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GENERAL MOW
AND THE \$19,000,000

THE STRIPPER IS A LADY

LIFE ABOARD A BATTLEWAGON

JUNE 25¢

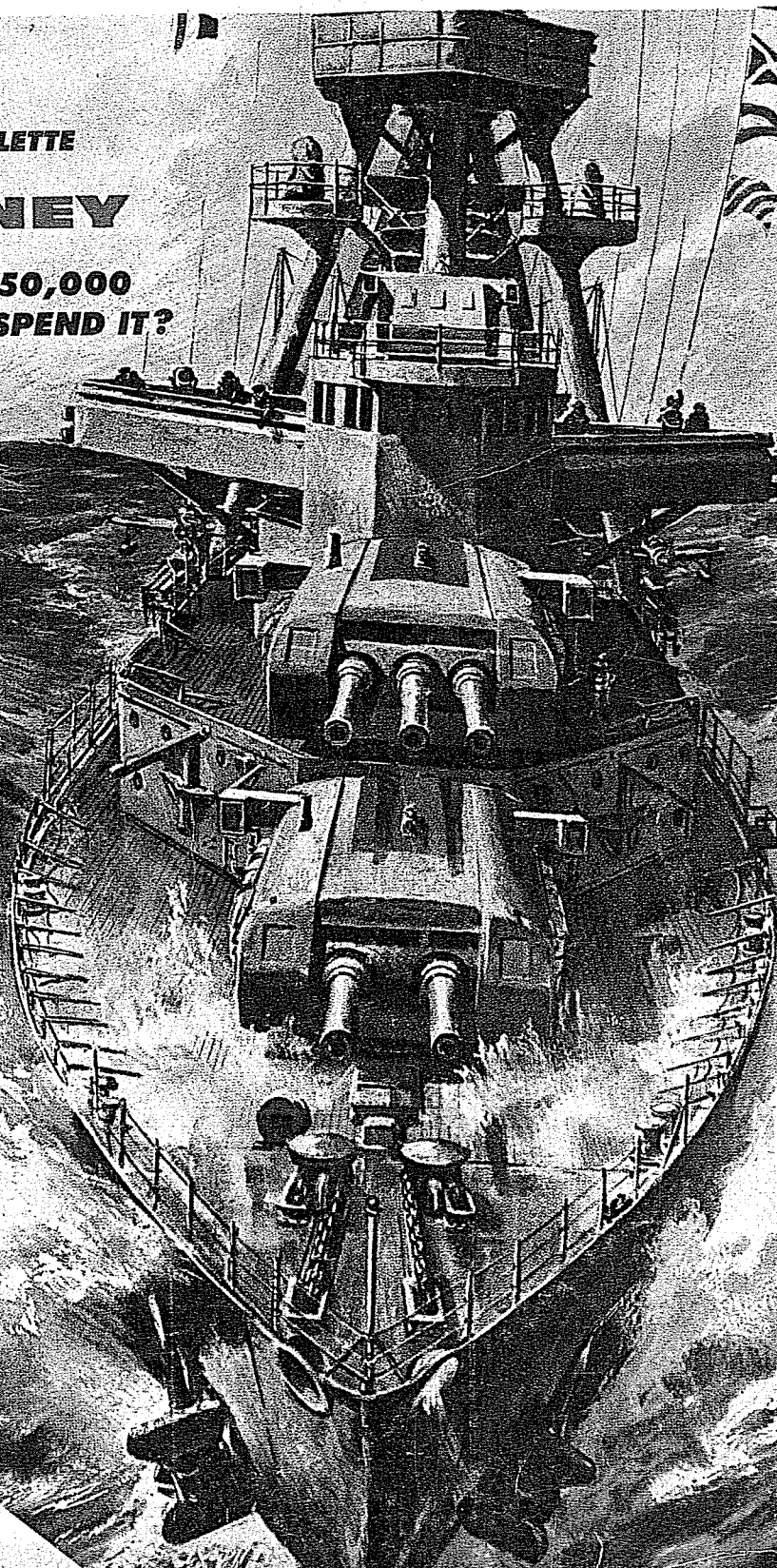
A GRIPPING NOVELETTE

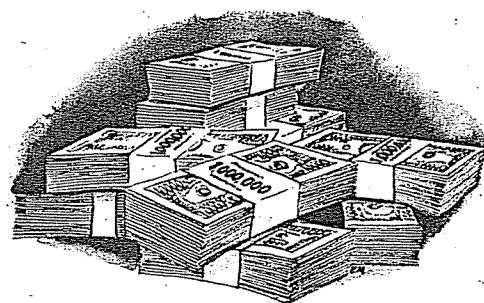
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GENERAL MOW AND THE \$19,000,000

