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**VERIFIED
AUTHENTIC**

Tucson, Arizona

To Whom It May Concern:

We, Johan Ernst Nordensen, and Evelyn Carolyn Nordensen, of Sydney, Australia, do hereby convey to Tom Bailey of Tucson, Arizona, U.S.A., the right to write and publish in any magazine of his choice an account of our experience of being shipwrecked and marooned for weeks on an island of the Philippine Archipelago. The account we have given him is true and accurate to the best of our knowledge and belief.

Signed:

Johan Ernst Nordensen
Evelyn Carolyn Nordensen

Witness:

Henry H. [unclear]

Every man who's ever dreamed of being on a desert island with a beautiful girl owes himself a reading of this one, the story of man to whom it really happened!

ORDEAL

in Paradise

By Tom Bailey

HE swam back toward the explosion, calling out to his companions and groping for anything that would help him stay afloat. He could see nothing in the pitch darkness, could feel nothing except shattered boards and other debris that littered the surface. He knew from the force of the explosion that it had blown his 22-foot boat into kindling wood.

The first thing that came to his mind was, *how is it going to feel to drown?* For drown he must. Twenty miles through choppy waters was too great a distance to swim for any man not in top physical condition. An hour or so and it would all be over.

"Help me, somebody! Help!"

It was a woman's voice, that of his girl passenger! He thought she had perished with the others.

He saw no chance of saving her; he couldn't even save himself. . . .

For Johan Ernst Nordensen, a 29-year-old research chemist, it was the beginning of one of the most fantastic adventures any man ever had, one that for hundreds of years has haunted the idle dreams of more young men the world over than any other—that of finding oneself shipwrecked and cast upon a tropical island with a strange and exciting female.

Nordensen's story, of course, will be disputed, ridiculed as the wild imaginings of a writer bent on hoking up an incident that never really happened. Yet I have

the man's sworn affidavit, verified and witnessed and authenticated. It happened just the way it's written here, just the way it was told to me and recorded, just the way it actually happened. . . .

Doing research for a manufacturer of insecticides, Nordensen was stationed at Zamboanga from late June, 1946, until August, 1947, when the events that make up this story took place.

One morning he set out with three companions, in a 21-year-old motor launch, to cross the North Celebes Sea, their destination Sarangani Bay, a 15-hour run from Zamboanga, to deliver mail and supplies to another testing station, and to bring back several drums of gasoline.

Nordensen's companions were three university students who went along for the ride. Their names were Mel Overholzer, 21; Andy Christensen, 20, and Evelyn Frazier, 19, all of Sydney, Australia. Miss Frazier had been visiting relatives in Zamboanga. Christensen and Overholzer were spending a brief holiday there before going back to school in September.

For the trip across the Celebes Sea and back, Miss Frazier, a striking brunette, 5-feet-6, with blue eyes and a willowy figure, had come aboard that morning wearing only a bikini and a beach jacket. Expecting to stay all night at Sarangani Bay with a former school chum, then married and living

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Paradise

Continued from page 33

living there, she had brought along a dress, pumps and other clothing to be worn after they landed. These she carried in a small bag, along with her tooth brush and cosmetics.

When they left Zamboanga, the sky was clear and the sea calm. An hour out, the aging motor conked out and they drifted for five hours while a faulty coil was rewound and adjustments made. The delay would put them into Sarangani Bay sometime in the early hours of the following day, but they elected to go on rather than return to Zamboanga and make a new start. As evening came on, Nordensen advised the others to try to get some sleep while he steered the craft.

Christensen and Overholzer stretched out on the duckboards aft, while Miss Frazier crawled into the cramped 9x5 sleeping quarters in the bow. It was the cool, dry season in the archipelago, yet the region had been having an unseasonable heat wave that made shorts and scant dress comfortable. Nordensen wore only a pair of Bermuda shorts, and welcomed the soft night breeze that came up out of the south.

