

Incomplete

SAGA

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN



JOHN J. PLUNKETT
Publisher

MARTIN M. SINGER
Editor

GEORGE A. RADA
Art Director

STAFF

CY BERLOWITZ
associate editor

LLOYD KAWAMURA
editorial assistant

ALAN GOLDFARB
sports editor

PATRICK SNOOK
outdoors editor

ARTURO F. GONZALEZ, JR.
european editor

JOHN WASHINGTON
asst. art director

FINLEY DURKE
WARREN GIBSON
art associates

RICHARD GAMBELLA
production manager

GINETTE MONT
subscription service

SANFORD SCHWARZ & CO.
16 West 45th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036
national advertising manager

March, 1970

Vol. 39 No. 6

FEATURES

SPEAR GUNS VS. POLAR BEARS

Three skin divers meet deadly surprise during Arctic experiment

8

BLACK MILITANTS NEWEST HATE CAMPAIGN

From the ghettos comes the cry—"Get the Jew!"

Roy Norton 12

DEVIL'S SEA—FLYING SAUCER DEATH TRAP?

A mysterious area of the Pacific where ships and planes vanish without a trace

Otto O. Binder 22

AMERICA'S TERRIFYING MISSILEMAN GAP

Dr. Strangelove revisited, or, Who's at the button?

Arthur Whitman 26

OUR BARBARIC PRISONS FOR KIDS

We often treat animals in zoos better than youngsters in jail

Myron Brunton 30

SECRET CODE TO VIRGINIA'S \$2 MILLION BLUE RIDGE BONANZA

The key to the riches lies in a code that no one has been able to break

Al Masters 34

THE WASHINGTON COCKTAIL PARTY, or, HOSTESSES, HIGHBALLS AND HIGHJINKS

This institution has its own particular brand of oddballs

Andrew Tully 38

RAQUEL WELCH—RAW & WILD

America's New Woman takes on a new challenge

42

OARS; FLOES—AND GUTS!