Maybe he was a brave patriot and maybe he was an audacious crook. Either way, he's living it up in Mexico with his blonde secretary—and the money

By ROY LANGDON

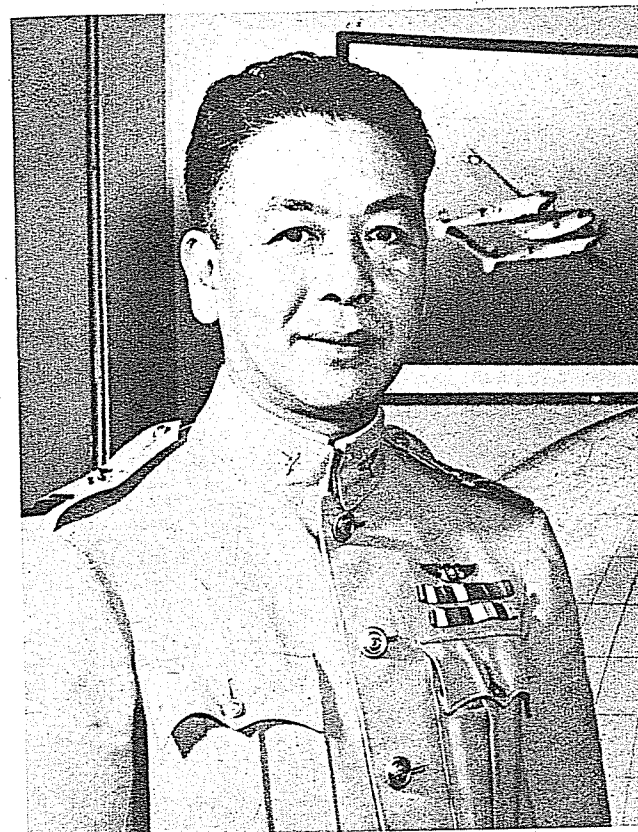
IT WAS late in August of 1951 when the short, suave, middle-aged Chinese and his pretty blonde secretary came to Cuernavaca, Mexico, and rented a house. The large number of foreign residents noticed the arrival of the unlikely couple, smiled a little, and commented briefly but without rancor. They were mostly a broad-minded lot and they waited to see what social set would take up the visitors. As it turned out, none of the various social groups was able to take them up. It was only later, and then through newspaper accounts and gossip, that they even found out who they were.

One morning, shortly after their arrival in Cuernavaca, the large black car the Chinese man used entered the Socolo in the center of town. The driver let the blonde and the Oriental out near the street leading down into the market place. Their car had hardly driven away when another large car pulled up and spilled out half a dozen plain-clothes police. The Chinese gentleman and his girl friend were quickly surrounded, shoved roughly into the other car, and driven away. It was done quickly

and silently, but a few of the people having their morning coffee at the outdoor cafes noticed the sudden flurry of movement and wondered. No one, however, made any further move. The Mexicans are tolerant of foreigners so long as they don't interfere in Mexican affairs.

By afternoon the grapevine had leaked part of the story. The Chinese gentleman was General Mow Pang Tsu, who had absconded with a large chunk of Nationalist Government funds. The amount varied from five to fifty million and the rumors spread fast. Everyone watched the papers, but for a week there was nothing in them.

When "Pete" Mow, as he likes to be called, had gone into town that morning with his secretary, Agnes Kelley, he was beginning to feel relaxed and secure. The last few months had been trying ones for him, filled with accusations, lawyers and threats. Up to a week or so before, General Mow had fully intended to stay in Washington and defend himself in court and bring his accusers into the open along with the whole sorry mess



The general commanded the Chinese Nationalist Air Force.

of graft and corruption. But it soon became apparent, to him and to his lawyers, that he didn't stand a chance. The Chinese Nationalist Government was out to get him and so was the hard-to-pin-down but powerful "China Lobby" operating behind the scenes in Washington. Quietly, he slipped away across the border into Mexico where he intended to claim asylum as a political refugee. Now, from out of nowhere, had come the police.

