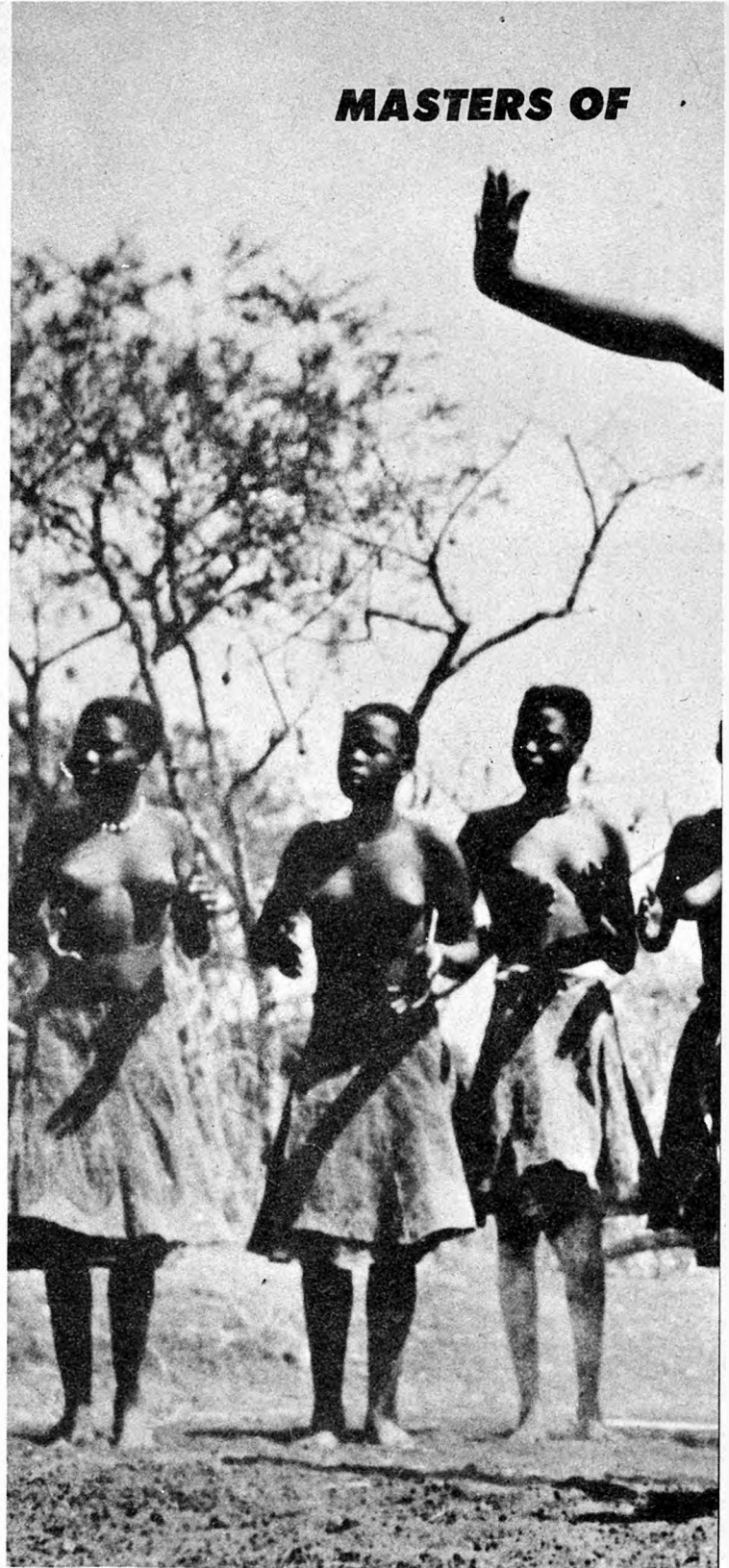
MORE 

By TOM McARDELL

Perhaps the most magnificently filmed and thrilling documentary picture ever to be made, is 20th Century's sizzler called "Masters of the Congo Jungle." The movie was shot in the heart of the Belgian Congo, deep in central Africa. Depicted is the daily life of the natives; their dances customs and songs. This film is in all likelihood the most exciting ever taken, showing African wild life in its natural setting in both plain and jungle. There are herds of elephants bathing in a forest stream; there is the Crowned Eagle, the most ferocious of all the eagle family. Then there are gorillas and the Great African Sloth, not to mention Chameleons, Cobras, and Giant Earth-hogs. Holy-Ibis, and Heron abound. Perhaps the finest scenes are those of whirling, spinning, native dancers shown as they do the sensational Calao dance. The sequence of the floating islands of Bird-Lake are unbelievable.



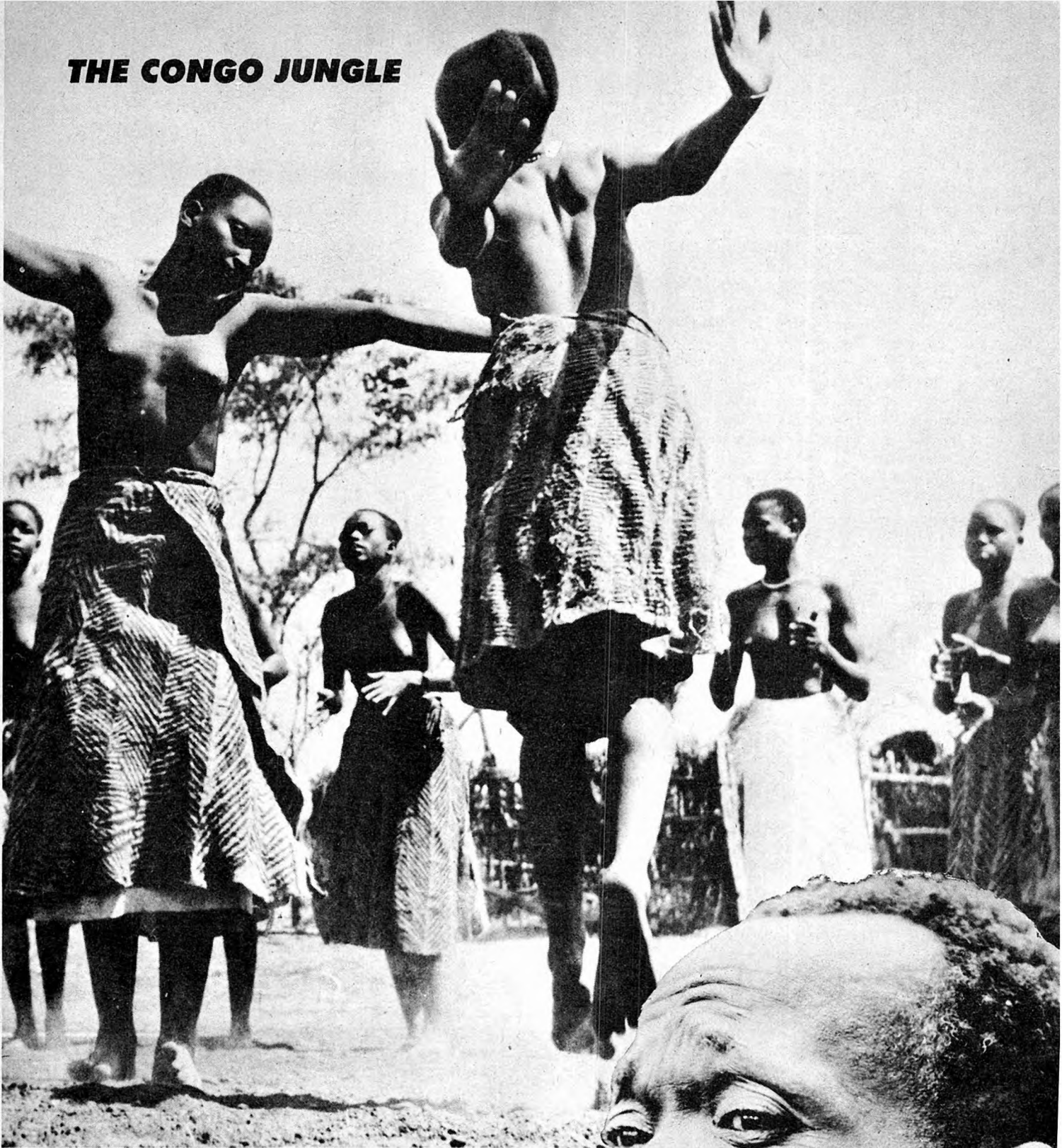
A tribesman of the great forest is one of the world's most skilled hunters. Below, peaceful co-existence between cormorants and hippos on the shore of fetid Lake Edward goes on daily.



MASTERS OF

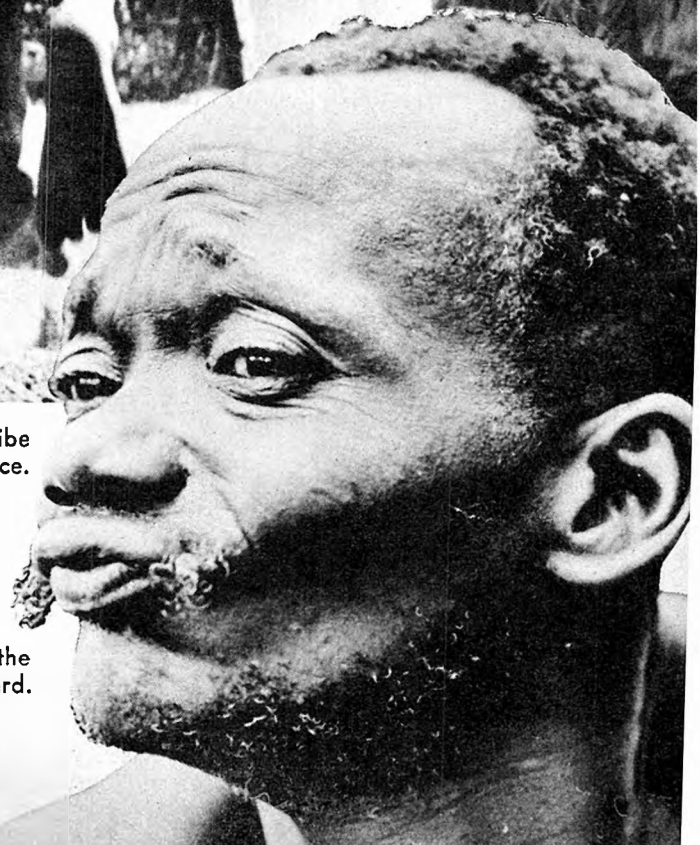


THE CONGO JUNGLE



After the great hunting has finally been successful, the tribe gathers in the forward camp and dances the famous Calao dance.

Besides being experienced hunters the tribes of the Great Forest are also adept at fishing in Lake Edward.



MASTERS OF THE CONGO JUNGLE



Herds of elephants are shown standing in their natural habitat. These above are alarmed as indicated by ears.



The witch-doctor is still the factor to be reckoned with in tribal life. Teeth strung on necklace are those of tiger slain in combat.



Facial scars indicate cast distinction of Congo native.

Woman from neighboring African tribe attends the Calao festivities carrying nursing baby.



You can still Buy FEMALE SLAVES

Beautiful young dancing girls are still being sold into slavery in spite of UN's work to prevent it

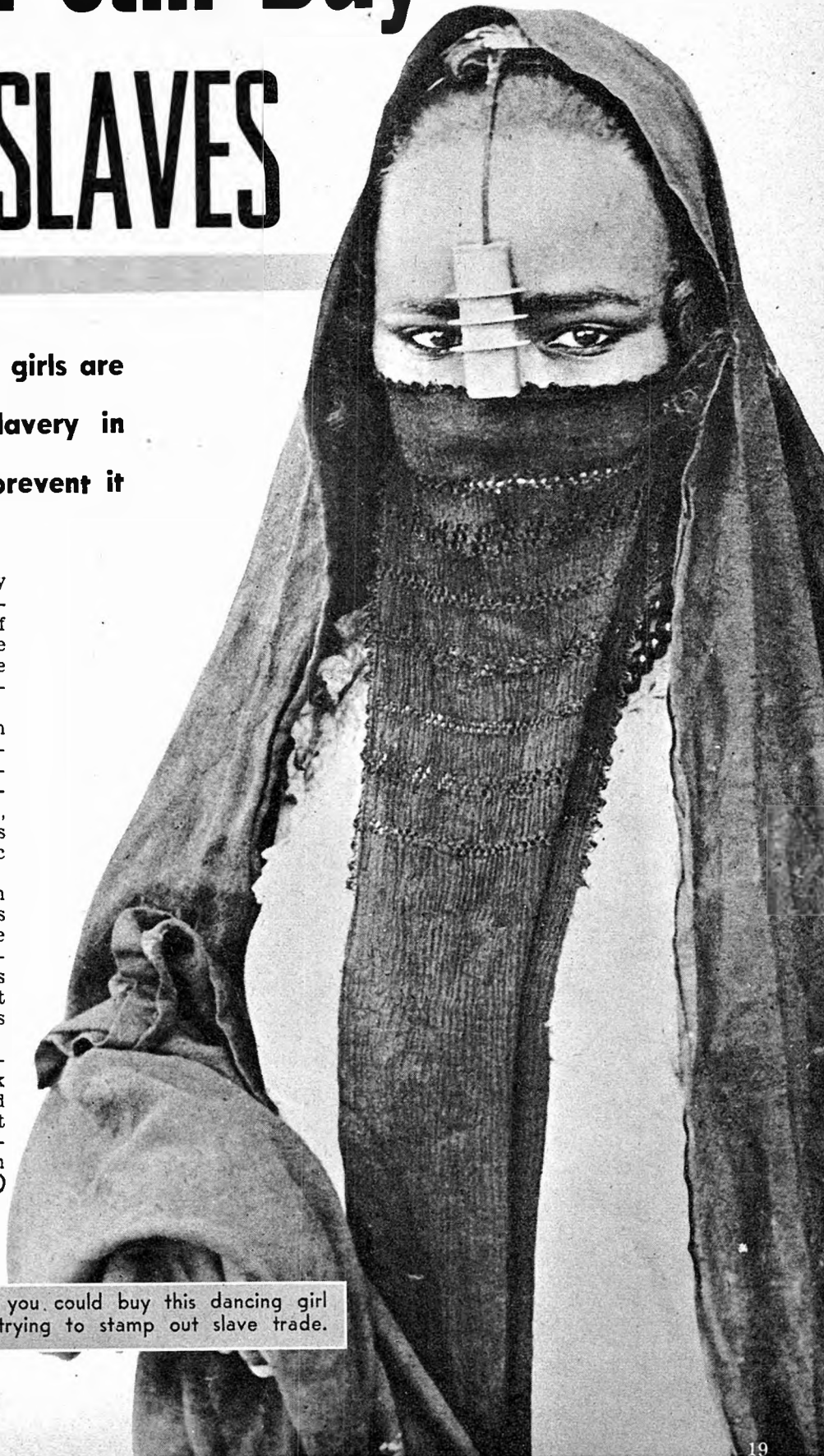
FOR as little as \$150, you can buy yourself a beautiful young dancing girl in the slave markets of Egypt. In China, even though the Communists have taken over the country, a *mui-tsai* (teen-aged female servant) will go for \$200!

Throughout all of Asia and in some parts of Latin America, slavery is a flourishing business. Despite the efforts of the United Nations to stamp out this practice, many countries find that slavery is too much a part of their economic life to relinquish.

The biggest slave stronghold in the world, today, is Arabia. In this country, I have visited towns whose principal commerce is human livestock. Most of the Arab chieftains who buy and sell slaves tell me that only revolution could abolish this activity.

In Yemen, I saw tall, dark beautiful women being traded. A sheik with whom I became acquainted told me that these are the most prized women in the world. Originally, their ancestors came from

(Continued on page 69)



If you were in Yemen, Arabia, you could buy this dancing girl as a slave for \$150. — UN is trying to stamp out slave trade.



LOVE— AND DANGER— IN SAMOA

Sunshine, peace and playful native girls are not the whole story of the exotic South Pacific islands . . .

By HARRY ROSKOLENKO

"**H**ERE is the place to swim," said the pretty Samoan girl as she led me to the blue lagoon under Mt. Vaie.

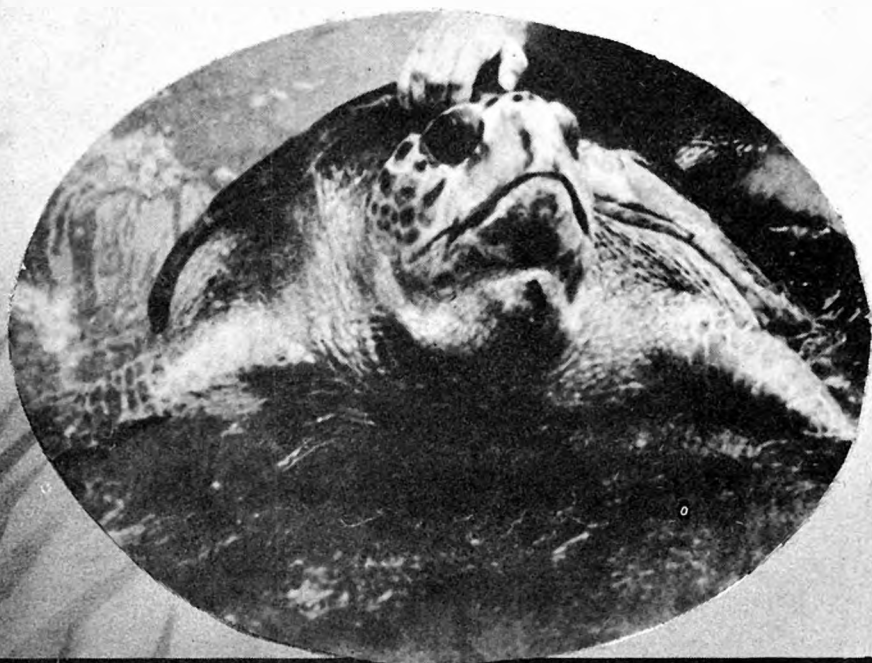
She sang a lilting Samoan song as she undid her wrap, completely at ease and unashamed. When I looked up, I saw her beautiful eyes flash with tension, and her body make a sudden move—then she dived.

"Come on, Mister American. The water is very, very good," she shouted, when she came up for air. "It is clean, cool . . . a tonic for love."

I wondered about the last, though I knew about Samoans and their culture. They are the last beautiful people of the Pacific Islands; the exotic and childish Polynesians who believe in nature and complete freedom of the senses; that is, until they marry.

But Maie was not married. She was no more than eighteen, high-spirited and affectionate. She surfaced again, her legs creaming the surface of the blue lagoon.

Overhead, a white bird flew by. It wheeled toward Mt. Vaie, and I



The huge turtles of the South Seas are fine eating—but this monster almost cost a young, innocent Island girl her life.



The author with Mauie, the expert Samoan swimmer who got into desperate, unexpected trouble deep in a blue lagoon.

saw it land near the top, where Robert Louis Stevenson was buried. I sighed, filled momentarily with a sense of romance and regret.

Then I too plunged into the lagoon and splashed about doing the Australian crawl. I dived beneath Mauie and saw her flash past me, her face wreathed in smiles.

I went after her, tossing a kiss, but she managed to elude me. I knew that the chase would continue for at least an hour; that it was part of the tease. But in the end Mauie would cease to be the mermaid and become the maid, eager for love, for dancing, for pleasantries. . . .

I pretended to be indifferent and swam to the edge of the lagoon. When I clambered out, I saw her surface again, her fingers beckoning to me to continue the chase. In a moment I plunged again into the lagoon.

I went down about twenty-five feet, holding my breath until I thought my ear drums would burst. Then I shot up again . . . and I col-

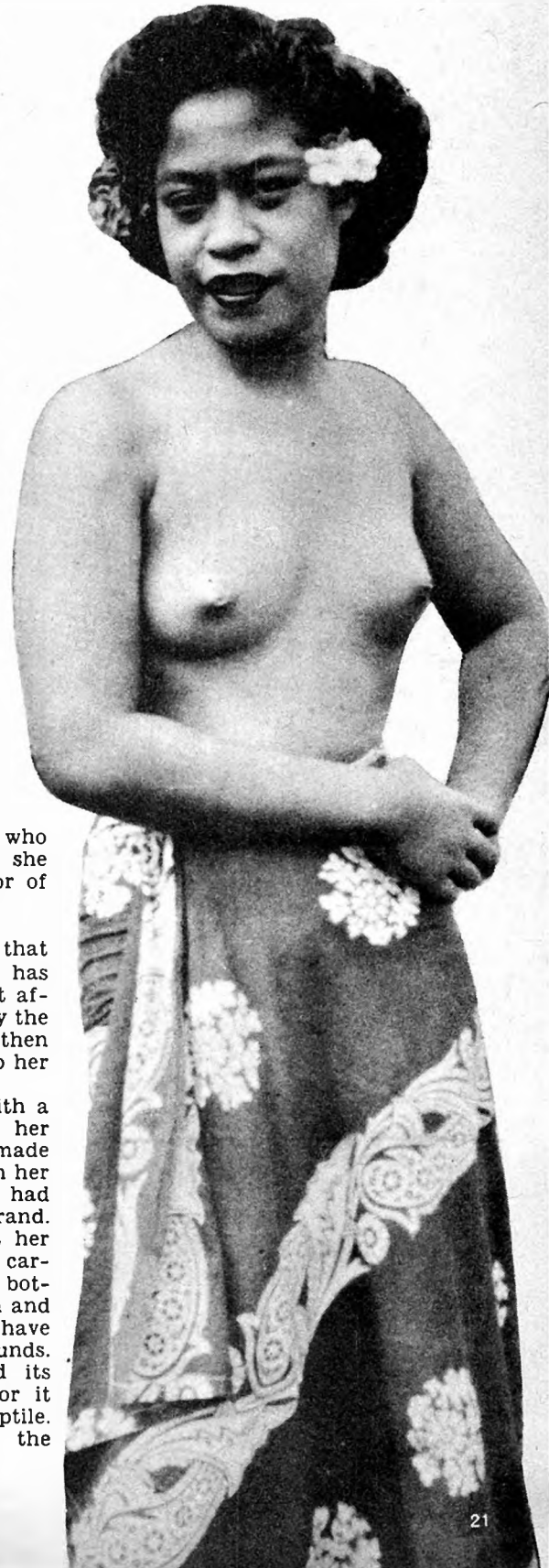
lided with my little mermaid, who had dived after me . . . and she clung to me with all the ardor of her eighteen years.

THEN it happened, the thing that I shall never forget, for it has never left my mind. Since that afternoon I have been haunted by the image of Mauie clinging to me, then suddenly diving away almost to her death.

Mauie always went about with a small wooden knife, which her younger brother, Tauie, had made for her. But Tauie was not with her today. I was with her, for she had sent her kid brother on an errand.

She had dived, but without her wooden knife which she usually carried between her teeth. At the bottom of her dive I saw her turn and go after a huge turtle. It must have weighed over three hundred pounds. Its horny-beaked armor and its creepers made me shudder for it was indeed a formidable sea reptile.

Mauie was trying to turn the
(Continued on page 74)





GIs (left) watch holiday parade in Kyoto in which exclusive Geisha girls are featured.

By CONNIE SELLERS

YOU can keep a full-time mistress on seventy dollars a month.

How? Ask young Sp2 Ted Johnson (as I'll call him), one of perhaps 20,000 U.S. servicemen in Japan who enjoy the luxury of temporary wives. The weekly upkeep of sex, silk and sukiyaki costs him less than the price of a Defense Bond, and he doesn't have to wait ten years to collect the interest.

In America, usually only the well-heeled few can afford to play house. But for the young soldiers in Japan, like Ted Johnson, opportunity knocks much earlier.

Of course, graying sergeants and paunchy officers with wives an ocean away—or maybe even in a nearby U.S. Dependents Housing Area—are not all averse to acquiring a "second wife," with the same delicate semi-secrecy as Japanese gentlemen of note.

Ted Johnson grinned, not so long ago, when a junketing Congressman, Rep. Clement J. Zablocki, (Dem.-Wisc.) charged that "a high number of American soldiers are living illicitly with Japanese girls."

To the Congressman's additional thrust, that he could not see how "the Army can do a good job with

**G.I. MISTRESSES
JUST \$17.50 A WEEK!**

Shows in Tokyo are less inhibited than in U.S. These are not Geisha, but strippers.

Kept women in Japan not only come cheap—they're so loyal and loving that the boys marry 'em . . .



their men not in barracks at night," Johnson said, "That's his opinion."

Stung, military officials pointed out that the Army furnishes plenty of activities to occupy the soldier's off-duty hours, citing sports of all types, dull, wholesome Service Club parties, recreation trips and dances, hobby shops and movies.

Johnson's reply to charge and counter-charge: "There's nothing like a dame."

OTHER sleeping-out soldiers back him up. As far as they are concerned, the ping pong tables can stand dusty in the plush day rooms, and as for a hobby, well—to each his own.

The *Christian Herald* said in a by-lined article that "moral deterioration in Japan has become so great that Japanese officials are expressing concern."

According to the *Herald's* figures, there are some 124,000 licensed prostitutes in Japan today, with an estimated 75,000 "amateurs" on the prowl.

It's from the ranks of these enthusiastic "amateurs" that the greatest number of recruits are drawn for the growing army of "kept girls"—another polite Nipponese term.

"But taksan (working prostitutes) will be kept girls, too," Johnson pointed out.

These hard-working business girls will gladly exchange their fluctuating income for month to month security at the drop of a wallet. A home of their own, they say, with the rent always paid on time, is a better bet than a busy room behind the bar.

For instance, take the tiny house of Sp2 Ted Johnson, tucked discreetly into an alley literally a hefty stone's throw away from the rarefied atmosphere of Armed Forces Far East Eighth Army (Rear) Headquarters. Here, the big brass look out of their windows in the "Little Pentagon" and frown over their big problems.

From his nest in the village of Sobudai-mae, just outside the back gate of the headquarters housed at Camp Zama, Ted Johnson looks out and laughs.

The AFPE 8th Army Public Information staff there which serves some 20 generals and *their* staffs, and the staff's staffs, was caught in the embarrassing crossfire from newspapers and Congressmen.

The PIO press agents whipped up a statement. "All countries don't have American morals. We are not here to change the morals of a country."

"So there," they might have added, but they could not change the statistics. Actual figures are impossible to tabulate, but among the nearly 100,000 GIs now stationed on the Isles of Nippon, estimates of men holding keys to a home away from home range from 10,000 to 20,000.

THE only figure that holds any interest for Ted Johnson is the one belonging to one Yamata Michiko, 19, originally of Yokohama.

Ted is young, and proud of the specialist's eagle and bar on his sleeve. Japan was a long, long way from home, and after one good look around the sight-seeing circuit, Ted became lonely.

Michiko is young, too—and lovely in the bargain. She was at hand, only a desk away in the office on post where they worked as clerks.

What with job questions, and one thing leading to the proverbial another, it wasn't long before Ted found Michiko to be as tractable as she is lovely. She was more than willing to play house.

Finance quickly reared its head, as it will. A specialist second class' salary, with overseas pay added,



Hostesses in a Tokyo club. Some Japanese girls are very pretty; all have a Grade-A reputation for making their men contented.

comes to about \$150 a month, in Ted's longevity bracket. After deductions for allotments—about half his pay—bonds, and so forth, Johnson only drew \$60-\$70 a month across the pay table.

Michiko couldn't help financially. Her pay went to her parents in Yokohama. She kept only enough to live in JN (for Japanese National) barracks on post.

Ah—but there was a practical mind under that so popular Italian Boy hairdo of Michiko's. It could have been experience, too, but no matter. She explained to Ted that rent isn't too high in Japan, and showed him a two-room house with the benjo on the back porch, where practical Japanese figure an outhouse should be.

"Costs eight thousand Yèn," she told him, "for month."

About \$20, Johnson figured, wasn't bad at all.

Michiko knew the ropes. She told him that fuel costs were negligible, if they stay native and use the two styles of charcoal burning hibatchis, the cooking and heating pots. If they go "stateside" and buy oil burning heaters and cooking stoves, prices will skyrocket.

Food? Michiko says she can make do very well for them both on \$30 a month. Japanese vegetables are large and cheap on the open market, and meat and fish of all kinds are plentiful.

For fancy canned goods, she tells Ted, there are the concessions operated by the Post Exchange, where he doesn't need a commissary card.

The legitimately married soldiers in Japan have these cards issued to them, so that they may shop for staples at low costs. (Continued on page 55)

THE BEAUTIFUL WITCH OF DARJEELING

This Babe Was Going to Take Some Special Kind of Taming. She Was the Kind of Dame Who'd Spell Trouble to Any Guy—Even Without Black Magic.

By JOHN A. KEEL

HIS name was Jarsu and he stood there with his bare feet twitching against the cold ground, while the snowy peaks of the Himalayas rose majestically around him. He was a little man with thin shoulders and hollow cheeks, and he was dying.

His arms dangled at his sides. His eyes were red with fear and worry. His bronzed skin was ashen with the pallor of impending death. There was no medicine in the world that could save him, yet I had been called in to rescue him, and all the others, from that strange jungle death.

I'd hunted all kinds of crazy game in India, from the abominable snowman to a white cobra, but this was the first time I'd gone after a *dhامي*—a *dhامي* which had been snuffing out lives indiscriminately in those mountains and needed a taste of the white man's justice.

"This is the third one in three months," Harley Forbes, the tall English tea planter, observed with quiet awe beside me. "They all go this way. They lose their will to live. They die by inches. I haven't been able to cope with it."

A crowd of curious native people had gathered around us. Most of them were on strike against the tea plantations, but now the strike was forgotten. I was the current big attraction for Harley Forbes had given me a buildup as a "great American *jadoo-wallah*." And at that moment I felt like a big shot, powerful and full of confidence. It didn't take the *dhامي* long to change that.