Midwinter daredevils in a race calling for superhuman strength

46

DEPARTMENTS

SOUND OFF

4

SAGA SCENE

20

TOMORROW'S BIG JOBS

A. P. Roalman 64

AUTOS

2 2 SEP 1970 A. P. Roalman 76

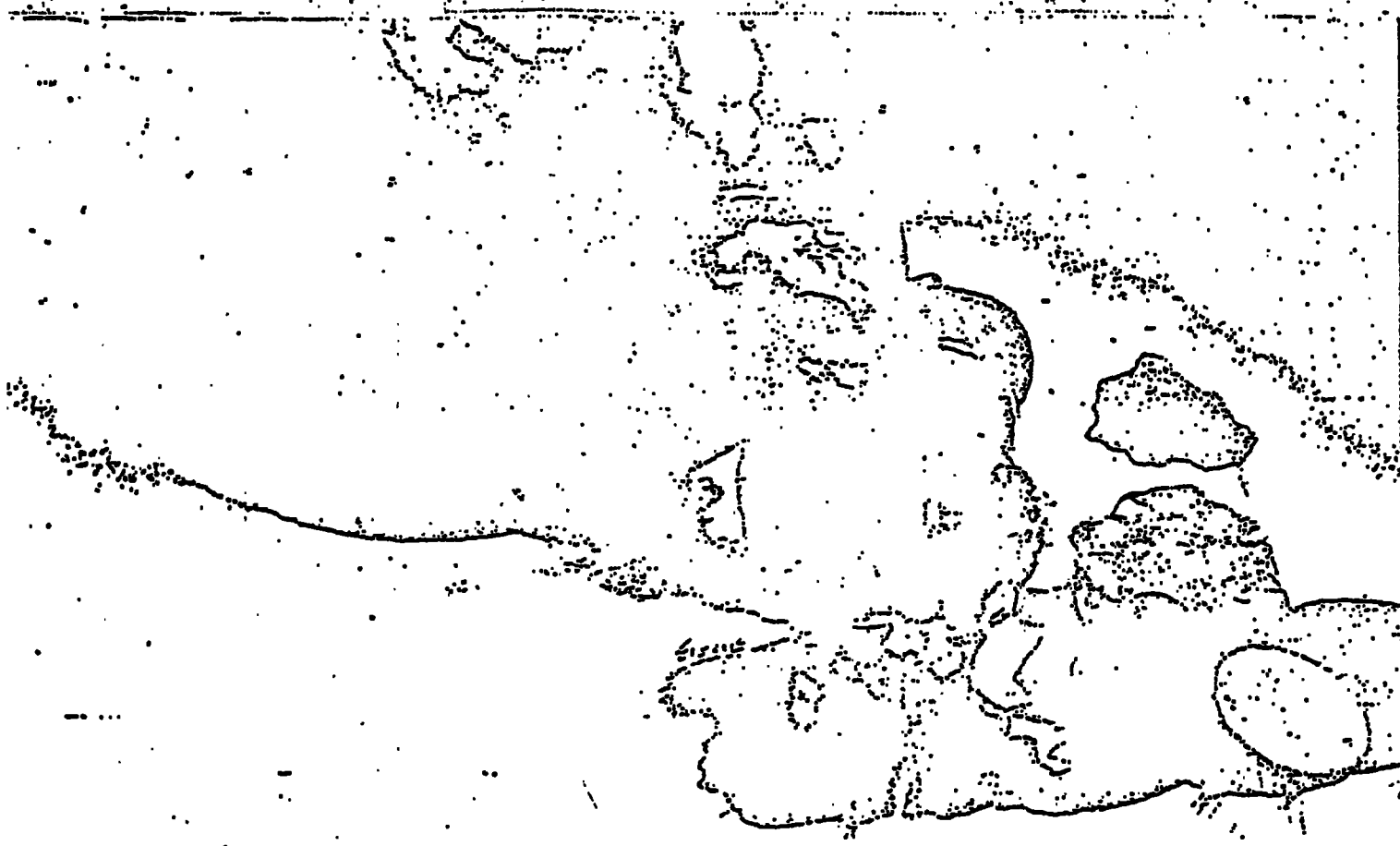
April SAGA
On Sale
March 10th



Permission is hereby granted to radio and television stations and newspapers to quote from this issue (except material otherwise copyrighted) provided a total of not more than 1,000 words is quoted and full credit is given to the title of the magazine and issue as well as the statement. Copyright 1970 by Gambi Publications, Inc. Published

Manuscripts: All manuscripts will be carefully considered, but publisher cannot be responsible for loss or damage. It is advisable to keep a duplicate for your records. Only those manuscripts accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes with sufficient postage will be returned. Foreign edition handled through agent.

© 1970 by Gambi Publications, Inc. All rights reserved. Copyright under Universal Copyright Convention and International Copyright Convention. Copyright reserved under the Pan-American Copyright Convention. Title trademark registered in U.S. Patent Office. **ANNUAL SUBSCRIP-**



For those treasure hunters who also fancy themselves amateur cryptanalysts, here are the clues and documentation you need to crack the SECRET CODE TO VIRGINIA

\$2 MILLION BLUE RIDGE BONANZA

By Al Master

There is something in a treasure that fastens upon a man's mind. He will curse the day he ever heard of it. He will see it every time he closes his eyes. He will never forget it until he is dead. There is no getting away from a treasure that once fastens upon your mind.

—Conrad's Note

"Look here!" The man's hand was shaking as he held the piece of rock.

"What is it, Buckskin?" his friend asked.

"Well, I don't know for sure, but it looks like it might be gold."

"Gold?" His friend's mouth opened wide. "Where'd it come from?"

"Right here, in this little place." Buckskin picked up a dead branch and poked at a cleft in the rocks. "I was gettin' some firewood and saw somethin' shinin' here... say, there's another one!" The stick had turned over a piece of quartz; its underside was a shiny yellow. Buckskin picked it up a

out beating around the bush, I'll explain. I'm getting pretty old—84 to be exact—so it's high time I turned this thing over to somebody else." He pointed to a sheaf of papers on his desk. "And with this war going on in our front yards, you never know what might happen the next minute."

Ward started to interrupt but Morriss continued. "There are several reasons why I've selected you for the trust I'm about to give friendship for you and your family, the fact that you're fairly young and in circumstances that will allow leisure time, and the utmost confidence that you'll carry out my wishes. You must spend as much time as practicable on the papers I'm about to give you, and if possible, master their contents. Finally, if you're successful in finding the treasure, you'll keep half of my share as pay for your services, then distribute the other half to my relatives. The rest you will hold in trust for any claimants that might later appear and be able to prove their claims. If this amount is still unclaimed after 20 years, it will revert to you."

Ward was puzzled, but since there was nothing objectionable in any of it, he readily agreed. He nodded at the papers on Morriss's desk. "And all of this is in those?"

"Yes," answered Morriss, "but it's quite a story, so let's start at the beginning." He poured another drink, then proceeded:

"It was in January, 1820, when I was running the Washington Hotel, that I first met Thomas Jefferson Beale. He came to the hotel with two other men and stated his intention of remaining for the winter. The gentlemen with him, however, left in a few days for Richmond.

"Beale was over six feet tall, with jet black eyes and hair. He appeared to be unusually strong. His most distinguishing feature was a dark, swarthy complexion.

"He said he was from Virginia, the western part of the state, I thought. He never referred to his family or ancestors, nor did I question him concerning

them. I would have had I dreamed of the future interest that would surround his name.

"At the end of February, Beale left with the same friends who had come earlier. I then heard nothing from him until January 1822, when he again came to the hotel. His complexion seemed darker and swarther than ever.

"In the spring, he left again. But, before doing so, he handed me a box which, he said, contained important papers. He wanted me to care for them until they were called for. I kept them, having no idea of their true importance until his letter arrived. This letter I have carefully preserved." Morriss handed it to Ward.

The letter was dated "St. Louis, Mo., May 9, 1822." In it Beale said that after a 10-day stay there, he would be off to the western plains to hunt buffalo and grizzly bears. In regard to the box, Beale reminded Morriss that it should be carefully guarded. Also, Beale repeated

(Continued on page 90)

Map shows the Blue Ridge Mountain area where bonanza lies buried. The Hart brothers had to cross the Peaks of the Otter and proceed four miles to Goose Creek. (Arrows)



Code No. 1. Cracking it means discovering the exact location of the real treasure. There are two other codes, one of which is already been unraveled. It itemizes a fabulous amount of silver, gold, and jewels.

Although Code 2—listing the amount that Thomas Jefferson Beale buried in Bedford County, "about four miles from Bufords"—has been deciphered, no one has been able to crack Code 1 which is the key to \$13,000 in jewels, 5,100 pounds of silver and 2,921