When the big car wheeled out of the Socolo, it went directly to the house Mow had rented a few days before. No one said anything to them during the ride. The general pressed Miss Kelley's hand and smiled reassuringly at her, although he could have done with a little reassuring himself.

At the house they were ordered roughly out of the car and herded inside. The house was being ransacked by more police under the direction of an assistant attorney general of Mexico, Felix Pichardo Estrada. Supervising the whole operation was Mow's old nemesis, John J. (Steve) Broady, a New York lawyer who ran a private investigation service. Broady had been hired by the Nationalists and had been on the general's tail for months.

Mow began to protest the search, but he and Agnes Kelley were shoved unceremoniously into a bedroom where his friends, Oliver Kisich and Pedro Ache, were being held under guard along with the two household servants.

"What happened, Oliver?" Mow asked.

"Broady got here just after you had driven away. He has a warrant. It looks bad. He plays rough."

"We will hope for the best," Mow said quietly. "I am

only sorry that you and Agnes and Pedro are involved in my trouble."

Broady came in to gloat and tell the general what was going to happen if he didn't turn over the money he had stolen.

"I have stolen nothing," Mow said quietly. "The money will be turned over when I am sure it will go to the people it belongs to."

"You're a thief," Broady said bluntly, "and not a very smart one at that. I thought I'd have trouble finding you, but you couldn't get away. My clients are paying plenty to see you don't."

"Just be careful you don't overstep yourself. I entered Mexico as a political refugee and claimed asylum."

Broady laughed at him. "Not a chance. You're a criminal, not a refugee. We'll have you back in Washington tomorrow."

General Mow shrugged his shoulders. "We'll see," he said quietly.

After the house had been thoroughly searched, the six people were herded into two cars and driven swiftly over a mountainous road to Mexico City, 50 miles away. Instead of being put in jail, they were taken to the offices of the assistant attorney general. General Mow and Agnes Kelley were taken into one office and Kisich, Ache and the two house servants were shoved into another. All that night, Broady and Estrada questioned each in turn, threatening and cajoling but getting no results. General Mow had been smart enough to say nothing to anyone about his activities. Every time they questioned him, he answered with a demand that he be allowed to make a phone call to his lawyers for legal advice.

By morning, word had reached his counsel that he had been arrested, and wheels were set in motion. Estrada had applied for a warrant of deportation. General Mow's lawyers demanded that charges be brought and that the court decide on the merits of the deportation order. The battle went on for a week, and all of that time Mow and his friends lived and slept in the two offices. No beds, no toilet facilities, and very little food. But at the end of the week, his lawyers won and he was granted a court hearing before deportation. The general was charged with entering Mexico illegally and was taken to Lecumberri Prison, known to Mexicans as the "Black Palace." Agnes, Oliver and Pedro were released for lack of any evidence of wrongdoing.

Broady was furious. He had expected to get the general out of the country before the newspapers or the law became aware of what was going on. Now he would have to contend with the long legal process and the inevitable publicity.

After all, a man who was accused of stealing—or embezzling—nineteen million dollars was bound to be a person of public interest.

Broady had to drift into the background and turn the legal side over to Chinese Nationalist Ambassador C. T. Feng, whose legal aides formally presented the Mexican government with five charges against General Mow. The charges were signed by Chiang Kai-shek himself. They were: 1) Lack of clear statement of expenditure of funds. 2) Dereliction of duties. 3) Impeding the fighting power of the Chinese air force. 4) Espousing the cause of disloyal staff members. 5) Refusal to hand over public funds entrusted to him.

The charges were formally accepted by the Mexican



authorities and a copy was passed along to General Mow. When he read them, he felt much better. They were charges that could be leveled against almost anyone. The Mexican court ruled that a trial would be held in due time.

Broady began to fume; he became more of a liability than an asset to his side. The law works slowly in any country; in Mexico it creeps. And if there is one thing a Mexican official doesn't like, it's having someone trying to push him. The more Broady rushed around, the slower things moved, until the Mexican lawyers representing the Chinese government finally asked him to go home.

He got the hint and left.