A *dhامي* is a kind of witch with evil overtones.

Witches aren't at all unusual in the Himalayan foothills. Nearly every plantation has some old crone who whips up magic love charms, does fortune-telling and blesses babies. But it was Forbes' misfortune to be stuck with a wicked *dhامي*, one who created curses and evil spells and practiced some kind of mountain voodoo. She had come down from the hills of Nepal and had set up shop in a forest on Forbes' estate. For a price, she drew up curses against her customers' enemies and they could watch these enemies waste away magically in front of their eyes.

Jarsu was the third one to face such a death since the witch's arrival three months earlier. The police were helpless against a *dhامي*. There were no laws against haunts! So Forbes, knowing my interest in magic and the occult, had invited me up from Calcutta, where I'd been doing some routine reporting.

"There's something a bit annoying here," Forbes had written with typical English understatement. "But it may very well give you a story. I hope you can come up here for a week as my guest and look into it."

The promise of a story, plus a week of free living in one of the most majestic and exhilarating spots on earth, was too much to resist. Although I was getting ready to leave India and head for Rangoon and Singapore, I decided I could squeeze in a week in the Himalayas. I packed my typewriter and climbing boots and headed north.

Trouble was hanging low over the mountains like a heavy black cloud when I arrived in Darjeeling, a beautiful village suspended (Continued on page 55)

I'd expected an old hag with a wart on her nose, but this was a gorgeous chick no more than 25.



HORROR AMAZONS of

**The fierce, beautiful
Dahoman girl soldiers
nearly conquered all
North African nations**

By CYRUS W. BELL

THE use of women as front line combatants during war has traditionally been frowned upon. Yet, one ancient West African kingdom developed the strangest army of female soldiers the world has ever known.

Anthropologists who recently studied the Kingdom of Dahomey, bounded on the north of the Niger River and on the south by the Gulf of Guinea, report that its regiments of native women warriors numbered over 8,000. These feminine troops, known as "ahosi," or amazons, distinguished themselves with bow, spear, gun, and bayonet in combat *against men!*

The fantastic Dahomey amazon army, whose motto was "We are men—not women," was divided into four different branches, each of which was commanded by a staff of highly competent women officers who assumed the discipline and training responsibilities of the girl killers.

The most esteemed of the various branches was the "agbarya," or the grenadiers. The grenadier women were the most intrepid—one detachment served as sharpshooting carbineers and another functioned as nimble bayoneteers. These women were husky in build and were capable of enduring considerable fatigue, pain and privation.

Next in line was a battalion of specialized maidens—the elephant huntresses, who were said to be the wildest in the whole army. These girls, also huge and ferocious, were seldom used for war because they were deemed too valuable to lose on the battlefield. Twenty of these fearless fighters, according to



Although Dahomey's amazons were domesticated after their crushing defeat in 1894, they still take part in the tribal war dances.



HISTORY

official reports, once tracked down a herd of pachyderms and killed seven of them in one volley.

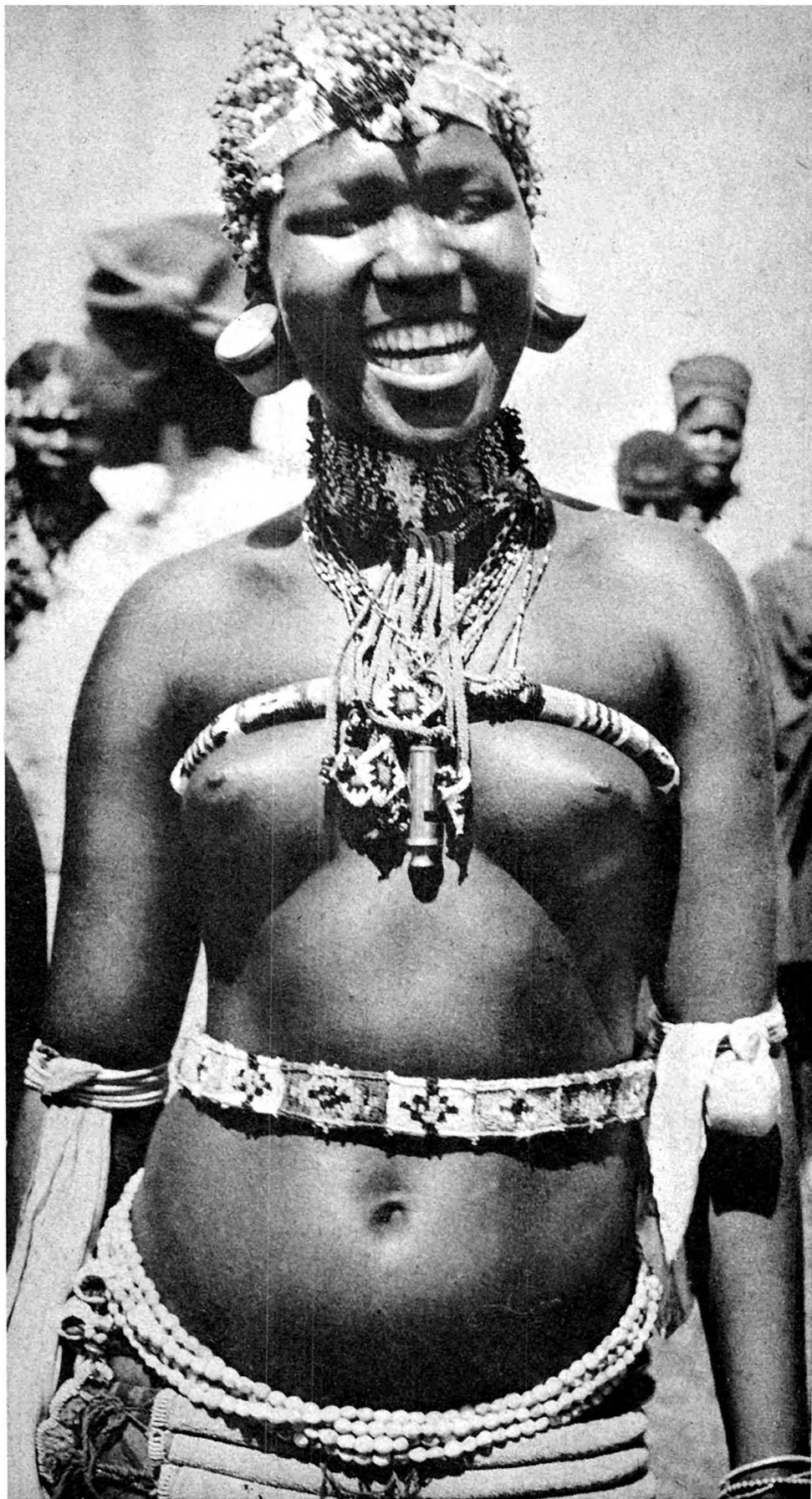
The two companies which formed the remainder of the unusual force were the infantry women and the archeresses. The infantry was armed with muskets. Unlike their military sisters these skirt-soldiers were not so fierce, though they affected a marshal swagger in public. These gals were somewhat of more slender build, rather mild and unassuming in appearance, since they were without much muscle. Sometimes, they could be made to fight with fury, but in several instances they proved cowardly under fire and ran off.

The archeresses, as a group, were the youngest girls and the prettiest, all of them in their late teens. Serving as part of the display and parade corps, they were armed with a strong bow, a quiver of poisonous arrows and a small knife lashed to their body for any hand-to-hand combat. Used in action primarily as scouts and litter-bearers for the wounded, this group of damsels was distinguished by a peculiar tattoo on the torso and by scanty attire which consisted of a brief loin cloth, an ivory bracelet on the left arm—and nothing else!

Most of the amazons, however, were fully dressed. The women wore a blue-and-white-striped poncho-like garment without sleeves, leaving freedom for their arms. The skirt or tunic reached just below the knee, while underneath they wore a pair of home-spun panties. Their cartridge belt formed a kind of girdle which kept their dress snug and close.

THE amazon system of warfare depended on the element of surprise. The Dahoman women would march out, and when they came within a few days' distance from the town to be raided, they operated in complete silence. No fires were allowed. Main roads were avoided and the women made their advance by laboriously hacking away the dense foliage.

At night, the enemy town would be surrounded. Just before sunrise, the daring maidens would attack and attempt to nab their human
(Continued on page 60)



Dahoman girls, considered to be the most beautiful in Africa, have turned their once war-like physical skills to tilling their crops.



66 CONVICT GIRLS



The mutineers and their women crowded the deck and taunted the men and girls as the longboat put off on the choppy sea.

Riot, Mutiny and Rape Were Inevitable Once the All-Girl Convict Ship Got Underway

BY IVAN CAMERON

FROM the moment Major James Semple Lisle set foot on the prison ship, *Lady Shore* at Portsmouth, England, in June, 1797, he sensed that mutiny was in the making. All the soldier-guards lolled against the bulwarks, hot-eyed and sullen, while the seamen seemed in no hurry to prepare for the voyage. The atmosphere was tense, and he heard a soldier say: "We'll kill the captain and seize this ship once we get to sea!"

Despite his military title, Major Semple Lisle was a convicted felon. They'd brought him down from Newgate prison by carriage and es-

corted him quickly, but respectfully, on board. One thing about the major, everyone liked him. They'd even allowed him to bring along a trunk of his most treasured possessions.

Capt. Wilcocks was surprised when the bailiffs delivered the new prisoner, but he was impressed with the man's immaculate dress and his proud, imposing manner.

"What do we have here?" Capt. Wilcocks bellowed. "A male prisoner? I'm transporting a shipload of women!"

"Orders from the Crown. He's your responsibility, Capt'n," the chief bailiff said. The man cocked

his head, listening to the shrill cries of the women imprisoned below, and his gaze wandered out to sea. "A trip I'd like to go on myself, by gorry," he sighed enviously, shaking hands with Major Semple Lisle.

Capt. Wilcocks glanced at the commitment papers. He recognized the name of Major Semple Lisle. The major was known throughout England as a soldier of fortune, adventurer, lover, and crony of the nobility of Europe.

"You are my only male prisoner on this transportation to New Holland," the captain said with a twin-
(Continued on page 61)

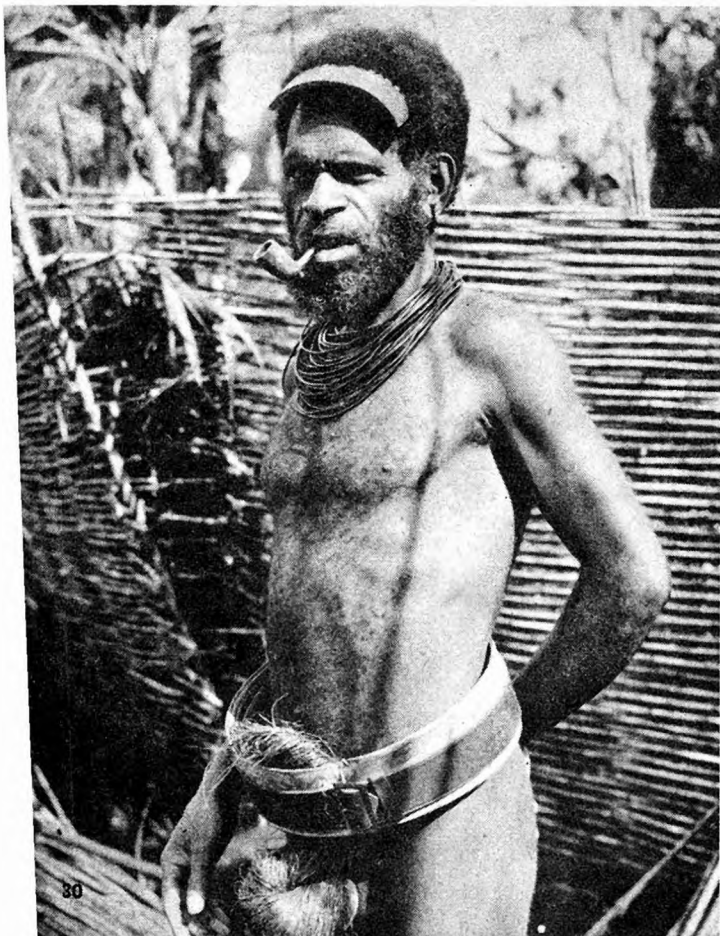
STRANGE MARRIAGE PRACTICES OF THE NEW HEBRIDES

By KARL W. DIETZ

There's Nothing Secret or Sacred About Love-Making in These Tropic Islands. Any Man or Woman is Fair Game When the Mood Strikes

KOMA, the black-skinned chief of the village of Ambrym, whom I'd hired as foreman of my native crew, apparently thought it was part of his job to see that I didn't suffer from a lack of love.

In fact, Koma worried a great deal about my non-existent sex life. He came into my tent the second week of his employment and squatted on the floor, native style. For long minutes he studied the pinups



Village chief Koma (l.) and youth (above, r.) wear bark belt, grass trappings—signs of men who have proved their manhood and ability to sire children.



In nambal ceremony boy (with medicine man, above) enters manhood after siring child—in public show. Girl (l.) after her amuji—a strange engagement party at which bride's charms are sampled by groom's relatives.

I had on the sides of the tent. Then he said abruptly: "A man cannot sleep with pictures."

There was logic in his words, but I didn't tell him the women of the New Hebrides islands just don't do anything to a white man. They're unwashed, smelly, infested with insects and just not attractive—except, of course, to another smelly, buggy native. Besides, I had something more important than women on my mind; oil exploration in the tropics is a tough 14-hour-a-day job.

When the big black man left my tent he was feeling very sorry for me. Since fathering children is the principal enterprise of adult New Hebrides males, he simply couldn't understand a white man's preoccupation with other things, especially work.

A few minutes later Koma was back—with a girl. She was his daughter, he said proudly. I stared at her in amazement. Her hair wasn't black and kinky; it was red and straight. And her skin was a coffee-with-

cream color. Most amazing of all, her features were almost Caucasian.

I said: "Is this girl *your* daughter?"

He assured me that she was, indeed, his daughter—being the offspring of his wife and an oil man to whom he had rented his wife 17 years before.

I didn't argue the technicalities of the girl's ancestry. I was aware that any offspring of a native's wife is considered to be his own. I just stared at that girl with one thought in my mind. She was actually beautiful. And her shapely, almost nude figure made my pinup girls seem like a miserable substitute.

Koma said hopefully: "I rent her to you—for one box of cigarettes."

I accepted his offer.

That was my introduction to one of the many strange sex customs of the natives of the New Hebrides—the renting of one's daughter or wife to another man for a small fee. But (Continued on page 66)

WHY MEN SWAP THEIR

By L. MACKAY PHELPS



The swapping of wives in squalid sexual deals is becoming more and more prevalent. Smart country club sets practice this sordid kind of adultery

LAST fall the nation was shocked, horrified, and revolted by news of the so-called "wife-swap murder" that occurred in supposedly staid and moral Amesbury, Massachusetts.

The accounts again called attention to a phenomenon that is more frequent in our tension- and frustration-ridden society than is generally suspected.

This phenomenon is the exchange of marital partners in a wide variety of ways, ranging from an animalistic swap for an hour or a night for the sole purpose of erotic indulgence with strange or semi-strange partners to highly moral, legal exchange through divorce and reshuffling of the couples by means of new marriages.

Wife-swapping in any form is almost invariably accompanied by tragedy of some sort. The above example represents tragedy in its most sordid aspect.

Briefly, sometime during the weekend of Palm Sunday (April 12), 1953, pretty Lorraine Eaton Clark, 28, very thoroughly killed her husband, Melvin W. Clark Jr., 29, and disposed of his body.

She both shot and stabbed him, trussed his body with wire, and transported the corpse to a salt marsh in the Merrimac River, where it was subsequently found by a bird-watcher.

By the time it was found it was little more than a skeleton, and

The wild and wanton wife-swapping parties take place in wealthy suburban homes, are accompanied by dancing, gambling, drinking.

WIVES



Arthur Jackson boasted about wife-swapping and was jailed.



Mrs. Lorraine Clark, swapped wife who killed her husband.

identification was possible only through the fact that three missing rear teeth corresponded with dental records.

On the very night that she did away with her husband, set as Friday, April 10, the slender, stunning brunette mother of three young children committed adultery, according to the State.

She was ultimately arrested and charged with first-degree murder. Her trial was scheduled to get underway on Monday, November 29, 1954.

ON the first day of the trial, however, when asked by the Court how she pleaded to the first-degree murder indictment, she gave the surprising reply:

"I am guilty in the second degree." (The difference between first degree and second degree murder is that first degree must be premeditated, while second degree is committed on the spur of the moment, usually under extreme emotional tension.)

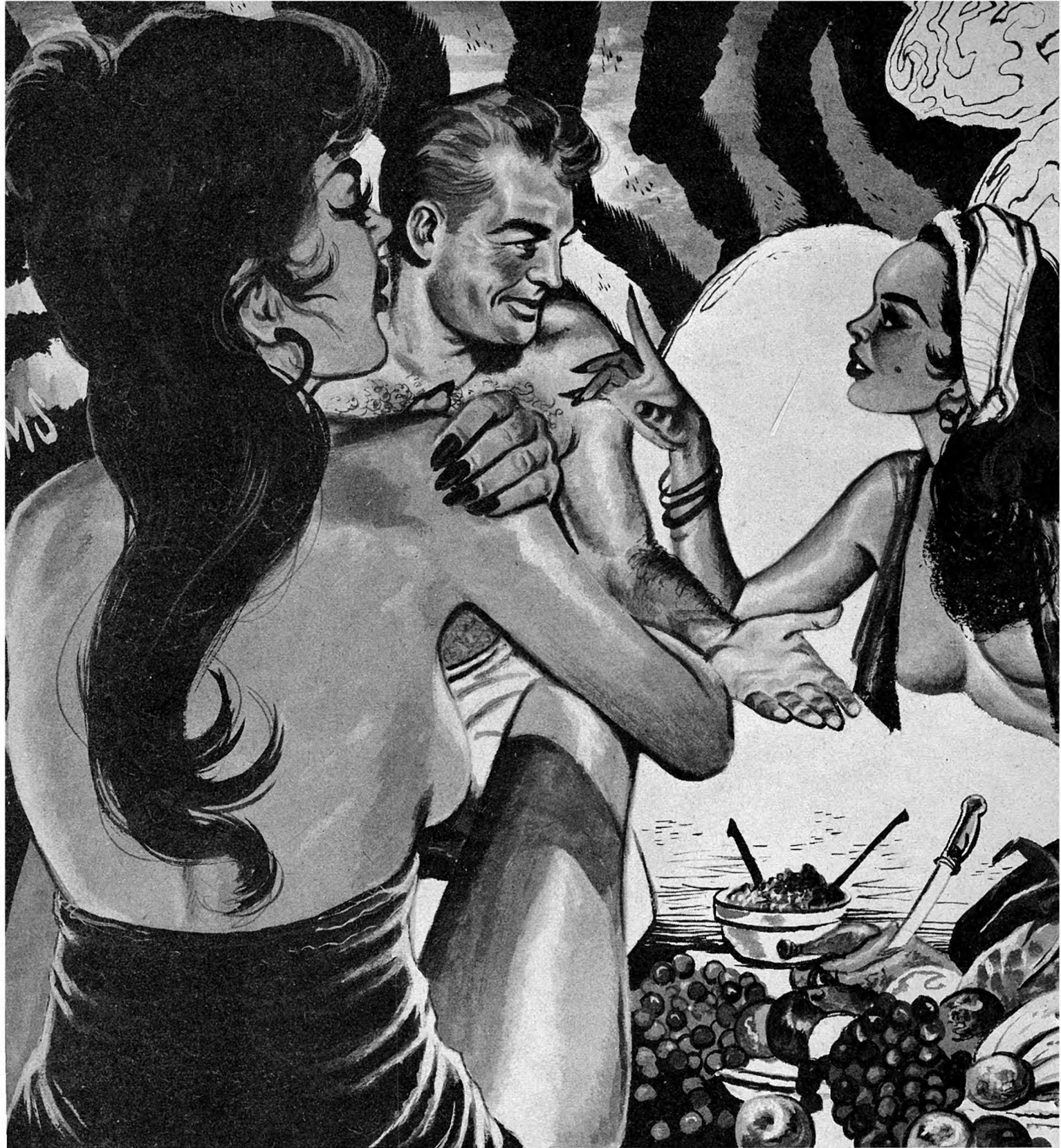
The Court accepted her plea, and promptly gave her the mandatory

sentence of life imprisonment.

The reason she refused to stand trial is significant to this article, since there was doubt that she would have been convicted of first-degree murder.

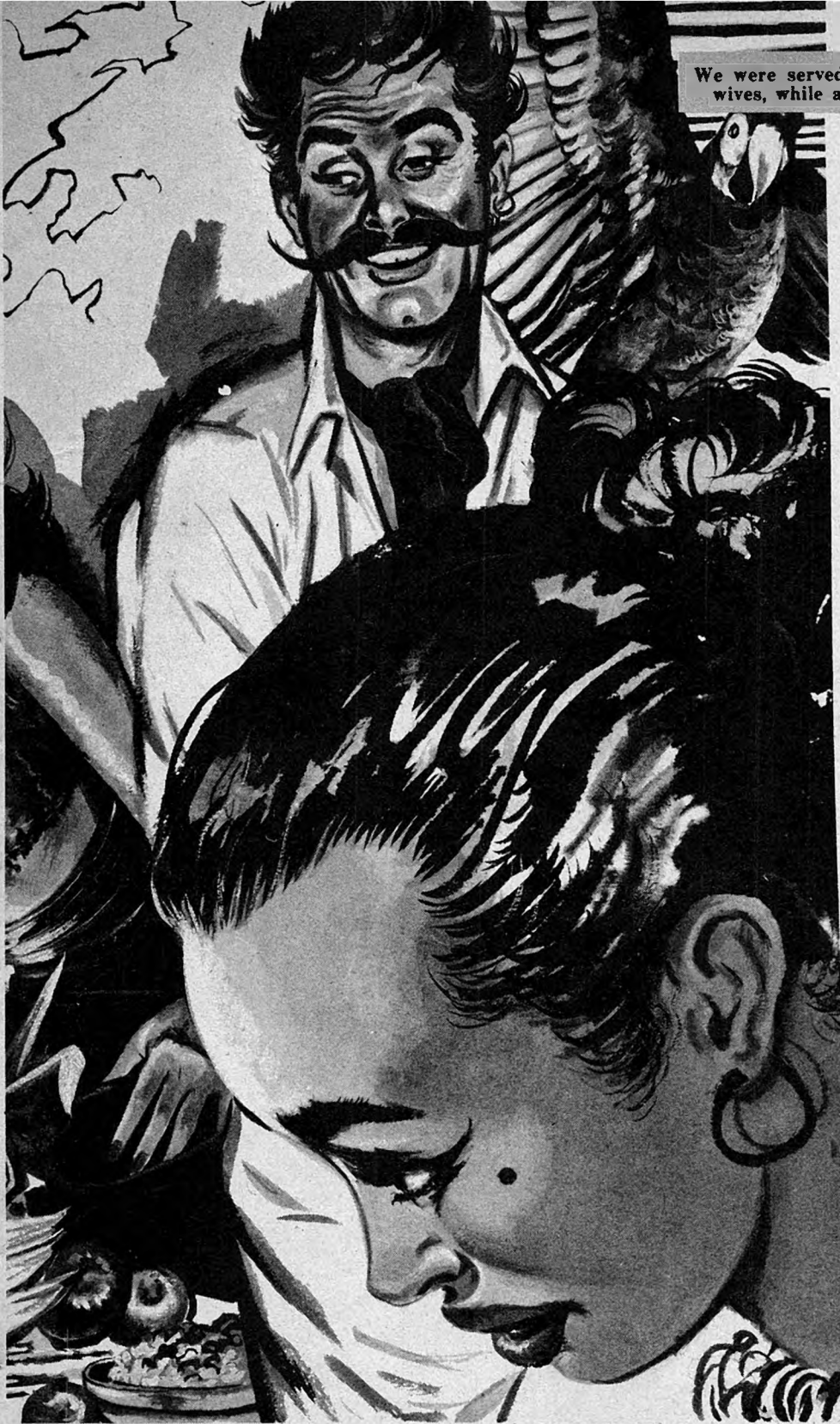
She had signed a three-page confession that she, and she alone, had committed the killing. According to District Attorney Hugh A. Clegg, this confession was "too lurid to make public."

It reportedly gave facts and names about wife-swapping parties
(Continued on page 72)



ETIENNE'S

DUSKY



We were served supper by three of Etienne's luscious wives, while a dozen more giggled behind the trees.

The Frenchman Had It Made When Pretty Wives were Under Discussion

BY JIM DUANE

WHATEVER else you might say about Etienne, there was no question of his virility. The place swarmed with half-breed children and little half-naked brown women who made up the Frenchman's establishment. When we moored our boat at the crushed coral dock and walked up the trail to his compound at the jungle edge, there were five women in sight and we knew Etienne had others.

This harem, flourishing under the American flag, wasn't pretentious as establishments go but it was elegant by the standards of Mindanao in the Philippine Islands. Etienne had a small coconut plantation of four thousand trees in a clearing at the edge of the bush. As usual, the trees were planted too close together.

"He produces about 400,000 nuts a year," Capt. Walker told me as we walked up the trail from the small dock. "As you can see, that isn't all he produces."

There was smoke coming from a small copra dryer that stood in a corner of the compound and a considerable pile of sacked copra was waiting to be shipped to Zamboanga. This was the reason I was

(Continued on page 70)

HAREM

THE ISLE

• • "IT'S an island of women," the old sunshiner had told us, "and the females there are away behind on their homework."

We were young and it was enough to get us going. My companion was Fred Martin. He came from some little town in Oklahoma and was a couple years older than me. At this time, a few years before the big war with the Japs, he was wandering around the Islands with an eye open for the main chance and he wasn't too loaded with responsibilities. I was 24 then and I had been in Sulu country south of Zamboanga for three years. For a while I had a gang of Moros down on Sitanki, across the strait from North Borneo. I had been drying *beche-de-mer*, the big nasty-looking sea cucumber that has a big market in China as an aphrodisiac.

It was because of a shipment of *beche-de-mer* that I happened to meet Fred. I had taken ten piculs of *beche-de-mer* to Jolo in a Moro *sapit*, those big-bellied sailboats the Mohammedans maneuver all over the Sulu Sea. I was going to ship my cargo to Manila on the old freighter *Fernandez Hermanos* and at the

Fred and I figured we'd found a real paradise—until we began to develop irksome surpluses of very useful material with supply gaining steadily on the demand.



OF LONELY WOMEN

last moment I decided to go along with the sea cucumbers. I hadn't been in the hot spots for a long time. I needed a little companionship, female by sex.

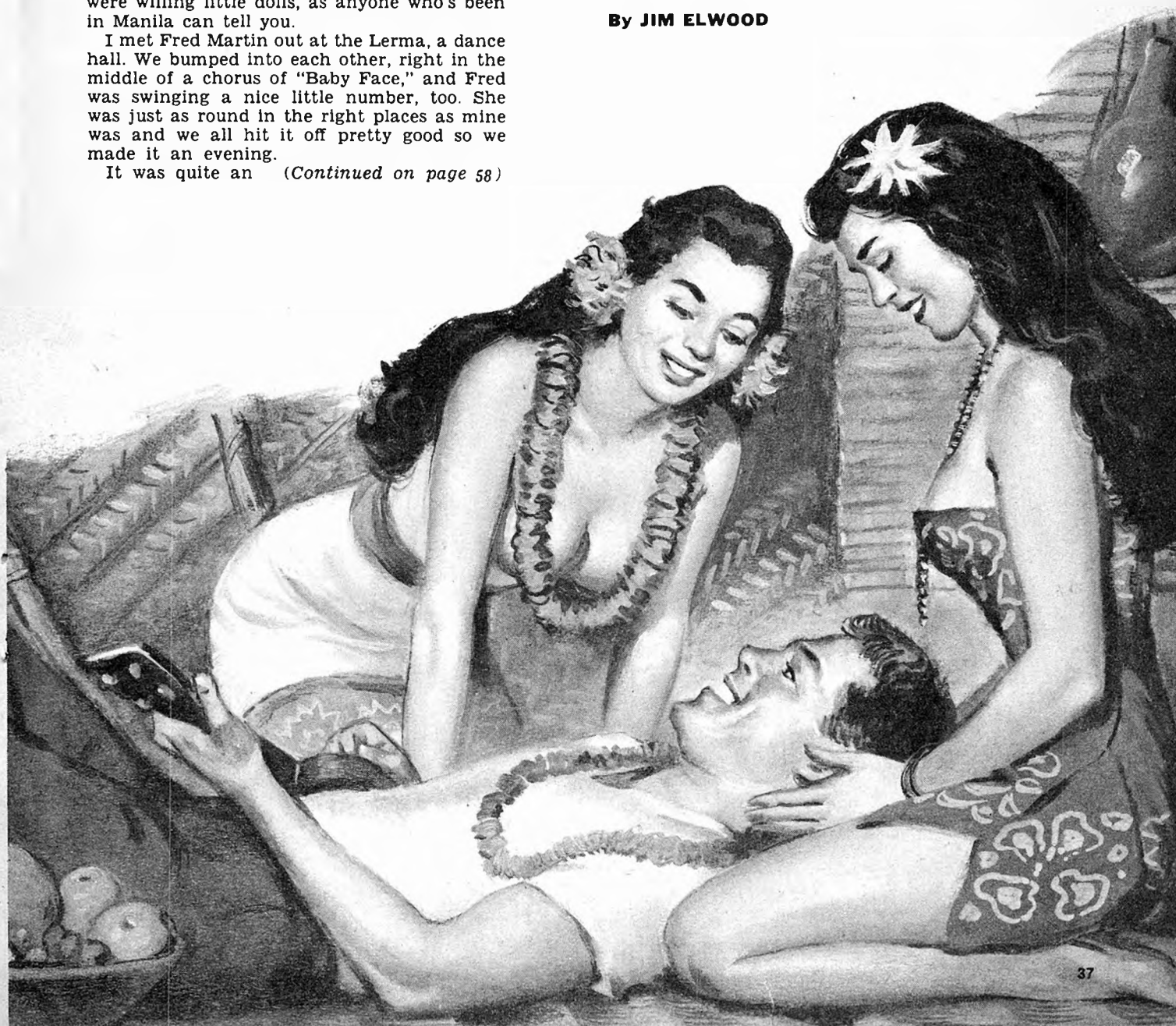
Manila was a real town in those days. I got into a suit of white duck and took off for an evening of what we used to call "swinging the apes." The gals were far from apes, though, believe me. They were cute little numbers; some of them with black hair down to their knees. They were a pretty good eyeful, too, in their cotton dresses that barely concealed tidy little superstructures. The heels of their little *chinelas* used to go slap-slap-slap on the sidewalk when they tripped down the street. They were willing little dolls, as anyone who's been in Manila can tell you.