Miss Frazier and Nordensen had met for the first time that morning when she came aboard. Having been preoccupied with repairing the motor and getting back on course, he had said scarcely a dozen words to her during the day, so that when night came on they still were strangers.

The night soon became overcast, and the moon that was expected did not appear. The sea was a vast expanse of darkness in which no light shone nor any stars winked in the heavens. Depending entirely upon his compass, Nordensen was steering by

dead reckoning, but he was not alarmed. There were no islands or hidden reefs along that route to run into, and all he had to do was stay on course.

Suddenly he felt a jolt, and he knew the craft had struck some floating object. He felt more bumps as the boat passed over it, and a moment later all hell seemed to erupt in a ball of blue flame that blew the craft bodily out of the water.

He found himself in the sea some 30 or 40 feet from the blast, and his first thought was that he had a struck a floating Japanese mine left over from the war.

For a few moments he was in a state of shock, yet he felt no physical pain. There was a great noise in his head, however, like that of many aircraft in flight.

His first concern was for the safety of his passengers.

He swam back toward the scene of the explosion, groping for something to cling to, but there was nothing large enough to support his weight. The blast, he knew, had occurred near the stern. Christensen and Overholzer had been asleep directly over it, which meant that their chances for survival were almost nil. The girl, up front, had been farthest away from it.

It was then that he heard her calling for help. He answered immediately, endeavoring to locate her in the darkness.

She answered from nearby, and when he reached her he found her clinging to what he later identified as the cover from the motor well, which had been blown off its hinges. It seemed to be the only part of the craft that had survived intact. It was seven feet long and almost four feet wide, and was made of redwood planks two inches thick.

Miss Frazier seemed to be in a state of shock but miraculously un-

injured. He boosted her up onto the cover, but when he attempted to climb aboard, it submerged. It did not appear to be sufficiently buoyant to support the weight of both.

"I'll hang on!" he said. But just then he felt something with large scales on it rub against his legs. "No, I'd better not. I think there are sharks around. Hang on tight; I'm coming aboard."

He drew himself up, and felt the raft submerging again. Quickly he moved toward the far end, an action which adjusted their weight, and the heavily-laden motor lid rose to the surface once more. For the time being at least they were safe from their enemies below.

Somewhere in the process of being blown into the sea, he discovered, he had lost his shorts. But he was not alone in this predicament. While helping the girl aboard he had noticed that her bikini was gone.

"Haven't you anything on?" he asked.

"Nothing," she replied. "I'm naked."
"Think nothing of it. We're both in the same fix."

She said she had taken off her bikini and halter because they were wet from spray and she wanted to dry them. It was warm in the tiny cabin, so she had spread her beach jacket over her body. "If my father hears of this, he'll have a hemorrhage. And my mother will simply die! Good heavens, what a horrible situation to be in! How far do you think we are from land?"

He estimated their position to be somewhere roughly 20 miles south of the island of Mindanao. They were in the shipping lane, which was reasonable assurance that rescue would eventually come.

She promised not to panic if the sharks became persistent, or if a storm hit them.

"But I'm going to be embarrassed to death when morning comes," she said.

"Forget it. Two people in our fix have more important things to think about."

The top of the raft remained an inch or so below the surface of the sea, so that the waves washing over it lapped at their bodies and kept them drenched, adding to their discomfort in the chill of night. But there was nothing to be done about it. It was that or drown. Or, worse yet, be devoured by sharks.

Dawn broke at last, with an overcast sky, and there was no embarrassment on the part of either. It simply was a situation they had to put up with, and they accepted it philosophically. Evelyn was a gorgeous girl, as trim as a young filly, but these were facts he had known the moment she stepped aboard the previous day, thanks to the bikini, the loss of which hadn't meant too much. With the waves lapping at them every moment, and with the danger of a large shark coming up from underneath to tip their raft and dump them into the



"He came down here three years ago to extradite me to the States."

sea, there was no time for a man to think of anything but survival. At first the water had not seemed so cold, but as the hours wore on, constant splashings lowered body temperatures to an alarming degree.