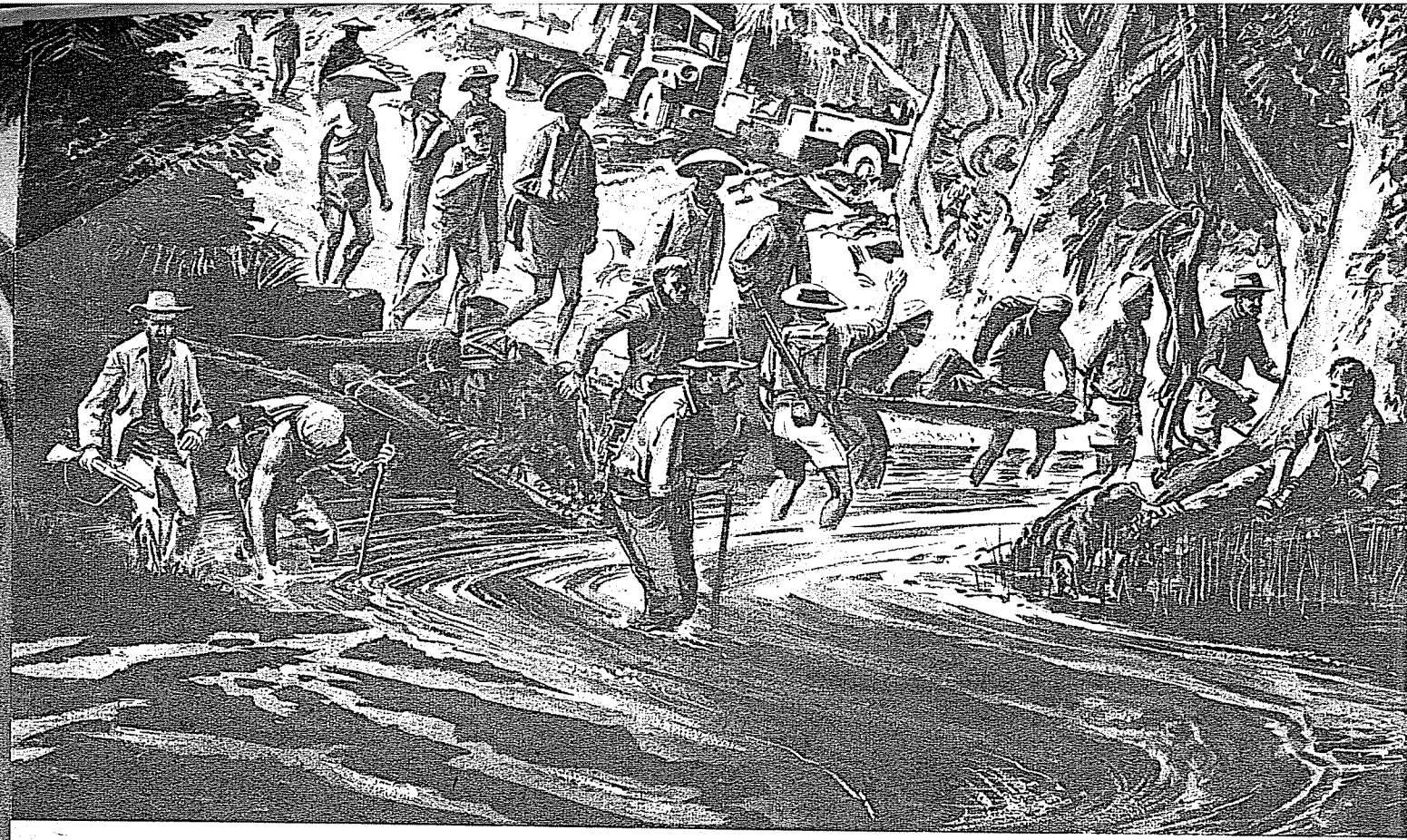
Being in jail in Mexico can be bad or fairly pleasant, depending on the size of your wallet. If you have money, you can live well. If not, you are up that well known creek and either have to scrounge for food or starve. When General Mow entered the Black Palace, the warden knew of him and he was treated with the respect due a man accused of stealing nineteen million dollars. He was asked what kind of accommodations he would like. Mow looked around and chose a triangular-shaped apartment on millionaire's row consisting of a sitting room, bedroom, kitchen and porch. He was also able to hire two prisoners to do the cleaning, laundry, etc. This was rather expensive, but Pete Mow figured that as long as he had been thrown in jail, he might as well make the best of it. General Mow had acquired a reputation as a cook while living in Washington, and he had a great deal of time now to work on his hobby. The small stores in the prison sold everything he needed in the line of food. So things weren't too bad. After the first couple of weeks, Pete Mow settled down with the inherent philosophical calm of the Chinese to await whatever Fate might have in store for him in the forthcoming days.