I met Fred Martin out at the Lerma, a dance hall. We bumped into each other, right in the middle of a chorus of "Baby Face," and Fred was swinging a nice little number, too. She was just as round in the right places as mine was and we all hit it off pretty good so we made it an evening.

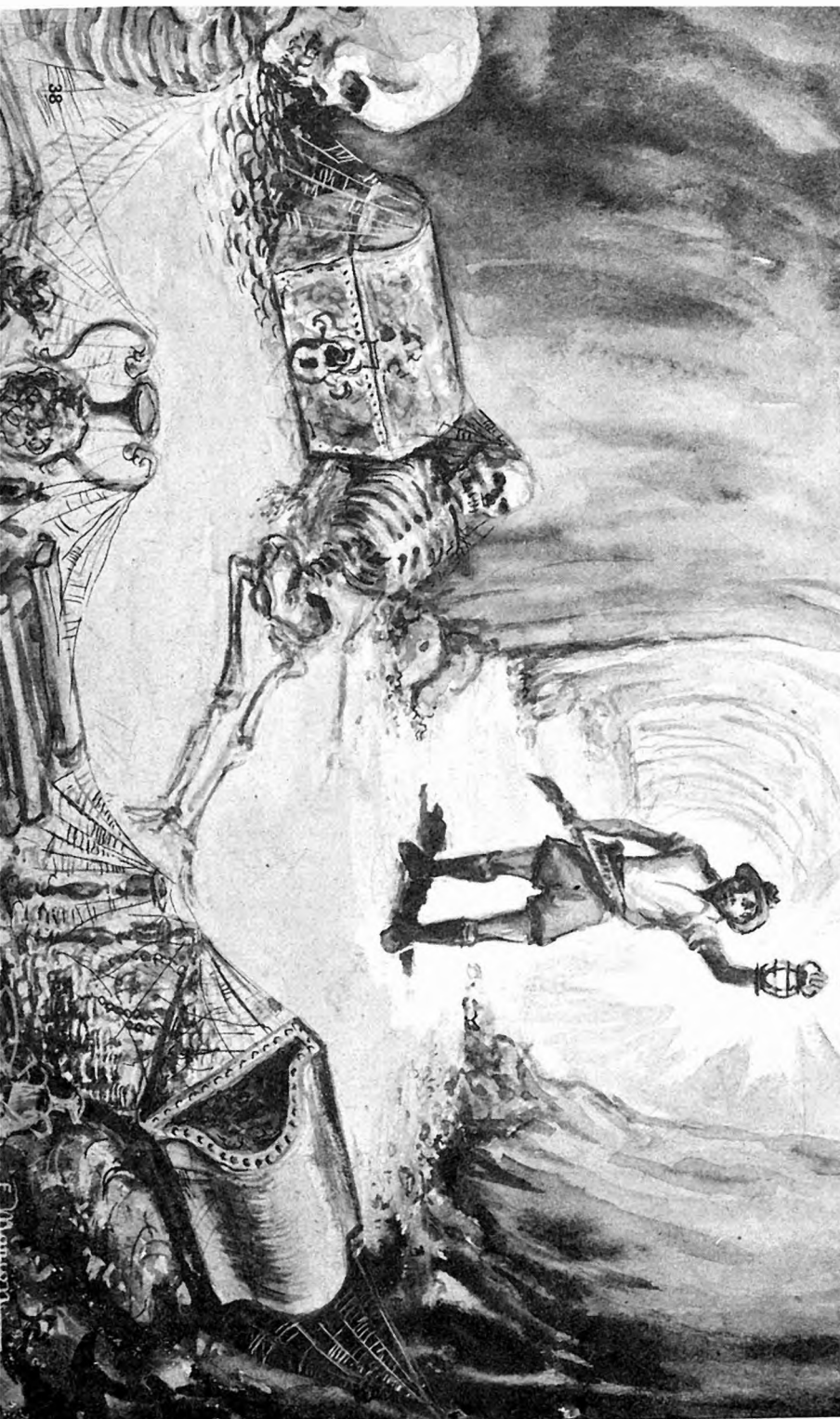
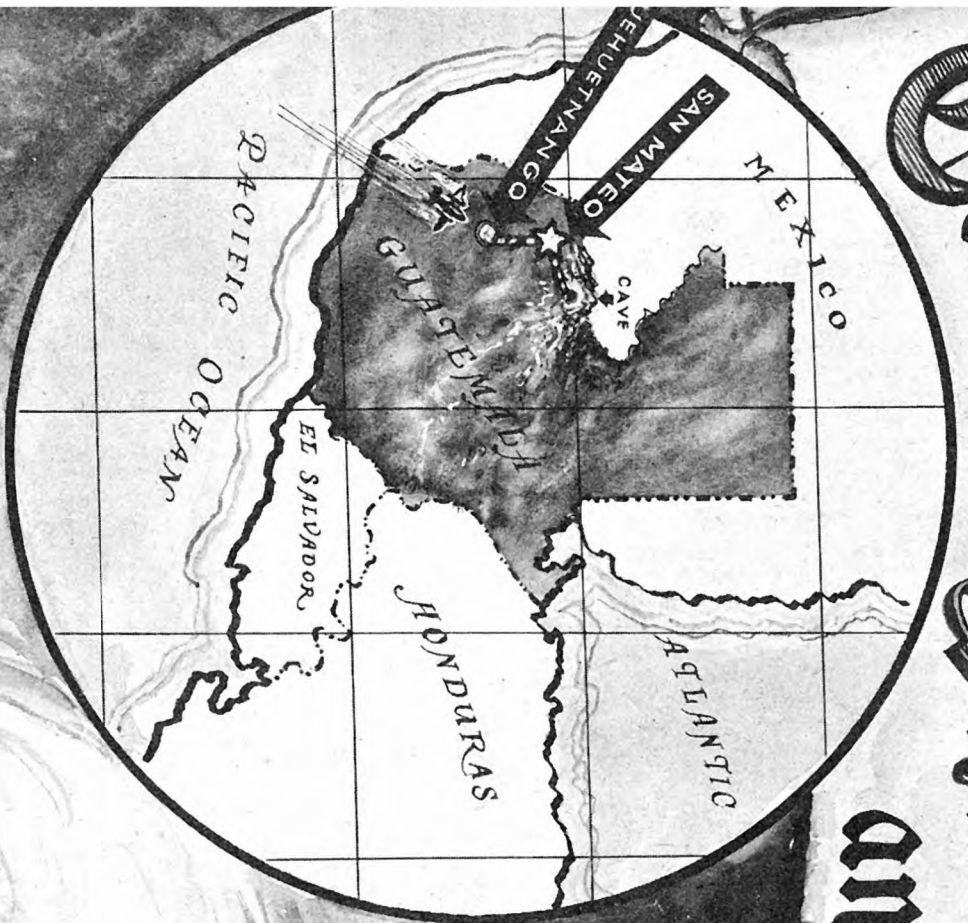
It was quite an (Continued on page 58)

One of the World's Craziest Islands Is Siquijor, Where There Are Ten Gals to Every Able-Bodied Man

By JIM ELWOOD



Woe of Skeletons and Gold



Our author was not the first man to discover the gold—but others who had been before him had left their bones to bleach in the mysterious cave. Only Bert's training in Korea saved him from the same horrible, lingering death.



The author, who left a steady job in Chi for wild jungle adventure.

By BERT HUERMANN

GUATEMALA'S back-country mountains are not easy to explore. The terrific tropical heat, the insects and the incessant rains make them plenty uncomfortable. And the knowledge that I'd be tortured if the Indians caught on to what I was up to didn't make the going any more pleasant.

But suddenly it was all worth while. Chinta, the gorgeous little Mayan-Quiche doll, smiled and pointed to a cave about 30 feet above us.

Jose, my half-breed guide and partner, grinned happily. So did I. We had something to grin about—we were about to cash in on a fortune.

I stared up at the cave. It looked like any of the thousands we'd seen

in those rocky, jungle-covered mountains. I looked back at Jose—and into the barrel of his .38. He was still grinning. "You were a fool," he said, "if you thought I intended to divide the gold with you."

Chinta ran to Jose and wrapped an arm around his waist. It was real cozy. I cursed bitterly. I'd trusted those rats, especially Chinta.

But Jose made 2 big mistakes. He didn't shoot me right away—he was enjoying the terror on my face. And he should have been suspicious of Chinta's sudden change of affections.

Without taking my eyes from Jose I watched Chinta slowly pull the knife from the little half-breed's belt. Then, with her left arm still around Jose's waist, she plunged that shiv into his flank.

Instantly, almost before he felt the agony in his guts, Chinta chopped Jose's gun arm with an upward blow. The stabbed man's bullet barely missed me—but it missed.

Jose staggered toward me, trying desperately to find the strength to level his gun arm again. I put a slug between his eyes. It blew the back of his head off.

Chinta was smiling. She was also excitedly jerking off her little skirt. Any other time I would have been plenty pleased. But I wasn't in the mood for romancing; after that close escape from extinction I was nervous and jittery. I said with disgust, "Let's see what's in the cave first."

A couple of seconds later, after Chinta put her arms around my neck, whatever was in that cave was suddenly the second most important thing in the world.

A half hour later we climbed up to the cave. But before I tell you what we found—or about the hideous butcheries I participated in as a result of what we found—let me tell you how I got involved in that fantastic adventure.

AFTER I was discharged from Korean service I went back to the old job in a Chicago factory. But the job didn't have its former appeal; after what I'd gone through overseas it seemed monotonous and dull.

I began to read adventure stories, finding the excitement I craved by reading about somebody else's adventures. Mostly I read the stories about guys who had gone fortune hunting—and who had found what they were looking for. At first I figured those stories, while they were interesting, were just the products of various professional authors' imaginations.

Then I saw an article in a newspaper that stated that last year
(Continued on page 67)



The native Indians—especially the women—were friendly until they discovered the true reason for Bert's journey.

SOUTH SEA PLAYMATE

ON FIRE



EXOTIC dancer Blaze Starr is a talented stripper who has been featured in a couple of movies as well as countless nightclubs. "Of course stripping is an art!" she says when quizzed. "All the great artists painted beautiful women. Stripping is just another way of doing the same thing, showing the feminine form that women as well as men have always admired and always will!"

**A bouncing beauty
named Blaze shows
some of the assets that
have made her famous**



Pics show Blaze on stage (opposite page) and at home in informal getup after show (above).



**SOUTH SEA
PLAYMATE**



HISTORY'S MOST TERRIBLE PUNISHMENT

The most horrible death ever suffered by man was that of

Robert Damiens who attempted to assassinate King Louis XV

By GEORGE HOLBROOK

HISTORIANS generally agree that the most hideous torture and death ever imposed was that suffered by one Robert Francois Damiens, who made an unsuccessful attempt to assassinate King Louis XV of France on the afternoon of January 5, 1757.

Damiens, who was known as *Robert le Diable* (Robert the Devil) because of his defiance of constituted authority, was tortured intermittently for months before his final execution on May 18, 1757. And the torments reserved for his death—which took place in the great public square known as the *Place de Greve*—were so hideous that they were outlawed from that time on.

Since that day, no human being has perished as Damiens died.

Many of the most famous medieval tortures are known to most well-read persons. They include, for example, the boot, the rack, the "Iron Maiden," flaying, breaking on the wheel, and burning—to mention but a few.

But none of these included the variety, and fiendish brutality of the torture-death reserved for Damiens. As its climax and conclusion, he was "drawn and quartered alive"—torn apart by four young, powerful horses in a complicated manner specifically prescribed by law as punishment for only the most heinous political offenders—such as traitors and assassins or would-be-assassins of royalty.

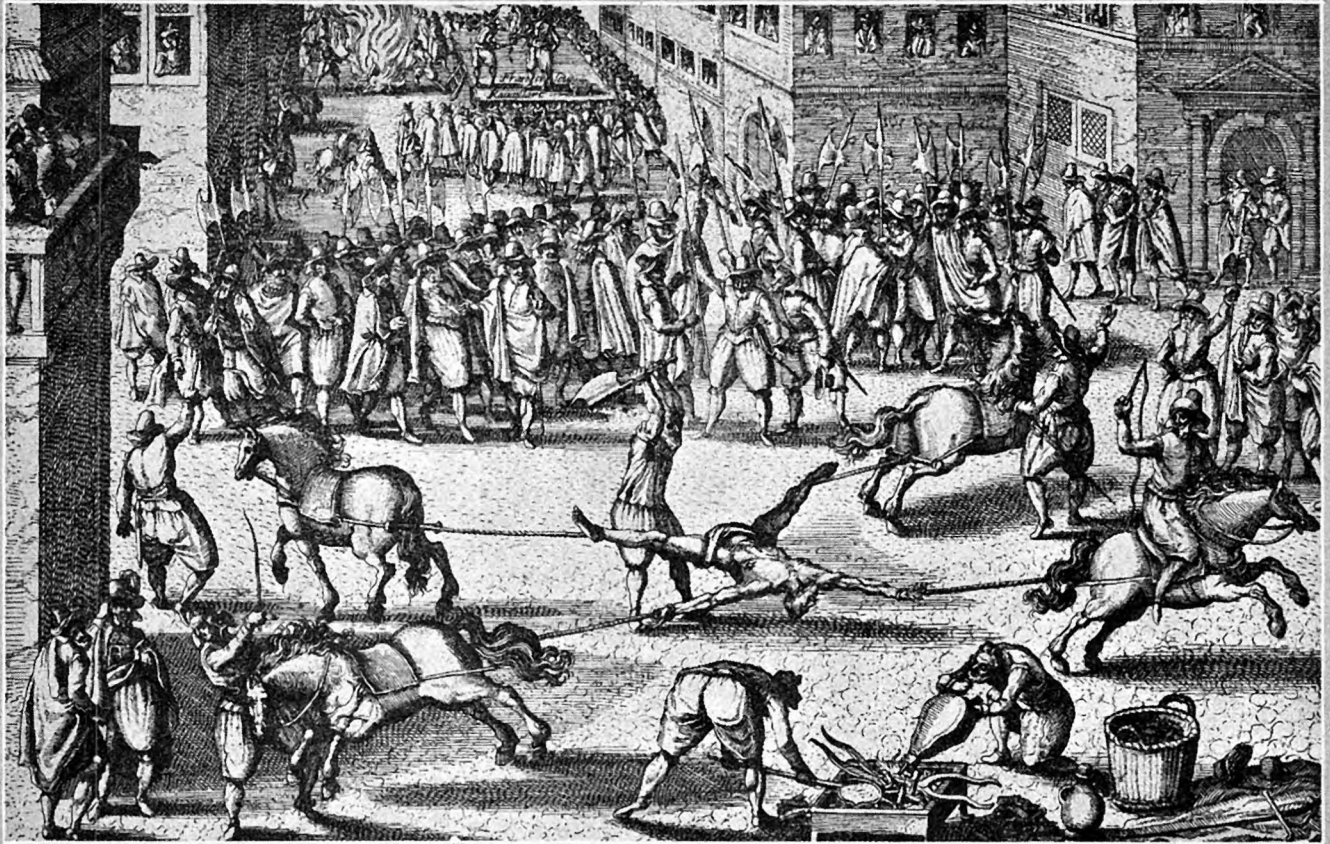
ALTHOUGH Damiens was not a hero, he attempted his crime against Louis XV, only in protest against the iniquities of the king, as he saw them.

Vice and corruption were rampant in the French court, while the plight of the people was pitiful. Louis XV, a weak, extravagant monarch, who was more interested in his mistresses than in a prosperous France, had just involved his country in the Seven Years' War on the advice of Mme. Pompadour. Taxes had been doubled, and the stage was being set for the terrible uprising of the oppressed known as the French Revolution.

Robert Damiens came from the lower classes; he had served in the army as a private and worked as a man-servant in noble homes. The cynical attitude of the ruling classes—who were bleeding France white—revolted him, and he fancied himself a sort of French Robin Hood.



Robert Damiens' effort to assassinate King Louis XV was feeble. He said he only wanted to scare Louis.



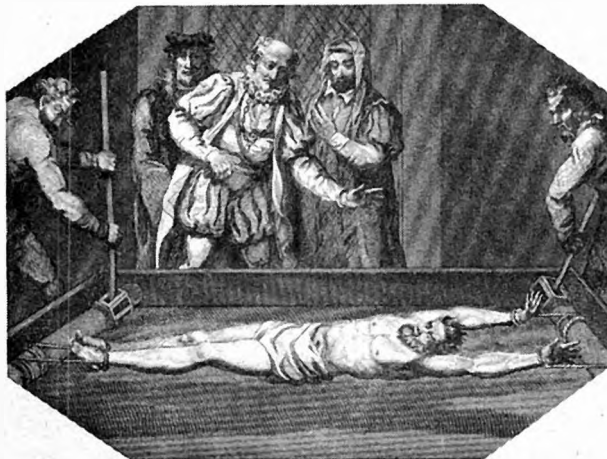
Damiens was imprisoned and tortured horribly in effort to extract names of non-existent confederates. Then he was drawn and quartered by horses.

His various acts of defiance—such as stirring up discontent and robbing a number of wealthy persons—had earned him the nickname of *Robert le Diable*. In 1756 the police were so close on his heels that he fled to Belgium until the heat “cooled off.” On his return, he was convinced that the Seven Years’ War would end disastrously (actually Frederick the Great crushingly defeated the French while the British acquired most of the French colonies). He believed that France would be harmed unless Louis XV changed his policies.

HISTORY, incidentally, has proven him completely right.

He may have been slightly demented, for he conceived the idea of giving the king a “scare.” Learning early in 1757 that the king was in residence in the magnificent Trianon palace at Versailles, he went to that town on January 4. On the following day he loitered at the palace gates, and when the king’s carriage passed through slowly, he leaped forward and tried to stab Louis XV in the side with a dagger.

(Continued on page 68)



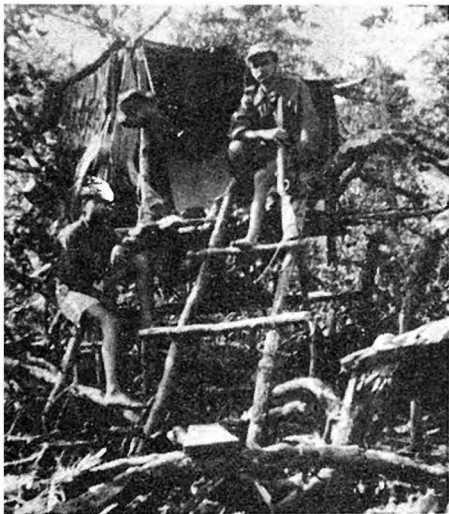
The rack was device used frequently to extract confessions from those accused of plots against a King.



Louis XV was a weak, extravagant ruler whom Damiens thought was ruining France. History proved him right.



"Mitchie" and six native assistants gathered about a slain tamarao, rated the most vicious animal of the Philippines.



Temporary tree shelter built by the hunters in Philippine swamp.

Mitchie Barcia about to harpoon modest-sized but open-jawed croc.



MANEATER

by Daniel Verne

Gonzalo Barcia, who calmly destroyed a croc that had killed 38 villagers, got the worst scare in his life from a band of frenzied monkeys!

■ The hunter froze as he spotted the jet black shape through a break in the thicket of *cogon* grass. His search was ended. He had tracked down a bull *tamarao*, a beast smaller than the water buffalo, but, pound for pound, the most vicious animal in the Philippines.

The short, stocky man and his native boys scarcely breathed. They were downwind from the *tamarao* and had been so skillful in their approach that the animal had not detected their presence.

Heat waves from the noonday sun made the sights of the hunter's gun appear to dance. Slowly he



of the PHILIPPINES

squeezed the trigger. The weapon barked and the animal dropped.

The clearing exploded. Two females, that had been sleeping out of sight nearby, bounded to their feet. The hunter squeezed off another quick shot and killed one female. Meanwhile, the other crashed away down a tunnel in the *cogon* grass toward a river several hundred yards away.

In a split-second the hunter looked back toward the spot where the male had fallen, but the animal had vanished. The man's piercing brown eyes searched the thicket for several seconds.

Suddenly the native assistant at the man's side fired his own 12-gauge shotgun. The hunter whirled to find that the second female had, for some un-

explained reason, turned from the river and was charging back toward them. She was spattered with buckshot and was killing mad. Her head was down and her wicked, curved horns were pointed forward, ready to gore the hunter's vulnerable belly. He snapped his gun to his shoulder, fired and brought down the enraged female *tamarao*. Her forward momentum carried her almost to his feet.

One of the natives leapt forward and with a *bolo* sliced the tendons of both *tamaraos'* hind legs. This action symbolized the completion of the kill and also served the more practical purpose of assuring the hunter that the beasts would not rise again.

Then the man and his assistants fanned out to search for the missing male, but they failed to find



The trussed croc in native canoe (left) has been taken alive for sale to a zoo.

Skin of the monster python which measured a full 31 feet, was wanted for zoo but was accidentally killed.



MANEATER

the animal. Undoubtedly it had died in some distant hiding place.

ASK almost any person in the hunting clubs and bars around Manila to pick one hunter who stands above the rest as the most skillful and daring man described above—Gonzalo Barcia.

Mitchie, as the hunter is known to his friends, is in the Philippines and invariably he will select the a *mestizo* (Spanish and Filipino) who was born thirty-two years ago on the southern Philippine island of Negros. His mild manner and his diminutive 5'7" frame belie the big reputation he has earned as a hunter. But put this small bundle of guts and skill up against a charging water buffalo or an attacking crocodile and it will be enough to stop the animal. Among his accomplishments, he holds the record for killing the longest crocodile taken in the Philippines. He nabbed it in Cataba, Palawan. The scaly monster was twenty-seven and one-half feet long.

On a croc hunting expedition on the Hinatuan River in Surigao, Mitchie was searching for a large man-eater which the local people credited with having killed thirty-eight persons. He and his assistants, as is their usual practice, went up river at night in *bancas*, native canoes. They carried harpoons and a .30-06 Winchester. The men wore carbide lamps on their caps to spot crocodiles and, if they were lucky, the man-eater.

Mitchie was about to harpoon a smaller *saurian* when the native in his canoe whispered that he could smell another crocodile close behind them. It was the man-eater for which they had been searching. The beast had glided to within twenty feet of the boat, but neither man had heard the large croc approach. After crowding the man-eater into a shallow tributary, Mitchie harpooned the animal and finished it off with a slug from his .30-06. This crocodile was twenty-three and one-half feet long.

Mitchie never will forget the rainy night at Lake Magaus when he and his companions had bedded down under soggy blankets on the wet earth.

"In the middle of the night one of my men woke me and told me that there were crocs all around us," Mitchie said. "I sniffed the air and detected the foul stink that the crocodile exudes when it is closing in on its quarry.

"I turned on my light and flashed it around us. Four pairs of crimson eyes gleamed back from the darkness. We shot all of the crocs, but if we had been seconds later we would have been goners."

A friend who accompanied Mitchie on another night hunting expedition described a time when the two were wading chest deep in water and crocs started closing in around them. The pair sprayed lead to all points of the compass to keep the crocodiles at a distance. This went on for nearly a half hour until the hunters reached a patch of high ground and found comparative safety.

Barcia became interested in hunting while he was an officer in the United States Transport Service. He met a professional hunter and was so impressed with the man's stories of croc hunting and the money to be made in the sale of skins that he quit his job and set out with 18 pesos (\$9 U.S.) in his pocket to try his luck in the same business. His first years were rough, but soon he began building a healthy bank balance. He since has accounted for nearly 8,000 crocs.

Mitchie has not limited himself to hunting crocs, however. Name almost any Philippine animal you wish—water buffalo, *tamarao*, wild boar, python or cobra—and he has either shot it or brought it back alive, Frank Buck style.

As a profitable sideline (Continued on page 64)

HAREM DIVERSIONS OF THE IMAM AHMED

(Continued from page 11)

make sure you'd know how I felt when I got a telegram in Cairo, last July, from one Abdul Bin Yaha, press agent to the Imam Ahmed.

Many kings, of course, and even our own president, have press secretaries whose duty it is to keep the papers informed of what the government is doing. Abdul, though, was the first one I ever met who sounded like a real fast-talking Broadway publicist, smooth as silk and twice as slippery.

I was surprised to learn that the king of Yemen had a publicity man of any kind, since he is notoriously secretive, and rarely makes any statement for publication. On the other hand, it figured that he might be taking steps to secure some favorable stories in the press, because he had just been hit with some extremely critical coverage.

A Scotchwoman who spent several months in his harem had told a harrowing tale of how the king had the front teeth yanked out of 14 of his concubines because he found out they had been smoking. The story made the front pages all over the world.

Anyway, Abdul's wire informed me that, along with representatives of British, Russian and other news services, I was being invited to spend a week at the royal palace in Taiz to find out the "true facts" about the king of Yemen and his court.

I FLEW to Yemen the next day, a Monday, and was met at the airport that afternoon by Abdul, a little guy with a beard and turban who looked like any well-to-do Moslem. The only thing really different about him was that he spoke perfect Oxford English, which he had learned, fittingly enough, at Oxford.

There were four other newsmen—one each from Russia, England, France and Italy—in the party, that took the half-hour, police-escorted drive to the palace that afternoon.

After we had been given a chance to get settled in our rooms, Abdul, being a press agent, naturally called a press conference. He opened it by addressing us somewhat as follows:

"Speaking for His Highness, the Kingdom of Yemen and myself, may I say first that we're awfully glad to have you chaps here. Much has been written about the Imam Ahmed in the foreign press, very little of it, unfortunately, being true.

"In a little while, you will meet the king. I am sure that you will find him to be a cultivated gentleman, fond of his people, solicitous of the welfare of all of his subjects, from the wealthiest to the most humble. Although, as part of our ancient custom, the king keeps a harem, he is a good family man, devoted to his two wives and his children. The women of the harem are treated with the utmost respect and given the many comforts appropriate to their honorary position.

"The king and his son, Crown Prince Mohammed El Badr, are sportsmen as well as statesmen. Their favorite recreation consists of riding through the streets and countryside on their precious steeds. Both of them have also mastered a game very popular in some of your countries—golf.

"While you are here, you will be free to observe whatever you wish and to go anywhere you like, with or without a guide, as you prefer. The sole exception to this rule, of course, is that you may not visit the harem. For religious reasons, that area must be closed to all who are not of the Moslem faith."

Well, in a little while the 68-year-old monarch arrived, and he turned out to be even better than his press agent at turning on the charm. He answered our questions fully and politely, and was modest enough to admit that he has never shot under 87 on the golf course.

That night there was a lavish dinner which lasted until about 11 o'clock, after which we were told that the king was retiring for the night. The next afternoon the other correspondents and I toured the royal gardens, visited the modern hospital next door to the palace and accompanied the king on a tour of the city. As Abdul had promised, nobody went with us when we looked around on our own later on. Yet I, for one, had

the creepy feeling that I was being watched at all times. For a while, though, I thought it was just my imagination.

I began finding out the truth about this and a lot of other things on the fourth night of my visit. I was reading in my room about 10 o'clock when I heard this soft tapping on the door. Before I could get up, it was suddenly opened by a dark-haired woman in Western dress, who darted inside and then closed it behind her.

I stood there with my mouth hanging open while she held her hand to her heart, then began whispering rapidly. "They almost saw me," she said excitedly. "Please do not make a noise. I will explain why I am here."

The girl's English was tinged with a slight French accent. She looked to be about 25, but had the haggard complexion and tired eyes of a woman who is old before her time. I led her to a chair. She caught her breath, then began speaking in normal tones.

SHE told me that she was one of a dozen Western women who had been bought by the king's emissaries in the white slave markets of Tangier and Beirut. They were not used for sexual purposes, being considered even lower than Moslem women by their masters. Instead they served as maids for the concubines—"slaves of slaves," as she put it.

"The reason I have come here, Monsieur," she said, "is to tell you the truth about this king and his court. I know why you and the other journalists are here. Word travels fast, especially among my sex. Do not believe the lies you are told. And please do not reveal that I have talked to you, or I shall receive a terrible whipping."

My informant, whose name was Odette, went on to tell me her version of life with the Imam Ahmed.

For one thing, I was being watched throughout my waking hours, and even at night a pair of guards made an occasional round of the wing where the other correspondents and I were staying. They were the ones who had almost caught her when she was sneaking up to my room from her quarters near

the harem.

Odette went on to tell me other things about life in the harem. Contrary to what we had been led to believe, the king did not consider "early to bed, early to rise" a good motto to live by. Each night after getting rid of us, he and the other courtiers would adjourn to the great marble hall of the harem section of the palace. The concubines would be brought in and made to perform mass dances. Sometimes as many as 150 women would be swaying in the nude to the native music, which sounds so strange and eerie to Western ears.