What do two unclad persons of opposite sex on a narrow raft do to pass the time away? "They talk mostly," Nordensen told me. "And watch the sea."

Once they thought they heard a plane in the distance, but if it was an aircraft, it failed to pass within range of their vision.

Toward noon of that first day, the sun came out and warmed them. Their drift was west and a little south of the course they had been following when the blast occurred, but now in reverse. At the rate they were drifting, Nordensen estimated, they would reach the Sulu archipelago within five or six days, far south of their starting point. In the Sulu archipelago are several groups of tiny islands which bear no individual names. Their chances of landing on one of these would be good in the event of no change in the current.

By evening of that first day adrift, the overcast became sullen and threatening. The air grew quite chilly, so that the water, which remained at an even temperature, felt good on their bodies. They stretched out on the raft and let the waves slosh over them.

Later, the wind velocity increased, and toward midnight there was a distant rumble of thunder, unusual at that time of the year. As the storm moved toward them it increased in intensity, the lightning flashes sending ghost-like shadows dancing across the wide expanse of turbulent water.

Soon they were like helpless animals, fearfully huddled together for mutual protection.

The rain came in torrents, and was several degrees colder than the sea.

The storm lasted for about an hour, and when it was over it had left a blanket of cold water over the surface that chilled them to the bone. To keep from freezing, they lay together on the raft, first with the girl's back to Nordensen, and then the reverse. By changing position frequently, they found it helped a little, but by early morning they were as cold as a couple of hibernating Alaskan bears.

But again the sun came to their relief and warmed their bodies.

Evelyn tried to sleep during the day, when it was warm, but constantly choked on the water that rolled over her body. Nordensen dozed for a time sitting up.

Finally they solved the problem of sleep by sitting back to back. This method succeeded only until a wave tossed them together into the sea and they had to scramble back aboard before the sharks became aware of their predicament.

Soon after darkness fell on the third day, another storm hit them, but in a way it brought relief. The rain drops were so large they caught them

in their hands and drank their fill of sweet and palatable water.

But again the rain was colder than the sea, and they had to snuggle close to keep warm. Hunger was becoming a major worry.. Nordensen dreamed constantly of big juicy steaks and French-fried potatoes.

On the fifth day, Evelyn became violently ill from swallowing sea water and had to be nursed through the night. On the sixth day the sun warmed them again. Nordensen's skin, already tanned a rich brown, became so burned that huge water blisters appeared all over his body. Evelyn, however, fared much better and suffered from no discomfort.

Nordensen kept watching for seaweed with which to form a covering for his body but the sea remained free of marine growth of any kind.

Evelyn was weakening by now, and he feared that if rescue did not come soon, she would surely die.

The next morning, he saw three big sharks following the raft, their snouts so close to it he could reach out and slap them. He and the girl had been dropping over the side of the raft to answer nature's call but the appearance of the sharks made it necessary to adopt less dangerous measures.

He tried kicking the snout of one of the sharks, and it went away. The others then became wary and dropped back a few feet out of range, but they never gave up their vigil. One looked to be all of ten feet long.

"Isn't it considered a bad sign when sharks follow a boat?" Evelyn asked.

"Aren't you the cheerful one!" he replied, and then explained that it was an ancient superstition of the sea and nothing more.

By now they had become so accustomed to their Adam and Eve roles that nothing bothered them. Hunger had become their principal enemy.

On the morning of the seventh, or perhaps the eighth day—for they had lost all track of time—they appeared to be no nearer land than they had been at the start of their ordeal. There still was no marine growth, no birds, and the sea was void of ships. But the sharks had left them and that was a big relief.

Nordensen's wrist watch had stopped shortly after he was dumped into the sea, and even though he left its works exposed for hours to the sun, it still refused to run.

It rained again that day, in big drops, and it again slaked their ever-present thirst. They had nothing in which to catch and hold the rain, and had to depend on the frequent thunder storms, which were considered unusual for that time of the year.