The Mexican prison system is much kinder and more sensible than ours in many ways. For one thing, the authorities allow the wives and sweethearts of the prisoners to have a private visit with them once a week, thereby relieving some of the pressure that builds up into riots in our own prisons. But that's another story. In any case, Pete Mow knew that he had friends; he also had money, and his beautiful secretary came to visit him as often as she could. All in all, it wasn't so bad. For the first time in years he had enough leisure time to sit back and think and read and meditate upon the inscrutable ways of the world.

Pete Mow had been a very busy and dedicated man from the time the whiskers first started to grow on his chin. He had grown up with the revolution in China and had worked for it all of his life. The village of Fenghua in Chekiang Province, where he was born, also produced the Generalissimo, Chiang Kai-shek, who had gone off to make a name for himself under the leadership of Dr. Sun Yat Sen. Chiang's first wife was Mow's cousin, and by the time Mow finished elementary school, Chiang was a power in China. It is good to have powerful relatives, and besides, young Mow was alert and intelligent. He had no trouble passing the examinations to the Military Academy at Whangpoa, where his cousin Chiang was superintendent.

Graduating with honors, Mow went into the Chinese Air Force, such as it was, and in 1927 Chiang sent him

General Mow and his blonde secretary expected trouble at any moment.



Once he became convinced that a small group of ruthless plunderers was milking the population for all it was worth, Mow

to the Aviation School in Moscow. At that time the Nationalist Government was friendly to Russia and most Chinese military men got postgraduate training there. Mow spent more than a year in Russia, and when he returned, he was commissioned to establish the Chinese Air Academy at Hangchow. It was a small operation compared to other countries, but in those days China was full of faith in the future. The students entering the Academy came bright-eyed and full of revolutionary fervor.

By 1934, Mow, a colonel, had the Academy running smoothly, so, with the permission of his government, he went looking for new ideas. For a year he traveled around the world studying most of the air forces of the Western nations—Italy, France, Germany, Poland, Russia, England and the United States. It was when he returned to China that he became aware of how the idea of a new China was dying at the top and the hierarchy was solidifying its position while at the bottom and among the students he found a turning toward Communist teachings. But Pete Mow was a soldier, not a politician, and though the trend bothered him, he had his own work to do and he left the running of the government to those in charge. His career kept him busy and he was rising toward the top. One thing he has claimed is that he always tried to keep graft out of the air force and that the money allotted was well spent. It wasn't an easy job in a country where graft is almost taken for granted.

He had other things to worry about, too. Japan and her Co-Prosperity Sphere was slowly moving in, and by 1937 the die was cast and the war was on. Mow flew with his small air force and they fought well with the

limited and poor equipment they had, but, outnumbered as they were, they couldn't do much except hit and run.

By 1940, the Nationalist government had pulled back to Chungking, the capital, and about all they could do about the Japanese air attacks was to huddle in the sandstone caves dug into the hills. Mow had been promoted to lieutenant general in an almost non-existent air force. It was he who came to Washington with General Claire Chennault to negotiate for the planes and the pilots to form the group which was to become famous as the Flying Tigers. Mow came back with the Flying Tigers with the intention of flying with them and taking a bite out of the Japs, but he had done so well in Washington that the Generalissimo sent him back to head the purchasing commission for the Chinese Air Force.

Of all the countries Mow had visited, he liked the United States best. He had taken to the ways and thoughts of the American people. In Washington he proved to be a valuable asset to his government. He made friends easily and he knew the value of entertaining the right people lavishly. He enjoyed bourbon, poker and blondes, and was a good man to have on a party. At the same time, he ran his office efficiently, and when it came to money matters, he had the reputation of being a close man with a buck and a hard bargainer.

After the United States got into the war, money and materiel for the Nationalist government flowed more freely. But by the time the war ended, China, instead of being stronger internally, was already dying. The Central Government was riddled with graft and cynicism. Most of the revolutionary leaders either had

soured on the Nationalist government and made up his mind that he would at least protect the millions in his own unit fund.

grown fat and rich or had broken away to go over to the other side. The people were hungry and had no faith left in the big words and the fancy promises. Chiang Kai-shek had lost touch with everyone but the little clique of advisors around him who kept him screened from any outside influence and fed his hatred against those who had deserted him for the Communists.