But this, Odette assured me, was one of the lesser debaucheries of the harem nights. Once or twice a week there would be sex orgies so abandoned that they offended even her experienced eyes. Rather than each picking a concubine and escorting her to a private room, the men of the court would all take their pleasure together. And sometimes they would do it competitively, making bets as to which of them could dally with the greatest number of girls during the long night of lust.

Other evenings would find sadistic cruelty heavily interspersed with the orgiastic sex behavior. Concubines would be whipped in the nude or subjected to even crueller and more gruesome punishments for the slightest offenses. The Arab girls themselves had the authority to punish Odette and the other Western women. She herself had often been stripped and whipped by the concubines before the king and his courtiers.

I interrupted the French girl's account to ask her about the tooth-pulling incident. She told me that it was true as reported by the Scotchwoman. Fourteen girls were punished in this way, all but one having the two upper middle incisors removed without benefit of anesthetic. The other girl refused to kneel to receive this punishment and tried to keep her jaws locked together. As a result, the king beat her until she submitted, then had four teeth, instead of two, removed from her mouth.

Odette talked for over an hour, giving me a picture of life in the royal palace that was far from what Abdul had in mind. Of course, as a newspaperman I was not going to take the word of a harlot for any story, and certainly not one this incriminating. So I asked her if there was any way in which I could possibly check what she had told

me for myself.

She thought for a while, and then said, "Sneaking into the harem is out of the question. It is heavily guarded, and you would certainly be caught. If you were lucky, you would be sent out of the country at once. If you weren't, I hate to think what might happen. But there is one way that you can get a partial view of the marble hall. I will try to come here at this same time Saturday night and show you how to do it. That is, if I am not seen returning to my quarters. If I am, you will hear my screams all through the palace."

When Odette was ready to go, I turned out the lights in my room, then opened the door a crack and reconnoitered the hallway. Seeing and hearing nothing, I let her out and she ran on tip-toes out of sight around a corner.

The appointed hour came Saturday night, and Odette didn't show. For two hours I sat there waiting, wondering whether she had been lying all along, or whether she had been found out and was being tortured for her misbehavior even then.

Finally, a few minutes after midnight, came the awaited tapping on the door. "Only now was the coast clear, as you say," she told me. "Follow."

We walked down a long, dimly-lighted corridor to the right from my room, and I don't mind admitting that I was plenty nervous, as I constantly expected a big eunuch with a scimitar to pop out from the next doorway.

"Watch carefully how we go," Odette whispered in my ear. "You will have to find the way back by yourself."

We turned a couple of corners, and went down two flights of stairs. Finally Odette stopped before a heavy wooden door. I opened it and we entered a pitch-black room, with only a tiny beam of light coming from a slit high up on one wall.

"It is a detention room," Odette told me. "The king's children may not be whipped, according to tradition, so they are sent here for punishment. They are too small to see through the hole, but you can if you stand on your toes. I must go now."

I started to thank her, but she stopped me. "Just tell the world the truth," she said, and disappeared down the hall.

■ CLOSED the door of the cell,

and took my uncomfortable position at the opposite side of the room. I was looking down some distance at the floor of the great marble hall which the Scotchwoman had described in her report on the tooth-pulling incident. I could see only the far half of this huge room, because my slot was high up on one wall. But what I did observe erased any doubt in my mind that Odette spoke the truth, and that Abdul was one hell of a liar, even for a press agent.

The king, the crown prince, and about a dozen other members of the court were sitting on huge stuffed pillows on the far side of the room. They were laughing, but the source of their amusement was not immediately apparent, since they were looking at the part of the room that was hidden from my view. Suddenly I heard a piercing feminine shriek, and a totally nude girl who couldn't have been over 14 years old ran into view, followed by a similarly dressed man who couldn't have been under 50. He chased her up and down the room twice, and finally caught her with a lunge about ten feet from the king's pillow. As I looked on in utter amazement, he did what your Aunt Minnie would have described as "having his way with her."

I watched these and other, even more barbaric, proceedings for nearly an hour that night before making my way back to my room. I won't tell you everything I saw. Suffice it to say that I will never again doubt the word of a Frenchwoman, no matter how low her social class.

We flew out of Yemen the next afternoon, with Abdul seeing us to the airport. As the plane was being brought into position to take us aboard, the little press agent came up to me and said, "Well, old man, I trust you now know the truth about His Highness and the Kingdom of Yemen."

"Sure do," I told him. "You're quite a publicity man." ■■



NAZI TREASURE

(Continued from page 5)

I was able to zero the darts, silently and swiftly, into a dime-sized moonglow on the hut's wall.

About 1 A.M. on the night we decided to go for broke I crept to the shadows beside the hut's entrance. Fred tossed a pebble at one of the guards. This character, who—with the other guard—had been gazing toward the jungle, immediately turned around. The bright tropical moon illuminated his ugly mug. I blew a dart. It penetrated into his brain through his left eye.

Swiftly I shoved another dart into the tube. When the dead guard's body hit the ground his buddy spun around. Before he'd had time for more than a startled glance at his deceased comrade I blew a dart into his right eye. He was dead before he collapsed.

Fred and I ran out of the hut. Phase two of our escape plan wouldn't be so easy and as Fred and I ran toward the river I cursed—for the thousandth time—the day I'd first heard of this miserable place.

IT had begun on January 5, 1959. As usual, Fred and I stopped in a tavern after work for a few beers. Sometimes Otto Kreutzer, a big German who worked in the factory, too, drank with us. This looked like one of those times; when Otto came into the tavern he saw us and strode to the bar. "Let's in a booth sit," he said in his lashed-up English. "I want to private talk."

I glanced at Fred. He shrugged his shoulders. We followed Otto to a booth. Then Otto, who kept looking around to be sure no one was listening, told us an incredible story. In the last days of WWII Hitler had ordered some of his trusted stooges to take millions of dollars worth of loot out of Germany and stash it in various places over the world. The idea was, if Germany lost the war the Nazi bigshots would flee to these places and have funds to live the rest of their lives without the unpleasantness of toil.

Along with similar orders to other hand-picked groups five enlisted men and an oberleutnant of the SS—Hitler's personal bodyguard—were ordered to conceal \$4 million worth of gold ingots in the jungles of Guatemala.

A U-boat took these six Nazis to the mouth of the Sarstun river on Guatemala's east (Caribbean) coast. A Kraut from the Germany Embassy met them and took them and the loot up the river in a small motorboat. They buried the loot—which was in 10 kilogram (22 pound) ingots. Then one of the enlisted men sprayed his comrades, his officer and the character from the embassy with slugs from his Schmeiser machine pistol.

"All've got to do," Otto said, "is go there and dig the gold up."

Fred said kindly, "Otto, whoever told you that jazz was kidding you. Those kind of treasure stories float around all the time."

"But this one is the truth," Otto said.

Fred looked at me and winked. "Yeah . . . what makes you so sure?"

"Because I was the man mit der Schmeiser."

Fred and I stared at Otto unbelievably. We knew he'd been in the Kraut Army . . . maybe he was telling the truth . . . the Nazis actually had hauled treasure out of Germany. But why wouldn't Otto have gotten the loot before this? And why would he cut us in?

We mentioned these points to the big German. He had the answers. After he'd massacred the other Germans he'd gotten into the boat and gone downstream to the U-boat. He told its commander that natives had killed the missing men. After Germany's defeat he had been unable to get permission from Occupation Authorities to go to Central America. And after he came to the U.S.—which was in 1955—he'd had to wait until his citizenship was final before he could apply for a visa. That time had just arrived, Otto told us. As for cutting us in on the loot, he needed help and money . . . the natives were hostile . . . and we were his best friends.

WHILE Otto's story sounded like the proverbial opportunity of a lifetime it also sounded like the kind of dramatized caper you see on TV, or read about in the adventure magazines. Fred and I told Otto we weren't interested. We each had 12 years of seniority. You don't toss that away to go traipsing off to a jungle because some DP has an imagination like a fiction writer.

I didn't sleep much that night. I kept thinking about Otto. One thing bothered me . . . he had told too many details for a connived story. The next morning I told Fred, "I'm convinced that big Kraut is on the level."

Fred thought so, too. But that evening we learned that talking our wives into giving us the green light to go to Guatemala was going to be a major project. It took a week.

The details of the red tape with the U.S. and Guatemalan governments aren't important but on March 1, 1959 Fred and Otto and I got off a freighter at Livingston, Guatemala—a 3,000-population town on the Gulf of Amatique, on Guatemala's eastern coast.

The next day we bought, for \$300 American, an ancient inboard-engined launch from an old fisherman named Rafael Hernandez. We stocked it with the supplies we'd brought from the States and the following morning we paralleled the coast line to the mouth of the Sarstun river. By noon we were chugging up the Sarstun, a sluggish river whose banks were covered with jungle foliage.

The next morning Otto stood in the bow. He was chain-smoking cigarettes and scanning the shore on the river's north side. Frequently he looked at a little chart he had drawn.

About 11 o'clock we cruised around a bend. For a moment Otto's eyes glanced from the north bank to his chart—and back again. Then he pointed a finger at the shore and said excitedly, "This is der place!" Fred nosed the launch to the bank. Otto picked up a spade and leaped out of the launch and tied its bow line to a tree. Then Fred and I jumped onto the shore.

We followed Otto into the jungle. A few seconds later he said, almost gleefully, "There the bones of the men I killed."

Fred and I stared down at a jumble of skulls and femurs and other bones. Then Fred glanced at me and nodded imperceptibly. I pulled the .38 from my holster. At the same time Fred flipped out his .38. "Hand me your gun," he said quietly.

Otto spun around. He stared at the .38s. Then he said shakily, "You t'ieves! You double-cross me!"

"No," Fred said tight-lipped. "We're not double-crossing you. We just figure that a rat who'd kill guys who wore the same uniform wouldn't hesitate to knock off a couple of his former enemies. So until we get that gold back to the U.S., Kraut, one of us is going to be watching you 60 seconds of every minute."

"Vat if I don't show you der place," Otto said craftily.

"Then we all go back to the States with nothing."

Otto thought this over for a few seconds. Then he shrugged his shoulders. He pulled out his .38 and tossed it to me. He walked through the bones. We followed. Twenty feet later the big German pointed to the ground in a tiny clearing. "This der place," he said.

"All right, now dig!" Fred snapped.

An hour later Otto, sweating and straining, lifted a stainless steel box out of the five-foot hole he'd dug. He climbed out of the hole. He pried the box open with the blade of his spade.

Fred and I stared unbelievably. The box was filled with dull-yellow ingots. "Dat not all," Otto said. "Two more boxes down dere."

Each of us carried two of the bars—totaling almost 45 pounds—back to the launch. We stashed them in the cabin. Then we went back for more. We had almost unloaded the box—I was bending over to lift the last ingot out of it—when suddenly an agonizing pain tore through my head.

I OPENED my eyes. It was dusk. I was in an Indian village. I was lying on the ground. My hands and feet were lashed. I shook my head; the cobwebs faded. Then my eyes focused on Fred. He was lashed, too. "They ambushed us," he said. "You got it first. They clobbered you on the head with the flat of a machete blade. Otto tried to run away. One of them swung his machete. The last thing I saw was Otto falling with a spear in him."

I looked up. A dozen big dark-skinned sulcated-faced characters were grinning at us. One had green feathers in his kinky black hair. He pointed at his tattooed chest. "Huapi," he said. That creep is chief of a Jalagua tribe, I reflected unhappily. We'd been warned about those barbarians, the descendants of Mayan Indians and the Negro slaves who had fled into the jungle following their bloody 1789 revolt against their Spanish masters. But we'd been told the Jalaguas were further north, in the El Cambio region.

Subsequent days weren't pleasant. Huapi made us his personal slaves. We had to skin monkeys and other game he killed. We had to dig wild onion roots with our bare hands. We had to pick lice from Huapi's

hair. After each meal he made us clean the cooking pots for his four wives—while they jeered at us. He made us clean fish, and help the tribal women build new huts. (When a hut becomes so bug-infested that even the Jalaguas can't stand it, they simply set it afire and build a new one.)

We were fed the remains of meals after the women and children picked them over, which was always after the tribe's men had eaten the choicest morsels. Each night we were prodded into a little hut. Two Jalaguas guarded it. Huapi, it was evident, didn't intend to let his white slaves escape.

At dusk on the fifth day Huapi, accompanied by two bare-breasted giggling young girls, came to the hut. Huapi pantomimed that we were to impregnate them so that they would have babies with blue eyes like ours. The girls came into the hut. Immediately they ripped off their grass sporrans.

The next morning we were made to pick berries. In the afternoon four spear-carrying bucks, accompanied by Huapi, prodded us to our launch which—though we'd had no way to know—was only about 200 yards from the village. When we boarded the launch Huapi indicated that he wanted a ride. We took him for a five-mile cruise.

During the next two weeks we performed every degrading task that Huapi could think of. On three occasions girls were brought to our hut. And four times we had to take Huapi for boat rides to upstream river villages where he proudly displayed his white slaves and launch to the local chiefs, who always promptly looked very jealous.

On the second cruise Fred and I palmed the copper tubing, carburetor needles and three stubby pencils. I have described how we killed the guards with the weapon we made from these articles.

FRED and I ran toward the river. Then we heard howls from the village. Fred cursed bitterly. "Somebody discovered those two stiffs," he said.

Moments later we heard Jalaguas running through the jungle. They were coming toward us . . . they knew our only chance of escape was the launch.

After what seemed an interminable time we came to the launch. We pulled ourselves aboard. While Fred went to the engine I ran to the deck house. There was no knife with which to cut the bow line, for the Jalaguas had stripped the launch. I ran back to the bow and began to untie the line, which was in some kind of weird Jalagua knot. Meanwhile Fred was trying to start the engine, which always required much priming and coaxing.

I got the knot untied. But Fred hadn't yet started the engine. The first of the Jalaguas poured out of the jungle. I stared at them and cursed. We had no guns—nothing with which to defend ourselves. Then the engine sputtered, coughed—and began to run smoothly. Fred backed away from the shore. He began to chug downstream.

The Jalaguas piled into their canoes. They paddled toward us. I watched them for a moment . . . they were gaining . . . in moments they'd be able to board the launch.

Then, suddenly, I had an idea. I ran to the cabin. There was a case of beer with the gold in the cupboard which, because its door was an indistinguishable part of the bulkhead, the Jalaguas hadn't noticed. I jerked the caps off four beer bottles and poured the beer onto the deck. I ripped the gas line off the galley stove and shoved it into a bottle. When this bottle was filled with gasoline I filled the others. Then I tore strips from a towel and shoved a piece of this cloth into each bottle, so that about two inches of it protruded. I grabbed a handful of matches from the cupboard. Then, with the bottles hugged to my chest, I ran onto the fantail.

Three of the canoes were very close. Each had eight furiously paddling warriors aboard. I put the bottles on the deck, except one. I lit the cloth which protruded from it and threw it into a canoe. The bottle's thin glass shattered and instantly the canoe and its occupants were covered with flames. Those barbarians howled in agony and leaped into the river. This overturned the canoe and spilled its flaming gasoline. Swiftly it spread over the surface of the water, engulfing the screaming Jalaguas with even more flames.

Hurriedly I threw bottles into two other canoes. The results were the same. The remaining Jalaguas frantically began to paddle toward the shore. I lit the cloth on the last bottle and threw it, in a high overhead arc, toward one of them. It didn't hit the canoe but it was so close that—when it struck the water and shattered—it splattered flaming gasoline over the canoe's occupants.

Two hours later we anchored in the middle of the river. Fred and I—armed with more gasoline-filled bottles—alternated watches throughout the rest of the night. Late the next day we arrived in Livingston. Eight days later we were in Cleveland, our home town. The date was April 2, 1959.

We cashed in our ingots—those we'd lugged aboard before the ambush—and paid Uncle his gouge. What was left is more than Fred and I could make the rest of our lives at the old time-clock routine. But it hurts to think that we only got a fraction of the loot in that jungle. **THE END**

KING OF THE NALPI NYMPHS

(Continued from page 7)

of me and started shaking my head back and forth like I was scared spitless. Then I leaned my left hand on the rail, and sort of slumped over that way like I was going to pass out. Like I hoped he would, Pedro got a little too confident. He came running right at me with the knife raised up over his head. I kept slumped down, watching him out of the corner of my left eye. When he got within about two bounds of me, I squeezed the rail with my left hand for leverage and kicked with my right foot like Alex Groza trying for a 60-yard field goal. Pedro didn't sail quite that far, but I swear I could hear his jawbone crack when the heel of my shoe hit the point of his chin. He flopped over on his back and lay there like a mackerel.

About a second later I was right on top of him. I don't know just what hit me in the small of the back, but it felt like a Mack truck coming down a steep grade in the Alleghenies. The wind gushed out of my lungs and I belly-flopped right on Pedro's unconscious physique. That's what saved me from going out altogether. More by reflex than anything else, I rolled off of him, grabbed the top strand of the rail and got to my feet just as his buddies shot past and slashed their knives at the spot where I'd been.

I whipped around to face them, and they circled away to put themselves between me and the doorway to the galley, one toward each side, far enough apart so I couldn't really watch both of them at once. I knew I couldn't take them both on, even if I'd had my own knife, which I didn't. I leaned back against the rail, and a cold sweat broke out on my forehead. Then I felt something with my right hand. It was a canvas inflatable lifebelt hanging from the middle strand of the rail. While they inched toward me from two angles, I gave a jerk and the belt came off in my hand. Just as they both threw themselves at me, I bent my arm back and swiped the heavy belt around in front of me in a wide arc, hoping I'd hit at least one of the knife blades.

I can't tell you just what happened next. I saw one knife fly through the air and over the side as my body twisted to the left from the follow-through. Next thing I knew a heavy body rammed into my ribs, my feet left the ground, and I balanced on my side across the top of the rail for a second or so. Then I was falling through the air like a rag doll, and my stomach was somewhere around the roof of my mouth.

Just as I hit the water, I saw somebody else go in about five feet away. In the blackness I couldn't tell what happened to him after that. I grabbed a gulp of air just as I went under. I thought I'd never quit dropping through



the inky water, but finally, just when I thought my lungs were going to explode right out of my chest, I got to the bottom of the roller coaster and started back up. I paddled like a madman, trying to keep from passing out until I surfaced. I was ready to give up when my head popped above the surface. I gulped air like it was six-dollar bourbon.

I looked around to see what had happened to the other guy. Something bad, I guess. I never saw him. I treaded water, trying to get control of myself. The ship was already far off, and it didn't seem to be turning. I tried to yell, but all I could get out was a little squeak. As I started to come to my senses, I noticed that I was gripping something in my right hand. It was the life belt! I'd never let go of it from the time I grabbed it to belt Pedro's friends with. If the damn thing wasn't broken, I told myself, I'd still be in business. I got it around my waist, hooked the clamps together, and gave the carbon dioxide cylinders a twist. Both of them hissed, and the undamaged compartments ballooned right out around me. I would have kissed the belt if I could have bent down that far.

I started drifting toward nowhere through the warm, calm sea. It must have been about 2:30 a.m. on July 17 or 18, 1958. I can't be sure which, because we were somewhere around the International Date Line, and nobody knew for certain whether or not we'd crossed it.

As I lay there in the water, bobbing around like a cork, I had a lot of time to think. Mostly I thought about what had gotten me in this spot and what, if anything, was going to get me out. The answer to the first question was women and poker and, although I didn't know it, those two sports were going to play a big part in my future, too.

I COME from the West Virginia hills—a farm outside of the little town of Three Churches, not far from the Maryland border. They say that when the war came the navy drew more boys from inland than it did from the coasts—mostly from curiosity, I guess. Anyway, I was one of them. I found a home in the navy, like they used to say. I went to service school and learned a little about this and that and wound up as a boatswain's mate first. I shipped over when the duration came, and I stayed on till 1957.

I would have gone for another hitch if it hadn't been for this tamale named Paula da Souza that I met in Lisbon, Portugal, that summer. She had all the stuff in the right spots, you know, and she was a plenty nice kid, too—at least I thought so then. We planned the whole thing out. I'd finish out the hitch in October and then make it back to Lisbon for the wedding. Then we'd settle down somewhere around Baltimore.

I'd work on the docks and we'd raise a lot of Latin-Hillbilly kids.

Only thing was, when I landed in Lisbon in January, 1958, I found out Paula was married to a local guy. She never even sent me a "Dear John" let-

ter. Just let me fly over there for a nice piece of change and then told me about it.

Well, I was pretty racked up, and I did what most guys would have done, I guess. In two weeks I blew in a cool grand on women and games of chance in the crummier parts of Lisbon. At the end of that time I was cold broke, but I didn't have to worry about where my next meal was coming from, because I was in the can. There'd been a street brawl that made the Hatfields and the McCoys seem like college wrestlers, and naturally I got right in the middle of it, even though I didn't know what it was about.

So after a while they threw me out of jail and onto the street. I had no job and no dough and couldn't speak but a little Portuguese. The only trade I had was the sea, and that was how I happened to sign onto the *Poco Minho* for a trip around the world in a hell of lot more than 80 days. That scow must have stopped in every port between Lisbon and Sydney on her way around the horn and then across the Indian Ocean to the Antipodes. It was educational as all hell, sure, but it wasn't getting me back to the States very fast, and that was where I wanted to be.

After we left Sydney we went over to New Caledonia and through the New Hebrides. A day or so out of there the granddaddy of all typhoons hit us, and I figured I'd filled my last inside straight. It finally died down, but by that time we weren't too sure where we were, or how to get back on our course to Samoa.

So I had to pick the next night to not only beat Pedro at the table but catch him dealing the cards in a special way besides. That way I went over the side in a spot that was probably outside the shipping lanes. When I added up my chances while I was floating there in the water, I figured I'd rather try to draw three cards for a royal flush.

I floated all that night, but that wasn't as bad as the next day, when that tropical sun started to beat down on me. Sometime put your feet in a pail of ice cubes and your head in a hot oven, and maybe you'll have some kind of an idea of how I felt that afternoon. Every once in a while I'd dip my head in the brine, but when I brought it out again it seemed to be that much worse. I had to fight to keep from passing out. If I did the belt would probably hold me up for a while at least, but I didn't want to miss any chances of getting help, just in case somebody might come around that desert filled with water.

I guess I finally did conk out, though. When I woke up I didn't know where I was, except I thought it was either heaven or London, England. First thing I heard was this real cute girl's voice saying, "Blimey, it's a bloomin' god!"

I opened my eyes and looked and here was this little doll leaning out of

a funny-looking boat. She didn't look like she was English, though. For one thing her skin was too brown, and for another she didn't have any clothes on, at least not on the part of her I could see, which was a lot.

Pretty soon I noticed a couple of other girls in the boat with the same nice way of dressing—or not dressing. All three of them grabbed me and hauled me up out of the water. They sort of stretched me out in the boat. I was pretty far gone, but I still had sense enough to rest my head on one of them's uh . . . bosom, instead of the gunwale of the boat.

I dozed off again right after that, and when I woke up we were ashore. I was lying on a bed made out of some kind of leaves stretched across bamboo poles. I figured I'd been delirious before, because anybody could see that these girls couldn't talk like limey sailors from the Cockney part of London. Then this one that was waving a fan over my head saw that I was awake and she looked at me with a big smile and I swear she said, "Ow goes it, matey? Yuh awl roight now?"

I went right back to sleep, and it wasn't until the next morning that I woke up for good, and got the whole crazy story from the girl with the fan and a couple of others. I tried to keep my mind off their little round chest ornaments and on what they were telling me, but every once in a while I'd have to ask them to go back and repeat some of it.

I'll try to make it short, and if you don't believe me I won't blame you because it took me at least two weeks to believe it myself.


The name of the island was Nalpi. It was long and narrow with a reef running all the way around it. It was about five miles long and maybe a mile wide at the middle. There was another island about 15 miles off called Timbooki. These two islands were all of the world that the girls knew about first hand. They'd heard of places like the Fijis and Samoa, but they didn't have any real idea where they were.

There were about 75 girls and women on the island—no men. Naturally there had been men at one time, otherwise there couldn't have been any kids. Before the war Nalpi had about 500 people on it and was pretty much like a lot of other little Polynesian islands, except it was off the beaten path, and no ships ever came there.

In the early part of 1942 it got its first visitor from the outside world, a Cockney sailor off a torpedoed British merchantman. His name was Arthur Wiggins and, although I never met him, I would have to say that he was a great man. The natives had never seen anybody with such light skin before, so they figured he was a god. And Arthur must have encouraged them pretty good, because he ruled the place for two years and nobody ever questioned a word that he let out.

Arthur had been around the Polynesian islands before the war, and he knew the different dialects, which didn't

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hurt him any in convincing the people of Nalpi that he really was divine. His cigaret lighter helped, too, I guess.

Anyway, he taught everybody how to speak English—with a Cockney accent naturally, and gave them all English names. He even told them that there was a higher up God by the name of George VI that he reported to, and had them sing "God Save the King" every morning before breakfast.

Everything was great in Arthur's Colony for a couple of years, like I said, but then a gang of Japs from a crippled sub came ashore one day and all hell broke loose. Arthur organized an army the best he could, but the native weapons were no good against machine guns, and the Japs killed him and most of the Nalpi men. After that they sent out a radio message, and in a week or so one of their destroyers came along and picked them up. The bastards killed every one of the men and boys that survived the battle before they left.

That was the last the Nalpi girls saw of any outsiders until they picked me out of the water that day. I said before that Arthur was a great man, but I haven't told you yet the big reason why I decided that. Before he died he passed the word that another white god might come along some day to rule over the place. When the girls found out that my first name was Arthur, too, that was all they needed. There was a big coronation that must have been more fun than the ones they have in London.

They put me up on this throne that they'd built for Arthur I, and had a terrific ceremony that went on for three days. At first I was kind of embarrassed to be up there and to have all of these practically naked little dolls dancing around me. But I got used to being a god-king pretty fast, and even though I believe in democracy as much as anybody for the United States, I claim the government of Nalpi was pretty good for that place, too.

Anyway, back to the coronation: The girls put a wreath on my head that they'd made out of leaves and flowers, and the one that had fanned me before, name of Priscilla, said, "Oy 'ereby proclime you t' be King Arthur II."

After that they brought me a roast pig and a lot of great fruits and things that I haven't tasted the like of since I left the place. There was more dancing and singing and everybody was as happy as hell, including me. Only thing the ceremonies lacked was corn whiskey, and it wasn't long before I got used to the gin that Arthur I had taught the girls to make out of berries.

On the first night of the ceremony, after everybody was good and gassed up, Priscilla came up and knelt down in front of my throne real solemn. Then she said, "Oy 'umbly request your majesty t' tike me t' bed."

Well, I'd got to thinking along those lines myself, naturally, so she didn't have to beg me any more. And after she'd been in the hut with me for a while she left and another doll named Sybil came in. It was pretty tiring, that coronation, but if I had it to do all over

again, I'd do it, believe me.

AFTER a couple of weeks I really got into the swing of being king, and I figured I'd better do some real ruling. One of the first things I did was teach the girls how to sing "The Star-Spangled Banner" in the morning. I told them that was a new god type song, but I still had them do the other one every afternoon when we went down and put flowers on the grave of Arthur I on the beach. I didn't want to be a bad ally, and besides I figured I owed plenty to the old king.

I tried to be a good king, and that meant that I had to be fair to all my subjects. So I tried to give plenty of time—I guess you know what kind of time I mean—to all of the girls, no matter how old they were or what they looked like—not that any of them were ugly. Of course there'd be little fights now and then when a girl figured somebody was cheating her out of her turn in the royal chamber, and I'd have to whack a few fannies with the bamboo sceptre they gave me to calm things down.

The only real serious problem that way, though, was between Arthur I's kids and the rest of the girls. He'd sired about a dozen daughters, and they stuck out from the rest because of their English blood. Then too, they were all pretty young. Before I got there the problem wasn't so bad, but pretty soon the jealousy seemed to get mixed up with the racial difference. Some of the half-English girls figured they ought to get more time with me than the pure Polynesians did.

At first I didn't worry about that angle so much, because I was having so much fun getting my reign going. I taught the girls to jump rope and play hop scotch, and they had a real ball doing these things. And don't think I didn't get a kick out of watching them bounce around with their little bosoms bobbing up and down. All any of them ever wore were little pairs of pants that wouldn't hardly keep a groundhog warm.

The girls hadn't told me much about the other island—Timbooki—but one night when Priscilla and I were playing a private game in the royal hut, she filled me in on that place. It seemed that I was lucky as hell that I hadn't floated over there. They had just the opposite kind of religion from what Nalpi did. The Japs had been there early in the war and told the natives that white-skinned folks were devils instead of gods. Ever since then Nalpi and Timbooki didn't have anything to do with each other. They didn't fight, but just each stayed to themselves.

I guess every ruler everyplace makes a mistake once in while, no matter how hard he tries to treat his people fair and square. I made mine when I taught the girls how to play poker. I had them make cards out of thin strips of bark, and before long some of them were almost as interested in the game as I was.

There weren't any money or even chips on Nalpi, naturally, so at first the girls played for sea shells. But the

trouble was that nobody gave a damn about sea shells, because you could get all you wanted just by walking along the beach. They couldn't play strip poker either, since they didn't wear hardly any clothes. So pretty soon they started playing to see who would get to pleasure with me. If I had any sense I would have stopped that right away, but somehow I got pretty fascinated by watching them play these games and then taking the winner off to my hut.

One afternoon I was sitting in the sun when I heard this yelling and cussing in a Cockney accent. By the time I got to where the game was, two of the girls had a real hair-pulling, biting and scratching brawl going. It was one of the half-English dolls named Cynthia, and a Polynesian babe called Nancy. Well, I pulled them apart and ducked them both in the ocean to simmer them down. Then I asked them what was going on, and it turned out that Nancy claimed Cynthia had made a couple of extra aces in her spare time and was slipping them into her hand.