Their raft, now badly waterlogged, was gradually lowering itself into the sea, so that when sitting on it the water came up around their hips. It was impossible to sleep, except by one supporting the other in a sitting position.

There were times when a wan smile played at the corners of Evelyn's mouth when he attempted to reassure

her they would make it safely to land, but when she scanned the wide expanse of sea for islands and ships that were not there, a pathetic sadness came into her face, as if all hope had vanished. Nordensen now found his own voice lacked the confidence to be convincing.

That night it blew a gale from out of the south, and they were tossed about like jetsam. Several times the waterlogged motor cover was lifted high, and then slammed down in the wake of a towering wave. Nordensen was clinging with one hand to the raft, and had a grip on Evelyn with the other, when a daddy of all waves picked them and the raft up together, and slammed them down with explosive force.

Rolled over and over in the churning action of the sea, Nordensen fought his way to the surface and began shouting wildly for Evelyn. She was nowhere in sight, nor was the raft!

In the roar of the storm his voice was ineffectual.

Once more he faced the prospect of drowning, but that was of little concern to him now. He wanted only to find the girl.

Suddenly carried to the crest of a wave, he saw a dark object below him and rode the wave down.

It was the raft, and Evelyn was latched onto it. She hadn't been far from it at any time, she told him later.

"Her voice was the sweetest sound I ever heard," he later told me. "I'll remember that moment as long as I live."

They clung to the raft and rode out the storm, constantly on the alert for sharks. Back aboard the raft at last, Evelyn said a little prayer.

Dawn broke with clear skies, and they settled down to another day of waiting and watching. Time seemed to stand still.

In the afternoon, a small flock of birds resembling kildeer or plover and brought renewed hope. Where there were birds, land could not be far away!

Evelyn was the first to sight it. "Look! Land!"

A mile or so away, a sort of haze hung over what appeared to be a strip of land two or three miles long and several miles wide, though later it turned out to be somewhat narrower than that. The afternoon sun washed over the tree tops that thrust themselves up out of what appeared to be a jungle of green and yellow foliage.

Nordensen began paddling furiously. Though weak from hunger, Evelyn helped all she could. And at last they were sloshing through the surf to shore, where they danced about like lunatics, feeling of the dry sand and tossing it over their heads.

One of the first things they discovered was a spring above the level of high tide that was both sweet and palatable. After Evelyn drank from it she said, "I chisten this spring

'Adam and Eve on a Raft!'

They threw themselves down on the sandy beach then, and stretched out in the warm sun, their backs to the hot sand. It was such a relief not to have water sloshing over them, and to be on dry land, that they laughed and joked about their ordeal with the disdain that only the young can have for such things. Later, after they'd swept overhead and brought renewed trievied the raft, which eventually became their dining table.

While Nordensen went in search of food, Evelyn considered the problem of providing some sort of body covering. Tropical grasses seemed to be the answer.

When he returned, dragging by the tail a three-foot iguana he had slain with an ebony club, Evelyn was wearing a grass skirt and halter. She had made for him a skirt of the same material which he drew on and staged his interpretation of a Zulu war dance. It would have to do, she told him, until they found something better.

Skinning the iguana without a knife proved to be something of a problem, but with the sharp edge of a stone they worried off enough of the tough hide to get at the flesh, which they wolfed down like starved animals.

They then made two beds side by side, using grass and moss for cover and the soft, warm sand for a mattress. They slept until around noon of the following day.

Drawing upon his training as a Boy Scout, Nordensen now succeeded in starting a fire, a fire which was to burn for 91 days and nights! They had roast iguana for lunch.

Evelyn marveled at their accommodations. A bedroom with a view of the ocean, a table to eat on, a sea to step into for their morning dip, and a seemingly endless supply of food—what more could anyone ask? This was Paradise! And she promptly named their little island that. Lurking, however, in the depths of the jungle was a danger they had not yet discovered, one that before long would become the bane of their existence, a thing to fear and avoid.