When General Marshall was sent to China, it looked as if things might straighten out. Chiang agreed to a truce and a meeting, but nothing came of it. Chiang felt that with the materiel he had sent him he could beat the Communists in the field.

What he didn't realize was that his own soldiers had no ideal to fight for; the Communists at least made a lot of promises.

The Kuomintang government was like a jackal feeding on its own entrails, and the more money the U.S. poured in the more rotten the structure became. Five hundred million dollars we gave Chiang in one lump, two hundred million in gold plus hundreds of thousands of tons of equipment, arms and ammunition. And as fast as we delivered the stuff, the Communists got it—either by buying it from grafting officials or obtaining it as a present from Nationalist commanders deserting with all of their men and materiel. Russia had to give the Chinese Reds very little. Finally, the inevitable happened. Chiang had to break and run for Formosa, along with his inner circle.

General Mow had been having a hard time in Washington trying to keep China's friends from giving up in disgust. Chiang was fortunate in having a strong group of friends in the so-called China Lobby who wouldn't

give up and they were able to keep men and materiel on Formosa to prop up the dead horse.

In Washington and in the United Nations, Pete Mow had grown in stature. Chiang wouldn't allow him to go home to fight, so he did the best he could where he was. He was elected to the chairmanship of the U.N. Military Staff Committee. He worked hard to uphold the lost prestige of the Kuomintang, and he tried to get the best deals he could when buying surplus equipment.

When Chiang saw that his number was up and that he would have to make a last stand on Formosa, he was sure that the U.S. Government and the other western nations would recognize Red China. Secretly he sent orders to General Mow and a few other trusted men to transfer the government accounts to their own private accounts to prevent freezing of the funds in case his government lost recognition.

As purchasing agent for the air force, General Mow had been allotted fifty million dollars. At that time he had nineteen million dollars left. Withdrawing the money, he deposited it under his own name in American and Swiss banks. He was still highly regarded by Chiang, and he in turn hadn't lost faith in his Generalissimo. It was the group around Chiang that was at fault, Mow thought.

On Formosa, Chiang made promises that he was just going to take time to regroup, and the China Lobby in the U.S. was able to sell this fable to the American people. They claimed that with new equipment and help he could strike at the mainland and the people of China would rise up by the millions to fight with him and throw off the disillusioning yoke of Communism. It

was true that the people hadn't taken to the new regime, but they apparently didn't have much liking for the old one, either.

About this time, Pete Mow discovered that he had been away from China too long and that he was being eased out of favor by the palace guard around the Generalissimo. An infantry general, Chou Chi Jou, was appointed over Mow's head as the top man in the air force. That hurt. Mow kept trying to get back to Formosa. He still had hopes that the Nationalists might fight their way back to the mainland, but he knew that before that could happen, the men around Chiang would have to go.

CHOU, as active head of the Nationalist air force, began to work behind Mow's back. Mow had been fighting to keep down graft and now he found that Chou was purchasing supplies on his own, and there were people in Washington who liked Chou's way of doing business better than Mow's. First, it was small things. Then Mow made a contract with the Garland Oil Co. of San Francisco for the delivery of 35 thousand barrels of aviation gasoline. The price was right and Mow closed the deal and put through the necessary request to the Commerce Department for an export license. It was turned down. A few days later, he found that General Chou had bought the gasoline through another outfit that had obtained an export permit. The price was several cents per gallon higher than the price quoted by the Garland Oil Co., and on 35,000 barrels, that can amount to a nice piece of change. Mow was furious. He sent off a hot letter to Chiang, but it went unanswered, and a short time later the same thing happened again. Mow had made a deal to buy some war surplus planes at \$17,000 each. He was refused an export permit and found that Chou had bought the same planes for \$35,000 each and had obtained a permit to export them.

Mow began to smell something a little more rotten than usual. Chiang had paid no attention to any of his letters and Mow figured they were being intercepted. He turned to an old friend who had been at MacArthur's headquarters and had returned to private law practice in Washington. The friend didn't like the smell, either, and he got in touch with the Central Intelligence Agency and several senators interested in seeing where the taxpayers' money was going, because it was American money that was being spent so freely. The subsequent investigations made raucous headlines and the Generalissimo didn't like it a bit. He wanted things to run smoothly so that good old Uncle Sam would keep pouring money into his treasury without stopping to ask questions.