So I got all the witnesses together and had a little hearing, and it turned out that Cynthia was as guilty as sin. I put her over my knee and gave her a good whaling with the flat of my hand, and I told her she couldn't come into my hut for a week. With that she stomped off into the woods, mad as a hornet, rubbing her backside with her hand.

We didn't see Cynthia around for a couple of days after that, and I was starting to worry about her, so I formed some search parties. But that same afternoon she turned up, still pouting, and went into one of the huts without saying a word to anybody.

It was the next morning that we found out where she'd been. She came up to me on the beach, bawling like a baby, and knelt down and threw her arms around my legs. "Oy'm a bloody tryter," she said. "Oy told the Timbookis there was a blinkin' devil 'ere, and now they're goin' t' make an invysion."

I patted the kid on the head. I knew she felt like killing herself for what she'd done, but I figured I was partly to blame, too. I didn't know what to do. I felt like I was a pretty lousy king. We had some spears and we used them the best we could, but we weren't any match for the male natives. They landed on Nalpi within the hour, and they were all over us.

To save the Polynesian girls, I hearded all of the half-white ones into a couple of boats, and we shoved off from the beach in a shower of spears. We got away just in time to keep from getting turned into hamburger, but we didn't know where we were going. The way it turned out, we didn't have to decide, because a big storm came up a couple of hours out. First the other boat was separated from the one I was in. Then ours capsized in a tremendous wave. I managed to hang onto a piece of wreckage, and I tried to locate the girls in the boiling seas around me. The only one I could see was poor little Cynthia, and a big wave swallowed her

up before I could even yell at her.

After another long bath I was picked up the next morning by a Greek freighter. I told them the whole story and tried to get them to search for the other girls, but they acted like I was nutty, and I can't say I blame them too much. I felt awful sad about the girls, though, and

I could only hope, and still do, that some of them were rescued somehow.

I guess I'll never go back to Nalpi. For one thing, I doubt if I could find the place again. Then, too, it would just remind me of things that I'd rather forget.

I told you before that it was poker

and women that caused me so much trouble. I gave up poker, and I haven't played a hand since I left the island. I haven't given up women, naturally, and I don't aim to, but I know that no matter how many of them I meet I'll never have it so good as I did when I was King Arthur II of Nalpi. ■■

G. I. MISTRESSES

(Continued from page 23)

These men also get \$1.10 a day "separate rations," when they don't eat in Army mess halls.

Ted Johnson doesn't get this extra pay, and there are so many incidentals to nibble at his pay—laundry, dry cleaning and pressing of uniforms, the \$2.50 a month he chips in so that Japanese laborers perform the dreary chore of kitchen police. There is also the five or six dollars a month for the room houseboy, who shines all the boots and makes the beds for the group.

TED very much wants to play house with Michiko, even if it's just to have some place to go every night, away from the barracks and other soldiers—and he's sure Michiko offers more than that.

But cheap living or not, he does not see how he can afford it. "It's going to cost more than I make."

Michika has the answers. It's easy, she points out. "How many cigarettes you smoke one day, pack, maybe?"

Okay, Michiko says. His PX ration book will bring him six cartons a month. The extra smokes can be sold for 800 Yen a carton, a tidy profit over the \$1.00 a carton outlay. Every day, too, he can buy an extra pack from the coffee shop by only signing his name. There are other coffee shops on post, where he can sign any name. That makes an extra six or so cartons each month, with no effort.

There are other items Ted can get, too, and sell at a profit.

Of course, he has to watch the Army's Criminal Investigation Division's agents—GI sleuths on constant lookout for black marketeers, and he knows he can get a long stretch in the stockade if he's caught.

But with Michiko to show him the ropes, and by being discreet and spacing his purchases, Ted finds he can double his monthly salary.

The happy couple never lacks for top entertainment, at ridiculously low prices. Ted is entitled to take his girl to first run Stateside movies on post, at 25 cents a ticket.

They can drop into the Service Club for free shows and games and dances. Or maybe Michiko has a taste for floor shows and night life

at an NCO Club, where a Tom Collins costs 20 cents and a plank steak can be had for a dollar.

"I've got a problem or two," Ted admits. "I get harassed once in awhile."

Each time there's an uproar in the newspapers about morals, Army brass will shake up local pass policies, and tighten up on curfew and bedcheck regulations.

Long ago, the Army half-heartedly tried to eliminate overnight "shacking" by clamping on a barracks bedcheck at midnight. Master sergeants and sergeants first class are exempted, as a rule, and sergeants can always find someone to cover for them if necessary.

If worst comes to worst, Ted can cut his nights short and hurry back to camp for bedcheck, until the furor settles. The sleeping-out soldier can get an overnight pass often enough, and weekends are his own anyhow.

Ted is willing to take his chances, for in the home, be it permanent or temporary, the Japanese girl is rightly known for making her man comfortable and happy.

Ted might even end by marrying Michiko. More than 100 GIs each week are marrying girls in Japan—many out of just such "temporary" relationships.

"They kinda' grow on you," says Ted.

But right now, he isn't thinking about marriage. There's college ahead for Ted when his service tour is over, and he leaves Japan behind him.

Until then, plush Service Clubs, gymnasiums and ping pong tables notwithstanding, to Ted Johnson and 20,000 other GIs living it up in Japan—there's still "nothing like a dame."

THE END



BEAUTIFUL WITCH OF DARJEELING

(Continued from page 25)

some 7,000 feet above sea level and just a few miles from the Tibetan border. Even the neon-orange glow of Mount Kanchenjunga seemed dulled. Thin, ragged, mongol-faced tea workers were pacing aimlessly through the streets, on strike for more money. They'd had one or two misguided riots, enough to bring out the local cops with their clubs and antique weapons.

But Darjeeling's big trouble was saving itself for me. I could see it in Forbes' face when he met me at the station. I'd become acquainted with him a few months earlier when I'd visited Darjeeling to interview a man named Tensing Norkay, who had climbed Mount Everest with the British back in '53. Forbes was a tall Englishman with thinning gray hair, a seamed, weather-beaten face and the usual air of bored restraint. His wife had died a few years earlier and he was one of those colonists who had held on after the British pulled out of India in 1947.

He gave me a limp, worried hand-shake, motioned for a female coolie to grab my bags, and led me through the cold stares of the striking workers to his car.

"The train was only two hours late today," he said with artificial heartiness. "That's almost as good as being early."

But he dropped the assumed gaiety as soon as we took off through the steep, narrow one-way streets of the mountain town. His grim, tense air made me forget the tiring six-hour roller-coaster ride on the mountain train.

"I've seen all the publicity you've been getting in the papers," he declared, meaning the stories about my performance of the famed Indian rope trick. I'd stumbled across the secret in Hyderabad and given a demonstration of it in public. The

Indian press was making a lot of noise about it.

I nodded and waited. The lines around his lips tightened. "I remember," he said slowly, "when you were here before you were interested in the lamas, their magic, oracles, things like that."

"Been my hobby for years," I acknowledged.

"Think you could cope with a *dhami*?" he asked soberly.

"You mean a witch?"

"Yes." He wet his lips. "I know it might sound foolish, but I've got a very bad witch on my place. She has killed two of my men through some kind of spell. Now she's working on another one. All my people are terrified. I've done everything I could to get rid of her—but my hands are full trying to keep the place going with this strike and—besides—" He smiled at me weakly. "Now she's put a curse on me!"

We looped on down Rangit Road and headed out of town, spiraling through the green mountainside to his plantation.

The whole place was echoing with a fear that gave it the atmosphere of something like the inside of a ticking time bomb. All the servants were on edge.

Forbes gave me a room in his big red-roofed bungalow built into the hillside, overlooking a sea of terraces and pale green tea bushes. I'd hardly unpacked my bag when my duel with the witch began.

"Jarsu used to be one of my best workers," Forbes told me as I examined the frightened native. "But he's been like this for about two weeks now."

"Who's doing this to you, Jarsu?" I asked. His lips quivered but he didn't speak.

"They're all frightened to death,"

Forbes said. "They won't even tell me where her hut is. I've never seen her."

Most of the natives were staring at me with burning resentment. Their simple, superstitious minds had branded me a meddler. I decided it was time to win friends and influence people. I stepped over to a barefooted girl draped in a pale blue skirt. She glared at me. I plucked a coin from her ear. Everyone gasped with amazement. I held the coin out for her to take. As her hand closed around it I snapped my fingers. It vanished. She stumbled backward in alarm. A murmur went up from the crowd. My reputation was established.

"Can any of you tell me what's wrong with Jarsu?" I asked.

Now the resentment was gone

from the faces around me. For a long moment no one moved. Then one of the servants, a man named Nor, stepped forward. "*Dhami*," he said hesitantly, "make evil spell against Jarsu inside temple."

Jarsu shook his head violently, mumbling something.

"Come," I said. "Show us."

WE all started across the sloping terraces toward a small temple with prayer flags hanging around it. Inside was a statue of the god Siva and at the base was the skull of some animal, upside down and filled with dirt. A small green plant was growing in it.

"Here," Nor said, pointing to the skull. "This is Jarsu."

Jarsu was holding back, his eyes glued to the skull. I picked it up. His pale face became even paler.

"When plant dies Jarsu will die," Nor explained.

"She's killing them by suggestion," I said to Forbes. "Jarsu probably comes here a dozen times a day, and when the plant begins to wither he'll just worry himself to death."

I looked at Jarsu. He was watching with frightened fascination. Suddenly I tore the plant out by the roots. One of the native women gave a low cry and Jarsu sagged. I threw the twist of green to the ground and jammed my heel into it, then I smashed the skull against the base of the statue.

"Now how do you feel?" I asked Jarsu.

He looked very pale and solemn as he examined himself. Finally he straightened and a big smile crossed his face.

"Spell gone!" he exclaimed happily.

The workers started babbling with delight and astonishment. The first round was over. Now my troubles would really begin.

That night, right after I'd gone to bed, I heard Forbes cry out in his room down the hall. When I got there he was by his bed, stomping on something.

"Spider," he said. "Big one. It was in my bed."

"Where'd it come from?" I asked.

"I don't know. I haven't seen any like it around here before. Maybe it was planted here."

"Planted?"

"I told you that witch was out to get me." His face was white. "This was just another try. She probably ordered one of the servants to arrange this little surprise—and he was afraid to refuse. These things have happened before."

"Jarsu promised to lead me to her tomorrow," I said. "We'll give her some surprises of our own."

"Sorry I won't be able to go with you." He looked thoughtful. "I have so many things to take care of around here."

"I understand." I started to leave.

"Oh, I should tell you," he began. "Be careful. She's not an ordinary *dhami*. Sometimes I think she really has got the devil on her side."

I grinned and went out. Surely he was overemphasizing the *dhami*'s powers. I went back to my room and planned my campaign. I would put the wicked old witch in her place. When sleep finally came to me my head was ringing with that old song that begins: "Ding-dong, the witch is dead . . ."

Like most of the tea plantations, Forbes' place was spread out on a steep hillside, with the tea bushes growing on neatly planned terraces. Gradually these terraces blended into the thick jungle bush and the jungle dipped down into the Teesta Valley. On the other side you could see the mountain kingdom of Sikkim, and on clear mornings you could climb Tiger Hill in Darjeeling and get a glimpse of Mount Everest.

Jarsu led the way down through the thick foliage the next morning, along a swiftly flowing stream into the quiet, dense jungles of the valley. The *dhami*'s hut was well-hidden in the bush about two miles below the plantation. It was slapped together with weather-darkened boards and broken bricks, roofed with flattened tin cans. The path up to it was edged with thorned plants and giant ferns. As we approached it Jarsu and the other natives held back. I walked boldly ahead. Soon the sky was blotted out by the outstretched limbs of the trees overhead and the whole world was submerged in deep green.

A thin tendril of smoke coiled from a pipe on the side of the hut. A large Tibetan devil mask hung against the outside of the door and in the crevice between the roof and the door I could see a box with a bit of white bone showing.

I KNOCKED on the door and waited. Nothing happened. I knocked again. Still no answer. I pulled it open slowly and looked into the dim interior. What I saw sent a chill down my back.

It was a small room with a crude table in the center. Shelves along the walls were filled with bottles

of murky liquids and yellowing skulls, human and animal. Assorted yak tails, rhino horns and other implements of witchcraft were scattered around. All of it was obviously calculated to impress and frighten the natives.

But the setting was nothing compared to the *dhami*. She sat behind the table, staring straight at me. Somehow I'd expected an old hag with a wart on her nose. But this was no hag! It was a lovely girl, not older than twenty-five. Her black hair was drawn back in a tight knot and her face was coldly beautiful, with thick lips and deep-set dark eyes glowing with hidden fire—or was it hate?

Cautiously I stepped into the shack but most of my confidence had shattered the moment I'd laid eyes on the girl. There was something nerve-wrackingly regal about her. I tried to remember the little routine I'd worked out the night before, the plan to ridicule and humiliate her, destroy the natives' awe and fear of her. That didn't seem like a very effective approach any longer. Besides, she'd obviously been expecting me and was probably well prepared to match my little tricks.

As I stood there I became embarrassed and for a moment I almost apologized for disturbing her. Then I swallowed hard, ashamed of myself.

"Do you speak English?" I finally asked.

There was a long silence. Well, I couldn't turn back now. I'd come to fight a witch; I had to go through with it.

"Jarsu," I said, "tell her—tell her she's ugly."

"Ugly?" he repeated, puzzled.

"Yes, ugly!" That should get her

mad. "Tell her I say she's an old hen."

Jarsu spoke to her, a tremor in his voice. He kept pointing at me, making sure she realized he was expressing my opinions, not his own. Her beautiful face remained impassive, but her slender fingers twitched over a metal box on the table in front of her.

Feeling slightly silly, I stepped forward. My routine was falling apart but I couldn't think of anything else to do. I reached across the table and placed my hand near her well-developed bosom. The fire smoldered deeper in her eyes but she didn't move. I "produced" a hard-boiled egg from the deep neckline of the sheath she wore and held it up to the natives crowding in the doorway.

"See," I said without much enthusiasm. "She is only an old hen!"

Nobody laughed. I'd planned the trick to make her the laughing-stock of the Himalayas. But nobody was laughing.

Suddenly she flipped open the lid of the metal box and slid it across the table toward me. I looked down and my skin began to crawl. A large furry spider, like the one in Forbes' room, crouched there, then suddenly leaped straight into my face!

I stumbled back, my poise completely gone. The spider landed on the dirt floor and scurried into a pile of junk in the corner. Sweat came pouring out on my face. There was a trickle of nervous laughter behind me. The great American *jaddo-wallah* wasn't doing so well!

THE *dhami* rose slowly. She was dressed in a sheath that hugged her neatly turned curves from head to foot. The only jewelry she wore was a necklace made of panthers' bones. Moving around the table with a fluid motion, she pulled a square of dirty cloth from a rafter overhead. After waving it in the air she dropped it to the floor, and when she whisked it away there was a large cobra lying there. It reared up with an angry hiss.

The natives in the doorway cried out and disappeared. The girl remained perfectly motionless. I did not do much moving either. I was frozen to the spot. The snake turned its tiny black eyes toward me, its jaw drooped, and its yellow fangs snapped into biting position.

For a second I thought the only thing I could do was run. I'd been an idiot to think I could lick a jungle-wise *dhami* with a few parlor tricks. Then I had an idea. I

stepped back and reached for a rag on a shelf.

In that moment the cobra struck, lashing forward with a long hiss and missing my leg by inches. In the same instant I grabbed the rag and threw it over the snake's bobbing head. It quivered and shook blindly. I knew that when a cobra is blinded it relaxes and won't strike.

Slowly it sank to the dirt floor and lay still. I made a couple of phony hypnotic passes at it to make it look good and a troubled look flashed over the *dhami's* face. Jarsu and the others were back in the doorway, staring in disbelief at the inert snake. The girl's eyes glowed angrily as she strode to the door. The natives jumped back as she slammed it shut. And then she and

I were alone in the darkened hut with a live cobra somewhere between us!

What's she up to now, I wondered. I stayed where I was, praying I wouldn't step on the snake and alarm it into action. I could see the outlines of the girl's body in the shadows of a corner. She was wrapping her hand around something thin, long and pointed. I realized it was a bony spine from a sikne tree, as deadly as any poisoned arrow. There was no time to lose, so I grabbed for her wrist and twisted. She cried out and sank her teeth into my arm. I jerked her around and slammed her to the floor. She was no longer silent and haughty. Her face was contorted with anger and she was screaming at me in rapid Nepalese.

Suddenly the cobra began hissing as it raised itself up over her. She threw up an arm in front of her face and choked off a snarl in a sob of fear. I grabbed the snake from behind, catching it just below the hood and lifted it into the air, where it trembled and lashed its slimy tail at me. With a single movement I yanked open the door and threw the cobra out into the bush.

Those brief, furious moments had transformed the *dhami* from an icy woman of witchcraft into a huddled, shivering girl lying on the floor.

I realized she was more than just frightened. Her power to impress was gone. She was like Samson shorn of his locks, an eagle of its claws. If I had no other tricks left, neither did she, and it was a land where women weren't trained to defy men. I decided to press my advantage.

"Jarsu!" I called out. The little man squeezed through the doorway.

"Yes?"

"Help me with this junk!" I ordered, sweeping off a shelf with one movement.

He watched the bottles crash to the floor and caught on. He grabbed a bundle of rags hanging on the wall and pulled them down gleefully. The other natives entered the hut one by one, stepping carefully around the wailing girl, smashing every evil thing they could get their hands on. Within a few minutes the hut was a shambles.

Then they filed out of the place and headed back up the trail, chattering happily among themselves. I was the last to leave. I took one last look at the shapely girl moaning there in the dirt and, being a nearly civilized man, I felt sorry

for her. Then she raised her eyes and looked at me. They were the unrepentant eyes of an animal. I turned and left, feeling those eyes burning into my back until I was far from the hut.

Two days later I went back there again. The hut was cleaned out and the witch was gone. Up on the mountain the strikers were back at work and Jarsu was happily tending a tea bush as he and the other workers delightedly sang the American song I'd taught them.

As I walked out of the bush, past the river, back up the slopes of Darjeeling, I could hear their voices ringing out across the roof of the world—

"Deeeng donk, thee witch ees dead . . ."

THE END

ISLE OF LONELY WOMEN

(Continued from page 371)

evening because it resulted in Fred and me taking off on a small deal that still remains fresh in my memory. We went to a little hotel down by the Jones Bridge and drank *tuba*. That's deceiving stuff distilled from the sap of the coconut palm. We used Bols gin for chasers. It had a beneficial effect on all of us and the evening grew slightly confused. About 4 o'clock in the morning I can remember chasing my doll through the patio and the way she was dressed she would have caught an awful chill in any climate colder than Manila.

The gals took off about 8 the next morning. They worked in a cigarette factory and I'm quite sure they couldn't have had their minds on their work that day. Although maybe they did. Those little Filipinas had capacity—what I mean. They were real party girls when they uncoiled for a big evening.

About 10 o'clock Fred and I came to life and went out for a round of spiked coffee. After we had a few cups we had a nice glow and were right friendly people. There was an old sunshiner sitting alone at another table. Loving the world like we did, we invited him over and we all sat there, eating papaya and bacon and eggs. I don't remember his name, if I ever knew it at all. He had been a sergeant in the Volunteers in the Philippine Insurrection and he had just sort of tapered off from there. He said he had a few coconuts on a little place outside Manila. The Philippines are full of old men like him.

We knew what he was as soon as we saw him because he had on khaki shirt and pants. Khaki was the badge of the sunshiner who had a few coconuts and a native

wife. Other white men in the Philippines wore duck or white linen when they came to town.

I remember that he sat there, rolling a piece of toast over with his fork, as he told us about Siquijor. "Young gents of your talent," the old sunshiner told us, "are wasting your time in Manila. How would you like to be a couple of young stallions in a coconut grove, completely surrounded by little brown fillies?"

"I love horses," Fred said fervently. "I was brought up on a ranch. I ride real good."

"It's pitiful," the old man went on. "All those women with high temperatures, jammed up on that little island, with the law of supply and demand reversed."

If you get a map of the Philippines you'll see that Siquijor is a little island just north of Mindanao. It belongs to the Middle Island Visayan Group and the inhabitants are Christian rather than Mohammedan. It's a poverty-stricken little place, off the beaten path, with an excess of population. The average Filipino is a home-loving creature who seldom strays from his own island. But the men of Siquijor go places. They go to Hawaii to work in the sugar fields and to California to work on the truck farms.

The women stay home. There are ten women to every man on Siquijor.

"Those little does up there," the old sunshiner observed sadly, "seldom see a big buck with a spread of horns. If you want my opinion," he added earnestly, "I think those Siquijor men are nuts. Young sons, the possibilities of Siquijor Island are eee-normous."

Well, you can't wave a red flag in front of a bull!

We went down to Surigao on the north coast of Mindanao. We felt this was a matter that required our immediate personal attention. A man can always split open *beche-de-mer* to be dried for the China market. Fred didn't seem to have anything pressing in his appointment book, either.

"You furnish the dough," he said, "and I'll provide the romance."

He could do it, too. He was a big guy, about 6 feet 2 and he had nice curly hair. I've always wondered what became of Fred. Maybe he went back to Siquijor.

We chartered a *dalamas* in Surigao; one of those two-hulled boats with outriggers, and a little house on a platform. The Polynesians sailed all over the Pacific in that type of craft. We took a few necessary supplies—certain vital liquids, bottled, and a supply of canned goods for vitamins. We had some grass mats and a blanket apiece. We were young and we didn't believe in much baggage. Those were the days.

The little boat performed nobly. Fred was a good hand with tiller and sail and we had fine weather all the way. We caught big mackerel on trolls and we fried them on a fire we built on a dirt platform amidships.

We were at sea only a few days. We used to sit in the shade of the big sail and look at the little dot on the map called Siquijor and hope that the old sunshiner had his facts straight.

It was about 2 o'clock one afternoon when we dropped the hook in a little bay. The anchor was a piece of coral block. The possibilities of Siquijor became apparent almost immediately. Two little outriggers put off from the beach, each with an all-female crew. The first boat to reach us had three girls manning the paddles. The one in the bow stood up and she was too big a girl to be dressed that way.

"God bless that old sunshiner," Fred said gratefully.

The girls had been swimming in the surf and their modesty was covered—just barely. The gal standing in the bow had on a white cloth dress and it was so wet it fitted her like a second skin. Every place you looked she was an eyeful. Her tan was a little darker than the gals on the beach in Southern California and her hair hung down to her waist. You couldn't have found a prettier pair of pins on the stage in the chorus of a musical show.

"I hope the little dear doesn't catch cold," Fred said.

The other two girls in the boat were younger. They were still growing but they showed great promise of things to come. The second boat came up, propelled by a couple more of the chief product of Siquijor. They all showed white teeth in big smiles and they dived and swam around the *dalamas* like porpoises. Not that they looked like porpoises. There were important differences in contour.

This was our introduction to Siquijor Island. They were a hospitable people. We didn't get ashore for some time. We swam and—well, we swam. It was a nice gesture of welcome that we received and Fred and I were properly appreciative. I began to develop a sincere affection for that old sunshiner.

Late in the afternoon we sculled the *dalamas* in and beached it and made a few simple domestic arrangements.

Ashore Siquijor looked like any other island of the Philippine group. Scattered coconut groves, nipa and bamboo houses on stilts, little trails that led from one small village to another.

We were dug in nicely in a day or two in a little spot near the beach and we settled comfortably into the routine of Siquijor. As I've

mentioned, the proportion of men to women was about one to ten. The few men on the island worked in the small coconut groves and sailed the fishing *vintas*. They did most of the gathering of the coconuts, hauling them into the sheds in little carts. The women opened the coconuts and exposed the half shells of white meat to the sun, curing the copra. Everyone took life easy.

Fred and I were as happy as ants in a picnic pie. We were really occupied. There was work to be done and Fred and I did it. We didn't work on a regular shift. We took on what had to be done on a piece-work basis, with no regular hours.

We were there for five weeks and we got to know that island real well—in fact, intimately. Naturally we became engrossed in our work and after a few days we began to specialize. Fred more or less settled on a little doll named Maria and I cultivated a small pepper pot named Soling.

It wasn't all pure blessing because after a couple of weeks on Siquijor we began to fade out. It was a gradual disintegration and it sneaked up on us. It wasn't the hours so much that bothered us; it was the fact that the job required too much application. We had frequent housewarmings at our little place, just informal parties with a few people dropping in. The trouble was, the house never had a chance to cool off properly because it was one housewarming after another.

MARIA and Soling took up a lot of our time but there were other distractions, too. We had a sort of trap line, you might say, that reached all the way around the island. Those traps were really baited. We lived casually but it wasn't restful. In fact, it was downright debilitating. There was just too much time on Siquijor and too many places to spend it.

Things went along like this for about three weeks and we began to develop irksome surpluses of useful material, with the supply gaining steadily over the demand. It was the inflation of the 1920's all over again. There was more stock on the shelves than the customers wanted. Fred and I just had too much of a good thing.

We had the *dalamas* pulled up on the sand in front of our house one morning and we were sitting on the gunwale, soaking up a little sun after an all-night fiesta. Fred tugged experimentally on one of the lines. The colored sail rose an inch or two on the sprit mast.

"You know," he said, "there's nothing like the feel of a good boat under your feet. Standing there on the poop deck with the wind and salt spray in your face. Peps a man up."

"I ought to be getting back to

drying *beche-de-mer* at Sitanki," I said, "but I suppose it can wait."

"I've got a little deal hanging fire down in Zamboanga," Fred said carelessly, "but I suppose it can wait, too." He yawned and stretched his arms over his head. "Sitting out here in the sun is whipping me down. You tired?" he asked.

"Pooped," I agreed.

"Must be the climate. Let's go hit the *patate*," he suggested.

That we did. We got down on our grass mats and slept all afternoon. I suppose the little incident was typical of our days on Siquijor. All we did was eat, sleep—and swim.

The Philippine Islands have more fiestas than anyplace in the world and Siquijor holds the all-time record. If someone caught an extra big fish it was the signal for a fiesta. Soling had a favorite expression: "We have a fiesta, no?" She would roll her eyes, because she had her own idea of the way to celebrate a fiesta.

My answer was usually: "We have a fiesta, yes."

We had fiestas celebrating past fiestas and we created fiestas for special occasions. I remember one time we had a fiesta celebrating the election of a Mr. Cecil Brown to the presidency of the Chamber of Commerce in Enid, Oklahoma. That was Fred's idea.

Another time we celebrated the 136th day after Christmas. We even had a Christmas tree for that one and the ornaments weren't the only things that were lit up.

But we were living in a fool's paradise and we knew it. The sand in the glass was sinking low and we developed a lackadaisical attitude that was alarming. We were outnumbered and our assets were draining away.

In short, we were bankrupt in a land of plenty.

As the days rolled along it was remarkable how often we went to sit on the gunwale of the *dalamas*. We would fiddle with the rigging and we calked up a little bite the coral had chewed in the hull.

"You know," Fred said one day, "I haven't sunk my teeth in a mango for a long time. Man, how I love mangoes. It's a pity they don't grow here on Siquijor." He patted his stomach. "I've got a gnawing, right here, for a big juicy mango. I know just how a pregnant woman feels, wanting a dish of strawberries at 3 o'clock in the morning."

"Please," I said, "Let's not get into that subject."

"Man, would I like a mango," he

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said absently.

He had my mouth watering when we hit the *patate* that afternoon. I could hardly sleep, thinking about mangoes.

It was after the big fiesta celebrating the Saint's Day of Mrs. Purisima Ledesma, a young widow whose husband had died of cholera some years before in Mindanao, that we finally capitulated. We didn't know during the party that it was to be our last fiesta on Siquijor. That thought crystallized suddenly the next afternoon.

Man, did we fiesta that night!

We each gave personal attention to Mrs. Ledesma and she was happy to be singled out for special consideration. Certainly a good time was had by all. The dawn didn't come up like thunder the next morning. We staggered to our *patates* when it began to get gray in the east and we slept until 3 in the afternoon. Then we went out to sit on the gunwale of the *dalamas* and for some reason or another Fred was indignant.

"That damned old sunshiner!" he complained bitterly. "He could ruin a man with his crazy ideas."

We went back to our *patates* and took on some good nourishing sleep. It was about midnight when we awoke and we had an uncanny and monumental meeting of the minds. Fred made some remark about mangoes and that old mouth-watering feeling came and it couldn't be denied. We were rank cowards, slinking out in the middle of the night because we had a good deal there on Siquijor. But it was too good a deal. You didn't have to play the cards at all. The plain truth was that we couldn't keep up with our commodity surpluses. Fred and I were weighed in the balance—and found wanting.

"I would never have believed it," Fred said with wonder in his voice as we pushed the *dalamas* down to the surf. "Imagine me, Fred Martin, chickening out. The boys on the old USS *California* would have drummed me out of crew quarters. Come to think of it, it would just about take the crew of the *California* to handle the situation on Siquijor. Ah well, we learn humility."

"If it hadn't been for that craving for mangoes—" I began weakly. Fred looked at me but he didn't say anything. He was busy getting up the sprit mast.

We were well out at sea, headed for Surigao, before he spoke again. He looked back in the dark to the faint lights of Siquijor. "That damned old sunshiner," he said. "I'll be years getting rid of my inferiority complex."

I didn't say anything. I just relaxed there on my *patate* under the big sail. I was a growing boy in those days and I needed my rest.

THE END

HORROR AMAZONS OF HISTORY

(Continued from page 15)

prey alive. Killing was done only in self-defense. Once, according to Dahoman history, a cadre of 2,500 Amazons captured 126 towns in three days and took home thousands of prisoners!