During their first three or four days on the island, they explored parts of it, looking for food sources. They found a strip of sandy beach, where a small fish from six to eight inches in length came in with the tide to bury itself in the sand. There were so many of them, right after a high tide, they could scoop them up in their bare hands.

Under the rocks just off shore, they found small crab in sufficient numbers to provide a tasty meal now and then. It was off-season for fruits and berries, yet the island was a virtual storehouse of good things to eat. Iguanas and monkeys sometimes marched right through camp, and one old monk came daily to sit at a respectable distance and watch them dine.

"He wants to see if we're eating any of his relatives," Evelyn said.

It was on the sixth or seventh day that they discovered the fresh footprints in the sand. Bare footprints that they themselves hadn't made!

"If there's someone on this island," Evelyn said, "why hasn't he shown himself? Why would he hide from us?"

It was a question for which Nordensen had no answer. They had believed the island to be uninhabited. They had supposed it to be one of the Samales group, a series of tiny islets that lie east of the Sulu archipelago. None of these was believed to be inhabited. To find someone occupying Paradise was due cause for alarm. Since no one had appeared to welcome them, it seemed that their presence there must be resented.

Discovery of the footprints caused them to curtail their movements for a few days. They remained close to camp, venturing no greater a distance from it than was necessary to gather their food. A large pile of green twigs and leaves was prepared to be thrown on the fire in the event a plane or ship was sighted. The green wood when burning would send a dense black cloud of smoke into the sky, denoting a distress signal.

Four days passed with no further sign of anyone being about.

All the islands in that area had been occupied, first by the Japanese and then by American troops. Had some soldier, American or Japanese, become stranded there, unable to get off? This seemed the most likely answer.

With no weapon of any kind with which to defend themselves, Nordensen decided to try to lure the man, or woman, into the open, and persuade him or her to abandon his hide-and-peek antics. It was possible that the owner of the footprints was a woman, but unlikely, Nordensen thought. They seemed too broad to be a woman's.

Messages left scrawled in the wet sand along the beach went unheeded.

As more days passed, Nordensen and Miss Frazier ventured farther afield. They came upon a small cave that showed signs of recent habitation. In it they found a towel stamped "U. S. Army," an unopened can of American sardines, and part of a can of Volger's coffee. On a shelf, Nordensen discovered a small pocket knife of Japanese manufacture.

The knife and coffee they welcomed with enthusiasm. They emptied the can of its contents and had coffee for the first time in many days. The can made the boiling of food possible and they had hot water too. The knife came in handy for many things, such as opening clams and cleaning fish, and for skinning the animals they killed or caught in snares. It also would serve as a small weapon.

Venturing to the far end of the island, they now came upon an abandoned grass shack containing three pairs of Navy dungarees, a can of Campbell's tomato soup, and an Army undershirt.

This changed their thinking some-

what. The island's recluse might indeed be a stranded American soldier, perhaps one who, finding himself alone on the island, had gone berserk. The possibility that he might be Japanese also was not ruled out. But all efforts to lure him into the open failed.

There were several springs on the island, they discovered. The land was boggy in places, due to its having an elevation of only a few feet above sea level. The water coming to the surface had a slightly salty taste at certain low spots, but was palatable.

"I don't get it," Evelyn said. "Why would this person resent our being here? It seems unlikely that he would reject human companionship."

"Perhaps he's a Jap soldier, and he doesn't know the war's over. He still looks upon all Americans as enemies."

"You may be right, at that. It's the most logical explanation."

Twice more they discovered the mysterious footprints in the strip of sand, where the strange little fish came in at high tide to burrow into nests overnight. They found depressions where the owner of the footprints had dug for his next meal. On two successive nights, when the moon was full, Nordensen watched from the edge of the jungle, but no one appeared.

Late one evening, when he was out in the shallow water at low tide gathering mussels from off the rocks, a rifle barked from somewhere at the jungle's edge, and a bullet slammed into the water a few feet away.