Mow found himself being sharply criticized by the Central Government, and he and his whole staff fell into disrepute, including Colonel Hsiang Wei Hsian, his right-hand man.

Hearing that U. S. Senator Knowland of California was going to Formosa for a first-hand meeting with Chiang, Mow quickly got in touch with him. He knew that as a long-time Chiang supporter, Knowland was in a position to get the Generalissimo's ear and that Chiang would be bound to give a respectful hearing to any presentation the senator might make. Mow wanted Knowland to hear his side of the story.

Passionately, he presented all of the evidence of graft and double-dealing to Knowland and asked him to speak

of it directly to the Generalissimo. Knowland was shocked by the disclosures and promised he would see that something was done about it.

On Formosa, Knowland had a private conference with Chiang and told him everything he had learned from Mow. Chiang tried to pass it off as just the rantings of a troublemaker. It was only after Knowland insisted upon a thorough investigation that Chiang reluctantly agreed. The Generalissimo seemed to work on the theory that if you ignored graft and corruption it would go away by itself. About the only practical thing Senator Knowland's intervention accomplished was to make Chiang really angry at Mow, the complainer. To Chiang, Mow was a traitor.

Drew Pearson picked up the story and splashed the details in his column, and Chiang blew up. The one thing Chiang hated most was bad publicity against his government. He sent an order to Mow to turn over his records and funds to Ambassador Wellington Koo and return home.

Mow's friends in the Chinese legation in Washington advised him to delay until the boss cooled off. Chiang was mad enough to have Mow's head on a pole at that point. Mow realized then that his very life was at stake. His only ace in the hole was the seven million dollars he had deposited in his own name, and the records he had kept of the chicanery he had discovered. He went to the law firm of McInnis and Roberts for advice. What, he wanted to know, would happen if the Chinese Government canceled his passport? He was told that probably the State Department would order his deportation. It looked bad.

Carefully, Pete Mow extracted all of the pertinent records from his office files and hid them away until he would need them to defend himself. When he refused to go home, Chiang dispatched a committee to take over his responsibilities. When they found both the records and the money gone, they rushed to Mow. He told them what they could do, and he prepared to do battle. But it soon became obvious that the enemy held the stronger hand. The "China Lobby" had no intention of letting Chiang collapse. They had to hold him up regardless of the cost, and having a guy like Mow around raising hell was liable to upset the apple cart. They began to discredit him immediately.

JOHN (STEVE) BROADY was hired. Broady ran a private investigation service that performed almost any kind of work a client was willing and able to pay for.

Now, General Mow was a man who liked to work hard, but from time to time he also played hard. He had been raised in a country with a moral code different from our own, a country where a man could have a concubine openly rather than hidden away in some little love nest on a back street. Mow had a wife, seven sons and one daughter, evidence enough of his virility. He also had a leaning toward tall, willowy blondes and good bourbon, not uncommon sins but embarrassing when they land you in the newspapers. Then everyone has to throw up his hands in horror lest he be accused of condoning such sinful behavior. Broady got hold of considerable information about Pete Mow's private life and turned it over to Westbrook Pegler. Drew Pearson had defended Mow, therefore in Pegler's book Mow had to be bad. Pegler has a genius for invective, and he blasted away at Mow with all his talent.

Soon, Mow found his former friends avoiding him as

if he had the plague.

The way things were shaping up, Mow began to doubt whether they would even let him be deported back to China alive. His home on Long Island was raided and searched, he was being followed day and night, and he felt that it was only because Colonel Hsiang and a few other trusted associates were armed that he wasn't kidnapped or shot. On advice of his friends, he decided to try to make it across the border to Mexico, a country with a long record of giving asylum to political refugees. Before he left, he withdrew a large amount of cash and passed it around to those friends who had stood by him and now were in bad with Chiang. At this point he had no intention of giving Chiang any part of the seven million dollars he held. Without the money, he would have no bargaining power at all; with it he might be able to get his name cleared and the charges against him dropped. From another bank he withdrew two million dollars and bought U.S. Treasury notes, one for a million dollars, one for half a million and five for one hundred thousand dollars apiece. To the law firm of McInnis and Roberts he gave one of the \$100,000 notes, then, quietly and swiftly, he headed for the border and the sanctuary he hoped to find.