The captives were made slaves. Of these, the women who wanted to earn their freedom, were allowed to serve in the Dahomey army after they were cleared and pronounced good risks by a team of inquiring officials. But the recruiting of femme soldiers came largely from the Dahomey nation itself.

The laws of the kingdom provided that each subject was to present his daughters for military service when they had reached their 15th birthday. The most promising candidates were earmarked for officers' training while the remainder of those selected by the monarch were assigned to one of the lower corps on the basis of their physical build.

It was considered a high honor indeed for a young Dahoman girl to be singled out by the king for his army. Amid much pomp the recruits lived and served within the palace grounds where the general citizenry was usually barred.

True, the conscriptees found regimentation tough, especially during basic training. Discipline was especially harsh because the amazons had an exaggerated reputation to live up to. Every girl who became a warrior was obliged to remain chaste. Punishment for violating this rule was especially severe.

If by chance an amazon of easy virtue became pregnant, the penalty after a trial before the king himself was death by a firing squad consisting of officers of their own sex. These executions were carried out in private. Penalties for minor offenses such as petting, stealing, or insubordination involved public flogging.

Life on the palace grounds was pleasant. In peace there was actually little duty. When the king appeared in public, a guard of Amazons protected him. Frequently parades were staged for special visitors and sometimes day-long maneuvers, if the guest happened to be a European dignitary.

The girls-in-arms were also trained to be clever dancers—pro-

ficiency in this category often bringing promotions or recognition by the king and his councillors. The dance which all the distaff warriors liked best was one in which the movements symbolized a soldier in combat. The right hand, for example, was worked in a saw-like manner imitating the act of cutting off the head of a wounded adversary.

Another odd duty exacted of the amazons was to provide a certain number of "wives" to join any king who died. These sacrificial victims were usually chosen from among those soldiers who had formerly been enemy captives. In 1791 about 300 such amazons were slaughtered at the grave of a departed monarch in a bloody ceremony that can be attributed not to their love of cruelty but to their abject love for the king.

A FEW amazon officers were dispatched privately to "accompany" the deceased monarch in the hereafter world as rulers of his harem. These unfortunates were simply stabbed quickly through the heart and thrown into the grave.

In general the bloodshed was preceded by dancing and feasting. Some of the victims were tied in baskets, taken atop a high platform together with an alligator and a hawk, hurled down into the middle of a surging crowd of natives who butchered them mercilessly. The uproar usually continued until order was restored by the new sovereign.

Just how Dahomey came to building a female army is not fully known to anthropologists. It is believed that during the reign of King Agadja in the 17th Century the amazon army came into being quite by chance. Agadja, it seems, had conquered several regions along the coast when he was attacked suddenly by the warlike Oyo. The Dahomans suffered severe losses. Taking advantage of the setback, the other conquered coastal monarchs sought to regain their liberty.

Agadja, unable to bear the ignominy of losing his newly acquired possessions, ordered a large number of women to be armed like his men. Then he placed the women in

the rear ranks, in order to prevent discovery of his plan; and marched on the Whidaw troops who awaited Agadja and his presumably weakened ranks. When the Whidaws saw the unexpectedly large number of Dahomans marching into battle, they became terrified and fled.

What surprised and pleased Agadja more than anything else was the proficiency and competence with which the women had handled themselves in combat. He had merely drafted them for sheer number in order to scare off the enemy, but it turned out the women relished the chance to prove their combat skills. The so-called weaker sex demonstrated that they were the equal of any male when it came to being belligerent.

King Agadja was quick to exploit the warlike instincts of the opposite sex. The risks of the spear and the shield were thus made mandatory for all eligible girls of Dahomey not only by Agadja but by every king who succeeded him in the dynasties that followed. The success of the bellicose amazons was fantastic, and while they never supplanted the male army, the women were used constantly by Dahomey to maintain the stability of its primitive monarchy.

BY means of military conquests Dahomey added to its revenues both from the sale of captured slaves and from the acquired slave labor pool used to work its land. The amazons symbolized Dahoman vitality and became feared all over West Africa, especially since they developed the custom of bringing in the severed heads of their enemy dead and ornamenting themselves with the human skulls as a ghastly emblem of their barbarity.

The downfall of the amazon army came slowly. During King Gezo's 40-year reign which ended in 1858, the amazons flourished and reached the peak of their success. But in 1851 Gezo attacked Abeokuta with his combined male and female armies and was beaten back. More than half of the amazons on that sad occasion fell mortally wounded. Weakened considerably, Gezo signed a commercial treaty with France that year "to preserve his integrity."

After he died his son, King Gelele, took over. He tried to restore the amazons to their original strength and savage aggressiveness

(Continued on page 71)

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THE 66 CONVICT GIRLS

(Continued from page 29)

kle in his eye. "So I might have to put you below decks with sixty-six beautiful female convicts."

"After two years in Newgate prison that might be an enjoyable fate," replied the major. "But why do you say the sixty-six females are beautiful? In my experience it's only one out of ten that a man would like to dally with on a hayride!"

"Wait till you see the girls below!" exclaimed the captain. "The authorities have selected the youngest, the most beautiful from all the jails of England. We wouldn't transport an old witch, would we now, to help populate our colony in New Holland?"

Capt. Wilcocks and Major Semple Lisle sized each other up man-to-man on the deck of the Lady Shore. The captain saw a gay, fiery, haughty personality, a man of 36 with a prominent, handsome nose, deep-set brooding eyes, sensitive lips and a powerful physique. Major Lisle saw a stocky, middle-aged, intelligent character who should have been growing flowers in an English garden instead of commanding this seething prison ship.

"It says here that you defrauded a shirt-maker—a very serious crime," the captain said sternly.

"There are parts of my life that I can neither justify nor defend," Major Lisle said graciously. "Captain, I have always lived by the sword, dangerously and gallantly. But I readily admit to impetuosity, extravagance, love of pleasure and the bottle. I charge my misfortunes to the petty jealousies of dunces and hypocrites."

Even as he spoke Major Lisle knew he had the captain going. After all, he may have just spent two years at Newgate but he'd con ned the warden into providing him with a private, lavishly furnished apartment where he was visited at all hours by his friends and lady friends.

Major Lisle was right about Capt. Wilcocks. The skipper was delighted that he was to have such an entertaining prisoner on the long voyage ahead, but he gave no indication that the major would receive any preferred treatment.

"We'll go below and you can see the other prisoners," said the captain, glancing apprehensively at the belligerent soldier-guards.

Even before they reached the huge compartment in which the women were caged, Major Lisle could hear their shrill screams, laughter and curses. A uniformed guard unlocked the heavy iron door and Major Lisle stood looking at

the women. For a moment their voices were hushed as they stared back at the two male intruders.

He saw girls of all types, some fair-haired and blue-eyed with slender figures and high, pear-shaped bosoms; others with full bosoms and rounded buttocks.

"They are indeed young," he said speculatively, "to have committed crimes."

"Their crimes hardly surpass your own," said the captain. "Take that buxom lass, for example. She was caught stealing three pigs from a butcher's stall. She got seven years transportation for the crime. But the governor of the prison settlement at Sydney will put her out to pasture soon enough. With those thighs she will be a good breeder and New Holland must be populated."

Outside in the passage Major Lisle, with his practised military eye, could fully appreciate the strategic location of the soldiers' apartments—they lined both sides of the deck. Once at sea he imagined the revelry down here would rival the greatest orgies in history.

On the way back through the ship he was gloomily contemplating his status in this extraordinary adventure. Everywhere he noted the brooding signs of rebellion.

"See those soldiers strutting all over my ship?" cried Capt. Wilcocks furiously when they reached the quarter-deck. "They were delivered aboard before we left Gravesend for Portsmouth—and they were in irons then. They're army deserters. Now they have muskets, bayonets and cartridge boxes served out to them by Adjutant Minchin who commands the New South Wales Corps aboard my ship. There are seventy-four of them and they can't even speak English. Potential murderers!"

It was clear now why Capt. Wilcocks was a mighty worried man. He was a new skipper on the Lady Shore. A notorious hell ship, she transported convicts to New Holland (Australia) whenever England decided to empty her jails. But this was England's War of 1796 with France, Spain and Holland—the prelude to the Napoleonic campaigns of the early 19th Century—and the men sent down to the Lady Shore were French army deserters, Irish conscripts, German and Spanish soldiers, who wanted no part of the war.

Most of all, they were incensed at being trapped into the New South Wales Corps to act as guards for a shipload of women bound for a mysterious land thousands of miles across the sea. They didn't know then that weeks at sea with 66 lovely convicts would change their reluctance. A few of the soldier-guards had brought their own "wives" along.

Major Lisle had hardly made the

acquaintance of the ship's officers and of Adjutant Minchin and his staff before the first open act of rebellious violence occurred. As usual, in a career of swift and furious action, he found himself in the middle of hostilities.

He saw trouble coming just after Capt. Wilcocks went ashore to discuss the tension aboard his ship with military authorities. The non-commissioned officers of the New South Wales Corps swarmed up on both sides of the quarter-deck.

"Go forward where you belong!" shouted First Mate Lambert.

"We have a better right on the quarter-deck or any other part of this ship!" cried Sergeant Hughes, their ringleader, a hard-bitten veteran of 18th Century wars.

"Set foot on this quarter-deck and you'll be shot," answered Lambert, quickly handing out pistols to 2nd Mate Simon Murchison and 3rd Mate Gerrard Drummond. Then he sent word below for Adjutant Minchin.

Minchin was visibly pale and indecisive when he appeared. It was apparent to Major Lisle that the man had no stomach for a fight and had little control over his men.

"This deck belongs to the ship's officers and you have no right up here," he pleaded. "I will ask you soldiers to go forward as the mate directs."

Muttering insolently, a few obeyed. But Sergeant Hughes replied defiantly: "I'm going below for my sword and I'll cut a limb from the first man who tries to stop me from walking your damned quarter-deck!"

The ship's officers hesitated to use their pistols when Sgt. Hughes reappeared, brandishing his sword. After all, they reasoned, 73 other soldiers were watching from the main deck with loaded muskets and the first gunshot might trigger a bloody massacre.

Although Major Lisle realized he was technically a prisoner he didn't like the murderous look of Hughes, especially since everyone else aboard seemed transfixed with fear. Seizing a carpenter's broad ax which lay near by, he met the wild sergeant halfway up to the quarter-deck. It was ax against sword and Major Lisle knew he was in a dangerous spot, but he was a man with words.

"I'll split your skull if you lift that sword or if you lift any other weapon against the officers of this ship!" he threatened, raising the broad ax.

Luckily Sergeant Hughes decided not to have any truck with the major and his ax. He backed up.

When Capt. Wilcocks returned that afternoon he learned that his only male prisoner had proved his mettle in a very tight squeeze. But even though the Lady Shore was still at Portsmouth, the conscripts

in the New South Wales Corps were chanting: "We'll set fire to this ship before we reach Botany Bay!"

This wasn't good news for the 66 lovelies penned below decks. Down in the almost airless bowels of the prison ship they never ceased screaming for water, food—and men. Least of all did they want to die by fire at sea.

Capt. Wilcocks forced Minchin to put the irons on Sergeant Hughes. He was ironed to the main mast for a night.

At dinner in the captain quarters Major Lisle regaled the officers and their ladies with tall tales of his exploits. He told them of the days when he was a favorite courtier of Catherine the Great of Russia, while at the same time he was a companion of Prince Orloff, her lover.

Capt. Wilcocks assigned Major Lisle a private and somewhat luxurious apartment not too far from the 66 incarcerated gals. He was to have free run of the ship and dine with the officers.

Bad luck dogged the Lady Shore long before she got to sea on her violent and memorable voyage. Before sailing from Portsmouth there were frequent fist fights between the disgruntled soldier-guards and the ship's officers. Report of an enemy fleet forced the ship to take refuge in the English port of Torbay and there they were hit by a storm which damaged every ship in the harbor.

Finally the Lady Shore set off, one ship in a huge convoy bound for England's colonies in the West Indies or Botany Bay in far-off New Holland. At once the soldiers of the New South Wales Corps and the sailors began beating a path to the women's quarters.

Hardly had land faded on the horizon before 2nd Mate Simon Murchison drew Major Lisle quietly aside. "Even before we left Falmouth one of the women convicts told me that Adjutant Minchin would put our captain in irons as soon as we got to sea."

Watching the proud British warships coursing them like wolfhounds, Major Lisle whispered: "Good man! We'll have use for that kind of intelligence. But we'll have no real trouble until we separate from the convoy."

"And then?"

"Then, Simon, we may have to defend this hulk with our lives. If we have mutiny I do not fear the men. I am wondering what may occur when those sixty-six women are liberated? Our men are making love to them and they're sure to be turned loose. Never forget that the female is the most dangerous of the species, and these could well gain control over the Lady Shore"

Near South America the convoy split up and the Lady Shore was on her own. Most of the ships dis-

persed for the West Indies while Capt. Wilcocks set a course for Rio de Janeiro, where he hoped to take on new supplies before tackling the rugged voyage around Cape Horn to New Holland.

At 4:15 a.m. on August 1, 1797, not long after the convoy was out of sight, Major Lisle was awakened by the roar of firearms and the screams of women. As he tumbled into his clothes and checked his pistols he knew that the mutiny had finally broken out.

Telling the trollop in his bed that "you'd better hide your blonde curls under the coverlets since discretion is always the wisest part of valour for such a fair lass as you," he rushed out into the passageway, still buttoning his clothes. He ran smack into John Curran, a frightened young sailor.

"The soldiers have taken the ship!" the boy cried. "Don't go near the hatchway, Major, or you'll be murdered by the mutineers!"

"I survived against the Americans in the battle of 1776 when I was less than your age," Major Lisle replied. He cocked his pistols. "Let us join in the fight!"

Major Lisle soon found himself right in his own element—a stabbing sword point or a pistol ball at close range.

On his midnight watch First Mate Lambert had discovered the soldiers moving stealthily on the main deck in the early dawn, grouping themselves for an attack on the quarter-deck. Instead of alarming the ship Lambert rushed to his own cabin for pistols and ammunition.

Trapped in his cabin, with the mutineers smashing against the doors, he loaded and fired. He got Mike Delahay, one of the toughest mutineers, in the chest. The man dropped, moaning in agony.

The cabin in which Lambert was besieged was one of three small compartments in the fore part of the roundhouse. The other two were occupied by 2nd Mate Murchison and Purser John Black. The rest of the big roundhouse was the captain's private quarters.

Despite the heavy odds against him Lambert displayed a brand of courage that would stir the blood of men generations after his death. The mutineers thrust their muskets through the smashed door and sprayed the dark interior with bullets. He was wounded in several places, none bad enough to bring him down.

Then the soldiers broke in and charged him with bayonets. Parrying the thrusts with a sword he slipped through the adjoining door into Purser Black's cabin and managed to bolt it behind him. He gained only a momentary haven. The mad pack at his heels were splintering the door with their musket butts. The purser was not a

fighting man and his cabin was full of ricocheting bullets as the mutineers in control of the quarter-deck riddled it from above.

Lambert suddenly doubled over from the pain of a musket ball in his back. But he was still game and still returning the shots. With the frightened purser's help he ripped off the canvas lashing to a cubby, crawled through the aperture and reached the captain's cabin.

The cabin was empty. He ran to the windows and shouted: "Minchin! Adjutant Minchin! Your men are murdering the ship's officers!"

These were the last words Lambert uttered. One of the mutineers dropped him with a pistol ball through the chest. He was never to know that Capt. Wilcocks had just rushed from his quarters into the arms of the mutineers and had received a bayonet thrust just below the heart.

Wrenching free, Capt. Wilcocks sprang for the after hatchway, tumbled down it, regained his feet and staggered, blood drenched, into Minchin's cabin. Finding it seemingly empty he dragged himself painfully into Minchin's bed.

In the predawn darkness, with many of the ship's lanterns smashed, Major Lisle followed the sound of gunfire, trying to distinguish friend from foe. Over the din he heard a man yelling: "Give them the ship! Give them the ship!"

It was Adjutant Minchin's voice, but where was he? Where were the Captain and First Mate?

By now the ship was overrun with belligerent females, for the 66 convict girls were loose. Forcing his way through the carnival of screaming convict women Major Lisle reached a cabin shared by 3rd Mate Gerrard Drummond and Dr. Fyfe, the ship's young but capable surgeon.

Drummond was hiding under the surgeon's bed and refused to crawl out when Lisle tried to enlist him for a counterattack. Other officers were also hiding under beds. It would be difficult to rally a striking force.

At this moment Major Lisle, rushing past Adjutant Minchin's cabin, heard the captain's voice calling for help. Bursting into the cabin he found Wilcocks lying in Minchin's bunk, groaning from his wounds.

And under the bed, which was "more than three feet from the deck," Major Lisle later said: "I discovered, by the daylight which had begun to appear, Adjutant Minchin with his wife!"

"I'm in sorry shape, lad," gasped Wilcocks, paying no attention to Minchin and his lady, who were now crawling shamefacedly from under the bed. "Just prop me up comfortably and give me your opinion of our situation."

Surgeon Fyfe arrived to bandage the captain's wound, while Lisle de-

scribed what he had seen and heard.

"I'm afraid the mutineers have control of the deck," he said. "They have posted four men with fixed bayonets at the after hatchway; one at each of the officers' cabins on deck; several are parading the quarter-deck, and I heard that they now have two of the great guns pointed down the after hatchway and two more at the round-house."

"Then we must give up the ship!" Capt. Wilcocks exclaimed.

"I think not, sir. I will lead an attack to retake the deck if some plan can be determined on. I think we have many loyal seamen between decks."

"I want no more bloodshed. I'll ask you to act as interpreter and offer our surrender."

Adjutant Minchin heartily endorsed this plan and his submissive attitude caused Major Lisle to turn on him fiercely. "You are the proper person to speak to the mutineers! They are committed to your charge and it is your duty to subdue them or die!"

"Nonetheless, I agree with the captain that we should offer no further resistance," Minchin murmured.

"But we have most of the ammunition and muskets!" Lisle raged. "We have the provisions and can starve them out. All we need do is defend the hatchways. As one soldier to another I implore you to draw your sword and exert yourself. But if you consider this too dangerous we can cloak the rudder and cut away the masts between decks, bringing the wreck down on their heads."

But the major's strategy was rejected and he reluctantly made his way to the hatchway, where sentinels thrust their muskets against his head, holding him at the point of death, while their leaders were summoned. These proved to be three French conscripts, a German and several Irishmen.

"I, Deliz, am the new capitaine!" declared a fiery little Frenchman proudly.

Under threat of a complete massacre "Captain" Deliz delivered his terms: all soldiers and seamen amidships who had not yet joined the mutineers would immediately give up their arms through Adjutant Minchin, and everyone not needed to work the ship would be confined under guard until the mutineers decided where to sail the Lady Shore.

Knowing that he had only a few more hours to live Capt. Wilcocks agreed to the surrender terms.

Then to Lisle's disgust, Minchin, the soldiers who hadn't joined in the mutiny, and the neutral seamen, handed up through a hatchway all the muskets, pistols and ammunition in the arsenal. From

that moment the mutineers were in complete possession of the ship.

For many hours, "surrounded on all sides by armed ruffians," Major Lisle stayed by the side of the man who had been kind to him, but the end was near for Capt. Wilcocks.

"Cut off some of my hair and send it to my wife," Capt. Wilcocks said before he died.

Major Lisle gently performed this last request, then officiated at the burial ceremony on deck. First Mate Lambert and Delahay, the mutineer, had already been slipped over the side into the sea. To Delahay's body they had affixed a tag inscribed: "Il est mort pour la liberte!" ("He died for liberty.")

The mutineers were stationed on each side of the quarter-deck, weapons cocked, with the seamen in the center. Then Deliz, standing on an arms chest, screamed out his new demands.

"We have changed course and are now sailing for the mouth of the Rio de Plata," he shouted, while Major Lisle translated into English. "We will put all of the ship's officers, all the soldiers who are not on our side, and all the women who wish to leave us, into boats as soon as we pass the latitude of Rio de Janeiro."

Deliz said he hoped to find asylum among the Spanish settlements in the estuary near Buenos Aires. The captives would be released only when the Lady Shore was so far south that no alert could reach any Portuguese warships.

The prospect of being cast adrift in open boats was more welcome to the non-mutineers than an uncertain fate aboard the captured transport. They could only hope for sufficient provisions and calm weather. Otherwise it might well become a sentence of death. And on this, the 4th day of August, 1797, the wind was blowing strong from the northeast and the sea was rising.

"Until then our guards have orders to shoot any of you who converse with the soldiers or seamen," Deliz warned.

On the strategic main deck the outlaws always slept fully clothed, with their weapons by their sides. Then they decided they'd look better in finer clothes and sent armed squads down to strip the clothes from Major Lisle and the other captives.

Knowing that time was running out the ship's officers frantically made sails for the longboat and got her rigged and fitted for sea. Meanwhile, canny Major Lisle and Purser Black were engaged in a fantastic plot. They were quietly collecting bars of soap. Then at night in the purser's cabin they hollowed out the cakes and concealed the ship's gold, which had been in Black's safe all the time.

They packed the soap cakes in a box, planning to load it on the longboat as a part of Major Lisle's personal belongings.

Later, when a three-man committee finally got around to checking with the purser on the ship's cargo, all they found in his safe were 52 gold watches. Major Lisle suggested a deal. "Give five watches to Mr. Black and two to me. It will swear us to secrecy, and the other watches are yours. But Mr. Black and myself must be assured of space on the longboat when it quits this ship."

Dazzled by the gleam of gold watches, a fabulous treasure in 1797, they agreed to double-cross their comrades and from then on Major Lisle was allowed to roam the ship almost freely.

On Saturday, August 12, the captives were told they'd be put adrift the next morning, but a violent South Atlantic storm blew up that evening, nearly sinking the Lady Shore. One of the soldiers was swept overboard when wind, rain and heavy seas first struck.

"In the evening, about 7 o'clock, the ship was taken aback and getting sternway, a high sea pooped her," Second Mate Simon Murchison wrote in his affidavit taken a year later. "The seas came in all the great cabin windows and washed those who were sitting in the cabin forward to the cabin door, which was also burst open by the sea."

"The ship appeared to settle fast by the stern, and had another sea broken over her we must inevitably have all perished. The tiller was flying from one side to the other, the man at the helm being alarmed, not knowing what to do, and no person to command him. Not a word said upon deck could be understood for the great confusion of tongues, some calling out in French, others in German and others in English, that the ship was going down."

Mutineers, their captives and the convict women, everyone aboard ship, their differences forgotten, slaved frantically at a bucket brigade, trying to bail her out between decks. Finally, after hours of terror, the pumps were put in working order and the Lady Shore righted herself from the dangerous list astern.

On Tuesday, Aug. 15th, when the ocean had become deceptively smooth 29 forlorn persons were led to the longboat, which had been stocked with 90 gallons of water and four bags of bread. Somehow in the confusion someone managed to heave two hams, two cheeses, some beef and five gallons of rum into the boat.

Fortunately, just before embarkation Major Lisle made a bet of one guinea that Thomeo, the best navigator among the mutineers,

didn't even know the exact position of the ship. Thomeo secretly showed Lisle and Purser Black the log book and a chart of the coast. He won the bet, but Lisle now knew they were nearly in the latitude of 34 S and about 100 leagues from the Rio Grande off the lower coast of Brazil.

Armed with this information and a quadrant, which they'd obtained after a great deal of entreaty, and a small pocket compass concealed by 3rd Officer Drummond, they hoped to reach the coast. They didn't know that the South Atlantic waited to engulf their small boat with hurricane winds and giant waves.

As the heavily laden longboat shoved off and dropped slowly astern in the light of the setting sun the mutineers and the convict women who had cast their lot with them crowded the decks of the Lady Shore with cries of bon voyage.

"And what will you do with that box of soap, Mr. Simple?" one girl yelled. "Feed it to your lady friends when you're starving for food?"

Everyone had concluded that Major Lisle was simple in the head, when he insisted on taking along a box of soap.

"To bathe ourselves with, my dear," he shouted back. "Something none of you will do while you sail the Lady Shore to hell!"

Then the sky darkened, the ship vanished in the distance and the weather turned bad. By midnight thunder, lightning and rain hammered the crowded longboat.

"The storm was accompanied by the heaviest rains I have ever witnessed," Major Lisle declared in his autobiography. "We were constantly employed in bailing, for independent of the boat being leaky the sea ran so high and the rain fell so heavy, the boat was continually filling with water. The quick and violent motions made even the best seamen sick; poor Black was rendered incapable of action, and Ensign Prater, after all his professions, was in due course pronounced neither sailor nor soldier."

With incredible grit and endurance Major Lisle took over the helm from Prater and held it for 46 hours in one of the most desperate struggles against the sea that a group of castaways ever waged. Most of the passengers were women, huddling miserably under a canvas cover which Lisle had nailed across the gunwales fore and aft. The boat was loaded almost to the water's edge. No one could hold down any food. They lived on rum, diluted with water.

Then about noon of the second day they sighted land, a misty gray line along the horizon. All that day they fought to reach the coast against the violently blowing gale.

Toward evening they found themselves on the treacherous banks which run far to sea from the mouth of the Rio Grande. They could see the masts of ships riding at anchor.

Their navigating had been good, or perhaps purely providential, but now they were surrounded by crashing breakers and they didn't know the harbor entrance.

"Take the helm," Major Lisle told 3rd Mate Drummond as they all stared fearfully at the tremendous line of breakers ahead. "We will lighten the boat and run the gauntlet."

The redoubtable major saw to it that all their provisions and chests of personal belongings were thrown overboard, all except that small box of soap.

With the heavy surf pounding over them they crashed through the lines of breakers into smoother water and jubilantly hoisted an English flag from their masthead. The answering flag from the signal house at Rio Grande was Portuguese, an ally of England.

Up to his old tricks again, Lisle introduced himself to the Portuguese governor-general as a Dutch major who had taken passage on the Lady Shore to supervise his vast estates in New Holland. He was royally entertained and presented with a sword. By the time his masquerade was exposed the viceroy was so captivated by his charm that he dismissed the matter with a shrug. Wasn't the major a hero of the mutiny? At any rate, he and Purser Black seemed to have an unlimited supply of gold and they were entitled to fine plantations and fair women.

Now what of the Lady Shore? After sailing aimlessly along the coast of South America the mutineers made the fatal mistake of putting in at the Spanish port of Montevideo. The Spanish promptly clapped the mutineers into their dungeons, distributed the women convicts among the wealthy dons and sold the Lady Shore at auction for \$40,000. Sometime afterward the mutineers were released and went their separate ways.

As time went on Major Lisle had it made at Rio Grande, but he was an Englishman and he had a bad case of homesickness for his native land.

Through the aid of his new friend, the viceroy, he got passage home on a Portuguese ship, confidently expecting to be greeted by a brass band. How wrong can a man be? His old enemies, the bailiffs, met him at the dock and hustled him off to Bridewell prison.

"I am forgotten like a parcel left at an inn," he complained bitterly when he learned that he'd have to serve out his original sentence for not paying his shirt maker.

But don't feel sorry for Major

Lisle.

It wasn't too tough a rap. He conned himself into a good setup with the warden at Bridewell, eventually got out on good behavior, fought and loved in the wars of Europe and lived to a ripe old age.

THE END

MANEATER

(Continued from page 48)

to his croc business, Mitchie collects pythons. He sells some of them live to zoos, but usually kills them for their skins which go to companies in the United States. In the Philippines these reptiles grow to immense lengths. Several years ago, Barcia ran across a grand-daddy of a python. Unfortunately while he and his men grappled with the hissing monster, it was killed. Its skin measured thirty-one feet and it is believed to be the longest killed in the Philippines.

Mitchie also has caught bare handed the deadly Philippine cobra. His prize catch was a twelve-foot killer. Barcia sends the cobras to a local laboratory for the extraction of venom.

The hunter has a diabolical sense of humor, even where such dangerous reptiles are concerned. One day he walked into the Philippine National Museum with a bag full of cobras. When the scientists asked how he had caught them, he dumped the squirming, lightning-fanged reptiles on the floor and proceeded to pick them up just to show his method. The men in the room were about to leap for the nearest chandeliers, but in a moment Mitchie had plopped the cobras safely back in the sack.

"A cobra is easy to pick up if you are observant and careful," Mitchie said. "You must keep your eyes on its tail as well as its head. Because of the triangular shape of the vertebrae in the cobra's backbone, it is not able to turn its head more than forty-five degrees in either direction unless it moves its tail. You keep one eye on the snake's tail, while you grab it behind the hood. Then you drop the cobra tail first into a bag. It is as simple as that."

Mitchie's continued success, in a business that is precarious at best, rests mainly on his study of the animal he is hunting and the gun he is using. Although many hunters will disagree with his preference, Mitchie uses his 16 gauge shotgun for much of his work. He cuts the shell casings so that the shot will come out in a compact bundle when fired. There is danger of the gun exploding, but he takes the chance. He also favors his .30-06 Winchester. But whenever possible he avoids the use of firearms. He harpoons crocodiles and delivers the *coup de grace* with a hatchet to save expensive ammunition. He will use a *bolo* to finish off many animals, if his first shot has not killed them.

After studying jungle dwellers for years, Mitchie has determined that there are three main things a hunter must know about his quarry. He needs a knowledge of its

breeding habits, and its eating and drinking habits. In addition, he should know the animal's probable method of attack.

"After you have accumulated this information," Mitchie says, "you have got to use it and keep one step ahead of the animal."

It was no mere chance that Mitchie knew where to search for the *tamaros* described above. He knew that the animal feeds in the early mornings and late afternoons, but during the day retreats to the tunnels it has made in the thickets of *cogon* grass between the highlands and the rivers. Somewhere in these twisting passageways a bull and its mate will have found a place to rest. Usually this spot is knee deep in mud. It was in such a hideaway that Mitchie found the *tamaros* he shot.