Nordensen ducked behind a rock as four more slugs splashed in the sea around him, but none came close. Then he saw Evelyn running toward him from camp, and he waved her back out of range. When darkness came, he waded ashore and returned to camp under a cover of night. There he found Evelyn in a state of panic.

"Somehow I don't believe he was trying to kill me," he told her. "The shots were too scattered. I had the impression he was trying to frighten me away."

Yet the bullets opened a new chapter in what had started out to be an idle, carefree life. Their island paradise had suddenly become a place of imminent danger, with a threat of death stalking their every move.

Thereafter Nordensen went to dig for clams and fish only after darkness came on, a wary eye out for the rifleman. And due to the changing tide table, it was not always possible to perform these chores after dark.

Evelyn had washed the dungarees found in the shack, and the two castaways were again quite civilized in appearance. Evelyn had converted the Army undershirt into a halter for herself.

Nordensen left more messages in the sand.

We are your friends. Come and see us.

No one came, and they continued to

live in fear of their lives.

At one place near camp, they found an expanded cartridge for an American automatic rifle. The empty shell appeared to have lain there for some time.

The absence of passing steamers, which had regular ports of call and moved about over the Celebes Sea at frequent intervals, suggested to Nordensen that the little island must lay far from the shipping lanes. Were they marooned on any of the islands between the Celebes Sea and the Sulu archipelago, they would surely have sighted steamers before now. Most of the uncharted and unnamed islands of the Sulu group were within sight of each other, but from Paradise there was no other speck of land visible to the naked eye.

Airplanes were sometimes heard in the distance, but none came within range, although each time one approached green leaves were heaped on the fire creating dense smoke that climbed high in the sky when there was no breeze to carry it away.

Each night Nordensen shifted their beds to avoid a surprise attack after dark. He did most of his sleeping by day, with Evelyn standing guard.

They lived now like a pair of frightened rabbits, never knowing when death would strike.

One night Evelyn awakened with a stinging sensation in her shoulder. An inspection of the area by firelight disclosed a tiny red spot, the result of an insect bite of some kind, possibly a spider. She thought little about it until her shoulder began to swell. By sunup the pain was agonizing.

Nordensen lanced the tiny wound and sucked out half a pint of blood, then he bathed it in hot water and applied a mud poultice.

By mid-afternoon, the girl was only semi-conscious.

It was during this dark moment that the island's other inhabitant chose to present himself, bearing a white flag of truce and an American BAR rifle.

He was a Japanese, in a tattered uniform, and was grinning from ear to ear. "I am come to surrender," he said in English, "My name Takeo Hatsuwaka, of Japanese Army. You take prisoner—yea?"

Nordensen found the man's grin encouraging but he had other things on his mind. "You know anything about poisonous insect bites?"

Unfortunately Hatsuwaka didn't, but he approved of the hot poultices. He said he had been on the island for about two-and-a-half years, and until that very month the only humans he had seen were five Americans in a PT boat who had landed briefly and departed.

Didn't he know that Japan had surrendered, and the war was over?

No, he said, he had now way of knowing that, but he was not surprised. For the past 26 months he had not seen a ship or a plane that he could identify as Japanese. All had been of U.S. design.

The Americans in their sweep

through the archipelago had not bothered with this spot until the PT boat came. When its crew went off to explore the island, Hatsuwaka had slipped aboard in an effort to make off in it but the crew had taken the ignition key and in the short time they were gone he had been unable to start it. So he had grabbed everything in sight he could carry, including the BAR rifle, two bandoleers of ammunition for it, and some canned goods and clothing, and scurried back to his hiding place. The Americans had missed the stuff and made a search of the island, but he was too well concealed, and they finally went away.

Before the war he had been a sharecropper near Stockton, Calif. Having saved up some money, he had returned to Japan for a wife, and was there when Pearl Harbor erupted. He said he had no sympathy with the Japanese war lords but was forced to join the army. He was sent to the Philippines, and later to an outlying island. Their assault boat sank during a storm and many hours later, with a life belt about him, he had landed on this island. There had been no other survivors so far as he knew.