Now he was in jail.

THOSE first few months in jail were long and tiresome, but then Mow began to enjoy it, or at least get used to it. His friends stood by him, his lawyers were working hard, and Agnes Kelley visited him every week. All in all, it wasn't so bad. The man in the next suite was Jacques Mornard, the gent who sunk an axe in Leon Trotsky's skull. Down the hall was an ex-president of Guatemala and a couple of his henchmen. Mow and Mornard disagreed politically—they were on different sides of the fence—but they spent long hours arguing in Russian, a language they both wanted to practice. Mow practiced his Spanish on the ex-president and the guards. He had a garden plot in which he raised vegetables for the other inmates, he had his books, and the hours to spend thinking about his government and where it had failed so miserably.

Finally the Mexican court, under Judge Antonio Vera, was ready to hear both sides in the case. His accusers had strong arguments and they used every weapon at hand. But Mow had good lawyers and his defense was strong enough to convince the judge he was worthy of political asylum. Not that that meant he would be free. The judge could only make a recommendation and that recommendation had to work its slow way up through channels to the President of Mexico. President Cortines and the cabinet would make the final decision.

The months went by. General Mow celebrated his first anniversary in prison with a small, select dinner party.

Another year went slowly by, and it began to seem that the government had forgotten him, though his lawyers kept promising results. Once in a while a newspaper would think of him and send a reporter to ask the usual questions, and General Mow was always polite and friendly.

"They claim you escaped with nineteen million dollars, General. Is that right?"

Mow would smile and say, "I didn't escape with anything. I have the money on deposit, and it will be returned when I can be sure it will go to the Chinese people. And it was not nineteen million."

"How much money do you have, then?"

And Mow would answer frankly, "Seven million less my expenses."

"The money for lawyers and expenses, is that coming from the money you have?"

"Of course. As a general, I feel I am entitled to my normal salary until I am cleared by the courts or proven guilty."

After the questions were asked, Mow would play the host, cook a meal or serve a drink and ask questions about what was going on outside. The war in Korea made him hope for a time that China would be re-won, but that hope soon died.

The third year came and went, and then, on May 24, 1955, President Cortines signed an order granting General Mow Pang Tsu asylum and protection in Mexico for so long as he desired to stay. The gates of the Black Palace opened to let him walk out a free man. Agnes Kelley was there to meet him and they quietly retreated to a house she had ready for him.

On June 30, 1955, the U.S. Federal Court of Appeals ruled that General Mow Pang Tsu owed the Chinese Nationalist Government \$6,358,503, plus interest and costs. Now all they have to do is collect. Payment has been stopped on the outstanding treasury notes. Only three of them, of \$100,000 denomination, have turned up. Two were cashed and the other was held. Mow can't cash the others, but neither can the Nationalists collect until they get hold of the notes. Almost three million dollars has been recovered from banks, but that still leaves the general with a couple of million unaccounted for. It isn't likely that he will be going hungry any time soon.

Shortly after General Mow was released, Steve Broady entered the picture again. He had sent one of his boys, Clarence Sopman, south of the border to get a line on Mow. Whether the idea was to try to make a deal with the general or not, no one knows. Clarence was found alongside a highway in Mexico with half his head blown off.

The game was getting rough.

Probably the biggest kick Pete Mow has had since his release was reading about Steve Broady and his troubles with the law. Broady finally ran into trouble. He was involved in a wiretapping scandal in New York, and was sent to Sing Sing, where he couldn't count on having nearly so good a time as General Mow had in the Black Palace.

The gates of Sing Sing don't open every Sunday to let in the women, and there are no servants and no three-room suites there.

MEANWHILE, somewhere in Mexico there lives a man who putters in his garden, reads his books, and waits as philosophically as he can for the day when his enemies will strike at him again. His name is Mow Pang Tsu, formerly a lieutenant general in the Chinese National Air Force. Most people who recall his name will probably smile and say, "Oh, yeah, that's the Chinaman who ran off to Mexico with a good-looking blonde and nineteen million dollars of the government's money." That's true in a sense, but there is much more to General Mow's story than that, and of all the stories that have been written, not one has told his side of the story. Here it is, and it would seem that the villain in the piece was on the other side of the fence all the time. At least, that's the way it looks from here.

★THE END