The *tamarao* never has been plentiful. Even in its usual haunts, the mountains of Igluk, on the island of Mindoro, the beast is difficult to find. Barcia estimates that there are no more than five hundred of the animals left. Mitchie shot his *tamaros* before a government ban on the shooting of the beasts went into effect.

Mitchie travels light when he goes into the swamps or jungle. A sack of rice, some salt and his gun and ammunition are all that he usually takes for a hunt which may last from three to eight months. He and his men live off the land. On different occasions Mitchie has eaten the meat of the crocodile, python, cobra and lizard. He relishes and thrives on these unusual foods which only a *gourmet* would find palatable. He tries to vary his fare by hunting pigeons and deer.

IT was on a pigeon hunt that Mitchie got the big scare of his life. After meeting some of the most dangerous animals of the wilds on their own ground, it took *macaque* monkeys to make him run.

When describing the incident, he says:

"I took a specially trained native dog and my shotgun and went out after pigeons. We had to cross a stream in which several man-eating crocodiles were known to live. The natives had hacked down a large bamboo tree to form a crude bridge. We crossed this narrow span and in a few minutes spotted several pigeons. But we also stirred up some monkeys. Inadvertently I shot one. The dog went up to bite at the mortally wounded animal.

"Suddenly I heard a 'woo-woo' noise overhead. I glanced up and saw nearly fifty monkeys in the trees. When I looked back I discovered that the dog had been hauled into a tree by the monkeys. He still was alive, but one of the monkeys had torn the unfortunate animal's stomach open and his guts were spilling out.

"More monkeys were arriving by the second, attracted by the chattering. Several of the larger ones began to edge around me. By now there must have been at least one hundred-fifty, ready to tear me to bits. My gun would have been of little value against this kill-crazy pack.

"An old female dropped to the trail in front of me and howled her defiance. Her fangs were nearly an inch long. She must have weighed twenty-five or thirty pounds. She started to advance.

"I freely admit I turned tail and ran

back to the river. I did not use the bamboo log, but swam the distance in spite of the crocodiles. A more horrible death was behind me. The monkeys did not follow me across the river and I made it back to camp. Sometimes I have nightmares about that incident."

One of Mitchie's prize catches was a full grown "monkey-eagle," a rare bird with a wing span of approximately six feet and a weight of more than twenty pounds. The eagle derives its name from its preference for monkey meat, but it also will devour snakes and small jungle animals. The creature swoops down on a monkey from behind, snatches it in its vise-like talons and flies into the air. If the monkey starts to struggle with the eagle, the bird simply drops it and flies down to pick up the broken body.

Mitchie was hunting in Palawan, which is out of the monkey-eagle's usual territory, when he shot a small bird. It dropped into a river. Its fluttering attracted a monkey-eagle.

As the large bird came down to pick up a free meal, one of the natives threw a rock at it to drive it away. When Mitchie realized what sort of bird he was looking at, he took aim with a .22 rifle and nicked it on the wing. With a second shot he hit it in the neck. The bird crashed to the earth, but it was still very much alive. Mitchie held it down with his rifle until he got a good hold on it. Then a battle royal commenced between Mitchie and the struggling bird. After several minutes he subdued it. He took the eagle back to his quarters. Mitchie doctored it back to health and kept the dangerous bird as a pet. Strangely the only animal that the eagle feared was a domesticated duck.

Perhaps the most dangerous animal of all is man himself. In some parts of the Philippines hunters have been killed by the natives for their guns. Mitchie has managed to keep his own hide in these areas only because he and his native boys have been adequately armed. On one occasion a spear came swishing from the jungle and narrowly missed Mitchie, but hit one of his boys. Fortunately the aim of the thrower was not accurate and the man escaped death.

"It is foolhardy to go into some areas without the proper weapon to protect yourself from the native tribes," Mitchie warns. "An American went into one of the danger spots several years ago. He believed that he could win over the people with kindness. We warned him, but he went anyhow. Not long after he was killed by a native."

WHEN sportsmen ask Mitchie to take them out hunting, he usually finds that the wild boar is the most desirable animal to seek. The animal travels in packs of from ten to twenty and moves at night into the coconut groves to root for *camotes* (sweet potatoes). The best hunting is between 7 and 9 p.m. and 3 and 5 a.m.

The hunter equips himself with an electric light and attaches it to his cap. A carbide lamp while good for crocodiles is of no use here, because the boar would run from the smell of the fumes, Mitchie explains. The hunter waits until he hears

the noise—a strange sucking sound—made by the wild boar as it digs with its tusks. The hunter turns on his light and bags his wild pig.

"One night on one of these hunts a wild boar charged directly at us," Mitchie said. "I hit him twice, but still he came on. I was afraid that I might lose him so I tried to grab his ears. They were too slippery. As a desperation measure, I hit him with the butt of my 16 gauge shotgun and broke the stock. My assistant, seeing my predicament, came in with a *bolo* and dispatched the animal as it ran around me, slashing savagely with its tusks.

"The big game of the Philippines are the huge Cimarrons, known more commonly as wild buffalo or *carabao*. Fifty years or so ago these *carabao* were domesticated, but for some reason they returned to the wild and their descendants have proven to be excellent hunting. They compare with the black buffalo of Africa in fierceness and size.

"They are found in the mornings and afternoons in the open meadows of the highlands. You have to approach them carefully from downwind. Although their eyesight is poor, their senses of smell and hearing are highly developed.

"At two hundred yards you are in a good position to get them. It is possible to approach to within fifty yards, if you are skillful and lucky.

"If the Cimarron senses your presence, but is not sure just where you are, he will lower his head and smell the air close to the earth. If that fails, he will raise his head and test the upper air. If he finds you, look out. He will attack and will take a lot of punishment before he dies.

"One afternoon we spotted two Cimarrons resting in the shade of a large tree. I raised my .30-06 which I had equipped with a telescopic sight. I fired at the large bull and dropped him, before he knew we were there.

"I aimed and fired at the female next to him, but I missed that shot. As she ran off, I chased after her. Behind me I heard a commotion. I looked back and discovered that the bull that I had thought was dead had risen and was chasing my men. He had run one man up a tree. I had to go back and do the job again."

IF a healthy animal is dangerous, then one that is maimed is doubly so. Mitchie recalls how he killed "Bulag" or "One-eye," a large outlaw Cimarron.

"Several people from a village came to me one day and asked my assistance in killing a Cimarron that had gone on the rampage," Mitchie said. "Because of an eye he had lost in a fight, he was vicious and would charge without provocation. He already had killed several villagers.

"The people explained that persons from one group of houses had to walk a distance of one kilometer to another cluster of huts—often at night. It was along this stretch of path that "Bulag" lurked. Three trees grew at a point mid-way between the two villages. He especially favored this spot.

"One night I was hunting crocodiles on a river nearby when a man came run-

ning to tell me that the killer-bull had charged again. The intended victim had managed to sidestep and climb a tree. "Bulag" was waiting for the man to come down.

"I took two men with me and hurried toward the spot. As I ran, I put 220 grain shells in the .30-06. I save these shells for just such emergencies.

"We crept to within forty feet of the tree. I could see the silhouette of a water buffalo. I raised my Winchester to fire. Suddenly the beast moved and I saw a small boy riding on its back.

"Before we arrived, the one-eyed killer had moved off and a tame *carabao* had been brought in to keep "Bulag" at a distance, while the man in the tree jumped down. I shuddered to think of what might have happened had I squeezed the trigger.

"Old one-eye was spotted again the next afternoon. We followed his tracks for half an hour and soon saw him. Somehow he sensed that we were there. As he turned to face us, I got him in my telescopic sight and squeezed the trigger. He dropped and appeared to be dead, but I was not going to be fooled again. Sure enough, in a moment he lumbered to his feet and started his charge.

"I fired a second time and he went down once more. Soon he made a third attempt to struggle to his feet, but another bullet from my gun grounded him for good. Each of my shots hit vital spots and should have disabled him. Somehow he had found the resources of power to get up three times before he died. I have great respect for such an animal."

Occasionally Mitchie has his philosophical moments when he reflects on the danger of his profession and its proximity to death.

"If I had any sense I would stop," he said. Most likely he never will have "enough sense" as he describes it. It just is not in his makeup to stay away from hunting for long. Give him a gun, some rice and salt and he will be off for another six months in the wilds of the Philippines. THE END

MARRIAGE IN NEW HEBRIDES

(Continued from page 311)

I was soon to learn that these natives not only have a free-wheeling attitude about this phase of sex but have also devised some mighty unique embellishments to other phases of the ancient art of doing what comes naturally.

After Koma left my tent, carrying his carton of cigarettes as though it were the world's most precious possession, I took another look at my rented property. She grinned and winked and I knew at once that my assignment to the New Hebrides wasn't going to be the dreary, dull job I'd thought it would be. The social part of it was

going to be downright interesting—beginning immediately.

But the girl's supple body had an unwashed stench that was nauseating. I glanced at her pretty red hair and knew it was the haven of an assortment of creepers and crawlers. So I tossed her a bar of soap and pantomimed the act of bathing, including a hair wash.

She was a bright kid, and cooperative. She grinned and nodded. But just to make sure that she used that soap, I walked with her to the river. When she finished bathing I made her do it again, then a third time. A lifetime's accumulation of filth can't be removed in minutes.

The details of that interesting night aren't important. But I ought to mention that a 44-year-old white man who makes love to a lusty young native girl needs greater capabilities than he is likely to possess.

A few days later Koma came to my tent again. He was grinning happily and said that one of his daughters would undergo her first amuji that evening. Since I was the only white man in the village the groom-to-be would be honored if I participated. Then Koma said confidentially that I ought to be among the first, explaining that a girl just isn't her best toward the end of her amuji.

I thanked the old boy for thinking of me but I informed him that I wasn't really interested in native folklore. Then, out of curiosity, I asked him what amuji was—thinking it was some sort of native dance or pageant.

Koma explained and my mouth fell open. Amuji was just about the damndest sex caper I had ever heard of. Even after 11 years of knocking around in the world's out-of-the-way places, among the world's most primitive peoples, it astonished me.

Roughly, amuji approximates the announcement of an engagement to marry, but with certain extraordinary additions. Before an engagement is definite, the prospective groom's father and brothers sample the bride-to-be's sexual prowess, after which they report to the groom-to-be.

The idea from the natives' viewpoint is practical. Since a man's wife will occasionally romance his brothers and father she ought to be a woman who is compatible to all the male members of his family.

I thanked Koma again for the invitation and again declined, saying that I wasn't an adept judge of feminine charms and that my opinion of his daughter's capabilities wouldn't really amount to much.

Koma shrugged and went away, mumbling something about the strange customs of white men.

One thing about amuji is obvious—a girl is certainly no virgin when

she finishes it. Native families are large and a groom-to-be may have 8 or 10 brothers, so the prospective bride is subjected to considerable activity before the boys and their old man meet in solemn conclave and tell the groom whether she is or isn't the girl for him.

Since New Hebrides women become pregnant at the proverbial drop of a hat, a perplexing problem of heredity arises from the practice of amuji. While the child would be reared by its mother's husband as his own, it would actually be his nephew or niece if a brother sired it, or a half brother or sister if his father was its sire.

Of course, if the male participants in an amuji report unfavorably there is no marriage and the luckless girl is not only impregnated but left to bear the child alone.

In the natives' sex-happy society, however, a child born out of wedlock isn't stained by social stigma. In fact, the frequency in which friends and relatives romance with each others' wives and daughters creates a situation which makes parentage not only vague, but downright uncertain.

A New Hebrides male solves the complicated situation in an uncomplicated way; he simply rears his wife's children as his own, expecting other males to do likewise.

While I was astonished at the practice of amuji—there seemed to be one going on almost every night—I knew I wasn't the first white man to suffer that emotion. The strange sex capers of the citizens of the New Hebrides have shocked missionaries for 3 centuries. As a matter of fact, the natives have been little impressed by the missionaries' efforts. They don't want any part of the pitch about chastity before marriage for a practical reason. They want to be sure a bride possesses proper capabilities before they go to the expense of paying her old man the usual 2 pigs for her hand in wedlock.

The natives don't go along with the missionaries' ideas of lifetime monogamous marriages, either. Any male will tell you it's mighty silly for a man to tie himself down to one wife who, as anyone knows—except a stupid white man—will soon grow fat, old and ill-tempered. They consider their custom of trading, renting, selling or just plain giving away a wife who comes apart at the seams as greatly superior to the white man's system.

The natives are convinced that when it comes to sex white people are generally pretty backward. They also believe that all the hush-hush with which white people surround sex is downright silly.

Sex is foremost in the minds of those people. They attach all sorts of connotations to it, using various acts or ceremonies as occasions of religious celebrations.

Circumcision of youths is a painful operation performed under water with a sharpened bamboo stick. After he suffers through that stone-age surgery, the boy's wound is packed with medicinal herbs and he becomes a candidate for nambal, or manhood. Before he can be considered a man he is required to sire a child. Both the circumcision and child-siring are done publicly, and each ceremony has a religious significance.

After successfully passing the requirements for membership in man's estate, or nambal, a youth is entitled to wear the bark belt and grass wrappings of his organs.

A boy who is unable to father a child in the second phase of the nambal ceremony is subjected to a savage, cruel and senseless ordeal—his sex organs are removed, again in a public ceremony.

A woman who is barren has her head shaved and becomes virtually a slave of the tribe.

Outstanding among the natives' practices is their lack of inhibitions about man-and-wife relations. A man who devises a strange or unique technique, or who simply considers himself a master at that ancient art, is proud to have his friends and relatives as witnesses, for his degree of sexual prowess denotes his tribal status.

Is it any wonder the natives of the New Hebrides are called the world's most sex-happy people?

THE END

SKELETONS AND GOLD

(Continued from page 39)

the U. S. Treasury Department files showed that 16 million dollars in recovered hidden or lost treasure had been reported—and that most of that loot had been found by common Joes who'd had no previous treasure hunting experience.

I began to get the treasure hunting bug. But the trouble with reading about the loot some other guy found is, he got there first. And after a magazine publishes his story other guys swarm in by the thousands, like hyenas cleaning up the scraps after a lion has eaten the choice meat.

So I began to angle for a treasure whose location some magazine hadn't spread all over the country. Eventually it occurred to me that last-century magazines or ancient books might tell about a lost fortune that had been forgotten. So I became a free-loader in Chicago's old-book shops, reading everything I could find relating to lost loot.

In September, 1957 I saw an article—in a book that had been printed in 1803—that told about the capers of a character named Felix

Delgado. Felix, according to the article, had been a captain in the Spanish army in the early 1500s. After Guatemala had been conquered by the Spaniards in 1524 he was assigned to duty there to lead an expedition into the back country for the purpose of collecting gold from the fabulously rich Mayan-Quiche chiefs.

Delgado and his men accumulated a fortune by simply butchering the Indians and taking their treasure. But before he returned with his loot the Indians revolted and Delgado and his men, fleeing from the blood-happy Mayans, buried the loot in a cave. According to the story the loot was never recovered.

I WROTE to the Spanish Treasury Archives in Madrid, Spain. After several months I got a reply. It said that according to Delgado's log his treasure consisted of "3,957 ingots of gold and 86 jackloads (mule loads) of nuggets." And that each ingot weighed 26 kilograms (about 57½ pounds). The letter said further that "hostile Indians, an evil climate, terrifying diseases and a forgotten location—these are still the guardians of Delgado's treasure."

At that point I not only had the treasure bug, I practically had gold fever. Delgado's loot had never been found—and I intended to look for it.

Naturally, I worried about the legal aspects; I wasn't about to throw up a good job and risk my life if I had to turn whatever I found over to some foreign government.

I wrote to Guatemalan officials. They sent me an exploration permit along with the information that the government reserves the right to buy recovered Mayan gold at U.S. gold prices. That part was 100% OK; if I found Delgado's loot I wouldn't have to lug it back to the States—and worry all the way about somebody heisting it. All I'd bring home would be a check.

I tried to talk various of my friends into going with me. All I got from them were wisecracks and some pretty snide remarks about the mentality of a guy who'd walk off a job with 11 years of seniority to go treasure hunting.

Three weeks later I got off a plane in Huehuetenango, Guatemala—a modern little town of about 6,000 population. The date was January 23, 1958. The details of the red tape with the local officials aren't important but I ought to mention that they were friendly and cooperative. "Guatemala's rich past has made it a reserve of lost treasure," they told me. Then they warned me that the Indians in the remote interior region which I expected to explore were "inclined to intense violence" with fortune

seekers.

But I had that angle figured; I intended to tell the Indians that I was a game hunter—this would explain my presence and also why I was so heavily armed.

I bought the equipment I needed. An American has no trouble figuring out the local currency; Guatemalan money is valued centavo for cent and quetzal for dollar with U.S. money.

Two days later I hired a local bush pilot to fly me to San Mateo, a village of about 8000 population. I bought a couple of mules and began to look for a guide. No one wanted the job. "What good is money to a corpse?" I was told. "If you find the treasure those back-country savages will not let you get out of the jungle with it."

Then a mustached, beady-eyed little English-speaking ladino (mixed breed) asked me for the job. "Senor," he said, "for half of whatever we find, the risk interests me."

I hadn't planned to divide the loot. But I figured half of something was better than all of nothing. And I had to have a local guide—someone who knew the country and the language of the Indians.

As a guide Jose was competent. As a traveling companion he was a creep. He mooched cigarettes constantly. He drank my whiskey when I was asleep. He heisted from my personal gear. And he yapped constantly—mostly about his talents with women. To hear him tell it the local dolls had no greater desire than to bed down with him.

We saw no one for 2 days. But on each of the next 3 days we encountered groups of rifle-armed Indians. They warned us that if we were seeking the cave of gold—and if we found it—they'd chain us to stakes in the cave's floor. Then leave us to die.

Jose told those characters the game-hunting story. He was no amateur liar. He made it sound as though we wouldn't accept Delgado's gold even if the Indians tried to force it on us. All we wanted to do, according to Jose, was roam around and plink at the animals now and then.

The Indians seemed to believe Jose, though they made it plain that if we tried to loot the cave of its long-hidden treasure the best thing we could expect would be torture before they chained us alive in the cave.

Each time, after the business conversation, Jose fast-talked a couple of the Indian girls into spending the night with us. Those sexy-looking dolls, I quickly and pleasantly discovered, knew all about the birds and bees routine.

Jose and I must have peeked into

a thousand caves—those volcanic mountains are scarred with myriads of them, some as large as ball-rooms. But all we found were bats, snarling animals and snakes.

Shortly before sundown several days later 2 girls, wearing tiny skirts that did a poor job of concealing what they were supposed to conceal, came out of the jungle.

One, whose features portrayed her Caucasian parent, was a ladino. She spoke faltering English—she'd been educated in one of the schools operated by American missionaries. Her name, she said, was Chinta. There was nothing bashful about Chinta. She looked me in the eye and said without preliminary, "I sleep with you!"

The other girl, a Mayan doll, shackled up with Jose. In the morning she slipped into the jungle and disappeared. Chinta, though, followed us—helping us explore every cave we came to.

That night she whispered into my ear, "You look for cave of gold?" Then she said she knew where it was—but she refused to tell. Maybe I'm a louse, or maybe you'd do what I did for a chance to get my hands on that gold. But I promised to marry Chinta and take her to America if she'd tell me the cave's location. I made it sound like she'd be a 20th century Mayan princess—jewelry, slaves to wait on her, a big house, the prestige of living with a white man, rides in airplanes . . . everything I thought that little primitive would fall for.

Two days later she pointed out the cave. I have related how greedy little Jose talked himself into a knife in the guts.

CHINTA and I went into the cave. Its high-ceilinged interior was as large as a huge room. Black bars were stacked like firewood along its walls. I scraped several of those bars with a knife; under the black crust they were yellow.

The Indians hadn't been kidding about chaining men to the cave's floor. There were 17 skeletons in that cave. One hadn't been there long—his blonde hair hadn't yet decomposed. Nor his shoes and leather belt. He was sitting on the floor staring, through empty sockets, toward the cave's entrance. A chain was around his neck; its other end was fastened to an iron peg which had been driven into a crevice in the stone floor.

I began to lug bars out of the cave and down to the mules. I lashed 4 bars onto each side of one of the mules, tying all of our gear onto the other mule. Then Chinta and I shoved off. I hated to leave the rest of that gold, naturally, but I had no way to take it with me. But the 8 bars I had were plenty valuable. Figuring them at 57½ pounds each, a total of 460 pounds—or 7360 ounces—they were worth

\$235,500 at \$32 an ounce, the price paid by the Guatemalan government—based on U.S. gold prices.

A few hours later 4 Mayan bucks came out of the jungle. They wanted to see what I'd lashed to the mules. Jose and I had let the Indians look at our gear. This time I couldn't. I told them to get lost. One of them tried to loud-mouth me. I tried to ignore him. He made it impossible. He began to rip at the canvas cover I'd wrapped over the gold bars. I shot him in the head.

Instantly the other 3 bucks howled and began to raise their rifles. For the first time, I was grateful that the Army had taught me how to handle a gun fast and accurately. I drilled those Indians with 3 quickies. A .44 magnum revolver doesn't require more than 1 shot per customer. I reloaded and Chinta and I shoved off.

That night we slept in a cave. We weren't molested. The next day 2 bucks slipped out of the jungle less than 10 feet ahead of us. Then ran toward me, making no attempt to use their knives or guns—they wanted to capture me alive. I gut-shot them both.

The following day 7 of them tried it. I used the shotgun that time. A 10-gauge automatic with steel

buckshot is a thorough weapon. The 2 survivors tried to escape. I back-shot them with the magnum.

EACH night Chinta and I slept in caves. The 4th day about 15 indians poured out of the jungle. Like the others, they didn't try to kill me. They wanted me alive—to chain to the floor of that cave. I fast-dropped 5 with the 10-gauge, threw the empty weapon onto the ground and jerked out my magnums. Seven dead Mayans later the others decided they'd had it.

The next morning we were in San Mateo. The mayor radioed to Huehuetenango and a couple of hours later the bush pilot I'd hired before showed up.

I gave Chinta a snow job. I told her I'd send for her. Then I loaded the gold into the plane and climbed in.

Three days later I was in Chicago, U.S.A. I never sent for Chinta; I never intended to. I got what I went after—and it wasn't a woman.

As for the rest of that gold, it will be there forever before I'll go back for more. I'd rather have what I've got—and be alive—than have it all and be a skeleton in that cave. THE END

MOST TERRIBLE PUNISHMENT

(Continued from page 45)

The wound was superficial. Damiens was arrested instantly.

There is considerable evidence that he could have killed Louis XV had he wanted to. The wound, he insisted, was only a "warning"—and in fact he shouted this out even before he struck. "I only wanted to prick him a bit," he declared again and again at his questioning. The injury was so slight that Louis XV continued about his affairs without inconvenience.

Damiens was put in a dungeon while it was debated what should be done with him. He was chained to an iron bed and tortured in a multitude of ways in order to extract a confession that he had intended to kill the king and also extract from him the names of his accomplices in the assassination plot. These tortures ranged from toasting on a wheel that revolved above a fire to stretching on the rack.

In the meantime, messengers were dispatched to all the Parliaments of France requesting "suggestions" concerning the manner in which Damiens should be put to death. It was felt that—due to the strong rebelliousness of the

populace—an example should be made of him.

It took three months for all the suggestions to be received and tabulated. The vote for drawing alive was overwhelming—an indication of the great insecurity felt by the noble classes.

The execution date was set for May 18 and was widely publicized. To restrain the crowds, a palisade of heavy beams was erected in the center of the *Place de Greve*, somewhat resembling a corral for horses. It was about 100 feet on a side.

In the center of the palisade a low platform of heavy timbers and planking was built.

ON the morning of the execution, Damiens had still steadfastly refused to admit that he had intended to kill the king or to name his accomplices. It is possible—though not certain—that this was the time he was tortured by the "boot" in a final attempt to obtain a confession. But Damiens really had nothing to confess.

Twenty thousand persons were in the *Place de Greve* when Damiens finally arrived, for execu-

tion, drawn in a two-wheeled cart of the sort used by farmers to haul manure and capable of being dumped by tilting. This type of vehicle—known as the *tumbril*—was widely used to convey condemned prisoners because of the humiliation involved and because the prisoners could be unceremoniously dumped out when they reached the place of execution.

Damiens, who was sitting in the cart, was dumped on the execution platform while the crowd shouted execrations, although most of them undoubtedly hated Louis XV. The executioners spread-eagled him on the platform and secured his body by iron bands, one across his chest and the other across his hips. His arms and legs were left free.

While two executioners held his right arm firmly, a third placed in his right hand the dagger with which he had stabbed the king, together with a large lump of sulphur. The hand was then closed tightly around dagger and sulphur and bound in that position with small chains.

Then the sulphur was set on fire. It burned hotly, with an intense blue flame. Damiens' hand was consumed in a matter of minutes.

As the sulphur flame died out, Damiens raised his head—according to a contemporary report—and stared at the stump of his hand "with great interest." What thoughts must have been passing through his mind at that instant?

AS the crowd waited, the executioners prepared for the next stage of the execution. On a corner of the platform they placed several firepots. In one of these boiled wax, in another boiled rosin, in another sulphur, and in another lead. In still another firepot were several long-handled pincers, their tips glowing.

While two executioners held Damiens' right arm firmly, a third took a pair of the red-hot pincers and clenched them into the upper part of the biceps muscle.

Next the boiling materials were poured into the wound—first the wax, then the rosin, then the sulphur, and finally the lead.

This process continued slowly and deliberately, with long pauses between each stage.

DAMIENS, all spectators who wrote about his execution agreed, was a man of great courage, as well as great physical strength. Though not a young man—he was forty-two years old—he was powerfully built and muscled.

Now preparations were made for the final execution—the drawing and quartering by horses. This was the most dramatic death the mind of man could conceive. Even royalty had been executed by this

terrible and unequal contest between the strength of one human being and four powerful beasts; Brunhilda, Queen of Austrasia was executed in this way in 613 A.D. following the defeat of her armies by Clotaire II, King of Neustria. In a grim way, it was an honor to be torn apart by horses.

The iron bonds holding Damiens to the platform were released, and he was laid flat on the ground. The four horses, each bearing a rider and wearing a simple harness attached to a whippetree, were brought up. Stout ropes were attached by sailors' knots to each of Damiens' limbs above the elbow and knee joints and to the four whippetrees. The vast crowd watched all these preparations in profound silence, and Damiens also was silent.

We will pass over the final horror as briefly as possible. The principle of drawing and quartering was for the four horses to pull together in unison at the command of the chief executioner, being controlled by their individual riders. Pulling in four different directions, they generally succeeded in tearing the condemned person apart within a matter of a few minutes.

This did not occur in the case of Damiens. For one thing, he was extremely powerful. More important, however, was the fact that the horses—especially selected because they were young and strong—were also "undisciplined." They had had little if any experience in working together, and very little experience with crowds.

AT each command, they leaped and plunged erratically, seldom pulling straight ahead and even rearing nervously without pulling at all. Damiens was hauled this way and that, but he still held together.

The drivers cursed the horses. From the crowd arose many expressions of sympathy for the poor, bewildered horses, but none whatever for Damiens. Even his political sympathizers felt that his punishment fitted his crime.

This horror went on for more than one hour.

Finally the chief executioner decided that Damiens was too strong for the undisciplined horses to pull apart. Since the sentence called for quartering by horses, the horses must be given assistance.

With a sharp knife, the executioner severed the major muscle ends at Damiens' hip and shoulder joints. At the next pull Damiens shuddered convulsively and died. One more pull, made after he was dead, completed the quartering and fulfilled the sentence of the court.

The fragments of the body were then placed on a pyre beside the platform and burned.

One good resulted from the drawing and quartering of *Robert le Diable*. Punishment by that method was abandoned, and has never been revived since.

THE END

FEMALE SLAVES

(Continued from page 12)

North Africa, and they are members of a hereditary slave class.

Not only do these women have magnificently supple bodies, but they are strong, useful, and unusually resistant to disease. They serve their masters in the household, and in the agrarian sections of Arabia, they tend the crops in the fields.

The British Navy has played a large role in reducing slave smuggling, but in the Persian Gulf, the traffic is still high. Ports along the Arabian coast receive large quantities of human cargo, primarily from Baluchistan.

The reason why so many slaves come from Baluchistan is that the standard of living in this country is so low that a man is willing to give himself into bondage simply to be able to eat.

"It's hard to catch the blighters," Captain Peter Lindsay of the British Navy was telling me recently. "You stop a ship that looks suspicious and then you start questioning the crew and passengers. Not a single soul will say whether he's a slave or not, despite all the assurances you give him."

MOST of the Arab slaves are women, belonging to the hereditary class. The Mohammedan religion allows a man four wives and an indefinite number of concubines. Slaves, however, are less expensive to maintain than either a wife or a concubine, and for this reason, are preferred.

For some curious reason, Arab women have been growing increasingly unattractive over the years. Slave women, on the other hand, have always been strong with effervescent personalities and because of their exciting charm, they have been doubling as concubines in greater numbers.

Only the wealthiest sheiks employ male slaves in Arabia, today. According to ancient custom, a man in bondage undergoes a hideous castration operation, and after having been made into a eunuch, is put in charge of his master's harem.

Some Arabs prefer to have eunuchs take care of the domestic chores, but only a few sheiks surround themselves exclusively with male slaves.

The country presently ranking second to Arabia in slave traffic is China. Conservatively speaking, it is estimated that there are over two million girls in bondage, being used as prostitutes, concubines, and domestic help.