"If you were not in sympathy with the Japanese war lords, why did you take several shots at me?" Nordensen wanted to know.

If the way in which men express their thoughts is slipshod and mean, it will be very difficult for their thoughts themselves to escape being the same—Alford.

He was very sorry, he said. Not knowing the war actually was over, he was afraid the Americans would kill him because he was still an enemy. "But I am bad shot," he confessed. "I not even come close."

That morning he had found one of Nordensen's messages that he was able to understand and decided to come in and surrender. Just to show there were no hard feelings on his part, he handed over the BAR rifle and a trench knife he carried.

After another few hours Evelyn's condition began to improve and by the following morning she was able to take nourishment. From then on her recovery was rapid.

With peace restored to the tiny island, their spirits returned and they were gay. They even relaxed from the constant vigil of watching for ships. From an alert island recluse, Hatsuwaka assumed the role of servant, and he waited on them hand and foot. Their protests were to no

avail; he wanted, he said, to make up for his reprehensible conduct.

Life for the three castaways eventually became so pleasant that no one seemed to care about ships and airplanes. The days were pleasant and bright, the nights full of stars and a big moon that seemed to smile down upon them.

The air eventually turned crisp, but the nights remained beautiful and enchanting.

On one of these nights the sea moaned gently, and above the sound came the hum of an airplane far away.

"Aircraft!" Nordensen shouted. "Quick, the fire!"

They heaped dry wood on it until the leaping flames made flickering trails across the water.

The plane, an old PBY, came on, passed directly over the camp as the three castaways ran wildly about, shouting like maniacs.

It passed over, circled, came back and dropped a flare.

It made one more swing, then settled gently onto the water a hundred yards off shore.

On a task or recovering U. S. government property scattered over the area, the PBY, piloted by Lieut. Burt L. Brown, of Milwaukee, Wis., with Lieut. Alvin B. Holcomb of Seattle, Wash., acting navigator, had stayed off course and was lost. Brown had dropped down to get his bearings and had seen the fire. But he still didn't know to what group of islands this one belonged.

After 91 days on the island Evelyn had named Paradise, Nordensen and his two companions were taken to Manila, where arrangements were made to send Hatsuwaka back to Japan and the bride he had not seen in more than four years. Getting in touch with their money sources, Miss Frazier with her father, a Melbourne contractor, and Nordensen with his bank in Sydney, both soon were re-fitted and ready to proceed to their ultimate destinations.

But suddenly they discovered they did not want to part. Where one went the other must go. They were married in Manila, and spent a month honeymooning in Hawaii, after which they returned to Australia.

When they were my guests in Arizona, it was two years later, and they were just winding up a trip that had taken them as far as New Hampshire to visit Nordensen's parents.

"Some day soon," Evelyn Nordensen told me, "we're going back to Paradise, and build a house on it. We don't yet know which island it is, but we'll find it."

They wrote me a couple of times after that from Melbourne, and then I heard no more. A letter I sent to Nordensen in June, 1959, and another in November of the same year, have not been answered. Neither has either been returned, so I would not be surprised to hear eventually that they are back on Paradise, this time to stay. ●

Blue Notes

*Some assorted background facts
on who wrote what, and why, in
this issue of Bluebook*

Tom Bailey claims to have written some 30 book-length yarns in his day and many more shorter pieces, but he admits he never had half the trouble selling *anything* that he did with "Ordeal In Paradise," the fantastic and true tale appearing on pages 32-33. He confesses that he is unable to understand this at all, and he seems to find nothing unusual in the story of Ernst Nordensen's idyll on that desert island with a naked beauty.

Our guess is that the story has appeared in so many fiction magazines (as well as in so many young men's dreams) that, when it actually happens in real life, nobody will believe it.

We didn't either—until Tom came up with the proof.