Despite the Red propaganda about "freeing the peasants and the workers," the Communists have done nothing to eliminate slavery in China. Furthermore, they have done nothing to stamp out the fiendish abuses of slaves.

As in Arabia, the Chinese slaves are mostly women. In the bloom of youth, these pathetic creatures are sold by their parents—usually for only a few pounds of rice. By the time they are twenty, many girls are already old and haggard.

THE female slaves of China are still subjected to incredible tortures. A servant too weak to scrub floors will have her fingers amputated. A prostitute who fails to satisfy is punished by being forced to hang in the air by her thumbs. Disembowelling, boiling in oil, and the water torture are also employed to delight craven masters.

I was in Shanghai before the Communists conquered China. I saw droves of pathetic, broken refugees streaming in from the north. I saw hordes of mutilated women bearing a multitude of fresh scars. "Is this the price of their political 'crimes?'" I asked a friend. "No," he replied, "they are slaves who thought the Communists were going to free them.

In the Western Hemisphere, slavery goes by the name of peonage. Mexico has outlawed the peonage system, but many other Latin American nations still thrive on it. The unscrupulous practise works this way:

A peasant is rented a certain plot of land which is part of a vast estate. The crops which the peasant grows are sold for a pitifully low price to the landowner, and with the money the peasant receives, he pays his rent and supports his family.

If the peasant has a crop failure and gets behind in his rent, he becomes "tied" to the land, obligated to work until he pays off his accumulated debt. Normally speaking,

land which yields a good crop one year may become barren the following season. The plot of ground allotted to the peasant is usually too small to permit crop rotation.

Consequently, in order to pay off his back rent, the peasant may be subjected to do any work the landlord deems. If he should try to move off the land and go elsewhere, he can be arrested, brought back to the estate, and thrown into the master's private prison. His wife and children may be forced to work in the landlord's household, while he lingers indefinitely in a dungeon.

Few peons can ever make ends meet, and consequently, for all practical purposes, they are slaves. Over the years, the debt mounts and accumulates interest. When the peasant dies, his debt is passed on to his children.

THIS kind of slavery does not affect women with the cruel directness found in Asia and the Near East. However, in Latin America, women are virtually the vassals of their husbands and fathers, and under the peonage system, they become subject to the pleasures of the land owners.

In the world, today, it is estimated that there are between five and ten million slaves—ninety per cent of whom are women! This does not include the political prisoners of Soviet Russia and her satellite countries.

What the United Nations is contending against in its drive to stamp out slavery is a two-headed monster. One head is economic: The defenders of slavery contend that there is not enough wealth in the world to share among all the peoples. Therefore the master-slave setup allows for unequal division of wealth with a minimum of tension.

The other head is custom and religion: In Asia, a woman's position is customarily subservient to a man's. In fact, both Mohammedism and Buddhism actually decree that women are men's servants. That a man should abuse, torture, or sell a woman who belongs to him is only right.

Until this monster is destroyed, you will still be able to buy yourself a female slave.

THE END

ETIENNE'S DUSKY HAREM

(Continued from page 35)

able to see the Frenchman's harem.

I was a passenger on the old *dalamas* Cogon, which used to make trips down the coast from Zamboanga to the scattered plantations, and no stop was considered too unimportant. The old fat-bellied sailboat, auxiliary-powered by a small outboard, would stop for three sacks of copra. A trip on the Cogon was a wonderful way to see the Coto-bato coast of Mindanao.

In the days before World War II dozens of small plantations, under native or white ownership, were scattered along the isolated coastline. Many of the proprietors were old sunshiners who had been discharged from the army to fall into the easy life that revolved around a native wife and a few coconut trees. The life had its disadvantages, though. It was cobra and malaria country and I suppose every man has his own idea which of these two evils is worse. Encountering a big bright-eyed cobra, thirteen feet long, as it slides through the grass in search of rats, is certainly an eye-opening experience. But I believe there's more real danger from the little gauzy-winged mosquitoes that carry malaria.

The Cogon made its ports of call all along the coast. Sometimes the signal to stop would be a ragged pair of underpants hanging from a limb. Sometimes the owner fired two shots from a pistol, and sometimes a native paddled out in an outrigger canoe.

On this trip we had made ten or twelve stops before we came to a small island just off the mainland, where a red flag hung from a branch of buri palm. We ducked in around the island and there in a small cove was Etienne's plantation. I had been quite anxious to see the place, having heard a lot of stories about the Frenchman and his harem from other merchant seamen in the area.

At that time Etienne had been in the Islands about fifteen years and was in his late 40's. It was said he'd grown tired of his native France, but not completely tired of it, for when he came to Mindanao he brought along some typically French ideas. He liked women and he collected them.

"This boy has really got it made," Capt. Walker told me as we walked up the trail. "He's got the doggondest relay station here you ever saw. He picks them young, has them around for a while, then marries them off to his field hands. If he hears about a good-looking



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hill girl he makes arrangements to get her. He's the only white man I've ever known who can fool around with Mora girls and get away with it."

Some of the little girls of the Moro tribes are real cute, but there's a roadblock in the way of getting anywhere with them. They are Mohammedans and the Mohammedans keep more than a paternal eye on their women. They demand chastity in the female and they enforce the demand with a wavy-edged kris. A man could get detached from his head quite easily if he tried to fool around with a Moro dish.

Etienne had solved this problem. He became a good practicing Mohammedan and in so doing earned the right to possess four official wives and as many concubines as he could support. This is what the Koran decrees and Etienne went by the book. The official wives presented no obstacle if Etienne wanted to marry others because they could always be divorced by the simple pronouncement of the phrase: "I divorce you, I divorce you, I divorce you," three times.

Now do you understand why I was looking forward to seeing this harem that operated under the American flag in a perfectly legal manner?

When we took over the Philippines we never interfered with the local customs and so, during all of the years we had the islands, we accepted slavery, concubinage and multiple wives. Women were sold in the Philippines, under American rule, just as freely as they were in Morocco or Arabia. The only difference was that the great American public wasn't aware of it and the politicians used to look the other way when they made junkets to the Islands.

ETIENNE'S house was the biggest bush residence I'd ever seen. It was constructed of nipa and bamboo, all on one floor, and it sprawled over the compound like a resort hotel. Etienne was a typical Frenchman in appearance. He had dark hair and a sweeping mustache that glistened from applications of coconut oil. He wore khaki pants, a white cotton shirt and a pair of hemp sandals.

He was a good friend of Capt. Walker and we were greeted cordially. Etienne took us on a tour of the place. There must have been at least twenty women around and at least half of them had children or were waiting a blessed event. It was plain that Etienne had a good eye because the women were remarkably good looking and young. He didn't allow them to grow old in his harem.

There were three Mora girls in the lot and I recognized one small girl from a Bagobo tribe east of us. She wore a tunic with little

bells sewn along the seams. There was also a Toala girl all the way from Celebes. But the outstanding exhibit was a lovely half-caste, Chinese and Filipina. She was a slender, long-legged dish with her black hair cut in a bang. She wore a Chinese robe, with slits along the side, and a frangipani blossom in her hair.

Etienne's master bedroom held a bed that was at least eight feet square. It was built of mahogany and it had a rattan mattress and gaily colored mats woven from grass. There was a bolster on the bed—the Dutch Widow as it's called in the Philippines—and the whole thing was piled high with big pillows made from white cloth stuffed with kapok.

That night at dinner we were waited on by three young women wearing sarongs and little pajongs, the Malay upper garment that looks like a bellhop's coat. The view was interesting because the pajong is a piece of clothing that fails to meet in front by about three inches.

Etienne was starved for conversation but his talk wasn't about women. Capt. Walker had brought him a stack of old magazines and a file of copies of the *Mindanao Herald*. The talk was about the price of copra and the expected early arrival of the monsoon.

The three little native girls waited on us silently. Once when a girl reached over to refill his glass, Etienne absently put his arm around her waist. That was the only bit of affection I witnessed. I suppose when a man has so much of a good thing he begins to take it for granted.

After dinner we sat out on the wide porch and drank gin with a water chaser. When we had waged a losing battle with the mosquitoes for an hour or so Etienne clapped his hands and an older woman came and received his instructions in some dialect that wasn't familiar to me. She took Capt. Walker and me to two small rooms and left without saying a word. After a while there was a scratching on my door and a little Bilaan girl slipped in. She didn't say a word and neither did I. I wouldn't have understood her language anyway, for she was a hill girl from up near the slopes of Mount Matutum at the head of Sarangani Bay. This tribe is believed to be descended from some ancient race of white men who came to Mindanao centuries ago. The girl was hardly 5 feet tall but she was all woman as she moved over to the bed and began to unfasten her sarong. . . .

When we had finished loading Etienne's coconuts the next day and were preparing to shove off, the Frenchman came down to the dock to say good-by.

"Every man makes his own life,"

he said. "I am fairly well content with my small distractions, although occasionally I feel that I would like to see the Eiffel Tower crouching like a great spider over Paris. But I remember also that as a young soldier I found the women of Paris very expensive." He smiled and made an expressive gesture.

Personally, my feeling was that Etienne had it made. He was a big king in a little clearing and he didn't have many problems except maybe an occasional cobra in the grass. He was certainly the strangest character I'd met in all my tramping around the world.

As we sailed away I remember how Capt. Walker looked back at the sprawling house that was a harem under the American flag. "I like to stop at Etienne's," he said. "He's a good host, wouldn't you say?"

"The best," I agreed, thinking of the delightful night I'd just experienced.

"Some day he will be a Mindanao legend."

The good captain was right. I left the Philippines shortly before the war started, but I hear from friends of mine that Etienne survived the war, is a little older and grayer now, but going strong. He still has a harem of beautiful young wives and concubines and likes to play host to weary travelers. So if you're ever in the neighborhood of Mindanao, be sure to look Etienne up. You can say I sent you.

THE END

Horror Amazons

(Continued from page 60)

Using them as the basis of an invading force, he attempted to gobble up some neighboring tribes. Partially successful he opened up anew the slave-trading practices, but this dubious activity got him into trouble with Great Britain and France. In 1864 Gelele sought to do what his illustrious father had failed to do. His amazons were sent to attack Abeokuta but were again smashed into the dirt with heavy casualties.

The final blow to the amazon army came several years later in 1889. In a battle at the coastal city of Cotonu where a French force had been landed, the amazons distinguished themselves against the well-armed troops of France. Heavy cannon was too much against muskets, bows and arrows, and spears. Several thousand she-soldiers died to no avail.

In 1894, Dahomey became a French protectorate and the new rulers broke up the female force. Chivalrously they ordered the warrior women back into domesticity, and thereby ended the brilliant history of the *strangest of all armies*.

THE END

WHY MEN SWAP THEIR WIVES

(Continued from page 33)

among the "young married set" in Amesbury.

Mrs. Clark said that she made the plea of guilty to second-degree murder in order to spare her children the "shame and disgrace" of learning about what had actually gone on at these orgies in which, presumably, both their mother and father had participated (the confession itself was never made public).

In a sordid corollary to this case, a 23-year-old male shoe clerk of Haverhill, Massachusetts, was found guilty of adultery and given a three-year sentence.

He was Arthur G. Jackson, a bragging Lothario, who had made the mistake of boasting to reporters about his intimacies with the beautiful Lorraine.

The indictment against him contained five counts of adultery, four with Lorraine, the fifth with another woman.

Jackson, incidentally, played no part in the murder itself.

The above facts more than speak for themselves. Without being certain, it is easy to conjecture what probably happened—Melvin Clark inducing his reluctant wife to give her favors to one or more of his married male friends while he in turn enjoyed their wives on an even-swap basis.

It is easy to see how this sort of thing could induce a contempt for her husband in a wife, followed by a cynicism toward marriage which permitted her to indulge in adulteries of her own.

Finally, came the blowup, a violent quarrel in which Melvin Clark was slain by his outraged wife.

WIFE-SWAPPING on this unspeakably sordid, animalistic plane is alarmingly prevalent in these United States, as press accounts and police records indicate.

It occurs most frequently among couples of supposedly superior intelligence, education, and economic standing—the "smart, sophisticated set" which exists in almost every city of considerable size and in many smaller communities as well.

Following are typical examples, ranging from the "more discreet and socially acceptable" to bizarre arrangements that are no more than sex lotteries.

The practice of couples not married to each other to "pair off" clandestinely whenever opportunity arises without objection from any of the legal partners.

Such pairing off may occur when one of the couples are house guests of the other, at a country club dance (parked cars, terraces, or unoccupied rooms are favorite spots for these swap parties, each couple going off by itself), or when the two couples are deliberately invited by others to be guests at their homes, since they are "so congenial."

It is generally the males who start these four-way affairs. Kinsey has pointed out that the human male is far more inclined to seek new partners than the female after marriage.

Wife-swapping for purposes of illegal intercourse is, basically, an attempt to live within the accepted framework of society while covertly violating society's laws.

USUALLY, one male is the instigator. He may begin by tacitly showing the other husband how much he admires his wife, and calling attention to the charms of his own wife, implying or indicating outright that he won't care if they are enjoyed by his "friend."

He has already made it clear to his own wife what he expects her to do. Once his "friend" has "seduced" her the way to his own conquest is open.

Thus it is the aggressive husband who often leads a timid or reluctant one into such a setup.

A very frequent and vicious example is when an older man with power over a younger one—such as an employer—swaps the fading charms of his own wife for the fresh beauty of the younger wife. Sometimes, in these cases, overt or actual threats are made.

The dynamite in these situations is obvious. In Chicago, an outraged husband beat up and nearly killed an employer who made such overtures. Many similar occurrences might be mentioned.

But far too often the economical inferior husband submits, and persuades his wife to do what the boss wants.

Regardless of the original cir-

cumstances, once the arrangement is accepted by all four parties, a true wife-swap relationship for purposes of adultery is in effect.

Utterly revolting are the wife-swap groups which have been established in many communities. They might almost be termed "clubs," since membership is exclusive and all members belong to the same social and economic group.

There are any number of card-playing-and-drinking groups in which wife-swapping is a prerequisite for membership.

Typical is a New York City club which calls itself "The Capricornists" (the name comes from Henry Miller's book, printed in Paris).

The Capricornists consist of eight couples, all between the ages of 25 and 40) who get together regularly to play bridge and drink, usually on Friday and Saturday nights. They meet in rotation at the members' homes.

The wife-swapping rule of The Capricornists is simple. Midway in the evening the high couples at each of the four bridge tables (never married to each other) repair to bedrooms while the others take an intermission for drinks and food.

Later there is another break at which the other four couples indulge themselves similarly.

Thus, in the course of the evening, every husband and wife present has illicit intercourse.

Needless to point out, all the members of The Capricornists have fairly large homes, since several bedrooms or other nooks are required for these goings-on.

In some cities—including the Los Angeles - Hollywood area — wife swapping is indulged in at large parties, the swaps being arranged by lot.

For example, in one Hollywood group the wives write their names on pieces of paper which are then shuffled in a man's hat.

Then the husbands each draw a slip of paper. If one is "unlucky" enough to draw the name of his own wife he puts the paper back and draws another.

The partnerships thus arranged are in effect for the duration of the party, night, or weekend, as the case may be.

NO TIME OF YEAR FOR TB. Is there ever a right time? Of course not. But Christmas, more than any other season, should be a time of glowing good spirits, health and happiness.

In the fight against TB, it can at least be a time of hope—when millions of healthy Ameri-

Wife-swapping has been arranged by merely turning out the lights and letting all parties search in silence for partners, by blind-folding men and assigning them to the first wife they touch with extended forefinger, and by drawing cards from a pack.

In this sort of debauchery, the devices for making pairing off unpredictable in advance are numberless.

IN the view of numerous psychologists, this sort of thing is an expression of immature emotional development, particularly insofar as sex is concerned.

Frequently the men and women who participate deliberately and even eagerly are sexually frigid—the Casanova and nymphomaniac types—who must continually prove themselves with fresh partners in order to gain reassurance that they are not sexually inferior.

They can never be satisfied with one partner, as can the normal adult.

In some cases, the legal partners are frigid toward each other but not toward others.

For example, some husbands are completely impotent with their wives but perfectly potent with other women.

The revulsion of many adulterous wives toward the sex act with their own husbands is a common sociological and psychiatric problem.

Wife-swapping for the purpose of adultery is also a practice of certain cults.

As far back as the 1880's there was a communistic cult in New York State known as the "Oneida Perfectionists" who held that no man had an exclusive right to any one woman and vice versa.

Although this group held itself out to be highly idealistic, jealousies were frequently at fever pitch.

The "Perfectionists" finally dissolved, and it is noteworthy that even the Russian communists, whose ideas on sexual freedom were highly "liberal" only a couple of decades ago, have stringently tightened their laws on divorce and adultery.

A PERFECTLY legal form of wife-swapping which occurs frequently, and which generally develops through circumstance, is the reshuffling of two unsuccessful marriages by divorce and remarriage to the new partners.

These readjustments of tragic situations are numerous, as the following cases, selected at random,

will indicate:

In Detroit James P. and Henry W.—aged 34 and 28 respectively—legally swapped wives aged 27 and 26.

In Chicago, there was the case of Norman A. and Robert M. In Los Angeles, Thomas J. and Arthur S.

Most of these and a great many other legal wife-swappings developed gradually, and might be termed "delayed until inevitable exchanges."

No adultery was involved at any time, and almost invariably the couples, originally thrown into close association by propinquity, held many anguished conferences before deciding on the drastic step of breaking up two marriages and establishing two new ones.

Frequently all four remained close friends after completion of the legal exchange.

For example, consider the following case which occurred recently in Rock Island, Illinois.

Two young couples were next-door neighbors. They had much in common; their homes were of approximately equal value, they were on the same economic level, and they enjoyed the same recreations. Almost inevitably, they became fast friends.

These couples were John, 31, and his wife Alice, 26; and Robert, 26, and his wife Dorothy 25. All were about the same age and the two couples even had the same number of children—three in each family.

Somehow, affection developed in each husband for the other man's wife, and vice versa.

Gradually, all decided that the best thing to do would be to exchange partners. On October 16, 1951, the two couples appeared in the court of Circuit Judge Leonard S. Telleem. The two wives were granted divorces on the technical grounds of cruelty.

The following agreements were legally put in force: John signed over his home and children to Robert; Robert did the same for John.

Presumably this arrangement was made so that the mothers and children could continue residing in the homes to which they were accustomed.

The couples were remarried the same day—John marrying the former Mrs. Robert and Robert marrying the former Mrs. John. All commented emphatically to reporters, "It was a fair and even trade."

SOMETIMES the reasons for these legal wife-swappings are pub-

licity revealed, so that it is known why emotions changed and affections shifted. This happened in a widely publicized case in 1953—the divorce and wife-exchange through marriage of the famous bandleader Billy May and his former business manager Carlos Gastel.

Again the couples were of about the same age. May was 38, Gastel 39; May's wife Arletta 37, Gastel's wife Joan 39. Each couple had been married 15 years; each couple had two daughters.

Why did these couples break up and reshuffle after such long and successful marriages. Mrs. Gastel gave what may be a partial clue when she said:

"I guess something happened over which neither Carlos nor Arletta had any control. I thought I would die. I was alone so much and so despondent that Billy took pity on me. He used to take me out to dinner because he thought I wasn't eating right for a woman who was expecting a baby. Gradually I grew to love him."

From the above it appears clear that—as so often happens—a strong affection gradually developed against their wishes between the husband of one and the wife of the other, and that as this affection became apparent a similar affection came into being between the other two.

Both couples were quietly divorced toward the close of 1953, and the new marriages took place promptly—Gastel marrying May's former wife on December 30 in Las Vegas, Nevada; and May marrying Gastel's former wife within approximately 24 hours in Hollywood.

Thus it may be seen from the above that wife-swapping takes many forms ranging from the purely animalistic and viciously anti-social to the idealistic and completely legal.

The aftermath may range from murder to amicable reshuffling through divorce and remarriage with the hope of both new couples achieving matrimonial harmony and happiness.

But, regardless of the form the wife-swapping takes, it is almost invariably accompanied by anguish to one or more—sometimes all—of the parties involved.

Lifelong marriage to one partner is still the ideal goal, and every effort should be made by married persons to avoid any action, however harmless it may seem at the time, that might tend to endanger or disrupt the marriage relationship.

THE END

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LOVE IN SAMOA

(Continued from page 21)

turtle on its back, but it was useless despite her strong arms. She swam about the turtle, which occasionally rose from the bottom of the lagoon, sidling away from Maue's reaching hands.

There was only one way to get the turtle to come up, and that was with a rope. Maue, in desperation, swam up. I followed after her as she clambered from the lagoon.

"I will make a rope from the kunai grass," she said, covering her body with her wrap-around.

Expertly, she began to pick the tall kunai grass, which she slit in two. Then she began braiding a rope. In 40 minutes she had woven a rope more than sixty feet long. I helped by gathering more kunai grass and slitting it.

When the braiding was finished, I made two slip knots—to put around the turtle's flippers. That was the way a turtle was forced up, a Samoan had told me.

"I go after turtle now; and tonight we have a nice feast at my father's *siva*," said Maue. She came up to me and kissed me softly, saying, "You stay up on top and pull, yes?" Smilingly she handed me the end of her braided rope, and before I knew it, she had dived in again. It was a beautiful dive, but there was still one thing missing—her knife. It was not between her teeth.

I turned toward the end of the lagoon. It lay there near her wrap-around, its sharp edges gleaming in the sun.

I saw her squirming down, her kicking feet forcing her into the deeper water. The long rope was like a green tail as it circled after her. She held one end and I held the other, and I felt her tugging at it as she found her way to the bottom of the lagoon.

I dived a few times to get a man's-eye view of the proceedings, though there was little I could make out from the distance separating us.

I went back to the surface and floated about. Suddenly, with almost dramatic explosiveness, a huge tug almost pulled me below the surface.

I DECIDED to dive first, to make sure that everything was all right. I didn't want to pull the whole ocean up. What if fun-loving Maue had tied the two nooses to a sunken tree, or to a rock? For a joke, anything was good to Maue, and so I dived.

My feet caught in the rope, but I managed to kick clear. I was descending quickly, for I'm an expert swimmer. After twenty feet the pressure on my ears became in-

tense. I found myself losing my breath, for I had not fully prepared myself for this sudden dive. Normally, I can hold my breath for almost two minutes under water.

I kept going down, to see what Maue was up to. And now it became obvious. Maue had managed to get a noose about the turtle, but the other noose was dangling near her. And Maue was at the bottom of the lagoon, weighted down by the turtle. She was trapped.

Her movements were frightening. Her legs were kicking out and her arms were clawing at the turtle, but she was trapped. In a matter of seconds she would need air, or she would drown.

I shot up and raced to the shore. I started pulling, hoping to budge the turtle. The grass rope was tense, and I thought I was making some progress, when it broke and floated to the surface.

There were only seconds, then death!

I ran for the wooden knife lying at the end of the lagoon. In one movement I grasped the knife between my teeth and dived.

Down, down, down, each kick tak-

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ing hours, it seemed. I felt my heart pounding, and my ear drums closing.

Then I was over the turtle, its snappers clawing at Maue, who was now unconscious. At least she would never know, I felt, as I came in to get a sneaking shot at the underbelly of the turtle.

I circled, then saw my opportunity, right behind the right snapper. I struck, forcing all of my muscle and my heavy shoulders into

the blow. The wooden knife grazed against the bony shell of the turtle, glancing off uselessly.

I circled again, coming in from the left side this time. My lungs were bursting and I had less than thirty seconds left.

I struck for the belly, my right shoulder plunging in one line. The knife hit home. Blood spurted and discolored the blue water around me.

But the turtle was still sitting with its enormous weight. It had hardly budged an inch . . . and Maue was sucking in water, in the early stages of drowning.

Again I plunged. I hit with everything I had, for I knew I would not have another chance.

The turtle moved, charging off, its snappers hitting everything ahead of them. One of them mauled at Maue, cutting a deep gash in her left thigh.

I pulled her up in a slow, tortuous ascent. My lungs craved air almost unbearably. Then I burst through the surface and gasped in the most wonderful lungful of air of my life.

I turned to Maue and, with my open palm, slapped her face. The shock caused her to moan, and I knew I was in time.

I pulled her in and covered her, knowing that shock always followed. I started to apply artificial respiration. As soon as she was breathing regularly I applied a tourniquet to her thigh.

I HEARD a voice behind me. It was Taue returning from his errand, his eyes large with fright.

"I must take her home at once, Taue," I explained hurriedly. "You go get the doctor—hurry!"

Taue shot off. I lifted Maue across my shoulder. She stirred, and I felt her hands come down across my face. Then I felt her lips kiss my neck.

"I can come down," she said softly, coughing a few times. "It was not much water . . . I can come down."

I put her down, kissing her forehead, happy that she was well enough to walk home. Her left thigh was no longer bleeding and I loosened the tourniquet.

"It hurts very much, though . . . you *Palangi* with blue eyes . . . you saved my life, yes?"

I can never forget that afternoon, even though everything turned out right. I can still see the huge turtle mangling sweet, beautiful Maue down at the bottom of the blue lagoon.

But the turtle got much the worst of it in the end. After taking Maue home Taue and I returned and surfaced the wounded beast.

The meat turned out to be very tender.

THE END

The Cycle of Sex

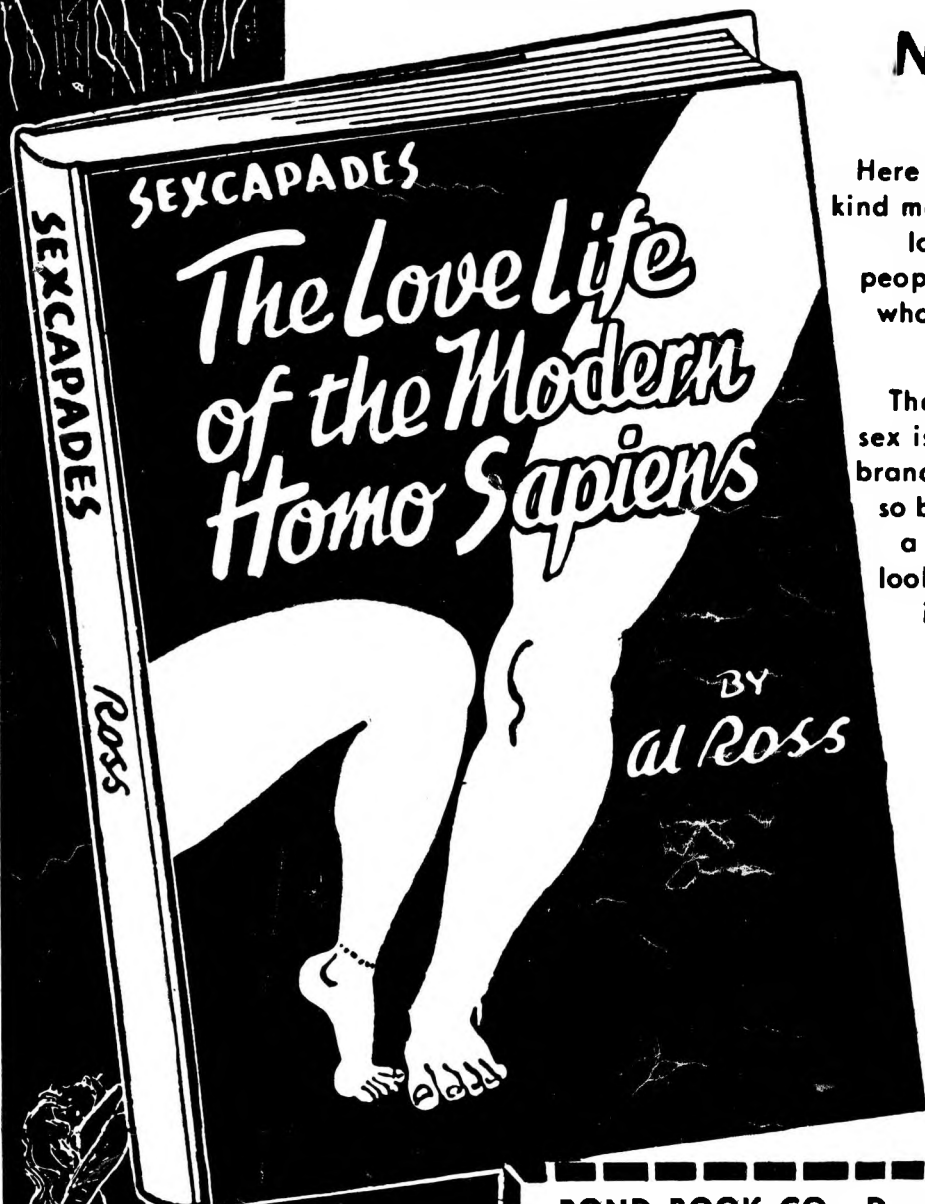
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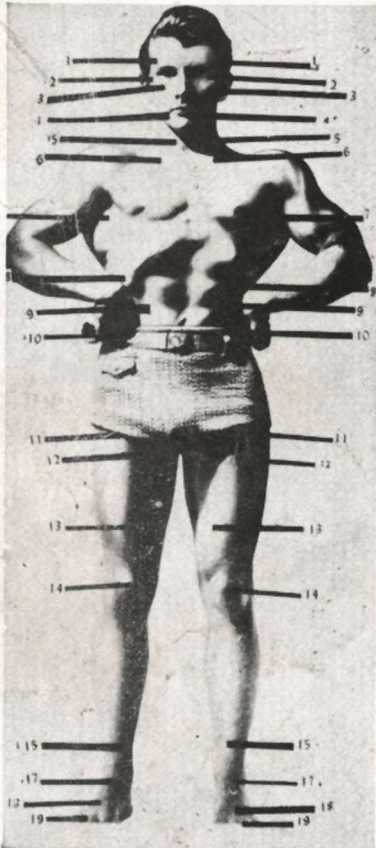
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